THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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PRINTING.

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WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

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Particular 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. 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.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose, at last, and thank the Lord, I'm goin' home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since the first day I come down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out doors,
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well, when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out,
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offence;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence,
But then, she's first one to give up, when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap, you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God could pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us,
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles when I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a haven above the earth, there often I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em, all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-day.

W. M. CARLETON.

American Court Incidents.

On a certain occasion, the counsel took some exception to the ruling of the court on a certain point, and a dispute arose:

'If the court please,' said the counsel, 'I wish to refer to this book a moment,' at the same time picking up a law book.

'There's no use o' you referring to any books!' exclaimed the court, angrily. 'I have decided the p'int!'

'But, your honor' persisted the attorney.

'Now, I don't want to hear anything further on the subject!' yelled the court. 'I tell you again, I have decided the p'int!'

'I tell you you are wrong!' retorted the counsel.

'I am right!' reiterated the court.—'Darn a nigger if I ain't!'

'I say you ain't!' persisted the counsel.

'Crier!' yelled the judge, 'I adjourn this court for ten minutes!'

And, jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and, after a very lively little fight, placed him *hors de combat*, after which business was resumed.

But it was not long before another misunderstanding arose.

'Crier,' said the court, 'we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes!'

And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said:

'Never mind, judge—keep your seat. The p'int is yielded. My thumb's out o' j'int, and I've sprained my shoulder.'
—*American Paper.*

A MEAN SWINDLE.—A woman left her shawl and hat on the bank of a river to make her husband believe she was drowned. The poor man took it as resignedly as he could, but when she returned safe and well, it nearly drove him insane. That was the meanest kind of a swindle, and she should be made to make good her pretensions, or be punished for swindling with intent to cheat.

"Whatever God made is perfect," said a western preacher.

"What do you think of me?" said a hunchback, rising and exhibiting his own deformity.

"Why, you are as perfect a hunchback as ever I saw!" replied the preacher; "you are perfect"

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

A Lively and Amusing Leap Year Story.

It was an actual shame for any good looking young man to be as bashful as Charley Warden was. What was the use of being six feet high, with black, wavy hair, and complexion as delicate as a girl's if he must be struck dumb every time he ran foul of a French bonnet with a pretty face inside of it? Not that the will was lacking—Charley would have given all he was worth—and a snug little fortune it was too, to be able to chatter to the girls, like young Thompkins, who was red haired and lived on his wits. For instance when Miss Laura Tylner softly insinuated, with a glance through her dark eye-lashes, "that she was sure Mr. Warden never would be married, unless some lady reversed the natural order of things, and proposed to him," he hadn't even the presence of mind to tell that this was Leap Year, and he was quite disengaged, but sat blushing and staring at the carpet, thinking what to say, until some young miscreant or other carried the cherry-cheeked Laura off to polka. And that's the way he generally managed affairs—always thought of plenty of smart things he might have said, when the time for saying them was past.

All these matters was Charley ruminating over as he stood on the marble-paved hall of his residence, drawing on a pair of Jouvin's gloves, so as to promenade Broadway in the height of the fashion, when there came a resonant and peremptory ring at the door bell, a ring which sounded as though somebody had got hold of the door-bell knob and meant to jerk away steadily until the door was opened. Charley obeyed the summons with his gloves half on; he didn't know what might be the consequences of longer delay.

There stood a lady, angular and vixenish looking, with a sharp nose, and thin, screwed-up mouth. She held a band-box under her arm, and had a settlement of baskets, carpet-bags and brown paper parcels ranged on the door-step before her. Charley eyed her in silent consternation, actually not knowing what to say. The sharp-nosed damsel, however, was suffering under no such embarrassment, for she immediately demanded, in a shrill voice,

'Do the Warden folks live here?'

'Yes ma'am,' said Charley, resignedly.

'Then I guess I'll come in,' said the lady, shouldering her parcels and pushing past our hero with an independent manner which there was no gainsaying. Mr. Warden felt that it was useless to stem the current of events, so he opened the drawing-room door and invited her in, as courteously as possible under the circumstances.

'Pray take a seat, ma'am."

'Well.' said the invader, 'I guess I may as well; the sooner our business is got over the better. How many of you are there in the family?'

'She can't be the census taker!' inwardly ejaculated Charley, as he made answer, 'my mother and myself; but really I don't see—'

'Be you a bachelor?'

'Yes,' said the youth, turning very red; but—'

'Well,' said the lady, 'I come from Westchester county. My name is Matilda Ann Higgins.'

'No doubt,' said Charley, politely, 'but I really don't see in what all this concerns me!'

'Just wait and see: I heered you wan't married, hadn't nobody to oversee things for you, and your mother was delicate, so I thought I'd come down and see how I'd suit.

A horrible suspicion began to draw on Mr. Warden's mind—he burst into a cold perspiration.

'Can it be possible,' he thought, 'that this is one of the horrid harpies that Tompkins talks of, on leap year, to entrap unsuspecting husbands!'

'I'm real handy, I can tell you,' went on the vinegar-countenanced damsel, pulling off her cotton gloves. 'I can do most anything that was ever heard of—I'm first rate at the care of gentlemen's linen, and I can make capital coffee!'

'Wretch;' thought our hero, whose words were yet vainly struggling for utterance, 'does she think that a man's happiness depends only on this miserable materialism?'

Meanwhile Miss Higgins was chattering on.

* * * * * * *

Charles Warden was too indignant to speak—the false curls seemed to grow more red and foxy every instant, and the greenish gray eyes more cannibal-like. Did she intend to pounce upon him and carry him off by force? Was he to be frightened into marrying her in spite of himself? This was the year of woman's rights, was it? Well, he was lucky it didn't come but once in four years.

'Well, what do you say, Mister? You'd better take me. I shan't be in market long.'

Charley tried to gasp out 'Never!' but only succeeded in uttering a smothered groan. He was fast becoming powerless under the magnetic glare of those optics.

'But mebbe you don't feel capable to decide yourself, all on a sudden,' said the fair Matilda Ann, after a moment's considerate pause. 'Where's your marm? I'll talk it over with her—only up where I come from the men folks always like to be consulted, at least fust.'

'Consulted? I should think that they would!' cried the indignant young gentleman. 'Allow me to say, madam, that my mother has nothing whatever to say on the subject. Am I to be sold? bargained for, like a farm, or a load of wood?'

'Wood?' responded the puzzled lady, to whom Mr. Warden's speech, stifled as it was by wrath, was not perfectly audible, 'oh, I don't object to coal fires at all?'

'I decline to entertain any more of your [illegible] brief[illegible] on m[illegible] manl[illegible] leave[illegible] 'F[illegible] tossi[illegible] quiv[illegible] use t[illegible] to a[illegible] Face[illegible] 'I[illegible] begi[illegible] get t[illegible] did [illegible] pull[illegible] one[illegible] He[illegible] a d[illegible] fair[illegible] givi[illegible] tuck[illegible] boxe[illegible] go b[illegible] And[illegible] you'l[illegible] sent[illegible] Saw[illegible] 'I[illegible] feren[illegible] bowi[illegible] door,[illegible] possi[illegible] laugh[illegible] for h[illegible] could[illegible] too![illegible] old![illegible] He[illegible] satin[illegible] peare[illegible] As[illegible] ball,[illegible] blue cashmere morning wrapper, a delicate little lady who drank chocolate, read novels, and was fondly devoted to her son.

'Charley, who was that I heard you talking to?'

'A Miss Matilda Ann Higgins, mamma, so she gave her name, from somewhere up in Westchester.'

'Higgins? Then your aunt Sawyer sent her.'

Charley was astonished. Was his mother then, too, in the diabalical plot against his peace?

'Mother, in the name of common sense who is she?'

'The most capable of head servants—the best of housekeepers. O, she will be such a relief to me!'

'Housekeepers!' ejaculated Charley, with a stare of mute dismay, his cheeks beginning to burn scarlet.

'Why, to be sure—only ten dollars a month. Where is she, pray?'

'She—she concluded she wouldn't stay, stuttered our unfortunate hero, beginning to see what an absurd donkey he had been making of himself, and all through on a little bit of misapprehension. Gracious! if Tomphins should get hold of the story.

'Oh, I am so sorry! Such an excellent recommendation as your aunt gave her!' exclaimed Mrs. Warden, regretfully.

'Never mind, mother,' quoth Charley, seizing his hat. 'I'll go down to the intelligence office and send you as many as you like. Only, mamma dear, please don't mention this to anybody, will you?'

He kept his word. Seven daughters of Erin, in solid phalanx, came up within half an hour to be catechized for the vacant situation and nobody ever knew the whole truth about Matilda Ann Higgins until Charley himself told it about three months afterwards to his young wife, formerly Miss Laura Tylner.

Daniel Webster.

Mr. Webster was full of fun and humor at times, and when in company with a few intimate friends he unbent, and exhibited his wonderful versatility of talent, to the delight of all the listeners. He had marvelous narrative powers, was a capital mimic, and imitated a broken dialect to perfection. He was not an unamiable man, and never said a malicious thing in all his life; but when perturbed or uncomfortable, either from indisposition or the effect of exuberant conviviality, he was as unapproachable as a porcupine, and often indulged in peevish exclamations and satirical remarks. I once heard him describe a visit that he made to the elder Adams, at Quincy, a few months before his death. The venerable sage, than ninety years of age, received him with cordiality, thanking him for his civility in coming to see him. He was lying in bed, supported by pillows, a heavy, plethoric man, inclining to dropsy, and drawing his breath with much difficulty. He seemed to pump up his words, Mr. Webster said, from a great depth, and spoke in short sentences.—'How are you, Mr. Adams?' inquired his visitor. 'Feeble and nearly worn out,' was the reply. 'The old tenement is in a state of dilapidation, and from what I can judge of the intentions of the landlord, he is not likely to lay anything more out in repairs.—*Harpers Magazine.*

'How do you like the clam soup?' asked an old lady of her daughter, as they stepped into the street, after a popular concert.

'Clam soup?' exclaimed the young lady, in astonishment. 'Why, what do you refer to, mother?'

'Why the first one she sung.'

'O, you mean 'Shells of the Ocean,' don't you, mother?'

'Well, yes,' said the old lady, 'I do think that was it; it was something about clams, any way, and you know I like them so well.'

☞ A lady placed the following letters in the bottom of her flour barrel and asked her husband to read them—QICURMT.

[illegible] TRIUMPH OVER TEMPER.

[illegible]TLE HISTORY OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

[illegible] Ayscough one day, according to the [illegible]f his office, as assistant librarian in [illegible]ritish Museum, London, attended [illegible]h that grand magazine of curiosi- [illegible]party of ladies and a gentleman, all [illegible]m, except one lady, were disposed [illegible]highly pleased with what they saw; [illegible]ally would have been so, if this ca- [illegible]s fair one had not continually [illegible]d their gratification with such ex- [illegible]ions as these: "Oh, trumpery! [illegible]along! I see nothing worth look- [illegible]"

[illegible]e lady being the handsomest of the [illegible] Mr. Ayscough, (who, though an [illegible]chelor, was a great admirer of beau- [illegible]t first fixed upon her as his temporary [illegible]vorite, but soon had reason to transfer [illegible]s particular attentions to another, [illegible]ndsome, but more amiable. On her [illegible]uing a similar strain of exclama- [illegible]uttered with corresponding looks and [illegible]nor, he said: "My sweet young [illegible]what pains you kindly take to pre- [illegible]hat fine face of yours from killing [illegible]e beaux in London!" and then di- [illegible] his conversation, explanatory of the [illegible]nt objects before them, to the rest of [illegible]rty.

[illegible] much influence, however, had she [illegible]er companions, that beaten as the [illegible] was to the doctor, she caused him [illegible]ish it considerably sooner than was [illegible]r pleasant to his mind, or convenient [illegible]e state or ponderosity of his body. [illegible]e in the last room, just before he [illegible] his parting bow, addressing himself [illegible]r, with that suavity of manner which [illegible]o peculiar to him, he smilingly said: [illegible]hy, what a cross little puss you are! [illegible]ing pleases you. Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you turn up your nose at the whole of them Do you think, with these airs, that that pretty face will ever get you a husband Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending the ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor; for I see so many charming, good-tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company. But I can't fall in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you I shall pity the man that does; for I'm sure you'll plague him out of his life."

During this singular valedictory speech, (delivered with such plesantry that even she reproved could not take offence at it,) the gentleman who was of the party looked now at the speaker and then at the lady, with considerable emotion, but said nothing; while she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine pair of dark eyes, and some transient flashes into her cheeks; and then, with her friends (who affably wished their candid *cicerone* a good morning,) withdrew.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the doctor was particularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived, according to his wonted custom, soon to get near her. Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions; and most willingly, "he taught his lovely fair one all he knew;" while, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed by unobserved. In short, as Bishop Rundle says, she "being disposed to be pleased with everything, everything conspired to please her." Nor was less pleased, her worthy and benevolent guide; who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature, was contemplating not only the charms of her person, but also those of her mind. At length, "the wonders ended," he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile, (looking at him rather askew in the face,) asked him whether he remembered her?

"No, ma'am," said he; "but I shall not easily forget you."

Then, linking her arm in that of a gentleman, who was of the party, she asked, in the same engaging manner, whether he remembered him? To which he replied, that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before.

"Now, sir," said she, "don't you recollect once in this very room giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing and displeased with everything, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill-temper?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do."

"Well, sir, I am that lady, or I should rather say I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being to what I then was; and I am come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself; and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoiled temper. After we had left you," she continued, "I said to myself, if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends, especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me, sir, if I expected ever to get a husband; I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof; and I dare say he will join me in thanking you for giving it so frankly and successfully."

The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgments to him, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity; "a felicity," said he, "which, should anything lead you, sir, into my neighborhood, you will gratify extremely both myself and my wife if you will call and witness."

Then, leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Dr. Ayscough by the hand, they departed. Here, surely, was a heroic triumph over temper; and, as the wise king observes, "greater" does this sensible woman seem, "in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city."

The India-Rubber Man.

What is india-rubber? It is sap from a tree which grows in hot countries. It is of a pale yellow color, and thickens by exposure to the air. Our fathers used it only to rub out pencil-marks, and did not know that it was good for anything else. In 1820 some very clumsy-looking india-rubber shoes were made in South America, by the Indians. They were run in clay moulds, and dried in smoke.

A busy man at Boston, in America, thought that he also could make shoes of the like kind. So he mixed the india-rubber gum with turpentine, and invented a machine for spreading it on cloth, which was dried in the sun. It was the first piece of india-rubber cloth; and what a wonder it was! Being water-tight, caps, coats, shoes, and wagon covers were made of it, and found a ready sale. But alas! when the hot weather came on, the shoes melted, the coats stuck together, and back came the new goods by cart-loads to the disappointed maker. So he failed, and a great failure it was.

One day a young man went into a warehouse to see some of the new goods. As he showed a clever turn of mind, he was told the difficulty that had been met with. Any money, it was said, would be given to know the secret of making india-rubber stand summer heat. The young man's name was Charles Goodyear. He was very poor. On his way home his head was full of thoughts. He believed india-rubber could be put to great use, and he thought also he could do it. A small house was taken by him, he bought some gum, boiled, baked, kneaded, rolled it in sheets, and tried to make shoes. As before, hot weather turned them into a lump of paste; and he saw something must, be found, which, mixed with it, would prevent summer softening and winter hardening it. What was that something.

He tried everything he could think of. Charles Goodyear then moved to New York. One friend lent him a room, another gave him tools, and there he worked, month after month, so poor that his little family often had not a morsel of bread to eat, and no money to buy any. From time to time friends gave or lent him means to live; but most people thought him india-rubber mad.

In the autumn of 1836, carpet-bag in hand, filled with choice sample of his work, he went to a large city. Though everybody there was weary of the talk about india-rubber, he interested a few gentlemen in his case, for he thought he had found the secret. So, renting an old factory he went to work, and with so much success, that government sent him an order for one hundred and fifty india-rubber mailbags. When they were finished, he hung them round his shop, and asked people to enter and see his fine water-proof bags. Were they not a success? Had he not reached the object of his desire?

In about a month, however, he found them all dropping from their handles, soft, sticky, and good for nothing. Four years of patient labor, and nothing but disappointment. Friends who had helped him, and hoped against hope, now shut their hearts and pockets against him.

Poor man! was not he almost ready to give up? Not he. He had faith in his work, and faith holds on. It lifts one above despair, and keeps hope and heart alive.

One day he saw a man drying a piece of india-rubber cloth, sprinkled with sulphur, and he noticed that heat did not melt or even soften it. Was not here a clue to the discovery? He talked with the man, who was quite ready to sell his discovery. Mr. Goodyear bought it for a small sum, and directly began to work out his new plan. But how much sulphur, how much stirring, how much boiling was necessary to make the new compound, it took many a long and weary year to find out.

He was showing, one day, a lump of it to a group of gentleman, who as usual told him it would not do. But he kept talking, and in his zeal brought it against the stove, which was hot enough to melt any india-rubber ever seen before. He caught back his hand and looked at the lump.—There was not a sticky spot in it. It could stand heat.

The poor man was filled with joy. Nobody that had not worked for just that one thing through five years of poverty and neglect could understand his delight. Next he baked a batch of sulphur and india-rubber in his wife's oven, boiling it in her saucepans, roasting it in ashes, toasting it before a slow and before a quick fire, cooking it from one to twenty-five hours. He and his old father and his little son built an oven to carry on his experiments with.

And soon he was sure he had got an article which no heat could melt, nor would it stiffen between blocks of ice in a winter's night. He was sure of success; and yet, on account of his poverty, it was years before he established that success before the world. But he was poorer than ever. The neighbors were kind. One paid his milk bill; another his meat bill; another gave him wood. One gentleman, to whom he went through a drifting snow-storm for help, carried his family through a very hard winter. But it was ten years hard battling with disappointment and neglect before he began to make people believe him.

'I know I have invented something which will be widely serviceable to man,' he said. At last there were men ready to give him another trial, who furnished means to perfect his experiments; and the result was that a new article of commerce was formed, which can be made pliable as kid, tough as oxhide, elastic as whalebone, and rigid as flint. Hundreds of different things are made of it, thimbles, combs, jewelry, boxes, handles, washing-machines, etc. It is also freeley used in machinery of all kinds. Indeed, it a wonder how the world ever did without it.

Charles Goodyear lived long enough to see a new and important branch of industry founded by his patient, painstaking, many years' labor. There are now hundreds of factories turning out india-rubber goods.

He died in New York in 1860, aged sixty. He died poor, reaping little reward from that which has made many rich. And so the world is enriched.—*Baptist Herald.*

Historic Floods.

There is no country in the world which is safe against these sudden shocks of misfortune; but there are some which have a fatal pre-eminence in the records of floods and inundations. Even as we find that nearly every river in England has at some time or other overflowed its banks and wrought ruin, but that certain rivers—such, for example as the Severn, the Humber, the Medway and the Tweed—have acquired an evil notoriety in this respect, so there are certain countries, which have, ever since history had a voice, been noted for the frequency of these calamities.

Holland, the districts forming the water-sheds of the Alps, the south of France, and the country through which the Danube finds its way in the Black Sea, are notable instances. England, considering its size, the height of its mountains, and the short course of its rivers, has suffered most severely; one of the earliest inundations on record having, in the fourth century, drowned over 5,000 people in Cheshire. Three hundred years later the Clyde rose to such an extent at Glasgow that 400 families lost their lives in the floods. Camden has recorded the submersion of 4,000 acres belonging to that Earl Godwin whose name is now borne by the Godwin sands, which were formed by this inroad of the sea.

Then we hear of the 'great waters' of the fifteenth century, when the Severn rose to an extraordinary height inflicting the most terrible damage. During the present century England has suffered heavily from inundations, the most recently remembered being those in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire, in 1856. Fortunately, however, we have nothing in our insular history to compare with the loss of life which has occurred in other countries from this cause. Again and again the dikes of Holland have given way to the sea, which has swept off thousands of human lives in its course.

Every one must recall the awful inundation in the fifteenth century, at Dordrecht, in which a hundred thousand persons are said to have perished. A generation later, fifty thousand persons were drowned in Catalonia. In later times, the Oder, the Danube, and the Vistula have contributed their thousands to this fatal list; and there are still alive spectators of those terrible risings of the Saone, the Rhone, and the Loire, which devastated the south and west of France some thirty years ago. It is but twenty-two months ago that the inhabitants of certain districts in Rome were being furnished by the authorities with rations of bread forwarded to their dwellings in boats.

☞ A mercant who was noted for his stuttering, as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery and inquired:

"How m-m-many turkeys have you g-g-got?"

"Eight, sir," replied the grocer.

"T-t-t-tough or t-t-tender?"

"Some are tender and some are tough," was the reply.

"I k-k-k-keep boarders," said the new customer. "P-p-pick me out the f f-four t-t-t-toughest turkeys, if you please."

The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the very unusual request, and said, in his politest, blandest tones:

"These are the tough ones, sir."

Upon which the merchant coolly put his hand upon the remaining four, and exclaimed:

"I'll t-t-t-take t-t-t-these!"

Bridget made a good point on Mrs. H. B. Stowe. The latter was invited to dine. In the midst of the day and the dinner-getting, Bridget sent up word that she was going to leave. Madam (hair in papers) hurried down 'Leave, Bridget!' 'Yes'm.' 'But you can't mean it, Bridget!' 'Yes'm.' 'But you know I can't let you leave me thus, in the middle of the forenoon, when you know I have special company invited to dinner.' 'Yes'm, that's is'm; 'tsint you, 'm, at all, 'm; but I don't think I can cook a dinner for anybody that don't respect Lord Byron.'

WASPING.—A friend of ours, with a philosophical turn of mind, has spent much time this summer watching a little wasp build its nest of mud in his sanctum. It was an innocent and instructive pastime, and he derived much satisfaction from it. But he don't enjoy it now with the seat that was his wont. You see, he came in and set down in his chair, and didn't know the wasp was under him.

☞ An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turky at a raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the turky, that the 'Shakers' gave it to him.

☞ Men often criticise girls' figures; but when a girl has a few thousands of her own, they generally think the figures about right.

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