THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1871. NO. 30.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

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

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.train
" 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, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

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

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
Superintendent.

April 30, 1871.

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*

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Good arable? Yes, sir; and if you look at it in the way of scenery, it's as pretty a bit of land as you'll find in Kent Co. That stretch now ahead. By the way, there was a queer thing happened on the track just three years ago come Thanksgiving—as queer as ever came in my way since I've been railroading. It occurred in this way: I'll have time to tell it, I reckon. We have to switch off for the express at the next station, and lay by awhile.

This branch road, you see, was built for the local peach business. I was put on as conductor on the first train that was run. By George! how the engine woke the country up!" The Delawareans are genuine Southerners—lazy hospitable.—They were hospitable to the very train, in a way commercial people couldn't understand. It wasn't a matter of business; it was a home affair to them, like their church or their darkies; something to chuckle and gossip over and boast about The stations used to be crowded with young fellows in flashy neckties, and their sweethearts, nice, modest little girls, loaded with cheap finery, who had made up parties and come down from the interior to see the train go by. Every old farmer on the route thought he owned the engine (the General Jackson it was,) and knew each separate car as well as he did his own bulls and sheep. They'd treat their wives to a few miles' ride, as you town people would run over to Europe with yours.

Of course, sir, I was at home here on the road in two weeks. Everybody called me Dick. There were scores of places where I could drop in for an odd meal. I began to doubt whether they were my uncles and cousins or not. Besides, a man here, after fifty, has no other business but loafing. All the old fellows got free passes over the road, and forsook their corners by the tavern fire for the baggage-car. There they smoked day after day, and told queer stories of their neighbors' families for the benefit of anybody that chose to listen. I knew all the gossip by heart directly. It was just when the peaches were in bloom, too when I went on the road, and I soon was punching open the buds with my thumb-nail, and talking earnestly of Early Blush and Morris Whites with the rest. It's a curious sight to see that pink flush, above the early spring bud, from one end of the State to the other, and to think that crop is the one matter of life and death to the people.

The peaches had come and gone, tho' when one day, about a month before Thanksgiving, an old fellow came on board with his family, who had a pass for two down to St. George's. I saw at a glance he was none of my usual deadhead squad.

A thin, wiry old man, white-headed, but as active as a boy of sixteen, and with the true Dealawarean knack of finding friends and showing himself friendly. He was a reporter on some Philadelphia penny-paper, and had his note-book out every minute, pumping me about the New Castle whipping-post, Sloan's fish-breeding experiment, and the condition of the freed negroes.

"Make items, make items!" he said.—"Pushes the paper wonderfully into local circulation."

He had been a doctor or lawyer, I forget which, in New York, and was starved out, he told me, so took up journalizing. He did not impress me as a man of ability; and besides, the poor old fellow was worn out. It was high time for him to lie by and loaf with the others in the baggage-car.

"Newspaper work, pays handsomely, compared to my profession. We get on quite comfortably on my salary; quite comfortably."

I noticed, however, that both he and his women folks were thinly and shabbily dressed. I did not pay much attention to the women, but there was a boy, Dan, the old man's grandson—a little chap of four that I took an odd fancy to from the first. He had an ugly face, but I think one of the most honest and lovable I ever saw

Tanner—that was the old man's name—told me that he had brought his wife and daughter down to keep Thanksgiving in this village, where they had lived years before. "We were all younger and cheerfuller then than now," he said, "and I thought may be, with the old place would come back some of the old feeling. There are other ways of keeping the feasts than with stuffiing the stomach your know!"

I thought to myself it would be as well if the stomach had its share of rejoicing. Tanner, cheerful and chirrupy as he was, looked meagre and hunger-bitten. Four people could not grow fat on eight dollars a week, which I found was his salary.—He hired a vacant house for a month. There it is—that one behind the hill. The family went to housekeeping in some sort of way in it, and he used to run on Friday evenings to stay with them over Sundays, which is the newspaper men's Sunday, as you know. We grew to be very friendly. I fell into the habit of watching with him for Dan, who always came out on the porch to wait for him, his mother holding him by the hand. I used to wonder if the poor little widow ever let go her hold of the child day or night, and once I remember thinking what she would do if the child should die.—One has those queer, idle fancies, you know. But Dan's mother was one of those women who seem to have no life outside of the one or two people they love.

Well, Thanksgiving eve came, and Tanner was aboard going home, but I had no time to talk to him, as the train was crowded with people who had been up to Wilmington laying in supplies for the holiday. Even the passenger-cars were heaped with baskets and bundles. Tanner had his little package, too—something for Dan. I saw him peeping into it with his eyes twinkling once or twice. I remember how pleased he was when I brought him a monster turkey for Mrs. Tanner. The old lady although she had only seen me on the train as it whisked by, had taken an anxious interest in a sore throat I had, and sent me a bottle of myrrh-tea by the old gentleman.

I don't know whether it was because I had come from a part of the country where they don't keep Thanksgiving, or because of the horror that followed, but I remember that afternoon as one of the brightest and cheerfullest of my life. The air was cold and crip. There was a red mist over the hills; in the cars and the stations there was nothing but good humor and friendly good wishes. I don't think much of serious things, yet it seemed to me that day that the people came with one accord nearer to God because of Thanksgiving. One old gentleman on board had the same idea, I suppose; for, as I sat down behind him to count my change, I saw him watching the passengers and houses as we passed with an amused smile, and turning to his companion, he said:

"There's something very wholesome in the effect of these holidays, Colonel.—They awaken men to a sense of dependence and gratitude, as a year's sermons can not do."

The other was so long in replying that I looked up at him.

"When a man has a home or ties to give thanks for, the holiday is useful, no doubt."

It was so queer and cold an answer that I felt a curiosity about the man. He went back to his newspaper (which was an English one, I noticed,) and began to talk immediately about the duties on silks and linens I soon found that he was largely interested in both; had traveled over a good part of the world, traded in China and Japan, and, as I guessed, successfully. He had the air of a man accustomed to command, and to a life of ease. He was a middle aged, stoutly-built man, with a clean-shaved, powerful face, and shrewd, pleasant eyes. I noticed that through all his conversation he tried to avoid seeing the happy groups of people who were incessantly getting on or off the train; and once, when a child in passing pulled at his cane, he turned his back roughly on it. Yet I had fancy—I don't know why—that the people and Thanksgiving mattered more to him than any of us.

His friend said to him presently, "You're not well, Colonel?" "Never was better. But the truth is, Venn, this country is all familiar to me, and anything which recalls old times makes me nervous and irritable. It's a weakness which I will outgrow, probably. If you'll excuse me, I'll go forward." He saw me just then, and touching his hat, asked leave to ride on the engine, in order to see the scenery.

Now the rules of the road were slipshod enough, but that was a thing I never had allowed. However, I had taken a curious interest in the man, and I liked his corteous manner, so I nodded and went before him through the baggage-car, and over the tender to see him safely across. To my surprise, Joe Fenton, our engineer, met him as an old acquaintance.—Joe had been a private in his regiment during the war. They shook hands again and again, and Fenton was in such a hurry to tell that he was married, and the father of twins, that he stammered The Colonel laughed, and looked as pleased as Joe. He was a different man from the one I had seen in the car. I waited a moment to point out Brook's model farm to him, when Joe said:

"You used to come down to these parts for fishing, often, I remember, Colonel."

"Yes."

"Where is your good lady now, sir? And the child? He was as peart a youngster as I ever knowed."

The gentleman replied but by a gesture with his hand

"What! both?" gasped Joe. "Both?"

The Colonel did not speak for a minute, and then he said quietly: "My wife was with me in China. She sailed with the child for home on the Petrel. I was to follow six months later. The Petrel went down. There was no one saved."

Joe said nothing; but presently he put out his hand and smoothed the other man's sleeve. It was just such a thing as a woman would do.

The Colonel added hastily, as if afraid he would betray any emotion. "I'm on my way West now, in search of my father who has left New England. People are easily lost sight of in America."

"That a fact, sir," said Joe, and then he began to talk about the engine, glad to get back to her. We had no right to meddle with a grief like that.

I went back on the cars again, until we came to that hill a half-mile beyond Tanner's house, when I stepped back to the engine. I had an uneasy feeling somehow about leaving the man there. We had lost time, and were going at full speed, when Joe gave a horrible oath, and at the same moment something fluttered down on to the track from the bank, not fifty yards ahead. The next I saw that it was a child, that it was Dan, laughing and running, with both hands out, to meet us. You know, sir, how long a minute like that lasts. I had time to hear Joe's mad whistle for down brakes shrieking out through the hills, and to think it was a yell of devil, and to thank God that Tanner was in the back of the train, and could not see what we would have to see, and yet it was all but a breath of time.

It was too late. The engine did not slacken, and the child was hurrying toward it. Then I saw its mother above the bank, running down the field. She had missed Dan, and would be in sight before ———

I remember Joe's lips were white. Yet he said as cool as could be, "It would be death, I reckon; but if a man *could* swing himself down from the cow-catcher——

I pushed forward, but the Colonel held me back.

"I've nothing to lose," he said, and as swift as a cat he passed round the ledge, and threw himself headlong down on the track in front.

I shut my eyes. The engine and the whole train thundered on, slackened at last, and stopped. I remember how slowly I climbed down and looked over to a field. I did not know what I would tread into on the track or see.

The people poured out of the train. In the clay lay the Colonel like one dead—*clear the track, sir.* He held the child alive and unhurt, still clutched in both hands. He was only stunned, and came too in a minute, and stood up; but he did not seem to see the train, or the crowd of men about him; nothing but the boy, over whose face he was passing his hand.

"God Almighty!" he cried. "It's my Dan!"

Then I saw the child's mother down on the ground with both srms about her husband's knees, and poor old Tanner, pale as a ghost, pulling at his sleeve, and crying, "Jack! Jack!"

I saw how it was in a flash, and motioned to Joe to whistle warning, and shouted, "All aboard, gentlemen. Ten minutes late!" Though I'd have given the world just to wring the old man's hand. It was no rejoicing for us to take part in.

Though I've got no better friends than the Colonel and his father, Joe and I go there by invitation as often as Thanksgiving comes round. No one ever speaks of that day, but it was never out of remembrance. Yonder is their house—stone—beyond the bridge. Want to see Joe, eh? He's on the engine, sir. Passengers not allowed on the engine.

St. George's Tickets!

Toys as Teachers.

The primary use of toys to children is to keep them occupied. A mother thinks what her infant, even when only a few months old, requires to amuse him, and she selects a bright-colored bird, or a rattle, or something which can feel, shake, and look at. An elder child complains of having nothing to do; and a toy or game is found, or a book of pictures or little stories, with which he may amuse himself. The great aim of all those who understand the bringing-up of children is to keep them constantly engaged, and at the same time, though encouraging them to play as long as possible with one toy, yet to change and vary their occupations and amusements as soon as they show signs of mental fatigue or weariness. This constant employment is not only desirable for children, but is essential for them; for they must be doing something, and, as has been well marked, even mischief is but misapplied energy.—Toys are the natural instruments on which this energy and activity should be expended. It is the province of the toy-dealer to find objects for the exercise of their minds and fingers, just as much as for the baker to supply them with bread, or the shoemaker with shoes.

Children are essentially active in every sense, and toys cannot properly be called toys at all if they are merely capable of being looked at, and do no more than amuse the eye for a few moments. This fact will often account for the peculiar way in which children take fancies to their toys. Of course the glitter of a new thing what ever it may be, lasts for some t'me; but it will be remarked how they generally return to some old plaything, long since bereft of its beauty, because they can do something with it. A broken doll, even with no legs and arms, may be dressed and handled as a baby; a horse without legs may be dragged about the floor, and so on; whereas a new picture-book is soon put aside after the novelty of the illustrations is forgotten; and a very elaborate mechanical toy, too delicate even to be handled, is not cared for much after it has been exhibited a few times, and has ceased to be a novelty.

While carefully avoiding a mistake of making play a lesson, some few toys, if well selected, many impart a vast amount of instruction, and that without the child having to undergo any undue mental strain. It would of course, be undesirable to give a little boy five or six years old a direct lesson on the principals of the bridge and the use of the keystone. Give him, however, a box of bricks capable of making a bridge with the centring, and show him how to put it together; he will puzzle over it for days, try every sort of arrangement, and unwittingly become gradually and particularly acquainted with some important mechanical laws.—Again a little model of a steam-engine made to work by gasor spirit, which may be bought for a few shilling, is a most attractive toy.—Children will watch it for hours. They see the water poured in; they remark that it is made to boil, and soon has to be replenished; they notice the action of the valves, the piston, the crank, and all the parts. When they come to study the theoretical laws of steam and machines, half the difficulty of their first lesson vanishes. Reading may be taught entirely by means of the various games and toys with letters and words which are in common use. These toys depend for their interest and attraction on the way they are put before children. With one teacher, they are a little better than a dry spelling-book, whereas with another, the finding out of the different letters and the placing them together like a puzzle may interest a child for hours, during which the infant is learned to read and spell in the best possible manner and in a way he is least likely to forget.—The first four rules of arithmetic, again may be taught almost intirely be means of cube bricks, and a great step made in the formidable multiplication table, before the child is wearied out with the monotonous repetition of what too often seems to him an endless and meaningless list of figures. Writing is the only subject which perhaps requires more direct lesson work. Even here, however, the "printing" letters used to teach reading may be copied on a slate, their shape learned, and, what is of still greater importance, the power of holding and dviding a pencil imparted, before the copy-book, pot-hook and hanger has made writing an unpleasant and tedious task.

NEVER put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

FAMILY STEALING.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

I have just been reading the story of a little girl who was alienated for life from her father because he made her wear two figs strung around her neck to punish her for having stolen them from the dinner table.—How great was her sin, or how incommensurate the punishment, history furnishes us no aggravating or extenuating circumstances by which to judge; but I desire to protest against the unwisdom and injustice of calling such an act stealing, or of assuming for a moment that there can be any such thing as stealing between parents and little children. It may be disobedience, and if not suppressed, it may lead to theft—but theft is not; and if it were, I would not let a child think so. There are pitfalls enough for his little soul to stumble into without leading him out of his path to throw him into one that he would never have found of himself.

Everything that tends to create a division of interests between parents and children should be discouraged. Everything that tends to create unity should be fostered. It is never too early to make a child feel ownership of home—not the ownership of tyranny and selfishness, but of affection and attachment. Let him have his share of the proprietorship in all its comforts, conveniences and luxuries. I do not know what the law would say, but they are his. The rights of a child are the strongest in the world—His absolute ability to defend them throws an immense burden upon grown-up people.—He owns everything he is born to. The wealth of his father is his by divine right.—All that his parents can do—what they are strictly bound to do—is to pass over his property to him in such measure, by such means, as shall be most for his welfare. To talk of his stealing figs from his father's table is absurd. The table is his, figs, father, and all. He must keep his hands off, because it is not good manners to put them on, because he will get his fingers sticky and soil his frock, because the time for figs is not yet, and he must not take his till Kate and Mary, and Frank have theirs; but not in the least becasse the figs belong to somebody else, and not him. And if his little confused, fumbling, twilight soul half thinks it is stealing, does not rightly know the difference, soothe away the vagueness, or hush it away by silence. One sin at a time is enough for him to be saddled with. If he has been ordered not to touch the figs, there is a clear case of disobedience. Let it stand out by itself, not be mixed in with something else. If nothing has ever been said to him about it, wherein does his fault consist? But children are such concientious little wretches that they will often show signs of guilt when a wise man will be puzzled to define it. The part of wisdom is not to multiply iniquities, but to diminish them. Bessie had got into a habit—a mere habit—of waking up in the night and going to her mother's room.—Presently her mother told her she must not come into her room again unless she was sick. The very next night I was awakened, and aware of a little midget pawing rapidly over the head of my bed with speechless but ferocious resolution, and down snuggled Bessie, not half awake, and in a minute not even that. In the morning, and in the full possession of her senses, conscious crime gnawed at Bessie's heart, and when she heard her mother's step coming in search of her she for an instant contemplated concealment. But her mother was wise enough to pass it over slightly, and it was with great relief that Bessie bounced up after she was gone, and cried, "She didn't care a bit!"

And Bessie was not the least harmed by it, though that evil and bitter thing, "a strict disciplinarian," might have made out a first-class case of disobedience and evasion. It was strict obedience and admirable invention, showing a fertility of resource while half asleep that promised well for future usefulness when wide awake

It seems to me it is always best to make out as little sin as possible; to assume as much good intent as possible; to attribute innocent motives, and call a child good for the sake of inducing him to become so; to dispense with rules, and not make much ado about nothing. Why should a parent be constantly coming out with a flat-footed command, and bringing his will face to face with his child's? It is sometimes, doubtless, unavoidable, but it is not very often. Children, as a general thing, do not need to be ordered about, or be kept back with the sword. They are amenable to the law written in their hearts. They learn very early to understand the relation of figs and cake, and pie and preserves, if they are treated like reasonable beings and interested friends. But if they are put under ban; if no confidence is reposed in them, and no discretion is expected of them; if their constitutional government is simply "you shall" and "you shall not;" if they are made to go in leading-strings, and dainties, are locked away from them, and everything is the property of their parents, and they have no rights in the sugar-bowl and jampot which their elders are bound to respect, but stand on the same footing with the beggar-boy in the streets—why, it would be very strange if they should not steal the figs; and were the case left to me, I should make the father wear them around his neck, and draw the string tight.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A CURIOUS STORY.—A funny story is told of three young candidates for a Scottish ministry. The first one put upon his trial, while putting on his robes, happened to descry an ancient-looking, well-worn old paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Seeing that the old sermon was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honors took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting-place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book.—Great was their astonishment the following Sunday, when preach number two treated them with the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience when a third minister, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming—

"Deil dwell him! Is he never going to flit?"

Court-Plaster—Kisses.

The Influence of Bad Company.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude, unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry; but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought from the garden six rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-room.

Just as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Father!" cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you that the company of bad children will make you bad, yet you do not listen to me. See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys"

Robert did not forget the lesson. When any bad boys asked him to play with them, he thought of the rotten apples, and kept himself apart from them.

☞ Here is a new story about Dean Richmond:

A modest printer's devil in Albany entered the magnate's office, fearing that he would be rudely rebuffed when he made his mission known. After a moment's hesitation he said, falteringly:

"Mr. Richmond, I believe?"

"Yes; what do you want of me?"

"I should like, sir, to get a pass from Albany to Buffalo."

"On what grounds do you ask for a pass?" (This with a rising and very rough voice.)

"On the ground, sir, that I don't want to pay my fare."

Richmond, without another word, wrote out a pass and handed it to the applicant.

The boy took it, saying, "Thank you; thank you, Mr. Richmond."

"You needn't thank me. I'm d——d glad to accommodate you. You are the first person I've ever known, to ask for a pass on the right grounds."

A jolly young fellow named Corcoran when he arrived in this country, some years since, propounded a puzzle to a gruff old clerk in the New York City Hall, which is believed to have shortened that official's days. Corcoran went up to the officer for his "first papers." The deputy was a serious old chap, who without ever looking up, proceeded to put the formal interrogatories.

"What is your name?" he demand.

"John Corcoran."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

What nativity?"

"Well—that's what bothers me—I'll tell you, and maybe you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother English, and I was born on board of a Dutch brig, under the French flag, in Flemish waters. Now, how is it?"

The old clerk looked up aghast, shoved up his spectacles on his brow, and slowly made answer: "Young man, your nativity and that of our Saviour are the only ones which ever puzzled me."

BLUNDERS OF BASHFULNESS.—If there is any defect more striking than another in American character, it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it. An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go over to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had any straw for filling beds. "Mr. Shaw," said our informant, was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family were seated at their dinner.—Stopping at the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out, "Mr. Straw, can you spare me enough shaw to fill a couple of beds?"

"Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family, and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but what I can; how many will you need?"

Before I could recover, those hateful girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I broke for home in a cold sweat.

LIFE is like a book in which we every day read a page. We ought to note down every instructive incident that passes. A crowd of useful thoughts cannot but flow from self-converse. Hold every day a solitary conversation with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relish of existance; and, if we may so say, to cast anchor in the river of life.

In order to rebuild that city under the present tariff law, the people of Chicago will be compelled to pay to Pennsylvania iron foundries, in the shape of royalty on iron, $11,000,000; and to Michigan lumbermen, in the shape of a royalty on lumber, $6,000,000. That is what burned up Chicago must do for "the protection" of those impovarished gentleman.

On brand of Cincinnati whiskey is warranted to contain 427 fights to the barrel.

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