# THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872. NO. 18.



## 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. | MARKET TRAIN. | Q.A.& K.R.R. Train. |
|---|---|---|---|
| LEAVE | A. M. | A. M. | 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 | Ar. 3:30 | Ar. 2:10 |
| Townsend Lc. | 8:49 | Lc. 3:45 | Fr. 2:22 |
| | | Lc. 6.07 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. | WAY PASS. | Q.A.& K.R.R. Train. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | A. M. | P. M. | 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 | Ar 7:54 | Ar 7:54 |
| Townsend Le | 11:45 | Le 8:10 | 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. | |

☞ All trains daily (Sundays excepted.)

Stations marked ° have no agents.

"Way Passenger" West will stop only for passengers between Massey's and Chestertown, until further notice.

To insure connections with Philadelphia Market Train on the Delaware Railroad, shippers must have their marketing at stations at least one half hour before the train is due.

JOS. T. RICHARDS,
Aug. 3, 1872. Superintendent.

## FERTILIZERS

For the Fall of 1872.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr., invites attention to the following well known Fertilizers:

TURNER'S EXCELSIOR,
PATAPSCO GUANO,
WHANN'S
RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE,
TURNER'S
AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE,
BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE,

delivered either at his store in Chestertown or at any Landing in Kent county, AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

He has also for sale

T. W. [illegible]

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

June 1, 1872.


## Selected Poetry.

### THE FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

A SCHOOL PIECE.

FIRST GIRL.

I'm a little country lassie,
I can iron, churn and bake,
Wash the dishes, feed the poultry,
Mix the famous Johnny cake;
Ride the horses down to water,
Drive the cows to pastures green—
I would not exchange my station,
For the throne of England's queen.

SECOND GIRL.

Mother calls me little student;
I can cipher, read and spell,
Draw a map or bound a country,
And in "mental" I excel.
I shall climb the hill of knowledge,
To its very top will go;
Then success will crown my efforts,
Teacher says, and ain't it so?

THIRD GIRL.

I'm my mother's little helper,
And am happy all day long;
I can bring dear papa's slippers;
Sing the baby's cradle song;
Rock him till the angel's whispers,
Make him smile from dreamland shore;
Run a thousand ways for mother—
Can a little girl do more?

FOURTH GIRL—VERY SMALL.

I's my mamma's little darling;
Don't you find I's fresh and sweet,
With these roses at my shoulders,
And my muslin dress so neat?
Mamma made it dist on purpose
'Cause I's going to speak to you.
It *is* lovely, don't you sink so?
Wish 'twas yours? I *fink* you do.
—*School Visitor.*

### THE BASHFUL LOVER.

His name was Jacobus; we used to call him Jack, for short.

Among the many of his misfortunes, for he was cock-eyed, red-haired and knock-kneed, he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness. Nevertheless he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth when he could help it, and when he did, used both hands to help him; in fact, he was a man of great actions.

Jacobus, one warm day, fell in love. He had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man, and it was manly to have a "penchant."

So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most boydenish girl in the square; but how to tell his love! There was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that, but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the opposite side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eyes. He has despised eyes ever since then

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season; and as each interval only increased his ardor he determined on going it alone.

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants, (said pants being a little tighter than the skin), and a spotless vest.

The journals of the day state, as an item of intelligence, that the thermometer ranged from seventy-five to eighty degrees. Jack swears it was over a hundred.

As the hour gradually drew near Jack found courage and perspiration oozing out together, and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded, however, he would take a walk past the house and see how it felt.

By the time he reached the mansion he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting his eyes toward the window, and perceiving no signs, he thought it possible that no one was at home, and since he had proceeded so far, he would proceed further and leave his card.

No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell; the darned thing needn't make such a noise.

The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him in; Miss Emily was alone in the parlor and would be delighted to see him.

Oh, crazy! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty gid alone! It was too late to retreat; the girl had closed the front door and was pointing to the parlor where Miss Emily was.

Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked, or slided. All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment, then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice "bidding him welcome and draw near."

To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed, but he little dreamed of the obstacle fate had thrown in his way. He knew full well that the stream of love had may ripples, but full-grown snags entered not into his head.

Judge then of his astonishment on being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet by a flat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on the road to happiness.

Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for any extra tension of muscles and sinews, he not only procured a tumble, but also a compound fracture of the black pants aforesaid—said fracture extending all across that point which comes in close contact with the chair.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would permit, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily "not setting him forward any," he at length succeeded in reaching a chair and drawing his coat-tails forward to prevent a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would when requested to dance upon a pile of needles.

The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortune of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her power of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. But on this rock he split.

Just at that moment she observed that she had lost her pocket handkerchief. What had become of it? She was sure she had it when she came in. It certainly must be somewhere about.

"Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Jacobus?"

Jack was sure he had not; but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without his hands; of course he must drop his coat-tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing wipe he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so, the fracture opened, and behold there lay, as the lady supposed, her missing property.

It was the work of a moment to catch the corner and exclaim:

"Here it is, sir, you needn't trouble yourself about it. Just raise a little, it's under you," at the same time giving it a hard pull.

Alas, the *tail* was told; no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt. But what should he do? Another, and a stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost dry goods, coupled with the request:

"Get up, sir; you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, and grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Miss Emily, *leave me my shirt collar!*"

The young lady fainted.

### THE HUNTER'S STORY.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

My guide was an old trapper who had spent years in the forest, sometimes six months at a time, without seeing a human face. I was sitting down, leaning against a tree, just at sunset, and the old hunter came and sat down near me.

"In the course of your being in the woods so long," said I, "you must have met with some strange things. What one do you now think of as among the strangest?"

"Why, I hardly know. I have had many narrow escapes, and have, as you say, seen some strange things. I can now recall one. It took place many years ago, when I was younger than I am now. I had been out all winter alone, trapping for furs. It was in March, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice began to break up, and on one of the furthest, wildest lakes I ever visited. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe along through the loose ice, one cold day, when just round a point that projected into the lake, I heard something walking through the ice. It made so much noise, and stepped so regularly, that I felt sure it must be a moose. I got my rifle ready, and held it cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see, not a moose, but a *man*, wading in the water—the ice-water! He had nothing on his head or feet, and his clothes were torn almost off from his limbs. He was walking, gesticulating with his hands, and talking to himself. He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton. With great difficulty I got him into my canoe, when I landed and made up a fire, and got him some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he had gnawed almost to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quieted down and soon fell asleep. I nursed him like an infant. With great difficulty, and in a round-about way, I found out the name of the town from which he came. Slowly and carefully I got him along, around falls and over portages, keeping a resolute watch on him, lest he should escape from me into the forest. At length, after nearly a week's travel, I reached the village where I supposed he lived. I found the whole community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains, seeking for my crazy companion, for they had learned that he had wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon that if he was found, the bells should be immediately rung and guns fired. And as soon as I landed, a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes, and guns were fired, and their report echoed again and again in forest and on mountain, till every seeker knew that the lost one was found.

"How many times I had to tell the story over! I never saw people so crazy with joy, for the man was of one of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as I afterwards learned it was. How they feasted me, and when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions and clothing, and everything for my comfort! It was a time and place of wonderful joy. They seemed to forget everybody else, and think only of the poor man whom I had brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and I said, "Don't this make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where the man who lost one sheep, left all the rest and went and sought it, and brought it home rejoicing, and of the teaching of our Saviour, that there is joy in heaven over one repenting, returning sinner!"

"Oh yes! I have often compared the two, and though I don't suppose they ring bells and fire guns in that world, yet I have no doubt they have some way of making their joy known."—*S. S. Times.*

### The Advantages of Scientific Education.

This was the subject of a recent lecture before the Government telegraphers of Great Britain, Mr. William Henry Preece, who said:

"The reasons why scientific study is so little popular are that it does not appeal directly to our senses, involves time and study, and because people do not like trouble. There is, unfortunately, no royal road to learning. Knowledge is fixed at the top of a hill which requires some stiff climbing; hence science is unpopular.

A scientific man is one who knows, and one who derives pleasure from that which he knows; hence, the chief advantage which I lay before you to be gained by the study of the scientific part of your profession is—pleasure.

What would be thought of an engine driver who stuck on a bank for the want of knowing how to use sand on the rails? Such, I am sorry to say, is the position of the great majority of those who are employed in the operating branch of our department.

Education itself is an inducement to seek scientific knowledge. The object of education is to attain precision of thought, and to possess the power of drawing correct inferences from facts—indeed, to exercise judgment and common sense. There is no better method of acquiring these valuable qualities than by a scientific. We can find out many things without scientific training—trace faults, etc.; but we can do such things more quickly, more correctly, and with more gratification, with such training. Rule of thumb methods have always a flavor of science in them; and though it has been said that an ounce of practice is worth a tun of theory, an ounce of practice with theory is worth a tun of practice without theory.

Scientific knowledge and training are the parents of invention and improvement, and these are the highest order of education. I do not mean scheming, or the bringing forward of novelties for the sake of novelty, often in opposition to fixed principles, but the improvement of defects and the introduction of objects of real utility. Watt has said "It is a great thing to find out what will not do—it leads to our finding what will do." When we know where the shoe pinches, we can find a remedy.

Some of the schemes which ignorant outsiders have submitted to telegraph engineers as improvements are simply ridiculous. I can remember, when the Atlantic cable of 1858 failed, a lady writing and suggesting that cables should not be submarine but super-marine—that they should be suspended above the ocean; and she suggested that the Rock of Gibraltar, the Peak of Teneriffe, and the Andes formed conspicuous objects for this purpose! Again, when we suffered so much, a little later, from the rupture of our light cables in the North Sea, an officer of one of the scientific corps of Her Majesty's army thought that he had made the grand discovery that the world was growing, and that it was owing to the continents separating themselves further and further by the growth of the globe that our cables snapped! Many suggested that the Atlantic cable should be suspended by balloons, and even very recently a gentleman, who possesses no knowledge whatever of telegraphy, has endeavored, by the powerful aid of the press and other means, to thrust upon us an apparatus which we know to be radically wrong in principle, and which has been anticipated or tried by nearly every telegraph engineer who has exercised thought on the subject.

On the other hand those who possess scientific training, and those who have devoted their attention to remedy defects, have done great service to their profession. Mr. Fuller succeeded in replacing the defective sand batteries of twenty years ago by the ordinary sulphate battery, which still remains the form principally employed by the department. Mr. Varley, by the application of his powerful mind to the working of our wires, has brought the present state of insulation to the perfection it has now attained; and Sir Charles Wheatstone, by the constant and unremitting study of forty years has brought out that beautiful automatic apparatus without which it had been difficult for the Postal Telegraph Department to have transacted the enormous business, thrown upon its hands by the adoption of the uniform shilling rate and the low tariff applied to the press. The two first named telegraph engineers owe their success entirely to those principles of self-education that I wish to inculate into you; and Faraday, a purely self-educated philosopher, has instanced Sir Charles Wheatstone and his inventions as examples of the effect of the continued application of these principles.

There is plenty of room in the working of our instruments and wires for the display of your powers of invention and improvement. Real improvements are not the result of chance; they are the effects of the continued application of those methods of thought and study which education, and particularly scientific education, impart.

Geometry and algebra are essential to the skilled telegraphist, and its difficult for any one to comprehend the higher branches of the profession until he has mastered the elementary principles of these two branches of pure mathematics. It is the application of algebra which enables the telegraph engineer to tell the distance of a fault in a submarine cable to with half a mile, and to direct the sailor, with unerring accuracy, to the spot where he must apply his apparatus. . . . . It is the differential calculus which enables the electrician to obtain the greatest possible speed of working with the least consumption of materials out of his submarine cable.

Applied mathematics or dynamics considers force and its measurement. A current of electricity is only one form of force, and all our methods of electrical measurement are based primarily on the laws of dynamics. The stability of our posts, the strains upon our wires, the submersion of our cables, are applications of the laws of dynamics. A knowledge of chemistry, magnetism, and electricity, is indispensible to the telegraphist. They are so mutually dependent that a little must be acquired of each branch of physics by studying any of those enumerated."

In conclusion, the lecturer considered how this knowledge is to be obtained by those whom he addresses. Briefly, he recommended as aids to study, attending lectures, reading of scientific and practical works on electricity, telegraphy, and kindred subjects, observation, experiment, and reflection.—*Scientific American.*

### One Species of Insanity.

Did you ever see a woman who was possessed by the house-cleaning fiend? Not periodically, but at all times. Who would go about drawing her finger over every lounge, and table, and chair, peering into cracks and crannies for crooked pins and lint; holding tumblers up to the light for finger-marks; in short, so utterly absorbed in the pursuit of dirt that every other pursuit was as nothing in comparison.

Now, being New England born, I know what neatness is, and value it as only a New Englander can; but when it takes such a shape as this, and robs life of all its charms, I turn my back upon it with righteous disgust. Who thanks these zealous furies for their self-imposed labors? Certainly not their husbands, who flee into corners from dust-pans and dust-brushes; and weary of the recitals of their prowess day by day. Certainly not their children, who have no place to stow away their little sacred property in the shape of bright bits of silk or paper, or broken cups, which are dear and precious to them, and should always be held in respect within proper innocent limits.

Oh, ye careful and troubled Marthas of the household, stop and take breath. Place a flower on the mantel that you and your households may, perhaps, have some in their lives. While you stop to rest, read. So shall the cobwebs be brushed from your neglected brain, and you shall learn that something else besides cleanliness is necessary to make home really home for those dependant on your care.

Throw your broom out of doors; take your children by the hand, and let the fresh wind touch your wrinkled forehead. If your house is wound up to such an immaculate pitch of cleanliness, it can run on a few hours without your care. Laugh and talk with them, or better still, listen to their foolish-wise talk. Bring home a bit of ginger-bread for each of them, and play some simple game with them. Put on the freshest dress you have, and ask your husband when he comes in, if he recognizes his wife.

"I wish my mother looked as pretty as you," said a little girl, one day, to a neighbor.

"But your mamma is much prettier than I," replied the neighbor. The truth was that the child's mother always was in a wrapper unless company was expected. The rest of the time she was under the dominion of the house-cleaning fiend, and the children fled from such a joyless, utilitarian home, where no flower of beauty could ever get time to take root and blossom.

There is little need to misinterpret my meaning. Many a ruined life has come of a joyless home. Your children take to the sunlight as naturally as do the flowers. Shut it out of your houses and they will go abroad in search of it, you may be sure of that. Isn't it worth thinking about, oh, ye mothers? careful and troubled about many things, and yet so blind to your first and greatest duty!—FANNY FERN, *in the Ledger.*

### Education and Employment of Girls.

Nothing so tends towards the degeneracy of womanhood as a life of laziness and indulgence—an aim for a wealthy husband, and then life with no object nor aim beyond raising a family, whether taste lies in that direction or not. It is not only bad for physical health, but is for moral also. A very serious and common mistake in the training of our girls is the neglect difficulty to provide against the vicissititudes of life with the faculty of noble self-support. Just to think of your daughter, well born and bred and rocked in the lap of luxury, coming one of these days to sewing or keeping boarder, for a livelihood. Yet thousands of girls, upon whose girlhood Fortune lavished her gifts, have come to that. It seems to us that every rich man who has daughters should provide for them with visions of the almshouse continually floating before his eyes. No amount of pecuniary endowment will be a sure defence against the demons of pauperism. The fires may burn it up the winds may scatter it, the waves may engulf it, prodigal scoundrels of husbands may waste it, rascally trustees and executors may pillage it. These and a thousand kindred contingencies, considered beside the proverbial helplessness of woman, are almost enough to make a thoughtful and cautious man prey that daughters may not be born unto him. So, then, we say, let the education of our girls provide for the possible problems of self-help in the noblest possible way. The daughters of millionaries and mechanics alike should be made distinctly to understand that all the love romances lie, and that there is no such thing as making a compact with fortune to avert the necessity of honest toil. Nay, more, we would have the girls taught that labor, especially brain labor, for the benefit of the world, is too noble to be undertaken for mere mercenary ends, albeit the world must and will pay for it. Our American girls need a great deal of discipline in this respect, and their fathers and mothers need to have a great many of their foolish notions of propriety about toil, and the wicked caste idea it encourages, killed as the rank social weed it is. You will hardly find a girl who will teach school, or a parent who will allow it, except under the compulsion of a scanty purse. What a shame to our Christianity is this! A fine lady, rustling in her silks, boasts that she has had all masters in literature and art, has seen all the galleries of Europe, speaks three languages, can draw from nature, and we know not what else; and yet she would not soil her respectability by teaching a child of ignorance the alphabet, or hammering the multiplication table into a class of little know-nothings in calico! Sure enough, the milennium has not come yet.

### Hints About Wheat.

It is a mistake to suppose that wheat is not a paying crop. Very often it is not profitably grown, but it is looked upon as a necessary evil, hardly to be avoided, for there is no other crop to be substituted for it in the rotation. Yet wheat is absolutely necessary for us, and it would be strange if a crop which the world can not do without could not be grown anywhere and everywhere. The competition with the easily cultivated and productive new lands at the extreme West need not necessarily be overwhelming to the more eastern cultivator, who on his side has an advantage in nearness to market, and cheaper tools and implements, and less waste and cost of harvesting. But the trouble lies in the small yield with which the Eastern farmers are contented, consequent on the careless and insufficient methods of preparing for and sowing the crop. Very rarely is the oat-stubble, which the wheat crop generally follows, plowed more than once and very often the corn stubble prepared in the most hurried manner by a simple harrowing is made to bear this crop, which is more than all others dependent for success on a well-prepared seed-bed. The consequence is, that the young wheat is smothered by the more vigorous oats which spring up thickly on the newly plowed ground, and thus weakened is unable to stand the first heavy frost of the fall or winter, and is killed out. So on the harrowed corn stubble there is no depth of root to sustain the plant in the hard beaten soil, and it is in a worse condition in this case even than on the plowed oat-stubble. At present there is not sufficient vigor in the soil to enable the plant to make head against the difficulties it has to contend with, and it succumbs, and the crop either fails completely or is very unprofitable in its results. We must work on a different system. Old things have passed away, and if this crop is to succeed a new system must be adopted. The wheat crop must be the privot on which our farming must hinge both in East and West. The West, as we used to understand the term a few years ago, is now the East, and is in exactly the same circumstances as to condition of soil and needs of cultivation as that part of the country we used to call the East. "Thorns and thistles" have taken possession of the soil, and the "virtue has gone out of it" by which it used to grow crops by merely scratching the surface. No fair wheat crop can now be got by merely harrowing a corn-stubble, or by once plowing an oat-stubble; nor can we lay our fields down to grass with a poorly-grown wheat crop and hope to have a good catch or a good crop of clover or grass. Grass is often called our "pivotal crop," that upon which the whole rotation depends; but wheat is the precursor of grass, and as it succeeds or fails, so will our clover or grass flourish or fail. Then it will no longer do to hurry it into the ground as we have done. A difference of ten bushels per acre depends upon this alone, and this is sufficient to make a crop profitable or otherwise. Two plowings at least should be given, and unless a very fair allowance of fairly good manure can be afforded, some of the purchasable manures should be applied, and those rich in nitrogen or ammonia are preferable to the phosphates, or at least have shown themselves to be more effectual as a fall application. Then, again, there is much to the sowing. It is plain as the rapidly accumulating result of experience of late, as the attention of farmers has been more closely drawn to this matter, that broad-cast sowing must be abandoned as no longer profitable. It is too costly a method. Especially has the late hard winter shown this. Drill-sown wheat has escaped the evil effects of drouth frost, and excess of wet, while broadcast-sown has been seen dead and cast upon the surface, with its roots all drawn from the soil, and no resource left to the farmer in the spring but to replant his bare fields with other crops. The difference here in the yield of the crop will be from five bushels per acre to the whole crop lost, so that, should farmers generally adopt this and the previously mentioned plans, it is probably safe to say that the yield of wheat would be doubled, certainly, we have often seen, in fact we have often seen, in fact we have grown, crops of wheat of twenty-five or thirty bushels per acre, which have been carefully put into the ground, which we are satisfied would not have yielded ten bushels had the old-fashioned system here pointed out been followed. In the one case, at least expenses were made if no great profit was made, and a good hay crop followed; in the other case, there would have been a serious loss both on the wheat and hay crop. Further, in selecting seed, it will pay to exercise care and judgment. None but the plumest grain should be chosen. The wheat should be cleaned two or three times, and our experience has been that it will pay to steep the seed in a solution of copperas, which destroys smut, and helps to separate the light grains from those which are fit for seed. A crop sown in good season is to be preferred, but it is far better to delay a week to complete the preparation, and get the soil into the best condition, than to hurry over it and make more haste but less speed in the end.—*American Agriculturist.*

### MAGDALENE'S ANATHEMA.

BY MRS. LIDE MERIWETHER.

"Not to us, Lord!" not to us,
All guilty though we be,
Mete out the measure of Thy wrath
Throughout eternity;
But unto us whose serpent hiss
Drove thousands to this dread abyss,
To them impute blood-guiltiness,
Not unto us!

How many to our childhood's home
Have thirsted to return,
Like the repentant prodigal,
With shame-bowed head to mourn!
But parent's hands the dagger holds,
The leper's mantle round us rolls;
On their head rest the blood of sons,
Not upon us!

With guilt-stained raiment, toiling on
Upon the weary road,
Time and again we begged for help
To lead us on to God;
But from his temple cast away,
With us his priesthood scorned to pray;
'Gainst them hurl thine anathema,
Not on us, oh Lord!

At many a happier woman's door
We've begged to enter in—
"Nor let us longer eat the bread
Of idleness and sin;"
But scornful eyes upon us turned
As if the plague spot on us burned;
Unto her home be this returned,
Not us, oh Lord!

They of our household from us fled,
Lovers and friends all gone;
Hope for return all crushed and dead
On earth we stood—alone;
On sneer, and curse, and darkening frown
That cast us forth and hedged us round,
On their heads hurl Thy vengeance down,
Not us, oh Lord!

### Longevity of Married People.

Dr. Hall gives the following reasons why marriage is favorable to health. Bachelors are always in a state of unrest; they feel unsettled. If indoors after dinner there is a sense of unsolitariness, inducing a sadness, not actual melancholy, with all their depressing influences; and many hours in the course of the year are spent in gloomy inactivity, which is adverse to a good digestion and a vigorous and healthy circulation. His own house being so uninviting, the bachelor is inclined to seek diversion outside, in suppers with friends and scenes of dissipation.

On the other hand, marriage lengthens a man's life, by making its home inviting; by the softening influences which it has upon the character and the affections; by the cultivation of all the better feelings of our nature, and in that proportion saving him from dissipation.

Marriage gives a happy and laudable object in life, the provision for wife and children, their comfort and future welfare, the enjoyment in witnessing their happiness, and the daily and hourly participation in affectionate interchange of thought, and sentiment, and sympathy; these are the considerations which antagonize sorrow and lighten the burdens of life; thus strewing flowers and casting sunshine all along its pathway.

The great philosopher said, "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar can keep a straight course. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man and the counsel, the affections, the example, and the interest of his better half keep him from erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore the friend to marriage is the friend to society and to his country.

HOW TO GET RID OF FLIES.—The smoke of the dried leaves of a pumpkin vine on a bright fire, will cause flies to quit an apartment instantly or it will kill them. Birds must be with-drawn before the operation, and persons should abstain from going into apartments immediately after, as the smoke causes headache.

☞ A Chinaman in Wheatland, California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company, "Charley half dead; pay him money."

THE discovery of a petrified buffalo is recently announced in Iowa, and a correspondent of a Boston paper writes that he believes the jerked beef his host served him for supper as a variety on Sunday, came from the haunches of a venerable and well preserved denizen of the prairie.

San Francisco has a Chinese [illegible]

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