THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1872. NO. 33.

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. Q.A.R.R.train
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" 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',	12:05	P.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 at 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,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

Attention

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

Excelsior Hot Blast Cook, Superb Cook, Ironside, Columbia Cook, Niagara, Continental, All Right Cook, Farmer, Champion Complete Improved, Victor Range, Reliance Range, Novelty parlor Cook.

THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY, Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

Call and examine our large stock of Stoves, and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.

Store opposite the Court House.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

New Firm in the Lumber Business!



Having purchased the entire stock of Mr. Wm. Vannort in the Lumber Business, we intend to keep at his old stand a full and complete assortment of

BUILDING MATERIAL;

AND A LARGE STOCK OF LUMBER, to which we invite the attention of consumers, comprised in part of Select Cullings, 4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 White Pine, 5-8 Siding.
Yellow Pine Dressed Flooring,
White Pine Scantling and Bill Stuff,
Hemlock Joist, Scantling & Bill Stuff,
White Pine and Hemlock Fencing,
White Pine and Cypress Shingles,
Laths, Pales, Window Sash glazed, and Window Shutters.

We hope, by attention to our business, to merit a full share of public patronage.

We will also continue the

CARPENTERING AND Undertaking

business with unabated vigor.

JOHN T. DODD & SON.
July 15, 1871—tf.

CIDER VINEGAR, RELIABLE FOR PICKLING, on hand and for sale by

THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown August 19, 1871.

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

H. A. Gable, N. Runkle, G. Housel, H. Beard.

H. A. GABLE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS,

STAIRS, STAIR RAILING, BALUSTERS AND POSTS,

Mouldings,

Rope Mouldings, Mantels, etc.

MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

LATHS,

SHINGLES,

AND

MARBLEIZED

SLATE MANTELS.

CORNER OF

Howard and Fayette Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 9, 1871—6m.

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 repaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

Groceries.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Flour, Bacon, Salt and Fish.

Nov. 18, '71. J. E. WEER.

Money Saved! Money Saved!!

BY ENCLOSING **ONE DOLLAR** (1.00) a three cent stamp and sample of goods, and getting in return ONE PAIR of *OUR OWN KID GLOVES*, in all the Fall shades and colors.

The only place to get them is at

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,

95 N. Charles Street,

3 doors South of Mulberry.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER PAIR, AND EVERY PAIR *GUARANTEED.*

Balt., Sept. 16, 1871.

THE

EUREKA

FANNING MILL.

The Greatest Invention

OF THE 19th CENTURY!

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention of Farmers and Mechanics is particularly directed to the combined economy, utility and practicability of the Eureka Mill, and to the many other advantages it possesses over every other Fanning Mill which has been introduced to the public. It is the fruit of long and patient investigation by the inventor, who has made it his constant study for over twenty years. He has secured several patents for Mills, and has always been rewarded with the best of success. But not feeling satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and he now believes that his new invention will warrant him in exclaiming in the joy of his heart, like the philosopher, Phythagoras, EUREKA, signifying in the Grecian language, "I have found it." This has given the name to this new Mill.

In this Mill are all the former improvements, to which have been added several more, adding still greater advantages than were at first anticipated, or even thought possible by the inventor himself. It embraces the three great essentials necessary in every invention.

It combines Utility, Economy and Practicability!

THE EUREKA MILL

Is small and lighter, and is capable of doing more and better work in a given time than any other Mill ever invented. It is the only Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of: for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,

Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of NOLAND & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.

June 17, 1871—tf.

"RISING SUN" SALOON,

ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN

IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen with all the delicacies usually found in the the Saloons of the city

In the Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be served with Cake, Ice Crem, Oysters in all styles of cooking, Terrapins, Crabs, Beef-Steaks, Fried Ham, all the delicacies of the season, at the short notice.

In the Gentlemens Saloons, Gentlemen will in addition be served with choice cigars.

☞ Parties will be supplied with everything needful for refreshment tables—and Ice.

☞ Families supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream, Water Ices, Custard &c., by the gallon upon reasonable terms.

ICE

In large or small quantities for sale, and delivered every morning to regular customers in Chestertown.

The long experience of the subscriber as a caterer, justifies him in asking a liberal patronage from the public.

WILLIAM PERKINS.
13-'68. Proprietor.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY

AT

Private Sale.

The subscriber will sell at private sale his

Valuable Grist Mill

at Centreville, Queen Anne's County, Md.

This property is one of the most valuable of the kind on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, being a first-class stand for business, of which it has a large patronage, and being now in good order and condition. It is situated near the terminus of the Queen Anne's and Kent Railroad at Centreville, and within one mile of a Public Landing on Chester River.

There is attached to the property a few acres of fine Meadow land and Garden ground.



A DWELLING HOUSE is attached to and is part of the Mill house, and is of sufficient size for any ordinary family.

To a man of enterprise the property offers a first-rate business. The terms will be made easy and accommodating.

For information inquire of Wm. P. Sewall, on the premises; S. W. DeCoursey, Beverly, New Jersey; J. K. Hines, Chestertown; Lloyd Tilghman, Centreville, or the subscriber.

T. DeC. RUTH.
July 22—tf. Chestertown, Md.

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

Selected Poetry.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Eighty little urchins
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Can't you mind the rule?
Bless me, this pleasant,
Teaching public school.

Eighty little pilgrims
On the road to fame,
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly nations—
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischief.
Skilled in all its arts.
That's a precious darling!
"What are you about?"
"May I pass the water?"
"Please, may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are scuffling,
Slates and books are rattling,
And in the corner yonder,
Two pugilists are battling,
Others cutting didoes—
What a botheration!
No wonder we grow crusty
From such association.

Anxious parent drops in
Merely to inquire
Why his olive branches
Do not shoot up higher.
Says he wants his children
To mind their "p's" and "q's,"
And hopes their brilliants talents
Will not be abused.

Spelling, reading, writing,
Putting up the young ones,
Fuming, scolding, fighting,
Spurring on the dumb ones;
Gymnasts, vocal music!
How the heart rejoices
When the singer comes
To cultivate their voices.

A THRILLING STORY.

Ten Years with the Savages of the Far West—The Experience of Capt. Hobbs the Famous Ranger—How he was Captured and nearly Scalped—His Final Release and Return to N. Y. city.

Captain John Hobbs, a famous ranger and Indian fighter of Sonora and Northern Mexico, is the guest of a well known publisher in New York City. He arrived in the Metropolis a few days direct from Fort Sedgwick. He has probably suffered greater hardships from and has gained a greater knowledge of the plain and frontier Indians than any white man living in this country. His thrilling adventures and hand-to-hand conflicts with the Apaches during the past quarter of a century and captivity of ten years among the Comanches, would afford splendid material for a first-class romance. The exploits of this individual utterly overshadow the deeds of the renowned Kit Carson, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and completely surpass the doings of 'Buffalo Bill" and 'California Joe,' whose names in connection with Indian fighting have been before the public in various periodicals during the past seven years. A newspaper representative enjoyed an hour's conversation with the grim old veteran, and learned from his own lips some particulars of an eventful career. The Captain was found at the office of a stenographer who was busily employed in taking notes to be used in connection with a forthcoming history of his life. He invited the reporter to be seated, and handed him a pipe of unique pattern, with a stem about 5 feet in lenth, which he first lighted and indulged in a few whiffs as a starter. "That pipe," said he, "I captured from Algalaumme, a Montezuma Chief, thirteen years ago, and I would not part with it for a thousand dollars."—While smoking, the reporter surveyed the border-man; he is fully six feet in height, sparely built, is as straight as an arrow, has small black, piercing eyes, long and coarse hair, as black as a coal, a swarthy countenance covered with scars, and a complexion in general that has been so tanned by exposure to the sun and wind that it resembles strongly that of an Indian. He wore a border-suit of buckskin, fantastically arranged, but his person was devoid of jewelry, which is such a characteristic weakness of frontier men. On a bureau on the right rested a huge white sombrero, while in one corner of the room, near the stenographer's desk, were scalps and tomahawks and other relics of the forest, and of sanguinary conflicts with the savages. As he had been a captive such a great length of time among the Indians, it seemed a matter of surprise to the reporter that he could converse so fluently in his mother tongue. He explained this by stating that he had as a companion in captivity an American, and had frequent intercourse with trappers and herdsmen whom he had assisted in capturing. By this mode he had managed to retain his English perfectly. His knowledge of dates was surprising, when it is taken into consideration that he was carried off by the Comanches when but twenty years of age, and previous to that event had but little schooling. He was born in a small frontier village on the Big Blue River, in the northern portion of Jackson county, in the State of Missouri, in the year 1829, but does not remember the month. When but a mere lad he gained a great reputation among the hardy backwoodsmen and trappers of that section as a wonderful shot, as he had been known to bring down a deer at four hundred yards. At eighteen he was a successful trapper, and knew every elk path and otter pond for miles through the wilderness. His shrewdness attracted the attention of Bent, the great St. Louis fur-trader, who secured his services when nineteen. It is to this incident that his subsequent misfortunes and ten years' captivity and sufferings among the Comanches may be attributed. Shortly after entering the services of the fur company, as the Captain relates, he and a companion, Jean Batties, a French Canadian, were sent to the Cimerone Springs, near the head waters of the Arkansas River. At that date the whole country was almost a howling wilderness, with but few settlers scattered here and there, and was swarming with hostile Apaches, Pawnees, and the scourge of Northern Mexico, the blood-thirsty Comanches. On the 17th of September, 1847, as their luck had been bad, Batties proposed to Hobbs to start further south where game was supposed to be in abundance; the latter acquiesced. During the evening of the first day's trip Hobbs trailed a buffalo. His capture is given in his vernacular. "Putting spurs to my mare," said the Captain, "I soon overhauled the varmint, which proved to be a cow, which I killed. Batties soon joined me, and after we cut off all the meat we wanted we built a fire and bunked in for the night. The following morning, while preparing our grub, a war party of twenty Comanche braves, with eight or ten Pawnee scalps, and a drove of stolen ponies appeared on the scene. The leader of the band advanced toward me with outstretched hands and growled out 'How?' I answered in a friendly way, still keeping an eye on my shooting-irons. All of a sudden one of the most demoniac yells that ever greeted a mortal's ears was given, and before we could move the whole pack of hell-hounds were upon us two poor devils. They killed poor Batties before my eyes, scalped him, took off his moccasins, secured his rifle and ammunition, and then made for me. But the Chief somehow took a fancy to me and drawed off the pack after they had almost finished me and had the knife to my scalp. "Look here," saying, the Captain parted the thick black hair on the side of his head, and a long white scar was revealed. "That's the commencin' place," he resumed, "and in two minutes time longer I expect they would have raised my top-knot, for certain. Do you see this?"—Here he pointed to a deep scar just above his mustache, at the right of the noose, "That's another mark they gave me with a tomahawk on that occasion. Well, to make a long story short, they carried me with them up to the mountains. They danced around me, sung and played on the tomtoms nearly all night, and to wind up they cut off my hair and commenced to cut up my face, or what you might call it, to tattoo me. I objected so strongly that they stopped it, but they managed to put a brass ring through my nose.—This I wore during my ten years' of captivity. I was made a warrior, and went out with them on all their war and marauding expeditions across the Mexican border, and several times came near losing my life while fighting the Apaches and Pawnees. All told, my body bears seventeen bullet and arrow wounds"—Removing his boots, the Captain exhibited to the reporter five buck-shot "indentures" in his right leg, and three or four gun-shot and arrow wounds in his left limb. "I remained with the red-skins two years before I was made a warrior. About six months after this event, while hunting alone in the mountains of Lower Sonora, I heard the breaking of a twig not far from where I was standing. I cocked my rifle, thinking it might be a cinamon bear. I did not hear the sound again, but instead saw the cause of it in the shape of a big Pawnee warrior who stood partly concealed in a clump of chaparal about two hundred yards distant.—We looked at each other fully five minutes without drawing a bead; suddenly he raised his gun and fired at me without taking aim. I jumped to the right and escaped, still keeping an eye on Pawnee; he dodged around, but I soon let him have it square in the head and scalped him.—When nearing the lodges I got two ash poles and stuck the ends of each into the ears of the scalp—it's the style of the Comanches to take ears and all—and marched into camp.

Five minutes later seven hundred warriors, headed by Old Wolf, whom the United States soldiers and Mexicans well know to their sorrow, surrounded me, and such shaking of hands and hugging I never experienced before. The chief the next morning gave me his third daughter as a bride. By our marriage I have several children. "Where are they now?" queried the reporter. "Oh, they're running wild on the plains," replied the Captain, laughingly. He said that in the fall of 1847, after numerous fights with United States soldiers, during which he tried to escape, (rather dubious,) the Commanches concluded to sell him and another white prisoner named Kirker.—Thus, after ten years of captivity, he was taken to Fort Bent, and was sold to Col. Sumner, of the Sixth Cavalry. The Captain was ransomed for six yards of red flannel, one pound of tobacco, and a string of beads; Kirker was sold for eight yards of curtain calico and a pound of common Miszouri tobacco. After being ransomed, the Captain sought the home of his youth, but all his relatives had removed, and, heart-broken, he retraced his steps and made his way into Mexico, where he joined Placida la Vega in his war against the Church party. At the conclusion he made his way to Chihuahua, and was employed by Gov. Angelstres to fight the Apaches at the rate of $50 per scalp. With thirty Mexicans, during six months, they raised ninety scalps. Becoming disgusted with the Mexicans, he again cast his fortunes with Old Wolf and the Comanches. He continued fighting with them two or three years against other tribes, and when the French invaded Mexico he repaired to Chihuahua and was made a lieutenant of artillery in the Liberal army by Benito Juarez, and participated in the battles of Los Membres, Mazatalan, Zepic, Santiago, Esquantito, Siera Alger and various others, down Queretaro, when Maximilian surrendered. At the close of the war he again visited his Indian home, and, growing tired of that species of existence, he determined to live in the future among civilized people. His faith, however, in humanity has been terribly shaken since he has been in Gotham, as he lost $150 in greenbacks at a place of public amusement a few evenings since, and he has changed his mind considerably. He speaks fluently the dialects of seven different tribes—of Northern New Mexico and Sonora. He is probably the only white man that can aid the historian in translating them.

Is The Interior of the Earth Solid or Fluid?

Although the doctrine that the earth is a molten sphere, surrounded by a thin crust of a solid matter, was once almost universally taught by geologists, there have of late years been brought forward several arguments to the contrary, which apparently, are more in favor of its being a solid, or nearly a solid mass throughout; and these arguments are fully entitled to consideration, as our object is not to defend any particular theory, but to arrive, as nearly as we can, at the truth. I will, therefore, in the first place, proceed to scrutinize all which has been brought forward in opposition to the older hypothesis, and then to consider whether any other explanation yet advanced is more in accordance with the facts of the case.

First of all we are to answer the question as to whether it is possible for such a thin crust to remain solid, and not at once to become melted up and absorbed into the much greater mass of molten matter beneath it? This latter would doubtless be the case, if the fluid mass had any means of keeping up its high temperature, independently of the amount of heat it actually possessed when it originally assumed the form of an igneous globe. The question, however, in reality, answers itself in the negative, since, it is evident that no crust could even commence to form on the surface, unless the sphere itself was at the moment actually giving off more heat, from its outer surface to the surrounding atmosphere, than it could supply from its more central parts, in order to keep the whole in a perfectly fluid condition, so that, when once such a crust however thin, had formed upon the surface, it is self-evident that it could not again become melted up or reabsorbed into the fluid mass below.

This external process, of solidification due to refrigeration, would then continue going on from the outside inward, until a thickness of crust had been attained sufficient to arrest, or neutralize (owing to its bad conductibility of heat,) both the cooling action of the surrounding air and the loss of more heat from the molten mass within; and thus a stage would soon be arrived at when both these actions would so counterbalance one another, that the further cooling down of the earth could be all but arrested; a condition ruling at the present time, since the earth-surface, at this moment, so far from receiving any, or more than a minute amount of heat from the interior, appears to depend entirely, as regards its temperature, upon the heat which it receives from the sun's rays.

We have next to consider the argument that, if the earth's exterior were in reality only such a thin covering or crust, like the shell of an egg, to which it has often been likened, such a thickness would be altogether insufficient to give to it that stability which we know it to possess, and that, consequently, it could never sustain the enormous weight of its mountain ranges, such as, for example the Himalayas of Asia, or the Andes of America, which are, as it were, masses of rock piled up high above its mean surface-level.

At first sight, this style of reasoning not only appears plausible, but even seems to threaten to upset the entire hypothesis altogether. It requires but little soder consideration, however, to prove that it is rather, so to speak, sensational in character than actually founded on the facts of the case; for it is only requisite for us to be able to form in our minds some tangible idea of the relative proportion which the size of even the highest mountain bears to that of the entire globe itself, to convince us, if such a crust could once form and support itself, that it could with ease support the weight of the mountains also. The great Himalayan chain of mountains rises to a maximum altitude of thirty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty feet, or six miles above the level of the sea; and, if the earth could be seen reduced in scale down to the size of an orange, to all interts and purposes it would look like an almost smooth ball, since even the highest mountains and deepest valleys upon its surface would present to the eye no greater inequalities in outline than the little pimples and hollows on the outside of the skin of an ordinary orange. If this thin crust of the earth can support itself, it is not at all likely to be crushed in by toe, comparatively speaking, insignificant weight of our greatest mountain chain; for, in point of fact, it would be quite as unreasonable to maintain such a disposition, as to declare that the shell of a hen's egg would be crushed in by simply laying a piece of a similar egg-shell upon its outside.

That a very thin spheroidal crust, or shell enclosing a body of fluid matter, such as an ordinary fowl's egg, does possess in itself an enormous degree of stability and power to resist pressure from without, is easily demonstrated by merely loading a small portion of its surface with weights, as long as it does not give way under them. Even when placed on its side (or least strong position,) it is found that a portion of the shell of an inch square, will sustain several pounds weight without showing any symptoms of either cracking or crushing; or, in other words, this simple experiment indicates that, if the external crust of the earth were but as thick and strong in proportion as an egg-shell it would be fully capable of sustaining masses equal in volume and weight to many Himalayas, piled up one atop of another, without any danger whatever to its stability.—*Extract from a Lecture by David Forbes, F, R. S.*

FLORENCE, the comedian, tells a capital story of a waiter at one of the London taverns who was sadly given to drink. A party of young men determined to reform him, and one day read an imaginary paragraph from the paper relating a terrible accident, in which an inebriate, in blowing out a candle, was killed by the flame igniting with the fumes of his breath. Jerry pricked up his ears at this, and requested that the paragraph might be read to him again, which was done, to the evident horror of the poor man, who immediately went in search of the cook to borrow a prayer book. Returning with this he expressed a desire to take a solemn oath upon it, bemoaning the fact that he had been a sorry tippler, and was bringing himself to ruin, and then swore that never again, so long as he lived, would he—attempt to blow out a candle!

A NOVEL CANCER CURE.—Mr Charles Yardley, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, writes us as follows, relative to the healing qualities of a simple weed, which, he says, grows on high land in almost every State in the Union, although it is not familiar to us by the name he gives it:

I want to tell how I cured my cancer last summer without pain or money.—Eight years ago a cancer come on my nose. It grew slow at first, for several years, but the last two years it grew very fast and it finally began to eat my left eye. I had spent hundreds of dollars, and tried doctors far and near without any relief. Last summer I drank Wild Tea, putting the tea grounds on my cancer every night, as poultice, and in six weeks my cancer was cured. I am 62 years old. I have given this remedy to several persons having cancer, and know two that have been cured since. Wild Tea grows over the states generally, always on high land.—*Baltimore American.*

KING CHARLES II. paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the doctor is said to have strutted through the room with his hat on, while his Majesty walked complacently behind with his hat under his arm. But when he was taking his leave at the door the Doctor thus addressed the King: "I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

WHAT A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAY DO.—Show us an inteligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you where newspapers are plenty. Nobody who has been without these silent, private tutors, can can know their educative power. How important, then, to secure those which tend only to good! Anything which makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation should be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Long Islander.*

A Pennsylvanian paper says: "Chicago was probably the most populous city in the world, previous to the conflagration. Some fourteen millions of her 'destitute citizens' have passed through this city in the past three weeks. You can't throw a cat in any direction without hitting a 'sufferer.' The dodge is becoming threadbare."

A French lawyer defended a man who had taken a chicken from a farm-yard.—He said his client was insane. "I do not see in this theft anything that would account for the insanity for the prisoner," said the Judge, "I beg your pardon," replied the lawyer, "this poor fellow is certainly insane. He stole a wretched skinny chicken, when he might have taken a nice fat pig."

A Hartford lady screamed a little at the supper-table a few evenings ago, when a mouse popped out of a "doughnut" which she was conveying to her mouth and scampered over her shoulders and neck.

Mace and Coburn essayed to maul each other says an exchange. In the second round Mace broke his hand. The country will accept this as an evidence of his bad judgment. He should have broken his neck.

☞ "What makes you so glum, Tom?"

"Oh, I had to endure a sad trial to my feelings."

"What on earth was it?"

"Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

☞ While most persons are in advance of their age, an old maid generally manages to keep ten years behind.

A young man in town who is wrestling with his first moustache, proposes to name it after two leading base-ball clubs, because there are nine on a side.

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