The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, '79. VOL. XVII.-NO. 47.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Transcript.

le May, daughter of John and Elizabeth passed away to her long home, just at Christmas Day, last: she was an obedi- very interesting child, and the twin sis- ettie, by whom the following lines are to be addressed.

TO SISTER MAY.

d, sister May, here, without you:
days are so dreary and long!
onstantly thinking about you:
r love was so child-like and strong.

So early, dear sister, you left me,
Death courted and wooed you so soon;
But God it is who hath bereft me,
And placed on your lips a new tune.

That Christmas we'd looked to with pleasure
Dawned but to enshroud us in gloom:
Its noon—sad noon!—was the measure
Of life to thee, now in the Tomb!

But you've joined the Angels up yonder,
Where children may joyfully roam;
Yet would that your light feet could wander,
Once more to your sad, earthly home!

Dear father is lonely and weeping;
His May sits no more at his side;
Forever he knows she is sleeping,
The twin of his heart's noble pride.

How fondly he nursed and caressed us,
And dandled us both on his knee!
And taught us—yes, deeply impressed us—
How good little children should be!

Dear mother's heart bleeds; and her sorrow
Naught earthly seems able to heal!
To her there is no bright to-morrow:
It's gloomed with a mourning-black seal!

Her dear little daughter has left her;
Has gone with the Angels to dwell;
But Heaven shouts: "Follow on after,
And join her, beyond Jordan'sswell."

We're coming, dear sister,—all coming!
Just lend but your ear, on the shore,
You'll hear our voices.—We're humming:—
"She's landed a little before!
She's landed a little before!
In Heaven above, where all is love,
She's landed a little before!"—HARRY.

KEEP YOUR SECRETS.—The whole world is full of people craving for confidence—people to whom a secret is like gold in a child's pocket, burning to be issued. Those who are high in rank and blessed with every advantage, are often tormented for want of "a true friend," meaning hereby some one to whom can confide secrets. And on who will simply take them and them, there are willing to be friendship; to those who would such confidence it is enough follow the advice already never being directly or indirectly the means of disseminating any kind. In connection this subject the reader may be advised against curiosity. There are people who cannot letter without craving to know om it was addressed, or can- nd anything written lying on a without involuntarily picking The Paul Pry is the meanest cter of society, and he who feel superior in strength and grity, should strive vigorously ave nothing in common with type of baseness. Bear con- y in mind the fact that in conversation the secret lies ot so much in knowing what to say s to what avoid saying.

TOO LATE.—The following incident took place in Washington co., Kansas. The jury of a circuit court, before whom a miserable wretch had been tried, returned a verdict of "guilty," and suggested the whipping post. The court then adjourned for dinner. Immediately after dinner the defendant's counsel, without consulting his unfortunate client, moved for a new trial, and commenced reading the motion. "Hold on!" whispered the client, pulling at the counsel's coat-tails.—"don't read that!" "Let me alone," muttered the lawyer, irritably; "I'll attend to you when I've read the motion." "But I don't want you to read the motion," whined the agitated culprit. "Don't want me to read it? Why not? What's the matter? I'm going to get you a new trial!" "But I don't want a new trial," whined the wretch. "Don't want one? Why not?" replied the other heatedly, frowning fiercely under his eye-glasses. "Because it's too late," urged the client, "While you were out to dinner the sheriff took me out, and he's whipped the very hide off me." The motion was summarily withdrawn.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Nothing but ultimate ruin stares that farmer in the face who does not pay personal attention to the minute details of his farm. There are a thousand small leaks about the management of an ordinary farm, that, if not close attended to, will surely bring the most hard working farmer to ruin and bankruptcy. A large portion of the farmers can attribute their present condition to no other cause than a lack of close attention to the small details of the farm.—Close supervision of the machinery, tools, stock and their feed, a place for everything and everything in its place. No hired help is as much interested in attending to these duties as the farmer himself. Such a course would in a few months or years at most, enable many farmers who are now on a down hill grade to again begin to ascend, and if persevered in will surely make headway against what would otherwise look doubtful. —*Maine Farmer.*

"You know," said Rice, "how the negro likes 'possum." Two darkies were riding from a field after a hard day's plowing. They began to talk about the things good to eat.—"What do you say to dis?" said one. "T-a-k-e a good f-a-t 'possum—pah bile him—put him in ole fashion Dutch oving—raos' him brown"—the other darkey's eyes rolling and mouth watering as the description goes on—"save him up with c-o-o-n graby—" "Shut yo' mout', you nigga; I'll fall right offn' dis hoss."

Select Story.

COME TOGETHER AT LAST.

Miss Carney walked up the long green lane on her way home from a tea-party. She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown parasol in her hand. The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other, like the tints upon a dove. All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded. She was a very pretty old lady, indeed, and must have been a very pretty girl, though she was a spinster, and the people who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the bough of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them, must have owned that it could not be so in her case.

Down the lane, coming towards her, walked a gentleman. He was tall and broad, his hair was grey, and his hat was grey; and his summer suit was grey; his beard was grey also. He, oddly enough shaded off into another sort of dove.—The green trees were all about them both, the green grass beneath their feet. The roses nodded over the fence.

If these had been two young people instead of two old people, one might have fancied it a lover's rendezvous, but they were old. Of course there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great chestnut trees, stood an old house. Honeysuckle draped the porch. There was an old fashioned sweep in the well. It was altogether a thing of the past—no modern cottage of architectural mysteries. It was so old fashioned that it must have been the same when those two people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood by no means a new house, just as it stood now.

The pretty old lady in brown reached the gate of this house first. She lifted the latch and stood looking down the road, thinking that it must be the handsome old man in grey had lost his way and would inquire of her, for the lane was no thoroughfare because a fence and a gate and a sign, with "All persons are forbid to trespass upon these grounds," nailed upon it.

The lady's father had put up the sign the day after the pedler had stolen all his pears. No neighbor minded it, but strangers did. So the old lady waited courteously to tell the stranger that he might take the short cut through the orchard if he chose.

"He walks like somebody I know. Who can it be?" she asked herself. Then she suddenly blushed and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be because no one desired to pluck her that she remained a faded flower upon the branch—Miss Carney, not Mrs. Anybody.

On came the old gentleman in his grey coat and as he looked at the little old lady he doffed his grey hat.

"Madame," he said, "this is where Mr. Edward Carney used to live, I know. Does he live here now?"

But the old lady looked at him with a sudden start. "Oh!" she cried; and added, "No, he does not."

"He is——" began the old gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees.—"He was eighty when he died."

"Time flies fast," said the old gentleman.

"Fearfully fast," said the old lady.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the border at her feet.

"Mr. Carney was a widower when I knew him, and had but one child—a daughter," said the old gentleman in grey. "She is living, is she not?"

"Yes," said the old lady.

"But she cannot be Miss Carney still."

"But she is," said the old lady, and looked him in the face again.

Their eyes met. Hers were brown and his were grey.

"People alter out of knowledge in forty years," said she; and how on earth I came to know you I don't know, for you look like your own grandfather, Mark Turner."

"Ask the old gentleman to walk in then, Miss Carney," said he, "for he ought to be more weary than he used to grow on the same road a life-time ago, coming from the mill, you remember, Priscy, every Sunday evening."

"Did you?" said she, pretending to forget.

"Oh, yes! of course I will ask you to walk in, Mr. Turner."

She turned. He followed her.—They sat down in the parlor—one on either side of the polished table.

Over it, between the windows, hung the looking-glass with its narrow gilt frame. The book-case filled the recess. On the mantle piece were some shell flowers under glass. There was the stiff sofa with the black cushion like the slice of a fluted column; there were the six chairs to match, and the claw footed sideboard. There had been no children to break or scratch things. All was the same as when he left it last, and Miss Carney standing in the middle of the floor with her long black hair in curls about her shoulders, and a blue ribbon around her taper girl's waist. Now he looked at her, and she was really old and stout, but somehow she seemed to be nobody else, but Priscy Carney. She saw him looking from the furniture to her face, and she interrupted his thought.

"Yes," she said almost angrily, 'is it not strange? There are the bits of wood and glass and china, just as they used to be. There are the oak trees, only finer and greener. The very grass and flowers might be the same; and here am I, old, faded, and lonely, and my handsome, bright-eyed father dead and in his grave, and all I care for gone. I wish I were gone also. I think people who have not seen each other for forty years need not seek each other again. I wish they would not come to me after being all the same as dead for forty years. It is precisely like seeing ghosts."

She looked as though she wanted to cry.

"Poor old ghost," said he, "whom no one wants to see—not even those who promised to remember him forever."

"Forty years is much worse than forever," said she, "and fifty-six is a terrible unromantic age."

"Yes, it is," said he; "but it's a good age enough for ghosts. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one.

"Once there was a ghost—now I think of it, he wasn't always a ghost; he was a boy once—the son of a miller down by the water dies. He worked in the mill, and was floury and white as a ghost should be most of the time; but he was happy and gay, and many things happened as he liked. One of them was when a certain rich farmer in the neighborhood came to the mill. The grain his servants brought in the great wagons, but he, the farmer, used to drive to the mill with his little girl in the gig beside him. She was a pretty child, with long curls, and her eyes were big and brown.

She made a pretty picture in her white dresses and brown ribbons, and she came when she was so young that she used to hold her hands out to this boy and cry, 'Come here 'ittle boy. Show me where the flour siffs from.'

"That was what she liked to see the best; the flour sifting through fine muslin. Every week she used to come, until the miller sent his boy away to school. When he came home again she was a girl of sixteen; prettier than ever, and she remembered asking him to let her see the flour sift, and she talked to him while her father was attending to his business; and the days she did not come the boy cared nothing for, and the days that brought her were marked and picked out as blessed days.

"After a while he got over the shyness that kept him from going to see her and went, and she was not displeased. She was the mistress of the house, for her mother died young. She used to make tea for him on Sunday afternoon, and after her father would put his handkerchief over his head and fall into a nap. Then they used to whisper together. Long after the poor boy came to be a ghost he remembered those evenings, when he was a bright-checked young fellow, the son of a rich miller, and he had the hope of marrying the girl he loved before his eyes.

"He thought the girl loved him as well as he loved her, and he had no fears of the future, no thought that trouble would come to him in any way until misfortune overtook his father. The good old man failed.—The mill was sold. There was nothing but anxiety at home. At last worse came—his father died soon after his mother. He was very sad; he was poor, also; but he had hope, for he was beloved by the one he loved.

"One day he went to her for comfort. He remembered the day ever after. The low built, old fashioned house, the great oaks, flower garden, the girl in her white dress and blue ribbons who came to greet him. He was full of life still, but that night, when he turned away from the house he was a ghost—the miserable ghost of his old self, for he no longer had any faith in love.

"Standing before him, pale and sad, and with tears in her eyes, it is true, he had heard her who had made the world bright for him say, 'It is my father's will that we should part. I cannot disobey my old parent.'

'Then she had told him that she loved him as well as ever; but he did not believe her.

'He thought his poverty had turned her heart from him, that she had never felt tenderly towards him, and he left her in anger, believing all that had been said and written about the falsehood of women. Yes, he was turned into a ghost."

"He might have known she was as unhappy as he was," said Miss Carney from behind her handkerchief; "but what can a girl do when her father threatens to curse her, and she the only child he has?—Nothing could make her marry any one else—nothing. That she could do at least."

"But the poor ghost did not know that," said the old man. "It wandered away broken-hearted. It found its way to sea first, and then into the battle. For years it was a wretched ghost, greatly to be pitied and only wished to die; but at last it grew content, though never happy, and worked into a great city at a trade until it had made a large fortune.

"All the same, it was a miserable old bachelor ghost, and never found a mate; and used to say, often and often, over and over again, to itself that women were all false, and that the woman he loved had been utterly false to him. He supposed her married to some one else, and all this time he grew older and older, and the long years lay between him and the happy time when he was a boy."

"Long, long years," sighed Miss Carney. "Long, long years."

"But one day," proceeded the old gentleman, "one day there came to him out of the past an old familiar face, and amidst the whirl of the great city, this ghost talked to it of the green lanes and rippling streams of the spot where he was born, and asked of the house under the oaks and the girl that dwelt there once—the girl who had been as he thought, false to him. And this old friend told him something that made him feel suddenly that he might come to life again.

"'She never married' she said—it was a woman. 'She lives in the old house now. Other men loved her, but she never loved any other man but you. We all know that.'

"And then the ghost said to himself—'Forty years of life lost,' and went down to the green country place to haunt his old love, and to hear her say she was sorry to see him."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the little lady in brown. "How could she help it? All her beauty gone, all her youth, what could she feel but sorrow, and just a ghost herself."

She arose and turned away. He arose and followed her, putting his arm around her waist.

"Priscy," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved. Is not that something for a man to say when it is as true as gospel?"

"Yes," she said; "and I almost believe you, for—for I never cared for any one else either."

"Then why not do our best to be happy now, Priscy? why not marry each other, and be living again, not two poor old ghosts?"

"Well, because folks would call us two old fools," said she.

"Well, let them," said he.

"Very well," said she, "I don't care."

Then the old gentleman in grey kissed the old lady in brown, and said, "What day shall we set, my dear?"

What her answer was may be guessed when the village bells, one month later, rang the wedding peal of the old lovers.

THE FARMER'S CREED.

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

That the soil loves to eat as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured.

In going to the bottom of things, and therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better if it be a subsoil plow.

In large crops, which leave land better than they found it, making both the farm and farmer rich at once.

That every farm should own a good farmer.

That the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without these lime, gypsum and guano will be of little use.

In good fences, good farm houses, good orchards and children enough to gather the fruit.

In a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy and a clear conscience.

That to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit.

That to keep a place, and everything in its place, save many a step and is pretty sure to lead to good tools and to keep them in good order.

That kindness to stock, little good shelter, is a saving of fodder.

That it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all—good and bad.

That it is a good rule to sell your grain when it is ready.

That it is a good thing to grow into farming, not jump into it.

That all of farming is summed up in the manure heap on the farm.

In enriching the soil according to its wants.

WHO ARE THE BLESSED.

Blessed is the man who minds his own business.

Blessed is the old maid that don't hate other people and the children.

Blessed is the old bachelor who don't hate cats and pincushions.

Blessed are the married people who don't wish they were single.

Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you for money.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so!"

Blessed is the man who can sew on his own buttons when the baby is crying!

Blessed is the woman who won't marry a widower—providing he's your father.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents without asking what its for.

Blessed is the man who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married beneath your station.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy about his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

Blessed is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls up the virtues of the "dear departed" for No. 2 to emulate.

FLAVORING WHISKEY.—An Irishman visiting Dublin for the first time, went into a tavern and called for a glass of whiskey. It was brought to him with a slice of lemon in it. Pat surveyed it for some time in wondering silence, and then, calling the waiter, said in a half whisper:

"What's that?"

"Lemon, yer honor," was the reply.

"Sure! I knew that," said Pat, who had never seen a lemon before in his life; "but what is it there for?"

"To give it a flavor," answered the other.

This was a wrinkle for Pat, who returned to his bog, and on the first occasion of entertaining his friends, slipped a slice of potato into each man's whiskey.

"What's the meaning of that, at all?" inquired one of the company.

"Don't you know it's to give it a flavor?" replied the host, affecting supreme contempt of the other's ignorance.

THE old gentleman went into the parlor the other night, at the witch-hour of 11:45, and found the room unlighted and his daughter and a dear friend occupying a *tete-a-tete* in the corner by the window. "Evangeline," the old man said sternly, "this is scandalous." "Yes, papa," she answered sweetly, "it is candle less because times are so hard, and light costs so much, that Ferdinand and I said we should try and get along with the starlight." And papa turned about, in speechless amazement, and tried to walk out the room through a panel in the wall paper.

Burdock's Goat.

Last Monday afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong-smelling goat of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and then went home and flattened their noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before his goatship had spent 3 minutes in the garden, he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes line, and devoured two lace collars, and a pair of undersleeves, and a striped stocking, belonging to Mrs. Burdock, and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts, when the servant girl came rushing out with a basket of clothes to hang up.

"The saints preserve us!" she exclaimed, coming to a dead halt, and gazing open-mouthed at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.

"Shew, shew, shew, there!" screamed the girl, setting down the basket, taking her skirts in both hands, and shaking them violently towards the intruder.

Then the goat, who evidently considered her movements in the light of a challenge, suddenly dropped his wicked old head, and darted at her with the force of a locomotive; and just one minute later by the city-hall clock that girl had tumbled a back sumersault over the clothes-basket, and was crawling on her hands and knees in search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat who was butting her unmercifully every third second.

It is likely that he would have kept on butting her for the next two weeks, if Mrs. Burdock, who had been a witness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker, and hurried to the rescue.

"Merciful goodness, Annie! do get up on your feet!" she exclaimed, aiming a blow at the beast's head, and missing it by a few of the shortest kind of inches. It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly rising up on his hind feet, waltzing toward her, and striking her in the small of the back, hard enough to loosen her finger nails and destroy her faith in the blessed immortality.

When Mrs. Burdock returned to her consciousness, she crawled out from behind the grindstone where she had been tossed, and made for the house; stopping only once, when the goat came after, and butted her, head first, into the grape arbor.

Once inside the house, the door was locked, and the unfortunates sought the solitudes of their own rooms, and such comfort as they could extract from rubbing and growling; while the goat wandered around the garden like Satan in the Book of Job, seeking what he might devour; and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home that evening, and learned all the particulars from his arnica-soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, half of the grape-vine, and one side of the clothes-basket.

"Why in thunder didn't you put him out, and not leave him there to destroy everything?" he demanded angrily.

"Because he wouldn't go, and I was not going to stay there to be killed; that's why," answered his wife, excitedly.

"Wouldn't fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed as he came into the garden, and caught sight of the shaggy and highly perfumed visitor.

The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket, and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of his eye.

"You won't go, hey?" exclaimed Burdock, trying to kick a hole in the enemy's ribs. "I'll just show you wheth—"

The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped his head on Burdock's bosom; and before he could recover his equilibrium he had been butted seven times in fresh spots, and was down on his knees, and crawling around in a very undignified manner, to the horror of the family, and the infinite glee of the eleven young Boblinks next door.

"Look out the goat don't hurt you!" screamed Mrs. Burdock as the goat sent him flying into a sand-pile.

When Burdock had got his bald head out of the sand, he was mud all over his clothes, and tried to catch the brute by the horns, but desisted after he had lost two front teeth, and been rolled in the mud.

"Don't make a living show of yourself before the neighbors!" advised his wife.

"Come in, pa, and let him be!" begged his daughter.

"Golly, dad, look out!" he is comin' agin!" shouted his son, enthusiastically.

Mr. Burdock waxed profane, and swore three-story oaths in such rapid succession that his family held their breaths; and a pious old lady, who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her windows, and sent out the cook for a policeman or a missionary.

"Run for it, dad!" advised his son a moment later, when the goat's attention seemed to be turned away.

Burdock sprang to his feet, and followed his offspring's suggestion. He was legging it in superb style, and the chances of his reaching the house seemed excellent, when the flagrant brute suddenly clapped on more steam, gained rapidly, and, darting between his legs, capsized him into the ash-box.

His family dragged him inside, another candidate for rubbing with arnica and a blessed haven of rest.

The back of the house has been hermetically sealed; and Burdock now proposes extending an invitation to the militia regiments of Boston to come down and practice markmanship off the roof; promising to furnish a live goat as the target, and a silver napkin ring as the first prize.

No matter how tired a woman may be, she always has reserve power enough to walk up three flights of stairs to a spring millinery opening.

All Sorts of Clippings

Something of a wag—The tip of a dog's tail.

Locking up a boy to correct his faults is faults imprisonment.

Has whiskey wings? Certainly; else how could it fly to a man's head?

Adam was the 1st man to enter the garden although he went 4th from it.

Women are generally in quest of something. Conquest seems to suit them as well as anything.

It is hard to respect old age when we get sold on a venerable pair of chickens.

Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about "the parody of the probable son."

Next to a sealskin sacque, nothing will please a woman of 30 so much as to be mistaken for her niece of 16.

Why does a duck go under water? For divers' reasons. Why does she go on land? For sun-dry purposes.

A man in Michigan was bitten by a rattle snake 17 years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

"Can a clergyman marry himself?" asks an exchange. We suppose he can, but we are afraid he would not be a happy couple.

An old bachelor says he's been so often deceived by the chicken of the restaurants and boarding houses, that he calls it "the mocking bird."

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go."

If Noah's ark had offered free passage to a thousand men, and advertised the hour of departure, two or three of them would have got left.

A book agent was knocked down by a street car the other day, and two wheels passed over his check. The car is laid up pending repairs.

The wisest man we ever knew was a Jew, who remarked: "I tell you vat it ish, young man, I buys my egsberience vresh ef'ry day."

A negro teamster in Nashville declares that he must either give up driving mules or withdraw from the church, the two positions being incompatible.

Strange to say a temperance tidal wave is about to strike the city of St. Louis. It will be the worst used-up tidal wave that ever struck an American city.

No man is so greatly to be feared as the man who is willing to tell you all he knows, because the chances are that he will tell you a great deal more.

A mule's hind leg has only one season—it is always a beautiful Spring, even if it is backward—Spring in this case is always followed by an early fall.

"If a man," says Josh Billings, "will swop off all the religious kreed he has got on hand and invest the proceeds in charity he will allus be prond ov the job."

"Marriage," says a cynic, "is like putting your hand into a bag containing ninety-nine snakes and one eel. You may get the eel, but the chances are against you."

"Spell 'cat,'" said a little girl of five years to a smaller one of three. "I can't," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the youthful mistress, "if you can't spell cat, spell kitten."

She leaned her fair, blonde head fondly upon his shoulder, and after she had felt in his pocket to see if he had a new silk handkerchief, she whispered: "Will you love me always?" "Yes, always." "What, always?" "Well, almost always."

When you see a cross looking man coming down town in the morning with the knees of his pantaloons white and dusty and several bits of straw and a diminutive feather sticking in his hair you can just make up your mind that he's been under the bed looking for that blamed collar button.

It's funny, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie-plate to her neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back, will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

A little boy in a Sunday school put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first born in each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively; at the proper interval he mildly inquired: "What would God have done if there had been twins?"

An artist went to his doctor, for a remedy for a cold which kept his wife at home. "Paint your wife's back with iodine," was the injunction. In the evening the artist set to work. His artistic fancy got the better of him. He sketched a landscape, with a river in the foreground, mountains in the background, and introduced bits of still life. "Have you not finished?" said the wife, impatiently. "Yes," he replied; "one half-minute more to put my name in the corner."

We quote the latest price paid for wives in Hoboken, New Jersey, at $11. It is related that the young and attractive American wife of an aged Italian recently transferred her affections to a male boarder and ordered her husband to evacuate his own house as soon as possible. This he agreed to do, provided the boarder would pay him $6 cash in hand and settle a rum bill for $5. The woman in the case may prove a dear purchase after all.

A Hadley, Massachusetts, lady recently had quite a goodly number of boarders who were employed at work on a mill-dam near at hand. Desiring to have a visit from a lady friend, she mailed her an invitation, but added, to the inexpressible horror of her friend, who knew nothing whatever of the occupation of her boarders, that she would prefer her company when the "dam men were away." They tried to keep the story quiet, but it would come out.—*New Haven Register.*

Farm and Household.

Hints to Tree Planters.—Appropriate time of planting, in this latitude; March 20 to May 1st. Evergreens can be transplanted also during the summer, when ground is moist.—Plant trees no deeper than they were in the nursery before removal. If the ground is dry, dip the roots in thin mud before planting. Plant apples 30 feet apart each way.—Standard pears and sweet cherries 20 feet apart. Sour cherries 18 ft. apart. Plums, peaches, apricots, nectarines, 12 to 18 feet apart.—Quinces and dwarf pears, 8 to 12 ft. apart. Dwarf apples, 6 to 8 feet apart. Currants, gooseberries and raspberries, 3 to 4 feet apart. Blackberries, 3 feet apart each way.

A Soak for Seed Corn.—A correspondent of an exchange has tried soaking seed corn in a solution of chloride of lime, and says of it: "By soaking seed corn for seven hours in a very strong decoction of chloride of lime, corn can be forced ahead to maturity two or three weeks sooner than it will mature otherwise; besides, he thinks, it renders the seeds almost proof against the depredation of gophers. The lime warms up the germ of the seed, and sends it up quickly, giving it two or three weeks the start of corn planted in the ordinary way, thereby insuring against the frost at the close of the season."

Labor and Wages.—It is natural to compare prices of supplies and labor now with the comparatively high prices of the inflated times immediately preceeding the collapse. But this does not give a fair view of the situation. A better way is to compare 1878 with 1860, and this has been done by the Massachusetts State Labor Commission, and embodied in a report recently published, which gives more information on the labor question than anything else yet published. The exact wages of most of the labor employed in that State were definately ascertained, together with the market prices of supplies—food, clothing, rents, etc.—and the same compared with those of 1860, and it was found that the average weekly wages now are ten per cent. higer than they were then. The average increase of wages over those of 1860 was 24.4 per cent. while the average increase of prices of living was only 14.5 per cent.—This was in the manufacturing and mechanical industries of the State. Comparing 1872 with 1878, it was ascertained that rents were 105 per cent. higher than now, dry goods 40 per cent. higher, fuel 44 per cent. higher, groceries 43 per cent. higher provisions 17 per cent. higher, and board 37 per cent. higher than now, the average of all being 54 per cent. higher. In a simular manner it was found that wages had declined since 1872, about 27 per cent., only half as much as prices of living.—*Practical Farmer.*

Nice Breakfast Dish.—Cold mashed potatoes made into little balls and slightly flattened; dip them into an egg slightly, so as to mix the yolk and white; roll them in cracker crumbs. Fry them in hot lard or butter. Send to the table hot.

Indian Pound Cake.—One-half pound of butter, one pound of sugar, four eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in vinegar, two handfuls of flour, one-half a nutmeg, rose water, thicken with Indian meal, not too stiff.

Corn Muffins.—One quart wheat flour, two teaspoonfuls royal baking powder; add to it one cupful yellow meal; cream together one cupful butter, one cupful sugar, three eggs; then add flour and meal. Bake in muffin rings; hot oven.

Delicious Toasted Cheese.—Cut the cheese into slices of moderate thickness, and put them in a tinned copper sauce-pan, with a little butter and cream, simmer very gently until quite dissolved, then remove it from the fire, allow it to cool a little, and add some yolk of an egg, well beaten; make it into a shape and brown it before the fire.

Apple Black Cap.—Divide twelve large apples in halves, core them and place them on a thin patty pan close to each other, with sides downward; squeeze a lemon over them, shred some fine lemon peel, throw it over them, and grate fine sugar over all; set in a quick oven and bake half an hour. When served, strew the sugar all over the dish.

Scotch Shortbread.—Rub together into a stiff, short paste two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, and six ounces of loaf-sugar; make it into square cakes, about a half inch thick, pinch them all along the edge at the top; over the whole surface of the cakes sprinkle some white comfit; put the cakes on tins so as to touch each other on their edges, and bake in a slow oven.

Orange Cake.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, two cups of prepared flour. Bake in four layers, as for jelly cake.

Mixture to be put in between layers.—The grated rind and juice of one orange, whites of two eggs, two cups of sugar; spread between the layers and frost the top of the cake.

Buns.—One potato boiled very soft; mash and add the water in which it boiled, (one pint); let it cool; make a batter of this with wheat flour and a teaspoonful of Indian meal, also two cent compressed yeast cake; let it rise in a warm place for two hours; then add one cupful of light brown sugar, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls butter, all beaten together; knead very soft; form into buns; let them rise again, and bake about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

Select Poetry.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—Daniel xii. 3.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me, a gentle whisper said;
"Arise, O sleeper! follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was wrapped in silent ecstacy;
I wondered what the end would be—what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless field of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I *was clothed in white.*
We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through streets of glistening pearls, o'er streets of purest gold.
It needed not the sun by day, nor silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sung, "the glory His alone!"
But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Savior's face,
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace;
Lowly I bowed before the throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at last was passed.

And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life, through Me, is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou see'st a glorious throng, and stars on every brow,
For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now;
And such *thy* bright reward had been if such had been thy *deed*—
If thou had'st sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou had'st thyself been blest."
The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break.
And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's woeful night.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below—
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show—
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on the earth I stay my motto thus shall be:
"To live no longer to myself, but for Him who died for me!"
And graven on my utmost soul this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine."

"Now, John," said a father to his gawky son, "it is about time that you had got married and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any girls to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that is what I did when I was young. How do you suppose that I ever married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John pitifully, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange gal."

A man on horseback stopped at the little church in B— the other day, upon which some repairs were in progress. He told one of the workmen it would be an expensive job. "Yes," replied the other, "in my opinion we shall accomplish what our dominie has been vainly trying to do for the last ten years." "What is that?" said the interrogator. "Why, bring a parish to repentance."

WILL science please stand up and tell us why a girl who fears death every time she sweeps the front steps can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh with nothing around but some other girl's brother without even getting a bl—

THE Rev. Moses Bro— ing a morning lesson in the woman that had sev— and finishing the senten— of all the woman died,' by way of comment, 'And w—

"Does prohibition pr— an exchange. We Now stand still while one. Does applicatio— if you want an easier on, does emigration

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A mule's head does brain capable of cult— rearing, but it is won— an extent the other en— be reared.

Everything goes by days. Even the farm— his team up.

Senator Jones, of Ne— $17,000 rent for his W— residence.

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