The Chestertown Transcri

) PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879. VOL.

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AWYER'S QUEER CLIENT.

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Select Story.

TEN MINUTES LATE.

In '62 there wasn't a likelier fellow on the line than George Kirke.

He was the son of a poor man, and his mother was dead. His father was a confirmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and George played the dutiful son to him in a way that would astonish the young men of today.

Somehow, nobody knew exactly how, George had managed to pick up a good education, and had polished it off, so to speak by two years course of commercial college.

Kirke began on the Stony Hill railroad when he was about twenty-one or twenty-two years old. First, he was a brakeman. This railroad business is a regular succession, and, generally speaking, a man has to work his way up to the dignity of conductor step by step, with the chance to pocket ten cent scrips, and with the privilege of helping all the good-looking and well dressed young ladies out of the cars, and letting the homely ones, with babies and bandboxes in their arms, stumble out as best they could.

George did his duty so well that he was promoted to fireman, and after he had learned the workings of the machine he was made engineer and given an engine.

The engine was one of the best and newest on the line, and was called the Flyaway, and George was very proud of her you may well believe.

I tell you, sir, your true engineer—one that is out and out for the business, and feels his responsibility—takes as much pride in his engine as the jockey does in his favorite race-horse, and would sit up nights, or neglect his sweet heart, to keep the brasses and filagrees of his machine, so's you could see your face in 'em.

There was another man wanted George's chance. There's generally more than one after every paying job.

John Halliday had been waiting some time to be engineer of the Flyaway, and when he lost it he was mad enough to pull hair. He was a brakeman, likewise, and had been on the road two years longer than Kirke, and it would seem that the chance really belonged to him, yet he was a quarrelsome fellow, with impudence enough to have set an emperor up in business.

When Jack realized that George had got the inside track on him, his anger was at white heat. He cursed Kirke, and cursed the company, and old Whately, the superintendent, and things generally, until it seemed a pity there was not something else to curse, he was in such fine cursing order.

There was more than one thing which made Jack Halliday down on George Kirke. George had been his rival in many respects, and particularly where the fairer creation was concerned. George was a great favorite with the girls, for he was handsome and generous, and good natured, and Jack was sarcastic, and always on the contrary side, and the girls avoided him as they should such a man.

We always expected that ill would come to George, for Jack's bad blood against him, and warned him more than once, but he always laughed, and reminded us of the old law, that "barking dogs seldom bite," which is true in the main.

And, as the time went on, until two, three, four months had passed since Kirke's promotion, and nothing had occurred, we forgot all about our apprehensions of evil, and if we thought of the matter at all, we thought we had wronged Halliday by our suspicions.

It was a dark night in November with considerable fog in the air, and strong appearance of rain.

I was at Golosha, the northern terminus of the road, looking after some repairs of a defective boiler, and I was going down to New York on the 7.30 train—Kirke's train.

About 7 there came a telegram from old Whateley, whose summer residence was nearly midway Golosha and New York, and the old heathern had not yet forsaken it for the city. The telegraph operator came into the house where Kirke was at work—for he was always at work—and read it to him. Kirke made a note of it in his pocket-book:

"Pay train on the line. Will meet you just west of Leeds, at 10.45.—Shift on the siding at Deering's Cut and wait. WHATELEY."

"Kirke's watch hung on a nail beside the clock. It was a fancy of his always to hang it there when he was off the train, so that he could make no mistake in the time.

He glanced at the clock and from it to his watch. Both indicated the same hour—7.15.

"7.15," said Kirke, meditatively, "and we leave at 8.20, and the pay train meets us at Deering's Cut at 10.15. Scant time to make the run in this thick weather, but it must be managed."

And he turned away to give some brief orders to the fireman.

Jack Halliday was there—he had been strolling in and out of the room for the past half hour, smoking a cigar, and swearing at the bad weather. His train did not leave till near mid-night, so he had plenty of time to swear.

We all went to the door and took a look at the weather, and unanimously voted it deuced bad, and then we walked up and down the platform and smoked our after supper cigars, and then by the time we were through it was time for the train hands to be getting into their places. Both the clock in the engine room and Kirke's watch indicated 7.18.

Kirke was putting his watch in his pocket as he said:

"Garth are you going with me on the Flyaway?"

"No, thank ye," said I. "I get enough of that sort of thing in my everyday life. I am going to do a little swell business to-night, and take passage on the palace car.—Want to rest my back. Good-night to you, and hold her in well around Rocky Bottom curve. The road's a little shaky."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Kirke, and swung himself to his position on the Flyaway.

The bell rang. I scrambled to my compartment on the Pullman, and felt horribly out of place among the silks and broadcloths, and smell of musk. But I was in for 'first class,' and I made the best of it so effectually that five minutes after Gibson, who fancies he owns all creation because he has got a silver coffin-plate on his breast with "Conductor" on it, had shouted 'all aboard!' I was sound asleep.

What occurred in other quarters to affect the fate of Kirke's train, I learned afterward.

Old Whateley, the superintendent of the road, as I guess I have already said, had a country residence at Leeds, on a mountain spur, which commands a view of the surrounding country for more than a score of miles. The line of the railway could be distinctly seen in each direction fifteen miles, and old Whateley was wont to say his lookout was worth more to the safety of trains than all the telegraph wires on the line.

Whateley was a rich old buffer, kind enough in his way, but sharp as a ferret in looking after the road hands, and determined that every man should do his duty.

He had but one child, a daughter; and Floss Whateley was the belle of the country. She was brave, beautiful and spirited and, more than once, when her father had been away, had she assumed the responsibility of directing the trains, and she had always acquitted herself with credit.

Old Whateley was very proud of her, as he had a right to be, and he kept all the young fellows at a distance, until it was said that he intended to keep the daughter single until the Czar of Russia came on to marry her.

This night in November, old Whateley and Floss were out on the piazza of their country home, peering through the gloom for the Golosha train, which was nearly due.

"It's very strange it don't come in sight," said Whateley, laying down his night glass in disgust. "It's hard on to ten now. They ought to show their light around Spruce bend by this time."

"You telegraphed them, father? You let them know the pay train was on the road?"

"To be sure. And, good Heavens! there is the head light of the pay train now! See, not ten miles away and running like the deuce as it always does!"

He pointed with trembling finger down the valley gorge, where, far away, a mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a light, scarcely moving it seemed, but those anxious watchers knew it was approaching at lightning speed.

Father and daughter looked at each other.

The truth was evident. For some reason the train from Golosha was ten minutes behind time, and it would not reach the siding at Deering's Cut until the pay train had passed beyond on the single track! And then? Why, to read under the head of "Appalling Railroad Disaster!" and a few more homes would be rendered desolate, and a few more hearts would be made to mourn.

Father and daughter looked at each other in dismay.

"Is there time," asked the old man, tremblingly.

"Selim can do it," said Floss, quickly. "If I can reach Leeds five minutes before the train—yes, two minutes—all will be well. Do not stop me, father?" as he laid a hand on her arm.

"But you must not go! It is dark and dismally lonely. No, Floss!"

"I shall go, father! Selim knows only me, and you could not ride him. I have ridden darker nights. And he is the only horse in the stable.—Don't you remember the others were sent to town yesterday?"

Before her father could stop her she had ordered the hostler to saddle Selim, and she was already buttoning on her riding habit with rapid nervous fingers.

The horse came pawing to the door. Floss sprang into the saddle, leaned down and kissed her father's forehead.

"Pray Heaven to speed me!" she cried hoarsely, and, touching her horse with her whip, he bounded down the sharp declivity.

It was raining steadily now, and the gloom was intense, but Selim was used to the road and he was sure footed and his rider courageous. She urged him on at the top of his speed, up hill and down, through Pine Valley and over Pulpit Hill, and then she struck upon the smooth road which stretched away to Leeds two miles as straight as an arrow.

She could see the headlight on the pay train far down the valley distinctly now, and to her excited fancy it seemed but a stone's throw away. She even thought for a moment that she heard the grind of the wheels on the iron track; but no! it was only the sighing of the wind in the pines.

On, and still on she went. Selim seemed to fly. One might have fancied that he knew that his mistress was on an errand of life and death. The lights of the station were in view—nay, she even saw the station master, who was to signal the approaching train—to tell them to go on, for all was well, on to their doom.

She dashed across the railroad track, flung the rains to an amazed bystander, and striking the white lantern from the hands of the astonished official, she siezed the omnius red lantern from its hook, and springing upon the track, waves it in the very teeth of the coming train.

Two sharp, short whistles told her that her signal was seen, and a moment later the train was seen, and a moment later the train came to a full stop, and the officers rushed out to learn what it all meant.

Floss told them in a few brief words, and one of them at the station went forward to confer with the train from Golosha, which had not yet been telegraphed from the next station beyond.

The man waited fifteen minutes before Kirke's train slid on the siding, and it was then known that but for the decision of one young girl, the two trains must have collided four miles beyond Deering's Cut.

When told the story Kirke looked at his watch.

The man from the station looked at his also.

Kirke's was ten minuse behind time.

You want to know how it happened. Certainly you must have guessed. Halliday did it. A man found the next day confessed to have seen Jack tampering with the time pieces in the engine house that night, but he had thought nothing of it, he said.

Jack? Oh, he left town and was last heard of in Australia. His little game was not a success.

A few months later Kirke was married to Floss Whateley, for being ten minutes behind time.

◆

USEFUL HINTS.—To soften the hard, dry putty in the windows, wet it with muriatic acid.

Oxalic acid will remove stains, ink and iron rust, but must not be allowed to stand long on the goods or paint.

Turpentine will remove ink from white woodwork.

To take the woody taste out of a wooden pail, fill the pail with boiling hot water; let it remain until cold, then empty it and dissolve some soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside well with the solution; after that, scald with hot water and rinse well.

A good way to clean zinc is to rub it with a piece of cotton dipped in kerosene; afterward rub with a dry cotton cloth, and it will be as bright as when new.

Bleeding of a wound in man or beast can be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a piece of cloth.

Water can be purified in a cistern by dropping in a large piece of common charcoal.

A good wash for the teeth is made by putting equal parts of borax and camphor gum into a bottle of water and letting it stand for a short time before using.

A warm bath on going to bed is the best aid to sleep. A woman under 50 should have eight hours of sleep.

Those who have hard calloused spots on the hand can rid themselves of them by holding the spot on the grindstone a moment or two.

Rubbing the hands with a slice of raw potato will remove vegetable stains.

Refined chalk made into a thick plaster with one third as much glycerine as water and spread on the parts will cool inflammation and reduce redness of the nose or face.

Always take a bath in a warm room, and in tepid water, unless particularly robust.

◆

CHATS BY THE WAY.—It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich.

There is nothing lower that hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.

The best kind of revenge is that which is taken by him who is so generous that he refuses to take any revenge at all.

There are some people who think that eternal vigilance is a terrible sum to pay for liberty, when a sort of easy going slavery can be had for half that price.

Humor is a very important element in every man's life. Neither man nor plant thrives in the shade. It is necessary, however, to see that it is good humor rather than bad.

Some men advertise their lives and the public are generally disappointed because the advertisement promises too much; others let their lives advertise them, and the public always gets more than is promised.

A large word is a dangerous thing in the mouth of a man who has never studied the dictionary; as for instance, when a witness, pompous and self contained, said of a prisoner that he regarde his character as wholly "unbleachable."

Men are capable of taking a peculiar kind of revenge against the women who are weak enough to believe them perfect. For a few months before marriage they sue for the lady's hand, but for all the years after marriage she is compelled to sew for them.

◆

KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.—A railroad official residing at Kansas City takes a deep interest in Sunday schools. Besides superintending a large school, he frequently attends conventions and institutes in our neighboring State, Kansas. Some time since he was called upon to address a convention, and after he sat down a gentleman arose and said, "I would like to ask the colonel a question."

"Certainly," he replied; but not 'colonel,' if you please.

"Well, major, then."

"No, not even a major."

"Well, captain, then; you must be a captain."

"Well, now, Mr. President, I wish to ask the colonel this question, don't you live in Missouri?"

"Yes, sir."

"And in a house?"

"Of course I do."

"With chimneys?"

"Certainly."

"How many, please?"

"Two, I think."

"Then, Mr. President, I knew I was right at first. You see, I've lived in Missouri, and know how it is myself. Over there, sir, if a man has three chimneys on his house, he's a general; if two, he's a colonel; if one, he's a major; and if he lives in a dug-out and has no chimney, he's a captain, anyhow. So you see I was right atter all."—*Harper's Drawer.*

HARDLY EVER AT HOME.

WIVES WHO DO ALL THE GOOD THEY CAN OUTSIDE THEIR OWN FAMILIES.

When the pedler rang Mr. Bird's door-bell the other day, Mr. Bird opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon his arm and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the pedler.

"Certainly she isn't," replied Bird. "She is out. She is perennially and eternally out!"

"Where can I see her?"

"Why, go down to the woman suffrage club-room; and if she isn't there, go to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; and if she isn't there, visit the hall of the association for alleviating the miseries of the Senegambians; and if she has finished up there, look for her at the church aid society, or at the Ninth Ward soup house, or the home of the one-legged, or at the refuge for infirm dogs, or at the hospital for the asthmatic, or the St. Polycarp orphan asylum, or at some of these places. If you get on her track, you'll see more paupers and strong-minded women and underclothing for the heathen than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cool-handled flat iron, just out. Do you think she will buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cold-handled flat-irons. She would buy diamond breast-pins for those niggers if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended also to offer her a new kind of immovable hair-pin which"—

"All right. You just go down to the home for the one-legged and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hair-pins, and she'll order 'em by the ton."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to be having 'em—just now, anyhow."

"Because I have a gum-top for a feeding-bottle that is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what you do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup-house with spoons; they must have it from bottles with a rubber muzzle, and Mrs. Bird will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the paupers! Bribe 'em."

"How'll I know her if I see her?"

"Why she's a very large woman with a bent nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambian fund and to the asthmatic asylum, before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't you mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote them herself."

And with baby singing a vociferous solo and the other children clinging to his leg. Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The pedler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.

◆

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CONUNDRUM.—He came in on horseback, reeking with enthusiasm and perspiration, and evidently ready for battle. "Why is a—" he began; "what is the dif—when is a—" "Well, come, what is it?" interrupted Patrick Henry, testily, from his seat under the apple tree. "Do not attempt to intimidate me," said the new-comer. "It is a good riddle—and it is new, and I made it myself."

"Aw!" shoated the lawn party, but the young man hastily took a reef in his blushes and went on: "When is a baby like an improbable story?" The youngest lady caught up the colors which the young conundrumist had temporarily dropped, and said nothing; but Martha Parke responded, "when it isn't likely, of course." "No," said George Washington, which was the young gentleman who compounded the riddle.

"Because," ventured John Adams, who was automatically eating a green apple in the adjoining hammock, "baby is like an improbable story when it canardly stand. "Not at all," exclaimed G. W., impassively. "When it is a lying still," said young Thomas Jefferson, flinging a stone at a pigeon from his sling and coming within about seven yards.

"No," repeated the horseman, while not a muscle of his noble features relaxed. "When it needs confirmation," lisped Moll Pitcher, gracefully reclining upon the patriotic and beautiful garments which were soon to be used as wadding for artillery. "No, my dear," said George, softly, "not even though it were a confirmed lie."

And he who was so soon to lead the armies of the colonies betrayed not a sign of emotion as he cautiously took from his right vest pocket a plug of his State's noblest cereal, cut off a small portion and put it in his left cheek. "I know," ejaculated Alexander Hamilton, ceasing to build his block house; "when it cannot be-leaved a moment."

"That will not answer. It is ungramatical," said the father of his country.

"A baby is like an improbable story," said Israel Putnam, putting in his lip at this auspicious moment, "when it is a roar-back." "No," said George, exhibiting no sign of pain except a slight oscillation of the lower jaw. A baby is like an improbable story when it is tooth-in." Nobody laughed, and he had to take off his spurs and overcoat and sit down and explain it. They thought he ought to have said "teething."

◆

☞ A young lady said to her lover, "Charley, how far is it around the world?" "About twenty-four inches, my darling," replied he, his arm encircling her waist.

◆

☞ The first thing some women will do when they get to Heaven will be to look and see if their wings are cut bias, while the wings of other angels are gored.

GUARD YOUR CONVERSATION.—If you say anything about a neighbor or friend, or even a stranger, beware of speaking ill. It is brotherly charity to suppress knowledge of evil of one another unless our higher public duty compels us to bear accusing witness; and if it be true charity to keep our knowledge of such evils to ourselves, much more should we refuse to spread the evil report of another. Discreditable as the fact is, it is the common tendency to suppress the good we know of our neighbors and friends. We act in this matter as though we felt that by pushing our fellows foward we should injure ourselves. We are jealous of commendation unless we get the largest share. Social conversation, as known to every observer, is largely made up of what is best understood by the term, scandal. It would be difficult to find a talkative group of either sex who could spend an hour together without evil speech of somebody.—"Blessed are the peacemakers," is not the maxim by which we are chiefly governed in our treatment of personalities. Better a thousand times stand or sit dumb than to open our lips ever so eloquently in the disparagement of others. What we should do in this, as in all other human relations, is to practice the golden rule. If we do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, we shall be exceedingly careful not to volunteer ill words about them. Where other than a good word is to be spoken, speak to the person concerned, that he may know your motive is not idle, cowardly and sinister, and that he may have a chance to defend himself.

◆

PLAY.—One day last summer we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men who were playing with those awful things of the devil—cards. They played euchre until they were tired of it; they played a little seven-up, pedro, and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their frequent bursts of merriment at some unexpected play repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarreled, and never once called names. When we got out at the station we sat at our window and watched a party of young men and maidens play croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek-looking young man three, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against a fence so hard that it frightened a horse; the other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple-tree. They both banged into the house at different doors, and the two young men looked sheepish and went off after a drink? Now, why is this? Isn't croquet a good moral game?

◆

JOHN KNOX'S DAUGHTER.—An English journal gives this anecdote about Mrs. Welsh, the daughter of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer: Elizabeth Knox married in 1594, John Welsh, a Presbyterian minister, who was exiled in 1606 for his opposition to episcopacy. Mrs. Welsh appears to have inherited much of her father's spirit. When her husband was in ill health and desired to return to Scotland, she sought an interview with King James, who asked her whose daughter' she was. She replied, "My father was John Knox." "Knox and Welsh," said the King; "the devil ne'er made sic a match as that." "May be," replied Mrs. Welsh; "for we never speired his leave." She then begged that her husband might be permitted to revisit Scotland, and the King said, "He shall if he submit himself to the bishops;" upon which Mrs. Welsh, holding out her apron, said, "Sooner than he should do so I would keep his head there."

◆

☞ An Irish waiter at a Christian gathering at an up-town hotel complimented a turkey in the following manner: "Faith it's not six hours since that turkey was walking around his real estate wid his hands in his pockets, never dreaming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

◆

☞ While a little boy in Roxbury, Mass., lay deathly ill of diphtheria, a pet dog sprang upon the bed and affectionately licked the boy's lips. The child began to recover from that time, and was shortly convalescent, but the dog sickened and died with all the symptoms of the disease.

◆

☞ How doth the little housewife now improve each shining hour? She trots around with broom and mop and mind intent to scour. Oh, mortal man—unhappy soul, so hopelessly demeaned! Oh, happy man, if man there be, whose house need not be cleaned.

◆

☞ "I don't think much of newspapermen, and I never take much stock in what the papers say," he said.—And then everybody knew that he had done something that he was ashamed of, and the papers had published an account of it.

◆

☞ An editor has one advantage over a king. When the editor goes out riding in his open barouche drawn by four milk-white steeds he is never shot at by a socialist. You have probably remarked this yourself.

◆

☞ The kindness of Heaven is nowhere more apparent than in the fact that the women it puts on earth are, as a rule, so much too good for the men.

◆

Every man is born for heaven, and he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself whilst in this world, and he is excluded who does not.

All Sorts of Clippings

Ancient Greece—old butter.

A big miss-take—marrying a fat girl.

To cure a felon—hang the scoundrel.

It is easy to bear the toothache in the jaw of your neighbor.

A retired fireman calls himself an ex-spurt.

The plow is said to be the oldest landmark.

Does an intellectual savage have a mental reservation.

Dried apples are used for dessert at all swell parties.

Song of the ready revolver—"A charge to keep I have."

No one ever found fault with a music box for putting on airs.

We are bull-dozing old England with the beef of young Texas.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness, likewise the persimmon.

There are men who would rather be tight than be President.

Ode to Spring—A grudge for not coming sooner.

Records of crime furnish the sin news of many papers.

Life is a "Mr."y to a sober man and a "mizzer"y to a drunkard.

Essays on the sun and moon come under the head of light literature.

To preserve sight do not strain the eyes, but rest them occasionally.

Several thicknesses of newspaper under a carpet helps to preserve it.

As a rule, plants with white blossoms have the most odoriferous species.

Never judge hastily. A cucumber isn't often as green as the man who consumes it.

"What are our boys good for?" We can reply, that there are times when they are good for "nutting."

Dust allowed to accumulate on a dress cuts the material in every crease into which it works its way.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

The only thing which men are universally willing to lay up for a rainy day is other people's umbrellas.

If the best employment of a woman is to make home happy, the best work of a man is to make her happy.

"There is no place like comb," as the bee said when storing up its honey.

A hen twenty-five years old is a Western curiosity. May her son never set!

A good motto for a young man just starting a moustache—down in front.

A Berlin prima donna refused to sing recently, because there was too much dust in the house.

If you do not want to be robbed of your good name do not have it printed on your umbrella.

The man who sighed for the wings of a dove probably did not know the legs were much better eating.

A pair of ears that can go on a head of civilization—pioneers and frontiers.

Statisticians affirm that counties raising the most onions have the fewest marriages.

A lady, describing an ill-natured man, says he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.

"We'll let the subject drop," as the grave-robbers said when the policemen chased them.

The grocer offered him a frozen ham, but he said he'd rather not take the cold shoulder from any one.

John Bright once spoke of the English army and navy as a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy.

Time may be money, but we don't think there is half as much fun in spending time as there is in spending money.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there we cannot be happy elsewhere.

In some of the English publications the jokes are so dry that they wither the leaves in the book in which they are printed.

If a spring chicken wasn't pretty tough, it couldn't survive all the newspaper witticisms perpetrated at its expense, you know.

We have met many people who never knew enough to attend to their own business, but they always knew how to run a newspaper.

No man thoroughly understands the solemn grandeur of a floor crack until he tries to pick a pin out of it with his fingers.

A music seller announces in his window a sentimental song, "Thou Hast Loved and Left Me" for ten cents.

A Bangor dog eats hard soap. That's the story, but it's hard to decide whether or not the lye is all in the soap.

The length of time required by a policeman to take a lady across Broadway depends largely on the personal appearance of the lady.

The girl who will almost cry if she happens to let a drop of ink fall on a letter, is never put out in the least when she is told that she has spelled disappointment with one p.

A bankrupt was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he, "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

William Augustus to sleepy roommate:—"Come, John Henry, [illegible] don't you get up with the lark, as I do?" John Henry, grimly: "Been up with him all night."

"It's a poor rule that won't [illegible] both ways," is supposed [illegible] originated with the school[illegible] who took the ruler away from [illegible] teacher and knocked him dow[illegible] it.

"Isn't my photo[illegible] excellent?" asked a young w[illegible] of her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "there's a little [illegible] repose about the mouth [illegible] to be natural."

Farm and Household.

Carrots for Cows.—As a winter food for milch cows there is none of the root crops more profitable than carrots. Not only are they valuable in keeping the cows in a healthy condition, but in increasing the flow of milk improving the color of the butter, and the ease with which they can be grown, stored and fed. Another great advantage in favor of carrots is that the seed need not be sown until the hurry of the spring planting is over and the weeds have all started to grow, and when their destruction and the preparation of the ground for the [illegible] can all be done at the same [illegible]—a matter of considerable [illegible] have to stop in the middle [illegible] work in the spring to [illegible] for root crops is not so [illegible], as every one knows who has had it to do. And as most vegetables require earlier planting, the early preparation of the ground but stimulates the growth of weeds and renders their cultivation the more difficult. The carrot not requiring to be planted so early, the ground need not be broken up until the weeds have started to grow. The ground and air being warm the seed germinate quickly, and thus get start of the weeds and render the crop much easier to cultivate. A rather light, loamy soil suits the crop best. If rich or previously manured the year before, very little additional fertilizing will be necessary to insure a full crop, as many as from six to eight hundred bushels to the acre being so considered, though often reaching a thousand and sometimes twelve hundred bushels per acre.

Lemon Cheese Cakes.—Take one quarter of a pound of butter, one pound loaf sugar, six eggs, omitting the whites of two. Use the juice of three lemons, with the grated rind of two. Boil to the consistence of honey, stirring it all the time.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—Two quarts of milk, two full cups of Indian meal, one cup of molasses, salt to taste. Boil two-thirds of the milk to scald the meal; then add the molasses and the rest of the milk. Stir all together and boil about eight hours.

Friction of Furniture.—Black lead is excellent to lessen friction between two pieces of work. The sides and rests of desks or bureau drawers may be made to move easy by spreading common stove blacking evenly with a cloth or the finger over their surfaces. Time and patience may thus be saved.

To Mend China.—Take a piece of flint glass, beat it to a fine powder and grind it extremely fine on a painter's stone with the white of an egg, and it joins china without riveting, so that no art can break it in same place. This may be done in a mortar, if a suitable stone is not to be had.

Kitchener's Relish.—Ground black pepper and salt, of each, two ounces; ground allspice, scraped horseradish and minced eschalots, of each one ounce; walnut pickle or mushroom catsup, one quart; infuse for fourteen days and strain. An excellent sauce.

Cooking Macaroni.—Put on a tin saucepan of clear water; let it come to a boil; take a soup plate full of macaroni, break it up and put in the boiling water. When soft enough for a fork to go through, it is done, put in a colander and let the water drain off. Have the cheese grated—Holland cheese is the best, though any hard cheese will do—take three tablespoonfuls of melted butter (good butter); take a large flat dish, put in some butter and cheese, then macaroni and so on till all is used up. Be sure and put a pinch of salt in the water.

EXPULSION OF FLIES.—A lady writes: "For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast table, while all my neighbors' rooms were crowded. I often congratulate myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until a few days ago. I then had occasion to move my goods to another house, while I remained on for a few days longer. Among others things moved were two [illegible] of geraniums and calceolarias, which stood in my windows, being always open to full extent, [illegible] and bottom. The boxes were [illegible] gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me.—This, to me, is a new discovery, and perhaps it may serve to encourage others in that which [illegible] always a source of pleasure, [illegible], window gardening. Mignon[illegible] planted in long, shallow boxes [illegible] on the window sill, will [illegible] excellent for this purpose.

Tar Water for [illegible].—For the last five years I [illegible] not lost a cucumber or [illegible], or cabbage plant. Get [illegible] with a few gallons of gas [illegible]; pour water on the tar; always have it ready when needed, and [illegible] the bugs appear give them [illegible] drink of the tar water from [illegible] garden sprinkler, or other[illegible] if the rain washes it off [illegible] return, repeat the dose. It wi[illegible] destroy the Colorado potato [illegible], and frighten the old [illegible] potato bug worse than a thresh-[illegible] with a brush. Five years ago [illegible] summer, both kinds appeared [illegible] my late potatoes, and I watered with the tar water. The next day all Colorados that had not been well protected from the sprinkling were dead, and the others, though their name was legion, were all gone, and I have never seen one of them on the farm since. I am aware that many will look upon this with indifference, because it is so cheap and simple a remedy. Such should always feel both their own and their neighbors' bugs, as they requently do.—*Chicago Times.*

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