THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872. NO. 16.

Kent County and Townsend Branch RAILROAD.



2 DAILY TRAINS!

CHANGE OF TIME,

TO TAKE EFFECT

Monday, July 15th, 1872,

LEAVE EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Mixed. LEAVE A. M.	Market Train. A. M.	Q.A.& K.R.R. Train. P. M.
Parsons		11:30	
Vickers		11:50	
Chestertown	6:45	12:30	
Worton	6:57	1:00	
°Lynch's	7:03	1:15	
°Still Pond	7:09	1:30	
Kennedyville	7:22	1:45	
°Black's,	7:35	2:00	
Lambson's,	7:46	2:20	
Massey's,	8:02	2:50	1:24
°Morris',	8:12	3:00	1:38
°Vandyke's	8:22	3:15	1:52
Townsend	Ar. 8:35 Lc. 8:49	Ar. 3:30 Lc. 3:45 Lc. 6.07	Ar. 2:10 Fr. 2:22 P.
Wilmington	10:15	Ar. 8:15	3:55
Philadelphia	11:45	11:30	5:18
Baltimore	P.M. 10:5	A.M. 3:50	P.M. 8:10

LEAVE WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Mixed. A. M.	Way Pass. P. M.	Q.A.& K.R.R. Train. P M.
Baltimore	7:25	2:50	2:50
Philadelphia	8:30	5:00	5:00
Wilmington	10:10	6:25	6:25
Townsend	Ar 11:40 Le 11:45	Ar 7:54 Le 8:10	Ar 7:54 Le 8:00
°Vandyke's	11:55	8:25	8:15
°Morris'	12:05	8:35	8:25
Massey's	12:20	8:46	8:36
Lambson's	12:30	8:58	
°Black's	12:40	9:07	
Kennedyville	1:00	9:16	
°Still Pond,	1:10	9:25	
°Lynch's,	1:15	9:31	
Worton,	1:23	9:37	
Chestertown	1:35 P. M.	9:50 P. M.	

No. 230 W. Baltimore Street,

NEAR CHARLES,

BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, &c., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Notions every Monday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Consignments respectfully solicited.

Out-door Sales of every description taken at lowest rates.

Cash advances made if required.

Baltimore, August 26, 1871—y

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber gives notice to the Tax Payers of the Fourth Election District, that their taxes are now due, and their accounts made out. He will at once commence to deliver them, in all cases leaving the legal notice. After thirty days he will proceed to collect the same, so that he may be prepared to comply with the stringent enactment of the last General Assembly.

C. H. DAVIS,

Collector of Taxes for the 4th dist.

July 20, 1872—tf.

LAST NOTICE.

ALL Persons still indebted to me for Taxes for either 1870 or 1871, are hereby notified that unless the same are paid by the first day of September next, I shall in every case proceed to collect by the shortest legal process. This notice is final, and may be so understood by all interested.

WM. A. THOMAS,

Aug. 3, 1872—5t. Collector.

SICKNESS has prevented me from purchasing my New Stock until the present time, but greater the Bargains.

Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS,

1872. ANNUAL 1872. Agricultural Fair.

THE ANNUAL FAIR AND EXHIBITION OF THE

Kent Co. Agricultural Society, No. 1,

will be held at

HAWKINS PARK,

NEAR HANESVILLE, MD., ON

Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1st and 2d.

The public are invited to compete for Prizes, in Stock, Implements, Produce, &c.

OVER ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

will be distributed for Prizes alone, together with Medals, Awards, Certificates, &c.

All classes of Horses, Cattle, and Stock, of different grades and character, shall be allowed to compete with those of their own class, and includes about twenty-five premiums *in each breed.*

To include the Schedule of Premiums offered would occupy several columns, and we can only state that the List is arranged as at most Fairs, and *is very complete in all departments* of Agriculture and kindred industries, from the noble Thorough-bred to the modest boquet of flowers that ornaments the home of the humblest.

The Committee have selected a site which is most eligible, being but a few minutes' walk from Buck Neck Wharf, directly on the stage route from Chestertown to the above named Landing, and about two miles from Worton Station on the Kent Co. Railroad.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STOCK and the various articles exhibited, will be provided by the Committee. Feed for stock for sale on the grounds, at moderate rates.

For all entries for Premiums above $5.00 a fee of $2.00 will be charged: for those under that amount, $1.00. No entrance fee charged when Premium is to be $1.00 or under.

Parties wishing to exhibit will please communicate the same to the Secretary on or before September 1st, 1872.

The Executive Committee pledge themselves to make this affair interesting to all nd amply repay those who assist in conributing to its success by their attendance r the display of anything they may have to xhibit.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

WM. W. STEPHENS, ROBT. NICHOLSON,
E. A. VANNORT, M.D. WM. H. STEWART,
SAMUEL VANNORT, JOHN W. COREY,
LEWIN USILTON.

Chairman,

CAPT. JOHN T. SKIRVEN.

All communications in regard to the Fair, inclosing stamp, must be addressed to the Secretary of the Board,

E. A. VANNORT, M. D.,

HANESVILLE, P. O.,

July 13, 1872. *Kent Co., Md.*

The Hawkins Park TROTTING ASSOCIATION

WILL HOLD A HORSE FAIR at their Park, adjoining the Show Ground, on

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, October 1st and 2d.

The following Premiums will be offered:

FIRST DAY.

For three year old Colts, to go as they please, best 2 in 3, $50

For 1st prize,	$30
" 2d "	15
" 3d "	5

Four year old, best 2 in 3, in harness, $50

For 1st prize,	$30
" 2d "	15
" 3d "	5

For horses that have never trotted for money, $100

For 1st prize,	$60
" 2d "	30
" 3d "	10

SECOND DAY.

For Stallions, best 3 in 5, $50

For 1st prize,	$30
" 2d "	15
" 3d "	5

Citizens' Purse, for all horses, best three in five, $200

For 1st prize,	$120
" 2d "	60
" 3d "	20

☞ Immediately after the last trial of speed, there will be an exhibition of Roan Chief Colts, and the

ROAN CHIEF PRIZE,

A SILVER CUP of the value of one hundred dollars, will be awarded by Col. Edw. Wilkins, to the best three year old colt sired by Roan Chief.

All of the above horses must be owned on the Eastern Shore of Maryland on the first of September.

An Entrance Fee of ten per cent will be charged, and must accompany nominations.

Entries to close on at 9 A. M. at the Grounds.

Heats to be trotted alternately.

Three or more to enter, two to start.

Any horse distancing the field will only be entitled to the First Premium.

The above trials of speed to be governed by the rules of the National Association.

For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

WM. W. STEPHENS,

HANESVILLE P. O.,

Kent County, Md.

July 20, 1872—tm.

TO LOVERS

Of a good and HEALTHY BEVERAGE,

T. W. WICKES

At his Drug and Apothecary Store, offers fresh Soda Water, with all varieties of flavors. June 1, 1872.

OILS.

LINSEED, LUBRICATING, WHALE, NEATS FOOT and LARD OIL.

C. F. STAM & BRO

WANTED---A PASTOR.

BY H. M. G.

He must be young in years, in wisdom old;
His heart transmuted into purest gold:
Fervent in prayer, calm, earnest, modest, meek,
Yet ever bold the gospel truth to speak.

Solemn, yet social; thoughtful, yet urbane,
His dignity most careful to maintain;
To suit the elders he must be "true blue,"
To please the young folks must be "jolly" too.

His preaching must be brilliant, yet profound;
Theology, the soundest of the sound;
Must prove his doctrine back from Paul to Moses,
Then down to Calvin, ere his sermon closes.

He must be trained in speaking extempore,
Yet ne'er repeat his phrases o'er and o'er;
And when we want a written sermon—then
Must wield a graceful and a practiced pen.

While hurling forth the thunders of the law
With honeyed sweetness must be skilled to "draw;"
Must be a potent instrument to use
In filling up a score of empty pews.

Must preach two rousing sermons every Sunday,
And feel the fresher each succeeding Monday;
Must bring to every Wednesday evening meeting
A burdened heart, yet cheerful Christian greeting.

Prompt ever to repress unchristian schisms,
Quick always to detect unlicensed 'isms,'
He must reserve the hardest of his knocks
To hurl against the rank "unorthodox."

His heart replete with every saintly grace,
A holy calm must rest upon his face;
With soul exalted to the sacred skies
He must be planning to "economize."

And e'er he breaks to us the bread of life
He must be furnished with a comely wife.
For children he should thank the gracious Giver,
Yet not be burdened with too full a quiver.

If, Rev'rend Sir, this scrap should meet your eye
While looking for a pulpit, please apply:
For *scotto voce*, we'll confess to you
We're sore perplexed and know not what to do.

"Ought I Not to Have Done It."

I know that there are many cold-blooded and obtrusively-moral people who would have called it a cruel and criminal act, yet I cannot help regretting that I did not do it. I doubt if any court of justice, in view of my extreme provocation, would have found me guilty of any thing worse than justifiable, temporary insanity; and I am confident that all right-thinking men, after hearing the story of my wrongs, will fully agree with me that I ought to have done it.

The circumstances of the affair cannot be presented in all their enormity unless the peculiar relation in which I stood toward Dick Farrell is first fully understood. It will, therefore, be necessary to go back to the period of my first acquaintance with that individual. I met him in this wise: Undoubtedly you remember the rocky ravine in which is situated the little town of St. Jean de Maurienne, formerly the terminus on this side of Mont Cenis of the railway from Paris to Turin. I had reached this place one morning, on my way to Italy, and found that, owing to some accidental delay, no *diligence* would start to cross the mountain until evening. Consequently, having several hours at my disposal, I devoted them to an exploration of the valley, and finally attempted to climb up the precipice until I found myself on a narrow ledge, where further progress upward became impossible. To my great annoyance, I found, too, that I could not retrace my steps, since any attempt to look down into the valley, which lay some two hundred feet below, made me excessively giddy. At this distance of time I am willing to confess that I was decidedly frightened as I thought of the probability of remaining a hopeless prisoner, starving to death in full sight of the hotel—which had an excellent *table d'hote*—and of the railway station. Hope, which we are led to believe springs eternal in the human breast, fortunately inspired me with the happy thought of firing my revolver as a signal of distress. No sooner had I acted upon this idea, than the entire population of St. Jean appeared to become simultaneously aware of my position, and flocked to the foot of the precipice to watch my anxiously-expected fall. Owing either to their natural stupidity, or their reluctance to spoil a prospective tragedy, these people did not make the slightest effort to rescue me. Finally, after they had waited two hours in the vain hope that I would lose my foothold they set up an idiotic shout at the appearance of a young man carrying a coil of rope on his shoulder. Presently he disappeared, followed by the greater part of the crowd, and I was about to resign myself to despair and an utterly hopeless attempt to clamber down the rock, when I was delighted by the reappearance of the young man, who landed suddenly beside me, having been let down by a rope from the top of the precipice.

"Now, old boy," he remarked, with indecent familiarity, as he unfastened the rope from about his waist, "let me just fasten this rope round you, and you'll be all right in a couple of minutes. Tell them not to forget me when you get to the top, for I haven't had my dinner yet!"

So saying he tied the rope under my arms, shook it as a signal to those above, encouraged me with the remark, "Steady, now, old fellow, and good luck to you!" and calmly proceeded to relight his extinguished cigar, while I was quite rapidly hauled through the air to a place of safety.

This young man was Dick Farsell.

The rope was again let down, and he soon made his appearance beside me. Luckily he could speak French, of which I did not know a single word, and I appealed to him to rescue me from the police, who had promptly arrested me on the charge of having attempted to commit suicide. Dick's persuasive oratory secured my release, and, being thus doubly indebted to him, I felt obliged to invite him to the hotel and to dinner.

He proved to be a painter of some sort—I know nothing about art—on his way to Rome, and, though he was in the main honest, and always good-tempered, he was altogether too much of a vagabond to be a suitable traveling-companion for a gentleman of my age and position. I felt this strongly, when, after much consecutive champagne, he proposed that we should journey to Rome together. But, what was I to do? Clearly I could not say to the man who had just saved my life, "Sir, I cannot consent to travel in your company, because you wear a preposterous hat, and are addicted to perpetual smoking and untimely singing." Of course I lacked the courage to say this, and hence it followed that for the next two weeks we were constantly together. I will do him the justice to say that he never attempted to borrow money from me, and that he rendered me considerable service by acting as an interpreter between myself and the natives. Still, his undignified habits were a constant source of annoyance to me. He would insist upon my accompanying him into third-class cars, where he smoked and sang, and drank cheap wine, out of casual bottles, with chance acquaintances, in a manner disreputable in the extreme. I acquit him of any intentional disrespect in representing to the police at St. Jean that I was a lunatic, and that he was my keeper, since he solemnly averred that by no other pretence could he have saved me from arrest. I cannot, however, excuse his habit of calling me "old boy," and the gross familiarity with which he criticised my personal appearance, and what he was pleased to call "my jolly greenness."

After we reached Rome, as was quite natural, we saw a good deal of each other. It so happened that we one day visited the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. The guide who was with us explaining the skeletons and things with great apparent eloquence, and Dick was translating his remarks to me with comments and additions of his own, when we came upon another party, consisting of a middle aged lady, her daughter, and, of course, their guide. As they were evidently Americans, we stopped and conversed a few moments with them, and ultimately accepted the invitation to accompany them through the rest of the Catacombs—Dick escorting the mother, while I walked by the side of her pretty daughter

Pretty is just the word which described her. She was not strictly beautiful, but her manner was extremely attractive, and she had, moreover, an idea of the respect due to a man of my character and position in life, which I have found that young girls, as a rule, seldom have. I soon learned that her mother, a widow lady, was from New York, and that they were both well acquainted with the family of my business partner. We therefore rapidly became as familiar as old acquaintances; and presently, while Dick, with his accustomed impudence, was giving the old lady a history of the Catacombs—of which I am certain that he knew absolutely nothing—the daughter drew closer to me whispered:

"Would you dare to get me a little piece of bone out of one of those niches? They are all saints' bones, you know, but the guide won't let me have any, and, besides, I can't reach them, though I do so long for a piece of saint!"

I need not say that I stole some saint—a rib, I think it was—and my new acquaintance was delighted with it. The girlish pleasure with which she hid the bone in the folds of her dress, and insisted that she was "ever so much obliged to me," together with the childish eagerness with which she whispered her request, completely charmed me. In fact I fell in love with her on the spot, and determined that I would marry her if she would give her consent. When we parted at the entrance of the Catacombs, I was warmly invited by both of the ladies to call upon them, and to bring my friend with me.

To visit Miss Scott in company with Dick was precisely what I did not wish to do. But here, again, I could not help myself. Though Dick professed to be a warm admirer of the widow, it always happened that, soon after our arrival at the Scotts' apartments, he would manage to be in close conversation with Susie, while I fell a prey to the mother, whose conversational powers were of the most oppressive character. The same thing used to occur when we visited ruins and places together, which we did nearly every day. Still I felt no fear of his rivalry. Susie evidently liked me, and always appeared delighted to see me. Besides, I never for a moment supposed that she could prefer a mere penniless vagabond to a man of means and recognized respectability.

All this is merely introductory; and though the preceding statements have a tendency to make a short story long, still it was necessary, as I have said before, that the precise nature of my intimacy with Dick should be set forth before I could ask the question, "Ought I not to have done it?"

One day we prevailed upon the ladies to make a visit to St. Peter's. In order to make the excursion partake somewhat of the nature of a picnic, it was agreed we should take our lunch with us, and eat it on the immense roof of the church. In order to make sure of securing Susie for myself, I prevailed upon Mrs. Scott to invite the Rev. Leonidas W. Simley, who was then in Rome, to accompany us; intending to inveigle that worthy divine into acting as an escort to the widow. I never thought what would become of Dick if thus left with out a lady companion, nor were my suspicion aroused by the sarcastic smile with which he praised my forethought in inviting the clergyman.

"If any accident should happen—if you should break your neck, for example," he remarked—"it would be so handy to have a clergyman ready!"

The day appointed for the picnic, of course, arrived. Never shall I forget the sensation with which I ascended the long winding, inclined plain which leads up to the roof of the church. I had determinto offer myself to Lusie in the course of the day; and though I had no doubt as to the result yet the novelty and importance of the step I was about to take made me somewhat nervous. I had, too, an undefined and wholly unacknowledged feeling that she was not, after all, precisely the sort of wife for me. She knew absolutely nothing of business, and was about as ignorant of the duties pertaining to the position for which I intended her as a girl could well be. Nevertheless, I had so strong a fancy for the gay little butterfly, that I felt the impossibility of existence apart from her. For weal or woe she held my fate in her hands, and I determined that those dear little hands should be mine, come what might.

Before we had our lunch we were to ascend the dome. At this stage of affairs I succeeded in placing the widow in charge of the clergyman, and, with Susie began the ascent of the countless stairs. Dick, however, followed so closely behind us—in order, as he pretended, to keep Susie from falling—that I could find no opportunity to ask her the question which was on my lips. At last we reached the lantern, and only the great copper ball remained to be explored. As Mrs. Scott declined to enter the ball, I waited with Susie until her mother had gone out upon the outer gallery, vainly hoping that the long-sought for moment had arrived. But scarcely had her mother disappeared when the young lady announced the intention of climbing into the ball, whereupon the officious Dick ran up the iron ladder to assist her. When they had both succeeded in entering that stifling den—where no man of sense ever willingly placed himself—cried out that no one else was to come up on any account, for she was afraid that the ball would break loose under any additional weight. I was thus forced to stay at the foot of the ladder while they remained in the ball, engaged—during what seemed to me an intolerable length of time—in an animated conversation, conducted in a tone so low that I could not hear a single word that was said.

When they finally descended, Susie's face was flushed—by the heat of the place, she said—while Dick looked uncommonly grave, and gnawed his mustache with a nervous, dissatisfied, air. Had he been any one else—the Rev. Mr. Simley, for example—I should have believed that he had offered himself to Susie and been rejected; but being simply the penniless vagabond that he was, the idea of any such conduct on his part was too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment.

At last we turned to descend to the roof, and I saw that the moment for me to express my intentions toward Susie had arrived. Lingering dexterously in the rear until the widow and the clergyman were safely out of sight, I led Susie out upon the gallery under the pretext of showing her a part of the landscape which she had not noticed. As we leaned over the railing, I looked around to make sure that Dick was out of sight, and then began: "My dear Miss Susan, I have something to say to you."

She looked at me a moment with startled eyes, and, putting her hands together, with an imploring little gesture, cried, "Oh, please don't."

"Don't what?" asked I, quite puzzled by her conduct.

"Don't please say anything; I mean don't—Oh just look what a pretty flower. How I wish I had it!"

The child was evidently confused and frightened. I was about to explain myself more fully, when Dick appeared upon the scene, carrying upon his arm a shawl belonging to some of the party, and asked what was the matter.

"That beautiful little pink flower, there on the dome," she answered—"if I could only reach it."

"You shall have it," he replied; and then, tossing one end of the shawl to me with the request that I should hold on to it, he seized the other end, and was over the railing and sliding down the slippery surface of the dome before I well knew what was his intention.

The flower was growing on a little projection not more than twelve feet below us. Dick, however, had placed himself in a horribly dangerous position; for, although he could remain for a time resting with one foot on this projection, it was impossible for him to regain the gallery without the aid of the shawl to which he was clinging. He paid not a particle of attention to my peremptery demand that he should come back at once, but, quietly seizing the flower and putting it temporarily in his bosom, he looked up at Susie, who was watching him, silent with terror, and said: "You know what I asked you just now. Will you promise?"

She only replied: "Come back, Mr. Farrell, do, please; you frighten me to death."

"Susie," returned the scoundrel, with the utmost solemnity, "unless you give me your promise this moment, I will let go the shawl, for I don't care a straw for my life."

"Come back directly, sir," I shouted, "or I'll let go the shawl myself! Don't you see you alarm Miss Scott with your confounded nonsense?"

The villian never heeded my existence. "Promise, me, Susie," he repeated, "or I swear I'll let go."

"Yes, yes, Dick I promise," she cried. "Dear Dick, do come back. I will marry you!"

This, then, was the result of my months of devotion to that shameless girl. This was what came of my condescension towards a miserable, unprincipled painter

Before my very eyes, in my very hearing, he gained a promise of marriage from the lady whom I had intended to marry myself.

Before I could fully realize his astounding villainy, he had climbed back again and had Susie in his arms. I blush for human nature when I mention the fact that he actually had kissed her in my presence.

I tossed the shawl down, and turned away without speaking. Before I had gone many steps Susie overtook me and said: "Please forgive me if I have given you any pain. Mamma wouldn't let me see Dick unless you were by, and so I to be civil to you. Besides, I do like you ever so much, and if you would only marry mamma, it would be so nice."

"I really think you'd better" chimed in Dick. "There's a clergyman here, you know, and it could be done at once.'

There! I have told the whole story, and the facts have been stated precisely as they occurred. It only remains for me to ask the question: Would I not have been perfectly justified in letting go the shawl, and thus putting a sudden and effectual end to my treacherous rival's suite? To be sure he had on a former occasion saved my life—doubtless for purposes of his own and certainly without waiting for me to request that favor from him But did that excuse his subsequent conduct? Just look at it in its hideousness. While I held his life in my hands—for nothing could have saved him had I let go the shawl—he dared to ask my intended wife to marry him, and, what is worse, actually gained her consent. Could any one have blamed me had I let go my hold? Ought I not to have done it?

The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that justice to myself, pity for the unfortunate girl whom Dick cruelly made a sharer in his poverty, as well as a due sense of the guilt of his outrageous conduct, did demanded that I should have dropped the shawl. And I don't hesitate to say that I am confoundedly sorry that I do not do it.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Headaches.

"Casuality, large." We may not believe in phrenology, but there is a certain convenience in its ways of defining character, and distinguishing traits A good doctor needs several special virtues, but there is nothing he more decidedly needs than "casuality." You are ill; what is the matter? What is the cause if you can tell and let the patient get well.

I called to see my friend, the doctor, one day, and found him half laughing and half vexed. A man had come in, in a great hurry. "Doctor, I am troubled with headaches—what shall I do?"

He began to question him, but the man answered, "Oh I have no time now, I have a business appointment. Just give me something and let me go."

"My friend, do you expect your watchmaker to tell you why your watch has stopped, without looking into it? I must look into you and see the cause."

"Well," and he and his headache went off together.

And the doctor was laughing and growling. Why can't men have common sense about themselves? There is no more delicate piece of machinery than our bodies, and how men tamper with them and ill-treat them!

And yet you will see cases like this, "Oh! I have some pills my doctor gave me for headache, and they have done me a world of good. Try one." And the foolish one took a pill (half the medicines are poisonous), and was made ill by it.—It was precisely what was not needed.

There are various causes for headaches. Find them out. There is the hungry headache; for it take food. The nervous headache; seek the cause, and quiet the nerves. The pain of exhaustion—the remedy, quiet and rest. The pain of a severe cold. Try heat and the remedies for a cold, especially patience. The headache of over-fulness—stop eating and get rid of the load.

There is a saleratus or soda headache. The cause is easily stopped. We at the West are ruined by salaratus.

There is a tea headache. Watch and see if it always follows the tea, and change the kind or give it up. Certain kinds of tea have headache in them. Sometimes a headache follows the eating of ice cream. It is bad, it shows depression in the stomach, and the head sympathizes. There is no more unphilosophical thing than to eat ice cream after other food, and after dinner. It is intensely cold, and just when the stomach is warm and needs all its force for digestion, it is cooled down and overtaxed by this cold mass. A sharp pain is a warning voice, which it is ever wise to heed. Indeed, pain is always the crying out of the nerves when they are suffering; it is little to lull the pain, we must remove the cause.

There is headache from bad air. The remedy for this is fresh air and plenty of it. After being to a railway car or a crowded room one feels it. It is poison in the blood, oppressing the brain. A good brisk walk and plenty of fresh air will purify the blood and freshen the whole system.

Ministers are very apt to suffer much from this exhaustion. Up above the congregation, they get the heat and bad air which rises, though they may escape the carbonic acid gas, which settles in the pews. After the day's work the temptation is to drop into sleep and sleep it off. The wiser course is a good brisk walk and time enough to get pure air into the circulation.

The man who is compelled to take a long walk after preaching, or a long drive, and will keep his mouth shut, does not know how thankful he should be for the circumstences which so compel him.—Those who have but a short distance to go, would do well to take a roundabout way home. In the good time coming, we shall know how not to poison our people with bad air on Sunday and until then it is weary waiting.

But we are talking of headache. There is the sick headache—it seems to come from an ever-burdened system which stops and relieves itself. They say that no care of diet or regimen will prevent them, but I should like to see it fully tried. Extra care about the period of their recurrence, and strict regularity in all good habits.

There is a pain which they call neuralgia, which simply means pain—*i. e.* a pain which is a pain. The cause is to seek. There is no specific, so they say.

There is a headache which comes from unequal circulation, such as Editors, and ministers, and lawyers have, who must write steadily, or think they must, and where the blood tends to the brain and leaves the hands and feet cold. Of course, exercise or even a whiff of gymnastics will help this, but if the need be urgent, a great help will be to keep the feet warm. A foot warmer, soapstone, hot brick or stone while the head is kept cool, will tend to equalize the circulation and keep the head clear. And the work will be better and more healthy, as well as more easily done.

There are two classes of headaches which come from the use of tobacco in men and from tight dressing in women, which bear about an equal proportion and so keep the balance true, else either one sex or the other would be in the ascendant.

The cause is plain enough. The remedy is plain enough, but both are equally hopeless. "They are joined to (their) idols, let them alone," and their idols will fall upon them and grind them to powder. Such men and women remind us of the Italian beggars who maim themselves and then ask for charity. They sin ignorantly under the depressing influence of a religion of superstition. Will God be as merciful to these?—*Advance.*

She Trusted Him.

The Hartford Post tells the following story:

As the 4:30 train from New York reached Stanford, Saturday, an antique looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room door and briefly shouted 'Sonny.'

A bright-looking boy came up to the window.

'Little boy,' said she, 'have you a mother?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Do you love her?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Do you go to school?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And are you faithful to your studies?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Do you say your prayers every night?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Can I trust you to do an errand for me?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'I think I can too,' said the lady, looking steadily down on his manly face. 'Here is five cents to get me an apple. Remember, God sees you.'

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is melted sometimes into sympathy—it is what elevates him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection; they are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there be none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should not wish to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

☞ Certain employers of workingmen in Belgium are trying a novel experiment. Knowing full well the difficulty there is in securing cheap and comfortable accommodations in a great city, they have organized a home for their employes, where, for thirty-five cents (American money) a day, each person will be furnished with lodging, four meals a day—one of meat—and have their washing done free.

The 'heathen Chinee' has learned 'new ways that are dark' to increase his profits on tea cultivation. He last year incorporated 440,000 pounds of willow leaves in his 'Bohea' prepared expressly for exportation. We believe we know the taste of them.

A Quaker who had been troubled with rats informs a friend that he greased a thirty-foot board, filled it full of fish-hooks, set it up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and put on an old cheese at the top. The rats went up, slid back, and he caught thirty of 'em the first night.

A Virginia girl attempted to elope by means of a pulley and rope attached to her window, but the enraged parent appeared on the scene, hooked the young man securely, hoisted him in the air, gave him a long and sound moral lecture, and then left him dangling under the window till morning.

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