# The Chestertown Transcript.

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*Original Poetry.*

## ON THE BRIDGE.

OUR RIVER.

Ah, heart, beat your musical echoes!
And soul, thrill with joy mid the scene!
As I raise now my eyes to the fathomless skies,
And the moonlight that shimmers between.

I am bathing in showers of radiance,
And so lavish the deep golden light,
That born in each gleam of the brilliant moonbeam,
Fairy eyes peep out loving and bright.

All Nature dispenses her glories,
As I stand where the dear waters flow;
The moonlight looks down on the woods and the town,
And brightens the wavelets below.

Such a glorious smile to the waters
That dimple and dance in their glee,
Then raising their heads from their crystalline beds,
Ah! I know they are talking to me.

Are telling such tales of the moonlight,
And all that the moonlight has seen;
Of hearts that were glad, and hearts that were sad;
In the days long ago—that have been.

Of eyes that would always look hopeful,
As they turned their gaze up to the night;
And smiles came at will, on the lips that are still,
And the brows that were pure as the light.

And other eyes, too, that looked downward,
Softly veiled by the gathering mist,
Grew brighter at last, for the waves as they passed,
Murmured 'Peace,' as the moonbeams they kissed.

Oh, wavelets, grow soft in your music,
Ye moonbeams less bright in your rays,
Touch lightly each breast, for those hearts are at rest,
And the "long ago" hallows those days

But the moon, ever true, still looks down
On the warm, throbbing hearts here below,
And Cupid's bright dart, from her pathway will start,
And kindle fresh beams in her glow.

See there! 'Twixt the moonlight and wavelight,
There are eyes I have oft seen before,
And a mouth I have missed, rises up to be kissed,
And I stretch my arms out toward the shore.

Oh, moonlight, your magic works mischief,
And I lay my heart low at your feet;
And, waves ever dear, sing in tones low and clear,
For your words to my love I'll repeat.

—*For the Transcript.*

## ROYALTY IN ENGLAND.

## Queen Victoria and her Family.

LONDON, May 28, 1877.

Let us talk of Kings, Queens, and members of the blood royal. Queen Victoria is beloved of her people, but she has done more than all the republican clubs and anti-royalists in England, Ireland, and Scotland to rob the throne of its importance in these latter days of her brilliant reign. For many years she has lived a life of comparative retirement, and whenever she has come out of it on some special mission of her regal office, she has laid aside the pomp and pegeantry of the royal station. Recently the nation was congratulated upon her Majesty's return to society. I had the honor of setting forth in one of my letters the first outline of the royal programme for the present season, including her Majesty's opening of Parliament in person, the holding of certain receptions, and a residence in town early in the year. The Queen has carried out the details of this brief return to society pressed upon her by Lord Beaconsfield, but she has speedily tired of it, and left London to throw off royal cares in her Highland home. Last week she gave a little farewell dinner at Windsor Castle to Prince Christian, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormondo, the Earl and Countess of Elgin, Sir Rainlad and Lady Knightly, the Right Honorable the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lady Mary Butler, Lieut-Gen. Sir T. M. Biddulph, Capt. Haig, and Herr R. Wagner. Two days afterward she wiped the dust of London from off her feet and traveled at the rate of 60 miles an hour to Scotland. She started at 7:45 in the evening, taking with her the Princess Beatrice. The royal party breakfasted the next morning at Perth, at 9:30. Lord Kinnarid, the Provost, and magistrates were at the station to welcome her Majesty. At the Bridge of Dun Lord Carnegie was on the platform to honor his royal mistress. At Aberdeen the train was halted for her Majesty to take in a Foreign Office dispatch and telegram. When the train steamed into the depot at Ballater a guard of honor of a detachment of the Queen's Own Cameronian Highlanders were drawn up to see her Majesty from the cars to the royal carriages that were waiting to convey the royal party to the Palace of Balmoral. Here they arrived at 3 o'clock and had luncheon, immediately after which the Queen and the Princess went out and visited the cottages in the vicinty of the castle. The Queen is very sparing of her visiting in London, but when she can get to Scotland she is soon upon her Highland pony, and doing a round of calls upon the most humble of her subjects. This is all very well once in a way, thinks the fashionable world of London, but it is an injustice to the metropolis, which languishes year after year without the supreme head of society, and at the same time it is not quite satisfactory to the populace, for it shows them too plainly that, after all, the country can get along without a monarch.

To make matters worse, at the present moment the Princess of Wales is in Greece. She starts on her homeward journey, it is true, to-day, but there are uncomfortable rumors abroad that she is not on such good terms with her royal husband as patriotic admirers of Princess and Princesses could wish. It is not my business to purvey scandal, nor the mission of the Times to print it, or one might comfort common mortals who don't get on well in married life with some pretty stories of royal infelicities. The Princess of Wales is a favorite with all classes of society in England, and it will go hard with the Prince if the people should get it into their heads that he does not treat her kindly. It is said that on his recent journey to the Mediterranean the Princess refused to see his Royal Highness, and judging from the high source of my information, I have every reason to believe the story. I have certainly myself seen the Prince sitting by the side of his wife for two hours together without once speaking to her, which does not argue that genial familiarity that should exist between husband and wife. Not thus did the Queen and Prince Albert sit together at theatre or reception. Moreover, at a theatre, even in the presence of his wife, the Prince is far more intent upon watching some pretty woman on the stage than in contributing to the amusement of his wife. His Royal Highness is liked by his companions, and has an agreeable manner: and it was very pleasant to see him with his two sons at the Aquarium the other day; but all this will not atone for shortcomings in regard to the Princess in the eyes of the generous people who welcome her a stranger in a strange land a dozen years ago, and have ever since been loyal to her, never losing an opportunity of showing their devotion. They sympathized with her deeply during the war waged so ruthlessly against her father, and would have liked the chance of striking a blow for him, and her grace, amiability, and modesty have taken a firm hold on the nation's heart.

The unpopularity of the Duchess of Edinburgh, only daughter of the Czar, in England, arose chiefly out of reports that she wished to take precedence of the Princess of Wales. There is some truth in the existence of a certain amount of jealousy between the Princesses. Her Imperial Highness of Russia naturally did not like bringing up the rear at a royal reception with the Marchioness of Lorne, and notes certainly passed between the Czar and the Queen on the subject. It is said that the difficulty was even referred to Prince Bismarck. Queen Victoria is greatly attached to the Russian Princess, but society has not taken to her much, though she has received marked respect and consideration wherever she has appeared. An attempt to get up a sneer at her because she went to the Russian church in London to pray for the success of her father's arms was promptly put down. She left Buckingham Palace a few days ago for her husband's palace at Coburg, accompanied by Prince Alfred and Princesses Marie and Victoria Melita of Edinburgh. It is hard work to be a prince and please everybody. The Duke of Edinburgh is censured by social critics because he is economical. They say he did not spend all the money which Parliament voted him for his colonial tour. On the other hand, the Prince of Wales is much too liberal for some people, both with his purse and his society. If the truth were known, I dare say Wales, as his intimates call him, would be very glad to live the life of an independent English gentleman, and not be bothered with the formalities and etiquette of court life at all. I would sooner be a rich English Lord than a Prince of the blood; and I would sooner be a wealthy and educated country gentleman with the world before me, than either one or the other. The Prince of Wales has all the capacity for a country life, with its season of metropolitan pleasure, and I expect royal state bothers him just as much as it has bored his mother ever since she lost her devoted and judicious husband. When she was young she enjoyed the pageantry and pomp of her royal state; she was proud of her title, prouder still of her husband; and she made domesticity a virtue and added a homely beauty to honorable married life. Her career is an example to the highest as well as to the humblest in the land.

The Prince of Wales is taking a great deal of trouble to promote the success of the Paris Exhibition. The Prince, at the outset, put himself in communication with Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy, and he has this week sent to Sir Francis the report of the deliberations of the Fine Art Section of the Commission. At the request of the Prince the sub-committee have reported to him "on some comprehensive scheme for a full and adequate representation of British art," and they state that in their opinion the best way to secure full justice to British art is to follow the practice successfully adopted by France and Belgium on similar occasions, namely, "to group together a large number of works of a few artists, so as to lay emphasis on and bring into prominent relief the strong points of the respective schools." To do this "a certain number of artists living within the last 10 years should be selected as the chief representatives of the British schools of painting and sculpture. Their works should be exhibited in distinct groups." The question of selection is a difficult one. This is how it is proposed to create a jury to decide.—The judges are to be members and associates of the Royal Academy 40 non-members, (to be selected by the sub-committee of the Fine Art Section,) and the members of the Fine Arts Committee of the Exhibition. Thus the jury of selection would consist of 100 artists and art students or connoisseurs. Each juryman is to be supplied with a form to be filled up with his selection of 18 painters and sculptors whom he may consider most worthy to represent the arts of painting and sculpture. Acting on the number of votes given to each name, the committee will invite the six artists at the head of the polls to send in 10 weeks, the six next in rotation seven works each, and the last six five works each. The Prince of Wales is evidently bent upon distinguishing himself as President of the English section at the Paris Exhibition, and in this he is following wisely and well in the footsteps of his illustrious father.

It is positively bewildering, the atmosphere of royal gossip. One is not a Wagner, to be surfeited with it; nor a Sullivan, to be in the confidence of a royal Prince. A lady in waiting or Lord of the Bedchamber are quite near enough for journalism. I remember once having a long talk with the Marchioness of Ely, the Queen's favorite lady, and I did not gather, with all the honor of the position, that the life of a lady in waiting is exactly to be compared with the bliss of Paradise, though the Queen of England is a kindly and amiable monarch. Her Majesty, by the way, had one little difference with her imperial daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Russian Princess, when visiting the Queen, appeared at breakfast in a dressing-gown. The Queen construed this careless attire into a want of respect for the lady the of castle, and spoke to the Duchess upon the subject with mother-in-lawish promptitude. Her Majesty dresses for breakfast, and her daughters have always been accustomed to appear at that meal in becoming attire. As a rule, English women dress more prettily for breakfast than for any other meal. The Duchess accepted the Queen's rebuke with becoming grace, and, as I have said before, her Majesty conceived a real love for the Russian Princess. I wonder if Wagner keeps up a correspondence with his royal friends. What a collection of autobiography he must possess! Arthur Sullivan, I know, frequently hears from the Duke of Edingurgh, who is almost a musical monomaniac. He plays the fiddle with artistic skill. In his early days he was very popular in England as "Our Sailor Prince," but he has not kept it up. If, during the present troubles in the East, he should have the misfortune to be brought into collision with one or two of his father-in-law's ships, he would again be "the pet of the people." Why didn't they make Wagner a Prince? In writing of him I feel quite inclined to give him the royal title. He evidently thinks himself not only as good as all the Princes on earth, but more so. His splendid arrogance is delightful. It has not been quite so successful in a momentary sense at the Albert Hall as could have been desired. His Supreme and Imperial Highness has, however, received a homage of the royal family and all the German world of London, and that is surely something to achieve in a city which some years ago sneered at him and laughed at his music.

☞ Frank Buckland was favored with an early introduction to the gorilla which has recently arrived in London after a stupid and wearisome journey from Berlin. The gorilla received his guest after the approved manner of Louis Quatorze—in bed, tucked up in blankets like a child. "The face is very human," writes the naturalist, "and as black as ebony; the nose is very snub, the lips are thick and heavy, but every now and then a pleasant smile lighted up the countenance of this sleeping beauty. This living specimen, though quite young, convinced me that, as far as physiognomy alone, the line between a low-caste negro and this anthropomorphous, man-like ape is indeed small. When, however, we examine the hand the difference between a man and a monkey is at once evident." The gorilla tolerates human society, but his favorite companion is his first cousin, the chimpanzee.

☞ A scrupulous Boston lady, who abhors slang, when asked at the boarding house table why her husband was not down to breakfast, replied, bashfully:

'Oh dear William was upon a—a neck last night.'

'A what?' asked her interlocutor.

'A b-bosom,' she explained, coloring to the roots of her hair.

'A which?' said he.

'A—a—a b-bust!' she whispered behind her napkin.

Hydrophobia is naturally superinduced by dog days.

### AN UNPLEASANT CUSTOMER.

He slipped into an ice cream saloon very softly, and when the girl asked him what he wanted, he replied—

"Corned beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mince pies."

"This is not a restaurant, this is an ice cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted? Why didn't you bring on your ice cream?"

She went after it, and as she returned, he continued—

"You see, my dear girl, you must infer—you must reason. It isn't likely that I would come into an ice cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You didn't think I came in here to ask if you had any baled hay, did you?"

She looked at him in great surprise, and he went on—

"If I owned a hardware store, and you came in, I would infer that you wanted something in my line. I would not step out and ask if you wanted to buy a mule: would I?"

She went away, highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a dish of cream at the next table, and the stranger, after watching her for a few moments, called out—

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"Mercy, no!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued. "If you find any just let me know."

She looked at him for half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then rose and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed—

"Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my ice cream?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I did not; I merely requested her in case she found any such ingredients to inform me."

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, smiling softly, "did you expect me to ask the woman if she found a crowbar or a sledge hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for any such articles to be hidden away in such a small dish."

The proprietor went away, growling, and as the stranger quietly sipped away at his cream, two young ladies came in, sat down near him, and ordered some cream and cake. He waited until they had eaten a little and then remarked—

"Beg pardon, ladies, but do you observe anything peculiar in the taste of this cream?"

They tasted, smacked their lips, and were not certain.

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked.

"Ah! kah!" they exclaimed, trying to spit out what they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it wan't long before the proprietor rushed in.

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded. "What do you mean by plug tobacco in the freezer?"

"My kind friend, I asked those ladies if this cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste, and I don't believe you put a bit of tobacco in it."

"Well, you don't want to talk that way around here," continued the proprietor. "My cream is pure, and the man who says it is not is a bold liar!"

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and a sad face sat down and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon ice.

It was brought, and she took about two mouthfuls, when the stranger inquired—

"Excuse me madam, but do you know how this cream was made—have you any idea that they grated turnip and chalk with the cream?"

She didn't reply. She rose slowly up, wheeled around, and made for the door. The stranger followed after, and by great good luck his coat tails cleared the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five-pound box of figs, hurled with great force by the indignant proprietor. As he reached the curb stone he halted, looked back at the door of the parlor and soliloquised—

"There are times when people should infer, and there are times when they shouldn't. I suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they hashed up a saw mill in the cream she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."

☞ It was 'court week' in a country tavern, and a late comer was given one of a dozen cots which had been put up temporarily in the parlor. There was a grand chorus of snores from the other cots. After an hour or more of this uproar one of the most resonant snorers brought up with a snort and was suddenly silent, when a Frenchman, who occupied a cot in an extreme corner of the room, exclaimed,

'Tank God, von ees dead!'

Seventeen Radical newspapers in Louisiana have bitten the dust since the troops vacated the Governor's quarters.

### CONFUTED BY SCRIPTURE.

The late Elder, John Smith, of Kentucky, who died recently at an advanced age, was the most eccentric wit south of the Ohio river, and a true gentleman. He was familiarly known all through Kentucky and the West, by the *sobriquet* of "Raccoon Smith." While still in the Baptist ministry, and attending one of the annual meetings of the body, a tall, lank, green specimen of humanity presented himself before the association as a candidate for the ministry. He was not regarded as being of entirely sound mind, and labored under the hallucination that he was especially "called to preach" and kept constantly importuning the association to grant him the necessary license. In addition to his partially unbalanced mind, young Weeks was the possessor of as huge and ungainly a pair of feet as ever trod shoe-leather. Tired of his importunities, and not being disposed to grant the license, the association handed him over to Smith, with instructions to make an end to the case, and between them took place the following conversation:

Smith—'So, Brother Weeks, you think you have a special call to preach?'

Weeks—'Yes, the Lord has called me to the work but, the association refuses the license.'

Smith—'How do you know that you are called?'

Weeks—'Know it? I feel it in my heart of hearts. I want my license.'

Smith—'Do you believe the Bible, Brother Weeks?'

Weeks—'Certainly I do, every word of it.'

Smith—'Well, if I can prove by the Bible that you are not called to preach will you be satisfied to drop the matter and not further importune the association for a license?'

Brother Weeks assented to this, and "Raccoon Smith" deliberately opened the New Testament at Romans x. 15, and in a grave tone read:

'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, etc., then glancing at Weeks's large feet, said:

'You see, Brother Weeks, that the feet of the preacher are beautiful; you, sir, have the most monstrous ugly feet of any man in Kentucky; therefore, by this Bible, it is clear that you have not been especially called.'

As Smith finished his remarks, the entire association went off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Weeks, really concluding that he had not been called, bolted from the meeting house, and never afterwards annoyed the association for a license.

### WHY SHE STOPPED HER PAPER.

She came bouncing through the sanctum door like a cannon ball, and without pausing to say "How d'ye do?" she brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted:

'I want you to stop my paper.'

'All right, madam.'

Stop it right off, too!' she persisted, whacking the table again, 'for I waited long enough for you to do the fair and square thing.'

She quieted down for a moment, as we ran our finger down the list of names, and when we reached her's and scratched it out, she said:

'There, now mebbe you will do as you ought to after this, and not slight a woman because she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, dandy-legged, squint-eyed, wheezy squaller born to them, you puff it to the skies and make it out an angel, but when poor people have a baby you don't say a word about it, even if it's the squarest-toed, blackest-haired, nobbiest little kid that ever kept a woman awake nights. That's what's the matter, and that's why I stopped my paper.' And she dashed out as rapidly as she came.—*Printers Circular.*

### A NEAT LITTLE ROMANCE.

We heard a very pretty little incident the other day which we cannot help relating.

A young lady from the South, it seems was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California. When the engagement was made the doctor was rich, having been very successful at San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, when, by an unfortunate investment, he lost his entire "heap." This event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was about to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow as he is, he sits down and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if the fact produced any change in her feelings toward him, she is released from every promise she has made him.—And what does the dear, good girl do? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwarded it to him, with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest will I go, and wither thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people will be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die; and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."—The lover idolized his sweet-heart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both in storm and sunshine. We may add, that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the North to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts, and better wives. —*Pittsburg Commercial.*

### WHY CONKLING CAME HOME.

THE GREAT SOCIAL AND POLITICAL MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.

*Correspondence N. Y. Evening Express.*

Conkling is a great statesman, and also a disciple of Chesterfield. Well, he was asked to dine with the royal family, and General Grant and Lady Mary were also there. Things went along all right. Conkling was elaborately gotten up. He always is. His ambrosial curls were oiled and dressed more particularly than usual. He bowed to all in a condescending manner, and lowered himself to talk with the Queen. Dinner was announced and all marched down in good order. Things progressed well. Grant and Conkling sat opposite each other. The servants handed around dinner, and among other things, pigeon pie. Grant got a leg of the bird. He fell to in the American fashion.—Conkling followed suit. The leg must have been very tough. Grant took it in his hands and pulled. Conkling looked on in amazement. The Queen murmured. Lady Mary was dismayed. Grant held on, and with a tremendous jerk pulled it apart, a good share slipping out of his hands and landing on Conkling's immaculate shirt-bosom. Grant apologized. Conkling raved, and Lady Mary brushed the debris away. Of course Conkling felt down-hearted, and resolved to come home. Everything was getting along all right, however, and the plum pudding was announced. They ate in silence. Grant finished his plateful, and reached over for more. He pulled the dish toward him, and deliberately began to pull out the raisins with his thumb and finger. Horror was upon all their countenances. He pulled more out and ate them, and rolled the remainder up in his handkerchief and slipped them in his trowsers pocket. It was then that Conkling determined to come home. His shirt-front was soiled with pigeon pie, and Ulysses the Great was carrying home pudding in his pants pocket.

☞ Mr. James Parton is thoroughly himself in his article for the July *Harper*, entitled "Falsehood in the Daily Press;" that he is vital, trenchant, racy, rash in generalization and confident in statement. He has a just and vigorous passage on the connection between small editorial salaries and large editorial lies. "Two-thirds of all the working journalists in the country receive less than the wages of good mechanics;" and New York is the only city upon this continent where the press has advanced far enough to pay a competent and well-trained journalist "as large a compensation as a lawyer, doctor, or clergyman of the fourth rank, and nearly enough to pay the rent of a small house in a second-rate neighborhood." Now "falsehood and folly," according to Mr. Parton, "are not so much an evidence of depravity as of poverty. Intelligence and character are costly; frivolity and recklessness are cheap;" and the people who can be hired for small salaries on daily papers can write nothing but lies—the resource of empty minds.

### THE VEST POCKETS.

A young man from one of the suburban districts, was in a tailor's shop getting measured for a vest the other afternoon.

'Married or unmarried?' querried the merchant, after taking down the number.

'Unmarried,' said the young man with a blush.

'Inside pocket on the left-hand side, then,' observed the tailor, as if to himself, making a memorandum to that effect.—After a moment pause, the young man from the suburbs inquired:

'What difference does my being married or unmarried make with the inside pocket of the vest?'

'Ah, my dear sir,' observed the tailor with a bland smile, 'all the difference possible, as you must see. Being unmarried, you want the pocket on the left side, so as to bring the young lady's picture next to your heart.'

'But don't the married man also want his wife's picture next to his heart?' quired the anxious youth.

'Possibly there is an instance of that kind,' said the tailor, arching his eyebrows, 'but I never heard of it.'

Bank of England notes have been made of white linen cuttings, by the same firm, in Hampshire, for two hundred years.

### VARIETIES.

Blood relations—News of the war.

Young men stand by the church when the girls are coming out. That is the way they show their Christianity.

"What are you looking in the encyclopædia for, Anna? "My shoe." "Your shoe?" "Yes; dad said yesterday that I could find anything I wanted in it."

If Eve had worn one of these patent pull backs it is safe to say she would not have eaten the apple—at least not until she had given herself room to hold it.

The sultry August days have come,
The sickliest of the year,
And fruits unripe the bowels gripe.
And cause us many a tear.

South of James river they call sheep-stealing "readjusting" mutton.

They keep good order at Texas camp meetings. The minister draws two revolvers and lays them on the desk before him, and then says, "Let us pray."

A friend who went down the harbor fishing last week was asked how he enjoyed his dinner. "Don't mention it," was his reply; "it is like the financial question in Congress—liable to come up at any moment."

When a fashionable lady makes a dive for the bottom of her dress she is not going to use the train to knock a fly off her bonnet, though that is the impression among poor deluded men.

An exchange says: "An Albany man who used to live on ten cents a day died wealthy." He may have died wealthy, but we'll bet money he didn't die fat.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When a Nevada saloon keeper was asked why he wore a two-ounce diamond pin in his shirtfront these hard times, he replied: "I use it at night to take my medicine by, and in times like these every little saving of matches and oil counts."

In Switzerland, the law compels every newly married couple to plant six trees immediately after the marriage ceremony, and two on the birth of each child.

Anti-torpedo boats have been taken out to Constantinople by enterprising Englishmen. This move will make mimic warfare with a vengeance, but where will the science of war end if this thing continues.

Fifteen years ago lovely woman arrayed herself to look like a bell. Now she simulates the clapper of a bell swathed in silk, bunting, percale, or other dry goods. Her tongue, however, makes as much noise now as then.

"My son," said a mother to a little four year old, "whom above all others will you wish to see when you pass into the spirit world?" "Goliah!" shouted the child, with a joyous anticipation—"unless," he quickly added, "there's a bigger feller there."

A Mississippi granger is opposed to railroads. He says that when he goes to town they "bring him home so quick he hasn't time to get sober before he arrives."

In Albany while a coronor was helping guard the end of a railroad bridge, a striker attempted to pass, when the coroner said, "I am put here to shoot, and I get thirty dollars for a corpse." The man left."

A mechanic his labor will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes:
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it strikes.

THOMAS HOOD.

An American man, after dining at a London restaurant, paid his bill, and was about leaving, when the waiter suggested that the amount did not include the waiter. "Ah!" said the man, "but I didn't eat the waiter!",

Mrs. Hayes, of Allen county, Ky., recently gave buth to four children, two boys and two girls, which weighed 24 lbs. in the aggregate, and were all at last accounts as well as could be expected.

An envious 'paragrapher remarks:—It has been observed that the lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four time as often as any other woman."

A clergyman has made an appeal for aid in giving a day's excursion to the poor of his parish. He concludes with the following encouraging and cheerful allusion: "Five of those who enjoyed our last visit to the green fields are now in Paradise."

One of the longest men in Sussex county, Del., is named Short; one of the shortest men in Somerset county, is named Long, while the greenest man in Wicomico county is called White, and the oldest man in Worcester is named Young.

No man can win unless another lose. When one covetous man gets rich, one hundred get poor. It is always best to be slow and sure, and let well enough alone.

☞ Phillip Brooks tells of a backwoodman's criticism on the Episcopal Bishop Mead's sermon in a frontier church. The Bishop did not read his sermon from manuscript:

'He is the first of them fine fellers that I have ever seen who could shoot without a rest.'

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