The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 12.

B. F. FLEMING,
Dealer in Grain.

SCHUYLKILL LIME, quick and slaked, delivered by cars or vessel. Frequently pays for itself in the first crop. I refer to a few who have used my Lime: Richard Hynson, Esq., J. A. Pearce, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Round Top; Isaac Parsons, George R. Reed, Major B. T. Biggs, Robert Nicholson, H. W. Vickers, Major T. B. Hynson, John T. Mier, Jas. Beck of Geo., Bartus P. Hatcherson, Samuel Hurlock, Rev. E. B. Newnam, Rev. S. W. Thomas, Thomas Gale, David Hurlock, William Hurlock.

BITUMINOUS and ANTHRACITE COAL.
OAK and PINE WOOD, sawed and split if desired. Apr 14, 1881—y

BUY YOUR
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.,
AT LOW PRICES FROM

Samuel Burns & Co.,
104 LIGHT Street Wharf,

Baltimore, - - - Maryland.

C. F. STAM,
Druggist & Chemist,

PREPARES MEDICINES
from the choicest
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRUGS

Physicians' Prescriptions
always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.
The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.

NOTICE!
Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.
Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
May 26, 1881. DRUGGIST.

Tolchester Beach!

ON AND AFTER MAY 18, 1881, steamers
Nellie White and Pilot Boy
Will leave Tolchester at 10:15 A.M. and 5:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

After May 24th daily, except Sunday, will leave Baltimore, Pier 9½, at 8:15 A.M. & 2:30 P.M.

The *NELLIE WHITE* for beauty is second to no other.

Excursion Tickets, good until used, 75 cts.
" " good only on day issued, 50c
Fare each way 40 cents.

This is the shortest and cheapest line to Baltimore, giving the people of Kent county nearly three hours, and return the same day.

WM. C. ELIASON,
May 12, 1881—tf MANAGER.

THOMPSON'S
FREIGHT & PASSENGER LINE
For BALTIMORE.

On and after June 27, 1881, the
STEAMER L. G. CANNON,
CAPT. WM. A. THOMPSON,

Will leave Chestertown every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 P. M.; Quaker Neck 4 p. m.; Hooper's Wharf, Centreville, 5.30 p. m.; Emory's Wharf 5.45 p. m.; arriving in Baltimore at 10 p. m.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Wednesday at 3 p. m. and Friday at 6 p. m., stopping at above landings.

Mr. Wm. Coursey will convey freight and passengers to and from Centreville.

☞ Freights received every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at foot of Commerce st., Baltimore.

☞ *Specialty—handling and caring for freight.* Charges moderate.

FARE 75c. Round Trip tickets $1.25. State-rooms extra.
Freight on grain 4c. per bushel.
JOS. W. THOMPSON,
June 30, 1881—tf. Manager.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

WE hereby notify our friends and the public generally, that we have opened a
NEW STORE
at the room recently occupied by Mr. S. Merritt, alongside of Mr. J. K. Aldridge's hardware store.
We hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

TRY OUR ROYAL 5ct. Cigar, as good as At SPARKS'S.

OARS AND OARLOCKS—for sale by T. L. HINES & CO

Spring Announcement
—OF—
Louis K. Stam.

Please Read arefully.

In painting your buildings it is always to your advantage to select the Best and Purest of materials.

I have house and carriage Paint and Varnishes, all kinds, of the best quality that can be obtained, viz:—John W. Masury & Sons, and John Lucas & Co's. It is guaranteed neither to CRACK, PEEL nor BLISTER, and to last in any weather. It has stood the test here for eight years.

My Spring designs of WALL PAPER are most beautiful and have been selected with great care from the largest Houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Garnet, Cherry, Dark Brown, Light Brown Drab, Pearl, and many other colors of Window Shadings. Shades made to order to fit your window.

Protect your Barns and other Buildings by using Washes. I have all the different earth Paints for such work and will give directions to mix the wash.

Paint Brushes, White Wash Brushes, Kalsomine, &c. Full Stock. VERY LOW PRICES.

Full assortment of FURNITURE. Goods delivered to your houses free of charge, and satisfaction guaranteed. Don't fail to call when you visit town. You will be received politely.

Just below C. F. Stam's Drug Store, and adjoining Mrs. Ellen Melvin's.

Louis K. Stam.
April 28, 1881. Chestertown.

THE Standard Sewing Machine
—:o:—

This new machine is offered at about one-half the price of the old style Machines, and is warranted for three years.

It is an exact copy of the Singer Family Machine, and we will send to any person the $50.00 style for $20.00, with the privilege of a full examination before buying. We also keep in Store all the best makes of Sewing Machines, with a full assortment of Needles, Parts and Oil, and Repair and Improve all kinds of Machines in the best manner and at the lowest prices for good work.

Persons wanting Agencies or Circulars will please address,

BYLES & SMITH,
No. 638 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
June 24, 1881.

The Florence Sewing Machine Company's New Machine,
"THE CROWN."
is now ready for Agents and Dealers.
—:o:—
Old Style Florence Machines taken in exchange, or thoroughly repaired on reasonable terms. Also, the
FLORENCE OIL STOVES.
Agents wanted in every county. Address
BYLES & SMITH,
No. 638 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Jude 24, 1881.

Handsome
NEW AND ORIGINAL
ILLUSTRATED PICTURE CARDS
GIVEN TO EVERY PURCHASER OF
Higgins's German Laundry Soap.
Ask your Grocer for them. [July 7—4t

BONES! BONES!—Highest cash price paid for raw bones, at KENNARD & CO'S.

WE are still ahead in good cheap *CLOCKS* SPARKS.

Look for the Best!
YOU'LL FIND THEM
By Calling On
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

We Claim to Make as Good
CULTIVATOR TEETH
AS CAN BE MADE

We have been doing it a long time, so the people say, and it is they we are trying to please.

BUY OUR
IRON-FRAME CULTIVATORS.

They beat anything in that line of implements. We invented it ourselves, and believe it to be the best. As an evidence of it other parties are trying their very best to imitate it, and leave the old ruts.

☞ The following well known farmers have used them, and we do not hesitate to refer to them and many others:

T. A. JACOBS,	ABRAHAM HURLOCK,
CAPT. E. B. WOODALL,	WM. H. STEWART,
GEORGE W. DAVIS,	THOMAS J. VICKERS,
S. J. ROSEBERRY,	THOMAS J. TUCKER,
S. A. MERRITT,	W. F. MASSEY.

Now, the question is from whom will you buy, the inventor or imitator?

Prices have been reduced. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
May 12, 1881. Chestertown.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove, Md.,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, COAL, LIME, FERTILIZERS,
Agricultural Implements, &c., &c.

SOLE AGENT, for Kent county, for THE CELEBRATED
McCORMICK SELF-BINDER AND IRON MOWER,
The BEST and SIMPLEST machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,
LOCUST GROVE,
June 23, 1881. KENT COUNTY, MD.

CALL AND EXAMINE
C. M. LUCAS'S
LOT OF KEY AND STEM-WINDING
WALTHAM WATCHES,
Just received from New York.

For correct time and beauty of finish these Watches have no superiors, and have in every case given perfect satisfaction.

Also, a new assortment of
SOLID GOLD RINGS,
Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, &c.,
OF LATEST STYLE.
April 21, 1881.

FAMOUS
TONIC ROOT BEER!
FIVE CENTS PER GLASS.

THE MOST HEALTHFUL AND DELIGHTFUL DRINK IN THE WORLD.

As a Beverage and Blood-Purifier it has no rival, being made from those excellent Herbs and Roots, viz.: Dandelion, Sassafras, Burdock, Sarsaparilla, &c., all of which have a salutary action on the Liver and Kidneys. The well-known merits of this Beverage are sustained by the ablest Physicians.

For sale by T. W. WICKES,
June 30, 1881. Druggist.

Something Nice.
Cold, Sparkling SODA WATER!
A Most Refreshing and Delightful Beverage for Warm Weather!

We are sure we can please you from our great variety of Syrups.

Also, ON DRAUGHT—
VICHY WATER,
which is refreshing at all times. We sell both these waters at 5 cents per glass.
COLIN F. STAM,
May 26, 1881. Druggist.

T. W. WICKES,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

IS dispensing a purer article of SODA WATER, from his handsome new fountain than is ordinarily purchased in the city, for these reasons: 1st. He has the advantage of home spring water, which is better than hydrant water; 2d. He has the new improved block tin lined steel fountain, which makes any metalic contamination of the beverages impossible; the copper fountains, tin washed, are liable to poison; you are taking a great risk in drinking a beverage which when you discover the poison may be too late to remedy.

Ice Cream Soda Water and all the popular syrups. T. W. WICKES.
June 30, 1881.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Letters of Administration D.B.N. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

ROBERT RUTH,
late of Kent county, Md. deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 24th day of January, 1882; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 19th day of July, 1881.

MARION deK. SMITH,
July 21, 1881—4 *Administrator.*

SWISS EMBROIDERY, IRISH TRIMMING, TORCHON LACE, VALENCIENNE LACE, DeAlencon Lace, Bretonne Lace, Hamburg Edgings and Insertings. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

"Yes, Jack Brown was a splendid fellow,
But married for love, you know;
I remember the girl very well—
Sweet little Kitty Duffan,
Pretty, and loving, and good,
And bright as a fairy elf;
I was very much tempted, indeed,
To marry Kitty myself.

But her friends were all of them poor,
And Kitty had not a cent;
And I knew I should never be
With love in a cottage content.
So Jack was the lucky wooer,
Or unlucky—anyway
You can see how shabby his coat,
And his hair is turning gray.

But I'm told he thinks himself rich
With Kitty and homely joys;
A cot far away out of town,
Full of noisy girls and boys.
Poor Jack! I'm sorry, and all that,
But of course he very well knew
That fellows who marry for love
Must drink of the liquor they brew."

And the handsome Augustus smiled,
His coat was in perfect style,
And women still spoke of his grace,
And gave him their sweetest smile.
But he thought that night of Jack Brown,
And said, "I'm growing old;
I think I must really marry
Some beautiful girl with gold."

Years passed on, and the bachelor grew
Tiresome, and stupid, and old;
He had not been able to find
The beautiful girl with gold.
Alone with his fancies he dwelt;
Alone in the crowded town,
Till one day he suddenly met
The friend of his youth, Jack Brown.

"Why, Gus!" "Why, Jack!" what a meeting!
Jack was so happy and gay;
The bachelor sighed for content
As he followed his friend away,
To the cot far out of town,
Set deep in the orchard trees,
Scented with lilies and roses,
Cooled with the ocean breeze.

"Why, Jack, what a beautiful place!
What did it cost?" "Oh! it grew."
There were only three rooms at first;
Then soon the three were too few;
So we added a room now and then;
And oft in the evening hours
Kitty, the children and I
Planted the trees and flowers.

And they grew as the children grew—
Jack and Harry, Grace and Belle."
"And where are the youngsters now?"
All happy, and doing well.
Jack went to Spain for our house;
His road is level and clear;
And Harry's a lawyer in town,
Making three thousand a year.

And Grace and Belle are well married;
They married for love, as is best;
But often our birdies come back
To visit the dear home-nest.
So my sweet wife Kitty and I
From labor and cares may cease;
We have enough, and age can bring
Nothing but love and peace."

But over and over again
The bachelor thought that night;
"Home, and wife, and children!
Jack Brown was after all right.
Oh! if in the days of my youth
I had honestly loved and wed!
For now when I'm old there's no one cares
Whether I'm living or dead."

Contributed Story.

JOE TURBIT'S REVENGE.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"Joey have you seen my spectacles?"

Now I (the incorrigible Joe Turbit himself) knew by past experience that if Aunt Jane had been sure of her position, she would have said, "Joe what have you done with my specs?" But you see as there was no person on the farm but she and I, she was doubtful of results, and so she said:

"Joey, have you see my spectacles?"

"Yes, I have see them many a time," I answered.

"Now, Joey, you know well enough what I mean, have you seen them this morning?"

"The last time I saw them they were on top of your head," said I, but sooner than I could get my mouth shut, wasn't I sorry I had told her, as the thought flashed through my mind, "now old lady, if you couldn't find your specs, wouldn't I be even with you for keeping me home from the picnic."

But Aunt Jane seemed to think because I had told her they were on top of her head, they must be at least a thousand miles from that spot, so she never even so much as put up her hand to feel for them, and still kept on looking in the funniest places.

Who ever heard tell of any one laying their spectacles down on the top shelf of the pantry, or putting them in the old rat-trap that hung on the wall, or on top of the kitchen cupboard, but Aunt Jane looked in all these places.

Now the reasons why I was glad that Aunt Jane was in trouble, were several. Firstly, no matter what I did, that wasn't just the thing good boys ought to do, she was sure to find it ought, and just sure to report me to headquarters. And I was inwardly wishing she never would find her spectacles. May be she wouldn't see so much if she didn't have them to look through.

Secondly, I was undergoing a punishment that was almost more than I could bear, and I was mad with everybody in general, and with Aunt Jane in particular; and thirdly and lastly I was determined to make her punishment as great as mine if such a thing was possible.

Day before yesterday that city chap came to see sister Mollie, all dressed up like the pictures in the magazine, and his hat was so shiny you could most see yourself in it.

Sister Mollie took his hat in the parlor and laid it on the table, and invited him out on the front porch where it was cool.

After a while I saw them going out to the orchard, and I thought I would go in the parlor and see how I would look in that shiny hat.

While I was walking up and down before the glass, in walked Rover, and looked at me as if he was laughing.

"Come here, old fellow," said I, "let's see how you look in it." I had to put it on his head hard to make it stay, and when I walked him up to the glass I guess he was scared, for the first thing I knew he was tearing out of the house as bad as if he had a kettle to his tail.

I guess he couldn't see where he was going, for he bumped up against the baluster, and then against the gate post, and then into the wood pile, and the last I saw of him he was making for the river. I did want to laugh, but I hadn't time, for I knew everybody would be saying, "Now, Joe, you done that."

So I just skeedadled as fast as my feet would carry me, but just as I turned the corner of the milk house, who should be coming out the door with a plate of butter and a pitcher of cream for supper, but Aunt Jane, and how could I help running against her, and upsetting her. I didn't wait for her to get up, for I wanted to be out in the watermelon patch when they found Rover with that hat on.

I waited until I was called in to supper, and got a good scolding and an order to go to bed as soon as I was done eating, for upsetting Aunt Jane and spilling the cream. But I didn't hear a word about that hat, and Rover was there too, but he didn't have the hat on, and I thought I wouldn't ask him any thing about it.

This morning I got up early. I couldn't sleep for thinking what a nice time I was going to have at the picnic. There was to be lots of ice cream and lemonade and cake, and we were to play Copenhagen with the girls, and base ball with the boys, and fire off shooting crackers, and I was just going to hurrah for the fourth of July, when I overheard Aunt Jane say to father:

"I tell you, Edward, it was Joe's doings. Thomas told me that he seen Rover tearing down the lane with the hat on his head, and he couldn't have put it on himself, and that's just what Joe was running about when he upset me. I tell you, brother, if you don't do something to check that boy, he will certainly bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Now I don't care to go to the picnic to-day for I want to write those two letters, and finish up my sewing so that I can be ready to go away next week. Just make Joe stay home to punish him, and I will keep him out of mischief."

"But," said my father, "that would be too bad to keep him at home to-day; the children have so few holidays."

"Oh, yes, that is just the way you always make excuses for him. I don't wonder he is bad. It is just you that ruin him."

"Joe," said my father, "was it you spoiled Mr. Carter's hat?"

"I didn't spoil his hat."

"But you put it on Rover, and you must stay at home to-day instead of going to the picnic."

I went out in the orchard to keep Aunt Jane from seeing me cry, and I don't know why father didn't eat any breakfast.

Mr. Carter took sister Mollie to the picnic, but he wore a straw hat. Father and mother went in the carriage, and Thomas and Frank went horse back, and now Aunt Jane is nearly crazy because she's lost her specs and can't write her letters, and can't get her sewing done, and she was going to have such a splendid time while the folks were all gone away.

"Now, Joey," said Aunt Jane, coming in after looking through the wood pile, and the meat house, and the buttery without finding her spectacles, "if you will find them for me, I'll give you a nice piece of lemon custard, besides a piece for your dinner."

Aunt Jane knows if I have a weakness it's for lemon custard, and I was just going to tell her, when something inside of me said, "Joe Turbit, would you be mean enough to go back on yourself just for a piece of lemon custard." I didn't tell her.

When the folks got home from the picnic the very moment they got in, Aunt Jane began to tell them I had hid her specs, and how she had been the whole day hunting them, and she hadn't got to write a word nor sew a stitch, and she just thought father ought to tan my jacket well, for I was just the torment of her life.

"Why, Jane," said father, "your specs are on the top of your head." And he laughed until the tears came in his eyes, and even Mr. Carter patted me on the head. I thought he was mad about his hat.

I don't know what made Aunt Jane go up stairs so quick, may be she felt like I did when I went out in the orchard. She didn't want anybody to see her cry.

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—A Norwegian fable satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox, who carried a load of fish, and who, in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied that he had caught them by angling.—The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful, when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough and not mind it if it hurts you a little (said the friendly adviser), for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a bite. The longer the time the more the fish. Nevertheless, when you have a good strong bite be sure you pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions and kept his tail in the hole until it was frozen fast. When he pulled, the end of the tail came off, and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day.

SENAOR MAHONE has twice been the father of triplets, and on pleasant days, when the children are out in the front yard, his residence is frequently mistaken for an orphan asylum.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender;
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying;
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought,
Light other lamps, while yet thy light is beaming;
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might have done; when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought;
Hours lost to God, in pleasure passing lightly;
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may need the sympathy of others,
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulses and thy purest thought;
Keeping in thy mind, in word and action ever,
The time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma laden, hover,
Companions rest; their work forever wrought,
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover;
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul! ere yet thy shadow faileth;
Some good return in latter seasons wrought;
Forget thyself, when duty angels calleth,
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of Heaven,
The time is short.

THE HORSE RACE.

From Irenaeus letters in the N. Y. Observer.

It is impossible for us who have no taste for such things to understand the enthusiasm of horse lovers in the performances of their favorite animals. There is no more harm in a man's indulging his fancy in horses than in yachts or pictures. If he can afford the money, he may as well spend it in one of these fancies as another.

The English people make as much of Derby Day as many Christians do of Christmas or Easter. And it is quite creditable that they were as sorry that an American horse won at the last race as their fathers were rejoiced when Wellington conquered at Waterloo. Indeed, when a French horse won the Derby a few years ago, the Frenchmen said, "Waterloo is avenged."

I was visiting a great planter in Kentucky, near Lexington, while attending the Presbyterian Assembly. He wanted me to see a couple of colts six weeks old, and when they were brought out I said, "Morgan colts."

"Why," he exclaimed, "do you know a Morgan colt when you see it?"

"Certainly," said I, "or an Eclipse colt."

"Well done," said he, "I never saw a minister before that knew a Morgan horse, or any other at sight. Why, sir, you can have a call to any church in Kentucky!"

My fame spread rapidly. A gentleman some twenty miles away had recently imported or bought a couple of Arab steeds, and sent word to me that he would be pleased to have my opinion of their quality, as he understood I was a judge of horses and had studied the Arab stock in their native country. I was very happy to "view" them, a splendid team: and he had great satisfaction in the judgment passed upon them. He asked me if the General Assembly would like to come out of the church and see them. I said they would hardly adjourn for that purpose; but if he would be there with them when the morning session closed, I would call the attention of the members to the horses, which I did, greatly to the satisfaction of the gentleman and the animals.

The improvement of the breed of horses is one of the most useful of out-of-door pursuits, so largely are we dependent on this noble animal. But, and there is a serious *but* in the case, the horse race is not in the line of improving the race of horses for any of the useful purposes of life. On the contrary, useful horses are not the result of raising horses for speed, and the moral influence on the men who make raising and racing their pursuit is bad. This has been said so often that it goes now without saying; which nobody can deny.

That there is a vastly increasing tendency of late toward horse racing there is no doubt. It has now the countenance and favor of a class of men who looked upon the practice with positive condemnation a few years ago. The farmers at the county fairs regard the horse races and trotting matches as far more entertaining than a ploughing match or a show of splendid bulls. But all the horse races in the world never helped a farmer toward better horses for draught.

And the moral of the immoral of "the turf" is now as well understood as its usefulness. It is a species of gambling, and therefore in itself evil. It is full of cheating and trickery and bribery, and the wonder is that honorable men can give it their sanction. The best English races are often determined by *hiring* the rider of a favorite horse to lose the race. Sir John Astley (a noted sportsman) publishes a letter he received from the owner of a horse he was betting on, in which the scamp of an owner says:

"The bookmakers will not respond fairly to me. Could you manage to send me 1,000 not to start, or get me 12,000 to 1,000 to win? Reply to mutual advantage."

Just such owners and riders and *betters* are to be found *in* every race, but not always nor often found *out*. And this is the reason why dealing in horses leads to jockeying, which is a name for cheating and also for riding a race-horse. It is queer that a jockey should come to mean a cheat or a rider in races.

If I had the means, I would indulge in the luxury of fine horses; not to the extent that Mr. Bonner does, who is an example worthy of being commended. He drives the fastest trotting horses in the world, but he never allows them to trot or race against other horses. He never bets on races. He uses his horses well, and they minister to his health and pleasure. That is right and sensible. But horse racing is not useful, and it is injurious to many and generally demoralizing.

SUMMER TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

The following rules, which have been published by the West End Free Dispensary, in Baltimore city, and which, to a great extent, have been approved by many physicians of this country, would, if observed, no doubt prevent the large increase of mortality among infants during the hot season:

When an infant refuses food let it alone for a time. Over-feeding does more harm than anything else. Nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours. Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more. The appetite of a child is a good gauge of its power of digestion. The rule should be, when food disagrees, "little and seldom," and not "little and often." In feeding infants put a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in a coffee-grinder,) in a gill of water, with a little salt, and boil for fifteen minutes, strain; then mix with half as much boiled milk and a teaspoonful of white sugar, and give it lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Be sure to keep the bottle and mouth-piece, when not in use, in water, with a little soda in it. Infants five or six months old should have half barley water and boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar. Older infants require more milk than barley water. For infants very costive give oatmeal instead of barley, which must be cooked and strained as before. When the mother only partially nurses her infant alternate breast milk and the prepared food. In hot weather, if blue litmus paper applied to the food turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking soda. After six months infants may have beef or mutton soup at least once a day, and when ten months old a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck. All sweets should be carefully guarded against. Summer complaint is produced from overfeeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors windows open. Wash your well children with cold water twice a day, and oftener in the hot season. Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant. Consult a physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, and as well ventilated. Do not allow any bad smell to come from sink, private garbage-boxes or gutters about the house where you live. For excessive irritability of infants during the hot weather a trip on the water down the bay will do them good, and may prevent cholera-infantum. Disinfectants are equally of use in warm as in cold weather, and the following will be a cheap one, and one that may be used for all purposes: Sulphate of zinc, eight ounces; carbolic acid, one ounce; water, three gallons.

SIMPLE BOOK-KEEPING FOR FARMERS.

For an ordinary farm, writes a correspondent of an exchange, I would have but one book, and that one ruled after the form of the merchant's cash book, and keep it very much in the same manner, *i. e.*, on the left hand page I would enter all the debits, and on the right hand page a balance could be obtained at any time I desired to know how the account was running.

The first account I would open would be the farm. On the left hand page I would enter the present cash valuation of my farm implements, and all new ones bought and repairs made. On the right-hand pages I would enter the amount received for any implements sold or returned, etc. Next I would have a name or number for each field on my farm and give it the same space in my book. On the left enter what I consider a fair price for labor done, cost of all fertilizers put on that field, and all seed put on same. On the right-hand page the cash value of all that field has produced. The balance at the end of the year would show me the profit or loss on that field. And from the amount of this loss or gain I would know what next to do with it. Without this knowledge how could I intelligently cultivate this field in the future? I might have an opinion as to what profit I had, but such opinion would be far too unreliable to base any future operations on.

In like manner I would treat every field on the farm; also, my sheep, holding separate accounts with different breeds, if I had such; with my dairy cattle, my stock cattle, my horses and horse teams, my hogs, my poultry, etc. Each of these accounts will show its gains or losses, from which I can decide the future management. At the end of the year I would place on the right hand or Cr. side of the farm account a fair valuation of my farm and all farm implements, balance up all my field and cattle accounts, which would then show me whether I was worth less or more than at the commencement of the year, and just where the loss was sustained or profit made, *i. e.*, which field or department of my farm had been the most profitable to me, and which the least. The farmer needs not to have scales to ascertain actual weights. His estimates are good enough: only be sure and estimate against yourself, and then the result will happily disappoint you, if at all.—*American Farmer.*

Parentage denied: Billy the Kid was not the son of William the Goat.

All Sorts of Clippings

Keep your dog in the shade.

Jet is more fashionable than ever.

Is an undertaker's shop a bier saloon.

An enchanting smile—the mint julep.

Conkling has a fine future behind him.

The Czar will shortly be crowned at Moscow.

Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry or a vestry?

The bluff game of society is said to be flirtation.

The first census was taken by Moses 1490 B. C.

Hanging pockets are in high fashion.

The mean depth of the sea is from four to five miles.

All red parasols grow in popular favor.

There are about 100,000 Shakers in the United States.

The return to polonaises is a fixed fact.

Ladies wager gloves on the races at Saratoga.

Queen's gray is a new shade of this color.

The average of human life is about 33 years.

Pale silvery pink is much worn at watering places.

Conciliatory manners command esteem.

Shot or changeable materials are again in high favor.

The Amazon river colors the sea 50 miles from its mouth.

Fawn and porcelain blue make an admirable combination.

Deficiency in Irish character—want of payrental feeling.

China porcelain was introduced into Europe about 1531.

Fashionable colors for traveling suits are chamois and fawn.

Ghosts' habiliments must be spirit wrappings.

Why don't the old maids have Alone exhibition?

Large embroidered collars are again worn.

Song of the dry goods clerk—"Swinging in de-laine."

"Crushed strawberry" is a new dull shade of red.

White and gold are extremely fashionable combinations.

Young ladies are again wearing the hair parted on one side.

There are 271,461 negroes in Kentucky.

Practice does not necessarily produce speed.

He that knows himself knows others.

The night is long that never finds a day.

A shot that hits is better than a broadside that misses.

Under our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasures.

To live without a purpose is to lead a restless, unhappy life.

Should we condemn ourselves to ignorance to preserve hope?

Genius finds its own road, and carries its own lamp.

As every shred of gold is precious, so is every minute of time.

The colored race has increased 33 per cent. in the last ten years.

The Suez canal is to be illuminated with electric lights.

It rains three times as often in Ireland as it does in Italy.

Barbers and editors do a good deal of head work.

Major Ben Perley Poore weighs 295. What's in a name?

Emigration from Sweden this year is expected to reach 70,000.

585 Chinese children attend San Francisco public schools.

Alum was discovered in mines in Tuscany in the year 1460.

Acids combined with water, condense it, and produce heat.

At what type-foundry are expressions stereotyped.

There is no poetry in the light fantastic toe that wears a corn.

If a man tells you the same lie twice do you consider him reliable?

The mosquito is a much abused insect, most everybody has a slap at him.

Tobacco was first carried from Virginia to England in 1583.

Gunpowder was invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologne, 1340.

Cards were invented in France, in 1391.

Pennsylvania grows one-fifth of the rye of the country.

A Philadelphia candy factory uses seven tons of clay per month.

Fred. Archer, Iroquoi's jockey, has just been married.

Glass windows began to be used in England, in 1180.

1,400 new post-offices were established last year.

Too much smoking is just as injurious to a man as it is to a ham.

Who has a better right to talk than a woman and who enjoys it more?

Thirty years ago it cost Massachusetts $4.81 to educate each child: now it costs $13.55.

An English writer estimates that there are 40,000 Americans in England at the present time.

The Brighton Railroad tragedy has made revolvers sell like hot cakes in London.

M. Ferdinand Lesseps has been elected President of the Geographical Society of Paris.

The grand stand at Epsom, which dates from 1828, pays its shareholders forty per cent.

A Milwaukee woman drowned herself by resolutely holding her face in a basin of water.

[La Fayette (Ind.) Sunday Times.]

Our City Druggists report an immense sale of St. Jacobs Oil, saying the demand is based upon the popularity of its success. Wherever it has been used, it has proved its value a thousand fold, and receives its best encomiums from those who have tried it.

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