THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1872. NO. 31.

PRINTING.

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Particular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.
Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
July 22, 1871—tf.

REMOVAL.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

W. H. RINGGOLD,
191 West Baltimore Street,
THREE DOORS ABOVE LIGHT,
AND BUY ALL YOUR
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.
He can sell them
Cheaper than any one!
And you can
Pay your expenses in your purchases!

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

Do not forget the Number!
W. H. RINGGOLD,
191 W. Baltimore st., 3 doors above Light.
Baltimore, June 15, 1872.

To the Ladies.

MASSEY & HUDSON

HAVING completed their new Greenhouses, will be pleased to see their Lady friends at

RIVERBANK.

They offer a fine collection of Plants for

WINTER FLOWERS.

These will make your home bright after the
Frost King
has destroyed the beauties out doors. They have
CARNATIONS,
ROSES,
BOUVARDIAS,
PLUMBAGOES,
LIBONIAS,
BEGONIAS, &c..
All of which are fine for window gardening, Come and look at them whenever you are in town.
Chestertown, Sept. 28, 1872.

GREAT BARGAIN STORE!

A GREAT BARGAIN STORE is now open on the corner of HIGH AND CROSS streets, in the "Burchinal Building," and every effort is made to sell Great Bargains to every customer who comes with the *CASH* or *cashable Produce*. All who wish to receive the value of their money, must come to the Great Bargain Store without fail, where they will find a general assortment of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
Ready Made Clothing,
Piece Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

Come one! come all! and see for yourselves, and be convinced!

M. BALL,
Corner High & Cross streets,
Burchinal Building.

☞ ORDERS FOR SUITS to be cut and made, are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly attended to.

The highest cash price paid for Rags, old Iron, Grain and Produce.
Chestertown, Aug. 3, 1872.

OILS.

LINSEED, LUBRICATING, WHALE, NEATS FOOT and LARD OIL.
C. F. STAM & BRO

Best Italian Guitar & Violin strings.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 27, 1872.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
POEMS,
NOVELS,
ROMANCES, &c., &c.
At City Prices, FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

READY MADE CLOTHING, a good assortment; fine and coarse.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

Selected Poetry.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember,
Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption.
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material,
That really good housewives are made

Generous enough to be kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

HOME COMFORTS.

'Where are you going, George?' asked Mrs. Wilson as her husband rose from the tea-table and took his hat.

'O, I am going out,' was the careless response.

'But where?' asked his wife.

'But what odds does it make, Emma?' returned her husband. 'I shall be back at my usual time.

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly on a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, requiring an effort, but she persevered.

'Let me tell you what odds it makes to me,' she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. 'If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were.'

'But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?'

'I do not know that you are safe, George; I know nothing positively about you when you are away.'

'Pooh! pooh! would you have it that I am not quite capable of taking care of myself!'

'You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I do not feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings I go to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome, and so one thought follows another, till I feel troubled and uneasy. O, if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!'

'Aha! I thought that was what you were aiming at,' said George, with a playful shake of the head. 'You would have me here every evening.'

'Well, can you wonder at it?' returned Emma. 'I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now'

'Ah,' said George with a smile, 'those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future.'

'And why not continue to do so, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of your plans was to make a home.'

'And haven't we got one, Emma?'

'We have certainly a place in which to live,' answered the wife, 'somewhat evasively.

'And it is our home,' pursued George. 'Besides,' he added with a sort of confident flourish, 'home is the wife's peculiar province. She has the charge of it, and all her work is there, while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

'You see enough of me as it is,' said the husband lightly.

'Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here all alone."

'Not if it was my place of business, as it is yours,' returned the young man. 'You are used to staying here. All wives belong at home.'

'Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course, I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters, and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave up all for you. I left the old home and sought a home with my husband. And now have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it if I should be away every evening and you were obliged to remain here alone?'

'Why, I should like it well enough.'

'Ah!' but I know you would not be willing to try it.'

'Yes, I would,' said George, at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week and allow me to spend my time among my female friends?'

'Certainly I will,' he replied, 'and I confidently assure you I shall not be as lonesome as you imagine.'

With this the husband went out and was soon among his friends. He was an industrious man and loved his wife truly, but like thousands of others he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise.

His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and keep house.

'What will you do when I am gone?' Emma asked.

'O, I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally.

'Very well,' said Emma, 'I shall be back early.'

The wife went out and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock and then he began to yawn, and look frequently at the clock. Then he walked the floor and whistled. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

'Well, George,' said she, 'I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?'

'Capitally,' returned the husband. 'I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself?'

'O, splendidly!' said the wife; 'I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all, isn't it?'

'Why, no, I can't say that it is,' returned George, carelessly. 'In fact,' he added, 'I rather like it.'

'I am glad of that,' retorted Emma, 'for we shall have a nice, comfortable week of it.'

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go off again.

'I shall be back in good time,' she said.

'Where are you going, Emma?' her husband asked.

'O, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places.

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before, but he found it a difficult task. The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the steps of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became nervous and uneasy.

'I declare,' he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, 'this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late.'

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

'A little late, am I not?' she said looking up at the clock. 'But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?'

'First rate,' returned George, bravely. 'I think home is a capital place.'

'Especially when a man can have it all to himself,' added the wife with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate about leaving.

'Where do you think of going?' George asked in an undertone.

'I may drop in and see Uncle John,' replied Emma. 'However, you won't be uneasy. 'You will know I'm safe.'

'Oh, certainly,' said her husband.

'I declare,' he said to himself, 'I did not think it would be lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do when she is here all alone? It must be so,' he pursued thoughtfully; 'it is just as she says.'

[redacted]

"Say you so?' cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side and taking her hand. 'Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my wife was absent. I thought I would walk down to uncle John's and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached.

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his breast, 'I have learned a lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and hereafter I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are here to enjoy it.'

Emma was far too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it, nevertheless, and in a manner not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spet at home by husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home, and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make a happy home, and if the wife is one party the husband must be the other.

Anecdote of the First Chief Justice.

Judge Marshall's simplicity of character and absent-mindedness have been the theme of a number of anecdotes. The one best known is about his puzzle over the buggy and the sapling. Turning aside one day to avoid one of those awful mudholes which abound in Virginia, the axle of his buggy encountered a stout sapling. The sapling was between the hub of the wheel and the body of the buggy. Too big to bend down and too supple to break, this sappling seemed to the Judge to be wholly unconquerable. What to do he knew not. He got down out of the buggy the better to apply his great intellect to the knotty subject, and to study it thoroughly. While pondering vainly, a negro man came along.

'Uncle,' said the Chief Justice, 'I wish you would tell me about this sapling. I can't get over it, and I can't get around it, and I don't want to stay here all day and miss court. What do you think I had better do?'

The negro could not repress a broad but silent grin. 'Why, ole master,' said he, 'I 'spec de bes' thing you kin do is to back yo' buggy till you git clear of der saplin,' den turn de head of yo' hoss, and den you kin 'void de saplin' and go to cote slick as goose-grease.'

'Thank you—thank you kindly, uncle, I should never have thought of that in the world. You are a man of superior mind. There's half a dollar for you.' And the Judge drove joyfully off.

Another anecdote illustrating the same simple-mindedness and easy and good nature, has, so far as I am aware, never been in print. It is this: When Judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Colonel Pickett, father of the Confederate General George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. Colonel Pickett was a man of wealth, lived well, and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous every-where for their splendid appearance, being as sleek, fat and high-spirited as abundant food and excellent grooming could make them.—Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkempt. Everybody but the Judge had long remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that the carriage-driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food, and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it going, on no doubt, for liquor.

The Judge called him up without delay: 'Dick, what is the reason Colonel's Pickett's horses are in such splendid condition, while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you neglect them, don't half curry them, and don't feed them.

Dick, not expecting the attack, was fairly posed. He hemmed and hawed while till he could gather his wits about him, and then said, 'Mars John, look at you—is you fat?'

'No,' said the Judge—'decidedly not.'

'Well, look at old miss (Mrs. Marshall) is she fat?'

'No.'

'Den look at me—is I fat?'

'Den look at yo' hosses—is dey fat?'

'No.'

'Now den, you jes look at Cunnel Pickett, he fat, his ca'idge-driver fat, his horses fat, his dogs fat—all fat. De troof is, Mars John, fat run in de Pickett fam'ly, it don't run in our'n. Dat's all.'

'Well, said the Judge, after a little reflection, 'there is a good deal in that. It never occurred to me before.' He turned back into his study, and dick was never troubled any more.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ At a very successful seance in Cincinnati the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers and his hair parsed in the middle.

"Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper.

"Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. O, George, George!" he murmured in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why did you peg out?"

DIALOGUE.—Teacher.—"First class of Astronomy come up and say your lesson. Thomas, where does the sun rise?"

Thomas.—"Away over in the meader, sir."

Teacher.—"Hold your tongue, you dunce!"

Joe.—"I know, Mr. Block, in the east."

Teacher.—"Why does it rise in the east?"

Joe.—"'Cause *east* makes everything rise!"

Teacher.—"You'll be a well-bred boy if you keep on, so take your seat."

CAPRICE.

She hung the cage at the window;
"if he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing,
And when he lifts his head,
I shall be sitting here to sew,
And he will bow to me, I know."

The robin sang a love-sweet song,
The young man raised his head;
The maiden turned away and blushed;
"I am a fool," she said,
And went on embroidering silk,
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

The young man loitered slowly
By the house three times that day;
She took her bird from the window—
"He need not look this way."
She sat at her piano long,
And sighed, and played a sad death song.

But when the day was done, she said:
"I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To-night—I'm not at home."
So when he rang she went—the elf—
She went and let him in herself.

They sang full long together
Their songs, love-sweet, death-sad!
The robin woke from his slumber,
And sang out, clear and glad.
"Now go," she coldly said; "'tis late;"
And followed him—to latch the gate.

He took the rosebud from her hair,
While, "You shall not?" she said;
He closed her hand within his own,
And while her tongue forbade,
Her will was darkened in the eclipse
Of blinding love upon his lips.

Naming the Baby.

Mrs. F. A. Moore, in her book, 'A Lost Life,' gives us the following chapter on the advent of a baby into the house: A child to a wedded pair is either a bond or a barrier between them. Happily it is usually a bond. To Eleanor and Austin Wayne it was a barrier. They regarded the little waif standard upon the shore of life at their feet with as different eyes as if one were looking upon it from Heaven, the other from Hades. To one it was a poor, helpless, lovable mite, very sweet and blessed to the heart so badly disappointed in its own grand dream of love. To the other it was a troublesome, unimportant girl baby, who created vast expense and had no business to be anything but a boy. A boy, to be named Austin Wayne, Jr., and to be brought up after his own correct ideal—this had been Austin's great expectation. And here was the little good-for-nothing, the perfect image of her mother—and inheriting all her mother's foibles, no doubt—come to scatter his plan to the four winds! It was a disappointment which even his philosophy could hardly soothe. At least he would make her reception prosaic enough. He had no rhapsodies to pronounce. He had no thrills in his heart over the mere fact of his being a father. He would regard the baby in the strongest practical light. He would see that, from the very first she should have no flummery about her. To this effect he announced next morning, as nurse was warming the young lady's feet, and Eleanor was eagerly watching her from among her pillows, that she should be called 'Mehitable.' 'Law! don't hamper the child with a name like that!' frankly exclaimed Mrs. Griffin. 'I have selected another name,' said Eleanor, with that sweet calmness so irritating to natures like Mr. Wayne's. This opposition but gave new zest to his admiration for the name of Mehitable. He was seized with sudden affection and reverence for a long dead aunt—passed into those realms where I trust such ugly names are forgiven and forgotten—and Mehitable had been the name of that unfortunate relative. After a brief discussion, ending in a silence on Eleanor's side that night or might not have been acquiesence, the name was considered settled upon the little voyager for life. 'You can call her Hittie, you know. Hittie is not such a bad name,' said the nurse, consolingly, after Mr. Wayne had gone out, and the sun-light seemed to come back again. 'I wished to call her Cenie, for the doctor's wife; but it makes no great difference.—She is the same baby, you know, whatever the name may be'—turning a fond glance upon the little Mehitable, who continued to rub her rose-red feet together and to square off at the air with her microscopic fists, in superb indifference to these personalities regarding her.' 'And I am sure I wish to have Mr. Wayne pleased," Eleanor added, bravely trying to hide away this new bitterness from the nurse. Mrs. Griffin gave a snort of disdain which she is instantly turned to a chuckling caress for the baby, and said with jocular asperity that she should like to see her husband undertake to name a baby of *hers* against *her* inclination! Who, pray tell, did a baby belong to, body and soul, if not to the mother? the mother who had dreamed night and day of it—and then not to be allowed to name it! Goodness, why didn't Mrs. Wayne stand up for her rights? 'Why, since baby is all mine, I can afford to let the name be Mr. Wayne's,' Eleanor answered. 'I ought to be generous enough for that,' she said, with a little laugh. Here the baby received more caresses, between which nurse muttered she had always believed there was such a thing as being too good, and that she would just like to hear of a baby named Mehitable Griffin.

☞ 'Whatever God has made is perfect,' said a western preacher.

'What do you think of me?' said a hunchback—rising and exhibiting his own deformity.

'Why you are as perfect a hunchback as ever I saw!' replied the preacher; 'you are perfect.'

A social glass to which ladies are addicted—the mirror.

New York Fashions.

BONNETS.

The last importations of winter bonnets are perfectly round shapes, without tabs on the sides, but with brim turned up all around, and variously indented. The crown may be either the hard, half-high sailor shape, or else it is a soft, high puff of silk or velvet. There is a great deal of drapery at the back, made requisite by the absence of all chignons. Strings to tie under the chin are used or dispensed with at pleasure. Quantities of watered ribbon, of far finer quality than that used early in the season, are now seen on bonnets made at the best Parisirn houses.—Some of the most tasteful French bonnets are made up of velvet, gros d'Orleans, and ostrich tips, without a shred of lace, yet they are so elaborately fashioned that they are readily sold for $50 or $60.

MASSIVE JET PENDANTS.

ornament the brim of black velvet hats. Bronze and olive feathers tipped with pale rose or blue rim velvet bonnets of dusky olive hues. Such bonnets are also brightened by facings of same light shade of faille, and a coronet bow of both blue and rose ribbon is furnished with each bonnet, to be worn with various costumes. Coquettish evening bonnets are made of the new gros d'Orleans in very light colors, with quantities of tulle drapery of the same shade. Autumn leaves, faded roses and ostrich tips complete the trimming. Large ample bonnets in comfortable shapes for old ladies are made of black velvet, fine jets and rich laces.—They cost $40 or $50. For dressy mourning there are soft-crowned bonnets of black gros d'Orleans, with quaint little bows of crape on the brim. There is a caprice just now for most fanciful little bows set about on bonnets; they are made with irregular loops and pointed ends turned upward, or with one turned up and the other down.

HINTS ABOUT DRESSES.

Sleeves, closely fitted to the arm, like the old-time tight sleeves, are more stylish than easily fitting coat sleeves. When sleeves are slightly open at the wrist, they should show an inner lining of white silk instead of being faced with silk like the dress.

WHITE SILK SERGE

is used by the best modistes for dress linings. An inner belt of ordinary belt ribbon is placed inside all basques, polonaises, and even round waists. It is simply tacked to the back and side seams, is hooked in front as soon as the dress is put on, and serves to hold the back in place.

THE FICHU-COLLAR

is a very stylish trimming for dress waists. This is a bias band of velvet (or any material with which the dress is trimmed), lined with stiff foundation, untrimmed, and slightly shaped to fit over the bust. It passes around the back of the corsage just below the collar, laps like a fichu in front, and is fastened just above the belt by hooks and loops. It is a simple and stylish addition to a silk costume, and is made of English crape, and worn with mourning dresses.

VELVET BELTS

are worn with dresses of all styles, even accompanying short basques. In many cases they are in front of the basques only, beginning at the seam under the arms, and fastened on the left side by a small bow, or else in front by a buckle of jet or oxidized silver. If a sash is added, it is merely two long loops and two streamers of different lengths, with diagonal ends These are attached under the belt, toward the left side of the back.

DRESSY WAISTCOATS

for dinner toilets are of black velvet, with the front formed of alternate cross bands of white guipure insertion and velvet.—The velvet back has the seams outlined by a band of guipure, and a ruffle of the same lace edges the garment.

KERCHIEFS AND FICHUS.

The dinner toilets of black and rich dark silks worn by middle-aged and elderly ladies are relieved by snowy kerchiefs of crepe lisse, edged with point duchesse lace. The kerchief is a square, doubled in three-cornered shawl shape, worn low on the shoulders, and caught in pointed pleats back and front with a knot of colored faille ribbon or China crepe: price $20.

FOR LIGHT MOURNING

lisse kerchiefs are simply hemmed on the edge with Quaker-like plainness, of else bordered with smoothy folded pleats—Twilled silk kerchiefs of the stylish dull colors, edged with knotted fringe, are worn close about the neck with street toilettes of black silk. The newest fichus for evening dress are Valenciennes lace, with short tabs crossed in front, while the back has an elaborate spiral of lace, with faille ribbon ends falling from beneath each row of lace.—*Harper's Bazar.*

End There is None.

Light traverses space at the rate of millions of miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulae of the milky way into stars, discovered other systems of stars beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss; when he saw these systems scattered throughout space; when he reflected upon their immense magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belong to them, it seemed to him as if the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized. God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven saying: 'Come up higher, and I will show thee the glory of My house.' And to His angels, who stood about His throne, he said: 'Take him strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles.'

A moment and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sound of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven.—Sometimes on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Laharns of darkness, wilderness of death. At length, from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them, a sleepy flame, as seen thro' a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed to meet them. In a moment, the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and on the left, appeared more constellation. At last the man sunk down, crying: 'Angel I can go no further; let me down into the grave and hide me from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none? demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around, there came a choral shout—'End there is none!' 'End there is none?' demanded the angel again; 'and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer,—end there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, of him who made it there is no beginning!'—*Prof. Mitchell.*

Old-Time Axioms.

The following I find in my scrap-book, pasted there more than a score and a half of years ago. I reproduce them to show the present generation what quaint ideas were promulgated by the teachers of our fathers and mothers of the olden time:

An independent man is one who blacks his own boots; who can live without whisky and tobacco; who earns at least a penny a day more than he spends; and who can, upon a pinch, shave himself with brown soap and cold water and without a mirror.

A great man is one who can lead his children to obey him when out of his sight.

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when a friend unexpectedly drops in to dine with him.

A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by seeking to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at *home*—a silly one, *abroad*.

A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments, and by a mawkish sentiment which has but little to do with a true heart as has the gaudy dress she wears.

A good girl always respects herself, and is thus sure to be respected by others.

How to be Married.

If there is any gentleman foolish enough to want to get married this winter, this is what he should wear on the occasion: A royal blue superfine cloth English frock coat of medium length of waist and proportionate length of skirt, silk breast facings to the button holes and the edges flat braided, five button holes worked in the tappels, three to be worn buttoned, and the upper one used for a flower; a double breasted white cloth waistcoat, showing three-quarters of an inch above the turnover of the coat, and light colored dressed doeskin trousers—lavender or silver-gray being the most correct. The gloves and scarf should be of the same shade as the trousers, the latter of plain satin, and a "Stanley" or tied knot. The groom should be distinguished by a white dress waistcoat neatly embroidered on the collar and forepart. Dress trousers are made of medium weight black doeskin, the same shades as the coat. White tie and gloves should be worn with full dress on the occasion.

A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.—"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

☞ The man who tells pretty stories for the Savannah News sharpened his pencil the other day, dishevelled his hair, and wrote as follows:

"In the twilight of a beautiful day in the ides of October, an Appling county man set his son and heir to watch a favorite corn-patch. Returning a little later to see if the infant was at his post, the jocund father happened to create a little commotion among the dry stalks. There was a flash and a report, and the astonished parent tore down two panels of fence in getting away. To his neighbors who call to see him in his bed-ridden condition he extolls the vigilance of his son and his accuracy with a shot-gun."

☞ A little boy, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzle. 'Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?'

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