The Chestertown Transcript.

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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

Go To

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

and get one of their Clymax

IRON FRAME CULTIVATORS,

to put your corn ground in order for wheat.

THEY GUARANTEE THEM

not to choke in filth or corn roots.

They also have a large lot of

Good CULTIVAVATOR TEETH

for preparing ground for wheat.

All our prices have been reduced.

REFERENCES:

Wm. H. Stewart, Joseph Trew,
Capt. Edward Woodall, Jas. A. Toulson,
T. A. Jacobs, Wm. Carter.

Sept. 18, 1879.

NEW DRUG

AND

Chemical Store

AT

Bordley's Corner.

M. A. TOULSON

HAS just fitted up the store-room formerly occupied by Mr. John Bordley, and has opened a

First-Class Drug & Apothecary Store.

Being a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and having had an experience of nine years in the business, he confidently assures those who patronise him that all prescriptions will be most carefully manipulated and correctly compounded. He has taken great care in the selection of his drugs and medicines to get none but the purest and best.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

A full line of the most popular Patent Medicines

The Attention of the Ladies

is called to a complete line of

TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES,

embracing

LILY WHITE, HUNT'S POWDER, LUIN'S POWDER, &c., &c.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no pains will spared to give satisfaction in every respect.

M. A. TOULSON.

Chestertown, July 3, 1879—y.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,

offers his

Professional Services

TO THE PUBLIC.

Sept. 18, 1879—6m.

"LOOK OUT!"

DON'T FAIL to call and look at our Goods and prices. We have what you want, at prices low as the Lowest.

CALL AND SEE THE

Five Cent Goods!

The largest assortment of useful and ornamental articles, only five cents each, ever offered here. Remember the place:

J. B. SAPPINGTON,

June 5, 1879. Chestertown.

Our Goods are First-Class, and

PRICES THE LOWEST

In Kent County.

J. B. SAPPINGTON.

CANNING WAX, Bottle Cement, and Rubbers for Jars, are sold very cheap—at

July 31, 1879. STAM'S CORNER.

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.

Fertilizers.

FALL 1879

T. W. Eiason, Jr.

Holloway's Excelsior;
" Ammo. Super Phosphate;
J. Horner Jr. & Co's. Concentrated Super Phosphate;
Horner's Ammoniated Super Phos.
J. Ober & Sons Acid Phosphate;
Wm. Whitelock & Co's. Vegetator;
J. Horner, Jr. & Co's. Dissolved Bones, The highest grade on the Market;
T. W. Eliason, Jr's. No. 1 Ammo Super Phosphate;
T. W. Eliason, Jr's. No. 3 Ammo. Super Phosphate;
Peruvian Guano;
Sulphate of Ammonia;
Nitrate of Soda;
Sulphate of Potash;
Plaster, at low rates.

☞ Special advertisements in subsequent issue of paper.

In calling the attention of our customers and farmers generally to the above Fertilizers, I take pleasure in being able to say that all of the above Fertilizers, save my own No. 3, are goods of first-class reputation, and fully equal if not superior to other goods on the market, of their respective kinds.

My own No. 3 Ammo. Super Phosphate is not an experiment, but was put last fall into the hands of a few first-class observing farmers, and gave the most flattering results.

Call and see me before buying your Fertilizers. I may save you money.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

August 7, 1879.

New Milinary

AND

FANCY GOODS.

MRS. KATE GILL has just opened, at her new store, on High street opposite the Voshell House, a large and elegant assortment of MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS, suited to the present season, all of the latest and most fashionable styles, and embracing every article to be found in a first-class establishment.

SPECIALTIES.

She makes the following articles specialties:

Worsted Fringes;

DRESSBUTTONS, all styles,

ZEPHYRS, all shades;

Embroidery Silks, of all shades:

FLOSS WORKING THREADS & COTTONS, in every shade;

FINE KID GLOVES,

In all the Fashionable shades and colors; also,

BLACK KIDS

of fine quality and durable color;

And COTTON GLOVES, in great variety.

HANDSOME NECK RUFFLINGS AND TIES.

☞ I am determined to sell at lowest prices and respectfully invite an examination of my goods.

MRS. KATE GILL,

Nov. 19, 1878. Opp. Voshell Houes

NEW YEAR

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Large Stock of

BLANK BOOKS,

of all descriptions;

LEDGERS, JOURNALS,
DAY-BOOKS,
TIME-BOOKS,
POCKET MEMORANDUMS,
DIARIES FOR 1879, and

PASS BOOKS, all very cheap.

This stock has been selected with great care and with a view of supplying the wants of all.

COLIN F. STAM,

Dec. 31, 1878. Druggist

J. W. HINES

Desires to call attention to his stock of PLOWS, Plow Traces, Plow Lines, Chain Traces, Shovels, Forks, Hoes, Spades, &c.

Here is the place to buy Plow Castings.

I KEEP A LARGE SROCK.

on't forget to buy a

RANDALL HARROW.

Ask E. M. Wilkins, J. W. Fowler, W. W. Stephens, Capt. Bacon, James Shuster, Samuel Todd, and others, about them.

Come and see me.

J. W. HINES.

March 27, 1879.

SomethngNew.

have determined to establish, at my store, a

NEWS DEPOT,

where may be found all the leading periodicals of the day, viz: *Harper's Monthly, Scribner's Monthly, St. Nicholas, Atlantic Monthly, New York Nation, North American Review, Waverly Magazine, Baltimore Saturday Night, New York Weekly, New York Ledger, &c., &c.*

COLIN F. STAM,

Dec. 31, 1878. Druggist.

Select Story.

LORD AUBYN'S CHOICE.

BY ST. ELVAH LEE.

Late Saturday evening, a traveling carriage drove up to the hotel in Boonford, and quite a young gentleman alighted from the vehicle and was shown to a room.

He was tall, with a promise of a fine figure when fully matured. He was near his majority, and the only son of a Scotch Lord, though he traveled incognito.

His manners were quiet, though engaging, and in his general demeanor a perfect gentleman.

After completing his education, his father wished him to travel in America. He was charmed with the beautiful grandeur of the scenery. He had stood on Mt. Washington and viewed the surrounding country for miles. What must the world look like, if mortal eye could take the panorama in at one view, if this small scenic view appeared so grand? He had stood by Niagara's noisy grandeur with almost bated breath, listening to the mighty roaring. No one could view this magnificent sight without acknowledging there must be a Superior Being.

The next morning being the Sabbath, he inquired of the proprietor of the hotel if there was a church in the village; being answered in the affirmative, he repaired there.

The feeling inculcated by his mother—reverence for the Sabbath—led him to enter the unpretending little church, with its unstained windows; but if the

Groves were God's first temples, so He could reign, and approach as nigh these worshippers here in this plain edifice as the grand pile of architecture in Glasgow at which he worshipped.

He found a seat, but was drawn by a voice in the choir, which attracted and made more impression on him than the discourse of the minister afterwards. The final hymn, he ventured to cast a glance in the direction of the charming voice; he did so, and found the beauty of her face to equal the matchless depth and finish of her voice.

"So youthful looking, and such a cultivated voice; what a charming face"—so soliloquized the young Lord.

The only daughter of Horace Cottingham, a professor in —— College, and having several sons elder than Ellen, all of whom wishing her to be an ornament to society, as well as an accomplished lady, bestowed their talents in giving the daughter and sister opportunities to complete a finished education, which at the age of seventeen she had accomplished, and is where we now find her.

Music, vocal and instrumental being favorite studies, she had devoted much time and attention to them and played and sang with the *heart* as well as the voice.

A beautiful face is hard to describe without being seen, as expression destroys or adds so much to real beauty.

She was that happy medium, neither blonde nor brunette; as beautiful in the bright flashing colors as in the soft neutral shades; the hair was a rich brown, with shades of lighter color playing over it; her forehead low and broad; the eyes dark grey, with long, dark lashes; a beautiful nose, chin, and mouth.

The impression made on Lord Aubyn was a permanent one.

At dinner he inquired who she was.

"Miss Cottingham, Prof. C's. only daughter, as nice a lady as is in the country; her father is poor, but he has educated her to fill any position in the land, no doubt she may marry well, but I expect she will have to teach," said the loquacious landlord.

"Not if I can induce her to be Lady Aubyn," this mentally; audibly, "Why will she teach?"

"Well, she has a certain kind of pride, as well as a dutiful regard towards her parents, for giving her advantages above her station."

Monday, Lord A. found an opportunity of being introduced to Prof. C., who wishing him to enjoy himself while in the village, invited him to call, which he did that evening, and went back to his room in a different state of feeling from any previous experience. He stayed in the village several days and still lingered, sketching; often attending Helen in her walks. This was a delightful season to him, the dawning of a pure first love. He had deliberated with himself to leave without making his feelings known to her, until concluding his tour in the South and West, or to make himself known in his true character, for he was only *Mr.* Ronald Aubyn.

He had written to his parents some days ago in reference to the subject, telling Helen's surroundings. "But, my dear parents, she is beautiful and accomplished enough to wear a coronet or grace your drawing-room with any of the Scotch ladies; then her name is Helen, a reminder of sister, who used to be my playmate and loving sister."

His final decision was to get her father's permission, and then address her.

So the next evening he called on the Prof. in his study to ask permission of him to make his feelings known to Helen before extending his travels. Prof. Cottingham was astounded.

"Why, Mr. Aubyn you are scarcely acquainted with my daughter, not well enough, I am sure, to propose such a serious subject as matrimony to her."

"Well, Prof., I was charmed by her voice before I saw her lovely face. When I saw her radiant beauty, I was lost in admiration; and since knowing her, I love her with a pure, disinterested love, such as does not often enter the breast of man," replied Lord Aubyn warmly, with his handsome face in a glow.

"Then she is so young; our only daughter; the brightness of our home. If we knew you, it would be hard to part from her," said Prof. Cottingham.

"Only allow me the privileges of making my love known to her, and I am willing to wait six months before we are married."

"Well, Ronald, I never intend to thwart Helen. I have confidence in her judgement. You have my permission, though a comparative stranger to me; yet I must say I was won by your manners, and if you receive Helen's consent, why we will have to submit, I suppose," he replied laughing.

"Sir, you shall never have cause to repent of this decision, if Miss Helen will consent to be my wife," walking out and seeking Helen.—She was sitting at the window in their plainly furnished library, its chief wealth being several volumes from the best writers and standard authors, and a few handsome pictures. Helen was putting a few finishing touches to a sketch.

She looked up blushingly at the tall figure, and the step she was getting accustomed to. He came and sat in the window seat; the sun was throwing out bright rays over the hill tops; the insects were noisy in the grass; the birds were sending up their evening song; all was bright and joyous.

"For when the heart was full of love, the world is full of beauty."—Helen had fine conversational powers, but she could not induce her companion to converse at first.

"Do you remember this scene?" showing him the sketch.

"Shall I ever forget it, Miss Helen? There is a destiny shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will. I I only stopped at this village over the Sabbath, (having reverence for the fourth commandment,) now near a month ago, and can you guess what has held me here? Nay, dear Helen, allow me to say that the first impression I received of your face will never be effaced.

He plead with her to consent to be his wife (after being assured of her love) in a short time, and we will travel over your country together. She consented to be married in October. A week from this time he received a letter from his parents, telling him he had their blessing in a choice of a wife, and they would welcome her as a daughter.

Ater perusing the welcome epistle, he dressed himself in a full evening suit, with diamond jewelry, and walked up to Prof. C's. He went to Prof. C's. study, where he also found Helen; after some desultory conversation, he placed the letter in Prof. C's. hand. He noticed the foreign post-mark. After taking the letter out, he saw the Aubyn crest and coat of arms on the sheet. He was puzzled to know why Roland should give *him* such a letter.

"Read it, sir; it is from my parents, Lord and Lady Aubyn, and behold in your daughter the future Lady Aubyn."

Helen was astonished at the intelligence, and rose, leaving the room. Lord Aubyn followed her, and together they walked to a favorite trysting place. He placed on Helen's finger the ring with the Aubyn motto inside.

"Oh, Ronald, how could you deceive us so?" Helen asked timidly.

"Helen, I wished to win your affections as a plain citizen. My parents will love you. I am their only child, and very dear to them, so you need fear nothing, but will meet with a warm reception from them; and, my darling, you are just as fit to shine among court beauties as the most titled lady at our United Kingdom."

After Lord Aubyn had concluded his travel in the United States, he and Helen were married; a quiet wedding, and then a return to Europe.

One day, a few years afterwards, as Dr. Strathmore was straveling in Europe, who had been born at Boonford, was at a dinner party at Lord Rothsays. Lord Ronald Aubyn and lady were among the invited guests. Lady Aubyn was attired in an elegant dinner dress of a becoming shade of silk, with magnificent jewelry. Her husband seemed proud of, as well as devoted to her.

After an introduction, Dr. Strathmore found she was the same lady he had heard the romantic story of in his own native country. And he was charmed with the courtley manners, as well as the conversational gifts of the lady.

And "was proud to know that an American lady of humble birth was such an illustrious ornament to the Scotch peerage.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, JR., of Illinois, and Robert M. Douglas, of North Carolina, the sons of Stephen A. Douglas, have recently come into possession of about $200,000 by the decision in their favor of a suit in the Court of Claims for the recovery of the proceeds from a quantity of cotton belonging to their father and confiscated in Washington county, Miss., by the Federal troops during the war. Mr. Douglas was a slaveholder through his first wife, and furnished the labor on a plantation owned by James McHutton in Washington county.

Margaret Robertson, or Duncan, the oldest woman in Scotland, died at Coupar Argus a few days ago.—She was born in 1773, and her husband, a weaver, died fifty years ago, and left her with a daughter, who is still alive, and over 60. Mrs. Duncan was a heavy smoker, and until recently, when she became blind, was in possession of all her facnlties. Her last illness was only of a week's duration.

"Pardon me," said Bob, when he stepped on the girl's foot in the dance. "Don't apologize," said she "beaux on the shoes are fashionable and we can stand anything for style."

In the depth of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eyes and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable.

UNWOMANLY WOMEN.

The people in whose home the laughter of children is never heard are wont to congratulate themselves in these hard times that they are not as their neighbors, who are so unfortunate as to have a dozen little mouths to feed. They look with complacency, mingled with pity, upon the "tired mothers" who never have a moment for rest or recreation, and thank God that their slumbers by night are not disturbed by the wailing of babies, and their meditations by day by the romping of boys. They wonder why it is that all human beings cannot come into the world full-grown like the fabled Minerva, and, if they could order the workings of nature, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup would soon be a drug upon the market.

When David reigned in Israel, the most highly honored woman was she who could gather about her hearthstone the greatest number of sturdy boys and rosy-cheeked girls; and the royal Psalmist somewhere tells us, that the man is "blessed" who has a quiver full of olive branches. If the slayer of Goliath were to arise from the dead and announce such a doctrine in one of our fashionable churches to-day, his claims to divine inspiration would be seriously compromised. The women of the world in this nineteenth century cannot comprehend the feeling which prompted the daugter of the warrior Gileadite to mourn, because

"No fair Hebrew boy
Should smile away her maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers."

They cannot understand how any of their sex could desire to be burdened with the worries and responsibilities of a mother-hood, seeing, as they do, how greatly those responsibilities interfere with what they consider the pleasures of life. They laugh you to scorn when you tell them that one poor Irish woman with a cabin full of ragged children, is of more consequence in the world and should be more honored by all true men than a score of childless, fashionable ladies, who look upon little urchins as nuisances and the restraints which maternity imposes upon their gadding propensities as the most galling slavery. And yet, two thousand years ago, the Pagan women of Greece and Rome regarded "mother" as the most honorable of all titles and children as the most precious of all jewels.

Is it possible that the maternal instinct is becoming weaker as the intellectual faculties of the female sex are more thoroughly developed? Or has the agitation of the question of woman's rights, which has been going on in this county for the past thirty years, had the effect of making the daughters of Eve dissatisfied with the laws of God, as well as with the constitution of the United States?

It has been well said by some one, that when God created woman, he did not take her from under the man's head to be his master, nor from under his foot to be his slave, but from his side to be equal with him. But to be equal with him.—But to be his equal how? Not in physical strength, certainly; for not even Miss Susan B. Anthony has ever claimed that she could compete with Professor Miller in a wrestling-match. Nor is woman man's equal in intellectual power, notwithstanding all that has been said to prove this by the masculine females who go about the country with close-cropped hair and bifurcated dresses. The gentle sex never has nor ever can produce a Newton or a Shakespeare.

In the true woman the reasoning faculties should be subordinated to the affectional—the heart should be greater than the brain; and when this is the case, she is not only the man's equal, but immeasurably his superior in all those qualities which soften and beautify the human character. But are true women likely to be produced by our modern system of education? The little girl is taught, before she knows the meaning of the word, that she should suppress her "emotions;" that it is proper or ladylike to display her feelings; that laughing is vulgar, and weeping injurious to the eyes. When she rushes out to welcome her weary father, returning from his office or counting-room, and throws her soft arms around his neck, she is reprimanded for rumpling her muslin dress. When she comes in, with tears in her eyes, bringing in her apron a half-starved kitten (which some cruel person has thrown down by the wayside to die) and begs for a spoonful of milk for the little waif, she is scolded for her good-Samaritanism, and ordered to give the "nasty thing" to John, to drown. This system of dwarfing the heart is kept up year after year, at home and at school—the mind being in the meantime developed to an abnormal degree—until at last the tender-hearted, selfish, calculating woman.

In due course this travesty of what a woman should be, marries for position or money, and becomes the mother of a family.—Then the effects of the false education she has received becomes most glaringly apparent. Baby fingers, instead of being "waxen touches," causing emotions of joy and thanksgiving to swell up in her heart, as the living waters burst forth from the rock when Moses smote it with his wand, are looked upon as steel manacles keeping her a captive in that dreariest of all prisions, a loveless home. Infant babblings, instead of being music sweeter to her ear than the Symphonies of Beethoven or the songs of Gounod, are regarded by this "highly cultivated" creature as the "most distracting noise;" and no opportunity is lost of impressing upon her acquaintances a just appreciation of the martyrdom she endures at the hands of those, of whom Christ hath said: "Of such are the kingdom of heaven."

Of course we do not mean to assert that all women are thus unwomanly. Thank God! there are still many Rachels scattered throughout the land, who would weep without comfort should the golden heads which nestle in their bosoms be laid beneath the sod; many Cornelias who think their mission in the world is to rear, and not to be, great men But we do say, that the whole tendency of modern fashionable female education, is to make woman a man, instead of man's helpmeet—an Amazon instead of an Eve.

AN OUTRAGE ON NATURE.

Niagara Falls is the grandest cataract in the world. Half of it belongs to the United States, but it is not possible for an American citizen even to look at the Falls unless he pays at least twenty-five cents.

Watkins' Glen, New York, is a wonderful chasm, wild and picturesque, but the American citizen must pay fifty cents to enter.

It is hard to fence in Mount Washington, and it has not yet been accomplished, but as the fares are much higher than the mountain the free American citizen may think he can save money by walking to the top. He is mistaken. He will have to pay eighty cents toll to walk up.

The Au Sable chasm is gloomy and grand, but it costs the American citizen fifty cents to see it.

The Flume at the Francola Notch is worth seeing—seventy-five cents worth.

The Whirlpool at Niagara is sad and somber; at least it makes the American citizen feel so when he goes there with a party of ladies—fifty cents each.

The Falls of Montmorency are romantic, historical and beautiful—twenty-five admission and fifty cents toll.

And thus it goes. If American speculators could only erect a wall along the sea coast, so that no one could see the ocean without paying a dollar, it is quite likely the free American citizen would go to see it without a murmur, and take his children if they were allowed to go for half price.

"THEY EAT TOO MUCH."—Of all the awful reasons alleged for the present destitution in England is that one alleged by the highly aristocratic Mr. Percy Windham at a recent agricultural show in that great country, where bear and roast beef have been the major signs upon the people's coat-of-arms.

Mr. Windham said in his oration that from the higest to the lowest there is not a class that does not eat twice as much as is good for them. is a startling proposition. It has never before been suggested that starving people eat too much—the problem with them being the troublesome one of finding something to eat, and not that one of curbing their appetites for the good things that overload the stomach.

There was once a famous queen who was told that her subjects were starving for bread, and she said, "Why do they not eat cake?" In similar, but somewhat inverse ratiocination Mr. Percy Windham appeals to the stomachs of hungry Englishmen. In effect he says: "You complain of lack of food; that is because you eat too much." Evidently he thinks the Britishers can eat a part of their cake and still have it. But like the queen aforesaid he neglects the important provision of providing the cake.

Another of the "Right Honorable Bilks" of England, said the education of farmer's daughters should be restricted to reading, "'ritin and 'rithmetic," because the girls were wanted much as dairy-maids and farmer's wives. And in view of such nonsense by the titled and lazy drones of rulers, is it much wonderful that the sons and daughters of old Albion evince much desire to migrate to the United States where no one is charged with the crime of eating too much.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S BEAR STORY.—An' now I'll tell you a story about a bear. One day the bear, he went among a flock of sheeps and picked out a nice little lamb and cot it, and the lamb it said 'Ba, ba, ba!" cos it knew it was a goin to be et evry little tiny bit up. But the bear took it up in his fore pos, like it was a baby, and set it up full length and rocked it and said:

"There, there; never mind, my preshus darlin'. Where does it hurt you?"

"But that lamb kept a hollerin' louder and louder, cos while the bear was a smilin and singin hush a boy, he was a skaweezin titer and titer all the time. Bime by the old ram he seen what was up, and he dropt his head, the old ram did, and come up like he was shot out of a gun, and let him have it, and doubled him up like he was a razor, and sent him a rollin over and over without any preshous darlin. And when the bear had pulled hisself together and shuk the dust out of his hair, he said:

"I have observed that lambs' tails was quicker'n lightin, but I dident know they was powerfuller, too."

"Jest then he seed how it was, for there stood the old ram a holdin his head down, ready to let him have it again, and shakin it, like he hed.

"That little shaver wudent make more than a mouthful for a feller like you. I guess you better serve up the old man."

But the bear he wocked off a shakin hisn, too, much as to say:

"I don't hanker after a dinner that goes against my stomach like that!"

In the midst of the performance of an extravaganza at a Boston theatre an old man rises in the parquet and says that he is displeased with his seat; as he is unable to hear well. One of the actors invites him to sit in a chair on the stage, which he does, and finally takes a ludicrious part in the acting. It is not until near the close of the piece, so clever is the imposition, that the audience sees the old man is a member of the company.

It takes twenty able-bodied men to stand and look at one poor little sign painter while at work.

"ESQ."

A young man whose money did not hold out as long as the State Fair, dropped into the telegraph office yesterday and sent a dispatch to his father in an interior town to forward him cash to reach home with. When the receiving clerk saw that the dispatch read, "To John Blank, Esq.," he suggested that a saving could be made by erasing the "Esq."

"Well, mebbe you think so, but I don't," replied the sender. "When I am home I can call him 'dad' all day long, but when it comes down to black and white you've got to 'Esquire' him right up to the nines, or walk home by the dirt road. Don't you dare leave that off—not with the roads as muddy as they are now!"

In about an hour the following answer was received:

To ——.

John Blank, Esq., forwards you $10, and you can have as much more if you want it. JOHN BLANK, ESQ.

"Didn't I tell ye," chuckled the young man, as he read it. "Dad's common enough when we're all home and rushing to get fall wheat in, but the minute his back gets rested and a stranger comes along he weighs more to the ton than any "Esq." on legs. I tell ye, you don't know a man till ye've hoed corn with him!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SENTIMENT AND SENSE.—Virtue is the safest helmet—the most secure defense.

No rank can shield us from the impartiality of death.

The power of eloquence is sometimes superior to a military force.

It is in the power of the meanest to triumph over fallen greatness.

He who refuses justice to the defenseless will make every concession to the powerful.

Preserve the privacy of your house and marriage state, from relatives and all the world.

We take lessons in art, literature—a thousand things; but that high sense of honor, man's obligation to man, is forgotten.

We all love pleasure and abhor sorrow. No one will choose a cloudy sky and a rough path; but these evils have their good parts, and those who really long for peace and happiness will try to find out and extract them, instead of hurrying along resentfully or with a forced gaiety.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.—The great importance which ostrich-farming has acquired in Southern Africa may be seen from an ostrich auction recently held at Middleburg, Cape Land. The lowest price paid for one pair of these birds was $900, and several pairs fetched $1,425. A few years ago ostriches were obtained by hunting only, and at that time a good bird could be caught for a menagerie or zoological garden at a moderate price. But since their domestication and the development of ostrich-farming as an industry, their price has risen enormously. At present the Zoological Garden in London owns not one living ostrich. From the Cape of Good Hope 2,297 pounds of ostrich feathers were exported in 1860, at a value of $96,305, but in 1873 the exportation had raised to 31,581 pounds, at a value of $802,398, and recently a bunch of picked bloods were sold at Port Elizabeth for $387.60 a pound, that is, about $3.60 a feather.

A CAT STORY.—A New Bedford woman was the owner of a cat which she prized very much, and which about three weeks ago gave birth to four kittens. The lady, not wishing to have such a large family of cats, had three of them drowned, leaving poor Topsy with only one. On finding that her kittens were gone, and all efforts to find them were unavailing, Topsy took her remaining kitten by the back of the neck and dropped it into a tub of water, waited until life was extinct, and then very mournfully jumped into a hogshead of water standing near by and drowned herself. This a cat story. *Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

THE NAME OF GOD.—Is it not singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in so many different languages? In Latin it is Deus; French, Dieu; Old Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Old German, Odin; Swedish, Gode; Hebrew, Aden; Dutch, Herr; Syrian, Adan; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Edga; Scalvonian, Belg or Boog; Spanish, Dias; Hindoo; Dsgi or Zeni; Turkish, Abdi; Egyptian, Aumn or Zent; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Liau; Wallachian, Zene; Etrnian, Ghur; Tyrrhenion, Eber; Irish, Dieh; Croatian, Doha; Margarian, Oesc; Arabian, Alla; Duialtaam, Bogt. There are several other languages in which the word is marked with the same peculiarity.

☞ The Count de V., in the mildest tone, to his servant—"Joseph, you have been drinking my rum again, and you have put water in it to make up the deficiency."

"I admit it, sir; but I swear I will drink no more of it."

The Count de V., slightly elevating his shoulders: "You always exaggerate! I didn't ask you not to drink it; I only ask you not to put water in what's left. For really it isn't fair that you should drink rum pure, and that I should drink rum and water."

A new forage plant has lately been introduced into Egypt, which, when mown down, grows again at the rate of a foot in four days. It is a denizen of Mexico, and is called there the Teosinte, its botanical name being *Euchlæna luxurians.* It is rich in saccharine matter and highly nutritious. Wherever its cultivation has been tried in the south of Europe it has been successful, and it is worth experimenting upon in more northerly latitudes.

MAN wants but little here below but he should always let his wants be known through the advertising columns.

All Sorts of Clippings

A sight to behold—Eyesight.

A stuck up thing—A show bill.

A fine sight—The sight of a rifle.

Thieves work on abstract principles.

Nobody's child—Joshua, the son of Nun.

Is a man with a wooden leg club-footed.

Hard money is that which is hard to get.

A profane upstart—The man who sat on a bent pin.

Is the man who beats his wife enforcing the lick-her-law?

This is the walking year; the next will be leap-year.

The new broom sweeps clean when it is properly handled.

Strychnine will cure love, liver complaint and longevity.

Wonder how the felloes of a coach decide who shall wear the boot?

A justice is called Old Perfumery by the boys because he has scent 'em up so often.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because they both delight in a full crop.

In order to look spruce it is not necessary that you remain evergreen.

No bald-headed man was ever converted by a sermon during fly season.

If Noah was a consistent Jew, what induced him to take Ham into the ark?

A wag suggests that the saddle-cloth on polo ponies is now cut as a polo-neighs.

Very naturally a good many matches are made every summer at Sulphur Springs.

It iz the little bits of things that fret and worry us; we kan dodge an elephant but we kan't a fly.

A paper advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation.

The man who got drunk at an election, said it was owing to his efforts to "put down party spirit."

The sun is 320,000 times larger than the earth, and yet it persists in striking so small a thing as a man.

That was a good prayer of the old deacon: "Lord, make us willing to run on little errands for Thee."

He is a wise man who can judge his own work as well as he judges that of others.

The best pedestrian in the world—A kitten, for it can make any number of "laps" a minute.

A wise man watches the development of his plans and then bends his energies to waiting.

To keep apples from decaying, put them in a cool place—where there is a large family of children.

Life is but a span; marriage is a double team; youth wedded to old age is a tandem; an old bachelor a sulky.

Straw is used for many purposes; and now a factory has been started to make pails of straw.

He who lives up to his income and saves no money is doing an injustice to his family.

A new Mormon temple now in course of erection at Salt Lake City is to cost $5,000,000.

To use the new machines or the old-fashioned wash-boards? Aye, there's the rub.

The shipment of pine straw from Wilmington, N. C., to New York, is assuming large proportions.

Portions of the skeleton of a mastodon have been discovered by men digging a well in Wellsboro, Pa.

The joker who intimated that he had some 'nuts to crack,' must have meant jest-nuts.

Eve was the most beautiful woman of her time, says the Jersey City Journal. This fact admits of no controversy.

"My pleasure is two-fold," said a heartless young man who was courting two girls at once. Two fooled he meant.

Friend: "Look here, Tom, you've had enough." Tipsy youth: "No such thing. Of'n had too much; never had enough."

Salesmen will tell you that there's very little sitting down in the store that keeps a standing advertisement in the newspaper.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

"Oh, look, Louise! Fred has sent me this sweet little puppy. Wasn't he kind?" "Yes, dear, but it's just like him."

The man who was "moved to tears" complains of the dampness of the premises and wishes to be moved back again.

It is difficult, says "Gris," to imagine a soul living forever, when we consider how exceedingly small some men's souls are,

"Daughter," said an anxious parent to his little one, "didn't I tell you to eat no more green apples?" "But this is a yellow one, papa."

A man at Niagara writing home says, 'We are now in the very teeth of the rapids." They were probably false teeth.

Japan must be a poor place for the laboring man, for we are constantly hearing of the lacquer work in that country.

"Procrastination is the thief of a good time," was the lament of the small boy who got up too late to take the excursion train.

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears. But be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

A young lady, on being asked where her native place was, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

A facetious old lady, describing the rambling sermons of her minister, said:—"If the text had the smallpox, his sermons would never catch it."

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