The [illegible]teriown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. [illegible]OWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1879. VOL. XIII.-NO. 28.

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 patronize 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 popul ar 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.

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 corner ots.

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 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.

PECIALTIES.

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

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.

Don'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.

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.

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

LOUIS K. STAM,

DEALER IN

Furniture,

WALL PAPER

Oil and Paper Window Curtains

AND FIXTURES.

PAINT, OILS, GLASS,

Putty, Varnishes,

KALSOMINE, &c. &c.

Cottage Furniture, Extension Tables, Lounges, Mattresses, Sideboards, Kitchen Sacs, 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

Woolen Goods. Goods for Men. Goods for Boys.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, BLANKETS.

WE HAVE IN STOCK, Lines of the above Goods in great variety—many of them just put on sale, and of Mallalieu's Manufacture.

Buyers of discernment will confess the figures to be reasonably close.

Goods generally, to meet the calls of the season, all the time in store, and at prices to challenge competition.

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, October 30, 1879.

SALT! SALT!!

IN LARGE WELL-FILLED SACKS—for sale at very close figures—by

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, November 5, 1879.

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—2m.

DO NOT FORGET

OUR NEW 5 CENT CIGAR,

equal to any 5 cent cigar in the United States of America—at SPARKS'.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,

offers his

Professional Services

TO THE PUBLIC.

Sept. 18, 1879—6m.

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.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss ROBINA WATKINS to my former pupils as Teacher of Music. I consider her highly qualified to give instruction on Piano and Organ, and am confident that she will give satisfaction to those who may employ her.

MRS. C. LAKE.

Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

ATTENTION.

JUST received at the CORNER DRUG STORE a large supply of

GRAIN PEPPER,
GROUND PEPPER,
SALTPETRE,
PREPARED SAGE,

All perfectly pure and for sale at very low prices.

COLIN F. STAM,
Nov. 13, 1879. Druggist.

Select Story.

THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charley, you'll be sure to remember?"

"To remember—what?" said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kitty Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her sides.

"Charles!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean that you have forgotten already!"

"My dear," said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the deeps of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten—but I don't remem exactly to remember?"

"The oysters!" suggested the wife.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Meredith, 'the oysters."

"And two ounces of double zephyr scarlet wool."

"Exactly."

"And that depot hack to be waiting at two o'clock for your cousin from Chicago."

Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table.

"She is coming to-day, I declare to goodness!"

"And a dozen Havana oranges for dessert, and two pounds of white-grapes, and some of those delicious little Naples biscuit and maccaroons from Saltaselli's—oh, and let them send me up a girl from St. Char's!"

"A—which?"

"A girl, you goose! for general housework. Phœbe went home this morning with the faceache, and I can't be left alone with company and all. Mind, she must be a good cook and understand waiting at table."

And Mr. Meredith rushed off to catch the nine thirty express with a kaleidoscope confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks, oysters and servant maid careering through his brain which boded ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her forehead in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good looking young man of some two or three and twenty was on his knees in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn. The good looking young man glanced up with a comical sparkle in his eyes and a smear of soot traversing the bridge of his nose.

"Well?" said he.

"Tom," said Mrs. Meredith, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?"

"Like a book!" said Tom.

"And coffee?"

"I learned in Paris."

"Good," said Mrs. Meredith. 'And I can make buttermilk biscuit—and, between us, we'll get up a decent lunch for the lady from from Chicago. As for dinner—"

"Well?" again remarked the young man with the soot besmeared nose.

"Providence must provide!" sighed the matron.

"There's an old chintz colored rooster in the barnyard," said Tom, hopefully.

"If I could catch him I'd have a chicken stew."

"Tom," said Mrs. Meredith, "did you ever make a chicken stew?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what you are talking about," said the lady, with some asperity.

"Yes, I do, too," maintained the amateur Soyer. "Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of salt and—"

"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Meredith. "Do pick that lobster out of its shell and leave off romancing! You're a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure," with a twinge of conscience, "goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency, you dear old darling."

The lobster was only half picked out of the shell, the buttermilk biscuit was still unmixed, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing room when there came a ring at the door-bell. She put her turbaned head out of the window after a most unceremonious fashion.

"Who's there," she demanded, in a high contralto.

"Does Mrs. Meredith live here?" retorted a woman's voice, And at the same moment the young matron caught sight of a neat black leather bag, a black alpaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

"It's the new girl, thank Providence!" said Mrs. Meredith; and she flew down stairs, thanking honest Charley in her heart for his unexpected promptitude. "Come in," said she, opening the door wide. "I am glad you are so punctual, my good girl. From St. Char's Intelligence Bureau, I suppose? No, don't take off your things up here—the servant's room is below stairs; you may as well come directly down into the kitchen."

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore rather a bewildered expression.

"What's your name?" she asked patronizingly.

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," answered the girl, in some confusion.

"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Patty. Have you references?"

"I—I believe so."

"I think," said Mrs. Meredith, surveying her from top to toe, "that you are a little over-dressed for your station, Patty; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk when it comes?"

The stranger lifted a pair of blue eyes to the tall form, garded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook, ma'am?" said she.

Mrs. Meredith drew herself up.—"Certainly not," said she. "This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad."

"But he is not doing it right," said the new girl. "He'll never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you how, Mr. Selwyn."

And with deft finger she loosened the luscious white fiber from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry "Bravo!"

"And, now Patty," said Mrs. Meredith, "I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up a nice lunch as you can for half past two o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Chicago, and I want everything in perfect order."

"I'll finish the salad," said Tom, who had been secretly observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I've commenced it. But you needn't look so perturbed, Patty, if that's your name. And you can ask my sister if I'm not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen."

Kitty shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen; Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

Half an hour afterward he came up to the dining room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac-and-gold china.

"Kitty," said he, "she's a jewel! A gem of the first water! Depend upon it she's not always worked in the kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare *apropos* of some thing or other. I don't remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once, her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her cheeks."

"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said Kitty disdainfully.

The lunch came up at half-past two in perfect order, but no cousin from Chicago arrived—no depot hack rolled up to the door.

"How provoking!" said Kitty.—"Miss Meredith must have missed some essential connecting train.—Charley will be so vexed! But, however, I don't so much mind company coming in any time now that I have such an excellent girl."

"The dinner of daintily roasted quails and rabbit, fricassee, with a dessert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is she?" cried he.

"Where is who?" said Kitty.

"My cousin from Chicago."

"Oh, said Kitty, "she hasn't come!"

"Not come!"

"No."

He drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.

"Then, after all," said he, "it's not so unlucky."

"What's not so unlucky?" petulantly demanded his wife. "Dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles."

"That I forgot all about the oysters and the zephyr wool and the servant girl."

"Forgot?"

"Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?"

"But you didn't forget," remonstrated the wife. "You sent her.—She's here now, in the kitchen."

He started. "I've sent no one. Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word of honor."

"Then," slowly ejaculated Kitty, "who did send her?"

"Ring the bell!" said the husband. "Let's have her up! Who knows but what she's one of those regular women, with an eye to the forks and spoons!"

And as he spoke he jerked the bell cord with some energy.

In a minute or so the new girl came up, smiling and courtesying. The husband uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, it's Martha Meredith!" shouted he. "It's my cousin from Chicago!"

And he clasped her in his arms, with a shower of kisses that made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

"I wish she was my cousin from Chicago," uttered Tom, in a stage aside.

Kitty turned as scarlet as a pepperpod.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasping her little hands nervously, "and I took her for the cook!"

"And I am a cook—when occasion requires, Cousin Kitty," said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. "Don't be vexed with me for humoring the joke—indeed, I could not help it.—And I'll show you how to make these meringuees glaces and the Neapolitan creams to-morrow."

And they all sat happily down together to the roast quail and fricasseed rabbits—and Kitty and Martha went together to the intelligence bureau on the morrow and established a damsel in the kitchen, who was not at all incongruous to her surroundings.

And Tom, leaning over his sister's shoulder whispered, waggishly:

"Didn't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?"

HAT FLIRTATION SIGNALS.—The Elmira *Gazette* gives this code of hat flirtation signals:—"Wearing the hat squarely on head—I love you madly; tipping it over the right ear—my little brother has the measels; wearing it on the back of the head—ta, ta; awfully, awfully; taking it off and brushing it the wrong way—my heart is busted; holding it out in right hand—lend me a quarter; throwing it at a policeman—I love your sister; using it as a fan—come and see my aunt, carrying a brick in it—your cruelty is killing me; kicking it across the street—I am engaged; putting it on the ground and sitting on it—farewell, forever."

☞ An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a man your friend than a pound of fault finding.

A RHYMING ROMANCE.

He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold—but the truth must be told—he played like a fiend on the fiddle.

Barring his voice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender.

He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting.

He cut quite a dash with a darling moustache, which he learned to adore and cherish; for one girl had said while she drooped her proud head, that it would kill her to see the thing perish.

On Sundays he'd search the straight road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scorner; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints, in the amen corner.

He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging away at long meter; and we speak but the truth when we say that this young man could outsing a hungry mosquito.

She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud but not bold—yet the truth must be told—the way she chewed wax was a pity.

Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Evanstown boys being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle.

She cut a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, the men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito.

So she hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she chawed, till her heart and her jaws were broken; then she walked by his store, where he stood at the door awaiting some loving token.

She raised her eyes with surprise, and tried to enact the scorner, but, to tell the truth, she grinned at the youth who loved the amen corner.

* * * They met—alas! what came to pass was soft and sweet and precious; they wooed, they cooed, he he talk, she chewed—oh! how she loved! Good gracious! They had to part, he arose to start; her grief cannot be painted; these are the facts; she swallowed her wax, then screamed, then choaked, then fainted.

Her pa appeared; her beau, quite scared, rushed out to get some water, the watch dog spied his tender hide and bit him where he "oughter."

The tale is sad, the sequel stern so thinks the youth thus bitten.

He sings no more, as oft as yore—he gave the girl the mitten.

She pined apace, her pretty face looked slender and dejected; her father kind, but somewhat blind, beheld her and reflected.

His income tax he spent for wax she smiled and called him clever.

She went to work, forgot the clerk and chawed in bliss forever.

A BUG SCIENTIST says:—"The bumble-bee gives out two very distinct sounds which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies and a sharp sound when it alights." The bug scientist is right. The sound given out when the bumble-bee alights—on a girl's neck—is about seventeen octaves sharper than when the insect merely flies. And when it crawls up a young man's trousers leg at a picnic the sound produced is all the way from tenor to bass. The profanity with which it is garnished makes it base.

A DETECTIVE'S TALE.

One of the most expert forgers that ever appeared in this country was caught in Massachusetts lately, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He had not been in prison more than three months, when, to the astonishment of the jailer, a pardon came for him, in due form, all signed by the governor, and properly countersigned. There was nothing to be done but liberate the prisoner, and he walked out. But he had not been gone long before the jailer discovered that the prisoner had managed, through his friends, to get a blank pardon from the governor's office, had filled it out himself and cleverly forged the signature, and had then passed it out to his friends again, to be mailed to the jailer in proper shape. But the clever forger had not got far enough away to escape, and he was arrested and sent back to prison. He employed a young New York lawyer, whose name is familiar through the fame of his father, and told him the story. 'They have no right to lock you up again,' said the lawyer, 'having once liberated you, without legally proving that the pardon is a forgery. I can get you out, but it will cost you $1,500.' 'Go ahead,' said the forger. The lawyer went ahead, gained his case and liberated the prisoner. 'I am going out west immediately,' said the forger, as soon as he was free, 'My father, who is a wealthy man, owns a thirty thousand dollar farm in Kansas, and he has just sent me this letter, begging me to come home and lead an honest life, and telling me to draw on him for $2,000 to pay my bills. I am his only son, and I have almost broken his heart; but this life is coming to an end; I shall settle down on my father's farm and be an honest man,' and he showed the letter, a pathetic production from an afflicted parent. 'I shall need $1,000 of the money to pay some little bills,' continued the forger, and here is a draft I have made on my father for the $2,000. If you can give me a check for $1,000 I will give you the draft, and will send you the other $500 as soon as I get home.' The lawyer read the letter carefully, drew a check for $1,000 and handed it to his client, and received the draft for $2,000. About ten days after the draft was deposited in a bank for collection, it came back with the message that the man on whom it was drawn had been dead for eight years, and wasn't worth a cent when he was alive.

SIBERIA.—A Siberian merchant said recently to an English editor, that Siberia is not a desolate and icy resort of political criminals. "It is becoming to Russia what the Western States are to America. Our summers are short, but they are long enough to enable us to raise corn, and our soil is very fertile. In many parts the country is well peopled; we have large towns and excellent roads. Commerce is extending every day. We are in communication with China, with the Pacific by the Amoor river, with the south by the Volga, and we shall soon be in full communication with Europe by railroads that are to be constructed. We are loyal to the Czar, and were a Nihilist to enunciate any of his subversive doctrines he would fare badly among us, for in no country in the world is self-government carried further. The governor of the provinces exercises only a nominal rule over us, and the police and the civil administration are in our own hands."

THE COLORADO DESERT.—The Colorado Desert may be properly termed the Sahara of the Pacific coast. Upon a clear, full moonlight night the traveler may form some idea of the sterility and loneliness of this Pacific Sahara. You are in the midst of an ocean of fine, white sand; not an elevation, hardly, nor a decline of the feeblest nature, presents itself; the mosquito, the meschal and the cacti, have entirely disappeared, and not a bush nor a blade of grass remains; no living thing, not even a bird or an insect, is to be seen. A death-like stillness seems to pervade the scene, and an awful unbroken quiet prevails. In this particular locality, it is said, rain never descends; no dew ever falls; no delicious exhalations of the evening ever touch the fevered face of nature, which diurnally quivers under the scorching rays of light.

☞ Two newsboys were standing in front of a cigar store when one of them asked the other:

"Have you got three cents?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got two cents; give me your three cents and I'll buy a five cent Havana cigar."

"All right," says No. 2, handing out money. He enters the cigar store, procures the cigar (on credit possibly) lights it and puffs with a great deal of satisfaction."

"Come, now, give me a puff," says No. 2; "I furnished more than half the money."

"I know it," says the speaker, "but then I'm president and you are only a stockholder; you can spit."

☞ A short time ago Gen. John Gibbon, of St. Paul, made the assertion that 100 bushels of wheat had been raised on an acre of ground in the Territory of Montana. The statement having been received with incredulity, he wrote to the president of the First National bank in Helena for proof. In reply he received the certificate of the president and secretary of the Territorial fair association that one James L. Ray, of Lewis and Clark county, was awarded first premium for the best acre of wheat, being 102 bushels to the acre. This is believed to be the largest yield of wheat on record.

☞ A household magazine says a little whisky and water will give a rich polish to furniture. It doesn't say how you apply it, but suppose that you rinse your throat with the water, drink the whisky, and rub furniture with a flannel rag.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

LENGTH OF A WORKING DAY.—Upon this subject an author in an article published in the *Atlantic Monthly* forcibly remarks: "I believe that for most men more than eight hours' work per day is required for the maintenance of physical, mental and moral health. I think that for most men, including operatives, mechanics, farmers and clergymen, more than eight hours' labor per day is necessary, in order to keep down and utilize the forces of the animal nature and passions. I believe that if improvements in machinery should discharge men from the necessity of laboring more than six hours a day, society would rot in measureless and fatal animalism. I have worked more than ten hours per day during the most of my life, and believe it is best for us all to be compelled to work. It would be well, I think, if we could make it impossible for an idler to live on the face of the earth. Religious teachers are not without responsibility for having taught that the necessity of labor is a curse. The world owes most of its growth hitherto to men who tried to do as much work as they could. Its debt is small to the men who wished to do as little as possible.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr., has lately published an account of a successful experiment made in Quincy, Mass., in the direction of improving the system of ordinary common school teaching. The School Committee, having undertaken a real and thorough, instead of the old formal examination of the schools, found the results of the instruction altogether unsatisfactory. The pupils had a plenty of knowledge acquired by rote, but they were wofully ignorant outside of that, and unable to apply what they had learned.

For instance, they could parse and construe sentences without fault, and repeat the rules of grammar like the multiplication table, but they could neither write with facility nor read fluently. They were unable to write correctly an ordinary letter. The committee, therefore, set to work to reform the whole system, and its first step was to reduce the number of studies, and to so teach them that the pupils should be able to use the knowledge they acquire. After five years' working, the new plan has accomplished results which gratify both the teachers and parents, and the youngsters are becoming fond of going to school.

AN INDIGNANT SINGER.—A rather amusing story has been told of the great tenor Roger, who died the other day. He was once engaged by one of the wealthiest of Parisian bankers to sing at a soiree. The sum of $300 was to be paid him for his services. On the evening in question the guests talked persistently all the time that Roger was singing his first aria. The song once concluded, the irate tenor put on his hat and quitted the house. The next day the banker received from him a check for $400 inclosed in the following note:

Dear Sir—I return to you the amount you paid me for my performance last evening, and also beg leave to add to it the sum of $100 in payment of damages which I caused to your soiree by interrupting the conversation.

Very respectfully yours,
G. ROGER.

☞ Faint and unwilling praise is oftentimes equivalent to bitter censure. A man can say that it is so in such tones that you know at once that he believes the contrary, but does not propose to commit himself. When you ask concerning a certain person. "Is he reliable?" the answer may be, "W-e-l-l, y-e-s," but the inflection of this affirmative answer is such that you are led to suspect the persen spoken of as guilty of all the crimes in the calender.—You ask again, "Is he truthful?" and the answer, "W-e-l-l y-e-s," makes you sure that his chief occupation consists in telling falsehoods. It is easier, and far more diabolical to margin a man's character with a knowing wink or a wise nod than by proclaiming your accusations in such loud tones that the whole earth shall hear.

AN ELEPHANT AS A POLICEMAN.—Recently, writes a correspondent, a keeper belonging to Oroszi's Circus who slept near three elephants was about midnight aroused by their cries. He at first thought a cat or dog had gotten into the circus, but listening attentively he heard a suspicious noise in the costumer's storeroom. He went on tip toe and saw a stranger, with a dark lantern, trying to pick the store room lock. The keeper unchained the largest elephant, which with characterstic sagacity went straight to the burglar, put his trunk around the felon's neck and kept him at proboscis' length vntil a policeman came.

PUCK thus lets us into the mechanism of conundrums: In building conundrums the answer is the simplest part of the structure. For instance, here is a capital answer:—"One is fall shopping and the other is shop falling," but we haven't time to look around for a conundrum to fit it. And again: "One is Hamlet alone, and the other is ham let alone." The conundrum necessarily contains something about the melancholy Dane and deceased pork. Here is one complete: "What is the difference between a church fair and an infant's overstocking?" Answer: The difference between ladies' begging and a baby's legging.

THE author of "Grandfather's Clock" is at last meeting his punishment. One of his daughters, not able to stand the tick any longer, recently stopped short before a clergyman with a runaway young man, promised never to go single any more, and the old man nearly died.

Gov. Hamilton is 59 years old.

All Sorts of Clippings

Modesty is a guard of virtue.

A rousing address—time to get up.

Breeches of contract—tweed trowsers which shrink.

Out west they read it—"Loathe the poor Indian."

The fattest hog has the most winning weigh.

The lamplighter has bright prospects before him.

There is a good deal of Pi Eta among college boys.

Tailors make irresistible lovers. They know how to press a suit.

The route to the coal bin is a hod road to travel.

The proper place for boys to play leap frog is on the back stoop.

Most girls want mohair, but they don't want it all on their heads.

A down-town girl calls her beau Time because he presses so.

Pride goeth before a pair of tight boots, and corns cometh after them.

A beat can sleep on a doorstep, but a policeman cannot sleep on a beat.

A Dublin newspaper says:—"A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

England may be mistress of the C's, but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.

A Boston man broke off his marriage with a young lady because she spelt hugging with one g.

Many a boy who is in the first class at school, becomes a fourth-class man,

The fact that half a barrel of kussedness is frequently found in a two-quart boy has never been explained.

You can't expect to hit a mark with a bent arrow; the straighten-arrow way is the right way.

Out West when they lynch a lightning-rod agent, they use one of his cheeks for a coffin plate.

The present Emperor of China has a servant to wipe his nose. He occasionally blows him up.

A Whitehall justice is called "Old Perfumery" by the boys, because he he sent 'em up so often.

What is the difference between an editor and his wife? One writes things to set and the other sets things to rights

Life insurance agents should make an effort to get a few kind words on their books, for kind words never die.

Beware of cards. Many a young man has fallen into the hands of a knave and come within an ace of going to the deuce.

College graduate applies for the editorship of a great daily, and afterward accepts the responsible situation of driver of a street-car.

A rural lyceum lately had up for solution the conundrum: "Which is the more detestable, the grinning hypocrite, or the groaning one?"

Young men may be made of brass, but the Cincinnati Commercial says that young ladies are made of belle metal.

Ladies should always bear in mind that, spirits of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the hair very thoroughly.

It is easier to tie a knot in a cow's horn than to make your wife believe that every other night is Lodge night.

Snake bracelets and bugs for bonnets, match charmingly with the ladies' fashionable belts made of alligator skins.

Women have been admitted to the bar in eight States. Men are admitted to the bar wherever they can raise ten cents.

We feel mean enough to tear a passion to tatters every time we detect anger taking a liberty with our inflammable disposition.

No, Simeon, shad never take cold in their bones; if they did you could rely upon it that there'd be a little more cold than shad.

The light that lies in woman's eyes, so radiant with splendor, to lightning turns, and like it burns, the minute you offend her.

The man whom you kant git to write poetry or tell the truth, until you get him half drunk, ain't worth the investment.

The reason there is a resemblance between a soldier and a goat is, that one man's the ramparts, and the other rams the man's parts.

Why was Goliah very much surprised when David slung the stone at him? Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asked a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds were perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

A Springfield, Mass., man, has named his four boys Ara, Era, Ira and Ora, and they are "all alive and mischievous as if nothing had happened.

An Albany genius calls a new suspender which has just been patented, "The Conscience Suspender." It owes its name to its extreme elasticity.

When a paragrapher gets up something too stupid to go in the funny column, he gives it to the literary editor, who puts it in a column headed "Pearls of Thought."

Yung man, don't forgit this:—When yu make a man laff at the expense of his self-respekt, yu hav lost a pint that will be hard to git back.

"Whom can we trust?" is the black type inquiry of an exchange. It is of no consequence. "Whom can we induce to trust us?" is the soul agonizer.'

The Boston Courier discovers that when two young men meet they address each other as "old man," and that when two old fellows meet they say "my boy."

There are no fewer than three hundred young Americans now studying art in Paris.

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