The Chestertown Transcript.

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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.

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.

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

B.R. HILLMAN & CO.

CLOTHING

No 166 WEST BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Rogers, Peet & Co's

FINE NEW YORK

CLOTHING!

—AT—

Metropolitan CLOTHING HOUSE,

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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

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE,

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

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Saml. Burns & Co.,

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—: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.

July 17, 1879—6m. **L. B:AR.**

Select Poetry.

SELLING THE FARM.

BY BETH DAY.

[The following poem, after the style of Will Carleton's farm ballads, is one of the best pieces of the kind that has yet been written:]

Well, why don't you say it, husband? I know
what you want to say;
You want to talk about selling the farm, for the
mortgage we cannot pay.
I *know* that we cannot pay it, I have thought of
it o'er and o'er;
For the wheat has failed on the corner lot,
where wheat never failed before.
And everything here's gone backward since
Willie went off to sea,
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the
homestead, for you and me.
I *know* it was best to give it, it was right that
the debts be paid,
The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the
hours of his weakness, made;
And Will would have paid it fairly, you know
it as well as I,
If the ship had not gone down that night when
no other ship was nigh.
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever
I've tried to pray—
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd
surely be here to-day).
I thought that the merciful Father would some-
how care for the lad,
Because he was trying to better the past, and
because he was all we had.
But now I am well nigh hopeless, since hope for
my boy has fled,
For selling the farm means giving him up, and
knowing for sure he's dead.
Oh! Thomas, how *can* we leave it, the home we
have always known?
We won it away from the forest, and made it so
much our own.
First day we kept house together was the day
that you brought me here;
And no other place in the wide, wide world
will ever be half so dear.
Of course, you remember it, Thomas—I need not
ask you, I know,
For this is the month, and this the day—it was
twenty-six years ago.
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter
the barn was made?
How we were so proud and happy, for all our
debts were paid—
The crops were good that summer, and every-
thing worked like a charm,
And we felt so rich and contented to think we
had paid for the farm.
And now to think we must leave it, when here
I was hoping to die.
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the
fount of my tears is dry.
There's a man up there in the village that's
wanting to buy, you say.
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it, but why
does he come to-day?
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you
have enough to bear,
And in all our petty troubles you always have
borne your share;
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so child-
ish grown.
There, there, go on to the village, let me have it
out alone.

Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so
weary and slow,
There is not much in his looks to-day like twen-
ty-six years ago.
But I know that his heart is youthful as it was
when we first were wed,
And his love is as strong as ever for me and for
Willie, our boy that's dead.
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie, I never shall see
him more;
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes
through the open door;
"How are you, dear little mother?" were al-
ways the words he'd say:
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it
again to-day.
I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so
early or late,
He was always a whistling "Home, Sweet
Home," as he opened the garden gate.
And many and many a moment, since the night
that the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out
there on the road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence,
early and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep, that
seemed to pause at the gate.
I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul
may be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble, that's
come to father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted, the day he was
twelve years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning
its leaves to gold;
And often when I was lonely, and no one near
at hand,
I have talked to it, hours together—as if it
could understand.
And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I
spke of my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping
its hands for joy.
It may be the man that will own it, that's com-
ing to buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and
burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses
he helped to tend—
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as
dear as a tried old friend.
And now we must go and leave them—but
there! they have come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even
to change my gown.
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is
getting late.
And the stranger's a whistling "Home, Sweet
Home," as he comes up from the gate.
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't
want to look on his face,
What right has *he* to be whistling *that*, unless
he has bought the place.

Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually
steps so slow;
There's something come into his footsteps like
twenty-six years ago.
There's something that sounds like gladness,
and the man that he used to be
Before our Willie went out from home to die on
the stormy sea.
What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and
holding my hands so tight?
And why don't you tell me quickly—must we
go from the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and
tidings of wonderful joy;"
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of
my boy.
O, Thomas! You cannot mean it? Here, let
me look in your face,
Now, tell me again it is Willie that's wanting
to buy the place.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

☞ The Black Hills gold yield of last year is estimated at fully $5,000,000.

Select Story.

MY CHARLIE.

HOW HIS WOOIN ENDED.

My Charlie was the most unromantic and matter-of-fact fellow that ever existed. He would read an old almanac any time in preference to a volume of poems, and when I told him one day about the trials and sufferings of that dear "Claude Clonett," in Stringemout's new novel, he coolly asked me, when I had finished, if "C. C. took sugar or drank his whiskey straight." Oh, my! what a trouble he was to me, and I really do not know how I ever came to tolerate him. He wouldn't act one bit like a hero, and when he said "good bye" at the gate, after spending the evening with me, he would walk straight away through the field whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' and never turn and kiss his hand to me once.

Then when I flirted just a little with a nice fellow to make my Charlie jealous, he never said one word, and I had expected he would vow vengeance on the nice fellow, and threaten to take prussic acid himself.

No, there was no romance in Charlie Marsh. He drank two cups of coffee for breakfast, ate lots of pork and beans for dinner, and poured down three cups of tea for supper. His hair was always parted on the right side of his head, a mustache never graced his lip, and his voice, instead of being soft, and low, and sweet, was loud and coarse like the sound of a bass viol.

It will be proper to state, before I go any further, that Charlie was my promised husband; and I think he loved me, although he was unromantic. As I said before, how I came to love him has always been a profound mystery to me, for he was so different from my ideal as night is from day; and when he proposed to me, in place of dropping on his knees and telling me that I was the whole world to him and he could never, never, never exist one moment without me for his gunding-star, he just turned to me one evening, as we were sitting together in the parlor, and said, as coolly as you please: "Sis"—that's what he always called me—"you know I have been head over heels in love with you for more than two months; won't you be Mrs. Marsh, and make a fellow happy?"

"Head over heels in love" with me! what an expression! I was really shocked, and I never ought to have said "Yes"; but I took pity on the poor fellow, because I thought he sincerely loved me, and would become more sensible in time. I do not think I would have loved him so well if 'pa had not detested him. 'Pa did not like him, because it was remored that his great-grandfather sold peanuts on a Camden ferry boat; but I never believed it. 'Pa at last forbade him the house; but that made me all the more anxious to see my Charlie, and we met under the great maple-trees. He, of course, should have proposed an elopement; but he was too matter-of-fact to ever think of it; and when I asked him what we had better do under the circumstances, he thought for a few moments and said:

"I think I'll give your father a good thrashing when I catch him out, and then he will think better of me."

"No, Mr. Marsh," I replied, "you'll do no such thing. Just lay your finger on 'pa, and I'll never speak to you again while I live."

I said this in such a tragic manner that poor Charlie could do nothing but stand and look at me, and whistle.

"What shall we do, then?" he asked.

"Why, if you are too dumb to think, I will tell you," I answered, feeling dreadfully provoked at him. "To-night, when pale Luna has—"

"What's that?" he asked.

"The moon," I returned, impatiently; "and you will oblige me by not interrupting me again. When pale Luna has sunk to rest behind the horizon, and our cottage is hushed in silence, come stealthily to the back yard, and—"

"That confounded dog will get after me!"

"Mr. Marsh," I returnrd, getting entirely out of patience, "if you interrupt me once more, I will leave you, and return to my home."

"Go on, then, Sis," he replied, "and I'll be as silent as a tombstone. Proceed, as Parson Sagby says."

"Well," I continued, "when you reach the back-yard be sure that no one is up—see that the house is shrouded in darkness—and if it is, throw a little gravel-stone against my window, and I will appear to you like Juliet did to Romeo—"

"But where will that dog be—"

"Silence!" I said; "I will see that the dog is shut up in the kitchen;—Don't interrupt me again, please. I will be all in readiness to leave my father's mansion, and you must stand beneath my window and catch me, for I will have to jump down—"

"Suppose you should fall and skin your nose?" said he.

I could not stand that. All patience was gone, and I commenced to sob hysterically.

"Don't cry, Sis," he said, tenderly, taking me in his arms. "I'll see that you do not fall. Tell me the rest of the programme, and I'll listen in silence."

I then ceased sobbing, and resumed:

"After we are safely away from the grasp of my cruel 'pa, I will become your own wife forever; and then we will return to him, fall on our knees, and ask forgiveness. Do you like my plan, dear?"

"All right, Sis; your arrangement is A No. 1. I will do exactly as you say. When pale what-you-may-call-it has sunk to rest, a chap of my inches will be about."

"That's a dear, Charlie," I replied; "you'll try and be good hereafter, and have a soul above buttons, won't you? And now I must return home. Bye-bye till to-night." And, kissing my hand to him, I turned and walked home.

It was awfully dark. Murky, sombre clouds floated through the sky, and hid pale Luna completely from view, I had everything in readiness to leave my father's house; and I sat by the window of my cosy chamber, awaiting the sound of the gravel-stone against the pane. It came at last, with a sharp crack that made me half jump from my chair, and silently I slid the sash up as high as it would go.

"Are you there, dear Charlie?" I asked, in a low voice.

"Yes," was the reply, and his head appeared on a level with the window-sill. "I got on this hogshead, and now I can lift you out easily.—Is that dog shut up safely?"

"He is," I replied, "and now help me out. Be careful. That hogshead is full of water, and the cover is weak—O, gracious!"

My admonition came too late.—Our combined weight was too much for the cover—it gave way, and in we both went up to our necks in water.

"Just as I expected," said Charlie, climbing out.

"You're a brute!" I returned.—"Lift me out of this."

He did so, and at the very moment I was deposited on the ground, 'pa, and the dog Towser, appeared on the scene.

"There's that dog!" cried my lover, and he disappeared over the garden-fence in a twinkling.

"What means this?" asked my cruel father.

I made no reply; but pushing past him, I entered the house, ran up to my room, and had a nice long cry. I would never see Charlie again, and he married a widow with five children. Poor fellow! I pity him!

Mr. Moody on the Sale of his Picture.

Before beginning the regular afternoon services in St. Louis a day or two ago Mr. Moody said: "I want to speak of a personal matter. Perhaps you noticed when coming in this afternoon that there is some one at the door selling photographs, purporting to be photographs of Mr. Sankey and myself. I want to say that is one of the thorns we have in the flesh. Those are no more photographs of Mr. Sankey and myself than they are of you or anyone else. I have refused to have my photograph taken for fifteen years on purpose to prevent that annoyance, and if you have any regard for our feelings you will not buy one. We have tried to stop it by law, and we can't do it? And now we ask you, if you have any regard for us, not to patronize them, but try to break them up in that way.

"And while we are about it, all these lives and biographies and lectures and sermons and anecdotes and stories are of the same stamp.

"There were twelve sermons I revised when I was in London, and a little book I published for new converts, a few pages, and they are the only books that I have ever published. I speak of this because I heard of some books the other day to help us on. Now, we have no interest in these books whatever. In fact, I think it is time enough to publish a man's life after he is dead and gone, and then see what kind of a life he lived. I have conscientous scruples about a man's life being published while he is living. I have done everything I could to suppress them and prevent their being published, and have failed to do it, and I hope there is no one among this audience or among my friends who will buy these publications, or if you do, don't think you are doing it to help us.

"These little hymn books we publish and that is all, and the royalty on them goes for religious purposes; but we are not interested and we are not after your money. If God knows our hearts, that is the last thing we think of. We would like to get souls, though, for Christ, and that is our mission here.

"I mention this because I am afraid some men are stumbling and thinking that we are just here after money, and that we are trying to make some money out of this movement.

"I hope I will never have to refer to it again, for I always feel like a fool when I have to talk about myself."

THE YEAR 1881.—The year 1881 will be a mathematical curiosity.—From left to right and right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient. If 1881 is divided by 209, 9 is the quotient; if divided by 9, the quotient contains a 9; if multiplied by 9, the product contains two 9s; 1 and 8 are 9; 8 and 1 are 9. If the 18 be placed under the 81 and added, the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus, 1, 8, 8, 1, it will give 18. Reading from left to right is 18, and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying nineteen 9s are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.

☞ Last spring the five children of M. B. Corbin, of Colorado, promised to earn money enough to pay for an organ if their father would buy one. The bargain was made, and, as a capital, three dozen chickens and an acre of arable land were given to them. The ground was planted with onions, and yielded the remarkable crop of three tons, for which $145 was received. The net receipts from the chickens was $55, making the total receipts $200. The organ cost $118, leaving a balance of $82 still in the children's treasury. The children are from six to fifteen years of age, and worked throughout the season with great energy and perseverance, and hence deserved their success.

☞ On account of the press of orders the factories at Pittsburg, Pa., only shut down one day during the holidays.

☞ The only steam flouring mill in Camden, N. J., is kept running night and day.

A PRINTER'S CASE.

Among many good things of its kind, the following from the Chicago *Times*, as expressing both the fidelity and fertility of the reporter and the technicalities, the brightness, the strength and weakness, the humor and frailty of the "craft"—the craft of crafts—is one of the best. It is safe to say that none but a printer could have made the report:

"You are a printer?" said Scully, as a rather good-looking young man was run from the bull pen into the chute at the West Side court.

"Yes, sir."

"This is your first 'case?'"

"It is the first time I ever worked at a 'case' in this 'alley.'"

"Did you ever get drunk?"

"The boys 'set' it up, and gave me the 'string.'"

"I don't fathom your remark," said his honor, putting one hand to his ear and bending forward.

"They 'proved' the 'matter' and then they left me on the 'stone' for 'dead.'"

"Impossible! Dead! Deserted you in the snow drifts. Or do I get the right glimpse of what you are trying to show?"

"I will 'correct' it myself, with your permission."

"Do so; go on."

"I was soon 'alive,' and when I was 'proved over' I was 'standing.'"

"Young man, you narrate in parables. Can't you elucidate?"

"I will try, judge. They put a 'good heading' on me, and gave me a prominent place at the top of the column—"

"Young man, you are getting the court muddled. Come to the point, sir."

"That's where I came to at last—a 'full stop.' They 'locked' me up—"

"Yes, now I understand."

"And 'planed' me down with the 'mallet'—"

"Now I don't. You won't stick to the rule—"

"If I had stuck to the 'rule' the 'stick' would have saved me."

"I don't get on at that."

"Neither did I. It was I who 'got off.'"

"Well, go on," said his honor, tipping back the chair with the resignation of a man who gives up his seat in a crowded car to a woman.

"Then they put me in a 'chase'—"

"What! chased you? Impossible! But go on."

"And then they got out their 'shooting stick.'"

"Now, look here, do you mean to say they had to pull their revolvers on you?"

"Not exactly but they took a 'mallet. Then they sent me to 'press,' and here is the 'impression,' as you see."

"Is there anything the matter with you, young man?"

"No, sir; only I ask to be 'delivered.'"

"I am told by a friend of yours, who has just climbed down from the back of my chair, that you have spoken in technicalites of your profession, and that you swore off on 1st of January, but you were persuaded by a lot of the boys that the old year hadn't ended, and so you fell. If I let you go, and give you an almanac that contains a list of the eclipses, and tells when it will thunder, will you promise never to look in a grocery again; never to take another drink; never to go out with the gang; never, never, no never sit up all night, and that you will use your efforts, to the best of your ability, to bleach your nose? Do you swear it?"

"I do, with 'italics.'"

"Then go away and be good."

BROKEN-HEARTED HORSES.—Says the Eureka (Nev.) Leader: Noticing an old-time Jehu critically examining one of the lead-horses in the Pioche stage the other evening, the reporter slid up along-side in time to hear him remark, sotto voce:

"There's Dick going to the devil just like all the rest, and he ain't been on the road six months."

An inquiry as to the cause of Dick's—a horse—evil destination, led to the development of some facts in regard to stage stock that may be interesting to our readers:

"You see that bay leader," said he, "that animal was put on the route six months ago, and he was a good one, full of life and ambition, and when he first went into harness, took two good men to hold him down before the start, and a smart driver to hold him afterward. Now, he's as boggy as a dray-horse, and hasn't got spirit enough to hold his head up. They most all go that way.—Horses are curious beasts. You can drive 'em twenty miles a day on all sorts of roads, and they will keep fat and die of old age; but put 'em on a fifteen mile run where they've got to travel the same route every day, and they will break their hearts and die in less than two years. It works like a treadmill on a man.—They can't stand the monotony."

PURE AIR.—Pure air is an essential of pure blood. Pure blood makes stout nerves; consequently pure air which makes the blood good is an essential of the nervous system.—Good nerves insure good digestion, therefore pure air, which through the blood makes the nerves good, is an essential of the digestive functions. Good digestion makes good blood, which brings us to our starting point, and proves that pure air is the first element in animal existence. From the cradle to the grave we breathe every moment, during working and sleeping hours. Pure living air, therefore, we require every instant. Bad air is a blood poisoner. Air once passed through the lungs is poisonous. It is not only deprived of its living and life-giving constituents, but it is loaded with impurities, especially when expired by unhealthy subjects. Fever malaria comes always from poisoned air. There may be no worse poison than the poison emanating from the skins and lungs of a mass of human beings. If, therefore, you would escape "blood-poisoning," have constant free ventilation.

Gliding Down a Mountain.

The trail leading to the Metamoras mine is both steep and narrow, and winds along the side of Prospect mountain from the base to almost the summit. In places the descent from it is very precipitous, falling off almost perpendicularly for a distance of 200 or 300 feet.—Several packed mules have been killed by being pushed off at these points, but no accident has happened to the hardy minor and prospector who pass over it until recently, and this fortunately was not a fatal one. The snowfall had almost obliterated the pathway, making it peculiarly dangerous, and when James Ahearn attempted to make the ascent he was forced to grope his way blindly, trusting to his knowledge of the route to carry him over safely. It was not sufficient, for when about half way up he slipped from the icy crust and before he could recover himself he was traveling down the side of the mountain at a rate of speed only equaled by a meteor. While the snow was the immediate cause or Ahearn's disaster it was also his salvation, for if not only preserved him from contact with the rocks as he plunged down, but received him in its soft embrace at his stopping place, some 250 feet from the point of departure. As it was his clothes were rent and torn, so was his skin in sundry places, and while no bones were broken there were aggregate bruises that will painfully remind him of his experience for some days to come.—*Eureka (Nev.) Leader.*

A COURTSHIP IN PARIS.—During my stay, a young doctor and his bride—not a distant neighbor—came to return a visit. He related his history. Two months ago he was called in to visit a lady, and performed an operation that saved her life; on the occasion of one of his subsequent visits a young lady requested him to wait a few minutes in the drawing-room till her mamma was prepared to receive him. They looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason.

He asked her would she like to be married? "Yes." Would she object to a poor, hard-working country doctor? "No." Would she accept him? "Yes." After this *veni, vidi, vici*, he saw his patient; announced as his first business that he was going to marry her daughter. The mother, momentarily stunned, consented, and the shock nearly enabled her to take up her bed and walk. I may add that a more accomplished Parisienne I have never encounted. She has all the gayety of the French without a particle of frivolity, united to Anglo-Saxon common sense.

RATTLESNAKES AS MISSIONARIES.—In 1850 there lived in the southern part of Missouri a family by the name of Weaver—very hard characters—the old man, his wife and five grown-up boys. During the spring John Weaver was bitten by a rattlesnake. Everything was resorted to for his relief, but all to no avail. When they saw he must die they sent for an old Baptist preacher to pray for him. He prayed as follows:

"We thank thee, Almighty God, for thy watchful care over us, and for thy goodness and tender mercy, and especially do we thank thee for rattlesnakes. Thou hast sent one to bite John Weaver. We pray thee to send one to bite Jim, one to bite Henry, one to bite Sam, one to bite Joe, and we pray thee to send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Weaver family to repentance. There are others in Missouri just as bad as the Weavers. We pray thee to stir up Missouri, and, if nothing else will bring the people to repentance, we pray thee to shower down more rattlesnakes. Amen."

A GLINT OF POETRY IN PROSE.—"Yes, yes, this is leap year, sure enough," and Mr. Smiley counted his fingers again to be sure that he had made a correct calculation. "Leap years are very eventful to me. I was born of a leap year, and it was on the 29th of February, twenty-eight years ago, that Hannah intimated to me that if I didn't ask that question pretty soon sh'd answer 'yes' whether or no. I felt very curious and asked it. First boy born the next leap year: first gal four years later. I shouldn't wonder if I reached the jumping-off place of life some leap year or other. I declare I hope it won't be this one. My old arms creak in the joints some, to be sure, but I'm not just ready to trade them off for angels wings even if they do work easy. I'd like to tend Hannah's funeral first." And the old gentleman totally unconscious of the solecism, tried to drive away a little globule of a tear by a feigned smile, but it was useless. It rolled off his face and mingled with the snowflakes that were drifting in his winter of life.

HE SAW THE SHOW.—An old man with a satchel and cane, yesterday stood in front of the Detroit Opera House for a long half hour, surveying the building with curious eye, and he finally entered, walked up to the box-office and asked:

"What's the regular price to go in?"

"Well, about six shillings," answered Shaw.

"I'll give you ten cents!"

The treasurer hesitated for a while, but finally took the money and told him to go up. The old man went up stairs to find everything dark and deserted. He took a seat, fixed his gaze on the drop-curtain and didn't get tired out for about half an hour. Then he walked down with a slow and dignified step, put his head into the box office and said:

"If you call that a panorama then you dont know what a panorama is, and if folks come and pay six shillings to see it, there's a heap of fools in this country! Good day!"

All Sorts of Clippings

Gladstone resembles Webster.

Unpleasant quarters—Lead ones.

A tree cut down looks chop-fallen.

A dead issue—a coroner's inquest.

Hope is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Borrowed trouble is never returned.

An appeal to the understanding—"Wipe your feet."

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

Stockings worth $70 are shown in Chicago.

Full of interest—The ledger of a savings bank.

Seek well and the sequel will prove your sagacity.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it.

From the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest height.

Annie Mation is as lively as any of the young girls of the day.

Orange culture is increasing around Mobile, Alabama.

There is one officer to every ten soldiers in the army.

Quite a difference between orinthology and crow-nology.

A "reserved" person: The young lady who is engaged to be married.

The man who predicted a hard winter is not very sociable just now.

This is what might be called an open winter—open to criticism.

The waves of a woman's handkerchief have wrecked many a man.

Sarah Bernhardt is going to marry a nobleman—if she can get one.

One of the definitions of "A plum" is £100,000. Hence the word plumber.

As the nuptial days draw near, the old gentleman's coal bill increases.

Had it been a ripe apple it would never have made Eve ill in the world.

Muldoon continues to be the solid man, as far as wrestling is concerned.

Freight taken for ballast is too ballasted cheap for the ship owners to make money on.

Some people's brains are like Western lands—enough of them, but not half cultivated.

If the ordinary politican could see himself as others see him, he would be a surprised party.

People who have waited so long for Edison's light are beginning to think him the light-wait champion.

It cannot be that "All flesh is grass." Grass gets its dew. About the only thing that does in this world.

A good ecclesiastical sign of the times is the increase in collections at the churches.

An exchange says one of the hardest things to swear off is swearing.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

Learning to say no is as easy as lying, though many people do not know it.

The Laplander eats only a tallow candle when he wants a light breakfast.

Remember the poor. The rich could not allow themselves to be forgotten.

The way of the transgressor must be hard when he goes skating on Sunday.

The old age of a homely person is never soured by thoughts of lost beauty.

Sowing wild oats and reaping thistles is better than sitting down and doing nothing.

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Give us the dollars of this country and we don't care who takes the census.

A man wearing a pair of spectacles may be irreverently styled old eyes in glass.

A hen is so perverse that nobody ever succeeded in getting her to set for a photograph.

Chicago girls have established a football club. The ball used is about the size of a bass drum.

Save us from the friends who are more willing to give advice than to lend their ears—to receive any.

When a man gets the rheumatism in his knees he knows the beauty of a gate without hinges.

A silly woman in a fine dress bears a strong resemblance to a fifteen-cent dahlia in a two-dollar flower pot.

Walt Whitman to Gen'l. Grant: "What best I see in thee, is not where thou movest down history's great highways."

There are many women who would be very agreeable and very amiable if they could only forget that they are pretty.

The man who has been brought up on hog and hominy is the man who wants quail on toast when he strikes a hotel.

Noah made the great mistake of his life when he had the flies reduced to a single pair and forbade Shem to scrunch 'em.

The time at which it is next to impossible to tell what to do is when you are going up a ladder and the rung beneath your foot suddenly gives way.

If a hunter will only hunt long enough, he will be sure to pull his gun over a fence by the muzzle, and the day he does that he quits hunting

Somebody says that a woman gets sensible at twenty-five. There are women, however, who do not marry until long after that. What of them.

"Money," says Mr. Talmage. "is a golden-breasted bird with a silver beak." Yes; and it's a kind of poultry that most men are particularly fond of.

We have received important information that American girls have resolved to relinquish their leap-year privileges during the coming ice-cream season.

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