CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873. NO. 43.

BEAUTIFUL GRANDMAMMA.

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair;
Never was a lady more sweet and fair;
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her brow her own calm story tells
Of a gentle life and a peaceful even,
A trust in God and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is as fresh as the morning dew—
Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself.
When you were little, what did you play?
Was you good or naughty, the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?

Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls, and some beads like mine?
And a new silk apron, with ribbon fine?

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And laying aside her knitting, said:
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see,
Carefully lift, and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away and ran,
Saying, "I'll be as careful as ever I can."

Then grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child, with a throat like snow:
Lips just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair;
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh, who is it?" cried winsome May,
"How I wish she was here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything?
Give her a doll and my new gold ring?
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?"
"Darling," said grandma, "that child was me."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face;
"How funny," she cried, with a smile and kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this!"
"Still," she added, with smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like you best."

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And grandma told her her history;
What plays she played, and what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good or sad:
"But the best thing you did, said May, don't you see?
Was to grow to a beautiful grandma for me."

THE LOSS OF A WIFE.—"In comparison with the loss of a beloved wife, what are other bereavements? The wife! she fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her grave! You stand beside her tomb, and think of the past. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwillingly or unkindly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies opened to your inmost sight. You think of her as all goodness—all purity—all truth.

"But she is dead. The dear head so often laid upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart every beat of which measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now—no sparkling face to look upon the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur. "Oh, it is sad!" There is so strange a hush in every room! No smile to greet you at night fall—and the clock strikes and ticks, and ticks and strikes. It was sweet music, when you could count the hours with her—when she could hear it! Now it seems only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gather upon her dear face. But many a tale it tells of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her.—You know that she is in a happier world, but still you feel that she is often by your side—an "angel-presence."

"Cherish these emotions. They will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has done for you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory.

To how many bereaved hearts will these sentences come, who will look back upon the past with mingled recollections of sorrow and joy—perhaps of penitence.—"So live, husband and wife," says an old English worthy, "that when either dies the spirits of both may mingle."

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

"It's always pleasanter to give people a surprise when you can," said Mr. Thorneycroft.

And so he stepped more mincingly over the frozen ground, although he was a good mile and a half from the country house whither his footsteps were bound, as if the old cedar trees and leafless tangle of blackberry briers along the roadside were so many ears to hear, and telegraphic wires to report.

A snug little man, slightly bald on the crown of his head, with a leg of mutton shaped sidewhiskers, merry gray eyes and a fresh complexion like the sunny side of a winter apple. This was Mr. Thorneycroft's pen photograph, as he plodded his way over the desolate road which led from the station at Winterdale to the Clinton homestead—at least in so far as the stage-driver's rather misty directions were to be credited.

"I should a s'posed the'd ha' sent the carriage to meet you, sir," said the man. "It's a good three mile, and not the easiest road in the world neither."

"But you see, my good friend, they don't expect me," said Thorneycroft. "I intend to surprise them."

"Humph," said the man, "I don't believe in surprises; but it ain't me as has got to walk the three miles over the hills, with the wind fit to freeze the nose off my face."

So saying, this misanthropic Jehu whipped up his horses, and Mr. Thorneycroft nowise disheartened, commenced his twilight tramp.

"Clinton don't look for me until next week," he said to himself, "How he will stare to see me walk in upon him! I wonder what he will be doing? It seems almost impossible that ten years have elapsed since last we looked upon each other's faces. And to think that he's a sober old edition of Benedick the married man now, with children of his own! He wrote to me that his pretty sister-in-law was staying there too. Aha, *I* know what the sly dog is up to, although he covered up his meaning under a double stratum of words. He wants me to fall in love with Nora Kincaid. Well, why not, if she's half as pretty and agreeable as his letters have made her out to be? Up to this time I've been a great deal too busy to think about such luxuries as love or matrimony; but now that my business seems beyond danger, and things are after a fashion settled, why—"

And Mr. Thorneycroft felt his whiskers with complacent meditation.

But even as he congratulated himself upon the agreeable surprise he was about to give his old college friend, Ferdinand Clinton, he could not but feel the icy touch of the chill north-west wind, as it whistled over the plains and rushed madly round the lee of the thickets, like a clumsy young spirit of the Arctic regions playing hide-and-seek with a half dozen other Borean blasts. Mr. Thorneycroft's feet were getting cold; his hands felt like ice even in his fleecy-lined gloves; and he couldn't but reflect that, purple nose and cheek-bones, looking as if they were coated with red varnish, would hardly add materially to the graces of his first appearance before Miss Nora Kincaid, Mr. Clinton's beautiful sister-in-law.

"Perhaps it would have been wiser for me to have hired a buggy or something," he thought, a little uneasily. "But then I couldn't have surprised 'em half so neatly. Whew-ew! I wonder if people's ears ever *do* freeze in this climate!"

However, there is an end to all things, even to a desolate twilight tramp over a February wilderness, and presently our hero came in sight of the welcome lights of the handsome white house on the side-hill, just as dusk was drawing its sombre veil over all the landscape.

"I don't really think I could have walked much further," he said to himself. "And it is beginning to snow quite fast. So, this is where old Ferdinand lives, eh? Pretty grounds—arbor vitæ hedge—nice idea of a lawn; upon my word, the place is more extensive than I had supposed. lights shining through the red curtains—quite picturesque! A lucky thought—I'll take a peep at 'em all before I introduce myself. How Ferdinand will stare! Ha! ha! ha!"

And on tiptoe Mr. Thorneycroft crept across the piazza and flattened his nose against the glass of the window.

A quiet domestic scene met his view; a shaded lamp like some tranquil moon on the centre table; a great fire of logs blazing on the open-hearth stove; two or three little children playing at building block towers on the rug, and two pretty women reading by the light—slender, dark haired and graceful.

"I wonder which of 'em is Nora?" thought Mr. Thorneycroft. "Confound it, they've both got their faces turned away. Perhaps, at the further window I could see, if, if—"

Tiptoeing across the snow-besprinkled planks, our hero's boot soles played him, literally speaking, a slippery trick, and down he came in a sitting posture, his head striking smartly against the panes of glass.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Thorneycroft, with an acute accent of mingled pain and dismay.

And in hardly a second, as it seemed to him, the solitary piazza was swarming with life. He was seized round the collar by a Herculean grasp; two savage dogs hung at his coat tails, the air was resonant with shrieks feminine and growls masculine.

"Don't let him come in here," cried a falsetto voice, doubtless proceeding forth from one of the fair students, "I shall die if you do! Oh, if Ferdinand were only at home!"

"I've got you, you villain!" roared a gruff voice, as Mr. Thorneycroft felt himself shaken to and fro, like a hurricane, while a painful apoplectic sensation took possession of throat and brain. "You're the fellow that has been sneak-thieving around the country the past month; are you? Well, you've got to the end of your rope at last. Where is Deacon Barley's overcoat? Where are Mrs. Grimes' silver spoons? Where have you hidden Colonel Johnson's sleigh-robes and bells? eh?"—with a separate shake for each interrogatory.

Mr. Thorneycroft, who had been pulled to his feet through no exertion of his own, stood helplessly staring straight before him.

"It's all a mistake," he croaked, trying to free himself from the strangling pressure on his cravat; "it is—"

"I dare say; a likely story," responded his captor, a muscular young fellow, somewhat taller than himself. "There, there, Nora, don't scream so, I've got him safe enough."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated a voice from the crowd of women servants at the door; "what an ill-looking old villain he is, to be sure!" I'd a known him for a sneak-thief anywheres."

"I'm no sneakthief!" ejaculated Mr. Thorneycroft, "I am—"

"Never mind your genealogical table, my friend," was the response, "but just come with me. Good dog, Bose! hold tight, Carlo."

"Where are you going to put the poor fellow, Harry?" chirped a soft voice; the screaming, by the way, having by this time subsided into a volley of sighs and long breaths and "O goodness gracious!"

"In the chamber over the brick stable. He'll keep there, I imagine, with a good stout padlock and plenty of chain!"

"But it's so cold there!" with a pitying accent.

"I'll risk it."

"*Will* you hear me?" gasped poor Thorneycroft. "I am"

"Come along, and no more of your nonsense!" was the brusque rejoinder.

"But I came to—"

"We know quite well what you came after, my worthy friend," answered the muscular hero. "Any necessary explanation can be made before a magistrate to-morrow. Carlo, old boy, d'ye mind?" Carlo wagged his tail meaningly. "If he opens his mouth, on him, my dog. Now, friend, you will find that silence is by all odds the best policy."

And thus Mr. Thorneycroft was dragged ignominiously across the lawn, through a sort of paved court, to a sepulchrally smelling stable, where it was cold as Greenland and damp as the Bastile, and locked in.

"Is this the way to treat a Christian!" he indignantly demanded, the minute six good inches of door plank were between him and Carlo's double row of gleaming fangs. "Listen, you fellow! I am—"

But the sound of vanishing footsteps was all the answer he received, and a hoarse growl told that the dogs had mounted guard across the threshold of his prison-house.

The room was quite dreary and dismally cold, but from a rustling underneath his feet our hapless hero could discover that there was straw sufficient for a bed, upon which he nestled down, wrapping himself up with his overcoat with a spasmodic fit of shivering.

"The scoundrels," he muttered to himself—"the ill-bred louts, not to know a gentleman when they see him."

But when he remembered that his enemies had really not seen him thus far, and could but confess to himself that circumstances *did* wear rather a suspicious aspect.

"It will be all right to-morrow, when they give me a chance to explain matters, thought Mr. Thorneycroft, striving to be hopeful.

But in the meantime—alas, was this to be the end of his "surprise?"

The winter night wore away, and Mr. Thorneycroft, huddled up in his straw like a convict in a prison cell, shivered all through the long lonely hours. Rheumatic pains began to dart through his limbs; frequent sneezes shook him from head to foot, *avant couriers* of a hearty attack of influenza; and he felt his neck growing stiffer and stiffer. Poor Thorneycroft! if he had been twenty years younger, he would probably have regarded the whole affair as a joke, but now it was too mournfully serious.

"Why couldn't I have rung the door-bell, like a Christian?" he asked himself regretfully. "Or better still, why didn't I telegraph that I was coming? I never will undertake to *surprise* people again."

Toward the morning he drifted into a sort of unquiet slumber, from which he was aroused by the turning of a key in a rusty padlock without.

"Hey? who's there?" he cried aloud, starting up as well as he could for the stiffness in all his limbs. "Ferdinand, old fellow!"

For the light through the eastern window was clear and radiant now.

"Why it's Thorneycroft!" bawled a cheerful voice. "How the deuce came Tom Thorneycroft locked up here like a burglar?"

And Mr. Thorneycroft told his tale, interrupted by irrepressible bursts of laughter on the part of his friend, who could not but see the ridiculous side of the matter.

"But why didn't you tell 'em who you were?"

"How could I?" snapped Mr. Thorneycroft, "when they didn't give me a chance, with their dogs, and their revolvers, to speak a word?"

"Well, it is rather an inhospitable reception," said Clinton, warmly pressing his friend's hand; "and had I been at home, it never would have happened. But come in and get warmed; you are as cold as a snow image. Breakfast is just ready, and—"

"Upon my word, sir," put in a genial voice. "I am heartily sorry that such a misunderstanding should have occurred. I'm afraid I screwed your neckcloth up pretty tight once or twice, last evening; but things did look rather ugly for you, you must own yourself. Pray accept my apology."

"This is my friend, Mr. Allston," said Ferdinand Clinton; and as Thorneycroft bowed stiffly, he added, in a whisper: "Just engaged to Nora, my wife's sister. Ha, ha! old fellow, you see you're a day behind the fair."

And during the long seige of inflammatory rheumatism that followed, our hero was doomed to be a daily witness of the billings and cooings of the engaged pair.

Poor Mr. Thorneycroft! Truly, in his case the sport had hardly been worth the candle. Clinton thought it all a "jolly lark," but then Clinton hadn't been locked up all night in the stable chamber, with six weeks of inflammatory rheumatism by way of a sequel. And things do look so differently from different points of view.

THE ABORIGINAL POLITICIAN.

During a recent visit of a party of Indians to the East, one of the number, Squatting Bear, was observed to behave himself in a very remarkable manner.—He separated himself from his companions upon one occasion for several hours, and was seen returning dragging a huge Saratoga trunk behind him through the streets with a string. When he reached his lodgings with the trunk, the other Indians were puzzled. Some of them believed the trunk to be a model for a new kind of wigwam with a Mansard roof, while others conceived the idea that it was a patent bath tub of some peculiar sort, and that Squatting Bear, in a moment of mental aberration, had been seized with an inexplicable and unprecedented desire to wash himself. The souls of the savages burned with fiery indignation as they contemplated the possibility of the adoption of this revolutionary, enervating and demoralizing practice of the pale faces by the nobler red man.

But when they questioned Squatting Bear and remonstrated with him, that incomprehensible brave merely placed his copper-colored finger upon his burnt amber nose and winked solemnly with his right eye. The trunk was carried through to the wigwam of Squatting Bear unopened—at the expense of Uncle Sam—and within the precincts of his home it was hidden entirely from view, and was soon entirely forgotten.

In the tribe, the brave who killed the largest number of enemies in any given year, and secured the usual trophies of victory, was entitled to occupy the position as chief. Squatting Bear was known to have ardent aspirations for the office, and he worked hard to win it. For a-while after his return he was always foremost in every fight; and when the scalps were counted around the camp-fire, he invariably had secured the greatest number. Gradually, however, certain of the braves were impressed with the notion that Squatting's trophies sometimes did not bear a very correct proportion to the ferocity of the contest, or to the number of slain. Several times, after a brief skirmish in which ten or fifteen men were killed Squatting Bear would come sliding home with as many scalps as there were dead men, while, at the same time the other warriors would have nearly as many more.

The braves thought it was queer, but they did not give the subject very serious attention until after the massacre of a certain band of emigrants which had passed close by the camp of the tribe. There were just twenty persons in the company, and, after the butchery, several Indians took the trouble to count the bodies and to keep tally with a butcher-knife upon the side of a chip. That night, when the scalps were numbered, each brave had one or two apiece, but Squatting Bear handed out exactly forty-seven of the most beautiful bunches of human hair that ever was seen west of the Mississippi. The braves looked cross-eyed at each other and cleared their throats. Two of the number stole out to the battle-field for the purpose of counting the bodies again, and of ascertaining if this had been a menagerie with a few double-headed persons in the party.

Yes, there lay exactly twenty corpses; and, to make matters worse, one of them was a bald-headed man, who for additional security to his scalp, had run a skate-strap over his head and buckled it under his chin.

When they returned the entire camp devoted itself to meditation and calculation. Twenty men killed, and forty-seven scalps in the possession of a single brave, without counting those secured by other participants in the contests. The more the warriors pondered over this fact the more perplexing it became. A brave while eating his supper and reflecting upon the problem, would suddenly imagine he saw his way clear, and he would stop with his mouth full of baked dog, and fix his eyes upon the wall and think desperately hard. But the solution invariably eluded him. Then all would glide behind their wigwams and perform abstruse mathematical calculations upon their fingers; and they would get sticks and jam the points into the sand and do hard sums out of their aboriginal arithmetic. And they would tear around the Indian rule of three, and struggle through their own kind of vulgar fractions, and wrestle with something that they believed to be a multiplication table. But in vain. Forty-seven scalps off twenty heads! It seemed impossible.

They tried it with algebra, and let the number of heads equal x and the number of scalps equal y and they multiplied x into y and subtracted every letter in the alphabet in succession from the result until their brains reeled, but still the mystery remained unsolved.

At last a secret council was held, and it was determined that Squatting Bear must of course have some powerful and wonderful charm which enabled him to perform such miracles, and all hands agreed to investigate the matter upon the first opportunity. So the next week there was another fight, in which four persons were killed, and that night Squatting Bear actually had the audacity to rush out one hundred and eighty-seven scalps, and to ask those benighted savages, sitting round their fire, to believe that he had snatched all that hair from those four heads.

It was too much—much too much; they seized him and drove a white oak stake through his bosom to hold him still and then they proceeded to his wigwam to ascertain how that scalp business was conducted by the Bear family. They burst open the Saratogo trunk, the first thing, and therein they found 1,500 wigs, and a keg of red paint, purchased by the disgraceful aboriginal while in Philadelphia.

That concluded his career. They buried him at once in the Saratoga trunk, and the wigs with him, and ever since that time they have elected annually a committee on scalps, whose business it is to examine every hirsute trophy with a double-barrel gun microscope of nine hundred diameters.—*Max Adeler.*

A BISHOP AS FREIGHT.—When Bishop Doane of New Jersey was engaged in commencing that successful and valuable Institution, St. Mary's Hall, at Burlington in his Diocese, he had occasion at one time to visit, during the latter part of a week, the city of New York, in order to secure pecuniary aid. He was detained there until the close of Saturday. He had made no provision for the supply of his church at Burlington, on the approaching Sunday. He therefore hastened to set off for home by the evening train of cars. On the way to the station he met with a friend whom he found warmly disposed to listen to statements respecting the great importance of the proposed enterprise, and whose interest increased in conversation upon the subject. The time was consequently allowed to pass when the evening train was to leave; the Bishop knew that a freight train was to pass through Burlington from New York at a later hour that night to which he supposed there would be a passenger car attached.

When the Bishop parted from his friend he hurried to the railroad station. He was there informed that a freight train was to go immediately, but that no passenger car was to accompany it. The Bishop at once proposed to ride on the engine, or even to sit or stand on one of the platforms, or to occupy a chair such as is often secured on the roof of a car of that sort. He was then told that strict orders had been received forbidding the agent to permit any person to travel as a passenger in that train. The Bishop replied—"Very well, obey your orders.—I never can encourage anything like disobedience. Yet you say this is a freight train. Are all your cars full? Do you forward freight by weight?" The agent said, "We have room for more than we have on board. We weigh whatever is to be forwarded, and charge by the pound. The Bishop went to the scales and asked to be weighed, and then to be put into a car as freight! The agent did not know Bishop Doane. He looked upon the proceeding, though, as a good joke. After he had put in this extraordinary freight, and secured the door—which he was required to do—he remarked to his assistants, "This is the greatest instance of perseverance that I have ever known."

When the train arrived at Burlington early the following morning, the man who had charge of it told the agent in that city that there was some freight in one of the cars the like of which he never had heard of having been carried over any road in a train like that before. The car door was opened and the Bishop stepped out! He was well known by everybody at *that* station. The charges had been paid before starting from New York. A portion of the *freight* over the Camden and Amboy Railroad on that memorable night, then *walked* to the Episcopal residence at Burlington, to prepare for the services of the day as Rector of St. Mary's church!—*Journal and Messenger.*

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.—"Countess Dash," the sprightly correspondent from Washington, writes to the Boston "Post" the following romantic affair:

I heard recently of a marriage one of the parties being a wealthy bachelor of Georgetown, D. C., which was the fruition, after many years, of the youthful dream of the gentleman in the case. Fifteen years ago, Miss, ——the daughter of the highly respected officer of the government, was a beautiful, fresh young girl, admired and sought after by the best society at the capital of the nation. She had many suitors, and one, a Mr. ——, of Georgetown, was so sincere and unselfish in his devotion to her that she could not but accord him the highest measure of her regard, although she gave her heart and hand to another.

So deeply rooted was her esteem for the rejected lover that when her first child, a son, was born she gave him the name she had refused to accept for herself. Her husband was an officer of the army, and his wife and child led with him the wandering life which army families must need experience, and so the rejected lover rarely if ever heard of the woman he had so truely loved, yet he remained faithful to her memory. The army officer was killed fighting on the Southern side in one of the battles in the second year of the rebellion, and his widow, crushed by grief retired to a certain city in a Western State and lived in quiet and retirement with her child. Last summer the boy, 12 years old, sickened and died.

The wealthy bachelor of Georgetown saw the death of his namesake in a newspaper, and it was the first news he had had in many years of the woman he had woed and lost. Arguing with himself, doubtless, that the childless widow might stand in need of consolation, and very likely of many of the substantial comforts of life, since her deceased husband was not at any time a wealthy man, and most probably died in straitened circumstances in defence of the lost cause, Mr. —— determined to write and renew the offer he had so unsuccessfully made fifteen years ago. He wrote and offered himself and all his possessions on the condition that he was to receive for an answer a decided yes or no. If the first answer was given, he wished to be married in six weeks from the time of his acceptance; if the second, the lady should never hear from him again. In due time an answer came. The widow said she was much changed by the lapse of years, and more still by her cares and affliction. She had lost cheerfulness, beauty, all that had once made her attractive; still, if what remained of her former self was worth having, then her dear old friend was welcome to the wreck, and in six weeks he might come to see her, and the wedding day should be fixed. The "dear old friend" had waited too long to brook even a day's unnecessary delay, so the train after the receipt of the letter carried him to the home of his beloved in the West. He found the lady very much unprepared to receive him; she had not a tooth in her head, and because her mouth was being prepared for a false set, she had postponed the visit for six weeks.

"Ah, Sarah," said her lover, when he had taken a first long look at her, "you told me you had lost youth, beauty and cheerfulness, but you said nothing about your teeth. Sarah, why did you omit your teeth?"

Then Sarab rose to explain, and the explanation proved satisfactory, but the ardent lover wouldn't wait for the teeth, and so the twain were made one in spite of this little drawing on the part of the bride. They are now living in Georgetown happy and prosperous, and not even the teeth are wanting to enable the wife to enjoy all the good things afforded for her acceptance.

☞A few years ago, a gentleman who had lost his nose was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good lady of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins's nose." Gathered around the table, everything was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jeffkins's nose? He hasn't got any."

HOW TO FEED HORSES.—The following concise suggestions with the regard to the food of horses are from "The London Horse Book:"

All horses must not be fed in the same proportions, without regard to their ages their constitutions and work; the impropriety of such a practice is self-evident.

Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it.

Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious because it brings on inflamation of the bowels, and skin diseases.

Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

When a horse is worked hard its food should be chiefly oats,—if not worked hard its food should be chiefly hay—because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

For saddle or coach horse, half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay are sufficient. If the hay is not good add a quarter of a peck more of oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little should have less.

Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay from a manger because the food is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasiug to the taste, and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly. The young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with saliva, and turned into wholesome nutriment.

☞In the Boston *Herald* a strange story is told concerning a secret marriage.—During the last eight or nine years, a wealthy widow lady and her only son have lived together at North End, the latter during all that ti me evhibiting every sign of the greatest filial devotion.—During the latter part of January last he died suddenly, and after his burial, a young lady, for whom he had occasionally during life expressed a tender feeling, came to his mother and to the amazement of that lady, announced that for eight years she had been her son's wife. This she proved by dee uments, and she has put forth a claim for her share of the dead man's property. There seems to have been no sound reason for this concealment, and the affair will doubtless remain a mystery, unless the lady wishes to divulge.

RATES OF TRAVEL PER HOUR.—A man walks 4 miles.
A horse trots 12 miles.
A horse runs 20 miles.
A steamboat runs 18 miles.
A sailing vessel runs 10 miles.
Slow rivers flow 4 miles.
Rapid rivers flow 7 miles.
A moderate wind blows 7 miles.
A storm moves 36 miles.
A hurricane moves 80 miles.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles.
Sound moves 743 miles.
Light moves 102,000 miles.
Electricity moves 288,000 miles.

Do not look sour and wo-begone. Sydney Smith denounced such an expression as a "breach of the peace." Dr. Johnson used to observe that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing was worth more to a man than a thousand pound a year, and Samuel Smiles observes, "We possess the power, to a great extent, of so exercising the will as to direct the thoughts upon objects calculated to yield happiness and improvement rather than their opposites. In this way the habit of happy thought may be made to spring up like any other habit."

We may take the plainest food and in moderate quantity, if no attention be paid to times and seasons, our digestion will soon be deranged. A man may eat nothing but beef and stale bread, the two best articles of food with which we are acquainted, and he may take them in proper quantities, in a month he will have dyspepsia if he constantly changes the hour of meals. It is not the *kind* of food we eat at the railway station, but the irregularity of the hours of eating.

It seems housekeepers who wash their silverware with soap and water, do not know what they are about. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishment in the city of Philadelphia says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds, it makes it look like pewter." Never put a particle of soap about your silver, then it will retain its original lustre. When it wants polish, take a piece of soft leather and whitening and rub hard.

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