The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 35.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

Saml. Burns & Co.,

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

Rogers, Peet & Co's

FINE NEW YORK

CLOTHING!

—AT—

Metropolitan CLOTHING HOUSE,

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET.

The only house where our goods can be had. We offer to-day the finest line of OVERCOATS, the finest line of BUSINESS and DRESS SUITS, the finest lines of BOYS' and CHILDREN'S SUITS. These goods will be sold at the same LOW PRICES as formerly for the quality of the goods. The Finest Clothing in the city—equal to Custom Work. Let all the old customers CALL AND SEE OUR NEW STYLES OF CLOTHING FOR FALL AND WINTER at

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE,

178 WEST BALTIMORE STREET, Next to Coleman & Rogers.

☞ The only house where ROGERS, PEET & CO'S Goods can be had. [Dec. 18—y.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

Rugs, Rugs!

AT J. STAFFORD'S, Jr.

100 Samples of Carpeting of all Grades to select from, ranging in price from 20c. to $2.

All-wool Ingrain, only Eighty cents.

Smyrna Knapistan, Persian, Velvet and Tapestry RUGS.

RUGS, from 75 cents to $7.

Can sell a very handsome RUG of new design for $1.25.

Full Line of OIL CLOTHS, Cheap!

Large stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Tobaccoes and Cigars.

J. Stafford, Jr.

Dec. 1, 1879—y. NEARLY OPPOSITE THE NEW POST OFFICE.

LUMBER.

Thomas Matthews & Son,

Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,

OPPOSITE THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, AND No. 88 NORTH HIGH ST., BALTIMORE.

White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PALES, etc.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

WRITE FOR PRICES.

L. Bar's Tailoring House,

Cor. Gay & Fayette Sts. Baltimore.

—:o:—

Fine Ready-made Clothing at low prices---our own manufacture. Our make of Goods as well as the low prices has met with general approval of our customers.

Large stock of Piece Goods for custom work constantly on hand.

Only First-class work turned out. Every garment guaranteed to give satisfaction. The sales of our good $2.00 pants have been immense, and are constantly increasing. They are well worth the attention of every one coming to our city.

We solicit an inspection of our Stock and Prices.

L. BAR.

July 17, 1879—6m.

Chester River Steamboat Company



FALL ARRANGEMENT.

On and after the 17th inst. the steamer

B. S. FORD

Will leave Chestertown for Baltimore, every *Monday, Wednesday and Friday* at 8 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., making *all* the above stops.

GEO. WARFIELD, President

Sept. 18, 1879.

Wickes & Brother

CALL ATTENTION TO CASES OF

Men's Heavy WINTER BOOTS, and Women's Heavy Winter Balmorals, and SHOES for BOYS and GIRLS,

All bought from first hands, and many of them made of first class material for our special sales.

People who appreciate a good shoe, may find it to ther advantage to look at them.

October 30, 1879.

VENDUE Notes and Notes of Hand for sale at this office.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD ROOM.

An old, old-fashioned room, none else could call it fair,
In the corner of a dim old house, at the top of a rusty stair.

In palaces I wander. Amid their glories rare
My heart goes back to that room and tiny rocking-chair.

The world doth hold my life with its roaring loom,
The only life I ever loved I lived in that old room.

There I watched the summer ripen, the royal rose hearts fill,
And perfect, perfect mornings flushing red above the hill.

There I counted every minute of swift, home-flying cars,
While I waited by the window beneath the flaming stars.

There I sat with my beloved! All the wide world's rush and shout,
All the turmoil of its battles, never found the old room out.

What kingdoms rose and fell—their glory or their gloom,
Touched not, reached not the wedded hearts who loved in the old room.

There I lived my life, and lost it—all a woman's woe and pride!
In that old room was baby born; in the old room baby died.

No human word may measure it—the joy that cannot last,
The Book of Heaven and the old room hold fast that sacred past.

I cannot tell you how it is; and yet whate'er betide,
The very thought of that old room is more than all beside

Other eyes now watch the roses climbing up the summer air,
And other footfalls echo along the dim old stair.

Yet oft, as sunset splendors light up these ancient walls,
And the clear, sweet notes of music across the water calls,

I shut my eyes and listen, and again I breathe the bloom
And stand amid my treasures in the husk of the old room.

—MARY CLEMMER AMES.

THE FINEST DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD.

Western sovereigns are not the possessors of the finest diamonds in the world, for the Rajahs of Matan, Borneo, and the Shah of Persia have the largest hitherto known. The one belonging to the Emperor of the Monguls weighed 259 carats (about four grains each) and was valued at twelve million francs. The famous Orloff, the property of the Russian crown, is one of the most remarkable diamonds, on account of the well known circumstances under which it was brought to Europe. The large stone belonging to the Emperor of Brazil, which weighs 1,730 carats, would be worth many millions were not its brilliancy diminished by certain defects. The Sultan of Nixam's diamond weighs 400 carats; that of the Emperor of Austria 29 grains, and that of the King of Portugal 25½ grains. The famous Kooh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, is the property of the Queen of England. The one which adorned the tiara of Pius IX., and was bequeathed by him to his successor, Leo XIII., is one of the finest stones known. It came from the treasury of the Duke of Burgundy, seized at Granson. It was sold after the battle for three crowns, then successively for 5,000 and 6,000 ducats, and afterwards purchased for 14,000 by Luigi Sforza, from whom it passed into the hands of Pope Julius II. for 20,000 ducats. Everyone knows that the "Regent," of the weight of 186 carats, is the finest of the diamonds belonging to French regalia. Connoisseurs consider it to be worth 12,000,000 francs.

HIRAM ULYSSES' CATECHISM.

[From the Council Bluffs Bugle.]

What is the chief end of the Republican party?
Grant.
Who was the father of the Republican party?
Grant.
Who first discovered that the world was round?
Grant.
Who died on a thousand battle-fields during the war?
Grant.
Who found Moses in the bull-rushes?
Grant.
Who was the first man?
Grant.
Who first sailed around the whisky Ring?
Grant.
Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?
Grant.
Who was the first tanner?
Grant.
Who first discovered the Quakers?
Grant.
Who the dickens is Grant?
Grant.

☞ In a boarding-house recently a young man, on turning off his gas, saw the words, "Confess thy sins," in phosphorescent characters on the wall. He was surprised, but, listening, thought he heard some young ladies outside the door, waiting to observe the effect on him. So, pretending to be frightened at the match scratch, he fell on his knees and confessed out loud that he had frequently kissed one of the young ladies in the dark—the one whom he had the best reason to suspect of playing the trick. That young lady won't play any more such tricks immediately. She thinks he is a mean, horrid thing.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

☞ When a Missouri grocer got up in a revival meeting and owned up that he had sold dollar tea out of the fifty-cent tea chest for over ten years the good brethern present were very backward about telling him that he could hope for forgiveness.

Best when rare—family broils.

Select Story.

Tragi-Comedy of New York Life.

HOW A LOST MAN FOUND MONEY AND THE WAY TO GET RID OF IT.

[*From the New York Sunday World.*]

CHAPTER I.

"And so you have come to New York?"

"Precisely."

"Without means?"

"Without means."

"And not a single friend?"

"Not a single one."

"Without knowing a word of English?"

"Just enough to ask for something to eat and for somewhere to sleep."

"Have you the wherewithal to procure these necessities?"

"Not a cent, and my only baggage I carry on my back."

"Indeed, you have done well."

CHAPTER II.

It was one of my compatriots, with whom I had no previous acquaintance and who knew me merely by name, who had presented himself before me one fine morning in December and related his sad story.

His complete and happy immunity from temptations of wealth was complicated by a misfortune—he was irretrievably in love. He immediately honored me with his entire confidence: "I love a girl, a perfect goddess"—of course the girl we love is always a goddess—of whom he gave me such a description that it made me ill. He told me her stern parent had discovered them in flagrant flirtation, that on the heels of the discovery followed her departure for boarding-school, while he, the suitor, was asked by the cruel father in tones hardly Chesterfieldian whether he preferred the window or the door as a mode of egress and to be quick about deciding.

"When Ione was banished (the goddess bore a heavenly name—Ione) I gave myself up to despair. Would you believe it—oh, the perfidy of woman—two months had barely dragged their weary length along when I heard she had given herself in marriage to Mr. Jules, the carpet merchant. You know that ugly old—"

"Spare yourself the trouble, I have not the faintest recollection of Mr. Jules."

"My grief knew no bounds. I wished to lay violent hands on myself; in fine, one day I resolved—to go to New York."

"To find consolation?"

"No, to make myself a position and—I am here. After many other vicissitudes it has finally come to this—without a meal or money to procure one, without a bed or courage to ask for one. I found myself last night in the sylvan solitudes of the Central Park, which I promenaded till dawn. How peaceful and beautiful the scene! The moonbeams sparkling on the snow, giving the Mall, the Commissioners' chief pride, the appearance of a field of gems. Could one of Wenman's enemies have but seen it then!"

I shivered and felt compassion for the hapless and apparently guileless young man, and without asking him what the "other vicissitudes" were for some time, I tried to help him as much as my limited means would allow. (I am a journalist.) Whenever he came to see me he recounted his misfortunes, his fresh disappointment at not receiving the registered letter he daily expected from home and the ever-present remorseless woe—his loss of Ione. I gave him what consolation I could, even going so far as to promise him in the name of Providence that perhaps Ione would be replaced—perhaps he would find a position he could adorn—who knows? All this gave him the necessary courage on which to exist, and the appetite on which he dined when we discussed together my frugal meal.

This continued for some time and—became monotonous.

One day I received him rather testily—he came no more.

CHAPTER III.

At first I hardly remarked his absence, but afterwards, I know not how, a feeling of remorse began to prey on me, gradually growing stronger—some compensations for his many sufferings that the Higher Powers had undoubtedly in store for him.

I blamed myself for not having been more patient, more sympathetic, not having helped him more, and so on.

Suppose he had committed some mad act?

Suppose despair, ugly counsellor—?

These ideas tormented me; I inquired in his usual haunts, but without results. In my tours of inquiry I occasionally met another friend and compatriot who had the special gift of doing nothing and knowing everything concerning every one. I asked him about my quondam protege, but I never could obtain other reply than

"Hum, ha, who can tell?" and a significant lifting of the eyebrows, half pityingly, half crying.

And when I would timidly hint my fears of some dark deed he either preserved a most uncompromising silence or delivered with solemn sagacity some incontrovertible axiom such as "There is a God for all," "Everything is for the best," and so on. One day, without being aware of it, I took a strange walk. I accompanied a friend to the Twenty-third Street Ferry, East River, and on arriving at the first avenue on my way back walked up three blocks with my hands in my pockets, thinking of an article I had promised the *Moon*. As I reached Twenty-sixth street I stopped, undecided which way to turn. The sunbeams scintillating on the river (it was a bright May morning) resolved the matter for me, and I bent my steps in that direction.

A training-school for nurses and a medical college were on the left, with the students standing on the steps looking anything but subdued or overcome at the horrows they were obliged to witness in the pursuit of their studies; on my right the gloomy abode of the dying, while further on was a one story and a half brick building with unnecessarily heavy iron gates, for those within cannot get out, and those without I should hardly think are anxious to enter.

The Morgue, however, has its regular frequenters. Many excruciating scenes of despair occur within its barred gates. Some enter filled with dreadful doubts to exchange them for more dreadful certainties, or else breathe freer at the respite granted them till they read the news of another "find," the description of which tallies with that of the missing one. Others who go in search of emotional display have their morbid desire gratified without any expenditure, and the ubiquitous notice, "Beware of pickpockets," speaks for the other class of habitues. Chance plays an important part in the game of life.

Some come and go indifferently, talking of business, others of things that would make your blood run cold, or smiling carelessly at a remark suggested perhaps by some unusual case.

You must by this time have divined what idea had taken possession of me; that the poor devil, finding himself penniless and alone in the great city of New York, without resources or friends, rendered desperate by the loss of his Ione, and unable any longer to endure the mockery and deceit of the many advertisements for help that he had answered, had ceased struggling, and I unconsciously was looking for him at the Morgue.

I was about to enter when two gay young fellows appeared, their cigars in their mouths, their canes in their hands, and with the frankness of a man who knows what he is talking about, one of them said to me:

"It's no use; nothing here to-day."

"So much the better," said I to myself with a sigh of relief. Others followed the young men, grumbling and disappointed.

"No show to-day."

Somewhat in better spirits, I retraced my steps. I abandoned the thought of the young man's suicide. As I strolled leisurely along Twenty-sixth street and passed the white walls of Gilmore's Garden, where English calves were displaying the muscle that English beef produces, till I arrived at Madison square, where the French nursemaids with their perambulators, and the swallows twittering while building their nests, somehow or other suggested breakfast.

There was the Cafe Brunswick. The tables displayed to me through a semi-open window differed from the tables at the Morgue, Philosophy had given place to appetite. Debating within myself whether to go on a little further and enjoy a plate of Marinelli's maccaroni or to yield myself at the Brunswick to the pleasure of their inimitable *rognons sautes au Madere*, I felt my shouider tapped forcibly.

"By the way—"

It was that countryman of mine who knew everything and did nothing.

"By the way, have no fears; you know that young man? He is not dead, he is not even ill. Would you like to see him?"

"Whom?"

"The young fellow who lost his Ione, who expected a position—"

"Oh, yes, I know now. Certainly I would like to see him."

Putting his arm within mine and leading me unresistingly through the door of the cafe, with one finger he pointed to a group seated at one of the small tables, a gay laughing party composed of two young ladies accompanied by a handsomely-dressed and stylish youth discussing a lobster salad.

"Do you see him? Behold your dead man!"

Werther had at last consoled himself. In a city where men's fortunes play at perpetual seesaw, he had found money—and the way of getting rid of it.

THIRTY CENTS WORTH OF REAL STYLE.—A couple of young ladies who went to Dubuque to spend the holidays concluded to couple style with economy, and did so effectually. They left Chicago in a common coach on the Illinois Central Railroad, sitting with their eyes towards a luxurious palace car trundling along at the rear, envying the half-dozen ladies who had it all to themselves. When the train arrived at Freeport the two stylish young ladies concluded to engage seats in the palace car, and entered it for that purpose.

"The seats in this car are extra, ladies," politely remarked the conductor.

"We are aware of that, sir. What do you charge to Dubuque?"

"One dollar."

"One dollar! That's too much."

"The price diminishes, ladies, as we approach Dubuque."

"What is the price from Galena?"

"Thirty cents."

"Well, we will occupy two seats from Galena."

"All right."

The young ladies left the Pullman, and as they made their exit they were heard to remark:

"Jane, it would be horrible to enter Dubuque in a common coach.—Style is everything, and as it wont cost but 30 cents each we'll go into the city in style; they wont know but that we came all the way from Chicago in the Pullman."

And sure enough upon the arrival of the train their friends who were at the depot to meet them found them in the palace coach.

THE latest yarn about fast time is to the effect that on a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car window to kiss his girl good-bye, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an old African female at the next station.

A VICTORY FOR CRINOLINE.

The following anecdote occurs in a paper in Scribner for January, descriptive of the simple people known as the Acadians of Louisiana:

The sole innovation—successfully introduced for an age into these self isolated communities—is crinoline. Long after hoops had "gone out" in the fashionable world, a merchant of New Orleans, by way of experiment, shipped a lot which he had on hand, to various remote hamlets.—Great was the consternation among the simple folk of Prairie Gros Chevreuil, when they heard of the arrival of the obnoxious merchandise. Had they not seen them when they went to town to sell their cotton and their perique? A horror! a barbarism! Good enough certainly for the Americans, and such others as are in pitible ignorance of propriety; but for themselves—God forbid! Men of family swore that they would not be disgraced by their women making *bizarre* fools of themselves. Excitement culminated at the following Saturday-night ball, when *Madame de la boutique* appeared on the scene in gloriously expanded skirts. For once the ever-ready oaths failed the men. They gazed in dumb, open-mouthed astonishment upon this audacious traitor to their sacred social traditions. Alas for their bravado! they gazed too long! Crinoline conquered.—Madame was the belle of the ball. Not a man, married or single, who did not beg the honor of her hand for quadrille or waltz. Virtuous indignation swelled the breasts of the women. "That was always the way with the men. They were forever praising plain dress to their wives and daughters; but, *ma foi!* they liked gay birds best after all." The sequel of this dramatic episode was enacted the following week. Early on Monday morning, women on horseback and in caleches might be seen wending their way toward the boutique; this continued day after day, until the supply of "oops"—it is the thing for them to quote English as for us to quote French—was exhausted. The New Orleans merchant doubtless plumed himself upon his astuteness, when, a few days later, an order came for another supply of these articles.

THE SCOTCH RAILROAD DISASTER.

The most remarkable disaster that has ever occurred in the history of railroads is that which just occurred at Taybridge, Scotland.—The catastrophe by which so many lives were lost, and which was so complete that not a single survivor was left to tell the story of that terrible night, was caused by the breaking down of the central girders of the long bridge across the river Tay, in Perthshire, Scotlaud, at about seven o'clock in the evening, whilst a train from Edinburgh to Dundee was crossing over it. The Tay is a bolder river and carries a larger volume of water within its banks than any other in the British islands. At the point where the bridge crossed it the depth of water ranges from forty to forty-five feet, while the height of the bridge from the surface of the water was eighty-eight feet. During the great storm that prevailed off the coast of Scotland on Sunday the large girders sustaining the central spans of the bridge suddenly gave way, and into the yawning chasm thus formed the train, consisting of four third-class cars, one first-class, one second-class and the brakesmen's van, was precipitated into the river, and of the whole of the passengers on board not one escaped drowning. The nearest approach to this frightful calamity was that at Ashtabula, Ohio, in December, 1876, which also was caused by the falling of a bridge and which resulted in a loss of one hundred and seventy-four lives. The customary construction of British railway cars in compartments, with the doors locked on the side next to the platform, and with no access in emergences to the conductor or 'guard,' adds greatly to the danger to life and limb in case of accidents from collisions or from sudden immersion in deep water from the giving way of a bridge. That over the Tay was two miles long and of eighty-five spans, and so great confidence was put in its powers to resist any strain to which it might be subjected that no thought seems to have been taken to keep watch over it. The consequence was, as the despatch states, that 'some time elapsed beford the nature of the disaster was ascertained.' When it did become known all the passengers were drowned and the wreckage was floating ashore.

☞ It is on record that Meyer Anselm, the founder of the house of Rothschild, entered Hanover, in 1763, barefooted, and with a bundle of rags on his back. The present capital of the different Rothschilds is said to be at least $500,000,000, and they can control as much more. The reticence of the Rothschilds as regards their business, except in open transactions, is invariably profound. One of them is reputed to have said to them, 'One great reason of our success is that we know how to hold our tongues.'

☞ A boy, at a recent examination in an English school, was asked who discovered America.

"I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he didn't answer, 'Yankee Doodle!"

☞ Newspaper publishers have as much charitable feeling for their fellow-man as any other class of philanthropists; but the question they are particularly interested in just now is—How much longer is that paper famine going to last?

☞ "Will you have some more beans, Johney?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No beans," says Johnny solemnly, pretending not to understand what is desired.

AMATEUR ECONOMY.

"My dear fellow," said Lavender, "it's all very nice to talk about economizing and keeping a right account of expenses and all that sort of thing, but I've tried it. Two weeks ago I stopped in on my way home Saturday night and I bought just the gayest little Russian leather cream-laid paper account book you ever saw, and a silver pencil to match it. I said to my wife after supper: 'My dear, it seems to me it costs us a lot of money to keep house.'

She sighed and said, "I know it does, Lovey, but I'm sure I can't help it. I'm just as economical as I can be. I don't spend half as much money for candy as you do for cigars."

"I never take any notice of personalities, so I sailed right ahead. 'I believe, my dear, that if we were to keep a strict account of everything we spent we could tell just where to cut down. I've bought you a little account book, and every Monday morning I'll give you some money and you can set it down on one side, and then during the week you can set down on the other side everything you spend, and then on Saturday night we can go over it and see just where the money goes and how we can boil things down a little.

"Well, sir! she was just delighted—thought it was a first-rate plan, and the pocket account book was lovely—regular David Copperfield and Dora business. Well, sir, the next Saturday night we got supper, and she brought out that account book as proud as possible, and handed it out for inspection. On one side was, 'Received from Lovey, $50.' That's all right! Then I looked on the other page and what do you think was there? '*Spent it all?*'—Then I laughed, and of course she cried, and we gave up the account book racket on the spot by mutual consent. Yes, sir, I've been there, and I know what domestic economy means, I tell you. Let's have a cigar."

AN EVENING WITH BISMARCK.—A prominent officer who returned from Europe recently tells of an evening he spent with Bismarck. "I thought," said the officer, "that I had seen hard drinkers, but I found during this evening with Bismarck that the drinking men I had met with were tipplers in comparison to this great man. Bismarck had invited no guests for that evening save myself," continued the officer. "After a few moments spent in pleasant chat, Bismarck called the servant and ordered him to bring brandy and glasses. The glasses were of the smallest size, the same size as the glass we call a pony. I saw there was no water or sugar brought and when Bismarck poured two glasses full of the brandy I saw it was white, so I concluded that it was a milder drink than the French cognac, and thought if he could drink it clear I would not be outdone. I took a sip of it, and never in my life did I experience such a sensation. It was the most fiery stuff I ever tasted. I gasped and strangled a little, but seeing Bismarck toss his off as so much water I made as little fuss as possible. By slow, careful sips I managed to drink the glassful, but declined to take any more. Well, I stayed during the evening, probably until 12 or 1o'clock. Bismarck continued to toss off the brandy, one glass after another, and when I left not a drop remained in the pint bottle, which had been brought in full at the beginning of the evening. His capacity for drinking must be something wonderful, for with the exception of his face getting very red, no one would have suspected that he had been drinking at all. His conversation was as clear, and his manner as quiet as at the beginning of the evening."

☞ A Virginia paper tells this story of Mr. David S. Forney's dog: "Mr. Forney took his dog into the house (this was not at home—therefore not a trick), and gave us his pocket-book with instructions to carry it a distance to the field and place it somewhere on the fence in a direction that the wind would blow from it to the house. We did so and returned. Mr. Forney came out with his dog, sat down and said nothing, nor did he speak to the dog. Presently the dog pricked up its ears and commenced to sniff the air, started off in a direct line to where the pocket-book was, passed it a few feet, came back, reared upon the fence, got it, came to its master and laid it in his hand. We took a number of hats to the outer edge of the lot; these he brought in, selecting his master's first."

☞ The St. Albans Advertiser tells this of how they do things up in Vermont:

"A Rutland man published a card stating that he should thereafter pay no debts contracted by his wife and cautioned the public against giving her credit. The woman followed, with a card, expressing surprise that her husband was able to raise money enough for the advertisement, saying that all he had ever paid out for her was fifteen cents, for a pair of stockings, while she was supporting both and also paid many small bills for which he had contracted and which she was frequently dunned on the street."

☞ There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children.

"Mamma," said a five-year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of the baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

☞ There were about three gallons of eggnog left at the Indianapolis Board of Trade rooms as the New Year's reception neared its close, and some of the boys, intent on fun, brought in a goat, and after filling him up with eggnog he butted the bowl over and took temporary possession of the premises.

All Sorts of Clippings

A novel issue—the last romance.

A swell dinner—dried apples

It takes a coupon to keep a coupe.

Speaking of Congress, all flesh is gas.

Borrowed trouble is never returned.

"A bachelor is a goose without water."

Retired from the "service"—a broken teacup.

The line of beauty is not the crinoline.

It is better to bear injustice than to do it.

A handsome thing in dresses—a pretty girl.

Uneasy lies the foot that wears the corn.

Light literature—a bank-book with no balance.

Eating dirt is a sure way of gaining ground.

The wind always finds something to blow about.

A tent that defies the blasts of adversity—con-tent.

A child on the lap of its mother has an kneesy time of it.

Women have been admitted to the bar in eight States.

A girl's mottoes: "In summer, I scream; in winter I stir.

A Zulu girl is not allowed to marry a man who doesn't own a cow.

Bald-headed men are like kind words, because kind words never dye.

The original base-burner—your mother's slipper.

187—. Dear me! give me another sheet of paper.

Bores, like the earth, are always round.

Swear not at all, but if you must swear—swear off.

All dinners are remembered according to their deserts.

A ten-cent ante is better than no relation at all.

Carrier's address—"Here's a letter."

Tennyson wears his hair long—for sixty years in fact.

The greatest fault of some bank cashiers seems to be de fault.

Before marriage "honey;" after marriage "money" which is anything but funny.

The man who is generous to a fault is apt to treat his virtues meanly.

"Young Love's Dream" depends largely upon the amount of mince pie young love ate at dinner.

We hear much of the man who has sworn off. Now where's the fellow who's year is up?

The papers say that Gen'l. Grant always turns his down. But is it when he throws his head back?

It's a wise bird that knows its own feather when the milliner gets hold of it.

He who has a settled purpose should be careful not to have it shaken up.

By far the most famous Rogers group was John's nine children and one at the breast.

Archery is not a very profitable business. The most any one can make at it is a centre shot.

The girl who gets kissed by a young man does not mean it when she says "I like your impudence!"

In Sweden a bride has her pockets filled with bread. Caramels are good enough for girls in this country.

A diary for 1880 will cost the price of three good cigars. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The mosquito almost always succeeds in getting a speech from the person it honors with a serenade.

A book agent was found the other day who hadn't the cheek to try to sell a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to a blind man.

No woman has yet been known to kindle a fire with either a fashion magazine or a paper containing the trial of a clergyman.

In Michigan etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves, because that's the way she handles the groom after marriage.

An esteemed contemporary speaks of Sarah Bernhardt as the minaret of her profession—that is to say, it is vane to aspire to her exalted position.

The great problem with rats and mice is how to get rid of human beings and have cheese-making go ahead all the same.

The money spent on that Philadelphia dinner to Grant would have purchased a pair of arctics for every widow in the State of Pennsylvania.

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, my little pet?" "Cos I want to draw an elephant."

A Connecticut man recently said: "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me and I want to advertise that I will not be responsible for her debts."

Mother (noticing her son's greediness)—"George, you should always leave the table feeling that you could eat a little more. George—" "I do, mother."

The boy who hasn't gone through both heads of his Christmas drum by this time has at least set his old grandmother crazy and driven away the cook.

Parnell, the Irish agitator, pronounces his name with the accent on the first syllable. He wants to keep at Par, and not sound his own nell.

"Well, Billy," said an old farmer, "when you take off that 'ere hat and spit two or three times, there aint any very great sight of you left, is there?"

A little Oil City girl observed her mother measuring cloth by holding it up to her nose with one hand and reaching out to arm's length with the other. She assumed a thoughtful aspect and, after cogitating a few moments, asked, "How can you measure cloth that way? Can you smell a yard?"

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