The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1877 NO. 21

A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

She laughed so softly, as if she sighed;
She has counted six and over,
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
O, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time," for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving;
She will lie to none with her fair young lip—
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling;
With a glance for one, and a glance for some,
From her eyelids rising and falling.
Speaks common words with a blushful air;
Hears bold words unreproving;
But her silence says what she never will swear—
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady, lean to the night-guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer;
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
At the voice of an in-door singer!
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries—
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rythm;
Unless you can feel when left by One,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when upraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"
O, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you,
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
O, never call it loving!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

DICK'S DIVINITY.

BY VAUGHAN.

One beautiful day last October when the Centennial Exhibition was in full blast, I was walking through the British Gardens, in front of Horticultural Hall The weather was in a rare, ripe, mellow mood, common to that season of the year; the time was between 3 and 4 P. M., and I had just been having a delicious lunch at the California Buffet in Agricultural Hall. Elegantly dressed ladies passed me in velvet and lace, queenly-looking maidens gleaming in the sunshine slender young girls, ornamented with cardinal bows with the flutter and gush of youth in their harmless chatter, in the flirt of their trains and in the toss of their dainty heads. After wandering down the broad avenue that led by the Japanese Bazaar, I paused on the bridge and leaned over the railing: the music came in waves from Landsdowne ravine, the chimes lazily boomed out "Maryland my Maryland." Looking around I found the changing crowd was still sauntering on and no one near me except a young lady.

She was a graceful, willowy-looking woman, dressed in a dark gray suit with the skirt hanging in artistic folds from her waist to the ground instead of being stretched out over one of those ugly things called a bustle, but which looks to me more like a window-awning than an article of dress; a neat little black hat crowned her luxuriant hair, simply coiled around her head as a woman's hair should be. "She is a lady," I said to myself as I eagerly watched her, my suddenly awakened interest growing with every movement. With this figure in the foreground the scene was complete and the pleasant afternoon was invested with a new attraction. The last note of the chimes was dying out when the woman in gray picked up her parasol and turned to go; her face was towards me and she gave a glance, but in that moment I saw the loveliest eyes I had ever met in my life—dark, bewildering eyes that gave me an appetite to see them again. She launched out into the surging throng and passed from view, but not from mind, for I thought of her again and again, dreamed of her at night, and the expectation of meeting her was with me no matter where I went.

The Centennial year breathed its last breath, and then 1877 took the stand and gave us the prospect of another great fair. My place of business was in New York, and the firm in which I had figured for several years concluded to make a display in the Permanent Exhibition. So I was sent to Philadelphia to look after its interests. This was the very thing for me, and I could not help entertaining the expectation of meeting my dark-eyed divinity again.

The 10th of May was a wearisome day to me as I searched among the thousands of faces to find hers, but all in vain, and then I laughed at myself for supposing I should know her again after seeing her face but once, and that only for a short moment. Of course she would not be dressed the same as she was then, a gray dress could not last forever, and the fashion in hats changes; I had not noticed a feature of her face, so I could not tell her by that: and as for her eyes, two out of every five women we meet have dark eyes, so I tried to persuade myself that it was all a forlone hope.

On the next day after the opening, while wandering around through the quiet aisles—but here I may as well commence to quote from my diary, which I commenced to keep that very day, by reason of an important event which occurred.

May 11th. Eureka! I've found her at last! I went to look at the siege of Yorktown to-day, and there I met her. While she gazed at the beautiful view, I feasted my eyes on her. She was dressed in black with no jewelry, except a plain gold pin at her throat.

I don't think she is rich, but her hands are too graceful to have done any hard work. I followed her until she went out and got into a car, but she never noticed me. I will live on hope and look for her again.

May 15th. The mills of the gods may grind slowly, but they are certainly favoring me, and not keeping me waiting for it either. To-day as I stepped into the elevator to go up and get a breath of fresh air, there in the shadow of the winding stairs sat the woman who is haunting my mind day and night. Together we ascended and together we came down. So much gained, but I don't think she even saw me.

May 18th. Another step gained. I feel jubilant. She and two other ladies got into a Market street car to-day. I gave her my seat, and in a little while got one opposite to her, which afforded me a fine chance for studying her. Her features are not good, but she has a pleasant smile; and then her eyes make up for all else. One cannot be beautiful in everything, and I am sure she is intelligent and has attractive conversational powers. Oh, what lovely eyes! Their color is a bluish black; the eyebrows were slightly arched, with long, curling lashes to shade their lustre and keep a fellow from being overwhelmed by their first glance. And their expression! As she talked and laughed with her friends how it varied with her thoughts!

May 22d. Again my dark-eyed divinity shone across my path. What a lovely, womanly woman she is, and how the sight of her makes my heart palpitate.—Surely Richard is not himself!

June 10th. I have not seen her for nearly a month. Will she never come! I looked for her every day only to be disappointed. What a fool I was to let such opportunities slip without getting acquainted with her. If I ever see her again I'll break my seven ribs sooner than let her vanish without a word. If I ever see her again, I say; but what shall I do if I don't.

June 22d. She came this evening—she was listening to the music; it must have been delightful by the way she looked, but I was conscious of nothing except her. Fernley came up and rallied me on my dullness, asked if I were well, and then said something about the moon being full. His remarks irritated me, and I did not care whether he ever spoke to me again or not; he was just about leaving me when the music ceased, and she looked toward us, bowed and smiled; he raised his hat and started to go to her; I caught him by the coat-tail, the perspiration broke out all over my face, my hands trembled—"Great Scott, Dick, what is the matter with you?" he asked in astonishment. I opened my mouth and stammered, but was so overcome that I had not a word to say.

"What is it?" Where is it? I'll get you some peppermint drops. Can you walk?" and he was just about to hurry me off to the medical department when I wrenched myself from his grasp and said: "Who is that lady? Introduce me, quick, before she goes." He stared at me in blank amazement, and then laughed a laugh so loud that I fancied in echoed all through the building.

In the next moment we were introduced, and then after a short interval Fernley excused himself and walked away.—My self-possession came to the rescue. I talked with ease; exerted myself to be entertaining, and in fact I think I never showed to a better advantage. But she—I did not catch her name—"is all my fancy painted her," good, pure refined, honest, frank—to sum up all in one word—charming Richard is himself again.

June 23d. Met her again to-day. Had a delightful talk. Don't know her name yet, Forgot to ask It dosen't make any difference, for here on this paper I can call her my dark-eyed divinity.

She had a little girl with her whom she called Nellie. She grows sweeter and sweeter, and I think by the kindly expression in her beautiful eyes that I too am growing in favor. She looked glad when we met, but left me so abruptly that I forgot to ask her name.

July 9th. Misery, misery everywhere! Is it worth while to write another word? Yes, I will go through with it; as I commenced this dairy with the sweet delusion I will write it out, and then I will never keep another fool's record as long as I live. What idiocy it is to put down one's thoughts, hopes and feelings, and then see them vanish into ashes like a cigarette. I was talking to Fernley when I happened to see her standing by the Indian encampment. "What's her name?" I inquired, thinking of but one woman in the world.

"Who?" he asked.

"The young lady over there dressed in black."

"Which one? There are two dressed in black."

"Why, that one. You know whom I mean. The one with black eyes; she is fanning herself."

"Oh, she?" and he looked at me with a curious twinkle on his face. "That is —Mrs. —— Bloom. A very fine woman. I knew her father, old Billy Bloom—no, I mean her father-in-law; many a time he chased me off his cellar door."

I gasped for breath, and with a mighty effort said: "What does her husband do?"

"He keeps a green grocery."

I thought I saw a smile wrestling with the corners of his mouth, but I would never let him know how badly he had sold me. Fernley always had the reputation of being a practical joker.

"She comes out here pretty often," I replied.

"Yes," he replied, I "believe so. She don't have much to do at home, for they have only one child."

"Is it a girl?" I asked.

He looked at me in a questioning manner, and then said; "It seems to me it is."

"Is her name Nellie?" was my next inquiry.

"Shouldn't wonder, for that's her own name. But why do you ask? Do you think of boarding there?" How I left Fernley or how I got home, I don't know. Oh, the perfidy of women! Why did she look at me so sweetly and speak to me in such winning tones? And yet she is not to blame. It is that wretch, Fernley He has no heart or soul himself, and thinks no one else has. He must have mumbled through her name on purpose, because I seemed so interested. And now if he knew how much I had learned to love her, he would laugh and call it a good joke, hang it all!—What is the use in being so miserable about a woman? I'll never look at her black eyes again. Here endeth the first chapter. Richard is not himself at all.

July 19th. Wonders will never cease. To-night, at the telephone concert, I saw Fernley come in with Mrs. Bloom on his arm. Her lovely eyes were turned toward him, and she was smiling at something he was saying. The beautiful sinner ought to have been at home selling onions and cucumbers. I wonder if all dark-eyed women are such charming hypocrits.

July 26th. This afternoon Mrs. Bloom and her little girl were looking at Gillender's glass works, and, like the moth that loves the destructive candle, I could not resist wandering around, and once as I walked near her in the crowd I heard the little girl say, "Aunt Nellie, do they blow the glass to make it cold?" I wonder what it means? The little girl would not call her mother aunt. Could Fernley have made a mistake? I would give all I owned if he had. I loved the woman, married or single, and could not help it if I were to be hung for it. Fernley is anxious about my health, and says I ought to go to the seashore

August 1st. Fernley came to-day with Mrs. Bloom, and before I could dodge them or slip around a corner he was introducing her to me as Miss Nellie Hamilton and saying. "Dick, I could not endure the sight of your forlon face face any longer. I have had my little joke but it lay on my conscience at night like a pig of lead. You did not catch her name in the first place, and then afterwards I saw my chance for some fun.—Explain all else between yourselves.—Good evening Mrs. Bloom. Ta, ta, Dick." And then he walked quickly away.

"What does he mean?" I asked.

"That is what I want to know," she replied.

"Who is Mrs. Bloom?"

"I never heard of her before."

"Who was that little girl with you the other day?"

"My niece, Nellie Rand."

"And your name?"

"Nellie Hamilton."

"Miss Hamilton?"

"Yes, sir."

Just then Hassler's Band struck up the "Mulligan Guards," so we went out into the park, and there on a shady seat I told her all, from the first time I saw her standing on the bridge.

And so I told the old, old story, not very eloquently or grandly, but my sincerity must have been better than either, for when I begged for a reply she raised her lovely eyes to mine, and in the flood of new, sweet light that shone from their depths I read a better answer than words could give, For propriety's sake, I suppose, she said I must see her mother; but that matters little to me, for I know she loves me, and before another October comes around my dark-eyed divinity shall be my wife. Richard is himself again.

KILLING A GREAT SAW FISH.

HARPOONED AND THEN PENETRATED BY EIGHT RIFLE SHOTS—THE MONSTER THAT TERRIFIES SHARKS.

A Florida correspondent writes:—On Saturday, February 10, 1877, I was at Fort Capron, Florida, with Commodore Thomas J. Falls, of Shanghai. We had made a run down the Indian river in the Louise, a trim little sailing boat, against a stiff head wind. Our guide was Edwin Snow, of Port Orange. Falls is an enthusiastic fisherman, and his boat was filled with the most costly tackle. Several lilly irons made of chilled steel, particularly attracted my attention. They were of the most approved pattern. The points were rounding like the point of an oyster knife, and as sharp as a razor, flukes which were hidden in little grooves at the sides, flew out like an arrow head, and never failed to hold after a fish had been struck. The iron was fastened to a wooden handle, ten or twelve feet long, and the line was reeved so that the handle would come out after being thrown. The spud would thus be left in the body of the fish, and the line paid out over the bow until the fish was played out and secured. Falls told me he brought down these miniature harpoons to catch menatee, sharks and saw-fish He also hoped to pick up an occasional alligator.

The day was bright, with a fair breeze. The roar of the ocean was audible, but the view was banked by the vivid green of the mangrove islands nestled along the beach. The water was clear and the half submerged sand bars were covered with terns and shearwater. Falls proposed that we should go out and strike a saw-fish. Shipping Tom Paine as pilot, full sail was hoisted, and we headed for Barker's cut, one of the dozen channels leading to Indian river inlet. The river here is about three miles wide, its bottom ridged with oyster beds. Many of them are sonear the surface of the water as to be dangerous. They would take the bottom out of a boat if it should strike at full speed. The oysters, however, are the largest and fattest south of the Chesapeake. They grow in great clumps or bundles. A Prince's bay oysterman would find his tongs of little use. The natives stand on the beds, in water up to their knees, and load their boats with the bivalves.

As we neared Barker's cut the oyster beds disappeared, and the water became shallow. The bottom was sand, and the channel very narrow. Tom Paine resigned the tiller to the Commodore, and went forward and rigged his lily iron. The anchor was stowed under deck, and everything cleared away.

"Keep her off a little," whispered Tom. "Here's a big fellow bearing right down on us. Don't move. He hasn't seen us yet."

The blood began to jump in our veins. Off the leeward bow I saw a rolling swell, as if a big fish was surging along in shoal water. The tide had just turned, and the waves were crawling over the sand flats. The fish showed a disposition to leave the channel, then turned, as though dissatisfied with the depth of the water, and the rolling swell again moved toward the Louise.

Tom stood beneath the jib all life and animation. His black eyes sparkled as he crouched in wait for his prey.

"Luff a little, Commodore. Steady, stead-a-ay," he whispered, as the rolling swell came within reaching distance.

Suddenly he arose, poising himself on his tip-toes, and brandished his lance. The great fish saw him, and swerved, but too late. Tom sent the iron spud into his back twelve feet from the boat. It took him under the dorsal fin, where the hide is tough, and there was no possibility of its pulling out. The monster never broke water. In fact nobody but Tom had seen him. We could tell he was struck, however. The swell rolled away like a tidal wave, and the line hummed in the hawser hole.

"Slack the jib sheet!" yelled the Commodore; and we came about with a rush.

Apprehensive that the line might foul, we took in the jib, but with some confusion, as the Louise worked badly under the mainsail alone; but Tom paid off his royal highness with excellent judgment, testing the full strength of the line, and playing him like an old fisherman. The fish began to tow the boat, whereupon down went the mainsail, and we prepared to close. Within three minutes the monster began to sulk. He had run out into shoal water two or three times, and had again reached the main channel.

"Quick, Edwin, my rifle!" shouted the excited Commodore, now thoroughly warmed to his work. And as Tom slowly pulled up the fish, hand over hand, the Commodore tore to the bow with a forty-six bore Remington. We could see the great fish lying on the sandy bottom, awaiting further developments. He was at least seventeen feet long, and as big around as a whiskey barrel. At the crack of the rifle the water flew. The sawfish broke, but for a second only, and another tidal wave rolled away as smoothly as the boom of a gun. Once more the monster ran into shoal water, and began his tremendous flounderings. His long saw flashed in the sunlight, and the surrounding waves were tinged with blood. Beyond this there was no sign of weakness. He did not retaliate nor show any temper. All his efforts were bent towards escape. A second time he sulked, and a second time the Commodore tickled him with a bullet. The blood began to flow more copiously, but the circling, lunging, and floundering, did not cease under an hour.

Eight rifle shots exhausted, but did not kill the great fish. He turned on his side and began to blow like a porpoise. His struggles at length became so feeble that we held him at the stern of the boat, and the rudder was red with the blood that gushed from his throat. A cloud of gulls had been witnesses of the fight, and were dashing around us with wild screams. For some minutes the monster had lain without a movement. We fancied him dead, and used the peak halliard blocks to raise him from the water, so as to secure his saw as a trophy. In a short time half his bulk lay across our stern, bringing the gunwale well down to the water. We were grouped around the Commodore, and just as he had raised a hatchet to chop off the saw, the great fish made his final struggle. He raked the Louise with his saw from gunwale to gunwale, barely missing the Commodore's head and Snow's legs.

In a twinkling every man was under cover. We had a narrow escape, for the saw was five feet long, a foot wide, and serrated with teeth that would have done good service in a saw mill. While we were crouched near the bow, hearing the splinters fly, the sail rip, and the Commodore swear, Tom Paine stunned the monster by striking the point of the saw with an ax, producing concussion of the brain. The saw is the most sensitive part of the fish. Nostrils seem to run its whole length, and the saw itself looks like an extension of the backbone. We chopped off the saw, and rolled the mass of flesh back into the water. Within ten minutes a school of sharks were snapping their jaws and fighting for the pieces.

This sawfish would have weighed eight hundred pounds. The fish is not good to eat. The liver is very large, and is valuable for its oil. Seen lumbering along beneath the water, sweeping the bottom with its saw, the fish resembles a submarine man-of-war. On shoals both back fins cut the wrter, and look like one shark in another's wake. The shark gives way to the saw fish.

Turtle fishermen look upon the sawfish as a mortal foe. When caught in their nets he causes great damage in a few minutes. A year ago last winter a very large one struck a two-hundred yard net near Turtle Mound. His saw being fast, he made a systematic effort to get away, and began rolling over and over like an alligator in a death struggle. The whole net was twisted into rope not much larger than a clothes line.

Without its saw the fish would starve. On meeting a school of mullet it creates great havoc, striking viciously right and left, and scattering their dead bodies over the water. Afterward it gorges at its leisure.

MORE THAN A MILE A MINUTE.

THE EXCURSION TRAIN THAT LEFT A WHIRLWIND IN ITS WAKE.

A MILE IN FIFTY-SEVEN SECONDS—ONE HUNDRED AND ELENEN MILES IN ONE HUNDRED AND NINE MINUTES—STEP DOWN MR. VANDERBILT.

From the Detroit Free Press.

There was only one stop in the 111 miles that separates St. Thomas from Amhurstberg on the Canada Southern Railroad. The engineer, Macomber, was surrounded by an admiring throng, and passengers and railroaders commented on the handsome appearance of his iron steed. The steam gauge just before starting showed a pressure of eighty-five pounds, a moderate figure for a locomotive. Conductor Crawford sang out "All aboard!" and the special train with Bishop Borgess on board pulled out from St. Thomas at 5:27 P. M. A grand hurrah from the platform signalled the departure.

Once the bridge was cleared, Macomber "let her out." Bishop Borgess, in the palace car, after receiving the salutations of the gentlemen of the party, sat down, and dinner was served to him and his traveling companions upon a small table. No one noticed any particular motion in the car. There was no disarrangement in the dishes, crowded and small as was the table. The hum of the train was somewhat sharper than usual, and the rushing air against the windows sounded like the sweeping of a rain storm. Otherwise there was no indication of unusual speed to a person in the car.

Presently watches were taken out and observations made. The reverend clergy as well as the more wordly laity, became interested.

"A mile in sixty seconds!" ejaculated one.

Shortly after—"A mile in fifty-eight seconds!"

Again—"A mile in fifty-seven seconds!" and the enthusiastic Frank Moran, with a cheer that intensified the excitement, announced that his stop-watch marked fifty-five seconds to the mile.

Before one could point out an object it had vanished. Before a question could be asked and answered a mile had sped; five miles were traversed in the interval while cigars were handed around and lighted by as many men. A flock of blackbirds flying toward the west with all their fleetness in cleaving the air were soon left behind and lost to view.

The wires on the telegraph poles swung up and down from the movement of the train. The bushes on the side of the ditches shook as if swept by a hurricane, and the tall and gaudy yellow coxcombs that grew beside the fences bent to the ground in a seemingly overpowering desire to get loose from the earth and follow the rushing train. The dust from newly ballasted portions of the track and the chips and leaves rose up fiercely against the force of gravitation and whirled and gyrated like vapory clouds in a tempest. A thin line of smoke stretched interminably in the distance. The impetus of the train increased, the vehemence with which it rushed forward created a vacuum that apparently took nature some seconds to overcome, and the spirits of the passengers were exhilarated by the unprecedented speed at which they moved through space.

A side-track passenger train saluted us with cheers and locomotive whistles.—Neither was heard; before the sound could reach the ears of the passengers in the special it was beyond hearing. One could see the rushing steam and the waving handkerchiefs. Train Despatcher Noble reported that six miles between Highwood and Ridgeton were made in five minutes; the fifty-seven miles between St. Thomas and Charing Cross were made in fifty-six and a half minutes. A halt at Charing Cross for four minutes for water, and then on again with the same overpowering velocity. But go as fast as it might, the Canada Southern train could not overtake the sun; it sank, and nightfall came on. Then could be seen the work of the fireman. Every time he opened the furnace a volume of sparks shot out. and the trailing fire came down upon the track like the pyrotecnics of an aerial mine.

Finally a sharp twist that sent the standing passengers over to the right, and then another that sent them in the other direction, and the yard of Amherstburg station was reached.

Hurrah! One hundred and eleven miles in one hundred and nine minutes! The fastest time in America—beating by three minutes the run of Vanderbilt's special train.

HOW THE RULERS DINE.

Marshal MacMahon is frugal and never makes any observations on what is set before him. He is not a great drinker, but very fond of fruit.

Queen Victoria is not a great eater, but she likes beef and pastry.

The emperor of Russia is fond of game. He drinks plenty of Burgundy and champagne.

The emperor of Germany drinks anything he can get—Marcobrunner, Liebfraunmilich and Roederer. He is a simple-hearted and merry guest. He likes beef and sweet dishes.

The emperor of Austria is a serious eater. He prefers beef and mutton to poultry. He drinks Hungarian wines and Bordeaux.

Victor Emmanuel has a strong appetite; loves small birds; does not touch the boars he kills. Burgundy is his wine.

The king of the Netherlands is a splendid eater. Give him anything and salmon, with old wine. His cellars are the finest in Europe.

The king of the Belgians has a stomach no bigger than a sparrow's. He cannot eat much; larks will do, and old Burgundy.

The ex-king of Hanover takes pheasants, grouse and smoked ham, Rhenish wines and Moselle.

The king of Portugal is a miserable guest; eats little, drinks less.

Alphonse XII. has a brave stomach. Plenty of poultry, veal, dessert and claret.

HOME LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal nor a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron framed fire place which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country was done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled; and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm unless some of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.

☞ Garibaldi has written a letter in which he strongly condemns the proposed fortification of Rome. He says that England, second to no power in military and political importance, and the first power on the sea, maintains her navy with maternal solicitude, without taking the trouble to fortify her coasts, which would be labor lost. Should any stranger attempt to invade her, he would find at every point her volunteers, round whom would rally, immediately, the entire population.

HOUSEWIFERY.

BRITTLE FINGER NAILS.—If you wish to cure brittle finger nails, oil or grease them a little just before going to bed, and after every washing of the hands.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cupful sugar, one cupful molasses, one teaspoonful soda, and tablespoonful vinegar, salt, pepper, flour to make it stiff; roll thin.

MURRY'S LINIMENT FOR THE FACE AFTER SHAVING.—Once lime water, one ounce sweet oil, one drop oil of rose; shake well before useing; apply with forefinger.

TO REMOVE CLARET STAINS.—Claret stains can be removed with the juice of a lemon and common table salt; rub well with the lemon, and then rub the salt in well; rinse with warm water, and hang out in the sun.

FLOOR PAINT.—For durable and cheap paint for house floors, disolve one ounce of glue in a quart of warm water, and thicken it with paint. After putting this on, go over it with a coat of boiled linseed oil. It will be dry and ready for use in two hours.

FOR TENDER FEET.—Bathe the feet every night in warm water, and immediately after apply to them strong vinegar. When they are inclined to crack, or become dry and hard, (which is frequently a great annoyance to aged persons,) after using the vinegar, annoint them freely with spermaceti ointment.

PRESERVING SILKS AND RIBBONS.—Ribbons and silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper; the chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discoloration. A white satin dress should be pinned in blue paper with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—Take three cupfuls of white sugar, pour on it just enough water to moisten it, let it boil till perfectly clear; beat the whites of three eggs very light, and add to it three ounces of grated chocolate; then pour on it the boiling sugar and beat until cold. It is much improved by adding two lumps citric acid dissolved in a teaspoonful of water and mixed with the sugar.

FISH PIE.—Take any of the firm fleshed fish, cut in slices, and season with salt and pepper; let them stand in a very cool place for two or three hours, then put them in a baking dish, with a little cream or water and butter and flour rubed to a cream, with minced parsley and hard-boiled eggs sliced; line the sides of the dish half way down, and cover with a nice plate. Bake in an oven, quick at first, but gradually growing moderate.

APPLE JELLY.—Apples make an excellent Jelly. The process is as follows: They are pared, quartered and the core completely removed, and put into a pot without water, closely covered, and put into an oven or over a fire. When pretty well stewed the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, to which a little white of an egg is added, and then the sugar. Skim it previous to boiling, then reduce it to a proper consistency, and an excellent jelly will be the product.

PURE WINE OF APPLES.—Take pure cider made from sound ripe apples as it runs from the press; put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of cider and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean vessel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out for forty-eight hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight; in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking, the longer it stands upon the lees the better.

BUTTER SAUCE.—Put two ounces of butter into a very clean saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of water; dredge in a little flour, and shake it over a clear fire until it boils, then pour into a tureen. Another way of making butter sauce is to put a teaspoonful of flour and a pinch of salt into a bowl; mix them gradually with a quarter of a pint of cold water or milk; shake it over the fire until it has boiled for the space of two minutes, then add an ounce and a half of butter, chopped into small pieces or slices dissolve it over the fire, shaking the saucepan continually around in the same direction till the butter is melted. Let it boil for one minute, when it will be done.

HOW TO FEED A COAL FIRE.—Replenish a coal fire as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on the surface; then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and as there is not much of it, an access of heat will be given out. Many persons almost put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes, when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fir is just when the new coal laid on is pretty well kindled. This method saves fu gives a more uniform heat, and prev the discomfort of alternations of h cold.

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