THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1872. NO. 2.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Spring Schedule.

The Kent County Railroad having been completed to Chestertown, trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Chestertown 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		
" Chestertown	6:30	
" 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	1:20
" Morris',	8:15	1.45
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:50
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:15

Q. A. R. R. train

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	
" Worton,	1:25	
Arrive at Chestertown	1:45	

☞ Passengers from Chestertown 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.

JENNINGS HOOD,
March 2, 1872. 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.

WATTSON & CLARK,
SUPER PHOSPHATE.

TRADE W & C MARK.

☞ The best and cheapest Fertilizer. For sale by all dealers.

OFFICE,
135 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Feb. 17, 1872—y°



For Rent.

A desirable Dwelling on Queen street in Chestertown, with a large Garden in front. The building is a two story Brick, and was recently occupied by B. B. Perkins.

The premises are also for sale.

Apply to E. F. PERKINS,
Dec. 9, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

CIDER VINEGAR,
RELIABLE FOR PICKLING,
on hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown August 19, 1871.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

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

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.

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

SHOE FINDINGS!
SHOE FINDINGS!!

SHOE PEGS, Titus' Sewing and Pegging Awls, Awl Hafts, Webbing, Eyelets, black and white; Gaiter Hooks, Heel Balls, Wax, Morgan & Fulton's round and square-pointed Knives, Lasting Tacks, Shoe Nails, Nippers, Peg Cutters, Rubbers, Barber's Thread, Bristles, &c., for sale at the Tin, Stove and Hardware store of
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Rats, Rats,
Mice, Mice.

CALL at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store, and get one of those excellent Rat and Mouse Traps. A perfect exterminator.

Hardware, Hardware, Hardware.

Call and examine my
LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
FARMERS' & BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
TABLE AND POCKET
CUTLERY,
SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c., &c.

For sale at a very small advance on first cost, at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, March 9, 1872.

HATS & CAPS.

IF YOU WANT
A FASHIONABLE HAT,
call at S. MERRITT & CO'S. Clothing Store, on Bordley's corner, where you will find Hats & Caps of all styles and qualities. Black Slouch Wool Hats, black Regatta Hats, black Slouch Fur Hats, Scotch Caps, very low; brown slouch wool Hats, Boys Caps, brown slouch Fur Hats, Boys Hats—all styles; drabb slouch wool Hats, drabb slouch Fur Hats, Children's Hats—all styles; Black Brown and Mode Tourist Hat.

NOTICE.

Cut this out and keep it for Reference.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

W. H. RINGGOLD',
95 N. Charles Street,
AND BUY ALL YOUR
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.
He can sell them
Cheaper than any one!
And you can
Pay your expenses in your purchases!

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

Do not forget the Number!

W. H. RINGGOLD,
95 N. Charles st., 3 doors South of Mulberry.
Baltimore, Sept. 24, 1870.

A Card.

I RESPECTFULLY inform my friends and the public that in the future I can be found at all hours, night or day, at my Drug Store on High street, where I will be at all times ready to compound medicines accurately, and with dispatch.

I take pleasure in showing my fine assortment of *FANCY ARTICLES*, which is varied and attractive. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage bestowed in the past, I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same.
T. W. WICKES.

P. S.—Persons wishing Medical advice will always find Dr. T. S. Holton in attendance, when not professionally engaged.
Feb. 3, 1872. T. W. W.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received a well selected stock of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, which we are selling at city prices *for cash only.*
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration, D. B. N. C. T. A., on the personal estate of

LOUIS B. VANHORN,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 30th day of November, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of April, 1872.
RICHARD HYNSON,
May 4, 1871—4t. Administrator.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
POEMS,
NOVELS,
ROMANCES, &c., &c.
At City Prices, FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

GENUINE EXTRACTS
FOR FLAVORING.
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

LUMBER! LUMBER!
New Stock.

JOHN T. DODD. JOHN N. DODD.

JOHN T. DODD & SON

HAVE just received and placed in their *NEW YARD, UP TOWN,* a full supply of all kinds of

LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, SHUTTERS, &C.

No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES,
No. 1 SAP do. do.
No. 1 WHITE PINE PALES,
No. 1 HEMLOCK, do.
WHITE PINE FENCING,
HEMLOCK do.
PLASTERING LATHS,
WHITE PINE CULLINGS & SELECT SCANTLING, JOIST & BILL STUFF.

REMOVAL.

WE have removed our Yard from the old stand of Wm. Vannort, to our Yard in the rear of our Carpenter Shop, where we can be found at any hour. Thanking our customers for their past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same at our new Yard up town.

UNDERTAKING will receive our special attention as heretofore.

JOHN T. DODD & SON.
Chestertown, April 20, 1872.

Medical Card.

DR. T. S. HOLTON having located in Chestertown, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found during business hours, when not professionally engaged,) at Mr. T. W Wickes' Drug Store.
Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

Colin F. Stam. Louis K. Stam.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,

APOTHECARIES,

Booksellers and Stationers,

Corner High and Court Streets,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WE tender thanks to our patrons of the year 1871, for the liberality extended to us, and beg a continuance of the same.

Having a large and well selected stock of *FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CHEMICALS*, we are prepared to compound prescriptions, with accuracy and neatness, at all hours. May 4, 1872.

ORDERS BY MAIL promptly attended to.

Cultivators! Cultivators!!
AND CULTIVATOR TEETH.

TO be had at the shops of the undersigned. We have teeth of two different patterns; one is the old three cornered pattern, the other is our IMPROVED TOOTH, which wears much longer than the old pattern, the sides being round, which causes the tooth always to wear to, and keep a point.

The old pattern always wears round, and has no point to make it run in. These teeth will be sold cheap, as we have a large stock on hand. Orders by mail promptly, attended to. We could give a number of testimonials in regard to the superiority, of these teeth if necessary, as they are used extensively in this and the adjoining county.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
Chestertown, Md.
April 27—2m.

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.

☞ CALL ☜
AT THE
Grocery, Provision and Variety Store

OF the undersigned,
opposite the M. E. Church,
Chestertown,

And you can always get a fair market price either in cash or goods, for

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Dried Fruit, Feathers, Tallow, Beef Hides,

Otter, Mink, Fox, Coon, Rabbit and Muskrat HIDES.
A. M. RUSSELL,
Feb. 3, 1872—3m. Agt.

A Fine Assortment of
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
IN WHICH I CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD. A discount of *ten per cent.* allowed on PATENT MEDICINES.

White Lead, Paints, Oil,
Turpentine, Varnish, Putty, Glass, &c., &c.
JOS. E. WEBB,
May 18, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

EARLY ROSE POTATOES,
WARRANTED GENUINE,
For sale at MING'S.
March 30, 1872—tf.

Selected Poetry.

THE TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the garret,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles,
And against the window pane,
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

And I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song—
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot,
As I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory graven—
"Hallowed be Thy name, O Father!
Father! Thou Who art in Heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father!"
"Father, do Thou bless my child."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never had from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

A Singular Story.

In the fall of 1870, while sitting on the porch of the hotel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, a party of twelve horsemen approached. Their horses were jaded and gaunt as from a long and difficult journey. The riders were dressed in buckskin overshirts cavalry pants, heavy boots and large Mexican spurs. Dismounting at the hotel the men and horses were cared for.—A tall, slim hickory-iron sort of a man, who seemed to be leader, made arrangements aside with the landlord. After supper, falling into conversation with the leader of the party, I learned, in the course of the evening, that they were a company of prospectors sent out into the mountains in the northern part of New Mexico and Arizona, in the interest of a company of St. Louis capitalists. The Captain, as he proved to be, and a member of the company, went on this perilous and toil some expedition to satisfy a roving and restless disposition. They had gone beyond their intended limit at starting, and had penetrated into the edge of the Apache country. They had numerous fights with the Indians, but being all old Indian fighters, had brought all their number back, though not without some ugly scars. At one time their whole number were taken prisoners by a midnight surprise and double their number of Apaches. They were held prisoners two days, and marched towards the Apache chief-town, where they were to form the subject of a grand roast. But, the second night, they escaped by a stratagem, taking with them the chief of the Apache band, whom they afterwards released on certain conditions. This leader is the blood-thirsty Apache Chief, the chief who murders men women and children.

The whole party, before their escape, understanding some of their captor's language, unknown to them, learned, from a word let fall here and there, that the Indians had knowledge of some very rich mines, which the specimens they had with them amply showed; but from the desultory character of the remarks, could not learn the location of the treasure; and it was to this fact that the chief owed his life. This chief they spared when making their escape, at which time they sent the rest of the band to their long homes. They promised the chief his life and liberty if he would show them the "golden mountain," and tell them the "sacred legend of his fathers," which seemed to be associated in some way with the golden mountain. To this he finally assented, as the price of his life and liberty. The riches of the golden mountain are even greater than the extravagant stories of the savages had led them to believe; but it was located in the heart of the Apache country, and utterly inaccessible until the savages are subdued. The guarding of this golden mountain, the keeping the whites out of the gold fields of absolutely inestimable wealth, hoarded and piled up in the mountains of Arizona, is the first and greatest cause of the implacable hostility of the Apaches, even greater than the second cause—revenge. This chief showed them this wealth, guarded by the whole Apache nation, of which Captain ——is prepared to take possession, with mills and mining apparatus, as soon as the Apaches are subdued. The chief gave them his legend, and they, as men of honor even to captor savage, set him free.

"And the legend," says the Captain, "it being late, I will give you it in the morning."

"So here's to bed. Good night."

In the morning the Captain and I walked apart to the outskirts of the town, to a grassy knoll, and, sitting there, he related to me following wied story:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of December, 1826, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is now the town of El Paso, Texas, watching a traveling cavalcade, as it passed a clump of small trees, saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chapparel and disappear from the view of the horsemen. The cavalcade fired a few shots at or toward him, and half a dozen of them dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but of no avail. The escaping man ran directly toward where the Apaches lay in the bushes, and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted and lashed him to a horse, and at once took flight. They traveled toward an Apache chief-town by a circuitous route, and reached it after six day's travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but, finding that his death was not to be immmediate, he seemed to put his mind to studying out some plan of escape; but they kept him securely bound till they arrived in camp. Then they decided to keep him till a grand *fete* day, some months ahead, and then put him through the gauntlet and end his life in a grand carnival. He for sometime was as restless as a captive bear walked up and down his small enclosure, and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day arrived for his taking off—this is the Captain's term, not the Indian's—he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language and gave them something of his history. They got interested in him, and promised him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter, and on the death of the chief, became chief himself. He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son became chief in his turn, and is the chief who is the subject of our story.

The white chief taught them, while among them, the secrets of the Great Spirit, and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the West; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and from their very enemies themselves, and by passwords and signs to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept, and still keep one of their educated half-breeds in the camp of the white, and by the secrets of this great society he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind and of every plan of attack on them, as soon as the plan is known to the chiefs of the enemy themselves. And, when captured, they are almost always sure to effect an escape, released by some member of the society among the the enemy. The great white chief told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught his maiden to make the badges and insignia worn by the initiated, and on certain days, the 24th day of June, and some others, they walked in procession, and held a grand dance at night.—They believed him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain, and his grave is walled and covered with gold, and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th day of June.

The great white chief told them he was "moons" (months) on his journey from his starting point; that he was taken prisoner at Batavia, New York, and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara, in the latter part of the same year which he come to the Apache country. The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his going to publish a book divulging the secrets of the great society. He was kept prisoner at Fort Niagara till September 19, when he was taken in a close carriage and driven *via* Buffalo, New York, to Hennepen, Ill., on the Illinois river and thence taken in a flat boat to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel, and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians, near where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, Wm. Morgan, and the subject of this story, his son Cochise.

Voices.

Far before the eyes, or the mouth, or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which have a certain truthful ring about them—a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice; but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on woman's cheeks or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone and that are as full of warning as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent. These are in general the naturally hard voices, which make themselves caressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic; but the fundamental quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull, indeed, who cannot detect the pretence in that slow, drawling, would-be affectionate voice, with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself. But, without being false or hypocritical, there are voices which puzzle as well as disappoint us, because so entirely inharmonious with [illegible]ppearance of the speaker.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment, the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos.

Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive, even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth; the play of the eye-brow, are all aids certainly; but the voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiesence of a fourth, when relating the most outrageous impossibilities—a voice and manner peculiarly transatlantic, and, indeed, one of the Yankee forms of fun—do not we know all these varieties by heart? Have we not veteran actors, whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? And what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory.

Certain voices grate on our nerves, and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "bedside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art, and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick-bed as court-trains and brocaded silk for the nurse.

The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither wholly made nor yet quite natural—a voice which never strikes one as hearty or as having a really genuine utterance but which yet is not unpleasant, if one does not require too much spontaniety.—The clerical voice, with its mixture of familiarity and oratory, as that of one used to talk to old women in private and to hold forth to a congregation in public, is as distinct in its own way as the mathematician's handwriting; and any one can pick out blindfold his man from a knot of talkers, without waiting to see the square-cut collar and close white tie. The legal voice is different again; but this is rather a variety of the orator's than a distinct species—a variety standing midway between that and the clerical, and affording more scope than either.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain-power is in the distinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. We all have our company voices, of our friends after a time, and to understand them as we understand their best dresses.

The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company-tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting-jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their house-mats by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease.—The lover's voice is, of course, *sui generis*; but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes, that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melolidous voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners.

Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are certain lisps and catches which are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, even a very little American accent—but very little, like red pepper, to be sparingly used, as, indeed, we may say with the others—gives a certain piquancy to the voice.

Of all the European voices the French is perhaps the most unpleasant in its quality, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself, not the sing-song voice of an English parish school-boy, but an unnoted bit of harmony.

The cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short, yelping voices, like dogs; purring voices, like cats, croakings, and lispings, and quackings, and chatterings—a very menagerie, in fact to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.—*London Saturday Review.*

How a Senator happened to put his foot in it.

It is generally known that Senators and their families, and their special friends, have access to the diplomatic gallery in the Senate, if it is not full of foreigners, and any stranger may be admitted to it by the request of a Senator, if there is room. The diplomatic gallery is about the worst place in the whole chamber to sit. Only the face of the Vice President can be seen, and the backs of all the Senators, which may have been brought about by a shrewd architect who had a mind above his trade. As for hearing anything in that place, it is simply impossible. Perhaps that is just as well, too. But the diplomatic gallery, as a name, is rather aristocratic. It is fenced off from the other galleries, and at first it has rather a distinguished look. The country constituents of Senators, or the female portion, think it a great honor to sit in the diplomatic gallery. They sit up very straight, look severe, and wonder if anybody will take them for the wives or daughters of foreign ministers. The front is—with one exception only, the President's wife reserved for the foreign ministers and their families, and for distinguished foreigners accompanying them.

A day or two ago one of the Senators, I have not heard which, had two ladies from the rural districts whom he had ensconced in the second row of seats in the distinguished gallery. Presently Sir Edward Thornton came in with Russell Gurney. The former took a seat directly in front of the two ladies, and they were evidently anxious to know who the gentlemen were. The Senator, turning around, noticed their curiosity, and wrote the following on a card, and sent it to the ladies by a page:

"That handsome old duffer directly in front of you, with white hair and white whiskers, is Sir Edward Thornton. A nice old fellow, but he drinks too much."

The page, an impertinent little cuss, as they all are, did not wait to get half the directions, but started off. Of course he could not get into the gallery, and so he handed it to the doorkeeper with directions to deliver it, and was off again on the run. The doorkeeper, in a hasty glance at the card, saw the name of Sir Edward Thornton, and without reading further, went down to the front seats and handed it to Thornton. He adjusted his eyeglasses and proceeded to read it. There was at first a look of perplexity on his face, and then it was dispelled by a look of annoyance or anger. Then he got up, read the card again, and then he sat down. Then he handed the card to Gurney, who has also white hair and whiskers, and with his motions seemed to say: "This describes you, but my name is mentioned. It is evidently intended for you." Gurney shook his head, handed back the card, and seemed to say, "No, it is not for me; it describes you and mentions your name. 'Handsome old duffer, drinks too much;' very good—ha! ha! ha!" Then they both went out into the corridor, laughing as they went. The doorkeeper, in the meantime, noticed the actions of the two gentlemen, and became apprehensive that something was wrong. He therefore approached them and said:

"Gentlemen, perhaps I have made a mistake with that card. I"——

"Oh, not at all, not at all," said Gurney; "this is right. It is intended for Sir Edward. It is all right, my man—handsome old duffer! ha, ha, ha."

They didn't go back into the gallery that day; but it is a matter of surprise to the Senator that that doorkeeper and that page are still kept on the rolls of the Senate by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

"Now, children," said a Sunday school gentleman visitor, who had been talking to the scholars about "good" people and "bad" people—"now children, when I am walking in the street, I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others; and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "because some are good and others bad," but, to his discomfiture, the general shout was, because some are rich and others are poor!"

A girl is said to have died the other day because her blood turned to sugar. We don't believe this item, for our "devil" says he knows a girl in this section, who, if sweetness was fatal to females, couldn't live a minute.

The editor of an Eastern newspaper expresses great indignation at the manner in which a woman was buried who committed suicide. He says: "She was buried like a dog, with her clothes on."

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