# The Chestertown Transcript.

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

*BUY YOUR*

LUMBER,

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Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

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

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*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

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L. Bar's Tailoring House,

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*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.


## Select Poetry.

### WILD OATS.

I've sow'd my wild oats long ago,
And now am growing tame ones;
But find they come up very slow,
And not at all the same ones.
The wild ones sprouted thick and fast—
The tame are slack in growing;
'Tis evident their strength is past,
They're hardly worth the sowing!

Wild flowers beautify the spring,
And no one calls them vicious;
Wild zephyrs dance, and wild birds sing,
And make the time delicious.
Youth in the springtime of our years
(When grown beyond the child ones),
And nature wills its hopes and fears—
And oats—must all be wild ones.

Wild flowers lose their freshest charm
When brought to cultivation;
Wild oats are wicked things to farm,
In some folks' estimation.
Yet both were wild when earth was young,
Till people caught and tamed them;
The flowers poets prised and sung;
The oats—they never named them!

Youth's life is coming, while to age
'Tis gone, or quickly going;
Old Time seems very dull and sage—
To youth so gay and knowing.
But while we, with the world, grow old,
Our indolence increases—
Our love of wild things waxes cold,
And, save of wild ducks, ceases.

When youth has sown its wildest oat,
And wildest hope has buried,
As dead as any shade in boat,
By ancient Charon ferried;
Though hope may be forever flown,
Fleet time is never stopping,
And shows the grain that youth has sown
Is ready for the cropping.

Youth casts abroad the seed, and deems
It makes existence "jolly,"
But in the aftertime it seems
Unutterable folly.
For life's experience will show
When age is on us creeping,
Wild oats were costly thing to sow,
And valueless in reaping.

### PERTHSHIRE STORIES.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Many stories long current in and about Perth appear in Mr. Drummond's book. Thus we have the story of the presentation of a claret jug to a gentleman who had helped to keep up a corps of volunteers. There was dinner—not a mere "service of fruits and cake" such as intervenes between two "diets of worship," but a real dinner—and the jug was in the centre of the table. The chairman had well studied his subject, and was prepared with a great speech; but at the critical moment the speech failed him, and he could utter but the words, "Yon's the joog." The proud recipient stood up in turn, in turn cast about for a speech that had made itself wings, and sat down with the words, "Is yon the joog?"

The Laird of Macnab supplies Mr. Drummond with some quaint stories. This is that Highland chieftain who over-rode his pony one year at Leith races; and when a wag asked him next year whether it was the same pony, exclaimed, "No! but it's the same whup!" and knocked him down therewith.

Everyone has heard how the mother of David Baird, when she heard that her son with some other British soldiers, had been captured and chained together two-and-two in India, exclaimed: "I pity the puir chiel that's chained to our Davie!"

Another man well known in Perthshire, James Moray of Abercairney, provides some good stories. On one occasion he chanced to see two sawyers on his estate measuring the planks they had sawn. They measured across one side of a plank, turned it over and measured across the other side. Abercairney bided his time till they appeared in his business room with their bill. He took out a coin, put his thumb on it, and counted "One," then turned it over, put his thumb on it again, and counted "Two;" and so on with other coins till he had brought out half the amount charged, when he sent the sawyers about their business.

### A TREASURED BIBLE.

We have been shown a pocket Bible which was presented to Mr. William E. Skeen by Captain Kenton Harper, on board the Mayflower, as it left Fortress Monroe for Mexico, January 25th, 1848. The company which Captain Harper commanded and Mr. Skeen was a member of landed at the mouth of the Rio Grande, Feb. 28, 1847, and left Mexico July 5, 1848, on its return to Virginia after the close of the Mexican war. This Bible has been a constant companion of Mr. Skeen ever since its presentation. It has crossed the plains three times with him; been to Mexico twice; passed through the Mexican and Modoc wars with its owner, and through the extended wanderings of Mr. Skeen has been his constant associate and friend. Between the leaves are various little souvenirs and flowers placed there thirty years ago; a motto from a lady friend, "Think of me;" a lock of plaited hair; a little golden curl from a child's head; an obituary, printed on satin, of the venerable Sampson Eagan, grandfather of Mr. Skeen, written by the writer of this notice thirty-two years ago, and several other mementoes of friendship.

The sacred book has been kept in excellent condition, and, we have no doubt, been a source of comfort and many pleasant memories as its possessor threaded his way through the frontiers of America and among the wilds and dangers of the Indian hunting-grounds.—*Staunton Valley Virginian.*

☞ At a ball in Texas, a short time since, a young lady present refused an invitation to dance, and in the subsequent proceedings one man was knocked down with a pair of tongs, another shot in the hand, another in the leg, and another in the thigh; another was knocked senseless with a pistol, and another killed. A Texas girl is the life and soul of a party.

☞ It is a fact (says the Steubenville Herald) which argues somewhat against Christian consistency that the most unpopular minister is he who oftenest holds up the sins of his people before their eyes and exhorts them to better things. The average Christian is very well satisfied to confess in his closet that he is a wicked sinner, but when anybody else tells him so it makes him mad. Why is this thus?

☞ No farmer will be mad when the cow kicks over the milk-pail. It's when she kicks square against it and upsets it that he is riled.

## Select Story.

### The Story of a Granted Wish.

Dullerton was justly named, for it was the quietest, cleanest, dreariest country town in England. I spent three years there with an old aunt, and hope I may never visit the place again. There was nothing to see, nothing to do, nothing to think about. I was too thoroughly a cockney to care for country pursuits, and, besides, we lived in a country town, not village. Here I lived—or vegitated for three years. And all that time I was sighing for an adventure—something to happen, something to break the monotony of existence. The reader shall hear how I gained my wish at last and learned to indorse the truth of Pope's words. "To know the misery of a granted prayer."

We had a fine old church at Dullerton, almost as large as a small cathedral (excuse the Irishism). It was rich in brasses and fine tombs; indeed, I really believe there were more male effigies on the tombstones than young men in the town. The church though very fine was sadly out of repair; but one good thing it possessed—an excellent organ, which had been left the place by a native of Dullerton. I was passionately fond of music, and when our good easy vicar gave me *carte blanche* to use this organ, I found life at Dullerton more endurable. As an artist's daughter I could not be insensible to the beauty of the church itself; and between practicing on the organ, sketching the interior of the church, and making myself intimately acquainted with the tombs and brasses, I spent a great part of the day in the sacred edifice.

One cold, winter afternoon I remember having a peculiarly dismal fit, having been in doors for two or three days in consequence of a heavy fall of snow; and when, late in the afternoon, it began to clear, I felt I must go out, if only for an hour. Spite of Aunt Anne's mildly-expressed astonishment, I went out, and felt I must try just one chant upon that dear old organ. Calling at the vicarage for the key of the church, I went on my willful way, little thinking how soon my longing for an 'adventure' was to be satisfied. It was growing dusk as I unlocked the heavy door and stepped inside the church; so dusk, in fact, that I missed my footing at the step inside and slipped, falling against the door in my efforts to save myself. The door slammed to, leaving the key on the out-side. So here I was a prisoner. The door, like everything else, was out of repair, and depended on the key for opening it; there was no latch within. I tried to turn the key through the key-hole, but only succeeded in breaking my nails. Then I remembered reading how some one similarly situated had rung the bell. But, alas, our belfry was approached by a flight of turret stairs, terminated by a door, which I found—locked.

The church was about ten minutes' walk from any habitation and no one was likely to pass it, so I might have shouted forever without attracting attention, even could my voice have penetrated through the stout oaken door. I once thought of espacing by the windows, but they were all too high from the ground, and even in this emergency I should have hesitated at breaking a pane of the rare old glass. My only hope was that Aunt Anne would become alarmed and miss me. I had promised to return the key at the vicarage as I went home, but it was doubtful if my non-appearance that evening would excite surprise. Mr. Scott, our old bachelor vicar, was one of the most absent of men, and, if he was immersed in his books, had probably forgotten the key and myself by this time. My only hope of rescue lay in Aunt Anne.

As I rose from the step where I had been sitting reflecting on the situation, I began to feel that adventures, after all, were not without alloy. I thought so still more some hours later. Spite of my wrappings I was cold, so I gathered stray pieces of carpet and rugs from the seats, and built myself a warm nest by the chancel, where I could command a full view of the door in case any one came to look for me.

I was neither a nervous nor a superstitious girl, but the weirdness of the church in the fading light gave me such uncomfortable, 'creepy' sensations that I closed my eyes to keep out the spectral view.

I must have slept some hours, for, on awakening, the moon was shining. I now began to feel very uneasy. Was I condemned to 'make a night of it' in the church? It was a blessing the next day was Sunday, I thought ruefully, at any rate I was sure to be found when Saunders came to open the doors. I lay looking down the long vista of the nave, at all the familiar tombs I knew so well: the knights and ladies lying stiff and still, with solemn-faced rows of children kneeling at their sides. The white figures looked ghastly enough in the uncertain light, and brought into my mind all the ghostly stories I had ever heard. I sat up and endeavored to shake off the uncomfortable sensations creeping over me, and told myself how absurd it was to think of such rubbish. As I raised myself my glance fell on a large square tomb nearly opposite. I knew every stone in the church and that special tomb was an eye-sore to me; for though it was clearly intended to bear a recumbent effigy, the figure was now wanting. Yet, as I looked across now, I distinctly saw a figure lying on the slab. "Mr. Scott has actually filled up that blank tomb at last," I thought, and I strained my eyes to distinguish what kind of a figure he had selected. Its legs were crossed, I was sure; therefore it must be a crusader. The only distinct part about it was the crossed legs, for a pillar hid the upper part of the body from my view.—Looking steadily at it I fancied (was it only fancy?) that the legs moved! as this pleasant idea occurred to me, the moon again disappeared; another few seconds and it shone out again and I ventured to look across once more to reassure myself. There was no movement in the rigid form; but the legs were crossed no longer. Could I have been mistaken in thinking they were so? Impossible! Yet they were most certainly uncrossed now.—Again the light waned, and again appeared. This time I lay looking will all my power, unable to move or stir. Was I going mad or did my eyes play me false? Slowly, but unmistakably, did the figure begin to stir; it moved restlessly upon its stony couch, and finally sat bolt upright, clear and distinct in the moonlight. I can not attempt to describe the terror that seized upon me at this fearful sight. Never have I experienced moments of such mental agony as when I lay cowering among my wrappings, with straining eyeballs fixed on that fearful thing—ghost, demon, what?—moving opposite. Presently it rose and stood upright in the aisle, looking around as if in search of something. I tried to draw one of the carpets over my head, for I could not bear the sight longer; but as I moved a yell rang through the stillness, and the figure rushed at me. How I found power to rise I know not, but I have a remembrance of a mad flight down the nave and round the aisles, with that fearful pursuer behind—on, on like a vision in a dreadful dream; and then another fiendish yell, a clutch of cold fingers at my throat, and—darkness and vacancy!

* * * * * * *

"My dear madam, I assure you it is only a fainting fit; our dear young patient will be quite herself again in a few moments," were the first words that fell upon my ear as I opened my eyes to consciousness. I knew the bland tones of little Dr. Gray, our local Esculapias, and their friendly and familiar sound was so reassuring that I struggled feebly into a sitting posture, and looked round to find myself still in the church, but the centre of an excited group of all the magnates of Dullerton, together with Aunt Anne and Mr. Scott.

It was some days before I was sufficiently composed to hear the explanation of my 'adventure.'

It appears that after I had gone out, Aunt Anne's next door neighbor sent a request that she would take tea with her, as she was not well and wanted cheering up. When she returned at half-past nine, she was greatly alarmed to find I was not in, and hurried off to Mr. Scott to give an alarm, while Molly, the servant, went for Jim Bates, our local policeman. Roused from his studies, Mr. Scott remembered I had borrowed the key for the purpose of going to the church some hours previously, and thither he and Aunt Anne hurried. Molly, on her part, encountered Jim Bates on the street with a crowd at his heels. I was not the only person who had disappeared that evening. A pauper lunatic in our workhouse, who had long been suspected of homicidal tendencies, had suddenly committed a murderous assault on another of the inmates, and escaped during the subsequent confusion. For some hours Jim Bates and his assistants had been scouring the neigborhood in search of this dangerous maniac, till at last some one recollected that Saunders and his wife were cleaning in the church at the time he effected his escape, and that it was just possible he had slipped in there and been locked in. This, in fact, proved to be the case. The lunatic must have been lurking in the church when I entered it. With the restlessness of an infirm brain, he had wandered about, mimicking the attitude of the quiet effigies around, and it was while thus posing for a crusader that he first attracted my attention. My involuntary movement first drew his attention to me, and roused him to another outburst of maniacal fury. I have little doubt I owe my life to the providential entry of the party without, who heard my screams and the lunatic's yell, and rushed in just as he had clutched me. The poor creature was overpowered with great difficulty, and taken back to the workhouse; he did not survive many days, dying in one of his paroxysms.

It was some time before I recovered from the effects of that terrible night; and even now, though thirty years have rolled away, the sight of a cross-legged crusader on a tombstone always gives me an uncomfortable sensation. I have certainly never again wished to encounter 'adventure.'—*London Society.*

☞ The trial at Versailles, Ind., of Rev. Father Rovenhoffer, of the Morris Catholic church, for severely whipping three boys, his pupils, for attending as pall-bearers the funeral of a Protestant boy, ended in a judgement against him in one case for $13, and in another for $15 and costs, which amounted to over $300.

☞ Ex-Governor Hubbard has refused the customary present from the Connecticut legislature, writing to the speaker: "As a citizen of Connecticut I give you all thanks, and hope the example will break up forever the system of gift-making and gift-taking in the legislature.

☞ Newspaper advertising may be compared to a vigilant and watchful salesman, who not only invites business relations, but goes after the public, into the private walks and ways, and compels it to be attentive in spite of itself.

☞ A school teacher, who has just been telling of David wound up with: "And all this happened over 3,000 years ago." A little cherub, its blue eyes dilated with wonder, after a moment's thought: "Oh, dear marm, what a memory you must have."

☞ Why are good resolutions like a squalling baby at church? Because they should always be carried out.

### BURDETT'S SERMON ON CONTENTMENT.

Be contented, my son. You need not be satisfied with what you are; you don't want to live without ambition; so long as you live, strive to be something better and higher and stronger to-morrow than you are to-day, but don't worry; don't fret.—Wear your ready made clothes with the air of a prince, until you can do better; eat your twenty-five cent dinner with the manner of a man who is accustomed to fare sumptuously every day on course dinners, and like this sort of a thing for a change. Keep the sunshine in your heart and it will shine out on your face. The world is always grateful to a sunny-tempered man, just because he is good enough and gracious enough to live in it. Laugh, my son, if your stomach is so empty that you cannot tell whether your pain is in your liver or your backbone, wear your hat jauntily if it is so full of holes that you can't see the greese and weather stains that cover it; speak cheerily, though you have to wear your over coat every time your shirt goes to the laundry. It won't be an easy thing to do, right along; the days will come when a good indulgence in the 'blues' would seem like paradise; there will be hours when you would rather swear than laugh, when you would rather growl and wail than look pleasant; there will be times when in spite of your strength and manhood and good resolutions, you will go away by yourself and groan and bury your face in your hands and cry like a girl; I know it, son. But don't make a habit of it and don't let any one see you do it. It is a dangerous luxury, son, and should only be indulged in at very long intervals and on rare occasions. Cultivate contentment; if you have no gloves, put your hands in your pockets; if your coat is out at the elbows, back up against the fence; if you have no hat, you will never become bald,—and when prosperity comes—not if, but when—you will be prouder of your good nature in the dark days of your adversity, my son, than you can be of all honors and all the fame and position that prosperity and success can bring you. Never worry, son; don't fret; it will only make your face thin and your hair turn gray.

### DIFFICULTIES IN LEARNING ENGLISH.

An educational journal thus describes the trouble a Frenchman had with the 'break:'

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Dubois, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all that I could say.

"I saw your friend Mrs. Murfeson just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping; am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And indeed, since the smallpox has broken up in our city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"But will she leave her house alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off?"

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a very fine young fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb 'to break.'

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Christianity is one of the most gentlemanly things in the world. It will make a polite lady or gentleman of one who knows but little of the forms of politeness. The Bible does not pretend to teach manners in detail, nor does it profess to be a manual of politeness; but nevertheless it is the book best suited to produce in any community true gentility. We have nothing in the Testament, Old or New, of how low to bow on entering a room, or how we are to deport ourselves in the ball room, or any such thing; but we have what is far better. We are taught to be kind to all, to love all, to respect age, to be merciful, pitiful, courteous; "not to behave ourselves unseemly," "not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought," and to esteem others better than ourselves. With these things properly engraved on the heart, Christians will intuitively be the most agreeable, polite people in the world.

☞ Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, is the possessor of the peautiful Sevres dessert service which was once owned and used by George Washington. It is supposed that Mr. Corcoran will present it to the art gallery he has founded.

☞ So many societies for the promotion of things are established, that Johnnie wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in school without making them study so.

☞ "Pa, what does the printer live on?"

"Why, my child?"

"Because I heard you say you hadn't paid him for six years, and you still take the paper."

### ENGLISHMEN AS GREAT EATERS.

A London correspondent commenting on the number of meals consumed by the people of that country, remarks: They eat more meals per diem in England than in America. There is breakfast, lunch at 1, dinner at 5 or 6 p. m., and supper at half-past 9 or 10. In some families there is light tea between 3 and 4 in the afternoon. The first time I saw a light supper, consisting of a 'joint,' vegetables and beer, I was uneasy, thinking it was all extra trouble on my acccount. Fortunately I delayed all remarks to that effect, and in due time discovered it to be the custom. Between 10 and 12 o'clock at night in London you may see hundreds of children, plate in one hand and pitcher in the other, scudding about the streets. They are after the family's late supper of hot fried fish, fried potatoes and beer. The fish and potatoes are bought frying hot at public kitchens. Two pence will buy of these a hearty meal for one, a penny or three ha'pence more for beer fills the bill. The 'ham and beef' shops sell as low as five cents' worth of cooked meats, roast or boiled, and from a cent's worth of vegetables upward. Very good meat they have, too, and very nicely they cook it. These public kitchens in the city of London, and there are thousands of them, supply the poor with a dozen staple articles of cooked food much cheaper than they can buy or cook it at home. Give a London beggar a penny and he can buy a bowl of good soup and a good-sized piece of bread—enough, on a pinch, to last him a day. Give a New York beggar two cents and what can he buy? Yet ours is a land of plenty. Every American at first deems the late English supper the sure road to dyspepsia. Yet there is far less dyspepsia in England than in America, and the late supper is universal. I adopted late suppers and I gained flesh, and have imported the practice and kept it up ever since. I think there is as much harm going to bed starved as going with a full stomach.

DECCA MUSLIN.—The Decca muslins of India are among the most wonderful evidences of the hand-skill of the strange people of the mysterious East. These fabrics which are spun and woven entirely by hand, and are the product of obscure and curious processes, unknown to and unattainable by the Western nations, like the fabrication of Damascus steel and the making of camel's hair shawls, are marvels of ingenuity and skill, and they illustrate the poetry of cotton. The most delicate of these fabrics is known by the name of "woven air." It can only be made in the early morning and in the evenings, when the air is full of moisture and the dew on the grass. The processes by which it is woven are kept secret, and people who do the work are compelled to pass through a long course of training and initiation.—Their delicate wares are of such etherial texture as to be almost invisible, and yet so enduring that they will bear washing and wear in a wonderful manner. This precious stuff is monopolized for the use of the ladies of the oriental haroms, and is said to be worth hundreds of dollars per yard.

ENERGY WILL MAKE ITS WAY.—Real talent makes use of whatever lies nearest at hand. Faraday mastered the secrets of electricity with an old bottle. Sir Humphrey Davy threw light on the law of chemistry by rude instruments of his own contrivance. Ferguson calculated the distance of the stars with a handful of glass beads threaded on a string. Watt's first model of the steam engine was made out of an old syringe. Benjamin West took his first brushes from a cat's tail. Dr. Wallaston's laboratory was an old tea-tray, which held a few watch-glasses, a blow-pipe, a small balance, and a dozen test papers. Gifford worked out his early mathematical problems on small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth enough to be used as tablets. Dr. Black detected latent heat with a pan of water and couple of thermometers, and George Stevenson mastered the rules of arithmetic with a bit of chalk on the grimy sides of a coal-wagon. The inferior mechanic is always finding fault with his implements. His jackplane and chisel have no edge, his augur will not bore smooth, his hand-saw sticks in the groove; but the trouble is in the brain, not in the tool.

COST OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.—The expense of a trip around the world is calculated by the Railway Age, on the basis of 180 days, as $349 for first-class and $208 for second-class accommodations.—Under the first head are included these entries. New York to San Francisco, $129; sleeping car, $22; meals on the road, $18; San Francisco to Sydney, $20; expenses in Sydney, 40; Sydney to Melbourne, 35; expenses in Melbourne, 40; Melbourne, to Adelaide, 15; expenses in Adelaide, 40; Adelaide to London in sailing ship, 225; England to New York, 75. It is admitted, however, that a little extra money will not come amiss. No allowance is made for expenses in England.

☞ In a poem read by Robert Grant at the recent reunion of the Alumni of the Boston Latin School was the following:

Our great public schools—may their influence spread
Until statesmen use grammar and dunces are dead,
Until no one dare say, in this land of the free,
"He done" for "he did," or "it's her" for "it's she."

☞ A bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast, conversed as follows:

He—"Shall I skin you a pertater, honey?"

She—"No, thank you, dearie, I have one already skun."

## All Sorts of Clippings

Good lux what Edison deserves.

Sleigh-runners rust in ease.

A chest protector—a time lock.

Too much paper in the Edison light.

Bernhardt is as artless as a child—in sculpture.

Paniers are becoming fashionable necessities.

Held for a further hearing—the ear-trumpet.

Cashmere effects are said to be a little overdone.

Pointe de Languedoc is a very handsome new lace.

Many a crooked-back boy has made a straightforward man.

The Edison light will make courting both difficult and dangerous.

The mother of vinegar is a very sharp old lady.

Nobody was ever killed by a train of thought.

People with glass slippers should not tread on anybody's corns.

Good doctors are liable to be rapped up in their business.

The swell way of speaking of a ball now is as "a dance."

The painter who fell over with his ladder full of paints went down with flying colors.

Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

One of the most profitable columns to a newspaper is the editor's solid spinal column.

A great many men wind themselves up with whis-key, and afterward run down.

No man hard-up enough to accept the Russian mission has yet been found.

Grant's manipulators have again "launched upon his head the curse of roam."

Ducks are so thick on the North Carolina coast that the fishes have to take to the woods.

Jules Simon tells his fellow-citizens: "We are living at a time when nobody can take a rest."

Next to a handkerchief there's nothing in the world that gets so many blows as a street lamp.

But few men can handle a hot lamp-chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

The effect of salt air on brick buildings in Boston tends to give a brick-a-brackishness to hub society.

"Gath" is not a bigger liar than "Eli Perkins," but he is more experienced and original.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

"A Woman After All," is the title of a new book. That's it. That is the thing they are usually after, and they get it, too.

One of the Utes is so noted for coveting everything he sees that he is known at the agency as Hanker-Chief.

The "Pie rates of Penn's Aunts," are to out-Pinafore the "sisters and cousins and aunts," when they get started.

Small bonnets have established themselves as the prime favorites of fashionable ladies, toque, turbans and small capots taking the lead.

Mabel's sitting in the firelight,
Waiting for her lover true;
All the room is filled with darkness—
'Tis the shadow of her shoe.

If MacTear, the Scotch chemist, succeeds in making artificial diamonds, it will be apt to mak' tears come to the eyes of hotel clerks and negro minstrels.

Country butter-maker, as with deep disgust he smells the specimens of oleomargarine at the recent dairy fair: "Dead omnibus horses, sure."

A poetess says: "I fling my past behind me like a robe." That is right. Always wear the past as you do your panier—behind.

Mrs. Langtry has had another photograph made of herself. It is a full-length figure leaning on a crutch and chewing a toothpick.

Lady Burdett Coutts has spent $15,000,000 in philanthrophy. She invests in gratitude and affection, and the bank never breaks.

They have invented a gun in England without any lock, and any fool can point it at a person all day long without the usual result following.

A girl who can shed three tears at a critical moment and follow them up with a quivering sigh can marry all around a blonde who does nothing but try to blush.

"Is business good?" inquired a friend of an undertaker. "Business good? you bet; two in walnut, two in rosewood and three on ice at this blessed moment."

It has been decided in France, against the Sunday law, that a man may work on Sunday if he wants. Now the lawyers will look in vain for men who want to work on that day.

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.

All doctors recommend people to go to sleep lying on the right side. This is all the better if you are a little deaf in the left ear and don't get home till late.

A man may be brave enough to walk right up to the cannon's mouth, and yet not have the courage to hand his wife a letter he has carried in his jacket for a week.

"Dear Louise, don't let the men come too near you when courting." "Oh, no, dear ma. When Charles is here we always have one chair between us." Mother thinks the answer is rather ambiguous.

A substantial farmer of Shelby county, Mo., cut his wheat in the early part of the season, realising sixteen bushels per acre. He then put in a crop of tobacco, and raised on the same ground one thousand six hundred pounds.

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