The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879. VOL. XIII.-NO. 16.

DELAWARE
State Fair
Is Open to the World.
Exhibits especially invited from all sections of this Peninsula.
This will be the Largest and Finest Exposition
Of Agricultural and
Mechanical Products
and displays of
LIVE STOCK,
ever held on the Peninsula.
A Grand Ladies' Department, and
DIVISION of CEREALS.
NEW BUILDINGS and ample space.
NO ENTRY FEE.
PREMIUMS $8,000.
Now is the time
TO PREPARE YOUR EXHIBITS.
Fair to be held
Last Week of September.
Entries may be made after September 1st by letter. For Catalogues, particulars, &c., apply to
RICHARD HARRINGTON,
Secretary.
Aug. 7—[illegible]

Examiners' Notice.

THE subscribers, appointed by the Honorable Board of County Commissioners for Kent County, Examiners to view the locality for the purpose of examining and determining whether the public convenience requies that

A PUBLIC ROAD

From Rock Hall Cross Roads to Rock Hall Creek shall be opened and a Landing condemned at the terminus of said road, on said Creek;

Hereby give notice that they will meet, on *Saturday, September 7th, 1879,* at 10 o'clock A. M., at the first named place, to execute the object of their commission.

RICHARD W. JONES,
BENJ. R. DURDING,
THOMAS ASHLEY,
aug. 7—tdm [N] Examiners.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

To the VOTERS of KENT COUNTY

THE UNDERSIGNED, REGISTERS OF VOTERS for Kent County, hereby give notice, that for the purpose of discharging the duties devolving upon them as such under the Act of the General Assembly passed January Session 1876, chapter 249, they will sit for the CORRECTION of the lists of REGISTERED VOTERS, on

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of September, from 8 o'clock A. M., to 6 P. M., *AT THE FOLLOWING NAMED PLACES:*

FOR THE FIRST ELECTION DISTRICT AT GALENA.

FOR THE SECOND ELECTION DIST: AT KENNEDYVILLE.

FOR THE THIRT ELECTION DIST: AT A. L. VANNORT'S STORE, AT HANESVILLE.

FOR THE FOURTH ELECTION DIST: AT E. T. WILLIS' JEWELRY STORE IN CHESTERTOWN.

FOR THE FIFTH ELECTION DIST: AT B. B. ADKINSON'S STORE AT EDESVILLE.

The attention of those interested is called to the following provisions of the Act of 1876:

The fifth section provides that the officers of Registration shall, before striking from said list of qualified voters and from said books of registration the name of any registered person, diligently inquire and accurately ascertain that said registered person does not possess, or before the election next ensuing will not possess, the requisite qualifications to entitle him to be registered as a qualified voter in such precinct or election [illegible] is disq[illegible] of the s[illegible] and third Sections of the fir[illegible] of the Constitution; and if [illegible]ll appear that said registered [illegible]son does not possess or will n[illegible]ssess said qualifications, and th[illegible] is so disq[illegible] said o[illegible] shall stri[illegible] such p[illegible] from [illegible] fied vo[illegible] and sa[illegible] of registration [illegible] appear otherwise [illegible] strike [illegible] said li[illegible] before re[illegible]ring a[illegible] any pe[illegible] who ha[illegible] Officer[illegible] Registrat[illegible] tered a[illegible] qualified vot[illegible] cer sha[illegible]ligently inquire and accurate[illegible]certain that [illegible] posses[illegible] before the electio[illegible]xt ensuing the requisite qualifi[illegible]ns to [illegible] registe[illegible] as a qualified [illegible] and that h[illegible] not disqualified under the provisi[illegible] of the second [illegible] section[illegible] the first Article of the Constit[illegible]n; and if it shall appear that sa[illegible]rson so applying [illegible] ses or [illegible]ssess before said day of election [illegible] not so [illegible] cers of registration shall register the name of such person as a qualified voter; but they shall not register the name of any person who does not or will not possess said qualifications or is so disqualified; and when any person applying, as aforesaid, for registration, shall have been previously registered within this State, the officer of registration to whom such application is made, before registering such person shall demand and receive from him a certificate of his previous legal registration, and such certificate of previous registration shall be cancelled by the officer who shall register such person anew.

The thirteenth section provides that no person shall be entitled to be or remain registered in any precinct or election district, unless he shall have been a resident of the State for one year, and of the city of Baltimore, or the county in which registration is claimed, for six months next preceding the next election, at which such registration would be evidence of the right of the person so registered to vote; and in case any county or city shall be so divided as to form portions of different electoral districts for the elections of representatives in Congress, delegates or other officers, then to entitle a person to be or remain registered in any particular section or part of such county or city, he must have been a resident of that part or section of the electoral district in which he claims to be or is registered for six months next preceding the next election, at which such registration would be evidence of the right of the person so registered to vote; and the residence necessary to entitle any person to be or remain so registered, shall be an actual bona fide residence within the precinct or district within which such person many claim to reside and to be registered, and such actual bona fide residence shall be established upon the oath or affirmation of competent evidence to the satisfaction of the register to whom the application is made, and to the satisfaction of the Justice or judges to whom any appeal is made under the provisions of this Act; and the neglect or refusal of any person deeming himself aggrieved by the refusal of any officer of registration to register his name, or by the striking off of his name from the list of qualified voters, to appeal by petition from such action, as provided for in this act, shall be deemed and taken to be conclusive evidence that the said person was rightfully refused registration, or that the name of such person was rightfully stricken from the list of qualified voters of such precinct or election district.

The law further provides, that whilst discharging the duties imposed by the several sections of this act, said officers of registration shall have and exercise the powers of a Justice of the Peace for the preservation of order around the place of registration, and may compel the presence of witnesses for the purpose of obtaining any information necessary to an intelligent discharge of the duties of their office; they shall have power to issue summonses, attachments and commitments, to any constable or sheriff, who shall serve such process as if issued by a Judge of a Court or a Justice of the Peace.

☞ *Voters desiring to be transferred* from one district to another, or from one county to another, can only be transferred on certificate from the officer of registration where last registered.

JAMES P. MASON,
Register of Voters for First Dist.
L. A. PENNINGTON,
Register of Voters for Second Dist.
THOS. H. KENNARD,
Register of Voters for Third Dist.
EDW. T. WILLIS,
Register of Voters for Fourth Dist.
SAM'L G. FISHER,
Register of Voters for Fifth Dist.
Aug. 14, 1879—td.

NEW DRUG
AND
Chemical Store
AT
Bordley's Corner.
M. A. TOULSON
HAS just fitted up the store-room formerly occupied by Mr. John Bordley, and has opened a
First-Class Drug & Apothecary Store.
Being a graduate of the Philadelphia College [illegible], and having had an experience of [illegible] business, he confidently as[illegible]onize him that all prescriptions wil[illegible] carefully manipulated and correctly [illegible]ded. He has taken great care in the [illegible] of his drugs and medicines to get none b[illegible] purest and best.
Prescr[illegible]s a Specialty.
A full line of t[illegible] popular Patent Medicines.
The At[illegible]on of the Ladies
[illegible]d to a com[illegible]e line of
[illegible] FANCY ARTICLES,
[illegible]bracing
[illegible] WHITE, [illegible]T'S POWDER, LUIN'S P[illegible]ER, &c., &c.
The patrona[illegible] the public is respectfully solicited, and n[illegible]s will spared to give satisfaction in ever[illegible]ct.
M. [illegible] TOULSON.
Chester[illegible], [illegible] 3, 1879—y.

Go to C. F[illegible]AM'S DRUG STORE
FOR your [illegible] Spices; Ginger, Green and Ground; [illegible]namon, Cloves, Allspice, Nutmegs, Must[illegible]ed, Celery Seed, Turmeric, and every thin[illegible]essary for the Pickling and Preserving sea[illegible] and you will get the purest articles at the [illegible] price. July 31.

D[illegible]U KNOW
[illegible] Stationery very cheap
[illegible]'S DRUG STORE?
Writing Paper at 6 cents per quire, Envelopes at 5 cents per package, and beautiful Boxes o Paper from 10 cents up! July 31

MONEY TO LOAN.
Apply to
C. H. BAKER, Att'y.,
July 24, 1879. Chestertown, Md.

Select Poetry.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river
Where the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the new grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

Those in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lillies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE [illegible]

Children [illegible] more than one-half of the world's purest joys, their beautiful deeds breaking in upon us oftentimes as delightful surprises; and stupid would we be if we failed to be roused from life's torpor by their presence, their needs, and their expression of them. As we stepped upon the platform of the cars on our way west in the middle of the night, we heard a man say, "Here is a little girl all alone. Will not somebody take care of her?" Somebody responded and we thought no more of it until next day when we had dropped our "sleepers," and entered one of the other cars we saw the sweetest little child-form we ever looked upon, fast asleep, so soundly sleeping as not to even be heard in breathing. Such a head of dark brown hair, lying all loose over shoulders, back and face, we never beheld; features as if the choice of an artist from a thousand beauties; her long, dark eye-lashes lay across the openings into a world of beauty, and her form was in beautiful adaptation to the ideal of her face. We could hardly wait for her to wake, for we felt sure she was the lonely child of whom we had heard the night before, and were impatient for the history of this interesting but solitary voyager across the earth.—After a while the conductor stood over her, as if drawn by her beauty and innocence. He seemed to be shrinking from waking her, as if she was an angel, whose repose it would have been irreverent to disturb. Said he, "Whose child is this?" No one could tell. He turned away and went on gathering up his tickets. When he had finished he came back and she was awake. He stooped and said:

"Whose little girl are you?"

"Mamma's," said she, looking up trustfully in his face.

"Where is your mamma? Show me who she is."

Said she, gently, "Mamma is not on the cars, she is in heaven."

The gentlemanly conductor grew more intently anxious, and said:

"But you have a father aboard, little girl?"

"No, sir; my father is in heaven a long time ago. When I was a little baby he was in the army. Mamma used to tell me about him. She called him her poor soldier boy."

"And where did your papa and mamma live?"

"In Ireland, sir," speaking more gently, as if not sure it was best to tell him.

"Where did you come from, my little darling?"

"From the same place, sir."

"Not from Ireland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who came with you?"

"Nobody, sir, but God. He kept me on the sea when it was awful stormy, and I was so sick that I thought I would die."

The conductor, in surprise, said: "You did not come all the way from Ireland by yourself?"

"Yes, sir; God was with me; my auntie prayed for me, and told God to take care of me on the forecastle of the ship; and she kissed me and said, "Precious pet, don't be afraid, for God has told me that he is going with you all the way;' and some people on the deck took me and made me sleep by them until I got to New York, and then they took me to the railroad station and a nice old gentleman, with a white beard, got my ticket. Here it is, sir,"—opening a queer old fashioned Irish carpet sack, and pulling out a woolen petticoat and putting her little hand into the pocket, took out a little pocket book, tied with a soiled piece of linen tape,—"here it is; he gave it to me, and told me not to be afraid, because the people would all be kind to a little stranger orphan girl. And he said when I wanted anything to ask the man with the band on his hat. Are you the man, sir?"

"Yes; what do you want, my little pet?"

"I want you to take care of me, if you please."

"I will, indeed. I had a little girl as large as you, but she died."

"She is in heaven, ain't she? She will see my papa and mamma; won't she?"

"He said, "I hope so," and turned away.

By this time a [illegible]en had gathered around the [illegible], no woman happened to be in the cars, else that woman's heart whould have been broken. The men were all rough, good-hearted souls, and all seemed fidgety to do something for this strange, beautiful child. One turned up a tag which was fastened to a ribbon around her neck, and on it was written:

"Effie Mc—, of Ireland; aged seven years; is on her way to her aunt, Mrs. Mc—, Fort Kearney, United States of America. Kind friends, be good to this child. She was her mother's darling, who died the 11th day of December, 1878.—This poor child is all that is left of the family, and her friends are sending her to her aunt's at Fort Kearney."

One rough-looking man asked her if she had anything to eat, to which she replied by showing him some little sweet cakes, and said, "Do you think these will be enough until I get to auntie's?" He replied, "Give me your reticule," and, opening it, commenced filling it out of his well-stored basket. Others brought in their supplies, until there was more than the child could well carry. An old gentlemen, about eighty years of age, said he would take care of her as far as Kansas City; a black man said he had nothing to give her to eat, so he gave her a half-dollar. . . . She became more and more a theme of interest for hundreds of miles, until we seemed to have forgotten the space, when the cry, "East St. Louis!" startled us, and revealed the fact that to some of us at least the journey had ended. We parted from this dear child in tenderness and with prayers, for she was fast asleep, with her little testament, which she could read, in her pale hand. All were the better for her presence, all regretted that she could not journey on with them along the way of life.

◆

THE New York *Sun* gives the following sketch of the career and antecedents of Dixon, the man who was shot at Yazoo, Miss., recently, and out of whose death the Republican papers have been endeavoring to make political capital:

FAMILY AND EARLY LIFE OF THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT AT YAZOO.—Whether the quarrel between Henry M. Dixon and Barksdale in Yazoo, Miss., resulting in the death of the former, was wholly personal or partly political, is a fact that Dixon was a bloody-handed and dangerous man. From boyhood he was an unprincipled scrapegrace.—His father was one of the most violent men of the regime in Virginia, whose chief characteristics were obstinacy and physical courage, and these led to his voting for Lincoln in 1860, the only Republican vote cast in Fauquier County. Some of the Democratic leaders of his neighborhood with whom he had a feud declared that no man should vote for Lincoln in that county, whereupon Dixon swore with many oaths that he would do as he pleased, and on election day he went to the polls with a revolver and cast his vote for Lincoln and Hamlin. Fauquier County thereafter became too hot to hold him, and he fled to Washington, leaving his slaves and plantation to his enemies.

For this conduct he was rewarded by the incoming President with a paymastership, though his lack of an education disqualified him from performing the simple duties of the office. Only the extreme forbearance of the Administration enabled him to retain his commission. He always carried firearms and used them freely. He often threatened to kill negroes because, in driving, they took half the road, as if they were white. His two oldest sons, Collins and Henry, imbibed from him these ideas, and both of them engaged in hunting human game from time to time. Collins, then about 20, had a controversy in the halls of Willard's hotel, drew a revolver, missed his man, and shot a stranger in the leg. The wounded man was put to bed, and was generous enough to accept an apology from the youth who had sent a bullet into him.

Henry, who has now been killed in the streets of Yazoo, was then about 14, and was a member of Mosby's guerrillas. From this band of freebooters he deserted, from time to time, for a few weeks, during which he would come home to Georgetown and make reprisals on the family—once retreating to Mosby with $90 which his mother gave him to pay a market bill.

Major Dixon thought no worse of his boys for these innocent escapages. Indeed, he insisted that they thus "showed their spirit." "I'd have done the same thing myself!" he said, with an oath, alluding to the quarrel which Collins had forced upon an acquaintance.

One day, in 1865, Major Dixon heard that his old enemy, Mr. Matthert, had ventured to come to Alexandria, whereupon he armed himself to go and meet him. "I'll cut off his ears!" he said, boastingly, to his family, as he left his residence in Georgetown for Alexandria, "or may be I shall shoot him like a dog!" He went to Alexandria, found Matthert, chased him around a block, when they exchanged shots, and Matthert shot Dixon dead.

At this event Mrs. Dixon, who had had seventeen children, was given a small clerkship in the Patent Office, which she still occupies. She was [illegible] wife and mother, kind, loving, forbearing, industrious, careful, conscientious, benevolent, working night and day for others. But Major Dixon was a bad man, selfish, lazy, cruel, profane, ignorant and brutal. He brought up his sons in the same way. He frequently amused himself by coaxing his infant children to blaspheme, paying them ten cents each time.—Young Henry was an amiable youth, in spite of his father, but with such an example constantly before him, it could hardly be expected that he would meet a peaceful and reputable end.

◆

GOOD MANNERS.

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferious his superious by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology. The attitnde is the main point. Assure your companions that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate.

Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage, which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty. For example: what a sensechal and defective is laughter? It seems to require several generations of education to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of man. Sometimes, when in almost all expressions the Choctaw and the slave have been worked out of him, a course nature still betrays itself in his contemptible squeals of joy. The great gain is not to shine, not to conquer your companions,—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and you will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horsed on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth, instead of the solemn, customary lie.

When people come to see us we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary. A lady of my acquaintance said: "I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it." The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common sort of all the guest.—Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends. Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgressions annoys and modifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SOME FACTS ABOUT SHARKS.

The size of the shark has been immensely exaggerated, but as to the dangerous nature of the creature there can be no manner of doubt.—The white shark, the most dangerous of its kind, is seldom more than ten or twelve feet from head to tail. No shark that ever yet swam could bite a man in two, or cut off his leg. The teeth of the shark, no doubt, are very terrible. They are arranged row behind row, and the muscles of its jaws are of enormous strength. But they are fitted for rending and lacerating rather than for cutting or severing. A shark of ten feet, or even eight, will seize a man by the thigh and strip the flesh from off his leg down to the heel, or, with a firm grasp of the limb and a powerful twist of its body in the water, it may possibly tear the leg out of the socket. Such an injury, of course, is as instantly fatal as if the assailant had cut its victim in half. There is, indeed, no need to exaggerate the size of the shark; for a small shark, if hungry, is practically as dangerous as a large one.

The old story of the pilot-fish which always accompany the shark and guide him to his prey, is still gravely, repeated, and as gravely believed. It is also an article of nautical faith that the shark knows when there is a dying man on board ship and will follow the vessel for miles, guided by some sinister and almost demoniacal instinct. As a matter of fact, there are always pilot-fish to be seen in the wake of a vessel, only that they are not noticed unless a shark in their company calls attention to them; while a shark will, for reasons of his own, invariably follow a vessel, whether there be a sick man on it or not.—*Once a Week.*

◆

A YOUNG lady writes to an exchange: "For my part, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres." Oh, certainly. When a young lady hasn't a beau, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking costume, she generally prefers to pass the evening at home with a book—which she is too mad to read.

◆

"GEORGE has had a great many pull-backs in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

All Sorts of Clippings

Alms—a silent prayer.
A big revolver—the world.
Healing mediums—cobblers.
Blarney stone—a sham rock.
Grumbling—spirits of whine.
Fuss—the idle man's business.
Waste of T—putting it in depot.
Labor-saving machine—laziness.
Family ties—nine children and—
Patience is God's own medicine.
Ellip-tical—girls swapping kisses.
Not a miss—a pretty young widow.

How can the sea run when it's tied?

Ever see a tooth from the gum of a tree?

The nose is the scentre of civilization.

You can't clear your conscience with an egg.

Bloomer—a woman who *pants* for notoriety.

A duck of a lover makes a goose of a husband.

What kind of braces do ladies prefer? Embraces.

Your esteem for a child cannot rise higher than its sauce.

Appointments once made become debts.

It is a wise chick that knows its own ova coat.

The best cure for imaginary troubles is a corn.

Good doctors are liable to be rapped up in their business.

Never abuse a thermometer when it is down, unless it gets too low.

It is easier to forget a favor than an injury.

President Hayes can't veto the mosquito bill.

When it begins to thunder the milk knows its sour has come.

Revenue-cutter officials are those who go down to sieze in ships.

Our 'steamed friend, the oyster, will soon be palatable.

A hanging is a neck stray occasion for the party of the first part.

"The Yankee Whaler"—a Maine school teacher.

Nothing obscures the honey moon so much as the early son.

A young lady carries a sun umbrella to parry Sol's rays.

The only interest some people take in others is about six per cent.

Paradoxical, but true. It is better knead bread than to need bread.

How easy it is for a creditor to forgive and forget—especially the latter.

Watering place hotels continue to furnish all the discomforts of the season.

It is one of the most difficult feats imaginable for a bee to hold its stung.

Those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

Listening to the "voices of nature," we note that green corn is a little husky,

The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment; the dissentions of age result from opinion.

A Syracuse man thinks his wife is a righteous woman because she is never forsaken—by her mother.

No matter how honorable an equestrian may be, he always goes back on the horse he rides.

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sewing anything but tares?

A white man who had married a negress offered color blindness as an excuse.

Man wants but little here below. True, and saleratus in the breakfast biscuit is no exception to the general rule.

The great trouble with professional ball clubs is to find a pitcher that will hold water—only.

"Who cut your hair?" is a slang Western expression, but to give it full force it should be addressed to a bald-headed man.

Never tell a man who is using a restorative that his hair is coming out nicely; such a compliment might seem somewhat ambiguous.

He who would amass virtues, leaving out the guardian virtue humanity, is like a man who leaves a precious dust exposed to the wind.

Garden parties are much in vogue. They are held at night in the melon patch, and consist of the gardener, a shotgun and a cross dog.

An Irishman who was drinking the health of a bishop, gave this toast: "May your riverence live to eat the old hen that crows over your grave!"

The flea is the politician of the insect world. He is ever itching for a place, creates no end of disturbance, and you never know where to find him.

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I grant you that, but it never made half so much impression on me as the old man's."

"At what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the other woman was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded: "At the parsonage."

The world owes us all a living, but the only way we can collect the debt is to pull off our coats and take it out of the world's hide.

Josh Billings says: "I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front of him and do my weeping."

Sitting Bull, who says he is looking for a place of rest, where he can sleep soundly, should pitch his tent in a store that is never advertised in the newspapers.

Miss Madeup Oldgal.—"Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its sheltering shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when ——" Young Foodle—"When you planted it?"

Farm and Household.

The Jersey Red pigs grow rapidly to an enormous size, but the flesh is nearly all fat. Where this is not an objection, this is perhaps the best breed for one who desires to procure heavy pigs at an early age.

Indian Corn charred into charcoal is said to be a most valuable condiment for poultry. It will put the hens in good health, and cause a general toning up of the system that will be seen in more and better eggs.

To Prevent damage of cattle during transit by rail it is proposed that ropes or nets be passed under each animal to prevent their falling. The inconvenience to the cattle standing would, we think, be more than counterbalanced by the few animals saved from falling.

Mange in Pigs can be cured by applications of whale oil and sulphur, well rubbed into the affected parts with a corn cob; the skin being thickened, needs something to break up the dry flakes with which it is covered. Give half an ounce of sulphur in the food daily for a week or ten days.

Bark Lice are very injurious to fruit trees, as they find shelter under the bark, through the crevices of which they prey on the sap and injure the vigor of the trees. They may be destroyed by a wash of whale-oil, soapsuds or a solution of potash. Common soapsuds have been used against them with success.

Hints on Food for Horses.—1st. The foundation of many diseases is laid in feeding all horses in the same proportions, without any regard to age, constitution, or the work which the horse is required to do. The impropriety of such a course is readily seen.

2d. Bad hay has not proper nourishment in it, therefore it would be poor policy to buy it simply because it is cheap, as it is often very dear in the end.

3d. Old horses will do better on chaff than on hay, as they can chew and digest it better.

4th. There is not sufficient nutriment in grass or hay alone to support a horse well under hard work.

5th. Corn which has been damaged is very injurious, as it will produce inflammation of the bowels and skin disease.

6th. Oats and corn are the best nourishment when a horse is worked hard, but if not, it should be chiefly hay, because corn and oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; but hay not so much.

7th. For a coach-horse, four or six quarts of good oats and eighteen pounds of good hay are sufficient usually. If a horse should be worked harded, he should have more of each; but if worked but little, should have less.

8th. Chopped hay sprinkled with a little water, which has had a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in it is quite pleasing to the taste of the horse and is also more easily digested.

9th. Spring or well water is not usually as good for horses as water from a stream or pond, as the former is usually hard and cold.

10. Horses require and should have a pailful of water morning and evening; or what is better give a half pailful at four different times a day.

11th. A horse should not be driven nor worked hard directly after he has had a full draught of water, nor soon after eating heartily, as exertion prevents digestion.

12. Do not allow a horse to become accustomed to drinking warm water, for if compelled to drink cold at any time it will be liable to cause colic.

13. Do not work or drive a horse after he refuses his food, after drinking until you have given him rest. *Kendall on the Horse.*

Sweet Milk rubbed on the surface of any pastry, before baking, such as biscuit, gems, shortcakes, or even pastry for fruit pies, will make them brown nicely and give them a flasky appearance.

Pork Cake.—One cup of molasses, one of sugar, one of boiling water, one pound of raisin, one-half pound of pork cut fine, one-half pound of currants, one spoonful of soda; spice to taste.

Pickeled peaches.—Allow one coffee-cup of sugar to one pint of vinegar; let this boil; peel the peaches and stick cinnamon buds in them; let them cook tender in the vinegar, then put in glass jars; pour the sirup over them and seal as canned fruit.

Muffin Bread.—Four or six eggs, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, and a quarter of a pound of butter worked with the eggs and beaten till very light; about a pint of milk, a quart of flour, and a little salt. Work the flour in the morning.

White Spruce Beer.—Dissolve ten pounds of loaf sugar in ten gallons of boiling water; add four ounces essence of spruce, and when almost cold add one-half pint of good yeast. Keep in a warm place, and the next day strain through flannel; put into bottles and wire the corks.

To Cure a Felon.—One teaspoonful of scorched salt, one teaspoonful of corn meal, one teaspoonful of scraped hard soap, one teaspoonful of beet leaves, pounded up, twelve drops of turpentine and the yelk of one egg. Mix all the indredients together in the form of a poultice, in which bind closely the swollen finger.

"Ouida," the novelist, has received a medal from the Parish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Creatures.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music,
Our childhood knew so well.

To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—

The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

These bright and lovely maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly,
For such a world as this!

Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
That followed every year!

They have passed—like hope—away—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
That have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh—it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all too beautiful
Are passing fast away!

That the fair ones whom we love,
Grow to each loving breast
Like tendrils of the clinging vine;
Then perish where they rest.

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us
And the flowers are blossoming?

For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty around us
Is budding but to die!

NO MONEY TO WASTE.—A Pittsburger who has the reputation of being hard pay, was waited on the other day by a man who began:

"Mr. Blake, I hold your note for $75. It is long past due, and I wanted to see what you would do about it."

"My note? Ah, yes, yes; this is my note. Have you been to the 'note shavers' with this?"

"I have, but none of them would have it."

"Wouldn't, eh? And you also tried the banks?"

"Yes, sir; but they wouldn't look at it."

"Wouldn't, eh? And I suppose you went to a Justice to see about sueing for it?"

"I did; but he said a judgment wouldn't be worth a dollar."

"Did, eh? And now what proposition do you wish to make?"

"This is your note for $75. Give me $5 and you may have it."

"Five dollars? "No, sir! I have no money to throw away, sir!"

"But it is your own note."

"True, sir; very true; but I'm not such an idiot as to throw away money on useless securities, no matter who signs. I deal only in first-ciass paper, sir; and when that note has a negotiable value I will be pleased to discount it. Good day, sir—looks like settled weather again!"

◆

WASHINGTON left an estate worth $800,000. John Adams died moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not given $20,000 for his library he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives in this eity. John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of prudence. His son, Charles Francis Adams, gained a large fortune by marriage.—Jackson died tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some $800,000. It is said that during his entire administration he never drew any portion of his salary, but on leaving took the whole $100,000 in a lump. Polk left about $150,000. Tyler married a lady of wealth and accomplishments, and died rich. Taylor left about $150,000. Fillmore was always an economical man, and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about $50,000. Buckanan left about $200,000; Lincoln about $75,000; Johnson about $50,000.

◆

The Rev. Edward E[illegible] Hale tells, in the *Independent*, [illegible] a judge who was preparing a law lecture, and had every chair and table in his study covered with open books, from which he was collating material.—His sister, Miranda, undertook to put the apartment in order, with the following result: "Biddy, her chief of staff, eager to be of use, shut up all the books and put them on the shelves. Miranda returned to the room in horror and cried: "We shall both be killed when he comes home!" "Nivir ye fear, mum," said Biddy. "I'll make it all right." And sure enough, when the Judge saw the room, Biddy had produced thirty law books from the shelves, had opened them in imitation of the aspect she had found them in, and was left to go on with his lecture as best he might with the aid of precedents of Biddy's selection."

◆

BOYHOOD is candid, and middle age, though it may think the same things, is reticent. "What part of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied:—"'Few and short were the prayers we said.'"

◆

Ex-Gov. Curtin says Grant and Blaine are the popular candidates for the Presidency with the Pennsylvania republicans.

◆

Mr. Carlyle's income from his books is said to be about $4,000. Patti commands $5,000 a night for her singing. Such is life.

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