The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1877 NO. 20

Original Poetry.

TOO LATE!

The moon shone down in summer splendor,
While here and there, a sprightly star,
Like some wild fellow on a bender,
Uncertain shone—now near, now far.

It was the witching hour of midnight;
But what of time, to such as we!
So long as our beloveds chid not,
And no outsiders there to see.

We walked and talked—four jolly youngsters—
While silence fell, o'er land and sea;
And e'en the little feathered songsters,
Had piped good night from tree to tree.

Nor shake a stern, reproving finger,
Ye who may chance these lines to read—
But think if never *you* did linger,
And find each hour a winged steed.

We laughed and talked—of heaven knows what:
Sweet contradictions, bred of moonlight.
Some words were true, and some were not;
But sweeter all, than those of noonlight.

When lo! on coming to the portal,
We found the gate fast shut, and *locked!*
Now lives there in this place, a mortal,
Who's not been similarly shocked?

O say! our antiquated fathers,
And mothers with reproving eyes—
If you were never in like fashion,
Beguiled by moonlight, and—by lies.

'Twas past all hope to wake the porter,
We looked askance upon the hole—
For some were tall, and some were shorter;
'Twas ignominious, 'pon my soul!

But if we *did* creep through, and under—
It has been done before, and since,
And few immaculate enough to wonder,
While many may be found to wince.

—*For the Transcript.*

THE BLACK KID SLIPPERS.

BY C. A.

George Livingstone was off to the White Mountains.

George found the train all ready to start, the bell was ringing, the conductor's. "All aboard!" was spoken just as his feet touched the platform, all in good time, he hung his black traveling bag on the convenient peg above his head. took a comfortable seat, drew out the last Herald, and in five minutes had forgotten abut time and circumstances in the interesting editorial on foreign intervention. The two-column article being finished, he leaned back in his seat, and took the liberty of indulging in a nap, from which he was aroused by the sharp voice of the stage-driver at the end of the railway line, crying out: "Passengers for the Glen House, come forward, and show your baggage.'

George sprang up, settled his collar-pulled down his Panama, seized his valise, and hastened to secure a seat in the stage. The scenery was delightfully romantic, and it was deep night before they reached the hotel. Our hero, weary with the jolting he had received, retired directly to bed, slept soundly, and awoke the the next morning with restored energy and a sharp appetite for his breakfast.

Of course it was necessary to make his toilet before going down, for he was a handsome fellow, and no good looking man is adverse to appearing his best, especially when there are ladies in the company. George opened his traveling bag for his dressing case, and the first thing that appeared was a delicate little affair of crimson cashmere and gold braid—suspiciously feminine in the odor af hyacinth which it emitted. George held it up gingerly between his thumb and finger.

'Jupiter!' he exclaimed, surveying it critically, 'that's Zouave or a Marine, or a Eugenie, I suppose. Hanged if I know the different names of the jimcracks by which the ladies—bless their hearts—beguile us of our freedom. But this is clearly no piece of masculine adornment. Wonder how on earth it came into my valise?'

He made another dive into the receptacle before him and this time out came a brush, a book, a night cap, an ivoty crochet needle and a pair of black kid slippers. Those slippers were George's destiny—his heart was won at once.—The moment he set eyes on them he was literally "done for." Poor fellow! For years he had successfully resisted the attacks made on his bachelor affections by the bright eyed maidens of his acquainquaintance. but now he was smitten, and by a pair of slippers.

They were so small, so dainty, so Cinderella-like!—he kissed them before he knew what he was about, and then blushed scarlet to think that their owner might possibly be an Irish chambermaid, or the respectable mother of a half-dozen olive-branches! But he rejected the thought almost as soon as it was admitted. It was sacrilege to indulge such an idea; and there in the solitude of his chamber he took a little private vow all by himself to the effect that he would discover the proprietress of the slippers, and if she was as faultless as themselves, he would propose at once.

No doubt you will call our hero precipitate. We think he was, for we know that we should never dream of falling in love with any gentleman's boots; but then women are not men, which accounts for the difference. It was exceedingly romantic, George thought, to exchange luggage with a young lady so beautiful and charming as the owner of those delectable slippers must be. But the romance took a decidedly blue shade, when he realized that he was minus handkerchiefs, cravats, dressing-gown. clean dickies, and everything else necessary to finish the making up of a fashionable gentleman.

However, he did the best he could with what he had, and descended to breakfast with a lace-embroided handkerchief in his pocket. He expected to recognize at a glance the fair Cinderella of his thoughts, but nothing of the kind occurred. There were dozens of pretty ladies present in pink, blue, crimson and white morning dresses; but if they had tiny feet, our hero was none the wiser for it—as no other inquiring individual is likely to be in these days of expensive crinoline and trailing skirts. George peeped suspiciously under the table as he took his seat, hopeing to discover the feet, causing thereby the waiter to inquire if the gentleman had lost anything, and drawing the entire battery of bright eyes upon him untill he blushed like a fresh boiled lobster.

All day George was on the look-out for feet. He made himself a perfect nuisance to everybody by the persistency with whirh he watched for the appearance of lower extremities. But throughout the entire day, the only view which he was favored with was one gigantic pedal belonging to Irish Biddy, exhibited when she took the liberty of kicking a favorite pointer, that had pointed his nose too near the soup-tereen.

The following day a large party ascended Mount Washington, and among them was George Livingstone. Of course all the ladies were charming, and George who had by this time made himself agreeable to most of them, was more on the *qui vive* for small feet than ever. In fact, he had very nearly arrived at the conclusion that the slippers belonged to Angeline Hereford—a beautiful Boston belle, with whom George had been slightly acquainted for some time.

Miss Angeline was a tall, stately brunette, with magnificent hair and eyes, and the bearing of a Cleopatra. George would have felt a little better satisfied at the idea of her being the proprietress of the slippers, had it not been for the haughty, almost supercilious, manner in which she addressed the pale-faced young girl that attended her as companion. Her scornful air lead our hero to look more particularly at the object of Angeline's evident contempt, and the scrutiny at once interested him in the pretty petite dependent. "A poor cousin, probably," he said to himself, sighing unconsciously as he marked the expression of sadness around the sweet mouth, and in the large brown eyes. He would learn more of her.

Fortune favored him. The young girl, somewhat imprudently, strayed away from the rest of the party, and as it was the time for returning, George volunteered to go in search of her. Angeline demurred—Mr. Livingstone need not put himself to that trouble; one of the guides could go as well. But Mr. Livingstone was fond of trouble, according to his own account, and persisted in his original intention.

The search was by no means a lengthy one; he discovered its object pretty soon hidden behind the shadow of a huge rock, with blond-sfains on her garments, and her face contracted with suffering. He sprang to her side, exclaiming:

'What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?'

She glanced timidly into his handsome face.

'It is not much—I think, sir. I fell and bruised my arm; the shock and the pain nearly overcame me. It will be better in a moment. I will bind my handkerchief around it.'

'Permit me!' said George, bending on one knee, and teking the handkerchief which she held out to him, he saw initials in a corner. Here was a discovery! He fastened it tenderly around the fair arm, now swollen and vivid with the cruel cut it had received, and then, without a word drew forth the fragile *mushoir* of the unknown Cinderella, and bound that above the other. The young lady started—their eyes met.

'My handkerchief!—how came you by it?'

'And how came you by my handkerchief?' asked George.

'I exchanged traveling bags with some gentleman.

'And I exchanged traveling bags with some lady.'

'Then, probably, I have your property in my possession.'

'And I have yours! A clear case of mutual petty larceny! Shall we settle it between us, or resort to arbitration?' he asked a little mischievously.

'We will settle it, I think,' she replied, smiling.

'Well. then, to commence as we should. Allow me to introduce myself. I am George Livingstone, of Boston,' he said.

'I know you very well by repute, sir. I am the music teacher of Marion, your sister.'

'Marion's teacher? Well, this is romantic, surely! Marion has given me to understand that her teacher is perfection, but I hardly thought the little witch possessed of such judgement. So, then, you are Florance Falmouth?'

'The same, sir.'

'Well, Miss Falmouth, I am happy to meet you at last. But it seems a little curious that we should have been obliged to come away up here to the White Mountains to get acquainted, when only a few streets lie between our respective homes,' he said, smiling.

'There is a wider chasm than mere nominal distance between a wealthy merchant and a poor governess,' she replied, a little bitterly.

'Not another word on that contemptible point, or your property shall be contrabanded; and I will never give up the slippers until—'

He colored and did not finish the sentence.

From that time Mr. Livingstone was particularly attentive to the Hereford party. Not a morning passed that he did not walk, ride or sit with them, and in consequence. Miss Angeline was in raptures—for George was a most desirable *parti*, and the haughty belle had no objection to having a splendid establishment of her own, with a necessary incumbrance of so handsome and *distingue* a husband as Mr. Livingstone.

Once, in a fit of extraordinary graciousness, she confided her plans to her cousin, and Florence listened attentively, trying to think herself delighted with Angeline's prospective happiness. The expectant bride had decided upon a white satin, with Mechlin lace overdress for the bridal robe, six bridesmaids in pink muslin, and as many gentlemen in white vests and gloves—the ceremony to take place at the Old South Church, to be followed by a trip to Europe, if George was agreeable. Florance—unsuspecting little soul!—sighed softly and wondered what made her eyes so dim, that she could not thread her needle.

The time for their departure from the mountains was at hand. The ensuing day the pleasant party at the Glen House would be broken up—Mr. Livingstone returned to Boston, Miss Hereford and her retinue were to visit the Franconia range, and afterward return nome by the way of Lake Winnepiseogee.

Angeline, in a most becoming toilet, waited impatiently in the parlor for the coming of George Livingstone. He would surely come to ask permission to call on her after their arrival home; and she had thought to be very gracious and a little tender toward him, that he might know she was not indifferent to him. But the evening drew on, the young moon went down behind the hills, the dampness took Angeline's hair out of curl, and chilled her uncovered shoulders; she waited until ten o'clock, and then slammed down the window and went to bed! A wise proceeding—for in the shady garden at the back of the house walked George Livingstone, his arm wound around little trembling Florence, while his eloquent lips were trying to tell her how lonely and desolate his life would be without the owner of those black kid slippers.

Florence was poor and proud, and sensitive, and realized fully the barriers that separated her from George. But he recognized nothing of an obstacle, and before he let her go in he had kissed roses into her cheeks, and brought brilliancy to her eyes.

Three months afterward a wedding took place at the Old South, and the bride wore white satin, and a Mechlin lace over dress. But Angeline Hereford was not present—a severe headache prevented her!

As for George, he keeps in an ebony box the little slippers, and blesses the day when he accidently exchanged traveling-bags with the lady who is now his wife.

A NOTORIETY.

NOBODY KNOWS WHERE CRAWFORD IS—HIS WIFE BELIEVES, IN SPITE OF ALL, THAT HE IS OSMAN PASHA—SOME MATTERS OF INTEREST IN THAT CONNECTION.

[*Special dispatch to the New York Times.*]

VINELAND, N. J., Sept. 10.

The notoriety given to Colonel R. Clay Crawford, by the highly-colored and circumstantial report of his identity with Osman Pasha, the Turkish defender of Plevna, which was first made public by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has created a ferment of excitement in the ordinarily quiet little town of Newfield, situated about four miles north of here, on the West Jersey railroad. There, in seclusion, holding hardly any intercourse with their neighbors, reside the family of Colonel Crawford, consisting of his wife and three children, two boys and a girl, aged ten, nine and seven years respectively. Mrs. Crawford has made her home in Newfield for several years, while her husband has been wandering about the country, living there with her parents, whose names are Pelton. She is a cultured and intelligent lady, very retiring in her disposition and reserved in her conversation, giving up her whole time to the education of her children, of whom she takes exclusive charge. When the subject of her husband's reported exploits in Turkey was introduced, she became interested at once, and her face glowed with enthusiasm as she recounted incidents in his past career, and dwelt lovingly on the present, in which, as made known to her in the results of Osman Pasha's daring and dash, she honestly believed. Col. Crawford, she said, was born in Rogersville, Hawkins county, Tenn. At the age of 14 he went to Mexico as a soldier, running away from home to accomplish his object. At 16 he was appointed to West Point by his life-long friend, Andrew Johnson, who then represented his district, and who always made him an especial portege. The account of his life, then, as already published, she admitted to be true. At the age of 20 he accompanied Walker on his filibustering expedition. At the beginning of our civil war he entered the Union army, rising rapidly in the confidence of his superiors, and early in the conflict was in command of the First Regiment of Tennessee Artillery. At the the close of the war, he went to Mexico, figuring there as the hero of Bagdad. During the war of the rebellion, in 1864, Col. Crawford was married to her in Brooklyn, New York. Since his return from Mexico her husband, she said, had not been permanently located anywhere, but had been traveling about in search of adventures. He was last at home one year ago the present month, and this fact in itselfi without the authoritative statement of the Turkish minister, is enough to disprove his reported identity with Osman Pasha. Yet, for all that, she confessed that she knew his whereabouts previous to that time, and that he had been all the while in this country. She seemed infatuated with the idea that within the brief space of a year her husband had risen to the dignity of a Turkish commander, and was indeed Osman Pasha. It was so characteristic, she said, and then earnestly added: "It must be he." Since Col. Crawford's departure a year ago she has not heard a word from him, directly or indirectly, and when he went away he said he was going to Mexico, because, he affirmed, there was going to be trouble there.

Mrs. Crawford's residence is a perfect storehouse of memorials of her husband's past military career. One room is devoted exclusively to his possessions, and is full of them. A fine oil painting of the Colonel himself hangs on the wall, and it represents a man of intelligence and courage. It is a fine face, with a high forehead, and magnificent moustache and whiskers. His sword, presented to him by the enlisted men of the First Tennessee Artillery, is also there, as well as his rich uniform of a Mexican Major General—a green coat, yellow vest, and red pantaloons—also his commission, bearing the signature and flourish of Santa Anna himself. A bureau drawer contains a diary covering all his services during the rebellion. There are also abundant mementoes of his connection with the Masonic fraternity, in which order he has held official position. But the most interesting and historic relic of all is a silken flag, torn and stained, with the union in tatters and the stars clinging to mere threads. To this dilapidated banner is attached a paper, upon which is written, in Col. Crawford's own handwriting, the following: "Regimental flag of the First Regiment Tennessee Artillery, commanded by Col. R. Clay Crawford. It was carried by Battery A at the battle of Perrysville, Ky., by Batteries A, B and D at the battle of Knoxville; was the first United States flag raised in East Tennessee on its occupation by the United States forces; was carried at the head of the column when the Army of the Ohio entered East Tennessee; was torn from the staff and carried off by Battery C when the battery was captured, November 18, 1863, at Rogersville, Tennessee; was captured and retaken the same day when Battery B was taken by a charge of the rebels under General Jackson, near Greenville, Tennessee, January 18, 1864. The guns and flag were recaptured by Captain Patteen and 23 men of Battery B in a hand-to-hand fight for the two Parrot guns named "Ada" and "Robert," (named for Col. Crawford and his wife) the right and left guns of Battery B."

MY BABY'S GARDENING.

"What lots of funny-looking things!" and Mamie, kneeling in the big, red, easy chair, with her arms upon the table, watched mamma carefully sorting out her garden seeds.

"Wot you do with 'em, mamma?"

"Bury them in the ground, and they come up roses and pinks," said mamma.

"And squashes," joined in Mamie's brother Tom, who was watching the biggest seeds.

"Guess not," said the little girl, "cause a squash couldn't begin to get into one, if it squeezed ever so hard."

Just then the clock struck seven; and, although Mamie tried to put off bedtime by asking if she couldn't kiss all the seeds, if she would only pick out the "great biggest" ones, she was soon sonnd asleep dreaming that all the roses and pinks were having a splendid dance on the dinner table, with pumpkin seeds for fiddlers.

"Why do you look as if you were going to cry?" said Mamie, in her sleep, to one of the fiddlers.

"Pooh! we're not crying a bit," said the tallest pumpkin seed. "You only think so 'cause our faces are so long. Then they all danced until so tired that they tumbled down, and the first thing Mamie knew after that was hearing the birds sing "good morning" on the apple tree bough just outside the window.

Mamma was already in the garden. Mamie's blue eyes could just look over the window ledge, although mamma's round hat was so large Mamie couldn't just see what was going on.

"Bury them in the ground, and they come up roses. It's funnier than Punch and Judy," she softly whispered to herself. "I wonder if—why there's the breakfast bell. And I'm sorry to say she almost tumbled down stairs, sliding on the banisters.

The kitchen clock had just struck nine when Mamie came out the back door, tugging away at the great market basket. The garden was deserted. Step by step the basket pumped down to the walk, and was then dragged across the lawn to the round flower bed in the centre. Off came the cover, and out came Mamie's favorite doll, "Jo." Jo's arms were all right, but both her legs were gone—torn straight out by the roots.

"Dear, dear Jo," said Mamie, tenderly, "I wouldn't plant you, darling, if I wasn't just sure almost that you'd come up with nice new sawdust legs, and pink shoes on; and I hope you'll be good and come up real soon." And then Mamie took the trowel, made a deep hole, and put Jo in, upside down.

"Of course, I've got to put her upside down," said Mamie; "because then when the pink shoes come up I'll know she's done."

So Jo was planted, and out of the basket came the Noah's ark; and such a sad sight, for every animal was broken somewhere, and the elephant had every bit of paint and both his eyes sucked out of his head.

"I guess," said Mamie, "that I'll plant 'em all in one hole, and then they won't be lonesome." And so she did; but when they were covered up there was the ark, with the lid off, left out.

"Never mind, I'll leave it outside," said the little girl; "and when the lambs and things come up they'll know where to go, right away."

Then out of the basket came "Mother Goose Set to Music," with all the music torn out, and most all of the goose part, too.

"Dear me," said Mamie, "I'll have to paint this pretty sheep, or it won't have a chance to grow before it comes up. I guess the covers will take a long, long time, because I spilt my bread and molasses all over 'em."

And so in the long afternoon the little girl planted her toys, and as the hot sun went down a cool shower came up. How it did rain. While they were at tea the big drops chased each other down the window pane at a tremendous rate.

"I'm glad my seeds are in," said mamma. "This is a most splendid rain for them."

"Yes, if you only planted them deep enough, so they'll not be washed up," said papa.

Mamie was very quiet. "Poor little Jo," she said to herself. "I do so hope you'll not get wet and have another bad cold, when you'll have to stay in bed all day long, with a stocking around your throat."

But the rain was over at last, and the thunder, after grumbling for a long time, tumbled out of the clouds and went to sleep. Then the moon came up and tried with all its might to make as much light as the sun. But it could not begin to do it.

"What! 8 o'clock and the baby still up," said papa, very much astonished to see the moonlight shining through Mamie's soft hair, as she knelt on the ottoman and looked out of the window.

"Hush!" said Mamie, with her finger on her lips; "it's coming up!"

"What's coming up?" asked mamma.

"My elephant, 'cause I can see it's tail. And there's Jo. Yes, it's my Jo; but she's come up too soon, and her legs haven't grown a bit. And there's lots of animals, and they can't find the ark. Oh! please, can't I go out?"

Then mamma learned where Mamie had been all the afternoon, and when papa went out to get the animals he had to sit down on the steps and laugh until he came pretty near tumbling off. Yes, everything was up, for the baby didn't plant them deep enough. There were the picture books, the elephant, the dolls and all the animals, wet and cold and very, very dirty; while the ark was sailing away on a big mud puddle. And although they washed and scraped and put the things in the oven for all night long, it didn't do any good; but Jo's blue eyes ran into her pink cheeks, and her beautiful red lips ran away round to her ears on both sides, while the animals had no eyes at all. But then it was Mamie's birthday the very next week, and such an elephant, and such animals and such dolls as she had you never saw outside of Christmas times. —*G. M. S. Horton, in New York Independent.*

☞ An Irishman, fresh from the old country, saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he, holding it out at arms-length, said, "Faith, and ye better loose the howlt ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers."

☞ Charles Young, a son of the late prophet, has graduated from the Law Department of Michigan University, and will practice in Pinckney, Michigan.

AN ORIENTAL INCIDENT.

From the N. Y. Observer.

The Russo-Turkish war revives an old story. A Turkish and a Russian officer once fell into a dispute as to the superiority in discipline of their respective soldiers.

'I can prove to you on the spot,' said the Russian, "how perfectly our men are trained.' And he called out to his orderly.

'Ivan!'

'Sir.'

Go to Mehemet's, buy me a pound of tobacco, and come back at once.'

The soldier saluted, turned on his heel and went out.

'Now,' said the Russian officer, taking out his watch, 'my orderly is walking straight to the next corner, where he must turn; now he is turning, now he is opposite the white mosque; now he is crossing the maydan; now he is at Mehemet's; now he is buying the tobacco; now he is coming back; now he is on the black below us: now he is at the door; now'—and the Russian called out:

'Ivan!'

'Sir.'

'Where's the tobacco?'

'Here. sir.'

The Turkish, officer, showing no sign of surprise at the precision of this Russo-tobacco movement, promptly broke out: 'Ho! ho! my soldier can do that every day in the week,' and he called out:

'Muhcter!'

'Sir.'

'Go to Ali Effendi's and see that you bring me a pound of tobacco. My pipe is empty.

'Instantly, sir.'

Following the tacties of the Russian officer, the Turk pulled out his watch and went on:

'Now Muhcter is in the street; now he is passing palpooch bazaar; now it is noon and he is saying his prays; now he is drinking at the stone fountain; now Ali Effendi hails him and asks about my health; now Muhcter is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming back by another way; now he is on our street; now he is at the door; now—'

'Muhctar!' shouted the officer.

'Sir.'

'Where is my tobacco?'

'I haven't found my shoes yet!'

THE ORIGIN OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

The origin of the postage stamp had a tinge of romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the North of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over in her hand, and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money; and so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed.

Scarcely had the postman turned his back when the young innkeeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs marked on the envelope told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. We are both so poor,' she added, 'that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for our letters.' The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize postal service upon a new basis—with what success is known to the world.

NOT A CHICKEN.

At precisely two o'clock by the bells the other morning, a yoliceman who was walking up Beaubein street caught sight of a negro, who was skulking along a fence, and he called upon him to stop.

'Ize in a big hurry to ketch de mawning train for Tolerado!' called back the African.

The officer threatened to shoot if he did not stop, and the skulker halted.

'Does you imagine that I hez dun got a chicken hear?' he asked, as the officer approached.

'Yes, sir—that's exactly what I imagine'

'And if I hezen's got a chicken I kin go right down to the depot, kin I?'

'I guess you can.'

'Well, sah, den gaze on his yere, and tell me if de name is chicken!' said the man, as he pulled a big goose around in front of him.

The officer went back on his word, and took the negro under arrest, and the victim was yesterday explaining:

'Whar's the use ob tryin' to get along wid dem policemen? De best way is to drop the goose and make for de woods.' —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LORD'S CORN.

The mission station in the Indian Territory was at one time my house. Tobacowell, one of our neighbors, was a member of the little mission church, and like many a white professor, was spasmodically zealous for the glory of God. One Sabbath he listened to a sermon from Gen. xxxviii. 22. And of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee.'

At the close of the service he said to the missionary:

'Me plant big corn field next week.—Me make it ten pieces; plant all, then one piece be the Lord's corn.'

He did so; the part of the field to be devoted to the Lord was ploughed and planted with great care. But when the time for hoeing had arrived, our neighbor hoed his own corn, but did not find it convenient to hoe the Lord's. As the season advanced, the Lord's corn, uncultivated and dwarfted, and Tobaccowell's well hoed, tall and thrifty, produced a sad and striking contrast.

The sight of that cornfield has been a life-long lesson to me: and whenever I find myself more devoted to my own personal interests than to the glory of God, I say to myself, I am neglecting the Lord's corn.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

Mary Clarke, wife of the learned Adam Clarke, was the mother of six sons and six daughters, and the love she bore them would astonish many in these days. To one of her sons she wrote the following instructive words:

"Do nothing carelessly, and then I venture to say, that, with the ability you have, you will do most things well. Be exact in all you do, ner let the least matter pass you unexamined. In your reading, too, investigate your subject, and be not satisfied with skimming on the surface of things, nor make an attempt to grasp the whole without attending to every part in order. Paying attention to particulars, as well as to generalities, will, by degrees, give you a habit of mental observation, while at the same time it will deepen your knowledge. But endeavor to gain heavenly wisdom. Do not forget to bear your needs and your heart in private before God, that he may grant you his grace and direct all your future path in life."

VARIETIES.

Written visiting cards are the most fashionable for ladies and gentlemen.

It is said that the persons in India who, within the last 17 years have perished from famine equal in number the entire population of Scotland.

Women can't stand on the streets, talk politics and swear, but they can stay at home and rip and tear and darn—their husbands' old clothes.

Frank Leslie says he will not be able to pay his creditors in full, but what proportion he could not tell until the statement of assets was made up. There are no preferred creditors.

Baltimore is again threatened with a malarious disease, resembling the "typho malarial fever," of last Fall. And unless effective measures are taken the doctors fear a plague will follow.

The proprietor of a bar-room in San Antonio, Texas, when his slate gets full, shuts up his establishment and goes out to collect the dues. Those who refuse to pay he whips and that fact is so well understood that he has little trouble in settling his accounts.

The old physicians used to insist upon the danger of plunging into the water for a swim when the system is heated and perspiration is free. At present the best English doctors, such as Fordyce, Currie, Parsons and Sir Charles Blagdon, say that then is the very best possible time to take a bath.

"Is your father at home?" inquired the man of the little girl who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" she asked. "Some people call me so," he replied. "Then he is not at home, for I heard him ell John if any bill came to say he was not at home."

An Irishman who had been sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh, no, your riverence; it was meeting the other chap that I was afeard uv!" replied Pat.

Brigham Young's estate is valued at from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000, though it will take some time to settle it up and ascertain precisely what it is worth. In his reply to Ann Eliza's suit for divorce he swore that his monthly income would not exceed $6,000.

With a face as red as a lobster, and back like the shell of a clam, the wife stands over the kitchen stove and manipulates raspberry jam.—*Berkshire Courier.* While her husband, with nose like a sunset, and a mouth like the song of a year, leans over the counter of "free lunch" and elevates schooners of beer.—*Hawkeye.* And dear daughter with ear like a shovel and eye like a Florida bean, swings on the front gate with her fellow, with darkness to cover the scene.—*Globe-Democrat.*

A well known barrister at the criminal bar, who prides himself upon his skill in coss-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir, 'cause why she confessed it." "And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir." "Then," giving a sagacious look at the court, "we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?" The barrister said—"Stand down."

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0394