THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1872. NO. 9.

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
Wm. Stevens for fencing	1 25
R. W. Jones, land and fence	40 00
Edwin Smith	25 00
Julia Murry	20 00
Examiners.	
David Jones	5 50
Thomas Hague	7 00
B. F. Sappington	7 00
R. W. Jones for Axman	4 50
William Stevens " "	1 50
J. V. Crosby Surveyor	10 00
To County Commissioners to make said Road	1 000 00
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Isaac Gale use W. W. Parks	8 00
John Bramble	4 87

Statement of Assessment:

Amount of Levy List	13 562 90
Collectors commissioners	854 41
	$14 417 31
Amount of Assessment	14 501 74
Surplus in the hands of the County Commissionsrs	84 43

By order of the County Commissioners.
JOHN RUSSELL, Clerk.

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. 13, 1870— Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
March 16—tf Chestertown, Md.

Written for the Transcript.

THE "DEAD" LANGUAGES.

It must have struck many how inappropriate is the term that heads this paper when applied to designate those great twin perfections of human art—the Greek and the Latin tongues.

All else that man has created has perished or is fading away, paying that debt to nature which the fiat of fate decrees; but in these we have not simply the type of immortality, but the breathing forms that speak to eye, ear and heart; speaking, too, in the tones of wisdom, with the silvery voice of poet and orator. Then let us not say that they are dead, nor even mortal, but that, knowing no law of change, removed from the sphere of corrupting contact, they are destined to survive all mutations of nations and races. It is true we acknowledge them the creations of man, not caring to regard their matchless beauty, symmetry and perfection as indications of a noble origin. But no matter how originated, who can foresee their final decay? Where is the flaw to admit the germ that is to blossom into the mould of destruction, or where will the weary giant of time finally place an entering wedge? Their dominion is over the intellect and the heart of civilization, and their seat is the throne of time.

While matchless in themselves, they are still far more potent in the noble literature of philosophy and art, that adorns and supports their influence. Wherever the brain of man works in the light of unclouded reason, wherever the noblest feelings of his heart are expanding in heaven-like sympathy towards his fellow man, there we note the divine sway of the twin immortals; there, whilst guiding and guarding the life of civilization, they are worshiped with unceasing devotion in the temples reared for their honor and use, the enshrined "humanities." Yet so gently is their greatest power exerted, that the casual observer may be deceived into believing that they are but passive models, admirable for their beauty—incomparable in their perfection.

Superficial is such a thought; they are the vital forces of the moral and literary world—a central sun, from whose bosom flows the light of reason and the fire of imagination, shedding its rays into the dark corners of superstition and warming into life man's noblest powers.

A mere model—a thing of clay, stone or paint! Is it with such we would compare the ray-showering morn or the Northern Aurora, the angry cloud or the foam-capped waves of old ocean?

These are not models; they even mock the very efforts of art; they are powers; they are teeming with forces that are working myriad-old changes in the physical world; they are living agents whose influence is written on every leaf of the book of stone that forms earth's recording tablets. Not more a passive model, image or monument are the noble subjects of our theme. It is true that as all else that is good and great, they may well answer as models to excite a lofty emulation, and may, too, be regarded as the perfect image of a wondrous, if natural, development; they might also be ranked with monuments, but only as the starry systems are monuments of the power and glory of their maker; whilst not less than these are they passive, for they too have their suns, planets and the lesser glories of the satellites, not spectral lights hanging in a vault of death, but shining with as pure a splendor as when their first rays lifted the darkness of the moral world.

In recognizing every characteristic of a living force, let us no longer do violence to our own sense of propriety in lending countenance to the use of the term that we are endeavoring to destroy. Let us at least wait until the thoughts of Homer have lost their grandeur or the sentences of Cicero their rippling beauty; until the wondrous simplicity of Xenophon is shadowed, or the glories of Virgil lessened, by the agencies that give them their imperishable renown; or let us but even wait until the hectic flush shall mark the destroying worm at the core of life within, or until the form of rounded grace shall begin to yield in its beauteous symmetry. It is long indeed that we would tarry—aye, we might more hopefully hold aloft our hands to catch in its full one of the shining lights that at evening spangle the arch of heaven. To those who will still cling to the misnomer, we will make the suggestion that they apply the term to those ephemeral dialects that pass current for the true coin in the market of the world, but whose seeming warmth of life is but the phosphorescent light of their daily decay; but we appeal to all who have felt the living force of the current and its precious freight of the world's treasures; to all those whose sympathies our advocacy has excited; to all that are clear-headed and clear-hearted, that the "humanities" shall no longer be "dead" but be always known as the "immortal tongues."

W.

"Ef he'd said Ducks."

During a class-meeting held several years since by the Methodist brethren of a neighboring village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his endeavorer to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said:

"Well, Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here! Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no turkeys."

"Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no chickens."

"Thank the Lord, Brother Dick That's doing well, my brother," said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick who immediately relieved his over-burdened conscience by saying to a neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief:

"Ef he'd said *ducks*, he'd a had me!"

Scene in a Soda Shop.

We have no hesitancy in stating that among the able bodied adults of this city the very common beverage known as "soda water," and which is dealt out so unsparingly at every corner during the heated term, is considered, to use their own language, a "thin drink." But while this ingenious mixture of wind and water is termed "thin," strong liquors, such as whiskies, are altogether too "thick" for a steady warm weather drink, and so the imbiber who must moisten his flues with some liquid refreshment seeks a pleasant combination of the two classes of drink, which forms a happy combination that exhilirates yet is not intoxicating. It is customary among these bibulous go-betweens to enter a drug store, call for soda water, name the syrup, at the same time giving a wink to the dispenser of "slush," who takes the goblet, in which he places the syrup, then stoops down beneath the counter or retires to a back room, where, by some mysterious chemical, change, the contents are colored darkly, and the soda is then let in upon the mixture, which is handed to the customer with a wink from the clerk. So much for the process; now for the sequel.

On Saturday a venerable gentleman from the country, who is a respectable church deacon, a Justice of the Peace, a member of the "Band of Hope," and a Good Templar in his native village, came to this city to trade a little in dry goods and purchase such agricultural implements as he needed to plant and cultivate his spring crops. The deacon is strictly temperate, and never looks upon the wine when it is red any more than he does when it is any o her color. Unfortunately our old friend had suffered from opthalmia in his early days, which left him with an optical peculiarity which caused his left upper eyelid to drop every few seconds, and, to those not familiar with his infirmity gave him the appearance of winking intentionally.

The "Deac" is passionately fond of soda water and such light beverages. He loves to feel the gaseous compound coursing down his throat, and creating internal commotions and typhoons, that, however endurable by older persons, throw babes into agony, and require prompt doses of peppermint; so Saturday, after he had bought a few shovels, plows, Dolly Varden for his wife, he thought he would fill up with soda water and drive on towards home. He entered a drug store, inquired the price of the desired refreshment, then deposited his scrip and awaited his mixture.

"What syrup do you want?" said the urbane clerk, as he mopped off the marble counter with the same towell he used a moment before to remove the honest sweat from his brow.

"Oh, give me sassaparilly; that is about as healthy as anything, I guess." (Here the deacon's eyelid went back on him and dropped quickly.)

"All right," replied the fountain tender, as he disappeared below the counter and came up a moment later with the drinking glass containing about three fingers of "sassaparilly," to which he added the other ingredients, and handed it to the deacon. The latter drained the contents to the very dregs, then brushed the froth from his mouth, smacked his lips and said, "That syrup is a little stronger than they generally make it, but my blood is out of order, and I guess I'll take another glass;" at the same time his eyelid fluttered meaningly as before.

The dose was repeated, and the soda-water bibber left the store. About half an hour later he entered another establishment where a sign announced "Soda and Mineral water on Draught." It was noticed that the Deacon walked as if he had the string halt as he entered the door, and his spectacles were upside down on his nose. He called for "Congress Water" at that place, saying he "did not feel quite right, and was afraid he had used too much syrup in his soda water at the other store, or else he was billious." His optical weakness exhibited itself, as he spoke, and returning the wink, the clerk retired to a dark closet, then returning filled up the glass with plain "Congress" and gave to our now "tightually slight" friend, who swallowed it without a murmur.

How many "sodas" the deacon stored away before he left the city we are unable to say, but he was found later in his wagon, with a plow point for a pillow, and several yards of Dolly Varden calico gracefully draped about his person for a covering. He revived sufficiently to inform a stranger that he had been "drugged," and a subsequent visit to the localities where he had taken soda water developed the fact that his unfortunate habit of winking—a defect over which he had no control—was the cause of all his trouble.—The soda water dispensers supposed him him to be "one of the boys," and every time his eyelid dropped took the hint.—The deacon escaped the "jimjams," but says hereafter he will wear a blinder over that eye when he purchases summer drinks, or else write his order on a slate."—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Reward of Virtue.

Another Grateful Poor Boy—He Becomes Rich, and Wants to Pay a Merchant $2 50—The Merchant Takes It—Sequel.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A day or two since a kindly-looking young man called upon Mr. James S. Sturgis, the well-known tea and coffee importer of New street.

"Do you remember me?" asked the young man, bowing and holding his hat deferentially in both hands.

"No; I really can't recollect you new young man," replied Mr. Sturgis, looking inquiringly over his glasses.

"Don't you remember giving $2.50 to a poor boy a few years ago to start in the newspaper business?" continued the young man.

"No, no! I can't possibly recollect anything about it. Let's see—no—I'm positive I don't remember you," and Mr. Sturgis went on examining his ledger.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis, I came to tell you that I am that boy, and that your kindness made a man of me. I am now in a flourishing business—the cigar business—and am well enough off to keep my horses, and enjoy a credit among business men. I want you should take the $2.50 back with my deepest obligations," and the young man handed a $10 bill to Mr. Sturgis.

"All right," said Mr. Sturgis, 'you can leave the $2.50 if you insist."

And the interest, too," continued the honest fellow.

"Oh, hang the interest! Good morning—good morning, sir!" and the South street millionarie was soon buried in his books and papers again, while the good young man received $7 50 in exchange for his $10 bill.

Two or three mornings after this occurrence the great importer looked up and saw the same young man, all out of breath, coming into his office.

"I say, Mr. Sturgis! I've just got!—a splendid!—chance!—to make some money!—A man!—who has just failed!—round on Beaver street!—will let me have!—2,000 Havanah cigars!—for $75!—and:—I came in!—in a great hurry!—to see if you wouldn't lend me the money for half an hour!"

And then the young man ceased for want of breath.

"Why, yes, young man," said Mr. Sturgis, "if it is any accomodation I don't mind $75. Here, Michael (turning to the porter), you go around to Beaver street, pay the $75, and bring the 2,000 cigars here to be stored;" and then Mr. Sturgis looked very kindly at his honest *protege*.

"But, Mr. Sturgis, you needn't send Michael, I'll—"

"No trouble at all sir," said Mr. Sturgis; "Michael has noth—"

"But, oh, sir, I'm afraid you doubt my integrity," interrupted the young man, looking honestly into the millionaire's face. "Really, I can't do it. I'd rather lose the trade."

"Well, all right," said Mr. Sturgis. "Good morning, sir;" and the young man left with his pride deeply wounded.

The next day the good young man called again. Mr. Sturgis was-out—in the back room.

"Do you remember my leaving $2 50 the other day?" he asked, stepping up to the cashier.

"Yes, very well—very well, sir"

"I was under the impression that I borrowed it of Mr. James S. Sturgis, but it was Mr. Russell Sturgis, and if you'll please hand it back I'll—"

You'll try and swindle somebody else!" shouted Mr. Sturgis, coming out of the back room. "No, sir, my honest young man; I think I've wasted just about two dollars' worth of time on you, and we'll keep this little amount to remember you by."

Mr. Sturgis' new *protege* went away much aggrieved. He looked the picture of injured innocence, which quite melted Mr. Sturgis' heart. In a moment he felt that perhaps the young man might be right after all, and he sent the porter to overtake him with his $2.50.

Mr. Sturgis is now perfectly satisfied as to the intention of the good young man. This morning the bank sent back the $10. It was a very counterfeit. It deceived the bank at first. Mr. Sturgis looked at the bill a long time, then he turned to his cashier and remarked: "Evidently there is a mistake somewhere, or else we have been deceived."

Then Mr. Sturgis filled up the following formula: "The miserable——mean——swindling——scoundrel——"

That was all he said, except to guard his cashier against making any remark about the affair, as he didn't like to have his friends get hold of it. Oh, no!

Going a Fishing.

The following is an order for "supplies" recently sent to an Americus (Ga.) grocer by a fishing excursion party:

Dear Sir: Myself and a couple of friends leave this morning on a fishing excursion, and you will please send us, by bearer, the following articles, which, if you prefer it, you can charge to either Jack Brown or Ben Lockett. Either is the safest.

Four pounds of salt and a small cask of whiskey.

One pound of ground black pepper and a demijohn of whiskey.

Ten pounds of lard, and a large jug of whiskey.

One canvassed ham and six quart bottles of whiskey,

Three good, stout fishing lines and three pocket flasks of whiskey.

One paper of large Limerick hooks and a gallon of whiskey in any vessel you don't use about the store.

Also, send one pound of white sugar and a small jug of whiskey.

Hurriedly, yours,
Phil. Cook.

P. S.—As we shall be gone several days, and the snakes are bad on the river at this season, my physician has just stepped in and suggested that we better take along a little whiskey. Send it, and enter in your books with other items above.
P. C.

A Modest young lady at the table, desiring the leg of a chicken, said "I'll take the part which ought to be dressed in drawers." A young gentleman opposite replied: I'll take the part that ought to wear the bustle." The young lady fainted, and was carried out on a salver.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

A correspondent of *Lippincott's Magazine* sends the following from Virginia:

As I approached a pond, a few days ago, where some negroes were cutting ice, I chanced to hear the conclusion of a conversation between two of the hands on the subject of religion:

"What do you know 'bout 'ligion? You don't know nuthin 'bout 'ligion?"

"I know a heap 'bout ligion. Ain't I bin an read the Bible?"

"What you read in the Bible? I say you can't tell me nuthin' what you read in the Bible."

"But I kin, dough, I read 'bout 'Morrow."

"What sort of Morrow—to-morrow?"

"No! Go-Morrow."

"Well, whar he go, and what he go fur."

"Shoh, man, he didn't go no whar, cuz he was a town."

"Dar didn't I tell you, you didn't know nuthin'? You read the Bible! Hocum (how come) de town name' 'Morrow, an' how de town gwine any whar? 'Town ain't got no legs."

"Man, you'r a born fool!—sho' de town named Go-morrow; but they call it 'Morrow, cuz dey did't have no time to stay talkin' long talk."

"Debbil dey didn't! Ef dey stay dar to-day why can't dey stay dar to-morrow?—'Splain me dat."

But dey all gone, and de town, too. All done bu'n up."

"Ef dere ain't no pepul, and dere ain't no town, how de town name' 'Morrow? G'long! nigger. Didn't know nuthin' 'tall 'bout 'ligion! But (sarcastically) tole me some mo' what you read in de Bible."

"Well, 'Morrow was a big town—'bout mighty nigh big as Washington City—and de pepul what live dar was de meanes' pepul in de whole worl'. Dey was dat mean dat de Lord he couldn't abear dem, and he made up his min' dat he gwine bu'n de town clear up. But dar was one good man der—member uv de church—a p'sidin' elder, named Lot."

"Yaas! I knowed him.',

"Whar you know him?"

"On de cannell (canal). He owned a batto, and drov it hisself."

"Heist, man! I talkin' sense now. Den de Lord he come to Lot an' he say, 'Lot, I gwine to bu'n dis town. You and you' wife git up and gedder you' little alls and put out 'fo' de crack ob de day, coz I certainly gwine to bu'n dis town and de pepul to-morrow.' Den Lot and his wife riz and snatched up their little alls and traveled soon in de mornin'. And de Lord he tuk two light 'un (light wood) knots and some shaving and he set fire to dat ere town uv 'Morrow, and he bu'n it spang up, clar down to de groun'."

"What come o' Lot?"

"He and he wife, dey went and dey went t'well pres'nly he wife say, 'Lor, ef I ain't gone and lef' de meal sifter and de rollin'-pin I wish I may die!' And she turn round and—and—she dar now."

"What she doin' now?"

"Nuthin'."

"Must be a mons'us lazy woman."

"No!—she ain't. De Lord he tu'n her to a pillow uv salt, 'coz she too 'quisitive,"

"Dar, ev'rybody know 'bout sack 'o salt? But what come o' Lot?"

"Lot he weren't keerin' 'tall 'bout no rollin-pin and no meal-sifter., so he kept right 'long, 'thout turnin' uv he head to de right, neither to de left."

"And lef' de ole 'oman dar?"

"Yass."

"In de middle ob de road?"

"Yaas."

"Must keered mighty little fur her.—Want' to get married to seek'n wife, I spec. But de fus' man come 'long and want to get some salt to bake ash-cake, he gwine to bust a piece out'n Lot's wife and stroy her; and what you think o' dat? Call dat 'ligion? And de ole man lef' her? And you read dat—"

Here a peremptory order from the foreman to "go to work" broke up the conversation.

Little Dog Pink.

A few days ago I read in some newspaper a paragraph concerning a dog that had been a great favorite in the family where he belonged, but had become so infirm that his master remarked one evening that he must be killed. The dog was lying near, and probably heard what was said, for he disappeared the next morning, and was seen no more. This anecdote reminded me of a little dog named Pink, a pet in the family of Friend Joseph Carpenter, where I lived several years. He was a fox-terrier, very vivacious and vigilant, and quick to understand any directions that were given him.—Having been told not to let the cats lap the milk, he went to the barn-yard regularly at milking time, and mounted guard so valiantly that it was as much as any cat's life was worth to presume to approach the premises until the milk was all safely deposited in the dairy. One morning a stranger, who happened to be present, noticed how alert and vigilant the little dog looked, keeping watch over, the full pails of milk." "Try if thee can take one of them," said Friend Joseph's wife, Margaret. "Thee is welcome to it, if thee can get it," Not supposing that such a little animal could be very formidable, he laughingly attempted to raise one of the pails; but Pink flew at him furiously and held him with such a tight grip that it was impossible to loosen his hold till Friend Margaret called him off. This terrier though so pugnacious in the performance of his duties, was of a very affectionate disposition.—He particularly attached himself to Friend Joseph's son. When he retired to rest, he always followed him and took his station beneath the bed; but if any one opened the door, he would spring upon the bed instantly, and prepare to do battle with the intruder. Not even members of the family were allowed to enter till he was quite sure his young master wished it. But in process of time this lively little animal grew old and stiff in the joints, and fell into some habits that were troublesome. One day, when he had done something very annoying to his neat mistress, she said to him, "Pink I can't stand this any longer; thee must be killed," and turning to a colored man who worked on the farm, she said. "Jesse, thee must shoot Pink to-morrow, for he is getting too troublesome." The next morning the dog, contrary to his usual habits, went off into the fields, and was gone several hours. He came back at noon, but refused to eat, and seemed so timid and dejected that Friend Margaret's son said, "Mother, what ails Pink? he acts very strangely." The circumstance made no impression upon her at the time, for she very naturally attributed the dog's low spirits and want of appetite to the effects of old age. Some time after Jesse came in and said, "I have shot Pink, as you have told me; but it made me feel dreadful bad. I believe the poor little creature knew what I was going to do; for, when I tied the handkerchief over his head, he gave me such a mournful look, and the tears ran down his face." "Oh," said Friend Margaret, "if I had known that, I would not have let thee shot him. I now believe the poor little thing understood what I said to thee yesterday, and that was the reason he wouldn't eat and seemed so miserable." She recalled the looks and ways of the faithful little animal, and it seemed to her now as if he had looked at her not only sad but reproachfully. She could not get away from those memories, and they trouble her heart exceedingly.—She is now seventy-six years old, and poor little Pink's troubles were all over more than thirty years ago, but she says it all appears before her as vividly as if it happened yesterday.—*L. Maria Child.*

Riches and Happiness.

Riches if struggled for—and they should be to a reasonable extent—should be relied on more as a means of happiness than as they too often are, be considered as the acme of happiness. Riches in themselves will make no one happy. In the first place, there is no such thing as complete, unalloyed bliss in this state of existence; and even the nearest approach to it is not attained without something besides wealth. Of course the possession of property to a reasonable extent contributes most essentially to one's enjoyment. A house for shelter, fire for warmth, food and clothing—surely it cannot reasonably be contended that a person without all or any of these is in a condition favorable to happiness. Diogenes, with nothing but a tub, would make a sorry show in these days, however he may figure as a character in the classics. He would be taken for the henpecked husband of some washerwoman who had no more manly occupation than to carry about her washing utensils, and probably fun would be poked at him for not having a clothes-wringer along with his tub. But those who rely solely on wealth for happiness will be disappointed grievously. Happiness depends mainly on the culture of the mind and heart; on the faithful performance of duty, in secret as well as openly, amid reproach and obloquy, as well as when cheered by words of encouragement and applause. It depends on courage to sustain us in the trials of this life, and the hope which extends to another. It depends on the love and confidence of kindred, and friends and acquaintances.—What wealth or property can do towards promoting happiness, at the same time is not inconsiderable. It relieves us from anxiety about the supply of our wants, and the wants of those dependent upon us, or near to our hearts. It supplies us with the means of intellectual culture, as well as of physical comfort. It has been well remarked, that money is a hard master, but a good servant. As a master, it cramps both soul and body, making its victim a detestable miser. As a servant, it is many-handed, and in ordinary affairs and extraordinary emergencies may, to a great extent, be safely relied upon.

How the Jews Regard Christ.

Of Christ the Jews have no uniform opinion. The Radicals regard Him very much as a good many Deists and Atheists have done before them—that is, they believe Him either to have been a great enthusiast; and the New Testament they suppose to have been written long after his death, and to have been made up in part of material taken from the Old Testament, the maxim, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" being considered an illustration of this. In fact whatever opinions they may have on this subject, they have formed by thinking for themselves over the writings of the great skeptics, just as many others have done who are not Jews; and this is the case as well with the most advanced of the Conservatives, as no doubt also with many of the least advanced of the Orthodox. Of the last, however, a very considerable majority have expended no thought whatever on the matter. Their notions about Christ are of the vaguest, and to some He is even veiled in mystery. What they know most clearly is His fate; and the prosecution of themselves and their ancestors on account of it. They have a very peculiar name for Him. It is not often they have occasion to allude to Him; but when they do, they call Him *o-lui*—the hanged one.—He is rarely the subject of conversation among them; it would be a distasteful topic, and they have no motive for bringing it up. There is, as I have said, no uniform sentiment entertained in regard to him, but one thing may nevertheless be safely asserted of the whole race: All expectation that they will ever come to regard Him as anything but a man, and a son of man, is based on desire only. "The Jews: What They are Coming To." in *January Galaxy.*

The Value of a Newspaper.

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indianana On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me by name:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, 'but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared $300, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I would not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

☞ An advertisement announces, 'For sale, an excellent young horse—would suit any timid lady or gentleman, with a *long, silvery tail.*'

Making Paper.

Continual efforts are being made to produce paper economically, from materials less costly than rags, which cannot be gathered in sufficient quantity to meet the demands of society. All sorts of plants possessing a tenacious fibre have been the subject of experiment. Finally wood, poplar and willow, principally is the source from whence coarse wrapping and considerable for newspapers is fabricated. The Austrians succeed admirably with corn husks, and lately a patent has been secured for making excellent paper from potato vines. If this last succeeds, as has been anticipated, paper ought to be the the cheapest article in market—even cheaper than straw paper, the cost being less to reduce it to pulp. Wasps are admitted to be the oldest paper makers—and they always use the same material. But here comes the rub—we can't find out what it is. Almost all other secrets have been discovered, but these lively insects with stings in their tails keep mum.

Probably their paper, which has no parallel fibres, but is more like an animal membrane when dry receives its peculiar character from being mixed with sizy secretion from the body of the wasp. There is just as much mystery in regard to the material out of which spiders spin their webs. In their case, however, it is first a fluid secreted in appropriate organs, from whence it is extruded, hardening into an elastic thread the moment it is exposed to the air.

☞ It was only a short time ago that the faithful watch dog of a worthy German citizen set up an almost unearthly and kept it up far through the vigils of the night. Superstitious beyond reason, the now thoroughly armed Teuton told his wife something dreadful was going to happen, and began to resign himself to the fate which seemed imminent. Shortly after this, while seated within the precincts of his home, poring over a Philadelphia paper, his mind still troubled with gloomy forbodings, he was all at once heard to exclaim, "Mine frau I dells you, sumding dreadful vas going to happen here it is—a man had died in Philadelphia mit de small-pox."

Did Accomodate him.

Once when John Kemble played "Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who enacted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician.

"Hamlet" asks him:

"Will you play upon this pipe?"

"My Lord, I cannot."

"I do beseech you."

"Well, if your Lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;" and, to the confusion of "Hamlet,' and the great amusement of the audience, he played 'God save the King.'

Carpeted Floors.—When a carpet is taken up to be cleansed the floor beneath is generally much covered with dust.—This dust is very fine and dry and poisonous to the lungs. Before Removing it sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid to kill any poisonous germs that may be present and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

☞ The United States is the country, *par excellence*, for newspapers, and their number is legion, almost every village having its local press. In the west they start a newspaper when they build the first church and first school house, and plant their first cornfield. This national trait was fully illustrated as far back as the Mexican war, where newspapers were established wherever our army penetrated, for there were plenty of men in the ranks who could handle the rifle and the composing stick with equal dexterity. "Does there happen to be a printer here?" asked Gen. Scott, on one occasion, when he wished to have a proclamation "set up." A printer! Fancy his simplicity; more than two hundred sturdy typos stepped two paces to the front at the summons.—*Boston Globe,*

A New Hampshire Town Tax.—Some few customs smacking of feudalism prevail in America. Here is one of them: "The charter of the town of Londonderry, New Hampshire, is held by a curious tenure, namely, the pavmen every year to the Governor of the State of a quit rent of one peck of potatoes." Governor Weston has received the potatoes and the charter of Londonderry holds good for another year. It is not much more than a century ago since the owner of Noddle's Island, now East Boston, had to send a bushel of apples ever year to the General Court. Londonderry has paid the potato tax now for one hundred and fifty years.

Ten or fifteen years ago a public dinner was given to the members of the Legislature at Providence, and a Narragansett preacher, called the "Regular Pacer," because in his prayers he had a habit of standing behind a chair, stepping backward and hitching it after him, was called on to ask a blessing.—He stood up in his usual style and began a lengthy prayer. There was an open door behind him, and he soon unwittingly backed into an adjoining room, taking his chair along, when some one softly closed the door, and the hungry guests proceeded to dine, while the petition was fiuished at leisure by the abstracted minister.

☞ During the war an Irishman who was posted with a musket on duty, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an officer with "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honor," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humor, "they told me I am here for a century."

A clergyman meeting Barnum, the showman the other day, after inquiring for his health, physical and spiritual, said: "Barnum, I always liked you, you are a good fellow, and I trust we shall meet in heaven." "O!" said the imperturable showman, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have no doubt we shall—if *you* are there."

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