THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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☞ LATEST ☜

From New York and Philadelphia!

LATEST ARRIVAL!

CREATING A GOOD DEAL OF TALK!!

Rather Amusing

To hear persons say, 'I wish I had waited for your New Goods, New Prices & Styles!

LARGEST STOCK OF NEN GOODS IN CHESTERTOWN!

WE ARE NOT TROUBLED WITH JEWING! OUR

New Prices

SUIT EVERY ONE!!

LADIES CAN FIND THE NEWEST NOVELTIES, and will be agreeably surprised when they inspect the splendid Stock of

VICKERS.

DOMESTIC STOCK LARGE AND COMPLETE.

CHEAPEST PRINTS!

SHEETINGS and MUSLINS IN TOWN.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, AND NEW STYLE OIL CLOTHS.

$1,000 Worth of NOTIONS. Ladies and Gents. can find what they want. Gloves, English Hosiery, Cravats, Collars, Cuffs, Towels, Napkins, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, New Style Cane Parasols, Fans, Corsets, Eureka Diaper, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5; Brushes, &c.

$600 WORTH OF *HATS & CAPS.* **GO TO VICKERS'** And buy a New Style HAT, and get your Straw Goods.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CITY MADE GOODS,

Not generally sold in the country. Splendid Stock for Ladies and Gents., Misses, Boys, and children. *NEW STYLE KID SLIPPERS* for the Ladies. Gents. comfortable Shoes and Slippers, now opened

At the New York People's store.

WM. A. VICKERS.

May 25, 1872.

COOK STOVES.

HEATING STOVES.

All kinds of Stoves and Tinware.

The best Cook Stoves are the BARLEY SHEAF, NIAGARA, QUAKER CITY. The best HEATER is the *SUNNYSIDE.*

We guarantee the best quality at the lowest prices.

N. B.—Country Merchants supplied with TINWARE, at remarkable low prices, from our extensive Factory.

Stoves and Hollow Ware,

Wholesale, at less than Northern Foundry prices.

WM. GLUCK,

Corner Gay and Harrison streets,

BALTIMORE.

September 7, 1872—6m.

STATIONERY.

FRENCH and American Tinted Note Paper, Billet, Packet, Fools-cap, Legal-cap, Record-cap and Bill-cap paper. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.

C. F. STAM & BRO.

Have just received a large and

WELL SELECTED STOCK OF BOOKS,

Embracing treaties on *The Trotting Horse of America*, by Hiram Woodruff; *The Horse in the Field and Stable*, by McClure & Harvey; *Farm Draining, Gardening for Profit, Grapes and Wine, Pear Culture*, by Quinn; "WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING," BY HORACE GREELEY; *The Practical Poultry Keeper, Beecher's Receipt* Book, Books of Song and Poetry, Romances and Novels by the most popular authors.

☞ Do not fail to call and examine our Stock. Remember, we take pleasure in displaying our Goods. Aug 17, 1872.

WILLIAM HARRIS,

Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,

No. 116 West Pratt street,

(One Door East of South,)

BALTIMORE,

KEEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,

REPEATING PISTOLS,

SMITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISTOLS, COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS, and every description of Pistol now in use.

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,

Such as Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Water Proof Caps, Wads, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

GUNS neatly Stocked and repaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

A Fine Assortment of

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

IN WHICH I CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD. A discount of ten per cent. allowed on PATENT MEDICINES.

White Lead, Paints, Oil,

Turpentine, Varnish, Putty, Glass, &c., &c.

JOS. E. WEER,

May 18, 1872, Kennedyville, Md.

Selected Poetry.

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray,
Vainer than the trembling shadow
The next hour steals away;
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred,
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its lightning wings, I heard:
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a weary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears:
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there;
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents, with their venomed stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in the skies.

Household Words.

EDITH'S COUNTERPLOT.

"Call it one thousand, Tom."

"Well, one thousand it shall be. If, within a month, you will so lead Walter Harling astray that he shall be caught at the wine cup and at the gaming-table, I will give you the thousand dollars."

"But, Mr. Tom Aubrey, you are very sanguine."

"Not a bit more than is amply justifiable, Gid. If you will do as you have said, I know I shall win."

"But do you take into account the proposition that Edith Amesbury may *love* Walter Harling?"

"Yes."

"And do you furthermore reflect that a woman will be very slow to listen to tales of evil against the man who possesses her heart?"

"I have thought of it all, Gideon. If the lady were alone concerned, I might doubt the success of my plan; but her brother Charles, who is her guardian since her uncle's death, is one of the stiffest and most exacting of the moral crew. Let him so much as suspect that Walter Harling drinks and gambles, and he would see his sister suffer any amount of torment rather than see her marry that man."

"But if he should suspect you, Tom?"

"He will not. I have kept my tracks too well covered. He thinks my fortune is still in bank, safe and intact; and he thinks my church-going hath strong foundation of religious zeal. Fear not for me, Gid. Do as we have planned, and I will win Edith Amesbury's hand, and her hand once mine, I can keep my part of the compact. And, my boy, I will do more than I promise."

"Fear not that I shall fail," said Gideon Smart. "I am not apt to put my hand to a work from which to turn back unsuccessful."

Gideon Smart was a notorious gambler and blackleg—a sport and an exquisite of the first water. I do not mean that he was a dandy; but that when he chose to turn his ambition into fashionable ways few could surpass him.

Thomas Aubrey was a young man of five and-twenty, and had been left the possessor of an ample fortune; but a course of dissipation, and loose living in every way, had scattered his patrimony, and he was now penniless. In the times when his father lived he had known Edith Amesbury, and had fancied that she loved him; and since that time he had kept up the acquaintance, though not to the extent of intimate familiarity. But lately he had sought to regain the old ground. Edith and her brother had been left equal sharers in a fortune of half a million dollars, and if he could gain her hand he could swim again upon the upper wave of fashion and pastime. One impediment, however, he found in his way—and that impediment was a certain Walter Harling, whom Edith might possibly love. How he proposed to remove this obstacle we have seen.

Walter Harling, at the age of three-and twenty, had, entirely by his own hard-earned resources, graduated at one of the best of our colleges, and was now, while studying law at his leisure, engaged as sub-editor on the staff of one of the city daily papers.

One day a gentleman called upon Harling in his sanctum, and introduced himself as Gideon Smart, and at the same time presented an original article for publication. It was upon the subject of Temperance, and of real merit.

'If you publish it,' said the visitor, 'let it go in as your own I employ some of my leisure time in scribbling, but I have no ambition to shine as an author.'

And after that Gideon Smart dropped in every day for a week, bringing with him on each occasion an article for publication. These articles were crisp and 'meaty,' and sparkling with wit and sentiment. They had been written originally by a poor dissipated *litterateur*, who was paid a mere pittance for their composition, and then copied by Smart.

At length Smart brought in a spicy article on *gambling*, which Harling commended highly.

'For the purpose of booking myself in these matters,' said Smart, 'I have taken the trouble to visit a few of the more prominent of these dens of iniquity. Have you ever seen the inside of a gambling hall?'

'I never have,' answered Walter.

'You should do so, by all means, my dear Harling. The man who would make a successful editor should make himself acquainted with all phases of society. I think you would find enough to repay you in the study. What say you to going with me?'

The idea struck Harling favorably. He had conceived a liking for Smart, and he promised that he would accept his offer. There was nothing to prevent his going that very evening.

'I am sorry, Edith, but the alternative cannot be avoided. I can never consent to your uniting your destiny with that of a man who is a frequenter of the gaming saloon.'

Charles Amesbury spoke in sorrow, but firmly. His sister, beautiful as the rose of early summer, and as pure, listened with resolute incredulity.

'I cannot believe it,' she said. 'Some men might deceive me; but not Walter Harling. Deception is not in his heart, and he could not wear it upon his face. I know that he carries his soul in his look.'

'And yet, my dear Edith, it is plain that he has deceived you. Not only has he frequented the gambling-house, but houses of worst repute.'

'How know you this?'

'I have it from Thomas Aubrey.'

'And would you believe him against Walter Harling?' demanded Edith, her cheeks flushing.

'I think Thomas Aubrey is trying to lead a proper life,' replied the brother. 'But I have it not upon his authority alone. Others, whom I cannot doubt—men whom I have purposely set to watch Mr. Harling's movements—have told me the same story.'

Edith's eyes flashed, and her fingers were clutched in the folds of her robe.

'Mr. Aubrey has spoken to you of gaining my hand?' she said, in a hushed tone.

He has hinted at such a thing: but I have given him no encouragement Do not think, my sister, that I make this accusation in his interest. God knows that your good is my only aim!'

Edith kissed her brother, and said that she believed him; and then she walked away to the window, and looked out into the darkness. When she came back her lips were compressed, and a new light was upon her face and in her eyes.

'Charles,' she said, 'let this matter rest between us for a season. My love may be blind, but my reason is not. I will set an agent to watch. Fear not to trust me. My agent shall be in every way reliable. *I mean to* KNOW *of this!*"

'Really,' said Walter Harling, as he took his hat from its peg, 'I begin to tire of this. I gain much insight into the under currents of life in our city, it is true; but the view is not pleasant. I will leave others to write up the story of these dens.'

'But you will go with me this evening?' said Gideon Smart. You must see the inside of the Royal Bengal. It is the most famed gaming-hall in the country.'

'Yes,' answered Harling, 'I will go this evening; for I own that I have a curiosity to see the inside of that place.'

And the two set forth. It was early in the evening when they reached the vestibule of the Royal Bengal, and the sentinel at the door passed them in. Close behind them followed a fair-headed boy whom the guard stopped; but the lad presented a card bearing a name which was authority in the place, and he was allowed to enter.

'My dear Harling, let us have a glass of wine,' said Smart, as they passed near the bar in the outer hall.

'No,' answered Walter, 'I do not use wine.'

'But just a drop for friendship's sake.'

'Wine is an evil with which I do not tamper; and I would cement no friendship in such a treacherous element. You will excuse me, Mr Smart.'

Gideon Smart bit his lip, for he saw near at hand witnesses—there by appointment—whom he had hoped to entertain with the sight of Walter Harling drinking wine at the bar of the Royal Bengal.

And at the same time the fair-faced boy, who stood apart in the shadow, but near enough to hear and to see, clasped his hands as though in grateful emotion, and a bright, limpid light was in his wonderfully deep azure eyes.

From the bar-room the two passed on into the main saloon—a sumptuous, palatial room—where gold and cut-glass reflected the light of a thousand gas jets, and where pictures and statuary of the first quality abounded. Here were the appliances for gambling of every description. At the far end of the room they found a faro-bank at which no one was playing, though the dealer sat at his post awaiting customers.

'Do you understand faro?' asked Smart.

'I understand nothing at all of any game of hazard,' replied Walter.

'This is a curious game. Let me explain it to you.'

Walter was curious, and as no one was playing at the table, he drew nearer and listened.

'You observe these cards fixed in the face of the table—the thirteen ranks of the pack, from ace to king inclusive. Now let me explain. Have you a piece of silver in your pocket?'

Walter took out a half dollar, and extended it to his companion; but Smart said, 'No—just lay it upon one of those cards.'

And Walter laid it down.

At a motion from Smart, the dealer began to draw cards from his deal-box and lay them down alternately to the right and left.

'Queen wins!' said he, presently, and pushed a silver half-dollar over the board.

Walter picked up his money and put it into his pocket.

'Here,' said his companion—'you have left this.'

'What?'

'The half-dollar which you have won.'

'Don't insult me, Smart. I had no thought of trying my fortune in that manner. Give that piece of money back to the man who owns it. You may smile at my simplicity; but a half-dollar taken in that way would burn through my pocket and singe my conscience. I'll none of it.'

Gideon Smart slipped the money into his own pocket, and as the backs of the twain were turned the boy with the marvelous eyes wore a look upon his face that was seraphic.

Shortly after this, while Walter was engaged in examining an exquisite painting, Smart joined a man who had been muffled up in a cloak in another part of the hall.

'Have you seen?' asked Smart.

'I have seen thus far,' answered Thomas Aubrey, letting his cloak practically fall.

'And you will see no further,' pursued Smart. 'I am at the end of my rope.—*Harling* has proved himself a tougher customer than I thought. I can't bag him anyhow. But you saw him put money upon the faro spread-out?'

'Yes.'

'Then make the most of that. Others saw the same thing.

'I will,' said Aubrey.

And thus speaking, he turned quickly away as he saw Harling coming, and as he turned he met the gaze of those two wonderful eyes, and saw the boy's agitated face

'Out of my way!' he muttered, in his haste; and when he had reached a safe distance from *Harling*, he turned to look at the boy again; but the lad had gone.

Once more Edith Amesbury was summoned to her brother's presence. It was evening, and Thomas Aubrey was with him in the drawing-room.

'Edith,' said Charles, 'the truth can no longer be concealed. I have fairly dragged Mr. Aubrey hither that you may hear from his own lips what transpired last evening.'

'Pardon me, Miss Amesbury,' pleaded Aubrey, in most beseeching accents—'pardon and forgive. *Heaven* is my witness that I would not pain you if I could help it, What I saw I saw; and your brother commands me to speak.'

'Where did you see it?' asked Edith.

'In the Royal Bengal Saloon.'

'Why were you there?'

'I went to observe the movements of another—another whom I saw in company with one of the most noted gamesters of our city—and whose company he has kept for many days past. Need I speak the name?'

'You need not,' answered Edith.—'Another was there to see and hear as well as you. Wait until that other witness comes.'

With this she left the room. *Her* brother was amazed, while Aubrey showed by his looks that he was alarmed

By and by the door was opened, and Edith re-entered, enveloped in a waterproof cloak drawn tightly around her throat, and extending to her feet.

'Where is your witness?' now asked her brother.

'*Here!*' she said.

As she spoke she gathered up her flowing tresses and put a dark cloth cap upon her head, and then throwing off the long cloak, she stood arrayed in boy's attire!

The very boy with wondrous eyes had looked upon Thomas Aubrey in the Royal Bengal Saloon on the previous evening!

'Edith,' cried Charles, when he could command speech, 'what does this mean?'

'It means,' she replied, 'that the person whom I employed to watch the movements of our enemies was one whom I could most implicitly trust—MYSELF. I borrowed these garments from a friend, and through the influence of a man high in authority I gained a pass to the gambling hall. Let Mr. Aubrey tell you the rest.'

But Mr. Aubrey was struck dumb

'Then,' pursued Edith, 'let this man speak.' And going to the door, she led in Walter *Harling*.

It would be painful to tell how Thomas Aubry crept away from the house. But he left joy and sunshine behind him.

Edith ran away and put off her masquerade; and when she came back in her own attire, radiant and jubilant her brother had heard the whole story from Walter's lips.

'What say you to the discovery of my agent?' demanded the proud and happy girl.

'I ask your pardon both,' said Charles; 'and the only atonement I can offer is this:'

He took the hand of his sister and placed it within the grasp of Walter *Harling*, adding, when he had done so,—'God bless the deed!'

An exchange describes a sable-clad missionary as looking as if he had been vaccinated for black clothes, and had broken out all over.

A Story for Boys.

Lads, let me tell you a story. Once upon a time a youth left his home, at sixteen years of age, to learn a trade—a dirty, disagreeable trade, but one that his parents thought a good one in a pecuniary point of view. *He* went into a strange neighborhood, where his name was not known. Around his own home he was somebody's son; in his new home he was somebody else's apprentice. Around his old home the doors of respectability were opened to somebody's son; in his new home the doors of respectability were closed tightly against somebody's apprentice. This was a new order of things, and surprised him very much at first—yet, when he reflected coolly, he did not much blame respectability for its self-preservation.—There are doors that open easily to every comer. These he shunned. There are apprentices in every village who will bear shunning—he did it. The important question was, What should he do? After discussing this, amid the din and dirt, he said to himself: 'Well, if I can't go where I ought, I will not go at all.' Easy to say, hard to do; because he was just like you—he liked fun just as well as you do a spice of mischief, too. *He* must do something. In self-defence he began to read. The old system of apprenticeship in the country used to require the boys and journeymen to work until 8 o'clock in the evening in winter, and after this was done it was customary to loaf about the corners, stores and taverns until 9, 10, or 11 o'clock. Tom (the boy) went to bed. In the morning it was difficult to get boys and journeyman up to breakfast at 6:30 or 7. Tom got up at 4 o'clock, sometimes at 3, sometimes even as early as 2, in mistake—for his rule was to get up when he got awake, and from that time until the others got up he read and studied. *His* morning candle came in time to be a signal for the villagers who had occasion to start somewhere early. *He* borrowed money to buy books with, borrowed others, took a leading newspaper, and in the quiet morning hours took in food for the day's reflection. This course bere its legitimate fruit; he went to his level, or rather put himself there, and he now lives in the neighborhood of the old shop, as much respected as any one. I believe he has written two or three books, and in every respect would be considered up to the 'Mediocrity.' I leave you to imagine all the hardships, if you can, of the situation, and would ask you what you do from 4 to 6 o'clock in the morning.—These two hours, rightly used, will be worth more to you than you can possibly conceive. When you awake, get up instantly. You may bring excuses for the other twenty-four hours, but those two you waste if you sleep them. 'Mid-night oil' is a humbug. You go to bed in the evening when you are tired, and set your mind to work in the morning when you are rested. Guard your character in the beginning, and in the end of it will guard you. To tell you the fate of other apprentices who loafed the evenings and slept the mornings away, is not my intention. Try Tom's course for one year, and you will find your pay in genuine happiness. Your usefulness will increase, your self-respect will strengthen, your mind will develop in harmony with your bodily growth, and your whole being will march along the upward path rejoicing.

Home and Happiness.

There can be no doubt that the truest happiness is ever to be found at home.—No man without a home can be long and truly happy. But the domestic group can be productive of happiness only when it is assimilated by affection, and kept in union by discreet friendship. Then it tends to produce as much happiness as this world is capable of; and its sweet repose is sought for by all sensible men, and ever by the wisest and greatest. What can be compared in our intercourse of life with the attentions of our family, with their exhilarating smiles and undissembled love?—All this raises the gentlest and most pleasing emotions, and calls forth all the sentiments of uncontrolled nature. What are the raptures of ambition, the pleasures of fame, the delights of honor, in comparison with this? Utterly worthless and insipid.

Hence it is that we see senators and heroes shutting out the acclamations of an applauding world to partake the endearments of family conversation, and to enjoy the prattling of their little children in their harmless pleasures. This is one of the purest sources of mirth. It has influence, too, in amending the heart; for innocence is communicated by coming in contact with it; and the sweet simplicity of children tends to purify the heart from the pollution that it has acquired from moving in the world and mixing with men.

Into what an abyss of moral degradation should we not be sunken were it not for women and children. Well might the Great Author of evangelical philosophy have been delighted with the presence of children and found in them—that he in vain sought among those who judged themselves and their superiors goodness and virtue. Cicero, with all his liberality of mind, felt the tenderness of home attachment. At one time, he acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but in that of his wife, his little daughter, and—to use his own language—'his *honied* young Cicero.' Sir Thomas More, with his great powers of mind, devoted a great share of his time, —because he knew it to be his duty and felt it to be his delight,—to the amusements of his children. *Homer*, in his Iliad, in the parting interview between *Hector* and Andromanche, has interested the heart of the reader in his terrible hero, by showing the amiability of his Trojan chief, by depicting him, while standing completely armed for the battle field, taking off his helmet that he might not frighten his little boy with its nodding plumes. How refreshed are we by this tender scene of domestic love! And how pleased to see the arm which is shortly to deal death and destruction among a host of foes employed in caressing an infant son with the embraces of paternal love.

A Beautiful Incident.

A very amiable and accomplished young lady, whose father had formerly been attached to the Sons of Temperance, having been invited to become a visitor of a city division, was anxious to again introduce him into the order, believing the pledge would prove a safeguard, sure and steadfast, if temptation should assail him. After many ineffectual efforts and oft repeated supplications to Him who never turns a deaf ear to the humble and contrite, she gained the assent of her father, and proposed him for membership. He was accepted, and named a time when he would present himself for initiation. Oh! how the heart of that daughter throbbed as the meeting drew nigh. She feared that something might intervene to prevent the consummation of her cherished desire, and when he signified his intention to accompany her to the next meeting of the division, it was with difficulty she restrained the 'emotions that burned to burst within her.' When they arrived at the division room there was considerable business to transact, and he was delayed some time, became impatient, and he was retiring when the officer whose duty it is to present candidates induced him to return, and he was introduced. The heart of the daughter bounded with rapture as she beheld her father advance into the room.—By a wise provison of the National Division a lady visitor is privileged to unite in the ceremonies of initiation, and this part was assigned to the daughter of the candidate. *With* a buoyant heart and elastic step she advanced toward him, and placing a white collar on his shoulders, she remarked: 'Father, confinding in your integrity, I invest you with this badge, and proclaim you a Son of Temperance. *Wear* it, father, as an emblem of virtue—wear it proudly. In the name of this great botherhood I charge you defend it! By the recollection of the past, the dignity of the present, and the uncertainty of the future, I invoke you to guard it from dishonor.' Just as she repeated these last words her courage and strength forsook her—she burst into tears and sank into a seat. The effect was electrical. Every one appeared to sympathize with her, and the big tear coursed its meandering way down many a cheek unused to give such a vent in its emotions. There were few in that room who did not unite with her in that joy. Even the father, as he gazed with pride upon his noble daughter, weeping could not restrain his feelings—his lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. It was a glorious night for that daughter—the proudest of her life—as she beheld her father—the pride of her heart—for she doted on him—a son of Temperance again—and as she looked upon him clothed in the beautiful regalia of the Order, she raised her eyes toward heaven, and although her lips moved not; her countenance, serene and calm, spoke in unmistakable language her gratitude to the grand patriarch above, for this the crowning glory of her life.

It is enough to frighten timid folks, to hear that they are likely, at some future day, to travel rolling along on paper car wheels. It is the fact, nevertheless. *We* have, with our American ingenuity, left the Japanese, far in the rear. These paper car wheels are acknowledged to be safe, easy and elastic. It is claimed also, that they wear longer, injure the track less, and run with less noise than the wheels now in common use. They have already placed on several railroads, and other roads—the Connecticut River railroad for one—are about experimenting with them. *We* give the process of their manufacture, from which it will be seen that it is hardly an accurate description to call them 'paper wheels,' as though they were made entirely of that material: The wheels are manufactured by bringing a pressure of three hundred and fifty tons upon sheets of common straw paper, which forces them into a compact mass, which is then turned perfectly round and the hub forced into a hole in the centre, this requiring a pressure of twenty-five tons' weight. The tire is of steel, and has a one-quarter inch bevel upon its inner edge, thus allowing the paper filling to be forced in, two hundred and fifty tons pressure being required in the process. Two iron plates, one upon each side of the paper, are bolted together, which prevents the possibility of the fillings coming out. The tire rests upon the paper only, and partakes of its elasticity in consequence.

MUSK.—The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and, above all, of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the wall of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

A school committee in Kansas having advertised for 'a smart teacher,' a man named Mustard applied for the situation, and was accepted.

An old lady, writing to her son out in the west, warns him to beware of billious saloons and bowel alleys.

UGLY INSECTS.

[From the Mark Lane Express.]

"The sage, and the beetle at his feet, each have a ministration to peform."—*Tupper.*

Oh, term not insects "ugly!"
There never yet was one
Of God's created creatures,
Since earth from chaos sprung,
But that possessed beauty,
Or proved a purpose wise;
So think of Him who made them,
And ne'er their form despise.

Ants are endowed with instinct
So wonderfully great,
That men, with reason gifted,
Might them their models make,
In various daily matters,
Pertaining to this earth;
For industry and foresight
Are traits of sterling worth.

There's beauty in the beetle—
Look at his burnished wing;
And usefulness—he clears the ground
Of many a noisome thing.
And so he aids to till the soil:
Thus we should ne'er condemn
His form as "ugly," nor forget
The good he does for man.

The earthworm is not lovely
To look upon, I ween,
But many a serious lesson
We from a worm may glean.
Did we but rightly ponder
That sad yet true decree—
"The worm, she is thy sister,"
How humble we should be!"

Then call not insects "ugly,"
For God has made them all:
The huge, gigantic white ant,
And ladybird so small.
They all possess some virtue,
Are objects of His love,
Who says that not a sparrow falls
Unknown to God above.

Profanity.

An interesting incident is recorded in the life of Cæsar Malan, the eminent evangelical reformer of Geneva. He commenced his career as an instructor of youth, and though, from his childhood up, he had been of a singularly thoughtful nature, and was early in life the subject of converting grace, the bad habit common among his countrymen of using the Creator's name both lightly and frequently clung to his speech. Without knowing it, he used it in the school among his pupils, and, perhaps, might not have been aware of it, but the example was followed by the scholars. There the name of the great God coming thoughtlessly from their young lips struck him painfully. He was about to reprove them when conscience reproved him: 'I do this myself—how can I blame them?'

He instantly resolved on an amendment. Calling the boys around him, he told them this way of speaking was wrong; and he made an agreement that they were to watch him, and he would watch them, so as to correct what he thought to be a sinful practice

He was very guarded for two reasons, he wished to avoid the sin, and, as a school master, he wished not to give his pupils an opportunity of correcting him. At length, one day, when he was speaking with great animation to the school, he used the words, *Mon Dieu* (My God). Instantly all the scholars rose, and very respectfully remained standing. He inquired the cause, and the head boy replied by telling him of the name he had used. The good master stood still for a moment, commending his boys, and in a grave and sorrowful tone then expressed his contrition for his fault: afterward kneeling down among them—they kneeling also—he offered up a prayer that God would pardon the past, and give his grace, that in the future his name might be honored among them and his command obeyed.

Words.

Words derive their power not from their number, but from the directness and intensity with which they are delivered. Max Muller says: 'A well educated person in England, who has been at the public school and at the University, who reads his Bible, Shakspeare, the London Times, and all of Mudie's library, (i. e, nine-twentieth's of all the books published in England), seldom uses more than three thousand or four thousand words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a large stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of ten thousand. Milton's works are built up with eight thousand, and the Old Testament says all it has to say with five thousand six hundred and forty-two.'

☞ The Chinese carte de visite is a curiosity. It consists of a bright scarlet paper, with the owner's name inscribed in large letters—the bigger the more exquisite. For extra grand occasions this card is folded ten times; the name is written on the right hand lower corner, with a humiliating prefix, like 'your very stupid brother;' 'your unworthy friend who bows his head and pays his respects,' &c., &c., the words 'your stupid' taking the place of 'yours respectfully.' It is etiquette to return these cards to the visitors, it being presumable that the expense is too great for general distribution.

☞ One night, a long time ago, when an M. P., who is now a sergeant, first became enrolled on the force, he was diligently walking his beat in a drizzling rain. The sergeant came along, and the new patrolman remarked, incidentally, 'wet night.' 'Yes,' returned his superior, 'but none but green policemen get wet.' The lesson has never been forgotten.

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