# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1879. VOL. XIII.-NO. 21.



## GALENA
## Tin Stove and
## HARDWARE STORE.

THE undersigned hereby announces to the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties that he constantly keeps on hand, at his old-established stand in Galena,

A LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK OF
STOVES,
Tinware and
BUILDING HARDWARE,
TABLE CUTLERY, &c.,

which he is selling as low as the same class of goods can be purchased for in any of the cities, and those in want of any thing whatever in the above line, will find it greatly to their interest to call and inspect his stock and learn his prices.

He is manufacturing all kinds of TIN and SHEET-IRON WARE, and is prepared to do

ROOFING AND SPOUTING,
at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

LAMPS, CURTAINS and FIXTURES, OIL CLOTHS, &c., a good stock, at low prices.

**The New No. 8**
**WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine**
Is sold by the undersigned, as agent. The No. 8 is not the old style Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine improved or changed, but is *an entirely New Invention.*

NEEDLES for all kinds of Machines kept on hand.

**Stove Repairs of all kinds.**
**R. E. KNIGHTON,**
June 19, 1879—y. GALENA

## Chester River Steamboat Company.

**FALL ARRANGEMENT.**
On and after the 17th inst. the steamer
**B. S. FORD**
Will leave Chestertown for Baltimore, every *Monday, Wednesday and Friday* at 8 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Ralph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., making *all* the above stops.

On and after the 17th inst. the steamer
**GEO. LAW**
Will leave Baltimore for Crumpton, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown, Grey's Inn, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Ralph's and Chestertown.

Returning, leave Crumpton, 7 A. M., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, making all the above stops.

GEO. WARFIELD,
Sept. 18, 1879. President

## SEWING MACHINES.

THE undersigned is still Agent for the **Singer Sewing Machine;** and is also prepared to fill orders for any other kind o Sewing Machine that his customers may want.

Sewing Machine Needles and Oil for sale.

**Sewing Machines Cleaned and Repaired** at his place in Chestertown.

Call and see me, at
*J. W. Hines' Agricultural Hardware store.*
**W. MELVIN.**
March 27, 1879.

## T. W. Eliason, Jr.

INVITES ATTENTION
TO A LARGE STOCK OF
**New and Seasonable GOODS,**
selected with care and offered at Low Prices.
May 19, 1879.

**Dress Linens,**
BROCADE LAWNS,
Pongee Silks,
CASHMERE ALPACAS
of latest Spring and Summer Styles, for sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

**TRY**
OUR
Best Roasted Coffee.
We select the green coffee and have it roasted.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

**Choice Teas,**
FROM FIFTY CENTS TO $1 00 PER POUND.
A Handsome Chromo
Given with each half-pound package.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
May 22, 1879

**PURE CIDER VINEGAR,**
*And VERY OLD.*
For sale by
**WICKES & BROTHER.**
Chestertown, September 9, 1876.

**Do not use adulterated Baking Powder**
When you can get HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATION, perfectly pure, from C. F. STAM. It is manufactured by the distinguished Chemist Prof. E. N. Horsford, and regarded the best Bread Powder in use. July 31

## MONEY TO LOAN.

Apply to
C. H. BAKER, Att'y.,
July 24, 1879. Chestertown, Md.

**DO YOU KNOW**
**You can buy fine Stationery very cheap**
*AT STAM'S DRUG STORE?*
Writing Paper at 6 cents per quire, Envelopes at 5 cents per package, and beautiful Boxes o Paper from 10 cents up! July 31

LIBB'S COMPRESSED COOKED CORNED BEEF, 20c. per lb.—at BELL'S.

GUM SHOES, for Ladies, Misses and Gents. Cheap! Cheap!! Cheap!!! at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

## B. F. FLEMING,
DEALER IN
**GRAIN, LIME, COAL, WOOD.**
—AND—
**Farming Implements.**

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR
**Wheat, Corn and Oats.**

**Wanted,**
**50,000** BUSHELS OF PRIME AMBER WHEAT, EXPRESSLY FOR
Wm. Lea & Son's Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware.

## LIME.
**Schuylkill Lime a Specialty.**

It will be to your interest to ascertain my prices and easy terms, before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed, and competition defied.

## COAL.
Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal sold in car lots ONLY, which runs from five to ten (10) tons each, and by purchasing in this way you avoid dust, dirt, &c. 2240 lbs. to the ton guaranteed.

## WOOD.
Oak Wood, delivered at your door, for four dollars per cord.
**B. F. FLEMING.**
March 27, 1879—v

WHOLESALE. RETAIL.
**FRANK D. WATKINS & CO.**
Successors to JOHN L. SEARS & CO.
**MANUFACTURERS**
AND
DEALERS IN
**Building Material,**
DOORS,
WINDOW SASHES,
BLINDS,
MOULDINGS, ETC.
**First-Class Work.**
**LOWEST PRICES AT**
**51 W. PRATT STREET,**
Cor. PATTERSON STREET. BALTIMORE.

## STOVES,
**PLOW CASTINGS, Etc.**

The subscriber having purchased the Foundry Patterns, Stock, &c., of the late Armstrong & Co., combining same with their well known long established business, are prepared to furnish at WHOLESALE and RETAIL, for lower prices than ever, a superior stock of

**Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges,**
ALSO THEIR POPULAR
**Fire-Place Heaters,**
which have never as yet been equalled.

Thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit a continuance of the same.

B. C. BIBB & SON,
39 and 41 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Foundry, Port Deposit, Md.

## Lumber, Lumber.

Sash, Sash,
Doors, Doors,
Blinds, Blinds,
Mouldings, Mouldings
AT
**LOW PRICES!**
**LEARN OUR PRICES**
**Before Buying Elsewhere,**
*AND YOU MAY SAVE MONEY.*
**T. W. ELIASON, Jr.**
June 5, 1879.

## LIME! LIME!

THE undersigned is now selling the best burned
**Shell Lime,**
and landing it anywhere on the Chester and Sassafras Rivers, or their tributaries, at low rates for cash or good note on short time.
WM. PERKINS.
Chestertown, Sept. 4.

**CHEAP STATIONERY,**
BLANK BOOKS, Cap and Note Papers, Fancy Paper and Envelopes—at
**Sparks'.**

## Repairing and Cleaning Furniture.

THE undersigned is prepared to repair, clean, varnish and put in excellent condition, all kinds of Furniture. Work done promptly, thoroughly, and at very low prices.
JOHN N. DODD,
Undertaker.
Chestertown, Jan. 16, 1879—tf.

## NEW COAL and WOOD YARD
**H. M. THOMAS**

HAS opened a *COAL and WOOD YARD* on Cannon St., adjoining Lambert's Carriage Factory, and has now on hand a fine stock of COAL of the different varieties, and OAK and PINE WOOD, which he will sell at low prices.

NEW SCALES, guaranteed correct!

HAY, BLADES, &c., weighed carefully—terms moderate. H. M. THOMAS.
Nov. 19, 1878—tf.

**If I Wanted a Nice LAMP, or anything fine in the Glassware why, I would go to SPARKS'.**

**Do Not Strain Your Eyes any Longer,**
When for 25 cents you can buy a pair o Glasses—at SPARKS'.

**"Where Can I find the Best Cigars and Tobacco in Town?"**
**"Why at SPARKS', to be sure, opposite the Court House."**

CHOW-CHOW, Pickles, Extracts, &c., &c., a little lower than you can buy elsewhere —at SPARKS'.


## Original Story.

*Written for the Transcript.*

### SOWING AND REAPING.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"My son! my son! would to God I could die for thee."

What pen could protray the hopeless agony of that father as he entered the cell of his only son, and realized that all efforts were vain to save him from an ignominous death. That a few hours more, and he must pay the penalty for an act, committed while under the influence of "that curse to our race," intoxicating drink, that which in his sober senses he would have shudered to think of.

For some moments the condemned man stood with folded arms, leaning against the walls of his cell, the picture of despair and remorse, for well he knew by his father's words, and his uncontrolable grief, that all hope of executive clemency was over. In truth he had just returned from an unsuccessful visit to the Governor in person, where he had pleaded with all the eloquence of a broken hearted father for an only son, that his sentence might be commuted to imprisonment for life, or that failing even that, a short respite might be granted. But the Governor, in the discharge of what seemed to him a plain though unpleasant duty, had been inexorable, and he had returned, bearing a weight of woe that crushed him to the earth, and beyond which he could see no ray of light.

After awhile the son came and sat beside his father. Outwardly he had become calm, and taking his hand tenderly as though he were a child, said:

"Never mind, father, you have done all you could to save me, and I thank you, and I think if I could live I would show you and the world, that I would be a better man. But now, I have a duty to perform. It is my wish that my wife and baby boy shall not come to me again, and especially that my mother shall not. I could not bear it. To you I entrust the sacred care of my wife and child. Promise me that they shall be your care while you live, and promise me, nay, swear to me, my father, that you will never permit my boy under any circumstances to enter a bar-room. Tell him there is danger in even crossing the threshhold; teach him to abhor intoxicating drink in every form. Tell him, if you must, it brought his father to the gallows."

He would have spoken further, but he realized that his father's hand relaxed its hold, and ere he could prevent it he lay prone on the floor, having lost all consciousness.

To understand why these words had produced such an effect upon the father, let us go back to the time when this stricken man was called jolly Will Crawford, whose coming was always hailed with delight by his companions, as there was always sure to be fun when Will was on hand. Whole souled, and generous to a fault, he was a general favorite in the neighborhood, notwithstanding the fact that if any practical jokes were perpetrated, he generally came in for a full share of the blame. Being one of a large family of children, it was generally conceded that the mischief that should have been distributed among the several brothers and sisters, was developed in him.

His father was a well-to-do farmer, that was held in the highest esteem in his neighborhood, and who had always endeavored to raise his children, both by precept and example in the fear and admonition of the Lord. But Will, as we have said, was wild from a boy, and as he grew to young manhood, many were the prayers offered up by farmer Crawford and his wife for their wayward boy, for on more than one occasion, their hearts had been pained, first at hearing, and later at seeing for themselves that he did not always come home perfectly sober.

At such times he would be heartily sorry for his conduct, for he loved his father to veneration. But his one great fault was lack of firmness, and although he would resolve to give them no more trouble, yet when he got out with his friends again he would forget until it was too late. "Sowing his wild oats," he called it. Never stopping to consider that he who sows to the wind, shall surely reap the whirlwind.

Among the summer visitors at farmer Crawford's was a lady from the city, who much preferred spending her vacation at a quiet farm house, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and the pleasant home circle, to the exhausting rounds of a fashionable watering place. To this lady Will became ardently attached, and after her return home, he lost no time in following and making her an offer of his hand and heart.

As some whisperings of Will's short comings had reached the lady's ear, she could only make a conditional promise to become his wife, not because she did not love him, but she knew full well she could never be the happy wife of a dissipated man. But as Will kept his promise and she had confidence in his love to believe he would always keep it, in the course of a few months they were married. He on the eve of their marriage, assured her that she should never regret the step she was taking on account of his dissipation.

To do him justice, he really thought he had strength to resist all temptation, the more as he intended to engage in business in the city, and so would be separated from his old associates. Had he fortified himself with that strength from on high, which is always given for the asking, no doubt, all would have been well. But, alas, he trusted in himself alone, as new friendships were formed, and that baneful invitation was repeatedly presented, "Come let us take a drink," he had not the courage to say no. To him it seemed as though it was weak and effeminate to refuse to drink with a friend, never realizing that by so doing he would have shown his real strength. So it happened without his really intending it, that he occasionally came home in a condition that filled his wife with grief and alarm. Grief for lost confidence in the husband she loved so much, and alarm lest the evil should prove his ruin.

As time wore on several children were born to them, but were taken away one after another until only one remained, a bright, promising boy that his father loved almost to idolatry, and whom whenever an opportunity presented he was sure to have as his companion.—Strange to tell, though he looked to the future of his boy with great hope, and determined to give him all the advantages of liberality within his power, yet he did not hesitate to take him by the hand and enter a bar-room, and drink in his presence even on the Sabbath day.

This to Will's wife was the one drop that overran her cup of bitterness. It was enough to know that her husband would not be restrained by all her prayers and entreaties, but to know that her darling boy was exposed to the temptation, and familiarized with scenes so much in opposition to her principles, that, much as she loved him, she sometimes almost wished that little Oscar had been laid away with the rest of her treasures. How could she impress on his young mind the wrong of indulging in intoxicating drinks when his father set him the example. How could she teach him to respect in his father, that which was to be condemned in another. In vain the wife and mother pleaded, and although Will was considered an extra good husband, (and so he was in some respects always making his home as comfortable as possible, and seldom absenting himself therefrom, except as business required,) yet she could not look forward to the father of her son, without serious apprehensions.

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"Pshaw, Ralph, what is the use of expending so much eloquence on me. Surely you do not apprehend, that because I indulged somewhat freely last night, that it certainly follows I shall fill a drunkard's grave or commit some hineous offence against the law, for which I shall be executed."

"No, Oscar, I surely do not contemplate anything so dreadful as either of the things you have mentioned, and yet when we remember all the wrecks that have been made, all the bright intellects that have been clouded by the insidious foe that steals so unconsciously upon its victims, what measures can we employ too powerful to resist it."

Ralph Wadsworth and Oscar Crawford were bosom friends. From being college chums and roommates, an abiding friendship had always been maintained between them.—Now, when they have started out to face the stern realities of life for themselves, we find them one morning in Oscar's luxurious home, engaged in one of those stuggles that had always characterized their intercourse. How they had ever become so much attached to each oth ed was a mystery to many, and to a few only explained by the perverseness of human nature, that while it sticks to its own opinions tenaciously, very frequently seeks its opposite.

Oscar Crawford, as we have seen, was the only and idolized son of his parents, on whom had been lavished a wealth of affection, but whose every wish it had been their pleasure to gratify, more especially his father, who being easy of disposition at all times, found himself totally incapable of denying Oscar anything he chose to ask of him. And so it was, whenever he overspent his allowance while at school, which happened not infrequently, he had only to apply to his father, with a little postscript added, not to let mother know, and the return mail was sure to bring the needed supply. Generous to a fault, affable in manner, and always overflowing with fun, he was a general favorite with almost all with whom he came in contact, Being of a very nervous temperment, he was exceedingly quick to take offence, but quite as ready to forgive, or to seek a reconciliation if convinced that he was wrong. Had his lot been cast in life under less favorable circumstances, no doubt the rough edges of his character would have been worn off, for he was really good at heart, but as fortune had ever smiled on him, he was self-willed, and very impatient of control.

Ralph Wadsworth was the son of a poor clergyman, who like many others had given the best years of his life, and the strength of his manhood in labor for the good of his fellow man, and when his failing health warned him that he should soon be called from labor to reward, he realized that he should have very little to leave to his wife and children, but a name unsullied, and an abiding faith in the promises of God, that he would be a father unto the fatherless and a husband unto to the widow.

Ralph was older than his sister Rose some three years, and his widowed mother looked forward with hope to the time when she could look to him for the comfort and support she had been deprived of in the loss of her dear husband.

To this end she resolved to spare no sacrifice to give Ralph a liberal education. So husbanding her means, she had opened a school, determined to win for herself and Rose a living that he might have every advantage she could possibly give him, to fit him for the calling he had chosen.

Ralph realized all the sacrifices his mother and sister were making for his benefit, and it made him sometimes impatient of time, for though he was a student in the strictest sense of the term, he felt at times as though he could scarcely wait until he should be able to repay their loving kindness. And when he look hopefully to the future, his eye would kindle, and his step become more bouyant, as he thought how he would surround them with every comfort, that no rough winds of adversity should ever reach them, his beautiful sister and his adored mother.

Ralph had been away at college a year, where he had won the love and respect of both teachers and students, for although he was so reserved in his manner as to be sometimes considered haughty, yet he was always ready to join any of their pleasures consistent with the rules of the institution.

At the commencement of his second term, Oscar Carwford was entered as a student, and as they were to be room-mates, and he distinctly remembered some of his trials on leaving home, he endeavored, in the goodness of his heart to smooth away the rough places for Oscar, so that in a short time they had formed that friendship which had lasted through all their years of study.—And now when they had arrived at manhood, and each had chosen his profession, Oscar the practice of law, and Ralph that of medicine, we find the latter endeavoring to persuade his friend that the only safe-guard for him against a foe which he feared was stealing on him unawares, was for him to pledge himself to touch nothing intoxicating.

This Oscar refused to do, feeling sure there was not the least danger of his becoming a debauchee, "for instance," said he, "my father, he has always been a moderate drinker, and where can you find a better husband, a more indulgent father, or a more law abiding citizen?"

Ralph was grieved that he could not make his friend see the danger that one of his temperament was exposed to, the more so from the fact, that in a few weeks his sister Rose was to become the wife of Oscar Crawford. And though her future seemed all that could be desired as the wife of a rising young lawyer, still he could not shut his eyes to the fact, that Oscar's very prosperity might eventually prove his ruin.

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Three years have gone by, and the sanguine expectations of Ralph Wadsworth have been more than realized. His mother, from being surrounded with comforts, has gradually passed into the enjoyment of every luxury that a devoted son could obtain for her. And save for the anxiety on account of his sister's happiness, he would have felt that all his hopes had been realized.—But, alas, he could not but see that as the wife of Oscar Crawford she was unhappy. True, her surroundings were all that could be desired. Her husband was fast gaining an eminence in the practice of law, that made him envied of many who had been longer in the profession. Yet with what agony did she realize that as he returned night after night in a state of intoxication, she was fast losing the perfect confidence that must of necessity be the foundation of perfect love.

How often when he had left her in the morning, he had promised it should be so no more, and she had looked for his return hopefully, only to find her trust trampled on, and her hopes for his reform fast fading away.

In vain she tried to hide her unhappiness from her mother and brother, but she could not deceive them, for well they knew, that though in their presence she endeavored to be the happy Rose of years ago, her eyes were ever heavy with unshed tears.

Under these circumstances Ralph resolved to make one more effort to snatch "the brand from the burning," and for the purpose he sought an interview with Oscar in the morning, while his brain was unclouded by drink, and he could appeal to his manliness, to his love for his wife and child, to his duty to society as an example, and lastly, to his God, that he would not willfully wreck so fair a specimen of his handiwork. Oscar Crawford, to do him justice, was humiliated at the picture his brother-in-law held up to him, but in the pride of his heart he would not brook his interference, and they parted in anger for the first time.

Drink was already clouding the clearness of his vision, and he imagined his friends were endeavoring to coerce him into compliance with their wishes, so after the duties of his office were imperfectly attended to, he drank deeper than ever, and in this condition he called at the office of Ralph Wodsworth, his friend and would-be counciler, who refused to see him, saying he had no desire to see or converse with a drunken man. "Tell him," said Oscar to the messenger, "that I am sorry for what I said this morning. That I must be reconciled to him."

Thus appealed to, Ralph entered the office, when Oscar deliberately drew a pistol and fired, the charge entering his heart, killing him instantly.

All was commotion in a moment, and the murderer fled, only to be pursued, captured, and placed in confinement, from which he was never to emerge, save to the gallows, where the law he had so outraged was to be vindicated. The body of Ralph Wadsworth was taken up and placed on a couch, and his mother informed of her bereavement as gently as possible.

"Where is my son?" said she, "take me to him." And as she gazed on the loved face that would brighten at her coming no more, she knelt beside him, and laying her head on his breast her spirit fled.—When they endeavored to remove her, it was found she, too, was dead.

Could the pen of the most gifted writer portray the anguish of Oscar Crawford's wife. By one stroke deprived of mother, brother and husband, herself and child disgraced. Or who can realize the feelings of his father, when he remembered that his hand was the first that placed to little Oscar's lips the intoxicating draugh that had wrought all this woe. How his memory flew back to the time when his wife had implored him to impress on his young mind an abhorence of strong drink, both by precept and example, but he would not. Truly he had sown to the wind and was reaping the whirlwind.

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A beautiful home in the far west, at the close of a summer day, sat two ladies on the porch, one well advanced in years, her serene countenance indicates that the peace that passeth understanding is hers, though grief has left lines too deep ever to be effaced in this life. In her companion we see the still beautiful, but broken hearted Rose Crawford, uncemplaining and patient, but the far off expression of the eyes indicate that she is only waiting to be reunited to the loved one. In the distance, under the spreading branches of a noble oak, reclines a man, his hair prematurely bleached to the whiteness of snow. A golden haired boy of seven or eight summers runs down the path, and holding out a little book, says, "Grand pa, read to me my Sunday School library. It's about a little boy who had a drunken father."

Some two or three chapters are read, and then the book is laid aside, and tears of anguish roll down the cheeks of the stricken man.

"What makes you cry, grand pa, are you so sorry for the little boy?"

"God bless you my boy, and keep you from the evils of intemperance," said grand pa, placing his hand on the head of the idolized child. "Some day perhaps I will tell you why these bitter tears are wrung from me."

### A HERITAGE OF RUIN.

A generation ago there lived in a Western city a wealthy English gentleman, who was what is called a "high liver." He drank his toddy in the morning, washed down his lunch with champagne, and finished a bottle of port for dinner, just as he had done in England, though he complained that heavy wines disagreed with him here, owing to the climate.

He died of gout at fifty, leaving four sons. One of these was an epileptic; two died from drinking. "Good fellows," generous, witty, honorable young men, but before middle age miserable sots.

The oldest of the brothers was a man of fixed business habits, occupying a leading place in the community from his keen intelligence, integrity and irreproachable morals. He watched over his brothers, laid them in their graves, and never ceased to denounce the vice that had ruined them.

When he was long past middle age, financial trouble brought him into a low nervous condition for which wine was prescribed. He drank but one bottle. Shortly afterward his affairs were righted and his health and spirits returned. But after this time it was observed that once or twice a year he mysteriously disappeared for a month or six weeks.

Neither his partner, wife nor children knew where he went. He continued to occupy the foremost positions of trust in his native town; but, at last, when he was an old gray-headed man, his wife was telegraphed from an obscure neighboring village, where she found him dying of mania-a-potu. He had been in the habit of hiding there when the desire for liquor became maddening, and when there he drank like a brute.

It is a recognized physiological fact that in many families dypsomania is hereditary, as consumption is in others. The children of "moderate drinkers" almost invariably receive from them this heritage of ruin. They should avoid stimulants as the consumptive does the cold, or the scorbutic patient the heating food, which are certain death to them.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A DETROIT FAILURE.

Out on Michigan avenue a man near seventy years of age started a small confectionary store some months since, and the other day sent word to his three creditors up town that he had failed and desired to compromise. The trio went down to the store, which they found in full blast, and the four sat down for a talk.

"You see, shentlemen, I do no peesness, und my family eats up all der profits," explained the tradesman, by way of excuse.

"You owe me $12," replied one of the creditors, "and each of these others fifteen dollars apiece. That makes $42."

"Shust forty-two," sighed the old man.

"Now then, how much money have you on hand?"

"Shust sixty tollar und no more."

"Very well, as you have had bad luck we will settle with you for one hundred and twenty cents on the dollar, and you can go on as before."

"Yaw, I will do dot, shentlemens, und I am much oblige for such kind treatment."

He got out his money, the twenty per cent. was added to the claims and paid, and before the creditors retired he insisted on treating them to ice cream. They had been gone an hour before the old man rushed out and halted a policeman and said:

"If I fails in peesness and bays 120 cents on der dollar, vot does it mean?"

"It means that you don't understand how to fail," was the reply.

"Is dot bossible?" whispered the old man.

"I should say so."

"Vhell, I go pack to der shoe peesness again. Vhen I fail in dot peesness I makes everything. Vhen I fails in dis peesness I pays more as I owes."

"WHY do we say in the Lord's Prayer 'Who art in heaven,' asked a clergyman of some children. For a while no one answered; at last seeing a little drummer-boy who looked as if he could answer, the clergyman said: "Well, little soldier, what say you?" Because its headquarters," replied the drummer.

## All Sorts of Clippings

Pressed for time—Mummies.

A drink for the sick—Well water.

An imperious Cæsar—The sheriff.

An undesirable uncle—carb-uncle.

A bouncing baby—A rubber doll.

A pretty girl has a right to bear arms.

Printers, like lawyers, sometimes lose their cases.

A remedy for scratching at the polls—A fine-tooth comb.

Sound logic—Arguing through the telephone.

How many passengers will a train of circumstances carry?

Piece-makers—Steam, glycerine, and gun-powder.

What is hit is history—What is missed is mystery.

Bores that most people have to put up with—Neigh-bores.

The greatest peer that England ever produced—Shakspeare.

Jenks says that a pawnbroker's office must be a loan-some place.

A good medicine after too much duck is a quack will we are told.

Human existence hangs upon trifles. What is beauty without soap?

What is the riddle of riddles?—Life, for we all have to "give it up."

A small lawyer's fee is something fee-nominal.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

When coal is high dealers sell a little ton and coke to lawyers.

The English wish all Afghans were worsted ones.

A rolling stone generally gathers remorse.

A ship ruled by women—Courtship.

A doughmestic difficulty—Heavy bread.

The lay test—An egg-producing match between hens.

The man full of character never gets too full of beer.

A great many notable people are not able people.

Time is money; note the price paid for Rarus.

A chap wishes to know if poets have to pay for a poetical license.

Why are handcuffs like guide-books? Because they are made for two wrists.

Assault with intent to become insane is the way they put deadly attacks now.

What is an island? A body surrounded by water. Give an example? A boy in swimming.

A little boy was asked if he had a good memory. "No," said he; "but I have a good forgetincy.

"What's on you?" is the Ohio way of asking a person what's the matter.

You always find a dollar bill increases after it has been folded a few times.

England elevates a man to the peerage when he gets too old to be useful for anything else.

Burglars may be said to be a thrifty set of men, because they open store long before daylight.

There are more loafers among bread and cake bakers than in any of the other trades.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them and shows their true character.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

When you have occasion to utter a rebuke let your words be soft and your arguments hard.

A Wyoming man won $10 in a wager by eating twenty pigs' feet. This was a pig's feat, indeed,

It is with our good intentions as with our days; to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

When a word to the wise is sufficient there is no use in making a stump speech two hours long.

Experience declares that you are justified in suspicioning the suspicious man.

A woman's head is turned by the outside of a bonnet—a man's by what is inside of it.

It's very singular, but the smaller a young man's moustache the more trouble it gives him.

Man wants but little here below, and he can get that quickest by advertising.

"I'm engaged for this set," said the hen to the rooster as she went clucking away.

Some of our subscribers are trying to kill us with kindness—unremitting kindness.

No newspaper editor who seeks to keep posted on current events can afford to shave himself.

It is surprising how many people there are in this world that do not like to work between meals.

Judging from the last remarks of criminals, the gallows turns off more Christians than the churches.

Anybody is apt to be mistaken, but a boy never but once attempts to pat a short-horned bull on the head.

The next best thing to never having commenced a lawsuit is to terminate it as speedily as possible.

Less suspension of business houses and more suspension of murderers is what this country is crying for.

The economy of nature has never thought of taking back old peach stones and covering them with fruit again.

Strive to impress upon your children that the only disgrace attaching to honest labor is the disgrace of doing it badly.

She blushed the color of circus lemonade, and then 'fessed up about making her beaus stick with gum tragacanth.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the poet. Yes, and our neighbors lie about us when we grow up.

The editor's position is one of trust. He has to trust nearly every body.

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