THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1872. NO. 30.

PRINTING.

CHARLES HARVEY & CO.,
Nos. 3 and 5 Post Office Avenue,
BALTIMORE, MD.

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

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
GROCERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Part cular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.
Orders from th 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 3. 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.

READY MADE CLOTHING, a good assortment; fine and coarse.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

Selected Poetry.

THE ATHEIST.*

The fool hath said "THERE IS NO GOD!"
No God!—Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run?
Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hang's forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets one by one,
Steal o'er the night vales, dark and damp?

No God?—Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower?
Who warms the spring morn's budding bough
And plants the summer's noontide flower?
Who spreads in the autumnal bower
The fruit tree's mellow stores around?
And sends the winter's icy power,
To invigorate the exhausted ground?

No God!—Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight like arrow through the sky?
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly?
Who formed Behemoth, huge and high,
That at a draught the river drains:
And great Leviathan to lie,
Like coating isle on ocean plains?

No God!—Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet?
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet,
Beyond the scenes of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of the after life?

No God!—Who fixed the solid ground
Of pillars strong that alter not?
Who spread the curtained skies around?
Who dost the ocean bounds allot?
Who all things to perfection brought
On earth below, in heaven above?
Go ask the fool of impious thought,
Who dares to say—"THERE IS NO GOD!"

*The author of this impressive and beautiful poem was William Knox, who was born in humble life, in Roxburgshire, in 1789, and died in Edinburgh, in 1825, at the age of 36 years. He was the author of two valuable works entitled "Songs of Israel," and "Harp of Zion." See Griswold's "Sacred Poets of England and America."

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over much,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss, more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And never would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

A CURIOSITY.—Our own townsman, Dr. Fulton showed us, on Thursday last, two apples, which are certainly a curiosity in the fruit line. The fruit was mature and perfect in form, but combined the singular phenomenon of two colors and two tastes in the same apple; and these were as dissimilar as if they had grown on different trees. The upper part of the apple is very smooth, and of a bright red color, while the lower is a plain and well marked russet; and while the red and smooth part is sweet, the russety portion is acid In one the red part forms only a circle about a quarter of an inch wide, around the calyx, while in the other the whole top of the apple is of this variety, and on one side it extends down nearly to the core. It is noticeable that in both apples the russety part forms the lower, and the red part the upper part of the fruit. We learn from Mr. Fulton that the apples were produced from a tree grafted with both these varieties, and it is supposed the fruit was hybridized in the blossom.—*Delawarean.*

'WIFE,' said a married man, looking for his boot-jack after she was in bed, 'I have a place for all things and you ought to know it.' 'Yes,' says she, 'I ought to know where you keep your late hours.'

A PERSON pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper. 'Ah, master,' said the artisan, 'it's a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used.'

If a man wants to sleep hard, he must take a soft bed.

ASSUAGING SORROW.

HOW THE OBITUARY POET CHEERED AFFLICTED FAMILIES.

J. Alfred Brimmer, Esq., editor and proprietor of 'The Morning Glory,' having observed the disposition of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might perhaps be a good thing to introduce into his paper a department of obituary poetry. He considered whether if, when an individual inserted fifty cents worth of death notice, the establishment should contribute gratuitously half a dollar's worth of mortality stanzas, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that particular form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer rightly estimated that, as most newspaper readers seem to take a deeper interest in such sepulchral news than in information of any other kind, the journal containing the largest supply would have the greatest number of subscribers.

So Mr. Brimmer determined that he would, as an experiment, at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose to give him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Remington Ott, a constructor of verses, who had frequently contributed to the columns of the "Morning Glory" poems of what would have been considered by a fastidious student of English literature an appalling character

Mr. Brimmer soon effected an arrangement with his bard, by which it was agreed that Mr Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death notice arrived he should immediately endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situation.

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Brimmer, "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself you may say, into the situation, and give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living.

"To lighten the gloom, in a certain sense, I suppose," said Mr. Ott.

"Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed, but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Ott, is as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I would advise you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from the contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to——"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiments with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, for instance, over the common-place details of every day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute description. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office; others you may readily supply from your imagination."

"I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, "in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the poetry."

"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles burst through the tempest of tears; and if we don't make the 'Morning Glory' hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer.

He was right. It did hum.

The next day Remington Ott went on duty, and Brimmer ran down to the sea shore for a breath of fresh air. All through the day death-notices came pouring in, and, when one would reach Ott, he would seize it and study it up to ascertain particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, look himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and back away half an hour at a piece of paper till he considered that he had that poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When his day's work was done Ott went home with the conviction that the 'Morning Glory' had finally robbed death of its terrors, and made life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verses the memories of their departed ones. As he came near the establishment he observed a crowd of five or six thousand people in front of it struggling to get into the door Climbing a tree he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed, and jammed, and yelled, in frantic efforts to obtain copies—the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curbstone in front of him there was a line stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading the 'Morning Glory' with an earnestness that Mr. Ott had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet The bard concluded that either his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum loud voices were heard within. Mr. Ott determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair and, placing it by the side door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat J. Alfred Brimmer holding the 'Morning Glory' in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three other persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Ott heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir—William McGlue! I am brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning and perceived an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, what you mean by the following infamous language:

"The death angel smote Alexander McGlue,
And gave him a protracted repose;
He wore a check shirt and a Number Nine shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space,
Over there on the ever green shore:
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place,
Precisely at quarter past four.

This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart upon his nose, neither a pink wart, nor a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slander. It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say what you mean by such conduct?"

"Really, sir," said Brimmer, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of an incendiary miscreant, whom I trusted as a brother. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful, sir—awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this; he shall indeed!"

"How could I know," muttered Ott, out there by himself, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man named McGlue, and he had one, and I thought all the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say that it was not with your authority that your low commedian inserted with my advertisement the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

"Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deathly sick;
And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in his hand,
And bid good bye to earth and went into a better land.

Oh, no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun;
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail, and make her yawl for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around, since little Willie died."

"The utterly atrocious character of this balderdash will appear when I say that William was twenty years old; that he never had a purple monkey on a stick; that he never sucked such a thing; that he never fooled with cats, and that he died of liver complaint."

"Infamous!—utterly infamous!" groaned the editor, as he cast his eyes over the lines. "And the wretch who did this still lives! It is too much!"

"And yet," whispered Ott to himself, "he told me to lighten the gloom, and to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of my art; and I certainly thought the idea about the monkey would have that effect, somehow. It is ungrateful."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman entered, crying.

"Are you the editor?" she inquired of Brimmer.

"W w-well,' she said, in a voice broken by sobs, "why, what d'you mean by publishing this kind of poetry ab-bout Johnny? M my name is Sm-mith, and wh-when I looked this m-morning for the notice of Johnny's d-death in y-your paper, I saw this awful, wicked v-verse:

"Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith—
They blistered and they bled him;
With squills and anti-bilious pills
And ipecac they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel,
And tried to move his liver;
But all in vain—his little soul
Was wafted o'er the river."

"It's false, it's false! that's what it is. Johnny only had one doctor. And the[illegible] didn't try to m-move his liver, and th[illegible] didn't bl-bleed him and bl-blister [illegible] It's a wicked falsehood and you're a [illegible] hearted brute f-f-for printing it!"

"Madam, I shall go crazy if you c[illegible] tinue," exclaimed Brimmer. "This is [illegible] my work. It is the work of a serpe[illegible] whom I warmed in my bosom, and who[illegible] I will slay with my own hand as soon a[illegible] he comes in Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!"

"Strange—strange!" mused Ott, "and this man told me to combine elevating sentiment with practical information. If the information concerning the squills and ipecac is not practical, I have misunderstood the use of that word. And if young Smith didn't have four doctors it was an outrage. He ought to have had them, and they ought to have excited his liver. Thus it is, thought Ott, "that human life is sacrificed to carelessness."

At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had a copy of the 'Morning Glory' in his hand. He approached the editor, and, pointing to a death-notice, said:

"Read that horrible mockery of my woe, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

The editor read as follows:

"We have lost our little Hannah in a very painful manner,
And we often asked, "How can her harsh sufferings be borne?"
When her death was first reported her aunt got up and snorted,
With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn.

She was such a little scraph, that her father who is sheriff,
Really doesn't seem to care if he never smiles in life again.
She has gone, we hope, to heaven, at the early age of seven,
(Funeral starts off at eleven,) where she'll never more have pain."

'As a consequence of this infamy I withdraw all the county advertising from your paper. A man who could trifle in this manner with the feelings of a parent is a savage and a scoundrel!"

As the sheriff went out, Brimmer placed his head upon the upon the table and groaned.

'Really,' Mr. Ott reflected, 'that person must be deranged. I tried in his case, to put myself in his place, and to write as if I was one of the family, according to instructions. The verses are beautiful. That allusion to the grief of her aunt particularly, seemed to me to be very happy. It expresses violent emotion with a felicitous combination of sweetness and force. These people have no soul, no appreciation of this beautiful art.'

While the poet mused, hurried steps were heard upon the sairs, and in a moment a middle-aged man dashed in abruptly, and, seizing Brimmer's scattered hair, bumped his prostrate head against the table three or four times with considerable force. Aaving expended the violence of his emotion in this manner, he held the editor's head down with one hand, shaking it occasionally by way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized the paper and said:

'You disgraceful old reprobate! You unsympathetic and disgusting vampire! You hoary-headed old ghoul! What d'you mean by putting such stuff as this in your vile sheet about my deceased son? What d'you mean by printing such awful doggeral as this, you depraved and dissolute ink-slinger—you embecile old quill-driver, you!

'Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz, and the woodpeckers sing,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;
So that in winter, when the snow and the slush,
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemas can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.

'I'll teach you to talk about straddle-bugs! I'll instruct you about slush! I'll enlighten your insane old intellect on the subject of singing wood peckers! What do you know about Jane and Artemas, you wretched buccaneer, you despicable butcher of the English language! Go out with a sled! I'll carry you out in a hearse, before I'm done with you, you deplorable lunatic!"

At the end of every phrase, the visitor gave the editor's head a fresh knock against the table. When the exercise was ended, Mr. Brimmer explained and apologized in the humblest manner, promising at the same time to give his assailant a chance to pummel Ott.

'The treachery of the man,' murmured the poet, 'is dreadful. Didn't he desire me to throw a glamour of poetry over commonplace details? But for that I should never have thought of alluding to woodpecker and bugs and other children of nature. The man objects to the remark about the sled. Can't the idiot know that it was necessary to have a rhyme for bed? Can he suppose that I could write poetry without rhymes? The man is a lunatic! He ought not to be at large!'

Hardly had the indignant and energetic parent of Bartholomew departed when a man with red hair, and a ferocious glare in his eyes, entered, carrying a club and accompanied by a savage looking dog.

'I want to see the editor,' he shouted.

A ghastly pallor o'erspread Brimmer's face and he said:

'The editor is not in.'

'Not for a week—a month—a year—forever! He will never come in any more! screamed Brimmer. 'He has gone to South America, with the intention of remaining there during the balance of his life. He has departed—he has fled. If you want to see him you had better follow him to the equater. He will be glad to

[illegible]

[illegible] Pay attention[illegible]

'Mrs. McFa[illegible] gone from this life;
She has left all its sorrows and cares;
She caught the rheumatism in both of her legs
While scrubbing the cellar stairs.
They put mustard plasters upon her in vain,
They bathed her with whiskey and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed and left
Her body entirely numb."

'The slave who held the late Mrs. McFadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner,' said the editor, 'is named Remington Ott. He boards in Bank street, fourth door from the corner. I would advise you to call on him, and avenge Mrs. McFadden's wrongs with a judicious intermixture of club and dog bites.'

'And this,' sighed the poet outside the door, 'is the man who told me to divert McFadden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was the monster who counseled me to make the sunshine of McFadden's smiles burst through the tempest of McFadden's tears. If that sore-headed monster couldn't smile over that allusion to whiskey and rum; if those remarks about the rheumatism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb, was it my fault? McFadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a speckled mule knows about the Shorter Catechism.'

The poet determined to leave before any further criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase. Arriving at the landing, he suddenly encountered Brimmer, who was moving off in the same direction The editor had hardly time enough to utter a profane ejaculation and to lift his hand to strike the poet, when an old lady in a poke-bonnet and silver spectacles suddenly emerged from the stairway and pinned the editor to the wall with the ferule of her umbrella. After grinding her teeth at him for a moment, she floored him with her weapon, and seating herself upon his prostrate form, she extracted a copy of the 'Morning Glory' from her bag, and, pointing to a certain stanza in the obituary column, asked Ott to read it aloud. He did so. It ran in this fashion:

"Little Alexander's dead;
Jam him a coffin;
Don't have as good a chance
For a fun'ral often.
Rush his body right around
To the cemetery;
Drop him in the sculpture
With his Uncle Jerry.'

At the end of every line the indignant conquerer punched the fallen Brimmer's ribs with her umbrella, and exclaimed:

'Oh you willin! D you hear that, you wretch! What d you mean by writin of my grandson in that way? Take that, you serpint! O, you—you willinous wiper you tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand lus lies as them! There, you willin! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbreller, you wicked willin, you owdacious wiper you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' wagabone! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never had no uncle in no sepulchre anyhow, you wile wretch you.'

While she pounded the editor the poet grouped his way down stairs and emerged from the front door. When Brimmer's employees dragged away Alexander's grand-parent, and carried her struggling and screaming down the street, the editor sent for a carriage and was taken home to bed, from whence he arose a week later, with an earnest determination never to permit another line of obituary poetry to enter the columns of the 'Morning Glory'—Max Adeler, in the New York 'Despatch.'

The German Gambling Houses.

A law of the German Empire requires that the gambling-houses, concerning which so much has been written, shall be closed at the end of this year. Pertinently to the foreshadowing of this event, a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* gives the following account of the history of these famous establishments:

They were all established either when the public sentiment of the world tolerated games of chance for money as amusement or for money-getting, or when that sentiment was just beginning to be aroused against it They were scattered throughout the Rhine country, Wiesbaden and Ems being in the grand duchy of Nassau, Nauheim in Hesse-Cassel, Baden-Baden in the grand duchy of Baden, Hombourg in Hesse-Hombourg, and Aix-la-Chapelle in Rhenish Prussia. Some of these gaming-places were established in the last century, but others are much more recent. Hombourg, for instance, closes after a term of just thirty years. In 1842, two brothers named Blanc, who had found it convenient to leave France, having or stock in trade a roulette wheel a few thousand francs, and an old croupier of Frascati, visited Frankfort and tried to get permission to open a gambling-house.—Failing there, in the smallest State of Germany, they went to Hombourg, the next smallest, and bought over the prime minister to their purposes. An arrangement was made by which the brothers Blanc were to pay a certain sum into the [illegible] of the landgrafate, to expend a [illegible]mount in beautifying the town and [illegible]d a Kursaal at a cost which was [illegible] upon. A company was formed, [illegible]ntire capital of which was subscribed [illegible]ebrew capitalists, while the brothers [illegible]e were to have half the profit. From [illegible]time to the present the bank has enjoyed almost uninterrupted prosperity—[illegible]e Cursaal of Hombourg became almost [illegible]e most popular in Germany, and fabulous dividends were made by the company. But the war of 1871, which broke up the old German Empire and established the North German Confederation, gave Prussia the opportunity to absorb the lesser States of the Rhine.

'With the change came the long-looked-for opportunity to close up the whole collection of gambling-houses. Early in 1868 an attempt was made to induce the proprietors of the houses at Ems, Hombourg and Wiesbaden to cancel their contracts, and on their refusal a bill was passed by the Prussian legislature fixing 1872 as the end of them all. Baden was brought into the German Empire by the war of 1870-71, and its great establishment shares the same fate. When it became obvious that the gamblers could no longer make the Rhine provinces their headquarters, they looked about for another location. The necessities of France and the leniency exhibited toward many popular sins suggested Paris as the new headquarters; but in spite of the support given to the proposition by some of the Paris newspapers of which better things might have been hoped, the request was denied, and France refused to withdraw the prohibition that had been placed on all such enterprises since the beginning of 1838."

Who never turns to the left? A wheelwright.

Saliva.

The action of the saliva in turning the starch of the potato into sugar is tolerably well known to students of popular science; but few among the ordinary reading public are aware that this saliva consists of a variety of fluids, some of which prepare or predispose the food to change, while others merely serve mechanical objects. Of these the saliva secreted by the parlotid glands contains a peculiar ferment named ptyaline, and this principle is the only agent in saliva which has the power of transforming starch into sugar. The diastaste o malt has a similar action, and a knowledge of this fact led Baron Liebig to employ diastase in the preparation of a food for infants "brought up by hand," which food supplies efficiently the want of ptyaline and alkaline fluids in the digestive juices. But little is known of the character of saliva in disease; that it is very materially affected cannot be doubted, and further research will probably throw more light on the subject. It is known that the administration of mercury causes a change in its constituents; several medicinal salts, such as iodide of potassium, pass very readily into the saliva from the blood, and, as is well known, the saliva is the bearer of the poison of hydrophobia. From these facts we derive in ormation of a nature probably unthought of by many; for if ptyaline be the only substance in the human economy which can turn starch into sugar—for the gastric juice cannot, and the pancreatic fluid has only a trifling influence in this direction—we see at once how necessary and important it is to thoroughly masticate all food containing starch, not only in order to obtain the full nutritive value of what we eat, but also to prevent overloading the stomach with a mass of food, much of which is probably indigestible

It is doubtless from the waste of the saliva among tobacco chewers and smokers that so much dyspepsia or indigestion and loss of appetite prevails. The stomach as well as the whole system is robbed by the use of the filthy weed and the sickening practice of chewing and smoking it, of a natural chemical agent whose action is necessary to the health if not the life of every one. To this, combined with the deleterious action of tobacco on the nervous system, consumers of the weed may trace the complaints peculiar to themselves and their progeny—headache, neuralgia, nervous prostration, heart disease, general debility, liability to take cold easily, and consequently asthma, bronchitis and consumption. The constant waste of the saliva calls for the continued use of alcoholic stimulants to rouse the lagging pulse and quiet the quivering nerve, and hence follows drunkenness. Young men and boys if you would be spared leading a drunkard's life do not arouse an appetite for drink by using tobacco.

The Coming Horse.

Many naturalists think that Africa was the original country of the horse, and there is very little doubt that it was in Northern Africa the horse was first brought under the subjection of man. In Africa also the quagga is found, and there, in like manner it has been domesticated.—The quagga has the form, light figure, and small head and ears of the horse. It is swift and strong, docile, and obedient, and easily domesticated. It is capable of every variety of service performed by the horse, and naturalists say that by a little care on the part of man it might be rendered an exceedingly valuable beast of burden. It is about four feet high at the shoulders and neck; has slender legs and an assinine tail. It is an exceedingly beautiful animal. Its neck and fore parts are a dark brown, elegantly stripped with broad black bands; it has a dark line on the back; its hider parts are light brown, and it has white legs. Buffon believed that the quagga was originally a hybrid between the horse and zebra; but, if this be so, its hybridity has not interfered with its permanent powers of propagation. It has an advantage over the horse, in that its flesh is savory, though of rather coarse fibre, which makes it all the more attractive to the natives. The horse has been eaten, and, at the present day, is used for food to some extent in Paris; but horse meat is too rank for the palate, and the attempts of French *savans* to introduce it among the higher classes have not been successful. There would be no such difficulty in regard to the quagga. Quaggas are found wild in large herds on the plains of Southern Africa, and though swift and alert, they are not hard to catch. They could be brought to this century by the thousand in the course of a year or two. Some years ago, an Englishman took a number of Quaggas to London and the people were delighted at seeing in the streets a team of quaggas harnessed to a curricle.

BAD HABITS.—Don't spit on the floor don't spit at all, if you can help it. Don't drum with your fingers or feet; don't sit with your feet higher than your head; don't go with dirty nails; don't trim or clean your nails in company; don't clean your nose, ears or teeth in the presence of others; don't eat with your knife; don't blow your nose at the table; don't make sipping tea or eating soup a vocal exercise; don't eat fast; don't drop orange peel or skin on the side walk; don't interrupt others in conversation; don't use profane language; don't whisper in church or at concerts; don't pull out your watch in church; don't sleep in church—unless the minister is asleep; don't run in debt, but if you do, don't forget to pay; don't borrow your neighbor's newspaper.

ONE tells of a scarecrow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.

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