# THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1872. NO. 26.



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**CHARLES HARVEY & CO.,**
**Nos. 3 and 5 Post Office Avenue,**
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STORE BILLS,
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Sept 14, 1872—1y.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

## FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
## GROCERS
AND
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**
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Part'cular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.
Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
July 22, 1871—tf.

## REMOVAL.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

## W. H. RINGGOLD,

**191 West Baltimore Street,**
*THREE DOORS ABOVE LIGHT,*
AND BUY ALL YOUR
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.
*He can sell them*
**Cheaper than any one!**
And you can
**Pay your expenses in your purchases!**

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

*Do not forget the Number!*

**W. H. RINGGOLD,**
191 W. Baltimore st., 3 doors above Light.
Baltimore, June 15, 1872.

## To the Ladies.

**MASSEY & HUDSON**

HAVING completed their new Greenhouses, will be pleased to see their Lady friends at

**RIVERBANK.**

They offer a fine collection of Plants for

**WINTER FLOWERS.**

These will make your home bright after the
**Frost King**
has destroyed the beauties out doors.
They have
CARNATIONS,
ROSES,
BOUVARDIAS,
PLUMBAGOES,
LIBONIAS,
BEGONIAS, &c..
All of which are fine for window gardening,
Come and look at them whenever you are in town.
Chestertown, Sept. 28, 1872.

## GREAT BARGAIN STORE!

A GREAT BARGAIN STORE is now open on the corner of HIGH AND CROSS streets, in the "Burchinal Building," and every effort is made to sell Great Bargains to every customer who comes with the *CASH* or *cashable Produce*. All who wish to receive the value of their money, must come to the Great Bargain Store without fail, where they will find a general assortment of

**Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,**
**NOTIONS,**
**Ready Made Clothing,**
Piece Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.
Come one! come all! and see for yourselves, and be convinced!
M. BALL,
Corner High & Cross streets,
Burchinal Building.

☞ ORDERS FOR SUITS to be cut and made, are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly attended to.
The highest cash price paid for Rags, old Iron, Grain and Produce.
Chestertown, Aug. 5, 1872.

## OILS.

LINSEED, LUBRICATING, WHALE, NEATS FOOT and LARD OIL.
C. F. STAM & BRO

**Best Italian Guitar & Violin strings.**
C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 27, 1872.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
POEMS,
NOVELS,
ROMANCES, &c., &c.
*At City Prices,* FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

COAL HODS, Shovels, Pokers, Seives, Stove Blacking, Brushes, &c., &c., for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Nov. 2, 1872.


## Selected Poetry.

### "PLEASE BURY MY LITTLE DARLING."

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

"Please bury my little darling. I am driven by poverty and an intemperate husband to do that I would not do. I shall soon be with my child." It was the old, old story, pinned on the clothing of an infant found dead yesterday, and buried in the Potter's Field.—*N. Y. Sun.*

I am weary, oh! how weary
Of the trials and the fears
That have haunted me like spectres
So many bitter years.
My eyes are seared with weeping
'Mid poverty and strife—
Please bury my little darling
For I have done with life.

In the silence of the midnight,
With my baby on my breast,
I've prayed that God might summon me
To His eternal rest.
He has taken my sweet infant,
And answered half my prayer,
Please bury my little darling,
And I will join him there.

Is it strange that I should murmur,
And long so much to flee
Far from my rum-crazed husband
And abject poverty?
I am wild with this great torture,
And my head begins to swim,
Please bury my little darling,
For I must go to him.

He cannot come to me—ah, no,
My babe has gone to rest—
His tiny hands are folded
Upon his little breast;
His soul is with the Saviour,
Who has borne it to the sky—
Please bury my little darling,
And now, cold world, good-by!

### THE HEART IS FIXED.

The heart is fixed, and fixed the eye,
And I am girded for the race;
The Lord is strong, and I rely
On His assisting grace.
Race for the swift—it must be run,
A prize laid up—it must be won.

And I have tarried longer now
(Pleased with the scenes of time)
Than fitteth those who hope to go
To heaven, that holy clime;
Who hope to win the fruit which grows
Where the immortal river flows.

The atmosphere of earth—oh! how
It hath bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervent glow,
And stayed the purpose high;
And how these feet have gone astray,
That should have walked the narrow way.

Race for the swift—I must away,
With footsteps firm and free:
Ye pleasures that invite my stay
And cares are naught to me;
For lo! it gleameth on my eye
The glory of that upper sky.

"A prize laid up"—said he who fought,
That holy fight of old,
"Laid up in heaven for me, yet not
For me alone that crown of gold,
But all who wait till thou appear,
Saviour, the diadem shall wear."

Patiently wait—so help Thou me,
O meek and holy One,
That dim although the vision be,
The race I still may run,
This eye thus lifted to the skies,
This heart thus burning for the prize.

### A Hard Case in Court.

The following amusing scene is said to have taken place in one of the courts out West:

Judge—Bring the prisoner before the court.

Pete—Here he is, and bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when it was on fire.

Judge—We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?

Pete—I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they axed him would he be fried or roasted.

Judge—We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the turpentine either. What do you follow?

Pete—Not particular; anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when she run over the nigger.

Judge—We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?

Pete—That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chickens off the table.

Judge—That comes near the line, I suppose.

Pete—Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

Judge—If I hear any more absurd comparisons I shall give you twelve months.

Pete—I am done, as the beefsteak said to the cook.

Judge—Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the docks.

Pete—No, sir, can't go round the dock without a boat, and ha'nt got one.

Judge—Answer me; how do you get your bread?

Pete—Sometimes at Small's, the baker, and sometimes I eat a tater.

Judge—No more of that stupid insolence. How do you support yourself?

Pete—Sometimes on my legs and sometimes on a chair.

Judge—I order you to answer this question correctly; how do you do?

Pete—Pretty well, I thank you, Judge; how do you do?

Here Pete was allowed to retire without further interrogatories as to his occupation or mode of living.

☞ 'Josh says marrying for beauty is a poor speculation, for any man who sees your wife has got just about as much stock in her as you have.

## SILAS GRIMGRIN'S TRAP.

"It's a plain case," Mr. Grimgrin said. Against whom would there *not* have been a plain case, Mr. Grimgrin judging?

"No doubt he is guilty; but what are the facts?" inquired Miss Thugge, in whose theory of justice striking came before hearing.

"They are very simple," Mr. Grimgrin answered: "presented an altered check at the Oxide Bank this morning—in jail for forgery this evening."

"But there may be some explanation," timidly remarked a young lady, at whose simplicity Mr. Grimgrin smiled, and Miss Thugge sniffed.

"He should have made it at once, then," said Mr. Grimgrin, "instead of standing dumb before his accusers. After explanations don't go for much in such cases."

"Poor Edith!—it will break her heart," the young lady could not help adding.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Grimgrin; "as you will find out some day, heart-breaking is only a figure of speech."

Leaving the rest of Miss Thugge's party to laugh, and the young lady to blush, at Mr. Grimgrin's sententious observation, let us go back a step.

Ernest Jasper, whose arrest for forgery was just now the subject of conversation, had hitherto borne an unblemished character. He and his brother George, out of moderate salaries, after supporting their widowed mother, managed to lay up something every year, and each was looking to a happy time—not far distant, he hoped—when certain tender engagements would no longer need to be deferred.

The course of truthful love never ran smoother than in the case of Ernest Jasper and Edith Wade. Too trusting to allow mischief to be made between them, and too generous to make it between themselves, what could disturb the even tenor of two such lives?

George Jasper was of a different temper from his brother. With a heart as true, he was more impulsive and passionate. It is such men that are easily incited to jealousy, and who act rashly under it.

When George Jasper and Mildred Heath plighted their troth, they would have staked their lives on each other's loyalty. But evil tongues came between them. Stories which should have been scorned—and were so at first—in time began to be listened to. Then came quarrels and reconciliations, time and again repeated, till at last it was insinuated to George that he had a rival in his love. He demanded an explanation in a tone so imperious, that Mildred's pride took offence, and she answered it with silence. They parted in auger, and George's visits ceased.

A few day's later, a cool note from Mildred informed him that all was over between them. In his bitterest moments he had not counted on this. It came upon him like a thunder clap. His first impulse was to fly from the scene of his misery—whither he cared not—the further the better.

A letter, received through the post-office, announced to Ernest his brother's departure.

"Leaving on you," the letter went on, "the burden of our mother's support, I enclose you my employer, Mr. Winter's check for all my savings over the necessary expenses of my journey. I cannot tell you where I am going, for I do not know. To you and our mother—the only ones to whom I have the right to offer it—I leave my fondest love. Farewell."

It was the check thus enclosed, which on being presented by Ernest, was ascertained to have been altered to a larger amount.

On being questioned, Ernest offered no explanation. Instantly it flashed upon him that he could not speak without compromising his brother, and his silence was construed as a confession of guilt. He was at once arrested and committed for trial.

Silas Grimgrin was a post-office clerk, moral beyond his years, and with a conscience tenderly alive to the sins of others. We have already seen how little lenity poor Ernest received at his hands.

Silas Grimgrin had just returned from Miss Thugge's party, and, in his bachelor apartment, was regaling himself with a cigar and divers reflections on the vanity of human wishes, when a knock announced a visitor.

"Come in," said Silas, glancing over his shoulder.

Stooping to clear the doorway, a young man entered, a fellow-clerk of Silas, at least six feet two in height, with a good-natured, but not particularly bright looking countenance.

"Good evening, Mr. Grimgrin."

"Pray, lower yourself on the sofa there, for your head must be dizzy at that height."

Mr. Bunce smiled at the joke; it was an old acquaintance.

"What do you think of Jasper's case?" he inquired, after a pause.

"There can be but one opinion," Silas answered.

"I have mine, at least," said the other.

"And what is it, pray?"

"That *he* is not guilty."

"Then who *is*?" said Silas, sharply.

"*You!*" retorted Bunce, planting himself before the door, and displaying a badge, at the sight of which Silas trembled.

"What proof have you of such an accusation?" said Silas, recovering his presence of mind with an effort.

"Ample," replied the other. "Numerous peculations in the office here, induced the authorities to place it under surveillance; and, for a month past, I have occupied the post of detective under the guise of a clerk. Two days ago, unobserved, as you thought, you abstracted a letter directed to Ernest Jasper. Next day you returned it. An examination, which I, as well as you, know how to make, proved that it contained a check—the same—for by a process of my own I was able to read its contents—to-day presented at the bank by Jasper, and now in my possession."

"But all that," argued Silas, "does not prove that I either opened the letter, or altered the check."

"As to the question of a letter's having been opened," said the detective, "an expert is not easily deceived. As to the alteration of the check, Mr. Winter, the drawer, is ready to swear that George Jasper enclosed it unaltered in his presence, and left the letter with him to mail; and *I* can swear that when it came to the hands of Ernest Jasper, the check was in its present state.

Silas Grimgrin stood mute and sullen.

"There is another charge against you," resumed the detective.

Silas started.

"To-day you opened a decoy letter containing money."

The guilty man made a movement as if to escape, but the towering form of the detective blocked his way. In an instant the snap of the handcuffs on his wrists was heard, and a brief search brought to light the identical bill taken from the decoy letter.

The poor wretch's courage failed, and he confessed all. He had stolen George Jasper's letter, not as he had others, for gain's sake, but to subserve another purpose. He too loved Mildred Heath, and had been mainly instrumental in breeding difficulties between her and her betrothed. To fix upon his rival the stigma of an infamous crime, seemed a sure way to secure the field permanently to himself. The fraternal devotion which prompted Ernest Jasper to sacrifice his own to his brother's reputation, was something a nature like Silas Grimgrin's was alike incapable of understanding or foreseeing.

The widow Jasper, Edith and Mildred were all weeping tears of joy at once over Ernest, just released from prison, when George burst in among them.

"What! you here, Ernest?" he exclaimed, "I saw your arrest announced in the papers, and hurried back at once."

A word explained all.

And then George met Mildred's eyes looking so tearfully and lovingly into his own, that, forgetting all, he was about to clasp her in his arms.

"But that letter!" he said, drawing back with sudden constraint.

"What letter?"

"The one in which you declared all was over between us."

Mildred's surprise was a sufficient answer.

"Then that was another of Silas Grimgrin's forgeries!" cried George, instinctively guessing the truth.

Two happy weddings speedily followed. And we are pleased to be able to add, that as a husband, George Jasper isn't a bit jealous.—*Ledger.*

### A Model Lawyer.

'Squire Johnson was a model lawyer, as the following anecdote will show:

Jones once rushed into the 'Squire's office in a great passion and said: 'that infernal scoundrel of a cobbler, Smith has sued me for five dollars for a pair of boots.'

'Then you owe him five dollars.'

'To be sure I do, but he's gone and sued me—sued me!'

'Then why don't you pay him, if you owe him?'

'Because he's sued me; when a man does that I'll never pay him till it costs him more than he gets. I want you to make it cost him all you can.'

'But it will cost you something too.'

I don't care for that. What do you charge to begin with?'

'Ten dollars, and more if there is much extra trouble.'

'All right! There's the X. Now go ahead.'

No sooner was his client gone than 'Squire Johnson stepped across to his neighbor Smith, and offered to pay the bill on condition that the suit should be withdrawn. The shoemaker gladly accepcepted—all he wanted was his pay. The lawyer retained the other five for his fee, and as the case was not troublesome he made no demand upon his client.

Ten days after Jones came to see how his case was getting on.

'All right," said the lawyer; you won't have any trouble about that. I put it to Smith so strongly that he was glad to withdraw the suit altogether.'

'Capital!' cried the exultant Jones, 'You have done it brown! You shall have all my business hereafter.'

### Not In.

A pompus well-dressed person entered a bank one day, and addressing the teller, who was something of a wag, inquired, 'Is the Cashier in?'

'No, Sir,' was the reply.

'Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier.'

'I suppose it will,' said the teller.

'Very well; I will wait.'

After sitting in a chair, with which the teller politely furnished him, for an hour and a half, the pen-peddler asked; 'How soon do you think the cashier will be in?'

'Well, I don't know exactly,' said the waggish teller; 'but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has gone to Lake Superior and told me he thought he should be back in that time.'

Pedler concluded not to wait.

☞ "One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the same subject," is a Jersey widow.

### Origin and Progress of the House of Rothschild.

The rise to eminence of the lowly is always interesting, and believing that a short sketch of the origin and progress of what has become the House of Rothschild—the very impersonation of that power which now-a-days governs the world—may be of interest to our readers, we give it:

Meyer Anselm Rothschild—a German jew—and the founder of the house, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, some time about the year 1740. He was a money changer and exchange broker of fair character and in easy circumstances, but not affluent. In 1792, in the first campaign of the French revolution, General Custine at the head of the republican army took Frankfort. The Senate, in order to save the town from pillage, agreed to pay a heavy ransom within a very limited period. But the money was not forthcoming. Public credit in Germany was still in its infancy, and among the wealthy capitalists not one could be induced to assist the Senate. In this emergency, Rothschild offered his services to obtain a loan for the required amount from the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, by whom he had frequently been employed in money changing transactions. The offer was accepted and the loan obtained. Thus a money-lending transaction between the Landgrave and the Rothschilds was begun.—As in the course of the war other German Princess had occasion for loans, Rothchild's agency was often offered and accepted, frequently solicited, and thus the house acquired a standing. The Landgrave was one of those German despots, who during the American revolution, had sold their troops to England, and who, by means of a similar traffic during the wars of the French revolution accumulated immense sums of money, but whose tricky politics drew upon him the hatred of Napoleon. After the battle of Jeno, Napoleon decreed the forfeiture of their States by the Sovereigns of Brunswick and of Hesse-Cassell, and a French army was put in march to enforce the decree. Too feeble to resist, the Landgrave prepared for flight. But in the vaults of his palace he had twelve million florins in silver, and to save this bulky amount of money from the French, was a matter of extreme difficulty. It could not be carried away, and the Landgrave had so little confidence in his subjects, that he could not bring himself to confide his treasurers to their keeping, especially as the French would inflict severe punishment on any one undertaking the trust. In his utmost need the Landgrave bethought hi self of Rothschild, sent for him to Cassel, intrested him to take charge of the money, and by way of compensation for the danger, the Landgrave offered him free use of the entire sum without interest. On these terms Rothschild undertook the trust, and by the assistauce of some Jewish bankers at Cassel, the money was so carefully stowed away, that when the French after a hurried march arrived in that city, they found the old Landgrave and his treasure gone. About the time this large sum of money was placed in Meyer Anselm Rothschild's hands, he had five sons of whom three—Anselm, Nathan and Solomon—had arrived at a man's estate. These he associated with himself, keeping Anselm at Frankfort, while Nathan was established first at Manchester and subsequently in London, and Solomon as traveling agent for the firm, visited various Courts and Princes of Germany who needed loans. Rothschild himself, as well as his sons, especially the second, Nathan of London, appear to have displayed prudence and industry of the highest order, so that the large sum of money at their disposal increased and multiplied with astonishing rapidity. In 1813, when by the treaty of Toblitz, England gave Russia, Austria and Prussia twelve millions sterling as subsidies, the Rothschilds, on the recommendation of the old Landgrave, were appointed agents for the payment of the money in Germany—an operation by which they profited to a very great amount. After the victory of Leipzig, in their rapid pursuits of Napoleon, the allied Sovereigns soon found themselves on the banks of the Rhine. The Emperor of Austria, with a brilliant court and staff, took up his quarters at Frankfort. But his treasury was empty and a loan became necessary. Metternich, after having in vain applied to the Bethmans and christian merchant princes of Frankfort, was at length reluctantly driven to address himself to Rothschild, and the pride of the German Cæsar stooped to solicit succor from a Jew. The graceful manner in which the loan was granted, called forth the Emperor's gratitude. Rothschild was created a Baron of the Austrian Empire; his son Nathan appointed Austrian consul-general to Great Britian, and the whole weight of Metternich's influence was put in requisition to extend and secure the financial operations of Rothschild.

The fall of Napoleon enabled the old Landgrave to return to Cassel, and he gave the Rothschilds notice that he should withdraw the money confided to them; but before the notice expired, Napoleon's return from the Isle of Elba so greatly alarmed the Landgrave, that he urged the Rothschilds to keep the money at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum. This they did until his death in 1823, when his son and successor was forced to receive it back, as the Rothschilds refused to keep it any longer. Meanwhile they spread themselves throughout the capitals of Europe. In 1823 James de Rothschild, the fourth son, opened a banking house in Paris. In 1820, Charles the youngest, established himself at Naples; and in 1821, Solomon, the third son took up this residence at Vienna, so that at the death of M. A. Rothschild, in 1831, he saw his five sons placed at the head of five immense establishments and united in a co-partnership which is universally allowed to be the most wealthy the world has ever seen. No operations he or his sons ever embarked in miscarried, and their unparalleled success was, in a great measure, owing to their foresight and enterprise. Rothschild, in London, knew the result of the battle of Waterloo eight hours before the British Government, and the result of this was no less than two hundred thousand pounds gained in one forenoon. No bad loan was ever taken in hand by the Rothschilds, and their invariable success at length gained for them so large amount of public confidence, that any financial operation on which they frowned was sure to fail. So conscious were they of their influence that after the July revolution in 1830, Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, was heard to declare—'The House of Austria desires war, but the House of Rothschild requires peace.'

As dealers in money and bills, the Rothschilds have no rivals of magnitude approaching their own, and as the extent of their operations enables them to regulate the course of exchange throughout the world, their profits are great, while their risks are comparatively small. Their agencies, apart from their large establishments, are spread throughout both the old and new world. The members of the firm are numerous, as the fourth generation have been received into co-partnership, and as the cousins intermarry, their immense wealth will remain in comparatively few hands.

### The Pleasures of Hope.

The soul however deluded it may be by its influence, should always repose in Hope. It is a sweet siren which teaches us to laugh at care, to trample upon thorns, to forget sorrow, and to banish the tear. Whenever it fixes its abode in our bosoms the sad aspects of life are blotted from the sight, and the eye catches bright glimpses of the morrow. The heart flies to it when oppressed by sorrow, and, with a smile, bids the rude tempest to cease. Its anchor is the anchor of peace. May it ever remain buried deep in the breast! Its heavenly light can make every scene of sadness pleasing by fixing the sight upon future bliss, and changing anguish to ease. It bids the thoughts of the poet to aspire, it breathes influence over his verses, and adds to the celestial fire. It makes the painter trace the genuine beauties of nature. It bids the anxious bosom of the ambitious to glow, by holding out to them prospects of climbing the steep ascent of fame, gaining a deathless immortality, and sharing the praise of the great. Its magic power can calm its griefs of absence. It sheds a soothing balm over the heart of the captive in his gloomy regions of despair. It bids the sailor upon the waste of waters to taste ideal pleasures and tread his native shores. Its beams impart joy to the wretch, who, assailed by keen remorse or feeling the dart of misfortune, bewails his hapless fate. Its voice, like that of a benign enchantress, tells him that pleasures may yet bloom for him, and that the precious tear of friendship shall soften or shall chase the gloom of misfortune. It charms the lover's eye with dear delusions, and strews upon his pathway flowers which he sadly thinks too bright to die. It soothes his pensive breast with the fairest visions, and removes poignant sadness from his aching heart, to supply its place with gay smiles and dazzling happiness. To all classes of people and in every scene of life, Hope is radiant sunshine to the soul.

Hence it is that Hope being a bright and beautiful passion, has ever been a favorite theme with poets. Campbell has written a poem upon the subject of its pleasures, in a style so chaste and classical, that he has enshrined them in the same niche with the Pleasures of Memory and the Pleasures of Imagination. In delineating the effect of the passion he has formed many pleasing groups, and combined them by natural transitions. Among the successive pictures which constitute the poem, we have a description of a soldier entering the field of battle, and of a sailor encountering many difficulties with exemplary fortitude, actuated by the influence of anticipation. Then we have a domestic scene representing the influence of Hope on parental affection; and in another part of the poem, the anticipation of the lover while musing on the future happiness which he is to enjoy in the society of 'the kind, fair friend, by Nature marked his own.'

### Men of Few Words.

Some men use words as riflemen use bullets. They say but little. The few words used to go right to the mark.—They let you talk, and guide with their hands and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they launch out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done.—Your conversation falls into their minds as a river into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness.—They will sometimes surprise you with a few words that go to the mark like a gunshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading. Such men are safe counsellors, and true friends where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretensions is too gauzy to deceive them. Words without point to them, are like titles without merit, only betraying the weakness of the blinded dupes who are ever used as promoters of other men's schemes.

☞ A down east paper gives this as a specimen of the coming obituary: "Died, in the 35th year of his age, John Smith, husband of the Hon. Jane Smith, at her residence in Franklin, at six o'clock. Mr. Smith was a meek and quiet husband, beloved for the graces of a cultivated nature. He excelled in the domestic virtues; as a cook he was surpassed by few; as a nurse he was equaled by none."

### Unaired Chambers.

I pass some houses in this village whose windows might as well be sealed in with the walls for any purpose they have but to let in light. They are never opened, summer or winter. In winter it is too cold; in summer the flies stray in, or if they are netted, the dust sifts through the nets. Now I can tell a person who inhabits such chambers when I pass him in the street—there is such a smell about his clothing. I always wish for snuff of cologne or hartshorn or burnt feathers, or something of the sort to "take the taste out." A house that is never aired has every nook and corner filled with stale odors of cooked meat, boiled vegetables, especially cabbage and onions, which, as the weeks go by, literally reek in their hiding places. Who has not wished sometimes to hang a new servant's clothing out of doors some frosty night until it should be thoroughly aired. But I have seen fine ladies come sweeping into church with their velvets and silks, when said silks and velvets gave unmistakable evidence of having been housed in just these shut up chambers. Oh, what a tale that odor of cabbage and pork tells about the style of the fine lady's housekeeping! The very garments of the children tell the same story of uncleanliness. It is bad to have unwashed clothes, but there may be an excuse for it, but what excuse can there be for unaired ones, when air is so cheap and free? There is death in such unaired rooms. Better a swarm of flies and a cloud of dust, better frost and snow in a room, than these intolerable smells.

Dear girls, the first thing in the morning, when you are ready to go down stairs, throw open your windows, take apart the clothing of your beds, and let the air blow through them as hard as it will. There is health and wealth in such policy. It helps to keep away the doctors with the long bills. It helps to make your eyes sparkle and your cheeks glow, and to make others love your presence. Girls who live in these close shut rooms can be only tolerated at the best in any circle.

### The Honey Product.

It is said that there are two millions of swarms of bees kept in the United States, and that every hive yields on an average a little over twenty-two pounds of honey. The average price at which honey is sold is twenty-five cents a pound. So that after paying for their own board, our bees present us with a revenue of over eight million eight hundred thousand dollars annually, which is an item of no small importance. Every year the interests of the apiary are increased and we may reasonably hope for a much further advance in the enterprise.

A Louisianian has invented a method of extracting bee honey from the comb by means of a centrifugal process which accomplishes its work without breaking the comb further than uncapping the cells. The comb is then replaced in sliding compartments fitted to the hive, and the bees at once commence to refill the cells, thus saving the labor of constructing twenty pounds of comb, bee bread, and wax, in order to preserve one pound of honey.—*Market Journal.*

☞ An eccentric English divine was called upon to perform the funeral service of a dead debtor. After the ceremony was performed, and the corpse was on its way to the churchyard, the sheriff made a descent on the body and attached it for debt, as by the then law of England he had power to do.

'Move on!' said the priest.

'Stop!' shouted the sheriff.

'Move on!' exclaimed the priest again

'This body is mine!' said the sheriff.

'This body is God's!' roared the priest.

'In the King's name I command you to lower the coffin!' exclaimed the sheriff.

'Bury the man!' shouted the infuriated priest, 'and if the sheriff says three words, take him too! I've read the funeral service, and somebody must be buried!'

A TALK WITH A HINGLISHMAN.—I talked with a minion from her Majesty's dominions.

Says I, 'Where are you going?'

Says he, 'To hide a hoe.'

Says I, 'What are you going to hide a hoe for?'

Says he, 'I didn't say hide a hoe, I said hide a hoe.'

Says I, 'Spell it.'

Says he, 'I-d-a-h-o..'

'Oh!' says I, 'Idaho.'

'Yes,' says he, 'Hide a hoe.'

☞ In Japan the marriage ceremony is very simple. A man and a woman drink wine from the same cup, and the thing is done. Divorce is not a much more elaborate affair. The husband who is dissatisfied with his wife gives her a piece of paper on which a few characters are traced. Being translated, they are about as follows: 'I no likee you. I thinkee you likee other man more better. I give you a piece a paper. You can go. Goodeeby.'

☞ At a party the other evening where questions were asked and facetions if not felicitous answers were expected, a coal dealer asked what legal authority was the favorite with his trade. One answered, 'Coke.' 'Right,' said the coal dealer.—Another suggested 'Blackstone.' 'Good, too,' said the questioner. Then a little hard-faced man in the corner piped out, 'Lyttleton,' whereupon the coal dealer sat down without saying anything.

☞ Henry Clay, after he lost the Presidency by an injudicious letter, said that it was better to ride fifty miles to see a man than to write him a word.

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