THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1872. NO. 38.

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',	12:05 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 all 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.

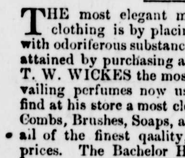
BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

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.

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.

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

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.

COAL HODS, Shovels, Pokers, Seives, Stove Brushes and Blacking, on hand and will be sold at a very small advance on cost. A large assortment of HARDWARE, TINWARE, AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, for sale cheap.

Give me a call and get a good Cook Stove for a very small sum of money.

Store opposite the Court House.

Oct. 21. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

TAKE NOTICE!

THE subscriber is making up a Club for the "American Agriculturist" and "Hearth and Home," Orange Judd's two great papers.

JOHN W. HINES.
Nov. 11, 1871—tf. Chestertown, Md.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

VENDUE NOTES can be obtained at this office.

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.

BUILDING LOT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a desirable Building Lot in the East section of Chestertown, between Water and Queen streets. The situation is high, open and very desirable for a building site. The water from the wells is most excellent.

Terms moderate. Apply to
Dec. 6, 1871. E. F. PERKINS.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FINE AND COARSE CLOTHING; well made, and at reasonable prices.

Nov. 18, 1871. J. E. WEER

ARE YOU IN WANT OF NECK TIES? Call on S. Merritt & Co., where you will find a full line of Black Ties and Bows; Fancy Ties and Bows, and Scarf. —all of the latest styles. Oct. 14, 1871

BOOTS AND SHOES

OF CITY MAKE. A heavy *FRENCH KIP BOOT* that cannot be excelled for the price.

Nov. 18, 1871. JOS. E. WEER.

HALL'S VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER.
CHEVELIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR
MONTGOMERY'S HAIR RESTORER.
STONEBRAKER'S HAIR RESTORER
BURNETT'S KALLISTON.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

R. B. Russell

HIGH STREET,
NEAR THE VOSHELL HOUSE,

Has in store a full supply of very superior

Cigars, Confectionery, and Tobacco

for the season, which can be bought as cheap as any where in the Town.

CHEWING TOBACCO,

of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also Fine Cut.



Smoking Tobacco,
SNUFF AND PIPES,
A good assortment.

Candies and Fruits.
GENERAL PROUDUCE.

FRESH BREAD every afternoon.

☞ Lovers of the weed are invited to call. Everybody is invited to call and buy something. Dec, 9, 1871.

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.

GEO. W. BROOKS & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Lumber, Shingles, Fencing, Laths, &c.
East Falls and Eastern Avenues,
June 8, 1871—1y BALTIMORE.

OVERCOATS.

WE have just received a large and handsome assortment of Overcoats: call and look at them. S. MERRITT & CO.

WE ARE JUST OPENING OUR FIRST SUPPLY OF
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS,
such as Undershirts and Drawers, Neck Ties and Scarfs, Gloves, &c.
Nov. 18. S. MERRITT & CO.

BUY THE FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is the cheapest, most durable and brilliant of any Lead in the market. For sale by
C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871—y. Chestertown, Md.

ESPECIAL attention paid to *FINE LINEN SHIRTS*, and any one in want of a good Shirt, at a moderate price, will do well to call and see
Oct. 14, 1871. S. MERRITT & CO.

Selected Poetry.

THE POLITICAL RAT.

At first he is hungry, and gaunt, and lean,
And by poverty pushed—this political rat;
But his sight is sharp and his scent is keen,
And he soon finds a hole that will change all that.

When once in the hole he grows fat and stout,
And laughs at his comrades so famished and thin,
And while taking good care that he don't go out,
He keeps the outsiders from coming in.

In the sunshine of summer he takes his ease,
But, cool and cautious and cunning rat,
While he nibbles away at the public cheese,
He never forgets to watch the cat.

And takes good care of the public store,
For he knows all the holes in a dozen cribs,
And goes on pilfering more and more,
Increasing the fatness upon his ribs.

And every grain of the golden spoil
That finds its way to his yawning door,
Is drawn from the sweat of honest toil,
Or wrung from the shivering, famished poor.

And when, in the winter of life's decay,
A weakness steals through his toothless jaws,
And the gloss of his coat is turned to gray,
He picks his stumps with his yellow claws,
And laughs to himself, and you hear him say,
"They have turned me adrift, but I don't mind that,
For it pays to have been a political rat."

From the New York Observer.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In your paper of last week there was an article on "Home, Sweet Home," in which it is stated the words of that song, so dear to all English-speaking people, were attributed by Lord Houghton to Moore or Bailey. I cannot remain silent, when I know the honor of composing those beautiful lines belongs to my late friend, John Howard Paine, whose grave lies unhonored and unknown in far away Tunis, where he was U. S. Consul at the time of his death. He was an American, and a futile effort was made by some friends in this country to raise some memorial to his name in that distant place, with this inscription, "To the Author of 'Home, Sweet Home.'" Mr. Paine was the author of "Clari," in which the song is introduced, and also several other operas and dramas, of which the popular historical drama of "Brutus" is one. An amusing incident was once related to me by Mr. Paine, of this song. Being engaged at the house of John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokee nation, before the Cherokees were removed from their pleasant homes in Georgia, in assisting Mr. Ross to arrange some historical papers of the nation, they, together, I think, with Mr. Catlin, the Indian artist, were taken prisoners by the Georgian Guard, as plotting against the State. On their way to the prison one of the Guard chanted the song, "Home." Mr. Paine, thinking to make some interest for himself and friends, asked the man if he knew he wrote that song. "You, indeed!" exclaimed the gallant cavalier; "why, it is in our 'Western Songster!'" The following are the words of the song as printed by Firth & Hall, Franklin Square, in January, 1830:

I.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere;
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

II.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

III.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight, 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

IV.

To thee I'll return, overburden'd with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there!
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

Be Courteous.

A great many truly amiable persons appear to train themselves to be discourteous, repulsive, and disobliging towards those whom they chance to meet; others seem ready, when even only half an opportunity is presented, to say a kind word or render some little courtesy, whether to familiar friends or strangers. Many who are excellent Christians among their friends seem to forget the injunction "to entertain strangers." A spirit of selfishness appears to control every movement; their actions say, "A stranger has no rights we are bound to respect."

While riding from New York to Philadelphia a few days since, the writer observed a gentleman of clerical appearance, who seemed more anxious that every one else should have a seat than himself. Twice he courteously yielded his own seat to ladies, and stood for want of a seat. After the cars left Trenton, he traveled through four cars to find a seat. In one car a respectably dressed lady, occupying one seat, had placed a little girl's doll baby at the other end. The gentleman knew the lady, who was on her way from Boston to her home in Philadelphia, but she did not recognize him. He inquired respectfully if that seat was taken by any one. "Yes, a little girl has that seat," was the reply. He looked around for the little girl, but no girl was to be seen. He went forward through all the cars in quest of a seat, and finding none, he returned, and halted at the vacant seat, where his lady friend was sitting, and said pleasantly, "This seat does not seem to be occupied; may I not sit here?" "No, sir," was the sharp response. "I told you once, that seat was occupied." "Excuse me, ma'am," said he courteously, "I have not seen any occupant except this little doll." The gentleman retreated to the rear end of the car and stood.

Just before the train reached Philadelphia, he tore a leaf from his memorandum book and wrote thus;

"MR. AND MRS. A.—*My Dear Friends:* In response to your numerous invitations to visit you, I had concluded to make it convenient to tarry one day and night, as I passed through Philadelphia; but as I greatly feared that the little girl who occupied the seat in the cars between Trenton and Philadelphia might be incommoded, I concluded not to do so.

"Your sincere friend, —— ——."

Just as the passengers were leaving the cars the gentleman approached the lady in question and said courteously, "I believe this is Mrs. A.?" "Yes," was the cool response. "Will you," said he, "oblige me by handing this letter to your husband?" As the communication was not sealed, the gentleman hurried away from her as rapidly as possible. As we had been an eye-witness of the transaction thus far, we felt much interest to know whether the lady would not read the document. Hence, we managed to keep as close to her as we carelessly could. She had scarcely taken her seat, in the station, when she opened the little package and read the friendly epistle.

She uttered a "lady's oath," sprang to her feet, rushed frantically to the Philadelphia train, entered a car where she hoped to find her insulted friend, and inquired if the Rev. M. B. was in the car? As no one responded she hurried to the next car just in time to hear, "All aboard for Washington." Here the scene ended, and we left the fair lady, who was making a desperate effort to suppress her chagrin. As we turned from following her, we caught these bitter words: "When shall I ever learn to treat strangers with Christian courtesy?"—*S. E. T., in Christian at Work.*

A Relic of Colonial Times.

The Belair (Md.) Ægis has the following appreciative notice of a relic of the olden time:

Mr. J. G. Lucky, of this county, while overhauling an old secretary purchased at a sale, discovered a secret drawer, on opening which were found five or six hundred dollars in money, chiefly old State bank bills It also contained some specimens of continental currency, one of the oldest and most curious of which is of the denomination of twenty shillings, bears the date of June 1st, 1759, and was printed, as it states, by "B. Franklin and D. Hall." It is about three inches square, of thick paper, the face of it bearing this inscription;

"This indented bill shall pass current for twenty shillings within the government of the counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex, on Delaware, according to an act of assembly of the said government, made in the 32d year of the reign of our sovereign lord King George II."

On the reverse is a rude representation of a tobacco plant and a lion rampant, with the ominous warning, "To counterfeit is death."

Looking back to the time when this note was issued from the press, a strange contrast with the present day is presented. This note, too, was ten years old when Napoleon Bonaparte was born. No visions of its future greatness and prosperity had at that day dawned upon the minds of the quiet citizens of Baltimore, for what is now that great metropolis was then only a quiet village of thirty or forty houses. Jone's falls was not then the turbid source of contention and wrangling as of late, but rippled musically through green meadows and leafy coverts, finally mingling its pure clear waters with those of the Patapsco.

Patric Henry in the House of Burgesses.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Only three days of the season remained. On the blank leaf of an old "Coke upon Lyttleton"—perhaps Jefferson's own copy—the new member wrote his celebrated five resolutions of this purport: We, Englishmen living in America, have all the rights of Englishmen living in England; the chief of which is that we can only be taxed by our own representatives, and any attempt to tax us otherwise menaces British liberty on both continents.—In all probability Jefferson knew that something of the kind was intended on the memorable day, for he was present in the House.

There was no gallery then, nor any other provision for spectators; there could be no objection to the friend and relative of so many members standing in the doorway between the lobby and the chamber, and there he took his stand. He saw his tall, gaunt, coarsely-attired guest rise, in his awkward way and break with stammering tongue the silence which had brooded over the loudest debates as week after week of the session had passed. He observed, and felt too, the thrill which ran through the House at the mere introduction of a subject with which every mind was surcharged, and marked the rising tide of feeling as the reading of the resolutions went on until the climax of audacity was reached in the last clause of the last.

How moderate, how tame, the words seem to us! "Every attempt to invest such power (of taxation) in any person or persons whatever other than the General Assembly aforesaid has a manifest tendency to destroy British and American freedom." Ravishing words to the Whig member from Albermarle and the other western counties. Sounds as old Coke himself, in the judgement of our spell bound listener in the doorway. Words of fearful import to the Tory lords of the eastern counties. Not approved as yet by George Wythe nor by Peyton Randolph, whom the student held in so much honor.

When the reading was finished he heard his friend utter the opening sentence of his speech with faltering tone, as usual, and giving little promise of the strains that were to follow. But it was the nature of this great genius to rise to the occasion. Soon Jefferson saw him stand erect, and swinging free of all impediments, launch into the tide of his oration, every eye captivated by the large and sweeping grace of his gesticulation; every ear charmed with the swelling music of his voice; every mind thrilled or stung by the vivid epigrams into which he condensed his opinions. He never had a listener so formed to be held captive by him as the student at the lobby door, who, as a boy, had found the oratory of the Indian chief so impressive and could not now resist a slurring translation of Ossian's majestic phrases. After the lapse of fifty-nine years he spoke of this great day with the enthusiasm, and described anew the closing moments of Henry's speech, when the orator, interrupted by the cries of treason, uttered the well-known words of defiance, "If this be treason make the most of it?"
—*From the Atlantic Monthly of February.*

Uncle Tom's Cat.

In introducing Uncle Tim Smith, allow me to say that no man in Western Oxford, in Maine, was better known in his day.—He was as honorable, poor, hard-working man, and whose only failing—if failing it could be called—was the telling of big stories. I am sure, however, that in one respect his memory had become so warped that he religiously believed his wonderful revelations to be true. He was the first man to put a spade into the soil of the first farm I ever owned, and thereafter he did much work for me.

"Talking about cats," said Uncle Tim, "puts me in mind of a cat I once owned. Let me tell you about her. She was a Moltee—one I got of Charles Baker—and what that cat didn't know wasn't worth knowing. Here's one thing she did:

"In the spring of '46. I moved into the old house down on the Crooked river.—We put our provisions down in the cellar, on the floor. But we didn't sleep. No sooner had it come dark than we heard a teerin' and a squeaking' in the cellar that was awful. I lit a candle and went down. Jerusalem! Talk about rats! I never saw such a sight in my born day. Every inch of the cellar floor was covered with 'em. They ran up onto me, and then went over me. I Jumped back into the room and called the cat. She jumped down and looked. I guess she sot there about ten minutes looking at the rats, and I was waiting to see what she would do. By'm-by she shook her head, and turned about and went up stairs. She didn't care to tackle 'em.

"That night, I tell you, there wasn't much sleep. In the mornin' I called for the cat, and couldn't find her. She'd gone. I guess the rats had frightened her, and, to tell the truth, I don't much wonder." Night came on again, and the old cat hadn't shown herself. Says Betsy Ann to me, says she: "Tim, if that old cat don't come back we will have to leave the place; the rats'll eat us up." Says I, "Just you let the old cat be. I don't believe she left us for good."

"Just as Betsy Ann was puttin' the children to bed, we heard a scratchen and waulin' at the outside door. I went and opened it, and there stood our Maltee cat on the doorstep, and behind her a whole army of cats, all paraded as regular as ye ever saw soldiers! I let the old cat in and the others followed her. She went right to the cellar door and scratched there. I began to understand. The old cat had been out after help. I opened the way to the cellar, and she marched down and the other cats tramping after her, in regular order; and as they went past me, I counted fifty-six of 'em.

"Gewhittaker! if there wasn't a row and a rumpus in that cellar that night, then I am mistaken. The next mornin the old cat came up and caught hold of my trowsers, and pulled me towards the door. I went down and saw the sight. Talk about yer Bunker Hill and yer Boston massacres! Mercy! I never saw such before or since. Betsy Ann and me and our boy Sammy was all day hard at work as we could be clearin' dead rats out of that 'ere cellar. Its a fact, every word of it, and if you don't believe it, ask Betsy Ann!"

☞ To remove a screw rusted in the wood, heat a poker in the fire red hot, and put on top of the screw for a minute or two, then take the screw-driver and you can easily get it out, if you will do it whilst it is warm.

☞ There is only one good substitute for the endearments of a sister, and that is the endearments of some other fellow's sister.

A Medical Declaration Concerning Alcohol

The following document, signed by three hundred of the leading physicians of London, appeared in the papers of that city just before Christmas: "As it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by medical men for their patients has given rise in many instances to the formation of intemperate habits, the undersigned, while unable to abandon the use of alcohol in the treatment of certain cases of disease, are yet of the opinion that no medical practitioner should proscribe it without a sense of grave responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the direction for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess; or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past they are also of opinion that many people immensely exagerate the value of alcohol as an article of diet, and since no class of men see so much of its effects, and possess such power to restrain its abuse, as members of their own profession, they hold that every medical practitioner is bound to exert his utmost influence to inculcate habits of great moderation in the use of alcoholic liquids. Being also firmly convinced that the great amount of drinking of alcoholic liquors among the working classes of this country is one of the greatest evils of the day, destroying—more than anything else—the health, happiness and welfare of those classes, and neutralizing, to a large extent, the great industrial prosperity which Providence has placed in the reach of this nation, the undersigned would gladly support any wise legislation which would tend to restrict, within proper limits, the use of alcoholic beverages, and gradually introduce habits of temperance."

Answer to a Challenge.

The eccentric H H. Breckinridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter—the one is lest I should hurt you, and the other lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would be to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any ordinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat; for though your flesh might be young and tender, yet it wants the firmness and consistency which take and retain salt. At any rate it would not do for a long sea voyage. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything that is human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off being little better than a two year old calf. So much for you. As for myself. I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hurt me. This being the case, I think it the most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols take a tree or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will acknowledge that, if I had been in the same place, you might have hit me."

Ingratitude.

It is an old saying that if you do a man nineteen favors, and for any reason decline to do him the twentieth, he will forget the nineteen requests that you have granted, and only remember the one that you have refused and for that he will hate you afterward. And this is true of some men; it is true of men of mean and narrow natures; but it is not true of all. It is as natural for a noble soul to cherish a lively recollection of kindnesses received, as it is to breathe. And while we are often shocked to see acts of friendship toward others, which have cost us a great deal of time and of labor, entirely overlooked and forgotten, we not unfrequently, on the other hand, are surprised by the grateful reciprocation of some favor long since rendered, and the very performance of which had passed from our recollection, until reminded of it by the recipient.—We have always regarded gratitude as a feeling which is hardly susceptible of being taught to any one. A lecture on gratitude, to whomsoever addressed, instead of awakening that emotion, is very apt to engender a feeling of indignation and hatred. People ever like to be told to be grateful. If it is not natural to a soul to appreciate the good nature of others, it can never be taught such appreciation.

SCOLDING.—If laughter begets fat, it is no less true that scolding is the parent of meagreness. Whoever saw a plump termagent? The virago is scraggy—scragginess is the badge of all her tribe. It would seem that the attrition of a fierce, temper gives sharpness to the human frame as inevitably as a gritty grindstone puts a wiry edge on a broad-axe. Artists understand this fact, and govern themselves accordingly. They invariably represent ladies supposed to be given to "the rampage" as remarkably high in bone. Shrews are thus depicted in comic valentines, and all the illustrations of "curtain lectures" have presented the "rip" of Mr. Caudle without a particle of fat. Lavater, refering to female firebrands, says, flatly to their faces that their noses are sharp. We have a dim idea that he mentions some exceptional cases of ladies with snub-noses, who are given to snubbing their husbands, but those form a mild variety and only a small proportion of the genus scold.

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