The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 8.

Select Poetry.

THE RIME OF THE JEALOUS WIFE—HER VENGEANCE.

[From the New York World.]

I.

A life in a boarding-house,
  At rates that are not too steep,
Where the butter's always bald
  And the pulices irritantes no vigils keep;
Such is the life that lead
  The characters that I'll
Tell you about: let me begin
  In the Miltonian style
Of woman's jealousy and that
  Forbidden cheek whose taste
Brought woe into the boarding-house,
  Sing, heavenly Muse—ye baste!

II.

There was a handsome Servant Maid,
  There was a Jealous Wife,
Who did her Jovial Husband lead
  Quite an unpleasant life.
The wretched man would come in late
  To dinner, and his bride
Observed that to the door in haste
  At once the servant hied;
She further noticed that they took—
  Thus her confidence was shaken—
More time along the hall to walk
  Than Weston would have taken;
And she observed—a jealous wife
  She hath a watchful eye—
At times the maiden's hair was toosed,
  Or her collar way awry;
She further thought—a jealous wife
  She hath a watchful ear—
Sounds like the chirping of young birds
  She then and there could hear;
Therefore did she make up her mind
  The gay Lothario
She would expose, and so find out
  All she didn't want to know.

III.

It fell upon a merry June night
  Unto the maid she said,
"Kate, I will let my husband in
  When he comes home to tea."
She heard a step upon the stair
  And to the door she made,
Ope'd it and stood discreetly back
  To be within the shade,
When, lo! her worst fears were confirmed:
  He who came through the door
Gave her a hug that would have made
  A boa-constrictor roar,
And on her rosy lips he pressed
  Warm kisses full a score.
A scream that would have waked the dead
  She uttered of despair,
With desperate fingers she pulled out
  Three-quarters of his hair,
And then she fainted in his arms
  Shrieking in alto B:
"Oh, when I think I loved you so—
  And false—false unto me!"
And even as she swooned away
  There was at the door a din,
And another man, whom she could see
  Was her husband, entered in,
She saw at a glance her fell mistake
  Which would be taken for her sin:
She had set a trap for her liege lord
  And caught another person.

IV.

But the jovial husband knew it not;
  He was not at all elated
To find his wife in the boarder's arms
  He particularly hated.
To the first one who had entered in,
  Who the lady did salute,
Was a young man addicted to
  Verse-making and the flute,
And ever immaculately dressed
  From his beaver to his boot.
This young man was a married man
  But his wife was elderly,
And on the jovial husband's spouse
  He had seemed to cast his eye;
Thus all the elements were there
  For a first-class tragedy.
In point of fact the characters,
  Though this happened Thursday night,
Have been unable anyhow
  To set the matter right.
For the husband of the jealous wife
  Has bidden her father come
And by the first train Monday take
  His erring daughter home.
And the jealous wife can find no way
  To offer an explanation
Consistent with her dignity
  To excuse the situation.
And all the ladies in the house
  Agree that the misguided
Woman did love the second man,
  Though opinion is divided
As to why she shrieked and tore his hair,
  These think he took in error
The jealous wife for the servant-maid,
  And that she; in her rage and terror,
Punished the doubly faithless one;
  While the others firmly believe
That when she heard her husband's step,
  Intending to deceive,
She feigned she had insulted been,
  And tore her lover's head off.
They think it was the cleverest trick
  They ever heard or read of!

V.

Meanwhile the hapless woman's lord
  Decide no way can he
Whether to kill himself, or her,
  Or her lover, or all three.
Meanwhile the wife of the other man
  Doth her Saratoga pack—
On Monday to her Green Mountain home
  She sternly will go back.
It makes to her no difference
  What he may say, I wis,
For his guilt it is established on
  Either hypothesis;
Either he hugged her for the maid
  Or as herself did kiss.
Alas, from such a trifling cause
  Should grow such wrongs and terrors;
Alas, alas, nine times alas
  For this Tragedy of Errors.
Oh, gentle dames beware, beware,
  And for your lords set no
Traps, for who knows what consequence
  May from such action flow!

A RULE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.—A military man, who boasts that he can't be caught, no matter what you ask him, but who is really stupid, is asked how many miles it is from Paris to Berlin.

"Three hundred."

"And how many from Berlin to Paris?"

"The same, of course."

"That's where you're wrong."

"Wrong!" exclaims the military man, astonished and troubled.

"Yes, wrong! You know how long it is between Christmas and New Year's?"

"Yes."

"Well, is it the same between New Year's and Christmas?"

"By Jove, you're right. I never thought of that before."

The State of Mississippi has 500,000 dogs.

Select Story.

OUTWITTED.

"If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word." So spoke Mr. Ingon Beardmore, drysalter and common-councilman of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succour about three months after the death of his youngest brother Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggardly cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr. Ingot said 'legitimate'—purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had 'finished off' as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner.—With the results of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself unmommonly lucky.—Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—'allying herself with commerce,' some of them called it—and Mr. Ingot had never forgiven them.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would have, doubtless, largely assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head.—He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, had not time for such follies,) and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected with muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. If uncle Ingot could have seen them, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it.

That remark of uncle Ingot's, 'If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not poverty, at least very urgent want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in highly-scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerkly letter, but there was never any inclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pine apple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling toward his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for 'making it up' with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not to be easily repaired.—He had a few old-bachelor friends, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and 'see the old year out and the new year in,' in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in the schooldays that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account; secretly, I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several great coats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Mamam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to *you*, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest rebrobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too very simply dressed and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger, playfully, as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, madam, nothing; I am astonished at your conduct," answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor," continued the young lady, with a peal of silver laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "Oh no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge of the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?"

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

"*Do* you suppose, you poor old doting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss *you* will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor in an agony of shame and rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds.—What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five younds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of *your* disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that *I* kissed you, and not you *me*. What roars of laughter there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!"—Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there.—Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds that to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind.

In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old drysalted was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but on this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been 'done' oppessed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night 'seeing the old year out and the new year in,' his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles not without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade,' said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profression of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and ladylike looking a girl as you ever saw."

"Was she anything like *this?*" inquired Mr. Whaffles, productive a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl," exclaimed the guest. "Ha, ha! Tom; so *you*, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother, too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five pound note out of me!"

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, 'yes' or 'no.'

"If she will give me back my money, 'yes.'

"Very well," returned the host; 'mind, you asked for her yourself;" and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is; it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, uncle," said the young lady, demurely. "Here is your five pound note: please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still would be to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come.

"There go the church bells!" cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your old uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquored; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly-reconciled relatives but treated them with equal kindness; I think he always liked niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one had regretted at heart more than uncle Ingot himself.

SOMETHING NEW IN JOURNALISM.—When the present Pope was a Cardinal, he cherished the idea of publishing a grand Catholic journal—an organ for his Church that could be read by all the people of Europe and America in their mother languages. Since his elevation to the Pontificate, Leo XIII. has exerted himself diligently to put his ideas of a great newspaper into practice. He has succeeded so far as to authorize the announcement that its first number will be issued in July or August of this year. It will be printed in seven different languages; it will discus all the political and economical questions of the day, and officially represent the opinions of the Holy See. The compositors are to be the deaf and dumb boys educated in one of the asylums of the Church of Rome. Alimonde will be the general superintendent. The Pope is anxious that a Cardinal should be at the head of the editorial department; he offered that position to Cardinal Nina, who declined it. The novel paper will start with forty-two thousand subscribers; very few of this number are Italians. Once fairly under way, the grand Catholic organ is likely to commend itself to future Popes, and become a permanent power among the newspapers of the Old World.

AN ORTHODOX CHINAMAN.—Concerning future rewards and punishments, Colorado furnishes the following illustration, which occurred recently in a court in La Veta, where the testimony of a Chinese was objected to on the ground that he did not understand or regard the obligation of an oath. To test him he was interrogated thus:

"John, do you know anything about God?"

"No; me no belly well acquainted with Him."

"Have you no Joss in China?"

"Oh yes, gottee heapee Joss."

"Where do you go when you die?"

"Me go to San Francisco."

"No, you don't understand me. When Chinaman quit washee all time, and no live any more, where does he go?"

"Oh, yes, me sabe now. If he belly goodee man, he go uppee sky. If he belly badee man, he go luppee down helle, *alle samee Melican man.*

The Court was satisfied with this orthodox statement, and admitted his testimony.

THE state of mind oppressed with a sudden calamity is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the first night came upon them, supposed the day would never return. When the clouds of sorrow gather over us, we see nothing beyond them, nor can imagine how they will be dispelled; yet a new day succeeded to the night, and sorrow is never long without a dawn of ease.

A MISERLY BEAU WHO LOST HIS GIRL.

It has grown into a fashionable custom of late to have a mock auction sale of the prettiest girls at church festivals. It tends to increase the resources of the church, and at the same time very clearly demonstrates in which way the affections of youth are bent. For it is reasonable to suppose that no ambitious young man will permit his sweetheart to be knocked down to a rival until he has expended his last cent in the effort to become the fortunate possessor.

Acting upon this idea, a fashionable church in Denver is preparing for a festival, in which the auction business is to form a prominent feature. It has put the young ladies in quite a flutter of excitement, and unhappily at that early stage of the novelty—for, however common in the East, it is a novelty here—has come very near wrecking the future happiness of two estimable young creatures.

A young gentleman who confesses to an amiable weakness for one of the young ladies who are to be disposed of on the occasion referred to called on his Dulcinea a few evenings since, and very naturally the subject of the festival came up.

"I'm to be sold, Charley. Did you know it?" exclaimed the enchantress.

"No! Are you, though? I suppose I shall have to buy you."

"Of course. But how much do you reckon I will sell for?"

This was a naive inquiry, but it led to a moment of brief but sagacious speculation. If he had any rival, the girl was likely to go high; if he didn't have any it would appear as if he was investing in an exceedingly cheap article.

"I don't know." The words were long drawn out and his face was very grave. "I suppose a dollar or two."

If he had reflected but a moment longer he never would have made this observation. It was born, however, of a sense of economy, and he had no idea of what it would lead to. But as the words fell from his lips he looked at his inamorata and caught the flash of a pair of indignant blue eyes, which made his heart sink.

"One or two dollars, indeed! I'll sell for fifty at the lowest."

"I can't buy you, then."

"Sir!" and the lady's face was rigid with amazement.

"That is—I mean to say—confound it, Maria, I can't spare that much," and the poor fellow looked appealingly at the divinity which was about to shape the end of his purse. But the disaster had come. The young lady arose from her seat like a queen, and with the cruel remark that a gentleman who thought so much of fifty dollars was not a suitable individual to encourage as a lover, sailed majestically from the room.

And now that young man's soul is convulsed with anguish, and his remarks upon church festivals are fearful to contemplate.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

WORDERFUL PRECOCITY.—The most noted case of childish precocity is perhaps that of Christian Henry Heinecker, born in Lubec in 1721. He could talk at ten months old; when he had completed his first year he could recite the leading facts in the Pentateuch, and a month later had acquired the rudiments of ancient history, geography and anatomy; had learned the use of maps, and 8,000 Latin words. When two and a-half years old he could answer almost any question in geography and history, and before his death, which occurred in 1724, at the age of four years and four months, had learned divinity, ecclesiastical history, and other branches of knowledge, and spoke Latin, French, German and Dutch. About a year before his death he harangued the King of Denmark, to whom he had been presented. In his last moments he displayed the utmost firmness, and attempted to condole his grief-stricken parents.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The other day an Irishman eveidently not long a resident of this country walked up to the ticket office in the Union Depot and said to Alderman States:

"Give me a ticket for Easthampton."

"Massachusetts or Connecticut?" asked the genial dispenser of pasteboards.

"Naythur; I want a ticket to Easthampton."

"I understand; but there are Easthampton's in both this State and Massachusetts," explained Mr. States.

"Bedad, an' is that so? Which one does it cost the most to go to?" asked the son of Erin's isle.

"Massachusetts," answered Mr. States.

"Well, then, be the powers, I'll take the cheapest one!"

The traveller was accommodated with a ticket to Easthampton, Conn., and he got aboad the Air Line train apparently as happy as a clam at high water.

BURT WREN and the Taylor brothers quarrelled over a trifle at Aullville, Mo., and the feud would not have been serious if busybodies had not taken hold of the matter.—Wren was told the Taylors intended to shoot him at sight, and the same persons told the Taylors that Wren intended to shed their blood. The consequence was that all three armed themselves with revolvers, which were emptied of 21 bullets on the first occasion of a meeting. One of the Taylors was killed outright, while the other was disabled for life by a paralysing pellet lodged in his spine, and Wren received five severe wounds. The two survivors afterward became reconciled, being convinced that there had been an unfortunate misunderstanding.

AN exchange says: "Mount Etna is the Jim Blaine of the Eastern hemisphere."

TWO GREAT PAINTERS.

Of Gainsborough we are told that "both himself and his neighbors were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was then residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board and painted him so inimitably well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighboring gentry and farmers immediately recognized the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist.

Haydod's "Mock Election" was painted in this wise: As many other artists have been both before and since, Haydon was in difficulties, and in July, 1827, was an inmate of the King's Bench Prison. One day some of his fellow prisoners got up a burlesque of an election. "I was sitting in my own apartment," writes the painter, "buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing, at the darkness of my prospects, and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to my window. In spite of my own sorrows I laughed heartily when I saw the occasion." Haydon sketched the grotesque scene, painted it in four months with the aid of noblemen and friends and the advocacy of the press in exciting the sympathy of the country. The picture proved attractive as an exhibition; still better, it was purchased by King George IV. for five hundred pounds; and it was conveyed from the Egyptian Hall to St. James' Palace. A committee of gentlemen then undertook Mr. Haydon's affairs, and with the purchase money sf the picture and the proceeds of the exhibition the painter was restored to his family. In 1828 he painted, as companion to this picture, the 'Chairing of the Members,' which was bought by Mr. Francis, of Exeter, for three hundred guineas.

"Not one in ten thousand, perhaps," it has been said, "can move his ears." The celebrated Mr. Mery used, when lecturing, to amuse his pupils by saying that in one thing he surely belonged to the long-eared tribe; upon which he would move his ears rapidly backward and forward. Albinus, the celebrated anatomist, had the same power, which is performed by little muscles not seen. Mr. Haydon tried it once in painting with great effect. In his picture of "Macbeth," painted for Sir George Beaumont, when the Thane was listening in horror, before committing the murder, the artist ventured to press the ears forward like an animal in freight, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound. It is very effective, and increases amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectator's being aware of the reason.

THE CRUSHED SERENADER.—Young Bilkins went to serenade his girl on Van Ness avenue. The amateur orchestra, of which he is a member, had hardly squelched out the first two bars of "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," when the second-story window went up and old Boggs, Amelia's father, stuck his head out and remarked:

"Is there no way of compromising this thing?"

"What—w—what?" gasped Bilkins.

"I say, can't we make some arrangement to get out of this matter. How does $4 and an old gas-stove strike you?"

"Why—this—this is a serenade," exclaimed Bilkins.

"Exactly; so I see. Now, suppose I were to stand the beer and carfare all round, wouldn't you go out in the suburbs somewhere and work off the rest of it in front of some deaf and dumb asylum or other?"

"Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated the crushed lover.

"I should think you would be, hitched to the end of that big trombone. Don't point it this way, for heaven's sake; it might go off."

"Come down here and say that, like a man," roared the big drum, who was full of Budweiser and fury. "You bald-headed old pelican, come down."

"I—I—think we had better—better go, as it were, boys," murmured the mortified Bilkins, and the disgusted band walked sadly off, scornfully ignoring Boggs's parting injunctions to reform and lead better lives, after the thing blew over.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

MANUFACTURE OF FUEL.—An invention lately brought out in England consists in mixing the dust of coal with an extract obtained from boiling ordinary seaweed or other similar vegetable matter, producing when boiled a similar mucilaginous or adhesive solution. In carrying the invention into effect, they first boil seaweed or other vegetable product capable of yielding, when boiled, a mucilaginous or adhesive solution, and then mix coal dust with the said solution in the ordinary manner in which cement, mortar or other similar material is mixed. The combined materials are then molded to any desired shape by hand, or by means of a brick making or other suitable machine.

A FEW months ago a young man of Grinnel, Iowa, married the girl of his choice. One day last week he received a package containing a note and a cigar. The note explained that the cigar was a wonderfully fine one. The unusual character of the gift, coupled with the fact that the young husband did not recognize the name of the donor, aroused his suspicions and he showed his present to his wife. She recognized the writing as that of a former suitor. She then carefully unrolled the cigar and found several grains of strychnine concealed in the end of the cigar that is usually bitten off before smoking.

All Sorts of Clippings

The watchword—tick.

Pond's extract—frogs.

A lost star—a sailor overboard.

A sham-poo—affected contempt.

Do lions ever rest on their roars?

A blamed fool—a censured noodle.

Never look a gift mule in the hind foot.

The hangman's business is dropping off.

Florida has produced coffee which is said to be excellent.

Two Nebraska Chinamen eat a pound of opium a week.

Boston dandies are recognized as boss stunners.

If an old sheep can only jump a fence they call it a spring lamb.

Mr. T. Kittle is the name of an eminent Michigander.

"Hammock weather" is what an exchange aptly calls it.

A last farewell—a shoemaker giving up business.

Sour milk takes iron rust out of white cotton or linen.

Dwellers on dangerous coasts have many strange wreck-collections.

A monarch of the seize—The Sheriff.

A corn on the foot is a little grain irritating.

It is curious that rain is only appreciated when it doesn't come.

Patience under persecution is a Christian virtue.

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

The truest end or life is to know the life that never ends.

As the body is purified by water, so is the soul purified by truth.

Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured.

Every child walks into existence through the golden gate of love.

Low as the grave is, only faith can climb high enough to see beyond it.

The best armor against temptation is to keep out of the range of its guns.

Earmers gather what they sow, while seamstresses sew what they gather.

The fat boarder called the mold on the pie an oasis—a green spot on the dessert.

There are persons in New York, whose business is arranging goods in shop windows.

Scandal is fed by as many streams as the Nile, and there is often as much difficulty in tracing it to its source.

It is now discovered agriculturally that the surest way to get rid of the weeds is to marry the widow.

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when its brown?"

Great souls hold firmly to heaven and let the earth roll on beneath them.

The great problem of life is for each man to do his share of the world's work and keep well.

He who has created us with a thirst after the knowledge of Him will certainly satisfy that thirst.

"Those whom the gods love die young." That's what becomes of all the honest advertising agents.

The Leadville man who traded his mine for a mule, didn't know it was loaded. The mine—not the mule.

The customary toilet for a fashionable South Sea Islander is a coated tongue.

A Marathon woman calls her husband "poor goods" because he won't wash.

At this season—agriculturally speaking, spades are trumps; musically speaking, horns are trumps.

Choice sweet-meets—meeting your first-best girl in the lane all alone when the clock strikes nine.

The barefoot boy who earns an honest living is a greater hero than the bully who dies with his boots on.

A celebrated writer has said, 'The heart that is fullest of good works has in it the least room for the temptations of the enemy."

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.

Reaping-machine manufacturers will hereafter send out an assorted supply of wooden legs with each new machine.

Observing little girl:—"Hug me hard mama, jis' like papa does my new nurse." Tableau—blue fire—curtain.

"What will the harvest be?" asks an exchange. Well, just wait till the harvest bee crawls up your trousers leg, and you'll find out.

"Darling husband," she said, "am I not your treasure?" "Certainly," he replied, "and I should like to lay you up in heaven."

"No, darling," said the undertaker to his wife, "I can't afford to give you a silk dress at present. Just wait a few days until encumbers are plentiful in market."

When a New Jersey mosquito enters a man's sleeping-room his first impression is that there is a brass band under his window, and that he is called on for a speech.

Two men started out to see which could tell the biggest lie. No. 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor"—No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit.

A tramp who had a couple of breadths taken out of the rear of his pantaloons by a vicious dog, afterwards referred to the calamity as the "bitter rend."

Several notably happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a picnic.

Farm and Household.

The Tap-Root of Peach Trees.—One of the greatest essentials to the growing of healthy, long-lived and fruitful trees is the preservation of their tap-roots as free from mutilation as possible. This cannot be done where the trees are allowed to grow in the nursery until they are of such size as to render their removal impossible without more or less injury to the roots—the main supporting one of which is the tap-root. Nature has provided the peach, apple, pear, cherry, &c., with tap-roots to hold the tree firmly in its place while the feeder-roots spread themselves out near the surface in search of food. Any interference, therefore, with this provision of nature must necessarily endanger the life of the tree. To avoid this the best way is to plant the seed as early in the spring as possible in the exact places where the trees are to stand, and in the month of June to bud them, thus gaining in a few months what, under the usual system of transplanting, it takes from two to three years to accomplish. It is evident that the younger a tree is when transplanted the less danger there is of injuring the tap-root—the facilities for digging and transplanting being so much the greater, but by the mode here recommended all such danger is obviated.

Col. Randolph Peters, of Delaware one of the largest and oldest fruit growers in all this country, and of unquestioned authority on all such subjects, speaking of this matter, says: "For twenty-five years, in the great peach-belt of Delaware and Chesapeake peninsula, I have had peach-growers ask me why it was when our choice varieties of peaches come up from the seed and are allowed to grow this way, that they are so much hardier, longer lived and prolific that those that are trasnplanted? A long and careful observation has led me to know this to be the case, and I am fully convinced that cutting the tap-roots and changing them to surface roots is the cause of thie wonderful difference.

Col. E. Wilkins, of Kent county Md., who was one of the largest peach growers in the country, if not in the world, and who had planted largely of June-budded peach trees, said: "They are so much superior to trees that have been propagated in the usual way that I would plant June-budded trees if I had to pay from $30 to $50 a thousand more for them than for the same kind propagated in the old way." All this going to prove, first that small trees budded where they stand are not only much the best for permanent orchards, but will bear as soon as older ones transplanted; second, that perfect tap-roots are indispensable to long life and fruitful bearing. The difference in freightage, too, is a matter of no small moment to any one buying largely.

To Kill Insects.—Scatter dry powdered borax for all kinds of insects. This has been proved by years of experience.

Hominy Fried.—Take boiled hominy; add a piece of butter, a little pepper and salt, a cup of cream, and flour or white Indian meal enough to stiffen it; stir this up; make it up into small cakes; fry in butter on a griddle.

Cleaning Silks.—Diluted ammonia applied with a sponge, will remove the shiny, greasy look from silk dresses, though not permanently. It is caused by gums used to give silk weight, and the shiny appearance will return.

Vegetable Salad.—Six parts of potato cut fine, one part of turnip, one part of parsnip, one part of carrot, two parts of beet. Mix thoroughly, and use any of the salad dressings for it.

Spice Cake.—Four eggs; two cups of brown sugar; one cup butter; one cup milk; four cups flour; two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; one teaspoonful cloves; one teaspoonful allspice; one teaspoonful soda; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; as many raisins as you wish.

Salad Dressing.—Three eggs, tablespoonful of sugar, oil, mustard and salt, one cup of vinegar and one of milk; beat the eggs, then add the other ingredients and stir altogether over a kettle of boiling water to the consistency of boiled custard.—If put in a closed bottle and kept in a cool place it will keep for two weeks.

Imitation Coral.—Twigs, raisin-stalks or any objects having the general outline of branched coral, may be made to resemble coral by being dipped in a mixture of four parts of resin, three parts beeswax and two of vermilion, milted together and thoroughly mixed. The effect is very pretty, and, for ornamental work, useful.

An Excellent Coffee Receipt.—Stir into the ground coffee sufficient white of egg to make a smooth paste; add the proper qantity, by measure, of boiling water, and let it boil gently for twenty or thirty minutes.—Made thus, it is exquisitely clear and transparent, the coagulated albumen holding every finest particle of solid matter.

Bachelor Buttons.—These delicate little cakes are prepared by rubbing two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour; add five ounces of white sugar; beat an egg with half the sugar; then put in the other ingredients; add almond flavoring according to taste; roll them in the hand about the size of a walnut; sprinkle them with white sugar and place them on tins with buttered paper. They should be slightly baked. Do not flatten them out.

A nephew of Sitting Bull was one of the defeated contestants in a walking match at Winnipeg.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0793