The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 37.

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!

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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

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SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

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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.

July 17, 1879—6m. L. BAR.

Select Poetry.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless then the meeting and the spot,
For once by every care forgot:
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour:
We're all—all here.

We're not all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
Fate with a stern, relentless hand,
Some like a night flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day:
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel ocean has his share;
We're not all here.

We are all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear.
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view;
How lifelike, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past,
From each to each kind looks are cast,
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're round us as they were of old,
We are all here.

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said,
Soon must we join the gathered dead:
And by the hearth, we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below;
So in the world, to follow this,
May each respond in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

LONGEVITY NOTES.

Mrs. Ann Denney, of Smyrna, Del., is now in her 103d year. She is in the enjoyment of all her faculties, her health is good, and she takes a lively interest in all that transpires around her.

John Battle died in Montreal, the other day, aged 112.

Robert Kidd, 105 years old, is the oldest man in Texas.

Mary Fernay died in Little Valley, N. Y., at the age of 105.

Samuel Losey recently died in Pike township, Pa., aged 107.

Margaret McMahon died in Durham, England, in her 113th year.

Aunt Sarah Hicks, in the county hospital at Flatbush, L. I., is 104.

Clara Clairs, of New Orleans, was burned to death at the age of 103.

Luke Courville, 102 years old, hanged himself in a pig-pen.

Thurlow Weed saw the first steamboat and rode in the first steam railway train.

A pupil in the Carsonville (Ga.) school is 82 years old is a negress.

After living more than a century, a Michigan man committed suicide by hanging.

Andrew Jung, 93 years old, of Columbia, Pa., served under the first Napoleon.

Lucy Kurney, of Lansing, Mich., was 55 years a slave and over 60 years free.

Rouns Kemp, 96 years old, of Galloway, Ky., married Mary Bridges, aged 16.

Over a century ago Ann Collins, of Paris, Ky., was born. She remembers Washington.

Diana Dorsey, of Springfield, Florida, was, supposed to be fully 115 years of age when she died.

Mary Donohue, whose grandfather died in his 121st year, recently died in New York, aged 112.

Peleg Sprague, of Maine, is 90 years old, and blind. He was a United States Senator in the year 1829.

James Smith, of Somerset county, N. J., now 109 years old, was sold as a slave 30 years ago for 50 cents.

Thomas Howe, of Barrington, N. H., lately made a marriage proposal to a lady 85 years years old and 15 years his junior.

A negro died not long ago in New Haven, Conn., leaving a family of orphans from 60 to 80 years old. The father was 108.

The eleven daughters of the late Robert Johnson, of Middletown, Conn., are alive, the youngest over 50 years old, the oldest over 80.

Armstrong Porter, of Luzerne, Pa., died last month, aged 98. He voted for Thomas Jefferson for President, and for Samuel J. Tilden for the same office.

Although 103 years of age, Jane Gilbert, who is living at 26 Vine street, Baltimore, is in excellent health. She remembers the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and saw George Washington once.

A North Carolina couple, who are each over 90 years of age, desire to die at the same hour. They have completed their funeral outfit even to their tombstones. They live in Iredell county.

THE poorest people in the world are those who do not know how to work, and the world is full of such—young men and young women—with plenty more coming on. Too many at this day are taught to despise labor, and the ruling desire is to get through the world easy. Young men are growing up all around us who choose no profession and learn no trade. They are fairly educated, but they cannot apply their knowledge to anything that will buy them bread and butter. They think it demeaning to work with their hands, and as the fields of clerks and bookkeepers is constantly over-crowded, they find themselves hedged in between manual labor or the army of do-nothings with which every city, town and village in this country is overrun. Comparatively few young men are now found learning trades. The supply of blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, and shoemakers, is certainly not very likely to be in excess of the demand. Every young man who acquires a trade and becomes proficient in it, has a fortune no one can take from him. He is "at home" wherever he goes, and will command respect from those whose good opinion is worth any thing. It is well for our young men to be liberally educated, but let them have trades also. They cannot all be doctors, lawyers and preachers, and they will find it much better to be a good shoemaker than an indifferent lawyer, a poor doctor, or a tiresome preacher.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Chicago has 11,000 street lights.

Select Story.

ALMOST TOO LATE.

"I am going now, Helen."

Charles Archer stood at the door of the one room high up in a noisy tenement-house in New York, which he called "home." It was not the wedded home he had dreamed of twelve years before, when he uttered the "Valedictory" at Yale, when Helen Gordon blushed and smiled at the applause that greeted his appearance on the stage. Nor was that crouching figure beside the window, in the untidy print dress, with the pretty sullen face, and the uncombed golden hair, much like the graceful belle, of whose company he had been so proud, so happy to monopolize, upon that golden day.

His wife looked up and caught the expression of pitying regret upon his dark and handsome face. Her heart was full of angry rebellion against her fate, against herself, against him—almost against God!

"Why do you look at me like that?" she said, peevishly. "I know that the room has not been swept, and that I have not made my toilet for the day. My toilet," she laughed bitterly. "When shall I make a toilet again, I wonder? I once set the fashion in New Haven! Who would believe it now! And, oh, to think—only to think what my life might have been, if I had been wise."

Her husband's face darkened all over.

"I understand!" he exclaimed.—"You mean if you had married Paul Hayden instead of me."

"How can I help such thoughts? I saw his wife early yesterday morning when I was out.—She was driving to the railway station on her way to their country house for the summer. I heard the footman say so to some one when he went to buy the tickets for her. And, oh, what a difference there was between us two! No wonder she has kept her beauty! No wonder I have lost mine! Beauty and health, and youth and happiness, they are all going away from me, because we are so poor!"

"Better days may be coming, love," said the husband after a panse. "I have heard of a good situation this time, you know. If I get it, it will be a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich, you know well, my darling, that I shall refuse you nothing."

"You have thought so many times that better days were close at hand. And every time you have been disappointed, and we have lived on the same horrible life," was the discouraging reply.

"I know, my dearest; but this is really good news, I trust and hope. If you will only kiss me and wish me good luck, I have faith that it will come."

He bent down, his dark eyes wistfully searching hers for one glance of love, such as he had so often seen there in the happy days of courtship. But love, so far as she was concerned, he sometimes feared, had flown out of the window of this house when poverty entered. The heat, the dust, the discordant street-cries without, the shabby, disordered room within, the general sense of her own untidiness, and the galling memory of the freshly beautiful summer costume worn by the wife of Paul Hayden, as she lounged in her carriage on the previous day—all these things combined to banish the affectionate glance for which the husband's heart so vainly hungered, and to make the wife's parting kiss so cold and formal that it lingered like ice upon the young man's lips as he turned away.

He said nothing. But the deep sigh, that seemed to come from the very depths of a tried and overladen heart, silently reproached her.

She caught a last glimpse of his face as he closed the door. It wore a look of repressed sorrow that would haunt her to her dying day. What evil spirit had tempted her to try him so?

Was it his fault that, by the sudden failure of a bank in the great "panic," the saving of years of steady toil had been lost in a moment? Had he not labored faithfully ever since for her support?—For her ungrateful sake, had he not stooped even to menial toil, when no other employment could be procured.

And now she had sent him from her, uncheered by look or word of fondness. What if some accident should happen to the train by which he was to travel? What if he should never return?

For a moment she sat dumb, almost paralyzed by the shock of that idea. Then she sprang from her chair and rushed to the door. She would call him back, and ask him to forgive that careless, cruel parting.

She was too late. He was already in the street. A moment later she heard the shrill whistle of the train. He was gone.

The day passed on sadly enough. Thought after thought came crowding into her mind to unsettle and to reprove her. They bore their fruit.

In less than an hour after Charles Archer's departure his home wore a very different aspect. By nightfall the one room was trim and clean as willing hands could make it. Before the clean windows a pair of snowy muslin curtains were drawn. The stove shone like a mirror, and from its open front a bright welcome to the absent master flashed out, flooding the very walls with warmth and light.

And summer evening though it was, both light and warmth were needed. At sunset angry clouds rose in the south, and the rain came sharply down, with an accompanying wind that knew little of its own mind, and veered sharply round continually from south to east. But amid the wailing wind and dropping rain Helen Archer worked steadily on.

At nine o'clock the train which was to bring her husband home was due. Her last task was finished, when she dished up his favorite viands and set them, covered over with a basin, upon the hearth to keep warm.

She leaned from the window, looking out, through wind and rain, for some sign of his home-coming. She wore the dress he liked best. Her hair was arranged in his favorite fashion of braids and curls. She had kissed him coldly and he left her, but now, with her heart upon her lips, she waited to welcome him back, even if he returned as unsuccessful as he went. What did that matter, she thought, as she glanced at the window of her opposite neighbor, who had been left a widow only one short month ago.

"Only let him return to me safely, and I will make amends for all," she half thought, half prayed, as memory recalled the countless times in which she had grieved him during the past half year.

Nine o'clock came and passed, yet she did not hear the usual whistle of the in-coming train. Half-past nine and yet no footstep on the stairs!

Her heart lay like a leaden weight in her bosom. The color faded from her lips and cheeks, and her blue eyes grew wild with silent dread.—At ten o'clock she could bear the suspense no longer. She left her room and ran down the stairs, with a half-formed purpose in her mind of inquiring at the neighboring station about the laggard train.

Dimly, in the darkness, she saw a large crowd of people gathered at the outer door of the tenement-house. They were all talking confusedly, but now and then some words broke plainly through the medley of sound.

"His poor wife!" said one voice, "how is she going to bear it, I wonder. It is well for her that she has no little ones to look after. She is nothing more than a child herself, anyway."

"Make way there!" said some one outside. "We must carry the body up stairs. Which room is it! And some woman ought to go up before us and tell the wife."

The crowd surged and parted.—Between the ranks, six men came steadily onward, followed by a policeman. Helen knew him well, and when he looked up the staircase, and saw the slight figure bending forward and the pale face full of a fixed and settled horror, he turned again to the crowd, and called out:

"One of you women come up here to break the news. And take her away," he added in a lower voice; "it is no sight for her."

Good-natured Bridget McCarthy came forward, and ran up the stairs to where Helen stood.

"You'll come back into your room wid me, my darlint," she said, putting her strong arms around Helen's slender waist. "Sure it'll destroy you intirely to look on at the likes of that!"

"Bridget, is he dead?" asked the pale lips, pitifully.

"Sorry I am to say that he is! It was the train, my dear. Off the track, they say, and ten strong men were killed outright, besides him that they are now bringing up from below."

Helen fell senseless at the Irishwoman's feet.

Half an hour later she struggled slowly back to life and loneliness again. She opened her eyes to find herself lying on her own bed, with the kind old doctor of the neighborhood bending over her with rather an anxious face.

"We shall do nicely now," he said, making a warning gesture to some one in the background.

Helen gave a great sigh as he took her hand.

"Oh, why did you bring me back, doctor? I have driven my husband away to his death, and I hoped I could die, too. I blamed him because we were so poor, doctor, and I would scarcely kiss him when he went away this morning to look for another place. Oh, I have been so cruel to him! And now just when I was sorry for it, and when I had resolved to try to be a better wife, God has taken him away from me, and he will never know how bitterly I repented."

"How do you know that your husband is dead, my dear?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I saw them bringing him up the stairs. And I heard them talking about me."

"Not about you, my dear, but about poor little Mrs. Gray, who lives in the room at the back. Her husband was badly hurt on the train when it ran off the track this evening. We thought he was dead at first. But since then he has revived, and I feel sure that, by God's mercy, he will recover before long."

"But, doctor, where is my dear husband, then?" cried Helen, starting up.

"God has been very good to you, too, my dear," said the old physician.

"Is he alive? Where is he? Oh, tell me!" her every gesture struggling between hope and fear.

"Here!"

The doctor stepped back. From a dark corner of the room a tall figure rushed forward and clasped the wondering, weeping wife in a close embrace.

"Is it you? Oh, is it really you?" she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"Oh, Charles, I have been so miserable since you went away! How could I treat you so? You never, never can forgive me or love me again!"

"As if I could help loving you as long as I live, Helen! And you shall be so happy after this. I have found a good place, I shall have a good salary, and to-morrow, if you are well enough, we will take a trip into the country together and find some pretty little cottage, where you can amuse yourself all through this beautiful summer among the birds and flowers."

"I don't want a cottage. I want nothing but you, Charles, and now God has given you back to me, that will be enough to make me happy," said his wife, giving him the tender kiss which she had refused him that morning.

Nevertheless the cottage was taken, and the summer was as happy a time as mortals may ever hope to enjoy this side of Paradise.

Once, on their journey thither, after a shopping excursion in the city, they chanced to be overtaken by the magnificent carriage of Paul Hayden, the millionaire. Mrs. Hayden, resplendent in a toilet fresh from the *atelier* of Worth, sat therein. She was brown-eyed and pink-cheeked and very handsome. Yet her face looked worn and wearied. It lacked the look of true and perfect happiness that Helen's wore.

Helen caught the somewhat anxious look that her husband turned upon her, as the great lady drove slowly by.

She smiled. Under cover of her pretty silken shawl her hand stole into his.

Never for one moment had she forgotten the lesson of that long-past summer's day! Never had she ceased from thanking God that it had been given, although it came "Almost too Late."

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.

THE WAY TO GO ABOUT IT AND NOT COVER EVERYTHING WITH DUST.

To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and, like all fine arts, has a right method. Well done it renovates the entire room, and the occupant takes possession feeling that "all things have become new." It is not merely a performance to be done by the hands, but a work into which taste and judgement, in other words, brains, must enter.—Are these closets opening into the room to be swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers or clothing preparatory to sweeping day; then let this be the first to be swept. Cover the bed with solied sheets, as also all heavy articles that cannot be removed; first, however, having carefully dusted and brushed them. Remove all the furniture that can easily be set in hall or adjoinidg room, having first dusted it; then, taking a step ladder, begin to sweep or brush or wipe the cornice and picture cords and pictures. Draw the shades to the top of the window or, if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the windows. All the dust left in the room now is in the carpet or air, and the current of the windows will soon settle it.

Now begin to sweep; not toward the door or corner, but from the outer edges of the room toward the centre, where the dust will be taken up with a small brush and dust-pan. Go over the room once more—this time with a dampened broom; that removes the last bit of dust and gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest of the furniture in the room and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred will follow out our details. Some will sweep the dust into the hall or from one room to another, and then wonder why their house is so soon dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, and thus leave a seed of future annoyance; while a third class will do all but using the damp broom, which is as the finishing touches to the picture.—*Chicago Alliance.*

SAD RESULTS OF A PRACTICAL JOKE.—Brooks Gould was perhaps the most popular young man in Chicago. General J. M. Waite, a middle-aged man of the same disposition, set Gould down as his first friend and the two were together a great deal. When he entered the apartments of the general on a Saturday afternoon not long ago, Gould, who had about him the dash and sparkle of Mercutio, proposed that they should disarrange the furniture to make the negro servant, Joe, fancy that the rooms had been robbed. The joke was carried out.—Valuables were removed, the bed overturned and things put topsy turvy *a la* burglar, the wags retiring to the bathroom at Joe's footfall in the hall-way. Joe reached the door and stood aghast. With mouth agape and eyes wide open he scrutinized in one look the innermost corners and then straightway walked to the door of the bathroom. This he found locked from within. He put his ear to the key hole. Faint sounds of breathing reached him. He pulled out a revolver and instantly emptied every chamber into the panels of the door. Gen. Waite felt his young friend's body quiver at the first shot and threw his arms around him. Death followed instantly.

☞ Now and then a notorious case of lost boy or lost man excites the country, and people fall to wondering how it is possible, since telegraphs, newspapers and detectives have come into existence, that these mysterious disappearances can occur. The fact of the matter is, however, says the Philadelphia Times, that mysterious disappearances are occurring at the rate of something more than one a day. At the New York police headquarters alone, during the past year, more than three hundred cases have been reported of men and boys who have disappeared and of whom no trace whatever has been found. The majority of these lost ones belonged in New York or the immediate vicinity, thus making the average estimated rate of one disappearance a day in the whole country, an estimate very much within bounds. While these figures seem rather startling, there really is ground for surprise that they are not greater. When we consider the dangers of great cities, the possibility of dying unknown while upon a journey, and above all, the temptation that besets so many men to hide crime or indiscretion by slipping silently out of their accustomed places in society, the wonder is not that so many people but that so few people are lost.

☞ The woman who is exceedingly sweet to one's face and is very bitter behind one's back may be said to bear false sweetness against her neighbor.

A THIRTY YEARS' OF ATTEMPTS ON THE LIVES OF RULERS.

1848—November 26.—The life of the Duke of Modena was attempted.

1849—June 21.—The crown Prince of Prussia was attacked at Minden.

1851—May 22.—Sefeloque, a workman, shot at Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, and broke his forearm.

1850—June 28.—Robert Pate, an ex-Lieutenant in the army, attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria.

1852—September 24.—An infernal machine was found at Marseilles with which it had been intended to destroy Napoleon III.

1853—February 18.—The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was grievously wounded in the head while walking on the ramparts at Vienna, by a Hungarian tailor named Libzens.

1853—April 16.—An attempt on the life of Victor Emmanuel was reported to the Italian Chamber.

1853—July 5.—An attempt was made to kill Napoleon III. as he was entering the Opera Comique.

1854—March 20.—Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, was killed by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the abdomen.

1855—April 28.—Napoleon III. was fired at in the Champs Elysees by Giovanni Pianeri.

1856—April 28.—Raymond Fuentes was arrested in the act of firing at Isabella, Queen of Spain.

1856—December 8.—Agesiles Milano, a soldier, stabbed Ferdinand III., of Naples, with his bayonet.

1857—August 7.—Napoleon III. again. Bartoletti, Gibaldi and Grillo were sentenced to death for coming from London to assassinate him.

1858—January 14.—Napoleon III. for the fifth time. Orsina and his associates threw fulminating bombs at him as he was on his way to the opera.

1851—July 14.—King William of Prussia was for the first time shot at by Oscar Becker, a student at Baden-Baden. Becker fired twice at him but missed him.

1862—December 18.—A student named Dosios fired a pistol at Queen Amalia of Greece (Princess of Oldenberg) at Athens.

1863—December 24—Four more conspirators from London against the life of Napoleon III. were arrested at Paris.

1865—April 14.—President Lincoln was shot by J. Wilks Booth.

1866—April 6.—A Russian named Kavarasoff attempted Czar Alexander's life at St. Petersburgh. He was foiled by a peasant, who was ennobled for the deed.

1867.—The Czar's life was again attempted during the great Exposition at a review in the Boise de Boulogne at Paris.

1868—June 10.—Prince Michael of Serbia was killed by the brothers Radwarowitch.

1871.—The life of Amadeus, then newly King of Spain, was attempted.

1872—August.—Colonel Gutieriez assassinated President Balta of the Republic of Peru.

1873—January 1st.—President Morales of Bolivia was assassinated.

1875—August.—President Garcia Mareno, of Ecuador, was assassinated.

1877—June.—President Gill of Paraguay was assassinated by Commander Molas.

1878—May 11th.—The Emperor William of Germany was shot at again, this time by Emilie Henri Max Hoedel, *alias* Lehmann, the Socialits. Lehmann, it will be remembered, fired three shots at the Emperor, who was returning from a drive with the Grand Duchess of Badcn, but missed him.

1878—June 2d.—A third attempt was made on the life of the Emperor William by Dr. Nobiling.

HEART DISEASE.—The cases of heart disease are far less common than is generally supposed, the heart being one of the longhest organs in the body. Still there are many cases, and they are of different kinds. There may be a paralysis of the nerves of the heart. When this occurs death is instantaneous. Angina pectoris not unfrequently terminates in this way, for excruciating pains exhaust nervous force as greatly as does excessive pleasure.

There may be what is called a fatty degeneracy of the heart, in which fat takes the place of the fibrous tissue, and sooner or later gives way under some slight excitement.

Sometimes the walls of the heart become quite thin at some point, and this, in connection with the general enlargement of the organ, renders it subject to more violent action, and it may suddenly burst on the quickening of that action. Such enlargements are often produced by violent and protrated exertions, as in boat-racing.

Or there may be a dilatation of a portion of an artery leading out from the heart; such dilatations are called aneurisms, and are attended with a loss of the elasticity of the heart and a thinning of the walls of the vessel. Hence it may suddenly rupture, or, which is equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far as to prevent the outflow of the blood to the brain.

Every one even in health knows how quick and strongly any emotion whatever acts upon the heart—knows from his own experience. In all diseases of the heart absolute self control at all times is of the most urgent necessity. Without it life may cease at any moment.—*Youth's Companion.*

☞ A Boston lady received some money from some out of town friends to pay a bill they owed and it happened that a cent remained after doing this, which he at once returned and provoked the following reply:

A lady of o'erflowing sense
Sent me I cent,
Which I resent.
Am I a flower
That wants a scent?
Am I centless, am I senseless,
That a cent to me is sent?

All Sorts of Clippings

The lay of the land—eggs.

An unpalatable dish—cold shoulder.

The moss is again growing on Edison's fame.

The man with an inquiring mind will see stars in a mule's hoof.

Mercy is "Alpha," justice is "Omega."

Pinaphorism—Better late than hardly ever.

The present Governor of Colorado was once a respectable carpenter.

Don't hurry Mr. Edison. Give him time to fill his lamp.

The turning-point in an organ-grinder's life is generally the crank.

Young men have a marked preference for the dollar of their daddies.

It costs $30,000 a year to keep St. Peter's at Rome in repair.

A cigar for a penny is quite enough for a cent.

The man doth illy choose who chews tobacco.

When they fling a shoe after a Chicago bride they use a derrick.

Everything is susceptible to change but an editor's pocket.

Neither earth nor any other place hath a fury like a woman "corned."

A bust of Tom Moore is to be put up in Central Park, New York city.

The weather is so cool in Maine that Mr. Blaine is not liable to be sunstruck.

The woman who coquetted with a burning naptha lamp took a nap then and there.

Leadville is called a young town because its inhabitants are mostly miners.

Love is sweet and so is sugar. But sometimes there is a good deal of grit in both.

Mary had a little corn upon her little toe, and everywhere that Mary went the corn was sure to go.

A lady, joking about her nose, said: "I had nothing to do in shaping it. It was a birthday present."

New York is cheated out of ten thousand dollars per day by the sale of watered milk.

Venice is to be made accessible to carriages by a bridge from the main land.

Holmes says that the years at first pelt the girls with roses, and after a while with snowballs.

The Tay bridge was regarded as the greatest engineering feat ever attempted in Great Britain.

"All the world's a stage," and many men and women are satisfied to steal a ride behind.

There's many a slip between a geranium root and the blossom on top of the stem.

Prof. Proctor, the astronomer, talks of the immensity of space. But where is the immense city?

Paper collars will not be a domestic economy, if the price of paper continues to rise.

Spicer says his collar button is like the celebration of the Fourth of July—it is sure to come off.

A man's faith is like a difficult conundrum; though it may not be guessed, it should never be given up.

When a thief snatches a watch and transfers it to a confederate he does so merely to pass away time.

It is said that Dennis Kearney's language is improving. Well, it has to improve, if it changes at all.

If Dan Rice can be believed he has been on sprees with some better men than he can ever hope to be again.

When he sighs for her and she sighs for him, the sighin's of the times may be considered auspicious for a wedding.

There is a lady in Whitehall who is so fashionable that she won't eat boarding-house butter unless the hair is banged.

"That's what beats me," as the boy said, when he saw his father take the skate-strap down from its accustomed nail.

A bright little Sunday-school boy was disgusted when told that ramrods were not named for Nimrod, the mighty hunter.

The button on the back of a man's shirt collar probably needs talking to as much as any other inanimate thing in this world.

The Utica Observer says of Beecher that "he is not the Beecher of the old days." For the sake of Christianity, we should hope not.

In the midst of life some men do all the evil they can, and when they die the papers tell lies about them at the rate of fifty cents per line.

If I was a lokie editor
Wouldn't I have a time?
I wouldn't print a cussed word
For lessen a $ a line.

The minor puts in a large amount of work in his play, sir; and the miner finds his work in his placer, too.

It will cost three millions of dollars to take the census, and then the people will not know what to do with it.

Commissioner Le Duc wants every American lady during leap-year to engage in the raising of her own Bo-hea.

Bachelor smokers admit that an amber mouth-piece isn't as pretty as a cherry-red one temptingly puckered.

Nature seldom makes a fool, says Josh Billings; she simply furnishes the raw materials, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

Donkeys never contract softening of the brayin; that disease, like hay fever, only attacks persons of ability.

Dr. Tanner, of Minneapolis, declares that he can live thirty days without food, and offers to submit to the test.

Peter Goelet, the millionaire bachelor, always gave as a reason for not marrying that he was too poor. He left $20,000,000.

Some people in this age to beat somebody else beat themselves, and are then very angry at the person they tried to beat.

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