THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1872. NO. 8.

LEVY LIST—Continued from fourth page.

To Pay Jurors October Term 1872 and April Term, 1873	500 00
For keeping public roads in repair	1200 00
For support of Public Schools	4 300 00
To Pay Kent County Railroad Bonds and interest	2,300 00
To keep Easter Neck Island Bridge, Thomas Glenn	12 00
To Build wharf at Eastern Neck Island	800 00
ALMS HOUSE.	
For Current Expenses This year	1 000 00
Road from Fork Town to Swann Creek	
Damages Awarded For Land and Fencing	
Richard Hynson, land and fence	45 00

I hereby certify that the above duplicate of the Levy List of 1872, is correctly taken from the books of the County Commissioners of Kent County.

Attest: JOHN RUSSELL, Clerk.
July 6, 1872—4t.

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.

H. McCoy. Wm. I. Rasin

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

Opposite Corn Exchange,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

Feb. 18, 1870— Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

SEWING MACHINES,

For sale on reasonable terms, by

N. G. WESTCOTT,

March 16—tf, Chestertown, Md.

From the Anne Arundel Advertiser.

A Chesapeake Adventure.

"Haul aft those jib sheets," said Capt. Saunders, cheerily, and the pungy *Bivalve* lightly fell off the wind and disentangled herself from the little fleet of oyster bateaux and other craft that surrounded her. For two days and over we had been lying in the snug little harbor of Annapolis with an empty bushel basket at the mast-head—a sign to all venders of bivalves that we were in the market and waiting for a load; and for hours together "the tongers" in their graceful leg-a-mutton sail boats had been running along side of our vessel, and the rattling of the oysters, as the baskets were filled and emptied, had mingled with the monotonous cry of the scorer as he called out the tally. And now with a fifty full cargo we were stretching out before the light north-west wind into the Chesapeake, bound, as we, the crew, supposed, to our port of Baltimore.

Have you ever seen a Chesapeake pungy? No? Well, if then in addition, or rather in subtraction, you have never seen a first-class sailing yacht, you have no idea of what grace and speed can be attained in ship-building. Built, as most of them are, to run a perishable cargo to market, "necessity, the mother of invention" has sharpened the wits at the ship-yards through a long course of years and the result is seen in the thousands of fast-sailing craft that dot the Chesapeake, schooner-like in general appearance, but sitting lower in the water, with no rail and only one jib, and much smaller and more lightly built than most bay schooners. The sheet-blocks of all their sails traverse the deck on iron rods, and as they generally dredge the banks to windward, the helmsman can work the vessel alone, leaving the remaining hands, rarely more than three in number, to attend to the dredge. Such are the craft which give occupation to thousands of sailors in the Chesapeake, its estuaries and tributaries, and which otherwise furnish employment in Baltimore alone to tens of thousands of men, women and children in the packing and shipping of the oysters. Very proud are the oystermen of their vessels and very emulous as a rule in having them present a tidy appearance. To see a fleet of them lying at anchor with their snowy wings half folded, their slender rakish masts, their taut rigging and brightly painted wood-work, a stranger would imagine that the yacht fleet had extended its cruise further southward than its wont. The oystermen don't hesitate to avow their willingness to fling down the *gage de bataille* to the Royal Yacht Club or any other such organization, and many are the stories they tell of having shown a rudder-post to this and that yacht holding high rank in sporting annals, when business has led them into northern waters—all lightly ballasted or over-laden though they were.

But I left *The Bivalve* standing out of Annapolis Harbor. It didn't take us long though the wind was faint to run past the light-house and enter on the outer Roads, and when we had past the outermost buoy and had a clear offing up the Bay, we stood by ready to haul our wind and stand for Baltimore. We were somewhat surprized therefore, when our captain ordered the sheets to be eased away and putting his helm to windward, stood to the southward. "We have a head wind up and a light one, boys," said he in explanation, "and it wont hold neither—I want to try that new dredge, and I guess we'll make a scratch off Thomas' Point Bar 'fore we come to anchor for the night."

Now in this brief remark there was a direct avowal of an intention to break the oyster law of Maryland in more than one respect. We all knew that our boat had not as yet obtained her license as a dredger for the season, and further that Thomas' Point Bar was reserved by law for the tong men and over it the dredgers were forbidden to scrape. We all knew, too, what the penalty in case of detection would be; but that was the captain's look-out and that of the owners, and if they were willing to risk the confiscation of their boat it was no matter of ours, to whom the excitement of a little law breaking was rather agreeable than otherwise. So down we dropped with the wind and the tide and the sun slowly dropped too into the purple bed made up for him over the low western hills, while Billy Smith, on duty as cook for the day, brought out the coffee-pot and the fried bacon and corn-bread, that made up our welcome though homely supper.

Thomas' Point Bar is about five or six miles below Annapolis Light and stretches out into the Bay, a matter of a mile or two beyond the Point, and over it the sun was taking his last open-eyed stare for that day, as the captain ordered up the dredge from his cabin, where it had lain snugly hidden thus far.

The *Bivalve* being a new boat, on her first trip, and, as I said before, not yet licensed, her owners had prudently kept out of her all dredging fixtures. The windlasses that stand usually forward of the main hatch next the foremast and by which the dredge is hauled aboard, the culling boards on which shells, slime and stones are separated from good oysters, and even the sheet iron plates that protect the vessel's deck from the wear and rub of the dredge chains, were all absent as yet from our craft. Her owners knew full well that the presence of these implements of trade alone had often been deemed conclusive evidence of guilt and had brought many an unlicensed vessel to grief before the country magistrates along Bay. It was rather an awkward thing, therefore, to rig our dredge, and when we finally got it overboard with an inch line fast to each side, it was puzzling how and when to belay it. Billy and I congratulated ourselves on the lightness of the wind, which allowed us to hold the dredge lines in our hands with the help of a brace against the traveling rod of the fore-sail sheet. But with the sun the wind fell lighter than ever, and, after slowly drifting a few hundred yards, we scarcely seemed to move at all and there was no strain on our dredge ropes.

"It won't do, boys," said Capt. Saunders, "we'll run in under Thomas' for the night. Haul in the scoop and let's see how she catches." With that the Captain left the helm and, calling the darkey Tom, came forward to help us. Billy and I were standing on the port side with the slackened dredge ropes, when suddenly there came a sharp tug and then the line went through my fingers with a whiz that made it feel like a hot poker. Billy, who had a tiger grip on his line, would have been jerked overboard if the Captain had not caught him by the collar. There was no use trying to stop the line, and we know the end was belayed, indeed we had lively work enough keeping our feet out of the rapidly running coils which had been lying loose about the deck.—"Gor-a-mighty," said Tom, "what ar come over dat ar dridge?" In a moment, however, the line stopped abrubtly and slackened and instead of trailing far astern as it had done before, it was now nearly up and down the vessel's side; the dredge evidently still rested on the bottom near-ly under the pungy.

"It's only a hole," said the Captain, "the dredge has drapped into a hole, I've hearn there were several of 'em off here." The explanation was satisfactory enough in its way and without more ado the four of us laid hold of the ropes and hauled aboard. "Feels like there was some catch after all," observed the captain; "I was afeard from our goin' so slow must have drapped into that hole mouth downwards and lost the lot." "That jirk she give me straightened her out, I recon," said Billy.

The dredge *did* come up heavily; it was a pretty good lift for the four of us over the pungy's side, yet while the Capt. went for a lantern, (for by this time it was almost dark,) we raised up the end of the chain bag which formed the pouch of the dredge and spilled out its contents without any difficulty forward of the foremast on the deck, and there was scarcely more than two bushels of oysters apparently. I felt surprised. "This is an infernal heavy dredge, Captain," said I. An exclamation from Billy drew my attention to him, he was still shaking the dredge.—"Hello," said he, "we've got the Rock of Gibralter in here." "Out with it then," said the Captain, putting down the lantern and coming forward, with an oath that diffused an odor of brimstone around—he was a hard swearer was Capt Saunders. But the stone was apparently a tight fit and pull and tug at it and shake it as we might, it stuck in the iron rectangular frame that formed the mouth of the dredge as if it had grown there.

"As it done got in, dis chile kin git it out," said Tom, dropping on his knees and laying hold of it with both hands. With a jerk from him and a mighty heave from us the troublesome stone rolled out on the pile of shells. "Golly, mass Cap'n," said the negro, standing erect and showing bloody hands, "dat ar stone am alive. "Shaw, you old fool, its only the barnacles," was the reply, "see," continued the Captain, going up to in the dim uncertain light and putting his hand upon it, "see, its all covered with sea-moss too; that stone has laid still at the bottom of that there hole ever since your great grandfather was an Afrikin monkey."

We all had a laugh at Tom's expense, who didn't seem satisfied, however, and was proceeding to roll the obnoxious stone overboard, when a word from the Captain stopped him.

"Let it be, Tom," said he, "the pungy is too much down by the stern now, that'll help to trim her. We'll cull out the oysters in the morning, boys," added he, "and now let's drop under Thomas' afore the wind leaves us altogether."

The wind had pretty nearly done that already, and if the turn of the tide hadn't helped us, we wouldn't have made our anchorage that night. As it was, the echoes of the half-past nine o'clock gun at the Naval Academy had long died away before things were all stowed away and the deck of the pungy was deserted by all but me, it being my turn to watch. This was rather an unusual caution on the part of our captain, for on most of these boats all hands turn in at night and leave the deck in care of a dog—and very good care, by the way, these dogs take of it. But Capt. Saunders had cruised several times in a man-of-war, and, besides hated dogs, (an ugly scar on his calf showed why,) moreover he had a keen appreciation of the necessity of a watch—having had, as he told us, his galley and whole cooking apparatus spirited away once at night, while lying in Baltimore harbor. So there was as regular a watch on that pungy as on any ship-of-the line, and the first watch of the night was mine.

It was a clear, frosty night in late October, as I believe I said before; the north-west wind had brought down with it a foretaste of winter, and after smoking a pipe I took to walking up and down the deck, to keep warm. My thoughts were none of the pleasantest. There was something in the profound quiet which reigned around that made very audible to me tonight a still small voice within, recalling misspent days and wasted opportunities. There was I, one whose birth and education should even now have placed him on the high-road to competence and influence, content to pass months as a deck-hand on an insignificant oyster-pungy. An aversion to business, a lover of adventure and of open air life, had made me live, so far, in wandering world around,—selfishly intent on my own amusement alone. So much had this wandering life become a part of me that when I had returned to my country a few days before and landed at Baltimore from a Rio coffe trader, instead of telegraphing to my father for supplies, I followed out my usual plan and took the first likely birth that offered itself, intending to save a little ready money, clothe myself like a gentleman and then present myself before my anxious parents. It had been months since I heard from them, and now as I thought of their loving hearts, that grew old the quicker while I was gone,—of possible deaths and of my own undutiful conduct, I worked myself into an agony of self-crimination and penitence.

While filled with these thoughts and in the act of turning at the foreward part of the boat in my walk, a slight rattling noise in the bow attracted my attention. I paused a moment, but, as the vessel was gently rocking to the light tide-swell from the bay, I attributed the noise to the shifting of some of the oyster-heaps lying there, and passed on. The circumstance sufficed, however, to change the current of my reflections. I thought of the circumstances connected with the taking of those oysters, of the comic terror of the negro Tom as he proclaimed that the stone was alive, and held up his barnacle-scratched hands, and at the same time there came back to me, with more force than when I made the observation, the fact that as we gave the dredge its last shake, and just as the stone rolled out through Tom's hands, I, myself, had thought I saw, in the dim twilight, a convulsive movement inside the dredge,—a shrugging or shrinking motion,—apparently of the stone itself,—which startled me at the movement, but which had been driven from my mind by the laughter at Tom.

The night grew colder; the mild-eyed stars were imaged in the dark, glassy waters of the bay; not a sound was heard, save the only wail of a whippoor-will, far up within the gloomy-fringed shore, which came faintly one moment down the wind, and the next was dropped utterly somewhere in the darkness. I shivered as the light air stole by me, and, drawing up to the galley-box, sat down in its door-way near a pile of cut-wood by the stove. The fire I had kept up for company, and now, putting in a fresh stick, I lay on the deck by it and took to wondering idly how it was that such a well-defined hole as we had drifted over that evening with the dredge could continue to exist on that shifting, sandy bar, where one would think the first southerly or north-easterly storm would fill it up, even if the tides did not do it. I theorized about eddies and currents and drift-ice all to no purpose, the location and the character of the bottom forbade a belief in these agencies. I gave up inanimate and began to speculate upon living causes. I ran over in my mind the mighty and various tenants of the vasty deep, which I had seen and heard of in my wanderings; the gigantic cuttle-fish of the South Pacific, the devil-fish of the European waters and its hideous congenor of our own Southern Coast. Some of these were said to have lairs where they lay in wait for prey. I thought of "gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire," and my brain swarmed with images of strange creatures made alive by the drowsy languor into which I was fast lapsing.

Again I heard a slight rattling or scratching sound in the bow, and immediately with the abrupt change of a dream, the fearful floating phantasms, of my imagination took definite form and purpose. The conviction forced itself into my mind that the explanation of all that was singular in the events of the evening lay *there* at the bow of the boat, that there was the mysterious constructor and occupant of the den over which we had drifted, and along with this belief there presented itself before my mental eyes a defined and horrible image of the creature that had come aboard of us coiled up like a wood-louse in the dredge, I pictured it to myself rousing itself from its sluggish lethargy, awake, active and bent on mischief; and I fancied that it was even then advancing to attack me. I roused myself by an effort; I was wide awake now, but a nervous horror and agitation possessed me; reason struggled to assert itself, but the *vis inertia* of imagination rendered it still supreme. "Gracious heavens," said I, starting up into a sitting posture, "I can stand this no longer, I'll kick the infernal stone, or whatever it is, overboard, and be done with it. I must have a fever; never was so flustered in my life.' I pulled out my pipe first, however, (the more I fume the less I fret,) and, throwing open the door of the little box stove that fronted me, I found a pine splinter, and hurriedly began to fill my pipe. All at once I felt my right arm seized and a heavy weight settle on my hips and stomach.

The even stove threw a broad column of light down the length of my body, there was no difficulty, when I turned my head, in perceiving my assailant. Out of the darkness into the ruddy fire-light there emerged in actual presence the hideous creature which my imagination had bodied forth but a moment before. There it was in all its horrible, disgusting deformity,—a gigantic spider in general appearance; its now unshrunken body as large as half a barrel, its long, leathery legs armed, like a spider's legs, with hooks, except the ones in front, which had crab like claws. One of these claws it was that had laid hold of my right arm, and it was immediately re-inforced by another from its other side. But it was the head of the monster which most horrified me,—if head that could be called where head and body so united that all seemed either head or body; with its mouth agape, it presented a yawning abyss, faced with massive, bony, tubercular plates like those which line the throat of the drum-fish of these same waters. I knew that the drum-fish, could crush to atoms, with its bony-plated throat, the stoutest shell-fish, and I saw here a power, created probably for the same purpose, but vastly superior, and a devilish malignity of purpose in the fishy, protuberant eyes that were fixed on me—to use it.

Let it not be supposed that I stopped in this moment of peril, to make anatomical observations. I felt and saw that the next few minutes would embrace my life or death struggle,—*but I was almost powerless* to resist. I could not have been taken more at a disadvantage. Leaning on my left arm and elbow, with my right hand stretched over my head towards the stove to light my pipe, the creature had thrown its huge weight upon the middle of my body and seized my right arm in a vice-like grasp; as I tried to raise myself up with my left arm, the hooked claws of my enemy caught at everything within reach—the galley box, the deck bolts, and even the deck itself, and held me firmly down.

I struggled with my antagonist; I toiled and strove to wrest my right arm free; I doubled my limbs under me, and straining every muscle, dashed my body hither and thither but it was all in vain, the long, whip-like limbs would sway and yield a little, but never loose their clutch, and at every fresh exertion of mine, it seemed as if *another* arm (heaven knows how many it had) would shoot out, and furnish another brace, which would stop all motion in that direction. Not only could I not get up, I could not even change my position; I was still kept down on my left side—thus my left arm was useless to me.

A strong man on his feet, or in a correct position for exertion, can use his utmost strength through a long space of time; but put him in some unusual and constrained position, let him call into play muscles rarely used or make one set re-act against another, a very few strenuous efforts will exhaust him,—and so it was with me. The terrible stress made itself quickly felt in every fibre of my frame; I felt my head swim and my brain reel with accumulated blood; a feeling of lassitude enveloped me and a dread of swooning caused me to relax my exertions.

Strange to say up to this time I had not called for help. The suddenness of the attack, the entire absorption of my thoughts in the contest had caused me to forget that assistance from others was within reach. I atoned for my omission now. I yelled and shouted for help in a voice that sounded strangely changed even to myself by mortal terror. And now the monster bestirred himself. The cessation of active resistance on my part left him free to assume the offensive and he quickly did so. I saw him twirl and vibrate the hideous snake-like tentacles that surrounded his gaping mouth, and shortening his arms he drew himself up on my side. All the brute enemies of man instinctively leap and bite at his head and throat, his most vulnerable points; I knew therefore what was meant by the malicious goggle eyes when the bony plates rasped upon each other and the fearful jaws approached my head. Another moment and my head would be crushed like a mushroom in that ghastly grave.

The creature's movements had slackened the tension of some of the limbs which I had been held on my side,—with a sudden effort I threw myself on my back, setting free my left arm and permitting me to execute a purpose, I had all along borne in mind. I reached my left arm over my head and into the little stove that stood so near, and seizing a blazing stick of wood, I dashed the fiery morsel down the yawning abyss of the monster's maw. The quickness and violence of the movement, (for the turn on my back and the motion of the arm were simultaneous) sent the back of my head against the side of the galley-box in a manner that effectually knocked out all my remaining conciousness.

I have an indistinct recollection of a furious scramble and a sudden plunge, but my first clear impression was of a bucket-full of salt-water in my face and Capt. Saunders behind it seeking to know in *very bad French* what was the matter with me.

I never succeeded in satisfying his mind on that point. Not even the slimy trails across the deck, the profusely expectorated chewed-up charcoal, the pinches and digs on my skin or the scratches on the planking around would shake his immovable disbelief. Finally I dared him to try another scrape across that hole, but this he wouldn't do either, and I have since heard that he never dredged off of Thomas' Point Bar again. I know *I* never shall.

A Newsboy for Annapolis.

Result of a Competitive Examination in New York—A Poor Boy's Victory.

In New York, Thursday, the examination of candidates for Col. Wm. R. Roberts's nomination to Annapolis Academy was held in the hall of the board of education. Twenty-six boys were present, thirteen from the public and thirteen from the private schools of the fifth congressional district. Sixteen of the number were rejected by Dr. Skiff, the medical examiner. The examination was conducted by Superintendent Kiddle and his assistant, Mr. Harrison. Master John O'Keefe, aged 15 years, of 107 Washington street, stood first in the order of merit, and is to be the nominee. His parents are in very humble circumstances, his father, Timothy O'Keefe, being an ordinary dock laborer. The announcement of the decision of the committee was received with applause, as the appearance of the lad denoted his condition in life. He was heartily congratulated by all present, but by none with so much pride and emotion as his principal teacher, Mr Duffy. Master O'Keefe, it was remarked by all present, bore a striking resemblance to ex-President Lincoln. A subscription is to be immediately started in the first ward for the purpose of securing his necessary outfit. The New York Herald says: In personal appearance he is one who can elbow his way in the world. He has a bright, sparkling gray eye; black hair that does not look as if it had ever made the acquaintance of a comb; muscular limbs, a moderate-sized head and an aqualine nose. His gait is a shambling, ungainly one, and when in the streets selling papers he has all the appearance of a saucy, overgrown newsboy, who feels that, no matter how the world wags, he is sure to "be gay and happy still." In front of the office of an evening newspaper the reporter found the news-boy admiral wholesaling to other boys, and interviewed him as follows:

"Look here, Admiral," said the reporter, "what did you run away for so quickly after the examination?"

"Because I didn't want to stay and have them fellers with white paper collars stare at me. I jist let out for home, you see."

"How long have you been at school?"

"Since I was eight years old. I spends the mornin' sellin' papers, go to school, then swim, dive and duck under Pier No. 12 North river. Say, young feller, what are you askin' these questions fur?"

"Oh, I'm going to put you in the Herald."

"The —— you are! Well, I don't care if I answer. Drive on your wagon."

"Do the police not arrest you for swimming down there?"

"No; they can't catch us. We just gets in under the wharf, pulls off our clothes, and breaks out. When the peeler comes we beat back on the home-stretch and lay to under the pier till he leaves. He can't fetch us there."

"How often do you swim?"

"I cleanse meself in the salt water three times a day: don't use soap, fur, you see, salt water'n soap don't 'gree. Can I swim at 'Napolis?

"Certainly; that's part of the institution."

"Then I'm all hookey, old boy."

Do you make much money selling papers?"

"I makes a livin', but that's all. I don't let my mother know it, 'cause she'd knock the liver out of me."

"Why?"

"'Cause she thinks I'm too big to peddle papers. I needn't work. My father, Timothy O'Keefe, earns $16 per week, and my sister, younger'n me, earns three in uncle Dennis O'Keefe's tobacco factory. I can get $4 per week there if I'd a mind to work after school hours. He's pretty well off, and owns two houses in Brooklyn."

"What do the boys in your class in the first ward think of your luck?"

"There are some 'quills' in my class, but they wouldn't say nothin' They knows me. If they did give me any of their lip I'd put a head on 'em."

"What do you mean by a 'quill?'"

"They are them nobby fellers, ye know, what dresses up good and looks down upon a poor boy."

"Well, Admiral, when you get down there to Annapolis you will find that the boys will haze you; make you do their work; act as a drudge. Don't submit to it, but be respectful to your superiors; and in your intercourse with your messmates just carry as high a head as any of them. Do you support Greeley or Grant?"

"Greeley every time, me boy. I've done with Grant."

"Why?"

"'Cause he's got too many beats around him. I s'spose down there, though, all are for Grant? I'll tell 'em I'm for Greeley."

"Admiral, you spoke of putting heads on your classmates. Are you a fighter?"

"I kin box pretty well. I have had in my time some fights, and none of 'em got the better of me."

The impression left upon the mind of the reporter is, that the new candidate for admission from the fifth congressional district, 'rough diamond' though he be, will prove himself to be a worthy representative of the district, and one that the genial representative of the district in time will be proud of. A boy who has been a waif upon the streets and can carry off such honors as O'Keefe did yesterday, can do even more towards making himself a respectable member of society.

Our Devil and Touro Smith.

A few days ago, during the temporary absence of the editors, Dev. took possession of one of the editorial chairs, elevated his limbs to a comfortable degree, and gazed proudly around, monarch of all he surveyed. He had scarcely taken this attitude ere the door was opened, and an individual looking like a man in the last stages of disgust, entered. Dev. recognized him instantly. He (Dev.) was so disguised, however, as to be unrecognizable. Gazing at him for a few moments as if in silent contempt, the aforesaid individual broke out with "I want to see the editor."

"Do you?" said Dev. inocently. (Silence for a few moments.)

"I tell you," fairly roared the visitor, "I want to see the editor."

"So you've just told me," replied Dev., drawing his slouch somewhat further over his eyes.

"You infernal young rascal, do you mean to make game of me? I've just been here sixteen times in two weeks without being able to find anybody. My name is Smith, and—"

"Mr. Smith, I'm happy to make your acquaintance," replied Dev.

"The d—l you are?" said Mr. Smith, now gazing at him somewhat dubiously. 'Well, as I have said, my name is Smith, and—"

"Mr. John Smith?" said Dev., interrogatively.

"Not by a jug full. No, sir; my name is Touro Smith. (Dev. tried to look unaware of the fact,) and I've just come in—"

"To subscribe for the Dispatch," interrupted Dev. "Two dollars, Mr. Smith. Six months one dollar. What's your post office, Mr. Smith?"

"Why you d—d—"

"Mr. Smith," interrupted Dev. impressively, "dost thou not know that of all vile habits, that of swearing is the most unprofitable? It neither brings thee peace of mind, meat nor drink. Besides, Mr. Smith, as a Christian, I would remind thee that there is a commandment which expressly specifies that "thou shalt not swear."

"Well, I'll be d—d," piously ejaculated Touro, and with a long breath and a dawning consciousness that he was not getting the satisfaction he came to seek, he bolted for the door, bent on taking the first train for the Relay.

When a boy has the fever and ague at Danbury, Conn., they make him useful by setting him to shaking carpets.

Trusting A Father's Hand.

I happened to come down to my shop one day and found my eldest son, then about eight years of age, busy punching holes in a piece of leather, with the instrument used for the purpose by shoemakers. The bit of leather was of little worth, but in order to prevent his trying the operation on something more valuable in future he received a correction, and by way of trying his confidence he was asked to put out his little tongue, that it might, as it were, undergo a simular operation. As may be supposed, the request was not complied with, and the matter was likely to end there, when his sister, two years older than her brother, who had been watching the proceedings, said: "I will do it pa," which she did without hesitation when requested. Resolved to put her to the test, the punch was laid on, but not showing the least appearance of flinching, it was pressed close; yet there she stood, even smiling in her father's face, who, himself overcome, withdrew the instrument. Judge of his emotion when she exclaimed, "I *knew* you would not to do it, pa." Dearest Elizabeth, the Lord who gave thee has taken thee to himself, but not until he had first taught thee to *trust a father's hand*.

A Lesson For Girls.

An intelligent gentleman of fortune, visiting a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters. Two of these, in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper in doing the work until it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening.—The next morning the same daughter was again in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind was a close observer of the habits of the daughters, and an opportunity to whisper something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about a year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now resides in an elegant mansion. The gentleman whose fortune she shares, she won by judicious deportment and well directed industry.

The King and the Ants.

According to Jewish and Mohammedan tradition, King Solomon who was wise beyond all other men, knew the language of animals, and could talk with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. A Rabbinical story is told of him which is in this wise:

"One day the king rode out of Jerusalem with a great retinue. An ant-hill lay directly in his path, and Solomon heard its little people talking.

"Here comes the great king," he heard one of them say. "His flatterers call him wise, and just, and merciful, but he is about to ride over us, and crush us without heeding our sufferings.

"And Solomon told the Queen of Sheba, who rode with him, what the ant said.

"And the Queen made answer "He is an insolent creature, O king! It is a better fate than he deserves, to be trodden under our feet."

"But Solomon said it is the part of wisdom to learn of the lowest and weakest."—And he commanded his train to turn aside and spare the ant-hill.

"Then all the courtiers marveled greatly, and the Queen of Sheba bowed her head and made obeisance to Solomon.

"Now know I the secret of thy wisdom. Thou listeneth as patiently to the reproaches of the humble as to the flatteries of the great."—*John G. Whittier.*

Strychnine.

In Ceylon and several districts of India grows a moderate-sized tree, with thick shining leaves, and a short crooked stem.—In the fruit season it is recognized by its rich orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins, the favorite food of many kinds of birds, within which are the flat, round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash grey in color, and covered with very minute silky, hairs. The Germans fancy they can discover a resemblance in them to grey eyes, and call them crow's eyes but the likeness is purely imaginary.

The tree is the *strychnos nux vomica*, and the seed is the deadly poison nut. The latter was early used as a medicine by the Hindoos; and its nature and properties understood by the Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. Dog-killer and fish-scales are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present the natives of Hindoostan often take it for many months continuously, in much the same way as an opium-eater eats opium. They commence with taking the eighth part of a nut a day and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect this precaution, spasms result.

The royal plate at Windsor which is kept in a tolerably-sized room and in an adjoining closet is valued at £1,750,000. There is one gold service formed by George IV., to dine one hundred and thirty guests.—Some pieces were taken from the Spanish Armada, some brought from India, Burma, China. There are thirty dozen of plates which cost twenty-six guineas each. This is only a portion of the royal wealth of England in this item of domestic necessity. In the Tower of London are all manner of gold salt-cellars, drinking cups, spoons, etc., which in value represent an additional million or so.

A Californian reports a snake with a head as large as a milk-pan and eyes like apples. He saw twenty feet of the snake and didn't stay for the rest.

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