STERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

TERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1872. NO. 50.

AND MEDICINES!

...ention of the public is respectfully ...d to a fine stock of

...e Drugs and Medicines,

...s I have now on hand and am prepared ...rnish at a very low price.

...rescriptions accurately compounded, and ...hysicians and all others interested, can de...end upon having their prescriptions and ...rders filled with medicines *fresh* and of the *...est quality*, as I deal only with a first-class ...ouse. I hope by careful attention to busi...ess to merit and receive a liberal share of ...ustom All packages plainly and carefully ...arked.

JOS. E. WEER,

Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

AXES!

SEVERAL kinds of Axes, of superior makes, for sale low. JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville,

PATENT MEDICINES!

A FINE assortment of Patent Medicines usually found in a country store.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
NAILS A SPECIALTY.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville

Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, &c.

INGRAIN, LIST, COTTAGE AND HEMP CARPETS.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
NEW STYLES.

MAHOGANY & ROSEWOOD Table Oil Cloth.

PLAIN, TWILLED AND DUCK
CARRIAGE CANVASS.

For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

GAMBRILL
Patapsco Extra Flour,
FOR SALE
At Baltimore Price,
By T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
Chestertown, Feb. 17, 1872.

☞CALL☜
AT THE
Grocery, Provision and Variety Store

OF the undersigned, opposite the M. E. Church, Chestertown,
And you can always get a fair market price either in cash or goods, for

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Dried Fruit, Feathers, Tallow, Beef Hides,

Otter, Mink, Fox, Coon, Rabbit and Muskrat HIDES.
A. M. RUSSELL,
Feb. 3, 1872—3m. Agt.

R. B. Russell
HIGH STREET,
NEAR THE VOSHELL HOUSE,

Has in store a full supply of very superior
Cigars, Confectionery, and Tobacco
for the season, which can be bought as cheap as any where in the Town.

CHEWING TOBACCO,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also Fine Cut.



Smoking Tobacco,
SNUFF AND PIPES,
A good assortment.
Candies and Fruits.
GENERAL PROUDUCE.
FRESH BREAD every afternoon.
☞ Lovers of the weed are invited to call.
Everybody is invited to call and buy something.
Dec, 9, 1871.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
March 16—tf. Chestertown, Md.

Notice.

TEACHERS, Parents, and others interested, will hereafter get their School Books, Stationery, &c., from J. P. Ireland, G. W. Covington, Dr. Samuel Beck, R. W. Jones, and W. F. Massey, each in their respective districts, at the same rates and terms as heretofore. The Examiner will no longer issue such things at any time or place.
By order of Board.
CHAS. G. RICAUD,
Ex., Sec'y. and Treas. of School Board.
April 6, 1872—3t.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between Jas. H. Hurtt, Jr. and Edward F. Hurtt, trading under the name and firm of Hurtt & Bro., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, the stock of the late firm having been this day sold to Jas. H. Hurtt, Senior.
Jas. H. Hurtt, Jr., is authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm. J. H. HURTT, Jr.,
April 6, 1872—3t EWD F. HURTT.

The undersigned will continue the business of a general country store, at the old stand, under his own name and for his own account, and solicits a share of the public patronage.
April 6, 1872. J. H. HURTT, Sr.

Special Notice.



THE subscriber Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS*, Farm and Plantation Machinery—he also makes a speciality of PLOWS of all the various varieties for the Southern Trade. Having established himself in

Warehouse No. 40 and 42, Light street, Baltimore,

respectfully invites all his old customers and others interested in such Wares to give him a call and examine his stock, which will be as

COMPLETE AND WELL MADE AND SOLD AT AS MODERATE RATES

as any other like establishment in the country. Address

JOHN MAYHER,
40 and 42 Light street,
Oct. 7, 1871—y. BALTIMORE.

COAL HODS, Shovels, Pokers, Seives, Stove Brushes and Blacking, on hand and will be sold at a very small advance on cost. A large assortment of
HARDWARE, TINWARE, AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
for sale cheap.
Give me a call and get a good Cook Stove o r a very small sum of money.
Store opposite the Court House.
Oct. 21. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKSE' DRUG STORE.*

SHOE FINDINGS!
SHOE FINDINGS!!

SHOE PEGS, Titus' Sewing and Pegging Awls, Awl Hafts, Webbing, Eyelets, black and white; Gaiter Hooks, Heel Balls, Wax, Morgan & Fulton's round and square-pointed Knives, Lasting Tacks, Shoe Nails, Nippers, Peg Cutters, Rubbers, Barber's Thread, Bristles, &c., for sale at the Tin, Stove and Hardware store of
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Rats, Rats, Mice, Mice.

CALL at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store, and get one of those excellent Rat and Mouse Traps. A perfect exterminator.

Hardware, Hardware, Hardware.

Call and examine my
LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
FARMERS' & BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
TABLE AND POCKET
CUTLERY,
SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c., &c.
For sale at a very small advance on first cost, at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, March 9, 1872.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.,

INVITES attention to a large assortment of the following Goods:

[redacted]

Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

AXES—Of Stewart's best make, on hand and for sale by
T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, Jan'y 6, 1873.

THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY,
Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland, Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS
put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.
Call and examine our large stock of Stoves, and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.
Store opposite the Court House.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

WATTSON & CLARK,
SUPER PHOSPHATE.
TRADE **W & C** MARK.
☞ The best and cheapest Fertilizer. For sale by all dealers.
OFFICE,
135 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Feb. 17, 1872—y

...r Rent.



A de...ble Dwelling on Queen street in Chestertown, with a large Garden in front. The building is a two story Brick, and was recently occupied by B. B. Perkins.
The premises are also for sale.
Apply to E. F. PERKINS,
Dec. 9, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

CIDER VINEGAR,
RELIABLE FOR PICKLING,
on hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown August 19, 1871.

Sheriff's License Notice.

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS, TRADERS AND OTHERS.
All persons who are required by the laws of the State to take out a license, are hereby notified that the same must be done on or ...re the first day of May next.
...ff.
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

GREAT OFFER.
CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Selected Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

Beautiful child, by the mother's knee,
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin or an angel sublime—
A poison Upas or innocent thyme—
A spirit of evil flashing *down*
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding *up* with a shining track
Like the morning star that ne'er looks back.
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child, in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers—
Pure as the sparkling crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam.
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of hope through mists of tears—
Mists beyond which the sunny smile
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth but heaven;
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou could'st ever be thus young.
Like the liquid strains of the mocking bird
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,
With flowers thy curly head around,
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who could not dote on my infant saint!

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me;
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering, quivering, through the cold street,
With a curse behind, and before thy feet,
Ashamed to live and afraid to die;
Merciful Father—my brain grows wild—
Oh! keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, may'st thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love;
A drop on eternity's mighty sea;
A blossom on life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore,
In the blessed light of the golden shore.
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom;
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And His love protect my beautiful child.

From the Aldine for April.

THE STORY OF COELIO.

Philip II., King of Spain, like many other powerful monarchs, loved to lay aside the insignia of royalty, and, following the example of Caliph Hatoun Alraschid, roam the streets of his capital of a night, accompanied by a faithful servant, in disguise. He was thus often enabled to discover himself causes of popular discontent, trammels of conspiracies, or wishes for reform; also, to perform many acts of munificence towards the poor and meritorious.

In the year 1349, Philip paid a visit to the capital of the Netherlands, Brussels, where he resided some time, and was entertained in a manner which recalled the magnificence of the days of chivalry. He was still the idol of his people, who hoped that the son of Charles V., by treading in the footsteps of his illustrious father, would continue towards them the favors and wise policy which had rendered both Spain and the rest of the empire so unusually flourishing. How Philip responded to these expectations belongs to history. I will only mention that at the period of the action of this story he was in the zenith of his popularity.

One night, when the ceremonies of the court were over, Philip summoned his faithful servant, Ruy Gomez. Masking his face with a long gray beard, and enveloped in a great Spanish cloak, he and his attendant went forth into the dark streets of the city of Brussels in quest of adventure.

They had not proceeded far in the direction of the river, when their attention was drawn to a person hurrying with rapid but uncertain steps to the bridge. By his excited gestures the King concluded that he was some unfortunate creature driven by despair to seek a watery grave. He, therefore, hastened after him, and, together with Gomez, arrived just in time to prevent his leaping over the parapet into the river.

"Stop! for God's sake, stop!" cried Philip II.

"Who may you be? Let me alone, I say. My life's my own, and I suppose I may do as I choose with it."

"That you may not. It belongs to God, who gave it. He, alone, may take it."

"Wherefore then does He not provide me the wherewithal to sustain it? He feeds the vermin, but leaves man so dependent that he may die of starvation, as I am doing. Unhand me, I say, unhand me! The desperate man sought for his rapier, but it was gone.

"What misfortune has driven you to this rash extremity?" asked the King.

"Sir, this is my misfortune, and may it never be yours. I have not tasted food for two days."

"Alas! poor youth. He was a tall, lank young man, who, had he been properly fed and clothed, would have been remarkably handsome. His bony frame was elegantly built, slender and graceful, yet strong. His eyes were black and fiery, his brow broad and intellectual, his features regular, but at the present much marred by their extreme meagerness. The expression of his countenance, under favorable circumstances, would have been open and engaging, but misery had stamped it with a haggard careworn look, piteous to behold. The King of Spain, putting his hand firmly on the young man's shoulder, again sighed, "Alas! poor boy."

"Don't stand there sighing and looking at me. In the name of all the saints in Heaven, can you give me food—food and employment? If not, let me end my miseries."

"Young man, look into my face. See, does it look careworn?'

"Very much so."

"Well, young sir, when you have gone through as much of agony as myself then may you think of leaving this world in seach of another, where, as just punishment for your crime, a worse fate awaits you in eternity. Who are you? Whence came you. Above all"—here Philip searched for the tiny crucifix that hung from the rosary he wore round his wrist, "are you a Catholic?"

"Who dares to question it?" exclaimed the young man, haughtily. "I am."

"Are you a gentleman?" again questioned the King.

"By my patron saint, I am, sir—as true a gentleman as ever wore a sword."

"Gentleman or not, you are a Christian. Come, follow me, and I will give you some supper and a bed for the night. To-morrow we (continued King Philip, who, accustomed as a sovereign to speak in the second person plural, had difficulty to adopt the first person singular in his disguise)—that is, I will further question you as to what you can do to earn your livelihood for the future. There, Gomez, lead the way."

Holding the rescued youth by the hand firmly, lest he should escape, Philip, preceded by Ruy Gomez, bent his steps towards the palace.

On his way curiosity, one of the strongest passions of this great sovereign, got the better of his charity, and, notwithstanding the young man was so weak as to render his answers almost inaudible, the King obtained from him the outline of his history. He was, he said, one Alfonso Sanchez Coelio, a native of Portugal, and a portrait-painter by profession. He had been driven from Spain by order of the Marquis Don Louis de Mariavalle, Governor of Badajos, for the crime of falling in love with his Excellency's daughter, Dona Estafania, in whose company he had been much thrown during a considerable time employed in the execution of her picture. He had wandered to the Netherlands in the hope of obtaining work. But although he had done all in his power to earn his bread, he had in every case failed, and for two days had not tasted food. He was too proud to beg, and, maddened by want, had sought to free himself of his miseries by a violent death.

The King provided Coelio, as he promised, with a substantial meal and a good bed, and the next morning he awoke much refreshed, to find Ruy Gomez by his couch, holding in his hand a handsome suit of clothes for his service. Vainly did he question the shrewd Ruy as to the condition of his unknown benefactor. Ruy informed him that the gentleman was named Don Paez; that he was in the service of his Catholic Majesty, and that presently, when he had finished his collation, the Senor Don Paez would come to him, and talk of his prospects for the future.

Accordingly, when Sanchez Coelio had despatched an excellent breakfast, the King, still wearing his disguise, entered.

The first impulse of the grateful young man was to raise the hand of the supposed venerable Don Paez to his lips and thank him for his kindness, above all for having prevented his committing so fatal a crime as suicide. Don Paez listened to him with kindness.

"Young gentleman, we—that is, I am convinced that the fearful act which you contemplated last night was the result of famine, which had deprived you of your reason. As we have taken some interest in you, and are desirous of providing for your future, we—that is, I am willing, since you say you are a painter of portraits, that you should take a likeness of myself. But on the one condition, that it be finished by the feast day of our daughter Maria. It wants one month to the holy day of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. We intend this picture as a present to our—my—daughter. Can you paint so rapidly?"

"I can, sir."

"My servant will pay you two hundred ducats in advance for the said picture. He will also escort you to a lodging I have prepared for you, and to which I will repair for the sittings for my picture. I am, as you have doubtless discovered, employed about the person of His Most Catholic Majesty, and our sovereign often passes through these apartments; and, as he objects to the scent of paint, oil and turpentine, I think it more becoming that my portrait be painted without the palace. As I am in service about the King's person during the day, I can only come to you at night. Can you paint by lamplight?"

"I can, sir."

"Above all things, mention to no one, I beseech you, that we—that is, that I am having my portrait painted my name to no one. Guard your tongue, and never come to the palace to inquire for me; I object to persons coming here on business. If you require anything ask it of Ruy Comez; he has orders to serve you in all things. To-night, at nine o'clock, I will be with you. Farewell."

Before Coelio could answer the disguised King had disappeared. Ruy Comez escorted the painter to a spacious apartment, situated in a remote part of the city. There he discovered painting materials—canvass, easels, pencils, and colors ready prepared for his use. That night, and for many nights following, Philip arrived punctually at nine o'clock; if detained over night, he came very early in the morning. The portrait was executed with such finish and fine coloring that the King, who was a good judge of the art, pronounced it a masterpiece. About a week before it was finished Bhilip informed his new protege that he had mentioned him to His Catholic Majesty, who appointed the following day, at noon, of the purpose of becoming acquainted with the new artist, and also to fix an hour for sitting for a portrait of his royal self. I will not venture to describe the feelings of joy with which Coelio heard this news, of his vision of future glory, culminating in a brilliant marriage with Dona Estafania.

Punctually at the stroke of mid-day, Coelio found himself, with beating heart, in the presence of the King of spain. It would have been impossible for him to have recognized the aged Don Paez in the stately sovereign who stood before him. Philip was at this time in the bloom of youth, as Titian has presented him to us. So slenderly, yet so well proportioned, that although he was not above the middle height, he appeared tall. His hair and beard were exceedingly fair, his brow broad and intellectual, his eyes blue, clear and penetrating, and his expression majestic and commanding. He wore a suit of black velvet slashed with satin, and upon his head a black cap with feathers. Beneath his ruff of fine lace hung upon his breast the gorgeous collar of the Fleece of Gold.

"Sanchez Coelio," he said, in a somewhat stern tone, "we hear from our good servant, Don Paez, that you are an artist of some skill. It is our purpose that you paint our portrait."

"Your Majesty," said Coelio, bowing low.

"Silence! interrupt us not. This picture must be finished by the day of St., Philip our holy patron. There wants three to the time."

"Your majesty," again broke in Coelio.

"Speak not until we have said our say. We intended to be painted in the character of our holy patron, St. Philip, and will take our first sitting this very day. What is it you would say to us?"

"This much, your Modesty, and no more. I cannot undertake the task to paint your Majesty's picture by St. Philips day. because I cannot begin it for at least a week, although it is the greatest honor and ambition of my life to serve your Majesty in this matter."

"Our servant, Don Paez, assures us, that you paint with marvelous rapidity."

"Save your Majesty!—I have promised to finish the likeness of the Senor Don Paez by the festival of his daughter. He saved my life, and has paid me in advance on condition it is finished by that day. I have given my promise; I must fulfill it."

"Sir, Coelio," said the King, assuming a terrible aspect, "Know that we have some reason to suspect that you are an imposter, and have deceived our most worthy servant Haez. There are those within who know you better than you think for."

"Let them appear!" exclaimed Sanchez Coelio, with impetuous indignation. "Let them appear; I do not fear them, whoever they may be. Never has a lie passed my lips; never have I committed an action for which I need blush—never but once, and then I was driven by want and misery to seek to free myself from a life which had become an intolerable burden. Your servant, Don Paez, saved me. I impose upon him? No! I would die first. Bring forward those who know me better than I think for; and then, King Philip, truth shall put calumny to the blush."

The King struck three times heavily upon the floor with his sword. Suddenly the door opened, and who should appear before the astonished Sanchez Coelio, but the Marquis of Mariaville, leading in Dona Estafania!

The young lover stood like one under a spell. Presently he opened wide his arms, and folded them again, pressing the beautiful and faithful Estafania to his heart. He led her to the King, who drawing from beneath his cloak the gray beard and locks of disguise, held them up before the astonished painter.

"Philip of Spain and Don Paez are one and the same. May Sanchez Coelio, whom Don Paez has learned to love, be ever true to Philip. Marquis of Mariaville, we ask of you the hand of your daughter, Dona Estafania, for our court-painter, and beloved friend, *Don* Alfonzo Sanchez de Coelio."

"That which the King asks, a subject may not deny," answered the old courtier, bowing low before his Sovereign.

"God bless you, Sanchez," said Philip, as he placed the hand of Estafania in that of Coelio. "May you both be as happy as I"—here he lowered his voice,—"as I am wretched."

☞ A brick fell from a scaffold, up town, yesterday, on the head of a passing negro.

"Fling dem ere peanut shells anuder way up dere, won't yer?" was the darkey's advice as he scratched his wool.

☞ A sentimental student at St. John's College, proposes petitioning Congress for a grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the course of true love may run smooth.

☞ When a steady, well-behaved college student is seen shaking hands with a pump and bidding it an affectionate good night, or saying, "Poor old Corbison Robscrew," what would you think the matter was?

☞ The words that the father and mother speak to their children in the privacy of home are not heard by the world; but, as in whispering galleries, they are clearly heard at the end and by posterity.

☞ Pomeroy's Democrat humorously says: Grant for President and Tweed for Vice President. The one giveth and the other taketh away. Blessed be their names!

Extract from Gough's Lecture.

Young men, as you lift the gleaming winecup to your lips in the jollity of the night's spree, will it pay? It is a gross insult to call a man a fool. Every man would resent it; but in the suffering of the next morning, with disturbed conscience, aching head, throbbing temples, racking brain, hot, fevered tongue and all the horrible reaction that might come, does not the victim clash his burning hands, and bitterly call himself "fool, fool!" If the first glass brought at once the suffering of the reaction and excitement the next morning, who would drink?

It does not pay to begin. First, you tolerate it, then you touch and taste it, then you jest and laugh at it, and then revel in it. When it becomes your master, then what? What numbers have been swept down by the hurricane of temptation! In the mad power of this passion they have burst the bonds of a mother's love, trampled a father's counsels in the dust, mocked at reproofs, tears and prayers; and now, with tattered sails, leaking hull, and splintered masts, are drifting on amid howling winds and wintry skies to utter ruin, when they might have reached the haven of peace and security, laden with honor and happiness. Truly, it does not pay.

It is a grand thing for a man so to live that he can look back with complacency; for we do live in the past. It is the past that must tell for or against us. How often we say, "It is past; think no more of it." Why, it is only when it is past that thought begins. The present began, the past only remains. We are making our past as well as our future. The present has moved and excited, drawn tears or provoked laughter; the mirth has fled, the sorrows are comforted, the excitement has died; but the past lives, and is perpetual

There are times in every man's life when duty is plain, but often difficult to perform. Ease, comfort, luxury, inclination, stand in the way. If duty is performed it must be at a sacrifice; but it always pays to take the hand of duty and let her lead, whether through storm or sunshine, darkness or light, grief or joy, life or death.

Duty, duty always first. Men have fought mighty battles, but ever when they have yielded to sloth or fear or inclination it has been at a loss; and when, triumphing over every obstacle and apparent impossibility, they have obeyed the stern mandates of duty, it has paid them, gloriously paid them. It pays for a man to do his duty. Truly, it pays; now and for all time it pays.

A Lion Story.

A story is told of a lion which was brought from India, and who on the passage grew very fond of a sailor who had charge of him. His name was Nero. On being shut up in a cage in London, he grew sulky, and was very fierce when any one came near him, so that it was dangerous, even for his keepers, to approach him.

One day, a few weeks after Nero had been shut up in his new prison, a party of sailors visited the menagerie, and were warned by the keeper not to go near the lion, who now and then growled savagely at those who were looking at him. All at once one of these sailors ran up to the cage, and thrusting in his hand, cried out:

"What! old shipmate! dont you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad?"

The lion instantly left off feeding and sprang up to the bars of the cage. Jack patted him on the head, and the lion rubbed his hand with his whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah," said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood frightened and in astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks; he don't forget an old friend."

☞ A doctor and a military officer became enamoured with the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to tell as they were such killing creatures."

☞ "Every tree is subject to disease," said a speaker in a fruit-grower's convention.

"What ailment can you find on an oak? asked the chairman.

"A-corn," was the triumphant reply.

☞ "Young man," said a minister to a youth in his congregation, "do you know what relations you sustain in the in the world?"

"Yes, sir; two cousins and a grandmother, but I don't intend to sustain them much longer."

A GOOD CHOICE.—Judge: "Well, sir, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now what would you steal?"

Prisoner: "I would steal away your honor."

☞ It is time now for the punsters of the period to make their annual note of the anomaly that frieze cloth furnishes the warmest coats.

☞ Some young men are a little partial to blue-eyed maidens, others like dark-eyed lasses, but the money-eyed girls have the most admirers.

☞ An Indiana lady, on the death of her husband, telegraphed a distant friend: —"Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."

☞ An old lady who took her first ride in the cars, remarked, when the train ran off the track, "You fetch up rather sudden, don't yer?"

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0529