The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1879. VOL. XIII.-NO. 25.

KENT COUNTY.

STATEMENT
OF
RECEIPTS and DISBURSEMENTS
FOR
Public School Purposes,
FOR THE
Year ending Sept. 30th, 1879.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand, Sept. 30, 1878...	$ 5203 44
State School Tax	8966 78
State Free School Fund	1637 73
County School Tax	9739 30
Freight refunded	.40
Coal Bill Refunded	14 30
Discount on Lumber, refunded	9 00
Oyster Licenses	638 40
State appropriation to col'd. schools	4432 96
Oyster Licenses " "	37 05
	$30679 36

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teachers' salaries	19391 81
Fuel	1631 58
Incidental expenses	148 98
Rent	50 00
Books for indigent pupils, stationery, &c.	49 04
New school houses and additions..	1215 89
Repairing	802 97
Furniture, Black-boards and stoves	490 73
Att'y. and Magistrate's Fees	14 60
Registers and Reports	56 31
Sec., Treas. and Examiner	1200 00
Per diem of Commissioners	300 00
Printing and advertising	69 33
Postage and envelopes	46 14
Slating for blackboards	41 06
Check books	12 25
State Teachers' Association	10 00
Teachers' Institute	89 05
Comms. Association and expenses out of the county	29 56
Colored Teachers' salaries	4496 14
" Schools, fuel	595 40
" " incidentals	.25
" " Black-boards	28 00
Balance	510 33
	$30679 36

On the 30th of September, 1879, there was due from the several Collectors, for County School Tax:

John H. Thomas, 1876	$ 455 62
†Chas. H. Strong, 1878	1750 76
*Wm. S. Busick, 1878	1100 00
*Rd. H. Corbaley, 1878	450 00
† H. E. Cooper, 1878	1410 96
	$5167 34
Moses Lambson, for old school house	40 00

D. C. Blackiston, Clerk, for Oyster Licenses—amount not reported These amounts exclusive of interest.

*Since paid.
†Since paid in part.

OFFICE OF THE SCHOOL BOARD, October 28th, 1879.

We hereby certify that we have examined the foregoing report of Rem F. Pearce, Treasurer of the Board of County School Commissioners for Kent County, and the books and vouchers upon which it is based, and find it correct.

R. W. JONES,
CORNELIUS J. SCOTT,
JAMES A. PEARCE,
Oct. 30, 1879. *Commissioners.*

State of Maryland,

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Comptroller's Office,
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 1st, 1879.

IN PURSUANCE of the requirements of section 6, of Article 69, of the Code of Public General Laws, as amended at January Session, 1876, Chapter 206, and which reads as follows:

"That the Comptroller shall furnish each officer of the State, whose accounts are in arrears, at least sixty days prior to a general election, a full statement of his accounts, and in default of his accounting for such deficiencies within thirty days, then it shall be the duty of the Comptroller to have published weekly, for one month, in one or more newspapers, in the county or city in which said defaulters have held, or may be holding office, and in no other newspapers, the names and titles of said officers, with the amount of said deficiences, and the cost of advertisement of the account of each such defaulter may be recovered in the name of the State, against the official bond of such defaulter. But no defaulter, whose accounts have remained unsettled for over five years, shall be advertised."

I herewith publish the following list of accounting officers in Kent County, who are in arrears to the State of Maryland, and liable to publication under said law, together with the amount due by each as of this day.

THOMAS J. KEATING,
Comptroller of the Treasury.

NAME.	year	Principal.	Interest.
Richard H. Corbaley, Late Collector	1877	897.94	11.61
Richard H. Corbaley, Late Collector	1878	1188.53	30.57
H. E. Cooper, Coll'r.	1878	69.78	
Philip Medders, Late Sheriff	1876		
	1877	27.00	2.06
D. C. Blackiston, Clerk. No report since first Monday in March, 1879. Amount of licenses unaccounted for to September 1, 1879, $5,448.00			
Protested Checks			
	$689.56	6537.56	

October 9, 1879—1m.

SEE! SEE!

J. M. Horning & Co.

ARE NOW PREPARED TO TAKE

PICTURES
OF ALL KINDS
In Chestertown,
at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases; Family Groups a Specialty. Children under four years of age will not be taken after 2 o'clock P. M. Our facilities for taking Views unsurpassed.

STEROPTICAN
and all other views put up in the Best Styles at
THE LOWEST PRICES.

STEROPTIC and other views of "Interiors" of Buildings, Parlors, &c., taken in the
BEST STYLE.
Sept. 25, 1879—3m.

A CARD.

MISS R. W. WATKINS respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at her residence, or, if desired, at their homes. Terms moderate.

She refers, by permission, to Mrs. Chas. Lake.
October 9, 1879—tf.

DO NOT FORGET
OUR NEW 5 CENT CIGAR,
equal to any 5 cent cigar in the United States of America—at
SPARKS'.

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 Safes, 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 SIZD 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

Executors' Sale
—OF—
VALUABLE
Farming Stock
AND IMPLEMENTS.

THE undersigned, Executors of the late Doctor Thomas C. Kennard, by virtue of authority contained in his last Will and of an order of sale from the Orphans' Court for Kent county, will sell at the residence of the late Dr. Kennard, in Kent county, near Kennedyville, on

Wednesday, November 12th, 1879,

commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., all the Farming Stock and Implements in use upon the Farms of the deceased.

The stock is nearly all superior, both Horses and Cattle being well bred and in excellent condition, and the Farming Implements are in good order.

Among the Stock are

15 Horses and Colts

Some of which are FINE DRIVERS, and all are good workers;

2 Pair Fine Mules;
TWO YOKE OF OXEN:
ONE SPLENDID PAIR OF TWO YEAR OLD STEERS;
TWELVE COWS, most of them first-rate Milkers;
One Bull.
SIX HEIFERS, a beautiful lot;
SEVEN YEARLING CALVES;
Sixty Sheep;
TWENTY HEAD HOGS
AND NINE SHOTES.

Among the Farming Implements are one Champion Reaper and Mower; one Russell Reaper and Mower; one Hamilton Wheat Drill; one Wheat Rake; one Peach Wagon Body and Springs; two Farm Wagons and Harness; two Dearborns; three Ox-Carts; one Large Roller; one large Iron Clod Crusher; one Wheat Fan; one Corn Sheller; two Hay Riggings and one Revolving Horse Rake; and a large lot of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Gears; Bridles and Collars and other small articles.

One Double FAMILY CARRIAGE.
ONE YORK CARRIAGE;
ONE NO-TOP BUGGY;
one Sleigh and Tongue; one Cider Mill; one Peach Culler.

TERMS OF SALE as Follows:

All sums of Ten Dollars and under, Cash; all sums over ten dollars, note at nine months, with approved security.

No property to be removed till the terms are complied with.

HENRY C. KENNARD,
JAMES A. PEARCE,
Executors of Dr. Thomas C. Kennard.
U. A. C. Garnett, Auct.
Oct. 23, 1879—tds.

NOTICE.

WE ADVISE ALL PERSONS in need of
FURNITURE,
BOOTS & SHOES OF ANY DESCRIPTION
Powder & Shot, Segars & Tobacco
GROCERIES of all Kinds,
Or anything else, to call at
SHAW'S,
ON COURT STREET,
as he is selling Goods at extremely low figures.
October 16, 1879.

WINDOW GLASS.
WINDOW GLASS.
WINDOW GLASS.
All sizes—cut to fit any sash—at
L. K. STAM'S
October 30. New Store.

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

WAIT A WHILE.

Wait a while,
Cheerily smile,
Soon the storm will be over;
There's a bit of blue
In the sky for you,
There's sweetness yet in the clover!

Trust and wait,
Though burdens great,
Hard on the heart are pressing;
For a hand of love
Will the cross remove,
And leave in its stead a blessing.

'Neath the snow
No roses blow,
And there no bees are humming;
But they gather sweets
In their dark retreats
To brighten the days that are coming.

Dark and drear
The skies appear,
When the cloudy day's declining;
But the night must fall
And cover all,
Ere the sun renews its shining.

Wait a while,
Cheerily smile,
E'en through the tears of sorrow;
Grief may have sway
O'er your life to-day,
But joy will return to-morrow.

Rest is sweet
For the weary feet,
And the soul that in faith reposes,
When the night comes on,
And the noonday sun,
Its gateway of splendor closes

Ne'er will we miss
Its meed of bliss,
Or grieve o'er joys abating;
For the earth must turn,
That our hearts may learn
How little is lost by waiting.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco, now in almost universal use, and enjoyed in one form or another by all races and in all countries, met with the greatest opposition when it had been introduced into the old world from the new, soon after Columbus' discovery of America. At first recommended for its medicinal virtues, which were greatly exaggerated, tobacco soon became an article of luxury. Several Popes, Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. among them, launched against it the thunders of the Roman church; the priests and sultans of Turkey denounced smoking as a crime, Amureet IV. even going so far as to decree its punishment by the most cruel forms of death. Later, in that country, the pipes of smokers were thrust through their noses. All this condemnation, all these penalties were vain. The use of tobacco steadily increased, and has increased ever since. It is now the solace of rich and poor, of princes and peasants, of scholars and savages. Albeit not prevalent in the East until the seventeenth century, the Turks and Persians exceed all other nations in smoking. In India all classes and both sexes smoke. In China the practice is universal, girls from the age of eight or nine wearing as an appendage to their dress a silken pocket to hold tobacco and a pipe. Snuff-taking has diminished, and chewing does not spread materially; but smoking grows continually. Our aboriginals are believed to have been the earliest consumers of the plant. They have used it from time immemorial smoking having been, and still being, associated with religion. It is connected with all important transactions, as well as with worship. The calumet or pipe of peace is deemed indispensable to the ratification of a treaty; smoking together has even greater significance with them than eating together has with civilized nations, and is believed to cement friendship. They imagine that the Great Spirit perceives a sweet savor in the smoke of the sacred plant as it ascends to heaven, and that it is particularly acceptable to the Divine senses. It is remarkable that, though tobacco was first used in the new world, its use is, probably, less general here now than in any other country. The citizens of the republic chew more, unhappily, than almost any nation; but they smoke far less than Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, Germans, Russians, French, Italians, or even English. Perhaps one reason why tobacco is so relished everywhere is that so much and so persistent effort has been made to extirpate the habit.

THE SHAH'S PLAY.—The Shah of Persia, it is rumored, is writing a play, and men in Teheran are ransacking the vocabulary of praise for terms to employ in reference to it. His Majesty once painted a picture in which a camel in the background was higher than a tree in the foreground, and in which an old mill on the left not so large as a dog on the right. This canvas he sent to the committee of the annual exhibition, who, of course, did not hang it above the line. In the other case they would soon have been a headless committee. The critics as a body were equally pliant. They eulogized the picture for its depth of tone, artistic grouping, and the fineness of sentiment. They maintained that his Majesty was a Raphael and a Meissonier rolled into one. One of the critics, however, was rash enough to hint that the picture lacked feeling. In a few hours he lacked feeling himself, for the simple reason that he lacked a head. The literary critics, therefore, will be on their guard when they speak of the Shah's play.—*The Theatre.*

☞ Why did you weep so in church?"

"Oh, it was because of the thought evoked by those solemn words, 'Dust thou art and unto dust shalt return.'"

"You are an ass—a preferred ass! If you were of gold and had to turn to dust you'd lose a hundred per cent. by the operation, but as you are dust and to dust return, you neither lose nor gain anything—it's a stand-off."

Select Story.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?"

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and he was book-keeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I've no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavy laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; they a rising of the voice; then another look; the voice grew higher; the reason was unhinged; passion gained sway and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching down deep in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught a sight of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more; he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man and, after a pause, he answered: "Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winched a little, as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you love your wife?"

"Love her? Yes, passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't *think* anything about it—I *know*!"

"You *know* she loves you?"

"Yes."

Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at the heart."

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and then—"Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly:—Don't you think that your wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he replied in the affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of paternal sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there!"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye; you have the burden in heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to dinner with a heavy heart and dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart and when the blessed sun-shine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, "I can bear it as long as she can!" Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers until his wife is forced to let the sun-light in through her breaking hear."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to his mind scenes just as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts, and after a time he rose and touched him on the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms around your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, "My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear." Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repluse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you to be so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of happiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the bedchamber, and sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered and a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. He came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her, in broken accents, "Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear."

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshiped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," said he, "that it's weight shall be felt no more. And now my darling we will be happy!"

"Always!"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eyes, and in the joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!", said Clarence, with swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy!"

"Aye, and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come as in the other days—for we are human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it.—Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off; we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

☞ "Will the angles come down for me with a chariot and horses when I die?" asked a little boy of his Sunday school teacher. "I guess so if you are a really good boy," said the teacher. The little fellow's eyes sparkled with anticipation as he exclaimed: "Oh! do you think they'll let me sit on the front seat and drive?"

The following is told of a young gentleman who was passing an examination in physics. He was asked: "What planets were known to the ancients?" He responded—"Well, sir, there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I am not quite certain."

☞ The purest white table linen should be used for the tinted and painted china; or white and green is a favorite combination; then the delicate colors can be arranged in exquisite and picturesque relief.

A CALAMITOUS KISS.

Yesterday afternoon John Keeker was tried before Justice Knox on charges of disturbing the peace and assault and battery. The case grew out of a disturbance which took place at a social party at Mr. Adams' house, on South F. street. It appeared that the defendant Meeker had been invited to a little party at Adams' house on Tuesday evening. He attended the party, taking his girl. Adams, in the course of the evening's festivities, began to take liberties with the girl, and Meeker raised a row, which ended in an assault on Adams.

Adams, the complaining witness, testified that while the frolic was in progress the defendant charged him with improper conduct toward the young lady he brought there, and finally he assaulted him, striking him one in the eye (eye exhibited to the jury.)

Attorney for the defense—Mr. Adams, did you not deport yourself in an unseemly way toward the young lady?

The witness—Not altogether.

Attorney—Now, didn't you hug her?

Witness—Yes, by mistake. [The jury look at one another in astonishment.]

Attorney—Please explain.

Witness—I was sitting on the sofa alongside my wife when suddenly a gust of wind put out the light. After the light was extinguished I heard a noise as if people were getting kissed [sensation], so I thought I'd stand in. I grabbed the lady next to me, thinking it was my wife, and when the lamp was relighted I found it was Miss Clark that I had hold of.

[The laughter in the room was checked by Constable Metcalf.]

Attorney—Did you kiss her?

Witness (after some hesitation)—I don't think I did.

Attorney—But why are you not sure?

Witness—There was so much confusion at the——

Attorney—Now, don't you know you did?

Witness—I won't swear positively whether I did or not.

Attorney—If you had been sure it was your wife, would you have kissed her?

Here the witness looked around uneasily for a few seconds, and not seeing his wife in the court-room, answered with a grin:

"No."

This caused another general laugh and the witness left the stand. He was more than astonished a moment after, when his wife was called. She swept out from the back room and took the stand, with her black eyes snapping like a terrier's. At the sight of her Adams presented a pitiable appearance, and made himself as small as possible behind Constable Metcalf. No man in the court room would have changed places with him for a thousand dollars.

Mrs. Adams had been subpenaed for the prosecution, but her husband labored under the mistaken belief that she had been excused.—This District Attorney must have known that it was dangerous to put her on the stand, but he probably could not resist the temptation.—She was more than anxious to testify.

"We were having a little social party at our house last Tuesday evening. I was sitting beside my husband on the sofa when he asked me to go across the room and introduce a couple of people that were not acquainted. I went, and just then the light went out. Soon after Miss Clark, the girl that came with Meeker, slid over toward my husband—that man sneaking down behind the constable. Then I heard 'em kissing. I told Meeker that it was a put-up job, and he knocked my husband down. I thought he did just right."

Miss Lucy Clark, who live on North Stewart street, testified that she was sitting near Mr. Adams when the light went out. Everybody was rushing to kiss the girls, and she thought she would get up near Mr. Adams for protection, he being a married man. [Great merriment, in which the Court unwillingly joined.]

District Attorney—Did he kiss you?

Miss Clark (blushing)—He thought I was his wife.

The Court—Did you kiss him back, thinking he was your husband?

At this sally of the Court the spectators laughed uproariously, and it required several minutes to restore order.

Miss Clark declined to answer, and the Court decided that she need not criminate herself.

A young lad named Armstrong, a nephew of Adams, swore that his uncle promised him a dollar to blow out the light when he gave the signal. Adams scratched the top of his head as a signal. He gave the signal just as his wife left him.

The jury found a verdict of not guilty.

When Adams next has occasion to scratch his head, it is probable that he will find less hair there than when he scratched it the last time. —*Virginia City Chronicle.*

☞ A man from New Jersey, recently on a visit to this country, while strolling through the government's ground at West Point, was attracted by a number of cannons, the muzzle ends of which were imbedded in the earth. "What are these guns placed in this position for?" inquired he of a cadet, who changed to pass. "In case of war with China," was the young soldier's prompt reply.

☞ A green young man saw for the first time a school girl going through some of her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and commiseration for a while he asked a boy near by, "Has that gal got fits?" "No," replied the boy contemptuously, "that's gymnastics." "Oh, tis, hey," replied the other; "how long has she had e[illegible]?

A LENIENT JUDGE.—Frederick Schmidt, said the Essex Market Court justice in New York to a sleepy-looking fellow, "you are fined $10 for intoxication. But what's the matter, my friend you appear to be on the point of crying?"

"Nodings, Shudge, I was only dinking."

"Thinking of what?"

"Vell, I'll spoke it if you told me so."

"Then I do tell you."

"I vas dinking, Shudge, dot you vas me und I vas you. Dot ish, you know mitout no change. You vas der poor, Dutchman. I saw you come in mitout a friends und very sorryful, und I say, "Schimdt, vat vas doze trubbles?" und you spoke out, "Shudge, I took me some little peer." Und I say mit a look on your face, "Schmidt, you vas married?" You say "Yah," "Und you got some childer?" "Yah." "Und you don't vas so trunk as you can't valk?" "Nein," "Vell, Schimidt, you go right away home." Und dot vas my dinking."

"Those were very pleasant thoughts," said the magistrate in good humor. "I think we'll make the fine $3, but I can't let you off altogether."

"Dree dollar! Vell, I paid it, und vas dankful; but you vas not so good a Shudge mit me as I vas mit you."

ORIGIN OF BILLIARDS.—It may be interesting to billiard players to know something of the game. In the latter part of the sixteenth century a London pawnbroker, William Kerr, was in the habit of amusing himself, in wet weather, when there was no customers, with pushing about three balls on the counter with a yard measure. This suggested a board with wide pockets. An old manuscript says:

Master William Kerr did make one board, whereby a game is played with three balls; and all the young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergyman from St. Paul's; hence one of ye strokes was named a "cannon," having been by one of ye clergymen invented. The game is known by the name of "bill-yard," because William or Bill Kerr did first it play with a yard measure. The stick now called a "kew," or "kue." The bill-yard is modernized into billiard and kew into cue. It may be added that many a "bilker" plays billiards now.

CURIOUS WAY OF CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—The Wagaris of India are distinguished for truthfulness and apparently great kindness to the weaker sex. A woman of the Wagari tribe, it is said, is not required to labor, and she possesses, moreover, the curious right, by long-established usage, of choosing a man for her husband. The choice is exercised by her in a novel manner. She sends a hair pin to the man on whom she has set her affections, with the request that he will pin a handkerchief to his cap. Should he reciprocat her attachment he is only too pleased to carry out her wishes, and when, doing so, names the woman who has sent the pin; whom he is obliged to marry forthwith.

A PLEASING WOMAN—What is more charming than an agreeable, graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like the cheering warmth; she passes by and we are content; she stays awhile and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breathes from her, and she communicates this delight to all without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is not here an estimable gift?

☞ A friend and neighbor has a relative, a practical Christian, who has a practical way of putting things. Recently the subject of death-bed repentence was under discussion, when she said: "Some men think they can live any kind of a life, yet save their souls by a so-called repentence a few hours before death; but I have my doubts as to how that washing will dry when hung out on the heavenly clothes-line.

☞ A Yankee, who had just lost his wife, was found by a neighber emptying a bowl of soup as big as a hand basin. "Why, my goodness, Elathan!" said the gossip, "is that all you care for your wife?" "Wal," said the Yangee, "I've been crying all the mornin', and after I've finished my soup I'll cry another spell. That's fair—anyhow."

"Edward," said Mr. Rice, "what do I hear?—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps?" "Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa; she only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys;' and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her!"

Bridget (to caller): "Will ye kape still a minit while I look at ye? No, missis haint to home. She told me if a woman come with a wart on the ind av a red nose to say she wusn't home, an' there's no mistaking that wart."

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted:—"To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

☞ Happiness and unhappiness are qualities of mind, not of place or position.

All Sorts of Clippings

Eggs come in layers.

Important if true—a wife.

A pair-off—an eloping couple.

A bear spot—the North Pole.

The glass of fashion—A beer-mug.

Winter comes when autumn leaves.

Butcher shops are joint stock concerns.

Was sewing invented in the hemor-rhage.

It is spring that brings re-leaf to the tree.

The Board of Education—a school master's shingle.

A good business stand is a standing advertisement.

Printers, like lawyers, sometimes lose their cases.

The man with no teeth is always looking for a soft thing.

If you let a man a loan he will let you alone for a long time.

The trapeze performer is sometimes heels over head in business.

An undertaker at a wedding is the rite man in the wrong place.

Why are school teachers like dogs? Because they lick your hand.

Bear in mind that the bare in mind nobody cares to mind.

A girl may smile and smile, and be unwilling still.

A man is like a bridge, which can only be tried by its piers.

A cheerful carriage that gives no hint of heartache is heroic.

The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.

Princess Louise advises the young ladies to study cooking.

This is the nutting season, the time that tries boys' pantaloons.

"I am going a-courting; to wit, to woo," as the amorous owl said.

Men whose business drives them to the wall—bill posters.

The exodus is now known as the colored boom.

Boozy comes from an ancient Egyptian name for ale derived from Busiras.

The wife of a Philadelphian who had his life heavily insured set his death down to profit and loss.

As fall waxes old the blows leave and the leaves blow, the dust leaves and the leaves dust.

Any girl has a right to look at a milliner's window and wish she had a rich husband.

A hen is a model for dancers. She never leaves her set except to eat and drink.

The policeman is a tender-hearted fellow. When friends cast you out he'll take you in.

"Music Lover" is informed that "'Ale to the Chief" is not the national anthem of Great Britain.

A drunken man at a hotel generally selects a third-story window when he wants to fall out.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly, because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

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

An ounce of heart is worth a ton of culture; the mightiest force in the world is heart force.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

Miss May G. Bissell has been elected preceptress of Palmyra Academy, Palmyra, New York.

Miss Travis, a relative of Mr. John Bright, has just reached the venerable age of one hundred years.

Where there's a smoke there's some fire, and very often a mighty poor cigar.

A desert waste—scooping out the inside of a pie and throwing away the crust.

A man never knows how many friends he has until he purchases a billiard table.

The time is coming when a buffalo robe will cover two hearts that beat as one.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

In a theatre the man who laughs last never laughs well. He disturbs the rest of the company.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

We presume the axle-trees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.

Nero, Pompey and Cæsar are common names for dogs, but wouldn't Agrippa be more appropriate.

Every saint is God's temple, and he who carries his temple about him may go to prayer when he pleases.

The Empress of Russia is fast becoming a confirmed invalid. There is no royal road to health, it seems.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar," is treasurer of a reform club in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Miss May Thornton has been appointed to fill Professor Mitchell's place in the Territorial University of Oregon.

Frances Havergal, the writer of so many beautiful and inspiring hymns, died recently after a short but severe illness.

The Empress of Russia has engaged a villa at Cannes, France, for the winter. She is troubled with nervous disorders.

What is the difference between a dairy-maid and a stormy petrel? One skims the milk and the other skims the water.

Mrs. Stilman Witt is the donor of $5,000 to Rochester University. The institution still announces a head of about $2,000,000.

A Scotch parson said, recently, somewhat sentimentally, of a deceased friend, that he put an enemy into his pocket to steal away his brains, but that the enemy, after a thorough and practical search, returned empty-handed.

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