The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 33.

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 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.

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 cornor 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.

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

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 SHOCK.

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. Hoblitzell, 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 of Paper from 10 cents up! July 31

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 figure 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.

BIBB'S "New Baltimore," THE ONLY GENUINE FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

UNEXCELLED.

Manufactured by B. C. BIBB & SON, Inventors and Patentees, Baltimore, Md.

Special features and recommendations of Bibb's New Baltimore Fire-Place Heater:

1st. Manufactured in Baltimore, where invented and perfected.

2d. *All the inside parts can be inserted without removing heater from fire-place.*

3d. The room in which it is placed will always be camfortable, as it sets well out of the fire-place, and has *entire front radiation*, thus giving more heat in lower room than any other.

4th. It has the celebrated *Solid Side Centre Grate*, by which the clinker can be removed *without disturbing the fire*, besides this peculiar style of grate lasts longer than any other.

5th. It is arranged to *drop ashes* into cellar when so desired.

6th. *It makes no dust* when shaking grate, thus saving furniture and carpets.

7th. It is the *latest and newest style*, and the only Heater that meets the wants of the public in *all particulars*.

Before you buy a Cook Stove, come and see the "New Regulator," a cook stove with revolving top, thus saving the lifting of pots and kettles when you wish to change their position on the stove.

Other styles of First-Class Cook Stoves and Ranges, constantly on hand.

Those in want of a first-class Parlor or Dining room stove, should not buy until they have seen the HEXIGON, a new stove, of new style, with all the improvements of grate and draught.

LARD CANS for sale cheap.

J. W. HINES.

Dec. 4, 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.

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, Druggist.

Nov. 13, 1879.

BLANK BOOKS,

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

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

Select Poetry.

ZLOBANE.*

As swayeth in the summer wind
The close and stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields
That day on wild Zlobane;

The white† shield of the husband,
Who hath twice need of life,
The black shield of the young chief,
Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
Secure as if they slept,
While close on front and either flank
The live black crescent crept,

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
Upon the British ears,
With whirl of bullets, glare of shields,
And flash of Zulu spears,

They gathered as a cloud, swift rolled,
'Twixt sun and summer scene,
They thickened down as the locusts
That leave no living green.

Uprose the British; in the shock
Reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder faced the foe,
And met their doom like men.

But one was there, whose heart was torn
In a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
And calm disdain of life;

Yet now, half turning from the fray,
Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet were left
An open way to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
Like tassels of the corn,

And lips that curled in that sweet pout
Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side and silently
To his braver father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed
And tossed the boy astride.
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life,
That way, my darling, ride!"

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
Leaped lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon its flank,
That with a quivering bound

It sprang and galloped for the hills,
With one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet
Clanged o'er the stony way.

So, shod with fear, fled like the wind,
From where in ancient fray
Rome grappled Tusculum, the slain
Mamilius' charger gray.

"Father, I'll die with you!"‡ The sire,
As this he saw and heard,
Turned, and stood breathless in the joy
And pang that knows no word.

Once, each, as do long knitted friends,
Upon the other smiled,
And then—he had but time to give
A weapon to the child

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
The supple Zulus drew
The cruel assegais, and first
The younger hero slew.

Still graw the father's heart, his eye
Bright with unflickering flame:
Five Zulus bit the dust in death
By his unblenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child,
And they who found them say, in death
Each on the other smiled.

*Zlobane is the name of the mountain which was taken by storm from the Zulus by the British forces on the morning of the 28th of March, 1879. On the top of this mountain the victorious English troops, who had unsaddled their horses and cast themselves down to rest, were surprised and surrounded by the Zulus. Of the whole British force only one captain and six men escaped.

†Among the Zulus the married men carry white shields, the bachelors black.

‡When the Zulus rushed in on the small British detachment of Colonel Wood, and while there was yet an open road in one direction, Colonel Weatherly, an English cavalry officer, clapped his son, a boy of thirteen, who was with him, on horseback, kissed him, and told him to fly for life. The lad jumped from the saddle, striking the horse a lash which sent it galloping off, and said, "Father, I'll die with you!" The father handed his revolver to the child just as the Zulus reached, over British bodies, the spot where they stood. Weatherly slew five Zulus before he fell, but the son was killed at once.

—Z. B. GUSTAFSON, *in Harper's Magazine for January.*

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the pole star of hope guide us through the sea of misfortune.

May the jewel of sincerity enlighten every breast.

May the blossoms of hope never be blighted.

May the tongues of our friends be the index of their hearts.

May the sparks of love brighten into flame.

May Hymen never join those hands whose hearts are divided.

May virtue increase her exports and imports and may vice become a bankrupt.

May wisdom be the umpire when pleasure gives the prize.

May we be ignorant of the arts of dissimulation.

May our vices never rise up against us in their native deformity.

May we never endure the pangs of guilt or the vexation of calamity.

May disappointment never reach us when we stand in want of support.

May our minds have no burden and futurity no terrors.

May no worse day we have to see be equaled by the best we have ever seen.

May the bud of affection be ripened by the sunshine of sincerity.

May those who seek to injure the oppressed be rather confused with shame than punished with revenge.

May we never, by overleaping the bounds of prudence trespass on the bosom of friendship.

May strife and discord be banished from society, and true friendship be made perpetual president.

May the laws of humanity be put in force against the perpetrators of cruelty.

May we not waste but use our time.

May the moments of mirth be regulated by the dial of reason.

Peace within our gates, plenty within our dwellings, truth in our statesmen, piety in our pastors, patriotism in our presidents, virtue in our senators, and industry to the people, to the end of the world.

Select Story.

JOE CONQUERS.

A HOLIDAY SKETCH.

"Well, girls, there is one way we can help both father and ourselves these hard times," said Bessie Foote while her elder sisters looked up from their occupations with kind, interested faces. "We can give up our birthdays or Christmas," began Bessie, slowly.

"That is a good idea," broke in Emily, the older sister. "These numerous gift-days and pleasure-makings draw too heavily upon our pockets."

"But what will Joe say?" This time they nearly all spoke in concert.

After a little pause, Bessie said, with hopeful decision: "Oh, perhaps he won't care."

Now Joe was the last, but by no means the least member in Mr. Foote's family. He had arrived late after this goodly row of girls, and after his parents had given up an earlier and often-expressed desire that a boy might be among the number. And if helpful hands and warm hearts make the reception, Joe came

'To the world as a gentleman comes
To lodging ready furnished.'

He was now twelve years old, but had not 'worn out his welcome.' Of a pliant, pleasant nature, he fully answered, so far, all the demands made upon him. No one had ever heard him speak a rough or unkind word, and in all the little affairs of every day, he was easily helpful enough to satisfy his loving family. It is true Mr. Foote, who had struggled through a hard and self-denying youth to an honorable position in the world, began to have some uneasiness about his son's character and to suffer the first disturbing, perplexing doubt as to the future of a boy to whom life was such a holiday affair, and who would never be able, he feared, to take any other view of it.

But these fatherly doubts and fears Mr. Foote carefully kept to himself. His family was very loving and confiding, and Mr. Foote was not without courage; but I doubt if he would have been willing to contemplate, even in the retirement of his own thoughts, the shock that would have come to all if this beloved son had been closely criticised. So Joe spent his thoughtless pleasant days undisturbed by criticism, and when Bessie broached the question of the morning for her brother's decision—Christmas being nearly a year away and birthdays close at hand—he chose in his easy way to keep the near pleasure, and so it came about that there was to be no Christmas celebration that year in Mr. Foote's house.

Bessie's plan worked admirably. The birthdays, scattered through the year, had been made much of, and Joe's, coming late in September, had really been a great affair. Joe himself had enjoyed it wonderfully even beyond his usual happy way. It was very gratifying to have so many new things in advance of all his playmates; even the latest fashioned sled had been procured by extra trouble and expense, and the balls, and the books, and the knives, and the marbles, were of the best, for 'Joe is to have no presents at Christmas,' was the often-expressed reason for extra indulgence on this particular birthday. It was all very delightful, and it made Joe quite the hero of the autumn, creating any amount of envy in the minds of other boys who must wait till Christmas.

But Christmas was drawing on and Joe soon found himself face to face with an anticipation which was not pleasurable; an entirely new position in his experience. In fact, the numerous preparations in the world outside began to produce a slightly depressing sensation in the members of Mr. Foote's family; even Bessie, usually firm in her decisions, could not help wishing they had chosen Christmas and given up the birthdays. But it was too late now, so they all carefully avoided any allusion to the coming festival, each hoping by silence to create the impression in the others that the whole plan was eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Foote, quietly reading in his easy chair, was really the only one quite at ease; all the minds of the family being more or less ruffled, on Christmas eve, by some thoughts as to what might be going on in Joe's mind; for contrary to his custom, he had betaken himself to bed at an unusually early hour. Mrs. Foote and her oldest daughters were busy with their sewing near the table where Mr. Foote was enjoying the cheerful fire and his evening paper, when Bessie suddenly broke into the room with the exclamation: "Joe has hung up his stockings!" Mr. Foote laid the paper on his knee and busy needles made slight pauses, but no one spoke.

"He has hung up both! He never hung up but one before!" added Bessie, dropping helplessly into the nearest chair.

"That was naughty in Joe," said Mrs. Foote in a tone in which despair and apology oddly mingled.

Some time elapsed, during which no one ventured to remark, and Mr. Foote still looked into the fire.—Strangely vivid remembrances came to him of a country boy, long forgotten Christmases, an empty stocking and a disappointed heart. He slowly took down his eye-glasses from their perch and put them in his pocket, he folded up his paper softly, and carefully laid it on the table, and with the air of a man who would rather the fact should not be observed, rose quietly from his chair and in a very indifferent voice, said: "Bessie will you hand me my coat?"

"Why, you are not going out?" exclaimed Mrs. Foote, excitedly.

"Yes; I think I will take a short walk," replied Mr. Foote, still indifferently, though knowing perfectly well that a walk was a most unusual performance for him in the evening after a busy day.

"I believe I will go with you," said his wife, cheerily, and going at once for her hat and shawl.

"Let us go too," said all the girls, and with that liveliness which indicates relief from a dilemma.

All were soon ready, and, Mr. and Mrs. Foote leading the way, they were soon on the pavement of a well-lighted street, and moving with the crowd or pausing at the shop-windows to see the unusual and final attractions of the season.

If people would dream facts instead of dreaming dreams, Joe Foote might have smiled to himself as he lay asleep in his little bedroom in sole possession of the house, while the whole family had gone off, moved by an impulse, on an errand which not one of them could have told to another. Joe awake and on his feet might have been resisted, but Joe asleep, with these two expectant stockings yawning in the basement, was an impersonation of that faith which moves mountains. It all came about very naturally and easily; Mr. Foote first expressed some regret that the knife he had given Joe on his birthday had not been of a better quality and, now that the boy had lost it, it seemed only fair to get him another. This accomplished at the first cutlery store, his mother followed in the purchase of a new boy's book, which she very much regretted she had not heard of in time to get for his birthday. His sisters, too, remembered various little things that Joe liked or had their memories quickened by the sight of new devices for good boys, as they walked along, and so they were each well laden with Christmas things when they finally reached their own door.

I can not doubt that Joe smiled there in his sleep; and if the fruitful stockings ran over with their numerous gifts, the family wisely concluded not to make any remarks that might bring into light the inconsistency of the givers' purposes and actions.

The next morning all but Joe awoke with a slight feeling of uncertainty whether it was Sunday or some other day. Joe knew before he was awake that it wasn't Sunday, still he did feel a little doubtful if it was Christmas.

But stowed away in a seldom-used nook of his closet were some very good reminders of Christmas, until he should return to the basement. Joe's father would have been pleased enough if he could have looked into his boy's closet just then as Joe was taking out of their hiding-place six small packages, all neatly wrapped and tied with long loops, so that they could be hung on door-knobs. These presents he had purchased with some money given him to spend for himself.

With the little bundles arranged on his arm for distribution, he stole softly in his stocking-feet through the hall, hanging each article on its respective knob, without disturbing the occupants of the rooms, who were still cozily abed.

This done he went down to the basement in easy hopefulness. And he was not doomed to disappointment, the contents of the crowded stockings yielding more than a usual amount of joy and admiration.

And when the family came down to breakfast, how delightful it all was. Every one was so pleased with the pretty present Joe had purchased for them, that it was a long time before the happy family could subside to the formality of the morning meal. Joe himself became conscious of a higher pleasuse than Christmas had heretofore brought, when his father expressed his hearty satisfaction in the gift his son had unassisted given him; and, turning to his youngest daughter, he said: "Bessie, let us have Christmas next year," which caused a general smile all around.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE SECOND BID.—At the Larned street market yesterday morning the boy led out a bundle of flesh and bones, and the auctioneer mounted his box and began:

"Hark! What was that? Did somebody say one hundred and fifty dollars, or was it the sighing of the wind? Very well—give me a bid. This is a horse. I'll warrant it to be. Detroiters are known the world over as modest men, but don't let that feeling prevent you from making one of the best bargains ever offered in this market. Who bids?"

"Fifteen cents!" called a voice.

"Fifteen cents!" screamed the auctioneer, as he wheeled around. "Where are the police? Who dares make that offer? What base caitiff has wormed his way into this crowd to insult me and injure the feelings of this poor animal?"

"Twenty cents!" cried another voice.

"Ah! that proves that I did not misjudge this crowd when I said it was composed of gentlemen, and the horse is yours. Make change here with the clerk and take your prize away before he falls dead and obstructs the sidewalk."—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ A canvass of the Harvard Law School, just completed, gives the following result: Proportion of Republican votes, 58 per cent.; of Democratic votes, 42 per cent. On the Presidential question—for Bayard, 38 per cent.; Sherman, 14 per cent.; Grant, 10 per cent.; Edmunds 7 per cent.; Blaine, 7 per cent.; Hayes, 6 per cent.; Evarts, 6 per cent.; "anti-Grant," 6 per cent.; scattering, 6 per cent. The polls were open for a week and hard work was done for Grant.

☞ President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and who then asked:

"What do you think of it? How will it take?"

The President reflected a little while and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

GOING INTO DEBT.

The first and most ruinous form of extravagance is going into debt. There is nothing in the world so easy for most people to do—that is if people will trust them—as to run in debt. There is nothing harder than to get out. To exert oneself intensely, to practice self-denial, to endure hardships for a future good, whose enjoyments far more than repay for the present trouble, is comparatively easy. But to do this that we may pay for a past pleasure, whose delight we shall never taste again, and which, in looking back, we almost regard as a folly, this is one of the hardest tasks a man can undertake.

Working to pay debt is the hardest, most uninspiring drudgery.—Debt seems almost endowed with perpetual motion. Once started, it keeps rolling on and on, always increasing, until it buries its victim irretrievably beneath its deadening avalanche. Yet few temptations are greater to the natural man than the extravagance of going into debt. It is so pleasant, so easy. One sees something he wants, and thinks how much nicer, how much easier, to take it now and say charge it, than to go entirely without it, or wait months before, by self-denial and hard work, he has saved enough to buy and pay for it. But the thing must be paid for if you be an honest man, and more must be paid if you take it on credit.

A man's income is small; he has positively to stint himself and family of the necessities of life. What a mighty great temptation to ask credit! How hope will whisper business will improve; in a little while I shall do much better and easily wipe off these old debts. But men's wants always outrun the means to meet them; more is wanted, and the debt beside is constantly eating up all and more than all the man's actual increase of wages or profits.—The debt grows larger, and perchance, as is often the case, hopes deceive, the income decreases rather than increases, and the debt always growing heavier crushes the very life out of the man. It should be the principle of every one who would avoid failure, who would secure prosperity, never to go beyond his income; never, never to run in debt. Pay as you go; stop when you cannot pay.

VANDERBILT'S AMBITION AND HIS INCOME.—There seems to be no limit to his ambition. He has an income of nearly $4,000,000 a year, or nearly $11,000 a day, or $7.50 a minute, and yet he works as hard as the worst-paid of his clerks, and expects his sons to do the same. If he pursues the same plan as his father, and leaves nine-tenths of his fortune to one son, the results of long years of such accumulations will be startling. He has ten children, however, and may take a different course. At present he is building a house on Fifth avenue which is to be the finest private residence in America, and encourages his sons to do likewise, which is very different from the old Cornelius Vanderbilt's practices. He never spent extravagant sums of money on himself, and not much on his children. Of course, William H. Vanderbilt's power lies largely in the fact that he knows in advance of all outsiders the exact condition of his roads, their earnings and their dividends. With this knowledge he may be said to play in the stock market with loaded dice. He knows positively whether certain stocks will go up or down during the next few months; there is no gambling about it for him. I used to know a broker who often said that he would pay $100,000 a day to see the quotations of the stock exchange one minute ahead of any one else; that was all he required. Vanderdilt has this power, for he to a large degree causes the fluctuations in prices by which he profits.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Every little while we read in the papers of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot, or knees or hand, or some other portion of his body, and that lock-jaw resulted therefrom, of which the patient died. If every person was aware of a perfect remedy for all such wounds, and would apply it, then all such reports must cease. But although we can give the remedy, we cannot enforce its application. Some will not employ it because they think it too simple; others think such a wound of small account, and not worth fussing over, until it is too late to do any good. Yet all such wounds can be healed without the fatal consequences which follow them. The remedy is simple, almost always on hand, and can be applied by any one, and what is better, it is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound, or any bruise or wound that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound, repeated two or three times, it will ally the worst cases of inflammation arising from a wound. People may sneer at "the old man's remedy" as much as they please, but when they are afflicted, just let them try it. It has saved many lives and much pain, and is worthy of being printed in letters of gold and put in every home.

☞ They were standing at a window. "In looking out-doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting: "Yes, sir." "Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright face with tender interest. "Because ma has cleaned house and you can see out better," she said. The elderly gentleman sat down.

☞ Leadville, Col., is but two years old, and yet has gas-works, water-works, the finest opera house in the State, and next year will have a complete system of sewerage.

WEATHER PROPHECIES.

As 1879 is played out, and as we thought the readers of the *Derrick* might wish to make calculations for the coming year, we have concluded to delay no longer the publication of our weather prophecies for 1880. Here they are: paste 'em in your shoes:

January—Will be rather warm; but not very warm; somewhat moist but not very moist; just about moist enough. There will be some cold weather, and some not so cold as it might be; just cold enough. There will be some snow and some Tom and Jerry, but not much.

February—The weather will be like that of January, only more so, with slight variations.

March—Can't say whether we'll have any weather this month or not. The game is blocked and the machine won't indicate, but it is safe to say it will rain, and it never rains but it pours.

April—People will be greatly fooled on the weather this month. We know what it will be, but don't propose to spoil the fun by giving it away.

May—We may have some rain this month, but it will not rain all the time. The sun will shine.

June—By the time we have got along to this month we will all begin to see the effects of the famine. Oh, but it will be hot some of the time; but it is well enough for some folks to become acclimated.

July—Some dust, rain, clouds and wind, but more sunshine. It will be quite hot. Great demand for beer.

August—Considerable fair and warm weather, but no more than we can use.

September—Some rain, at least enough to supply milkmen and dealers in whisky. Sunshine.

October—Talk of a boat race will prevent a storm this month.

November—Some rain and snow, but the great question will be weather the Democrats or Republicans will carry the day.

December—More snow.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THEY SOLD TELEPHONES.

"He tried to cut me, sergeant. He's got a knife somewhere about his clothes."

"Well, now, that's a fine way to talk, ain't it? Look at me, sergeant. I'm cut, ain't I? And cut bad, ain't I? And is he cut? Well, I guess not."

"Well, just hold on," said Serg't. Hayhurst, of the third district, "and let me hear one of you at a time. Now, you man with a cut over your eye, what's your name?"

"William Gray."

"What's your business?"

"I—well, I sell telephones."

"Well, how did you get cut?"

"Well, that man there smashed me in the head with a chair and his partner smashed me, and between the two I think they intended to kill me."

"Now, what's your name?"

"William Franzell."

"What is your line of business?"

"I sell telephones."

"Well, what have you got to say?"

"That man had a knife, and he tried to carve me with it. Of course I didn't want anything like that, so I kept him away."

"How did you keep him away?"

"The best way I could."

"Did you do it with a chair?"

"No, siree."

Another officer came in at this juncture, accompanied by a short, stout young man.

"That's him," said Gray; "he's the man that smashed me."

"Smashed who?" said the newcomer; I guess not."

"I guess yes," said Gray.

"What is your name?" said the sergeant.

"Al. Lewis."

"What's your business?"

"I'm in the telephone business"

"What do you know about the row?"

"You see we three were partners in the telephone business. We fell out. Somebody had to get hurt. I wasn't the man."

"Search them," said the sergeant. They were searched. In the pocket of each was found enough silk thread to reach from here to the Gulf of Mexico, and a thousand and one pieces of tin, together with a few circulars which said: 'For the small sum of a dime we will insure you a perfect system of telephonic communication.'

SAMUEL'S PURCHASE.—A Chicago policeman was the other day halted near the City Hall by a 200-pound woman with a parcel in her hand and she requested to be directed to the store where they sold mottoes. He asked which particular store she wanted, and she explained:

"Well, I can't tell. My old man came to town yesterday and I wanted him to buy the motto of 'God Bless our Home.' He got in somewhere they told him that stylish folks no longer hung up that motto, and the old idiot went and brought home this one."

She unrolled the parcel and held up a card on which was very tastily painted:

"Don't ask for credit—Our terms are cash."

"You needn't grin," she said, as she rolled up the card again; "I'm heavy on foot and the walking is bad, but I'm going to walk this town till I find the man who got this thing off on Samuel for 'God bless our Home.'"

The imbibers of champagne will regret to hear that last year's vintage proved, both as regards quantity and quality, the worst on record. But as long as pure champagne can be made in this country from lager-beer slops, cider and certain chemicals, the imbibers will not suffer by the failure of the foreign vintage.

"Is there no way," writes an agricultural correspondent, "of keeping eggs from turning bad?" Well, no really infallible means have been discovered, we believe; but a hound pup, about six months old, will come about as near it as anything else, if you have the hennery doors open. About one pup is sufficient for a farm of 280 acres.

All Sorts of Clippings

A lonely spot—the ace.

Stakeholders—butchers.

Bees cell their own honey.

The French horn—a glass of absinthe.

Retired from the "service"—a broken tea-cup.

How to make crockery ware—don't use it.

A field for physicians—a new cemetery.

A man with a wheelbarrow carries all before him.

The Bar Association—a double trapeze performance.

Warfare out of place—a naval battle in the Pacific.

A burglar has no true appreciation of the beauties of moonlight.

One-fifth of Norway is under timber.

The Queen of Madagascar gets drunk.

Old maids are very numerous in England.

Enameled fern leaves set as hair pins are very graceful.

The latest hanging hat-rack is of ebony in horse-shoe shape.

It is no longer the mode to turn a visiting card at the corner.

Onyx bracelets set with pearls to match the lace-pin are elegant.

A Plymouth, Mass., ghost was allayed by closing up a rat-hole.

An enameled owl, with a high hat dented in, is a new scarf-pin.

Writs of error—love letters to another man's wife.

A tight squeeze—the embrace of a drunken man.

An airess—the woman who goes up in a balloon.

Is the corner stone of the movement in Ireland a sham rock?

It takes a sharp knife to peel the bark off a dog.

Put a shutter over your mouth, is the latest slang.

Doll's stockings are a constant import from Saxony.

A sulphur well is the reigning sensation, at Pekin, Ill.

It is the season for balls, and calls, and falls.

There's a plethora of coin in the San Fracisco banks.

Scarlet fever has closed the schools in Olathe, Kansas.

There are now no less than 110 flour mills in Minnesota.

Arkansas City, Kansas, has now 80 acres of stock yards.

The agile youths of Carson, Nev., are to have a stilt race.

Georgia's penalty for suicide is loss of your insurance policy.

Iceberg blue is a handsome silk, but is suggestive of shivers.

An unequaled demand for land has sprung up in Northwest Iowa.

Jeaquin Miller has had his hair cut. He is probably married.

There is no good preaching to the hungry.

Better go supperless to bed than to run in debt.

Better free in a foreign land than a slave at home.

To change and to be better are two different things.

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

Everybody knows good counsel except him that hath need of it.

Live virtuously and you cannot die too soon nor live too long.

When is the pig the heaviest? When he is lead.

When is a sheep like ink? When you take it into the pen.

When is a gambler like a sportsman? When the game is his own.

What parts of the body are the most useful to carpenters? The nails.

When is a skein of thread like the root of an oak? When it is full of knots.

What fruit expresses the first child born on earth? A damson (Adam's son.)

When is a white man an African? When he's a black in (blacking) his shoes.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.

The man whose head was turned does not know where to lathe the blame.

Aphorism by a little girl—the "truth in a nutshell" is generally a worm.

The person who means well and does ill is of the most troublesome sort for a friend.

What a paradoxical creature man is! He takes a blotting paper to keep from blotting paper.

A friend told Snodgrass that he was just off a sick bed. "Indeed! And what ails your bed?

The small boy is generally taken sick at the moment a ton of coal is deposited on the sidewalk.

What is the difference between a kind heart and a hind cart? One is a vessel and the other a vehicle.

Take the first and last letters from the word majesty and you make a jest of the word.

Self-interest will do as the main spring of human actions, but it won't run a brass watch.

"I fear that you do not quite apprehend me," as the jail bird said to his baffled pursuers.

"Be careful how you punctuate stove," is the latest. It means not to put too much colon.

If a man does not catch cold at this season the cold will catch him. It is all the same.

One of the things you don't want to be too generous with is your temper. Keep it.

Any man who gazes long on the shape of his head, as revealed by the hatter's conformitor, will wonder why some kind and considerate relative didn't kill him off during infancy.

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