The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1879. VOL. XIII.-NO. 20.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

To the VOTERS of KENT COUNTY

THE UNDERSIGNED, REGISTERS OF VOTERS for Kent County, hereby give notice that for the purpose of discharging the duties devolving upon them as such under the Act of the General Assembly passed January Session 1876, chapter 249, they will sit for the CORRECTION of the lists of REGISTERED VOTERS, on

Monday, and Tuesday,

The 6th and 7th days of October, from 9 o'clock A. M., to 6 P. M., *AT THE FOLLOWING NAMED PLACES:*

FOR THE FIRST ELECTION DISTRICT:

AT GALENA.

FOR THE SECOND ELECTION DIST:

AT KENNEDYVILLE.

FOR THE THIRD ELECTION DIST:

AT A. L. VANNORT'S STORE, AT HANESVILLE.

FOR THE FOURTH ELECTION DIST:
AT E. T. WILLIS' JEWELRY STORE IN CHESTERTOWN.

FOR THE F[illegible]H ELECTION DIST:
AT B. B. ROBINSON'S STORE AT EDESVILLE.

The attention of those interested is called to the following provisions of the Act of 1876:

The fifth section provides that the officers of Registration shall, before striking from said list of qualified voters and from said books of registration the name of any registered person, diligently inquire and accurately ascertain that said registered person does not possess, or before the election next ensuing will not possess, the requisite qualifications to entitle him to be registered as a qualified voter in such precinct or election district, or that such person is disqualified under the provisions of the second and third Sections of the first Article of the Constitution; and if it shall appear that said registered person does not possess or will not possess said qualifications, and that he is so disqualified, then said officer shall strike the name of such person from said list of qualified voters and said books of registration, but if it shall appear otherwise then such officer shall not strike the name of such person from said books of registration and from said list of qualified voters; and before registering as a qualified voter any person who has applied to said Officers of Registration to be registered as a qualified voter, said officer shall diligently inquire and accurately ascertain that such person possesses or will possess before the election next ensuing the requisite qualifications to entitle him to be registered as a qualified voter, and that he is not disqualified under the provisions of the second and third sections of the first Article of the Constitution; and if it shall appear that said person so applying possesses or will posses before said day of election said qualifications, and is not so disqualified, then said officers of registration shall register the name of such person as a qualified voter; but they shall not register the name of any person who does not possess said qualifications or is so disqualified; and when any person applying as aforesaid, for registration, shall have been previously registered within this State, the officer of registration to whom such application is made, before registering such person shall demand and receive from him a certificate of his previous legal registration, and such certificate of previous registration shall be cancelled by the officer who shall register such person anew.

The thirteenth section provides that no person shall be entitled to be or remain registered in any precinct or election district, unless he shall have been a resident of the State for one year, and of the city of Baltimore, or the county in which registration is claimed, for six months next preceding the next ensuing election, at which such registration would be evidence of the right of the person so registered to vote; and in case any county or city shall be so divided as to form portions of different electorial districts for the election of repsesentatives in Congress, delegates or other officers then to entitle a person to be or remain registered in any particular section or part of such county or city he must have been a resident of that part or section of the electorial district in which he claims to be or is registered for six months next preceding the next election, at which such registration would be evidence of the right of the person to vote; and the residence necessary to entitle any person to be or remain so registered, shall be an actual bona fide residence within the precinct or district within which such person may claim to reside and to be registered, and such actual bona fide residence shall be established upon the oath or affirmation of competent evidence to the satisfaction of the register to whom the application is made, and to the satisfaction of the judge or judges to whom any appeal is made under the provisions of this Act; and the neglect or refusal of any person deeming himself aggrieved by the refusal of any officer of registration to register his name, or by the striking off of his name from the list of qualified voters, to appeal by petition from such action, as provided for in this act, shall be deemed and taken to be conclusive evidence that the said person was rightfully refused registration, or that the name of such person was rightfully stricken from the list of qualified voters of such precinct of election district.

The law further provides, that whilst discharging the duties imposed by the several sections of this act, said officers of registration shall have and exercise the dowers of a Justice of the Peace for the preservation of order around the place of registration, and may compel the presence of witnesses for the purpose of obtaining any information necessary to an intelligent discharge of the duties of their office; they shall have power to issue summonses, attachments and commitments, to any constable or sheriff, who shall serve such process as if issued by a Judge of a Court or a Justice of the Peace.

☞ *Voters desiring to be transferred* from one district to another, or from one county to another, can only be transferred on certificate from the officer of registration where last registered.

JAMES P. MASON,
Register of Voters for First Dist.
L. A. PENNINGTON,
Register of Voters for Second Dist.
THOS. H. KENNARD,
Register of Voters for Third Dist.
EDW. T. WILLIS,
Register of Voters for Fourth Dist.
SAM'L G. FISHER,
Rgisteer of Voters for Fifth Dist.
Sept. 25, 1879—td.

BUY
THE
Swan Lake
—196—
FANCY
FAMILY FLOUR!
WARRANTED.
James B. Sappington,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ We beg to refer to
Hon. J. . Wickes, T. DeC. Ruth,
Rev. Mr. Roberts, T. R. Hubbard,
Rev. S. Hobl itzell, James U. Coleman,
James W. Lambert, Samuel Vannort,
Jas. W. Chapman, S. E. Sullivan,
Mrs. J. Evan Thomas, and others.

We have constantly on hand, for sale, all grades
FAMILY, EXTRA, and SUPER FLOUR,
At Less than City Prices!

N. B.—The "Swan Lake" Flour is sold only by us, by the barrel, sack or pound. Try it. We warrant it will make you happy! Delivered free of charge.

J. B. SAPPINGTON,
CHESTERTOWN.

LOUIS K. STAM,
DEALER IN
Furniture,
WALL PAPER
Oil and Paper Window Curtains
AND FIXTURES.
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS
Putty, Varnishes,
KALSOMINE, &c. &c.

Cottage Furniture, Extension Tables, Lounges, Mattresses, Sideboards, Kitchen Saes, Cradles, Cribs, Chairs, &c. &c.,

Which have been purchased direct from the manufacturers. For sale *as cheap as they can be bought in the city.*

WINDOW CURTAINS
MADE TO ORDER,
Very cheap, and in the best manner.

GLASS
OF ALL SIZES, CUT TO FIT ANY SASH.

NEW JERSEY
ENAMEL PAINT,
AND
JOHNSON'S DRY SIZ D KALSOMINE.
J. W. MASURY & SON'S
Coach, Car and Cottage Colors.
John Lucas & Co's & Jas. Brad ord's
LIQUID PAINT,

By the Pint or Gallon. Agent for Cowgill's Walnut Stain, Furniture Varnish and Leather Oil

☞ CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK AND PRICES.

Remember the place—
L. K. Stam,
Nearly opposite the Bank and adjoining C. F. Stam's Store.
Chestertown, June 26, 1879—y.

ORDER YOUR
PHOSPHATE

MY PATRONS are requested to call and give their orders for Phosphate, as I want to have the goods in time for early as well as late seeding.

I have in store at this time about 250 Tons of Lister Standard, and as much more awaiting shipment. Send in your orders early.

☞ Any arrangement made with MR. ELVIN, in my absence, will be satisfactory to me.

Respectfully,
J. W. HINES.
Sept. 4, 1879—tf.

FARMERS, look to your interests! Buy the Advanced Chilled Plow—the cheapest and best in use.
JOHN BELL, Agent,
Opposite the Bank
Feb. 13, 1879.

COAL.

THIS is our price for coal this month, delivered at the purchaser's house: 2240 lbs. to the ton—

White Ash Egg	$3.80
" " Stove	4.10
" " Nut	3.80

By measurement at the wharf:

White Ash Egg	$3.35
" " Stove	3.65
" " Nut	3.35

J. T. TWILLEY.
Sept. 4, 1879—tf. [N]

BLANK BOOKS,
DAY BOOKS, Ledgers, Journals, Pass Books, Memorandums and Composition Books, exceedingly low—at C. F. STAM'S.

Select Poetry.

THE KAISERBLUMEN.

Have you heard of the Kaiserblume,
O little children sweet,
That grows in the fields of Germany,
Light waving among the wheat?

'Tis only a simple flower,
But were I to try all day,
Its grace and charm and beauty
I could not begin to say.

By field and wood and roadside,
Delicate, hardy and bold,
It blossoms in wild profuston
In every color but gold.

The children love it dearly,
And with dancing feet they go
To seek it with song and laughter;
And all the people know

That the Emperor's daughter loved it
Like any peasant maid;
And, when she died, her father,
Stern Kaiser Wilhelm, said:

"This flower my darling cherished,
Honored and crowned shall be;
Henceforth 'tis the Kaiserblume,
The flower of Germany."

Then he bade his soldiers wear it,
Tied in a gay cockade,
And the quaint and humble blossom
His royal token made.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,
One summer morning fair,
As they played in the fields together,
And sang in the fragrant air:

"Oh look at the Kaiserblumen
That grow in the grass so thick!
Let's gather our arms full, Gretchen,
And take to the Emperor, quick!

"For never were any so beautiful,
So blue and so white and red!"
So all they could carry they gathered,
And thought of the princess dead.

Then under the blazing sunshine
They trudged o'er the long white road
That lead to the Kaiser's palace
With their brightly nodding load.

But long ere the streets of the city
They trod with their little feet,
As hot they grew and as tired
As their corn-flowers bright and sweet.

And Gretchen's cheeks were rosy
With a weary travel stain,
And her tangled hair o'er her blue, blue eyes,
Fell down in a golden rain.

And at last all the nodding blossoms
Their shining heads hung down—
But "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,
"We've almost reached the town.

"We'll knock at the door of the palace,
And won't he be glad to see
All the princess's flowers we've brought him!
Think, Gretchen, how pleased he'll be?"

So they plodded patiently onward,
And with hands soft and small
They knocked at the palace portal
And sweetly did cry and call.

"Please open the door, O Kaiser!
We've brought some flowers for you,
Our arms full of Kaiserblumen,
All rosy and white and blue!"

But nobody heeded or answered,
Till at last a soldier grand
Bade the weary wanderers leave the gate,
With a gruff and stern command.

But "No!" cried the children, weeping,
Though trembling and sore afraid,
And clasping their faded flowers,
"We must come in!" they said.

A lofty and splendid presence
The echoing stair came down;
To know the King there was no need
That he should wear a crown.

And the children cried: "O Kaiser,
We have brought you flowers so far
And we are so tired and hungry!
See, Emperor, here they are!

They held up their withered posies,
While into the Emperor's face
A beautiful light came stealing,
And he stooped with a stately grace;

Taking the ruined blossoms,
With gentle words and mild
He comforted with kindness
The heart of each trembling child.

And that was a wonderful glory
That little ones befell!
And when their heads are hoary
They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,
And dined with princes and kings,
In that far-off day of splendor
Filled full of marvelous things!

And home when the sun was setting,
The happy twain were sent
In a gleaming golden carriage
With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision
Of Fairy-land it seemed;
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen
Believe that they had not dreamed.

And even their children's children
Eager to hear will be
How they carried to Kaiser Wilhelm
The flowers of Germany.

James M. Steele, convicted of shooting at a man, was before Judge Gaines for sentence, at Dallas, Texas, and was asked what he had to say. The following dialogue ensued:

Steele—I am a gentleman, my ancestors were gentlemen, and I did nothing but what any other gentleman would have done under the circumstances. You have showed me no justice.

The Judge—Shut up.

Steele—You asked me if I had anything to say, sir, and I have a right to talk—and I'm going to do it.

The Judge—I didn't give you permission to talk in that manner. In all my experience as a Judge nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as sentencing you to the penitentiary for 7 years.

Steele—Yes, and I hope and pray the curse of heaven may descend upon you, and that you will be sunk into the hottest pits of hell, and I only hope that I will have the satisfaction of meeting you at a future time.

Many a youth has ruined himself by forgetting his identity and trying to be somebody else.

It is no sign that a man lives in clover because he eats a great many cloves.

Select Story.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LOVE.

Arthur Tristam had for a long time been out of health, and the only medicine he needed was recreation and complete freedom from all active pursuits. He concluded to go to Lake George and visit his cousin who lived at Caldwell. As he was sitting in the parlor of his relative reading, on the morning after his arrival, his attention was attracted by a voice of rare sweetness, which inquired of one of the servants if the lady of the house wished to buy Indian goods. Excited by curiosity to see anything made by the Indians, and at the same time charmed by the voice, Tristam went to the door. He reached it as the young Indian girl was turning to leave, but called her back. While she was unpacking her wares, he had time to look at her carefully. Tall and slender, her additional height combined with her great grace of action, gave her a commanding appearance. Her features were regular and beautifully cut, while the expression of her face was mild and sorrowful.

"Did the Indians make all these things?" Tristam asked, as he picked up a beautiful fan made of fine wood, and ornameted with blue ribbon.

"Yes, sir," she replied, as she lifted her large, lustrous, black eyes to him; we make them all."

"I believe you have nothing today that I want."

"We make other things," she said; "canes, cigar-cases—"

"Could you make me a cigar-case something like this?" producing a very finely-worked one.

"Yes, sir; easily."

"Where is your encampment, that I may know where to come and get it?"

"Just beyond the church, by the fort."

"Well, I will call on Monday.—Be sure that you don't disappoint me."

"Saying this, he went into the house, while the Indian girl, resuming her load, turned her footsteps toward home. When she reached the camp, an ungainly woman came toward her and took her pack from her, as she inquired in a shrill, piping voice, how much she had sold. Zillah—such was the name of the girl—made no reply, but simply gave her the money she had received.

"Is that all?" the squaw said, she finished counting the money, and, not giving her time to answer, she resumed:

"You're a lazy idler. Go in there," pointing to the tent. "You shall have no dinner to-day."

Zillah slowly moved away, and when she sat down on the ground floor of the rude contrivance of wood and canvas which served the purpose of a tent, she drew from her pocket the cigar-case Tristam had given her for a model, and set to work to make one like it. As she swiftly but skillfully proceeded with her task, the blinding tears filled her eyes, and her bosom heaved with some suppressed emotion. She was not regretting the loss of her dinner, since she was accustomed to that, but she was sad on account of something she could not herself define—a desire for something better, a longing after a more civilized life. For Zillah, although nothing but a poor Indian girl, had all the refined feelings of a woman, and, although she had passed all her life in this semi-barbarous state, every year had only tended to increase her disgust for it, while the glimpses she had of civilization and all the communication she held with the outside world augmented her aversion tenfold.

On the appointed day, Tristam rode over to the Indian encampment. The cigar-case was finished; but, as he was about to leave it came on to rain so hard that he was obliged to ask for shelter in one of the tents. The woman who had brought him the case showed him the tent he might rest in, and then left him. It was a rude combination of a hut and tent. As Tristam was sitting in the untidy place, listening to the shouts of the men and the wrangling of the women, he heard a footstep behind him, and, looking around, saw Zillah coming into the tent by an opening at the back. She was about to retreat when she saw Tristam, but he motioned to her to enter, and, as he relinquished his seat to her, she drew a small chest from a corner, took some work from it and then offered it to Tristam as a seat. He sat down, and she went silently to work. Tristam was busy with his own thoughts, and not a word was spoken. At last he broke the silence by saying:

"You don't like this kind of life?"

"Like it:"

And then, looking carefully around to see that no one watching, she added:

"I hate it!"

"Then," and there was a slight touch of contempt in his tone, "why do you live here?"

"Why do I live here? Because I must live! Because I must have a home! And, bad as this is, I can find no better."

"But why do you not get into some private family, where you would find comfort, rest and refinement?"

"Because we are considered a lying, thieving set, from whom no good can come, and no one would think for a moment of taking one of us, even for a servant. No one! I am a poor Indian, and a poor Indian I must remain all my life."

Tristam rose to go, and offered her some money, which she proudly refused to take. So ordering a fan, and asking her to bring it to the house the next day, he left the encampment. But all that evening there seemed to re-echo in his ears those despairing accents:

"No, no! I am a poor Indian, and a poor Indian I must remain all my life!"

The next day, Zillah promptly brought the fan; and Tristam said to her:

"Have you any schools here, Zillah?"

"Yes, sir, and then added after a moment's hesitation; but I have never gone, sir."

"And why not?"

A sarcastic expression played around her lips as she answered:

"Oh, you forget, sir, that I am an Indian."

"And will not they receive every one?"

"No, sir."

And should you like to go to school?"

As he put this question to her, the expression of her whole face changed, and she shot him a glance of intense eagerness as she answered:

"I would give all I have to go, sir! But it is impossible."

"But it is not, if you wish to come here every day from 10 to 12 o'clock for I will teach you myself."

For a moment Zillah's face lit up with joy at this unlooked-for proposal; and then she mournfully replied:

"I'm afraid I can't come, sir.—Mammy may not be willing."

Tristam said he would go in the morning to see her mother about this matter. The next day, Tristam, true to his promise, went to the encampment. When "mammy" had been pointed out to him, he immediately asked her consent to his plan. She at first positively refused; but she was at last persuaded to let Zillah come to him at the desired hours. Tristam having told Zillah to come on the morrow, he took his departure.

On the next day, Zillah came at the appointed hour. Tristam found in her an apt pupil, and she was equally pleased with both teacher and studies. A month and a half rolled by, and Tristam looked forward to the arrival of his pupil with more pleasure each succeeding day, while Zillah artlessly confessed that her study hours contained the only real happiness she experienced.

* * * * * * * *

"Arthur," said his cousin, one day, "I wish you would go to the fort for me, meet my friend, Miss Madge Edens, whom I expect from Y— this evening."

Tristam ordered the carriage and did as he was asked. He found Miss Edens without much trouble. She was a small, sprightly brunette, whose beauty lay chiefly in her hair and eyes.

"Are you fond of horse riding, Mr. Tristam?" Miss Edens asked, as they were driving home.

Tristam said he was.

"Then I shall claim you as my guide in roaming over these hills, for I think there is nothing better, if one has a good horse."

After breakfast on the following morning, Miss Edens proposed a ride to Glens Falls. They accordingly set out. Zillah came to the house at the usual time, and inquired for Tristam.

"He's out," said the servant, in a gruff tone.

Will he be back in a few minutes to give me my lesson?" she tremblingly asked, for a vague suspicion had taken possession of her mind that he was tired of teaching her.

"Do you think he would come back for the like of you? I think he's for the giving of them up entirely."

Zillah turned away, with despair at her heart. How could she go back to the old life? Her whole life had been illuminated by coming to Tristam, and now to have this source of comfort cut off, and with it all the hopes she had founded of gaining some honorable position, and so escaping from the dirt and wretchedness of her home—to have all these hopes overthrown, was more than she could bear, and she rushed out of the gate and up the road. She ran till she was tired, and then she turned from the road into a large green field, and, sitting down under a huge chestnut tree, with spreading branches, she let her head fall in her hands, when the blinding tears she had hithertofore restrained came back thick and fast.

She had been crying for about an hour, when a feeling of weariness came over her, and leaning back against the trunk of the friendly tree, she fell asleep. She did not awake until the sun was sinking into the west. She started up, wondering where she could be. And then in an instant came back the remembrance of all that had transpired, and resolutely turning to the road, she slowly trudged along toward the Indian encampment.

Yes, Zillah had resolved to go home; for, although after the first moment of awakening, her heartfelt disappointment for her baffled hopes returned, sleep had given her strength to bear it, and she had decided to live the old, dark life, to live as she had been born, a poor Indian. She had gone about half-way home, and was sitting on a stone by the wayside to rest, when she heard horses' feet, and, looking up, saw Tristam and Madge riding toward her. As they came nearer, she looked another way, and Tristam, piqued at her conduct, did not speak or notice her in any way, but merely said to Madge:

"There is my Indian *protege*. I suppose she is displeased because I went away this morning. Well, she must not exact all my attention.—That was all well enough before you came; but now it is different, you know."

As these words reached Zillah's ears she started up, and a strange expression came over her face.—That moment made a startling revelation to her, for then she first knew that she loved Arthur Tristam. It was then she first discovered that, without him, refinement and all that she had wished for would be tasteless and undesirable. She tottered on to the bridge, and leaned against its side for support. A mist came over her eyes, and a dizzy faintness took possession of her. There she stood, looking steadily at the water as it came dashing impetuously down, and was whirled in a thousand eddies below, while one desire alone filled her breast—a passionate longing to be at rest. As she thought of Tristam's words, they seemed so cold and heartless, that her bursting heart found vent in the old cry:

"I am a poor Indian and a poor Indian I must remain all my life."

Then, with a heart-rending cry, leaped into the foaming flood below. For a moment the water dashed her body wildly about, and then all was quiet. By-and-by the pale moon rose, and bathed with its silvery light the face of the dead. But there was no dissatisfied expression now. All feeling of dissatisfaction, jealousy and hate had fled, and the closed eye-lids, with their jetty fringes, and the peaceful parting of the lips, and the smooth, pale brow—all spoke repose.

In the morning some persons passing found the body, and brought it to the village. Then came the inquest, at which the general opinion was that she had fallen into the stream, no one for a moment thinking that she had committed suicide.

A SHAKER VILLAGE.

The grassy street we entered was silent. No person was visible; there was no sign of life in the plain gaunt building on either side. These buildings, of the architecture of New England barns, but painted white and pierced with windows, made no offer of hospitality. One on the right appeared to be salesrooms and a store house. Next was the great Meeting house, a tabnacle of simplicity, with a hooded door-way. Opposite were workshops, and there were other buildings of which we could not divine the use; but at the end of the campus rose the high-roofed dwelling-house, called "The Home," ornamented with the only vanity of the premises—a low steeple containing a bell. Why was the bell on the dwelling-house instead of on the meeting-house? If we could ring it, would any life be evoked?

The great buildings stared at us with closed doors and windows. For any evidence of humanity, we might as well have been in Pompeii. Had some sudden calamity swept away the community, or was it perhaps the hour of meditation? We waited, we watched, we listened. The silence was profound. It was afternoon, and all the place was flooded with sunlight. Summer had not yet come, but there was premonition of it in the soft gray sky flecked with blue—the veritable color of Cæsar's eyes—and in the wandering wind that moved the low grass gently and had in it yet a little shiver of Spring. It was a day when the south side of a friendly barn, where the hens are burrowing in the warm soil, is the most comfortable place in the world.

Had we come this long way merely to see a reed shaken in the wind? Nay, we had come to see a Shaker, and behold, no Shaker, not even the least that is, was visible. It occurred to us to return to what appeared to be the "store," and seek information. It was closed fast like the other houses, as if no customer were desired, and it was only after persistent knocking that the door was part opened and gave to our view the vision of a thin, tall angular female in scant, plain skirts, whose severe face was either an invitation to the monastic life a promise of information. We were put in the position of intruders upon something holy and unattractive. But what right had we (children stained with the world) to expect civility and an angelic face in a person set to guard the portals of celibacy and non-resistance,—a woman who for fifty years had been hardening into the attitude of setting her face against the world? Words were not wasted on us. Could we enter the house?

"Nay."

And we felt that we were not worthy to do so. Could we then have the key to the meeting house?

"Nay."

And the refusal seemed just.—Could we go into any of the houses?

"Nay."

The door was now only a crack open. Could we see anybody?

"Find the Elder!"

And the door shut, decidedly.—Even a sweet virgin may get sour by standing too long.

The advice to find the Elder was good, but elders were as scarce as youngsters. No person was in sight. We lounged down by the washhouse, alongside of which ran a sparkling brook, noiseless between its grassy banks. In the next building we heard a hammering. Here, then, was life. It seemed to be some sort of a workshop. We entered. Nothing on the first floor. Above, we at last found a door that would open. It opened into a shoemaker's shop, occupied by a single man.

"Brother," we said, can you—?"

"I ain't no brother."

"You are not a Shaker?"

"Not much, I'm a shoe maker.—Hired."

"Where, then, are the Shakers?"

"I dunno; in the fields, may be," and the godless man slammed away on his lapstone to the utter destruction of further conversavion.

We went down discomforted.—This, we thought, is a strange community, where nobody will commune. Suppose we wanted to join, how could we do it? Since one cannot be borne into it, how does he get in? The great barns behind the houses were invitingly open, but they were as the houses appeared to be. Not a "moo," nor a "baa," nor a "bleat," to be heard. I think we should have given up the quest of truth, and gone away convinced that the Shakers had all been absorbed into the ground, sunk down and not left even a broad-brim above the place of their disappearance as a monument,—if we had not at the moment espied a little school-house hidden in the trees, and two pretty little girls in the yard in front of it, studying their lessons under the shade of a soft maple—a pretty picture of education in its sweetest form. Heaven be praised, here is life at last, and the very beginning of it! We sauntered down toward this spring of knowledge and began a conversation with the little maids, who replied without fear or flutter to our questions in the simple "yee" and "nay" of their order—as modest in demeanor as they were quaint in speech. But the interview had not gone far when it was interrupted by an appearance that made shakers of us all.

The school-marm stood in the door-way. Mother Ann! looked you so in the sweetness of your springtime, when, perchance you stood in the porch of the Manchester cottage among the English roses? Perhaps not. I think not, then, so unworldly fair. The school-marm wore a white apron over her short gray skirt, and a lavander silk kerchief was crossed over her breast. The formality of this neat simplicity caught a grace from the refined purity of her face. The maid stood in the doorway with one small hand raised on the casing; she spoke to the children; she greeted us in a voice of perfectly modulated sweetness, and regarded us with her large trustful eyes.

A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS.

The following bit of a private letter to a good girl belonging to the upper classes may be generally useful.

Now mind you dress always charmingly; it is the first duty of a girl to be charming, and she cannot be charming if she is not charmingly dressed.

And it is quite the first of firsts in the duties of girls in high position, nowadays, to set an example of beautiful dress without extravagance—that is to say, without waste or unnecessary splendor.

On great occasions they may be a blaze of jewels, if they like, and can; but only when they are a part of a great show or ceremony. In their daily life and ordinary social relations, they ought at present to dress with marked simplicity, to put down the curses of luxury and waste which are consuming England.

Women usually apologize to themselves for their pride and vanity by saying: "It is good for trade."

Now you may soon convince yourself, and everybody about you, of the monstrous folly of this, by a very simple piece of definite action.

Wear, yourself, becoming, pleasantly varied, but simple dress, of the best possible material.

What you think necessary to buy (beyond this) "for the good of trade," buy and immediately burn.

Even your dullest friends will see the folly of that proceeding. You can then explain to them that by wearing what they don't want (instead of burning it) for the good of trade, thry are merely adding insolence and vulgarity to absurdity.

When a lady walks about town with three or four yards of silk tied in a bundle behind her, she doesn't see it herself, or benefit by it herself.—She carries it for the benefit of beholders. When she has put all her diamonds on in the evening, tell her to stay at home and enjoy them in a radiant solitude; and the child, with his forbidden barley sugar, will not look more blank. She carries her caparison either for the pleasure or for the mortification of society; and can no more enjoy its brilliancy by herself than a chandelier can enjoy having its gas lighted.

Always dress yourself beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion; but then very finely and beautifully too.

Also, you are to dress as many other people as you can; and to teach them how to dress, if they do not know, and to consider every ill-dressed woman or child whom you see anywhere as a personal disgrace, and to get at them somehow, until everybody is as beautifully dressed as birds.

If young ladies really do not want to be seen, they should take care not to let their eyes flash when they dislike what people say; and, more than that, it is all nonsense from beginning to end about not wanting to be seen. I don't know any more tiresome flower in the borders than especially modest snowdrop, which one always has to stoop down and take all sorts of tiresome trouble with, and nearly break its poor little head off, before you can see it; and then half of it is not worth seeing. Girls should be like daisies, nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it. Not want to be seen, indeed.—*Mr. Ruskin in Phila. Times.*

A QUEER PICNIC.—A subscriber in the country writes that he attended a picnic last week which passed off in a very novel manner. The young man in black pantaloons was there, but he didn't sit down on a custard pie; a bug lit on the back of a girl's neck, and she didn't scream loud enough to bring out the fire department in the nearest town, five miles distant; a garter snake confronted several young ladies who were eating lunch, and no one fainted; the young man in white trowsers was not asked to climb a tree and put up a swing; a cross bull did not chase a foraging party across a ten-acre lot, and an angry thunder storm didn't come up about four o'clock and dampen the enjoyment and dresses of the picknickers. We never heard of a picnic like this before. It should have been stuffed and preserved as a curiosity.—*Norristown Herald.*

James Bullock, of Walton county, Georgia, while hoeing in a cotton field recently, found concealed in a stump $10,000 in gold and silver and a pile of greenbacks. The paper money had rotted.

Early in 1880 the Bible revision committee hope to give the public a sight of the New Testament. Two editions will be issued—one small and cheap, for general use, and the other large, handsome octavo.

All Sorts of Clippings

A hen with clipped wings has a defective flew.

The barometer is a great storm scenter.

A useful thing in the long run—breath.

Which is the most ancient of trees? The elder.

Some men pay attention who never pay anything else.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

The chap who couldn't express himself sent his valise instead.

Is a man who makes a tun a dinner?

Honeymoon Glen and Codfish Hill are localities near Sioux City.

The flower of the family is generally found in a saque.

He is the only rich man in the world who has learned to be content with what he has.

If you want to be real happy, try your best to make others think they are happy.

Female friendship is to man the bulwark, sweetness and ornament of his existence.

Every man throws on to his surroundings the sunshine or the shadow that exists in his own soul.

A little boy being asked, 'What is the chief end of man?' replied:—'The end what's got the head on.'

There is one hill in this life, that no man can get by, and that is that little mound called the grave.

This is a very critical world of ours but it always fails to see the patch on a rich man's pants.

He who has a true friend has great riches; he who has a false friend is hopelessly in debt.

There is happiness enough in the world for all of us. The chief difficulty is in getting our share of it.

It is all very well to be a promising youth, but the hard part is to keep your promise in after life.

It does not follow that a man will at last learn to keep his word because he finds that nobody will take it.

Eve was the most fashionable woman the world has ever produced. She came out in a nude dress every hour in the day.

Mamie Minier, a girl of sixteen, swam across the lake at Geneva, Wis., a distance of two miles, in less than half an hour.

Cunning men always get beat in the long run, because they are just as dull on one side as they are sharp on the other.

When a lady stands at the hymemenial altar with her intended, you may know she is about to draw her beau into a knot.

People who take their meals at restaurants must shudder when they read the advertisement: "Wanted—Women for puddings."

The man who composes a fine speech in order to shame his neighbors ought first to recite it before a mirror, and so shame himself.

A bad habit is like a cat that has nine lives. And like a cat, also, you must kill it nine times before you can be sure that it is dead.

It is a curious fact, and yet one that will bear investigation, that it is much easier to be thoroughly orthodox than to be thoroughly good.

When Fontenelle was dying his doctor asked:—"Do you suffer?" "No," replied the philosopher, "I only feel some difficulty in existing."

The man who started out to unearth a tramp armed himself with a bucket of water and a sponge.

A New York lady writes: "If I could have my way every smoker should marry a smoker or live alone forever."

"Oh," she said, "I think soda water is sodalicious." He took the hint and soda dime on the harvest field of love.

The man who was hit in the eye with a lump of anthracite, explained to his friends that he had merely got coaled in it.

There is one affliction from which the country editor enjoys entire immunity: Nobody ever comes to him to borrow a dollar.

If you are a true man you will find it much easier to please the world with your actions than to please yourself.

It does not always follow that a man has weight of character because he has a great many conscientious scruples.

A man may be induced to give up every other right, but the right to find fault he will never yield except with life.

There are some men, says Bivarol, who are capable of doing any thing for money, even of committing a good deed.

Good plain English is not understood by the people of every nation, but good plain common sense is appreciated everywhere.

It is one thing to have sufficient confidence in your neighbor to lend him a dollar, and quite another thing to have the dollar to lend.

The man, says the Detroit Free Press, who invented the clingstone peach was thirty years figuring on how he could spite the general public.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, but I don't know; I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

"About the middle of December," answered the summer-hotel keeper to the man who telegraphed to know when he could play "Pinafore" at his hotel.

The New York Herald's Paris correspondent says that the times are over when it was proper to be dressed in the fashion, and that one dresses after a fashion now.

Sarah S. has sued Ebenezer Hathaway for divorce, and bases her complaint on the fact that when her husband gets his Ebenezer up by Hathaway Sarah cannot stand.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0844