The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 34.

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 r 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.

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 ust 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.

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 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.

SEE! SEE!

J. M. Horning & Co.

ARE NOW PREPARED TO TAKE

PICTURES

OF ALL KINDS

In Chestertown,

at the

LOWEST CASH PRCES.

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.

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.

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

1880.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

J. B. Sappington,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots & Shoes,

and dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

and

FANCY and MEDIUM GRADES FAMILY, EXTRA and SUPER FINE **FLOUR.**

Please remember we have twelve years experience in the flour trade, and guarantee to give satisfaction to all.

Call and learn our Prices and Terms—wholesale and retail.

Respectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON.

Jan. 1, 1880.

New Year's Goods

A FINE ASSORTMENT,

At Very Low Prices.

Call and make your selections, at

T. W. WICKES'

Dec. 18. DRUG STORE

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LUMBER, LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,
PICKETS, SIDING,
Weatherboarding, Barn Boards,
Virginia Pine Boards, Cypress Fencing,
4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 Dressed White Pine,
Crown Moulding, Band Moulding,
SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,

all at prices that will satisfy after a close examination of the competing markets. Parties who are about to build are solicited to call and learn my prices before buying elsewhere.

Oct. 23. T. W. ELIASON Ja

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 Slide 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.

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 ROSINA 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. C. LAKE.

Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

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

BLANK BOOKS,

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

NOTICE. The Annual Meeting of The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent County, will be held at the Court House in Chestertown, on MONDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1880, at 11 o'clock A. M.

N. G. WESTCOTT,

Dec. 18, 1879—3t. Secretary

Select Story.

REUNITED.

The front door of a neat house, of moderate pretensions, just outside of an Indian town, was hastily opened as night was coming on and a man was thrust violently into the street, or rather the road.

The man who was ejected was young, and might have been handsome had it not been for the dissipated appearance of his features and the untidiness of his dress. At the moment he was evidently intoxicated.

The man who ejected him was an elderly gentleman, whose face was red with honest indignation, which also showed itself in his voice and his language.

Albert Wakely was a lawyer of ability and promise when he married John Byrd's daughter Mary, although he had already contracted a fondness for drink.

This passion did not abate after his marriage, but grew upon him, and at the birth of his boy he had become no better than a loafer, sheltering himself with his wife in the house of his father-in-law, to whom his family looked for all the necessaries of life.

John Byrd was not the man to patiently endure his son-in-law's worthlessness and ill-treatment of his wife, and at last, when Wakely came crawling into the house after a prolonged absence and debauch, he opened the door and expelled him forcibly.

"Go off!" he exclaimed with his voice full of anger. "Go off, Albert Wakely, and never darken my doors again! You have no longer a home here, and you shall never set your foot in my house after this."

Wakely murmured something about wanting to see his wife.

"She don't want to see you. Go off, I say! No body here cares what becomes of you."

The old man went back into the house and closed and locked the door, while the young one stumbled up the road, his hat put down over his eyes, and his faculties apparently dazed.

The young man thus wandered on, never looking up, not glancing to the right nor the left, stupid and purposeless, until he reached the bank of a stream.

Ignoring the bridge, he would have walked into the water if he had not been seized and forcibly restrained by a man who had noticed his strange movements.

"What, Wakely, is this you?—What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"I don't know," was the sleepy reply. "Where am I?"

"You would now be in the water if I had not stopped you. You have been drinking, Wakely. Come, let me take you home."

At this word the young man suddenly straightened himself up, raised his hat and pushed the hair from his eyes.

"Home!" he exclaimed. "I have no home."

In response to the wondering questions of the other, he related, more lucidly than might have been expected, the story of his expulsion from John Byrd's house.

"That's nothing," said his friend. "Come to town with me, and straighten up, and it will be right in the morning."

"It will never be right, Mr. Henderson," replied Wakely. "This is the end of it. I have been driven out and I deserve it, and I will never set foot in John Byrd's house again. That is not all. I will never drink another drop of liquor so long as I live, so help me heaven!"

"Don't be rash. It is a good thing to quit, but you will have to ease off, you know."

"Never! I will never touch another drop if I die for it. I mean to leave here and lead a new life under a new name."

"If you really mean that, Wakely, I can put you in the way to make a man of yourself. I am going to Colorado. Go with me and I will pay your way and help you to make your own start in life."

"If you will do that, Mr. Henderson, you will earn my lifelong gratitude."

When John Byrd re-entered his house he found his daughter Mary sobbing as if her poor heart would break.

"What have you done, father?" she asked.

"I have driven away that worthless vagabond," he roughly replied, "and have ordered him never to darken my doors again."

"You might have given him another chance, father. He is my husband, and he is the father of my child."

"He has had chance enough. He shall not be your husband much longer. He shall torture you no more. I will get a divorce for you."

"I want no divorce," sobbed poor Mary.

"You don't know what you want. You need a divorce and you shall have it. I have taken this matter into my own hands. Worsham is ready and anxious to marry you at any time."

* * * * * * * *

Six years have passed since Albert Wakely was summarily ejected from the house of his father-in-law.

At the mouth of a canon in southern Colorado, where the tortured torrent has passed through the cleft in the mountains and becomes a placid stream as it decouches on a broad and fertile valley, a single "prairie schooner" has stopped, and its driver, a rude, red-shirted fellow is seen in conversation with an old man, who is evidently expostulating with him in vain.

"It's no use," said the driver at last; "I've gone as far as your money will justify, and furder, and here I mean to quit. If you mean to stop anywhere this is as good a place as you will find. If you want either work or help General Chance is likely to give it to you."

"Does he own this valley?" asked the old man.

"He owns ever so many acres of land, the San Benito mine and more horses, cattle and sheep than you kin count. But here comes one of his ranchmen, and I will turn you over to him."

The driver explained the circumstances of his 'freight' to the ranchman, who requested the old man to accompany him to "the house,' and the latter patiently complied with the request, leading by the hand a bright little boy.

They soon reached 'the house,' a low and straggling collection of buildings, and were ushered into the presence of its owner, a tall and fine-looking man, and his face covered by a heavy beard and his eyes shaded by a wide slouched hat, who was seated in a raw-hide chair reading a newspaper, and smoking a long pipe. He listened in silence and with apparant indifference to the story the ranchman told him.

"What is your name?" he asked, addressing the old man, who stood before him.

"John Byrd. sir."

"Where are you from?"

"From Indiana."

"Ah! Any family with you?"

"My daughter, Mrs. Worsham, and her child."

"Widow, I suppose."

"Her husband is dead, sir," patiently replied the old man, although he resented the tone of these inquiries.

"First husband, or second?"

"Mr. Worsham was her second husband. She had been married to a drunken and worthless vagabond whom I was compelled to drive away."

"Quite right. Mr. Byrd—exactly right. What became of the vagabond?"

"I don't know."

"Died, I suppose. But it is of no consequenee what became of him. Then a divorce followed?'

"Yes, sir. I insisted upon a divorce against my daughter's wish, and she married Mr. Worsham, a well-to-do man. But bad luck fastened upon us and never let go.—Mr. Worsham died insolvent, and one reverse after another swept away my little property and I was forced to come out here to begin life again. It is a hard task, sir, for an old man."

"I should say so. You ought to have remained among your friends. What boy is that?"

"My grandson," faintly replied Byrd, who was weary of this style of questioning.

"Son of the vagabond, or of Worsham?"

"Albert is the son of my daughter's first husband."

"I have taken a fancy to him.—You want a home, and I will tell you what I will do. Give me the boy and I will give you a fine ranch, well stocked, with everything you need to make you comfortable. Is it a bargain?"

"Do you expect me to trade off my daughter's child?" indignantly demanded Byrd.

"I forgot about her. Of course she has an interest him. Suppose you ask her. She ought to be willing to accept a comfortable home for life, when she knows that the boy will be well provided for."

"I will bring her here to see you if you wish."

"No; I don't want to see any women folks. Ask her and bring me word."

"I will ask her," replied the old man; "but I know what her answer will be."

John Byrd soon returned and informed General Chance that Mrs. Worsham had refused to accept his offer, declaring that she would rather die than be parted from her dear boy.

"Very well," said that gentleman. "That is all I have to say to you.—You may go."

John Byrd sadly left the house, and its owner signed to the ranchman to remain.

"Mr. Whipps," said he, "I wish you would follow that old man. Take him and his family down to Hiller's ranch, which is vacant, and settle them there. Supply them with stock, provisions, and everything they need to make them comfortable, and let me know if money is needed."

So John Byrd and his little family, greatly to their surprise, were settled and made more than comfortable.

There was nothing to trouble them but the uncertainty of their tenure and a fear that another direction might be taken by the peculiar disposition of their strange benefactor, who would not allow Mrs. Worsham to come near his house, saying that he did not want to see any women folks."

He only endured her father, but was very friendly to the boy, whom he presented with a fine pony and a saddle. For his own part he seemed determined not to show his face at the Hiller racnh.

Providence, however, was disposed to set aside this determination.

As he was returning one day from a distant stock-farm his horse shied and threw him near the Hiller ranch, dragging him for some distance by the stirrup. He has carried into Mr. Byrd's house, where it was discovered that his head and face were so badly cut and bruised that it would be necessary to remove his hair and beard.

When this operation had been performed Mrs. Worsham came into the room for the purpose of helping to dress his wounds, and fairly shrieked as she saw him.

"Albert Wakely!" she exclaimed. "Is it really you?"

"Yes, Mary, it is I," quietly replied General Chance. "If you are going to do anything for me, please do it without a fuss."

Mary Worsham took care of him. and he encouraged her attendance; When he was stronger he spoke to her more freely.

"Mary, did you really object to a divorce and to your second marriage?"

"Yes, Albert, I never loved any man but the father of my child, in spite of his great fault, and I object to everything that could injure you. But you ought not to blame poor father. He meant to act for the best."

"I don't blame him. It was for the best. It made a man of me, and I am, as I ought to be, deeply grateful to him. Mary, that is a fine boy of ours."

Within a month there was a wedding on the San Benito estate which was made such an occasion of rejoicing as to be long remembered in that region. The contracting parties were Walter Chance, as he was still determined to be known, and Mary, widow of Abram Worsham.

THE LATEST TELEPHONE JOKE.

The latest telephone joke comes from Pine Bluff. In that city there is a prominent man. There are many prominent men in Pine Bluff, but this one is so very prominent in a certain direction that his name is known along the crowded street, and out in the furrowed globe. It is almost unnecessary to call him Colonel C. A man of striking intelligence and profound reading, he has taken up a financial hobby. He knows so well that the United States Government should adopt his theory that he would be willing to bet his eternal existence on it. He'll stop a man on the street and hammer him with argument, belabor him with deep-set expressions and kick him with "important information" for hours. When he gets through the victim finds it some trouble to realize whether he has joined a revived organization of the Sons of Malta or has just had his gin-house burned. His ideas are too heavy for most men, and the time required for him to express them generally stops the victim's watch, because he is kept on the squirm and dodge so long that he forgets to wind it. It is to be hoped that these annotations are sufficiently explicit. Well, the other day Colonel C. went into M. L. Jones's office, and had just begun to draw himself up for a three-hours' speech, when Mr. Jones remarked:

"By the way, Colonel, have you ever seen the telephone work?"

"No; and I don't believe you can hear any better through that thing than you can through a cow's horn."

"I've got one here connected with Colonel Grace's office, and if you'll just put your ear here I'll show you. I'll do the talking—you listen."

The parties took position, Col. C. incredulously, and Mr. Jones called:

"Colonel Grace, are you there?"

"Yes; is that you, Jones?"

"Yes; how do you feel?"

"I'm about worn out. That —— man C. has been around here this morning boring me to death with his financial business. I guess I'll get rested though after awhile."

Colonel C took his ear away and remarked:

"If he'd only listened to me he would have been smarter in ten minutes more than he ever was before in his life."

LANGUAGE OF THE BROOM.

We have the language of the flowers, the fan, the handkerchief, and so on, and now we shall have the language of the broom, which is intended more especially for the ladies.

Taking it in the hand properly—I shall sweep the floor.

Bringing it up over the shoulder, brush end foremost—Look out—it's loaded.

Holding it across the person—I love another.

Moving it along near the ceiling—I see a cobweb in the distance.

Sweeping the floor very industriously—My seetheart cometh, and he will consider my usefulness when he observeth me busy.

Striking viciously with the stick end—He is my husband, and he needs a correcting hand.

Handling very carefully and tenderly—Brooms have gone up, and you can't get one for less than 25 cents.

Putting away in the corner brush end up—I know very little about the care of brooms.

Putting a string to the handle and hanging on a nail—I know all about it.

Throwing the old stub over the backfence—A new broom sweeps clean.

AN UNREASONABLE DOCTOR.—One of the leading physicians of New Orleans, was recently aroused at night by a frightful knocking at his door. Sticking his head out of the window, he asked what was the matter.

"O Doctor, it is my poor wife!"

"I beg your pardon, but I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, and I am not accustomed—"

"I know it, Doctor, but her life is at stake. If you only knew how much I love her! For heaven's sake, I beg you!" And he went on for a considerable time in this fashion, until the Doctor relented, in spite of the cold winter night. He dressed himself, went out, waded far through the snow, prescribed, and saved the cherished woman. Several days passed, and, hearing nothing of any pay, he sent in his bill. Nothing. Then he sent a collector. The devoted husband greeted the dun with anger, exclaiming:

"Go to the Devil! The idea of my paying that bill for a woman who has since run off with another man!"

☞ "Do you understand the nature and solemnity of an oath?" the judge of Vandalia asked a witness who had come up from the lower end of the State.

"Well, yes," the witness replied, after some study: "I reckon I know the natur' of an oath, but there never appeared to be no powerful amount of solemness about swearin' to me. It allus come kind of nat'ral like. Mam swore a little when she was riled, dad was a born cusser, and Parson Bedloe—"

But the court excused him without further pedigree.

THE HAWKEYE MAN.

R. J. Burdette, thus writes to his paper, the *Hawkeye:*

Do you remember, some weeks since, I was greatly annoyed by an inquisitive man down in Maine, and abruptly closed my letter for the purpose of stuffing the aforesaid man.

Well, I stuffed him.

"Much of a place, your town?" he inquired.

"Oh yes," I said, with the matter-of-course carelessness of a citizen of the great western metropolis, "about forty-five thousand, I guess."

The man eyed me with keen awakening interest.

"So big as that?" he inquired.

I nodded, and he presently said, "Well, I had no idea that there was such a large city in Iowa. State must be pretty well settled up, I reckon?"

I said "Yes. Some portions of it pretty wild, though."

"Any large game in the State?"

"Herds of it. I killed deer last winter not two miles from the Burlington court-house."

I pacified my conscience for this lie by explaining to that rebellious and vociferous monitor that there was no Burlington court-house, that it was burned down several years ago, and the county was waiting until it could buy a second-handed court-house for $1.75 before replacing it. Therefore, I could truthfully say that I killed all the deer that came within two miles of our court-house.

"I want to know," the native exclaimed.

"Do you, though?" thought I, "then I'll tell you," and accordingly went on. "Why, the wolves only two years ago, made a raid into Burlington and killed all the chickens on South Hill."

Conscience raised a terrible protest at this, but was hushed ap very quick by citing the case of Meigs Schenck's wolf that got loose and in one single summer night ate up everything on South Hill that wore feathers. The native looked astonished and doubly interested.

"Any Indians?" he said.

"Lands, yes," I told him, yawning wearily, as one that talks of old, stale things. "Sitting Bull was educated at the Baptist collegiate institute, in Burlington, and was expelled for trying to scalp Professor Worthman with a horse shoe magnet."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the native in wild amazement. By this time I was perfectly reckless and told conscience to keep its mouth shut and give me a chance.

"Oh, yes," I said, "Yellow Wolf's medicine lodge is still standing right out at West Hill. The Indians come into the city very frequently, tearing through the streets on their wiry little ponies."

"Ever have any trouble with them?" the man asked.

"Oh, no," I said, carelessly, "the citizens seldom do. The cow boys, who come up from Texas with cattle, hate them terribly, and occasionally drop one of them in the streets just for revolver practice But nobody else interferes when they are having a fight.

"I suppose," the man said, "you all carry revolvers strapped around you?"

"Oh, yes, of course. We have to; a man never knows when he is going to have trouble with somebody, and in case of any little misunderstanding, it wouldn't do for a fellow not to be heeled.

I think the man shuddered a little. Then, fearing he might ask to look at my revolver, I casually remarked that I never carried my barkers when I came East.

He said no, he supposed not. Then he looked out of the window a long time and said nothing. Finally I asked him in what part of Maine he made his home. He looked up at me in surprise.

"Me," he said. "Lord, I don't live in this rock-patch. I'm only on here visiting some relatives."

In a feeble voice I asked him where did he live then.

The man yawned, and again looked out of the window.

"Oh," he said, "I live on a farm just out by Leffler's, about six miles out of Burlington. I wish I was back there now."

So did I. I wish he had never left there.

We didn't talk together any longer. Shortly after that the weather changed, the car grew very cold, and I went into the smoking-car to look for a fire.

A STUDENT'S UNSUCCESSFUL TRICK.—One day, when Professor Silliman, of Yale College, had given notice to a class of students that he would experiment with laughing gas in the college laboratory, a senior privately informed his comrades that he knew the effect of the gas exactly. No fellow while under its influence was responsible for what he did or said, and he should like the opportunity to inhale the gas and speak his mind freely, and Professor Silliman heard of this. When the class men were assembled, he administered the anesthetic to the student out of a leather bag. The effect was terrible. The young man swore dreadfully at good Professor Silliman, and called him all sorts of hard names, and was going on at a fearful rate, when the professor told him he need not be quite so irresponsible, for up to that time there had nothing gone into the leather bag except common air. The young fellow felt pretty cheap until after the class got through shouting at him.

WORTH is favoring the introduction of purple, and has sent out some elegant costumes of that color with fur trimmings. Bonnets of light purple velvet or satin are recommended by the milliners to accompany black satin gowns. American women as a class cannot wear this color at all, and if they be wise they will avoid it. Worth finds his own profit in sending out gowns that will be bought because they were gotten up in his establishment, but which will be thrown aside after a short time as unbecoming.

TEE BULGARIANS.—Lady Strangford, writing to the Edinburgh Scotsman on the condition of the Bulgarians, says:

"The most salient characteristic of the Bulgarians everywhere, of the educated and uneducated alike, is what is vulgarly called 'cheek;' the most offensive self-confidence, the most superb self-estimation. Their nature is at present a very low level; the bulk of the nation is profoundly ignorant, brutal and untruthful; nor are they particularly affectionate or amiable. Yet, notwithstanding this unlovable character, there is a mass of solid good stuff which can be carved into virtues by and by—that is, with time, patience and discipline. These they must have; these they must be taught. Unlike the Turk, the Bulgarian is not at all law-loving. He can be beaten into submission, however, by his new masters, who have already silently sent two large batches of Bulgarians, whose patriotic aspirations were a little too lofty, to the mines of Siberia. When occasion requires, the whips of the Cossocks are freely plied upon the backs of the newly liberated, and the common phrase of the Russian officer in speaking of their new proteges is, "We have got these pigs, and we mean to drive them."

They are getting initiated into the meaning of liberation in Russia.

NO BOOM FOR GEE WHO.—How's trade, Johnny!" asked a Cincinnati reporter of a bootblack.

"Booming!"

Stepping into a saloon the same question was put to the proprietor, who stood happy and smiling behind the bar.

"Poomin'," was the reply, given with the rich accent of fatherland.

The banker said business was booming, the broker said business was booming, while the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker said the same thing. Standing on the corner was the proprietor of a push-cart. It might be interesting to get a view of things through his glasses. In reply to the question he said:

"Pizness is poomin' ride along like id nefer vas by Shimminy!"

"John, how's trade?"

The question was asked of a Celestial. He looked at the reporter in a melancholy sort of way, and replied:

"Washee, washee no good. Melica no good. Chinaman glot blues blad."

☞ Harkins went home to-day with a brand new suit on, and Mrs. Harkins asked:

"Where's your old clothes, my dear?"

"Give 'em to a boy," said Harkins.

"Give them to a boy? What on earth did you do that for? Are you entirely crazy, Harkins? You know you can't afford to give away such clothes, when you have your family to support on a small salary. Who was the pitiful beggar you gave them to?"

"To the tailor's boy," said Harkins, with a chuckle, "to carry home for me."

"You hateful wretch!" screamed Mrs. Harkins; "why couldn't you tell me that before? Here I am drudging from morning till night for you and your brats, Harkins, and you always impose upon me and deceive me. I won't stand it, I tell you! I'll get a divorce!"

And then the injured woman left the room, while the brute of a husband laid back in his chair and roared with laughter till the whole neighborhood was aroused.

AN OLD PREACHER'S RETORT.—A correspondent of a Georgia paper relates the following anecdote:

"I am reminded of an anecdote told many years ago of the father of the present Governor, Walter T. Colquitt, and the celebrated James Rockmore, both of whom I knew well. The former was a lawyer and Methodist preacher, and the latter a minister of the Primitive Baptist persuasion, and quite as much an oracle among his brethern as was Mr. Colquitt. Mr. Colquitt, going to his appointment to preach on Sunday stopped by the wayside and went into an orchard to eat some peaches, having permission from the owner. Rockmore rode by on his way to his meeting, and bawled out:

"Never mind, Colquitt, I'll bear witness in heaven against you for stealing those peaches."

"Hold on," said Colquitt, drawing a blank book and pencil from his side pocket. "Let me take your interrogations; you won't be there."

TURING THE TABLES.—Holcroft, the well-known dramatist, supped one evening at Opie's. After the cloth had been removed, numerous stories were told, among which was one of a gentleman who, having put out his candle on going to bed, read in phosphorescent characters on the wall, "Confess thy sins." The gentleman fell on his knees, and, as expected, began to confess aloud—not from terror, however—for, aware it was a trick to terrify him, devised by a certain waggish young lady in the house, and hearing a little rustle on the stairhead, guessed rightly that she and her companions were there to enjoy his discomfiture. He confessed, as the greatest of his sins, that 'he had kissed Miss —— frequently in the dark,' and so turned the tables on his tormentor with a vengeance—a lesson she never forgot.

☞ A Newark Sunday-school boy gave his teacher the illustrative definition of "responsibility:" "Boys have two buttons on their 'spenders, so's to keep their pants up. When one button comes off, why, there's a good deal of responsibility on the other button.

GRANT'S tour around the world was such an immense affair that it takes twenty-seven different firms to publish the "only authentic and low priced" account of it.

All Sorts of Clippings

A star chamber—the green-room.

A "sheet" anchor—a clothes-pin.

A dear little thing—the diamond.

Look not upon the ice when it is thin.

"Old-Man-in-Everybody's-Way"—Grant.

Babies will enjoy 366 holler days this year.

The writing-master's business is flourishing.

A pair of suspenders—a couple of hangmen.

It is not assault and battery to strike a match.

The farrier may be slew, but he is shoer.

The druggist's song—"A light in the window for thee."

The man who holds a loan hand—the pawnbroker.

A game that two can't play at—three-handed euchre.

In buying stocks remember, all is not Gould that glitters.

A good judge of mutton ought to be wether wise.

The loveliest things in muffs, thus far, are pretty little hands.

The sleep that knows no waking is not the style in Ireland.

When a man is in a brown study does it give color to his thoughts?

A dollar is always in good quarters, summer or winter.

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web.

"Should 'auld acquaintance be forgot? Certainly not, if he has got money.

History does not relate that Adam and Eve obtained their sweets by raising cain.

The man who can't get up a mining scheme dow-a-days must have an arid brain,

A contemporary calls sitting down on a wasp an experiment. It strikes us as a sure thing.

"Kerosene is going up," says an exchange. It is attended by several servant girls, probably.

Mr. Moody isn't a man of the world or he'd a' known better than to have tackled St. Louis.

Chinese literature is so old that the Chinaman learns to read backward.

There are wide margins between stock speculations and stock peculations.

Shopkeepers' accounts sent in during a honeymoon show that billing comes after the cooing.

Let nature give a young man cheek, and all other things will be added unto him.

The bouquet he sent her became the scenter of attraction when placed on the centre table.

An ambiguous postal card—Dear Father: Have received the money. Thanks. More next time. Your son.

"Oft in the stilly night" is a favorite song of the Tennessee moonshiners.

The Chicago Journal has come to the conclusion that skate-makers are getting left.

It takes but little time and space to turn man's laughter into manslaughter.

The Cincinnati Inquirer, speaking of killing a hog, says: "Reader, for a moment put yourself in his place."

One good feature about Chinese cooks is that they never waste any grease, but put it all on their hair.

The only housework some girls do is when they begin to dust around after a beau.

"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," nor does it even care how it dies.

The "sugar shed" is the name of the latest style hat for young ladies. Good; it covers the lasses.

No human scheme can be so accurately projected but some little cirstance may intervene to spoil it.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can well, without a thought of fame.

The boy who was kept in after school for orthography said that he was spell-bound.

"Ill make a clean sweep," said the sheriff when he put an attachment on the stock of a broom factory.

It is a wonder Father Time has a single hair left on his head, after so many have taken him by the forelock.

A cur that no one will own will get a tin kettle over a given distance as quickly as a $100 imported dog will.

Man has two places where he can keep his treasures. His pocket can hold his dollars and his head his sense.

A cane that once belonged to Daniel Webster isn't any better than an old broomstick to club a dog with.

As many women learn to know their husbands, they wish they had learned to "No" them when they were only sweethearts.

Czar Alexander evidently bears a charmed life, but is far from being charmed with the murderous attempts upon it.

Among other things, a Pennsylvania murderer confesses to have carefully perused all of "Mark Twain's" writings.

Nothing like the happy turn of a phrase. Fifty is the youth of old age; forty the old age of youth. So says Victor Hugo.

Human blood corpuscles average 3,200 to an inch; a hog's 4,200. But fortunately you can tell a hog without the aid of science.

What a time the ancients must have had in making promissory notes. That is, if they had to write their names out in full.

The Swedish army has a corps of skaters. It must be a beautiful sight to see an entire company strike an air hole.

How doth the wicked little lad adapt himself to habits bad, and improve every chance he gets to smoke old "stumps" and cigarettes.

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