The Chestertown Transcript.

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

Saml. Burns & Co.,

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

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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.

J. Stafford, Jr.

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,

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET.

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

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE,

178 WEST BALTIMORE STREET, Next to Coleman & Rogers.

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

A CARD.

MISS R. W. WATKINS respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at her residence, or, if desired, at their homes. Terms moderate.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss ROSINA WATKINS to my former pupils as Teacher of Music. I consider her highly qualified to give instruction on Piano and Organ, and am confident that she will give satisfaction to those who may employ her.

MRS. C. LAKE.

Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

SHOVELS, SPADES Forks, Hoes, Rakes,
Spading Forks, Grind Stones,
White-wash Brushes, Horse Brushes,
Curry Combs, Chain Traces,
Bramble Scythes, Brier Hooks,
Animal Pokes, Rock Salt,
Farmers' Vices, &c.,

For sale *Lower than the Lowest* by
April 3, 1879. *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

GUM SHOES, for Ladies, Misses and Gents. Cheap! Cheap!! Cheap!!! at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

Wickes & Brother

CALL ATTENTION TO CASES OF

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

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

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

October 30, 1879.

WOOD! WOOD!!

Hickory, Oak and Pine.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

KINDLING WOOD for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown.

Sept. 4, 1879.

Select Poetry.

DAD WILSON'S SPELLING MATCH.

A CALIFORNIA INCIDENT.

"A spellin' skule! good heavens, pard, that little game's bin tried,
Don't undertake to open one, if you want ter save yer hide!
It may be fun away back East, an' useful an' all that,
But don't you try to plant yer game down 'yar in Rucker's Flat.
We hed a tussel with it 'yar not many years ago,
An'—ye see them graves up yonder? I mean that upper row—
Wal, right thar lays a dozen o' the laddies in a string,
Thet tuk a hand the night old Dad fust interdoced the thing!
I kinder thought when Dad sent out his cards o' invitation,
Thar'd be a bloody jamboree, as sure as thunderation,
Fur Rucker's Flat contained some men of sich obstreperous ways
Thet 'twas hard to find their equals in them frisky early days.
This spollin' skule war sumthin' new, an' any one could see
Thet it war bound ter ketch the camp 'twar sich a novelty.
An' the cabin whar the thing war held war crowded like the deuce,
When Wilson called fur order an' turned the programme loose,
Two men war called as ginerals to muster up the rest,
An' each one—turn about—called up the men he thought war best,
An' in two lines they ranged themselves, on each side o' the room.
Then Wilson in a steady voice, gives out the fust word "Tomb."
'T-u-m tum,' yelled Dandy Mack, the captain of a side;
At which a half a dozen yelled! 'Oh, go an' take a ride!'
Mack turned as red as Injun paint at this display o' glee,
Till the captain on the other side remarked T u-m-e.
Dad shook his head an' hollered 'next,' an' the audience roared agin,
An' then Bill Anderson begun to wag his peaked chin.
'Jist hold yer clatter, boys, he said,' an' give yours truly room,
Jist watch *me* mash thet little word! 'T-o-o-m, toom!'
He wilted like a cabbage leaf when Wilson give a smile,
An' told him thet he'd missed it by a stretch o' sev'ral mile.
An' then Jack Jones across the house squared up an' give a '*hem!*
An' kinder confidential spit out T-o-double-m!
'Oh, w'at's the use o' lettin' them galoots chaw up thet word?'
Says Johnny Alexander, 'thet's the worst I ever heard!'
Give *me* a chance, an' hold yer noise; thar aint a bit o' use
'A foolin' with the little trick—jist watch me turn her loose!
T-double-u-m, tuum—ha! ha! an' then he winked his eye,
In a kinder sassy manner, an' remarked 'how's thet fur high?'
An, when Dad said it wasn't right an' faced the other side,
Alexander shed his coat an' said he thought the speaker lied!
Dad pulled his gun an' opened up, an' Alexander fell,
A proper candydate to fill the place he'd tried ter spell;
An' then a chair cum sailin', like a solid cannon shot,
An' caromed on Dad's cranium, an' stretched him on the spot!
Each side then squared 'emselves fur work, an' the pistols 'gin to pop,
An' every time a gun went off some candydate 'd drop,
An' the last thing I remember war, I'd jist floored some galoot,
When a stick o' wood familiar like caressed me on the snoot!
The row went on fur half a hour at a most excitin' rate,
An' I laid in bed two months afore my countenance cum straight
I'm givin' you an honest deal when I open up an' say
Thet a dozen fust-class funerals war held the follerin' day.

* * * * * * * * *

This is why I tell ye, stranger, not to open up on that,
Fur thar aint a dozen men in camp kin spell k-a-t, kat,
An' feelin' kinder proud, you know, the boys air bound to fight,
If the other side don't hold its gab when a word aint handled right.
A prayer meetin' might go off in a sort o' decent way;
Or a stump speech interest the boys—but hark to wa't I say—
Take my advice an' hold yer tongue, fur the man's a tarnal fool,'
Thet'll open up in Rucker's Flat with another spellin' skule!

—KIT, in *Quincy Modern Argo.*

SNOW EATING AND CATARRAH.—The practice of eating snow and ice, so common among the school children, is a fruitful cause of catarrh.—The hard palate which forms the roof of the mouth also forms the floor of the nostrils, and is no thicker than pasteboard. The chilling effect of snow and ice brought freely in contact with this thin partition, the upper covering of which is a sensitive secreting membrane, made up mostly of fine blood vessels and nerves, produces conjestion often succeeded by chronic inflammation. As a consequence, snow and ice-eating boys and girls have "colds in the head" and running noses.

☞ When General Grant arrived in Cuba the other day the island was shaken from one end to the other by an earthquake. When Grant felt the jolting he took off his hat, bowed politely and remarked to one of the attendants that this was the neatest personal compliment that had ever been paid to him outside of Philadelphia.

☞ It is stated that the new constitution of California, abolishes grand juries, and partially does away with trials by jury. The man on trial may elect whether his case shall go before a magistrate or a jury and he may agree that a jury shall consist of only ten, or eight, or even six persons.

Select Story.

AN OLD TIME ELOPEMENT.

I am an old man now. Folks used to be more romantic when I was young. They used to fight duels instead of going to law, and they used to elope instead of waiting and watching until they got sick of waiting, or giving up and marrying to suit the old folks.

It wasn't so curious about Miranda Bates eloping, but the things that came of it were funny. You see, Grandfather Bates wouldn't have anything to say to Jeremiah Jones when he asked him whether or no he couldn't have Miranda.—And so she just packed up her bundle, and he was to have the carriage waiting at the gate at twelve o'clock to carry her off to the parson's.

Well, she was all packed up, and ready in a big cloak and hood, and was creeping down, when she saw the figure of some one directly before her.

It was the grandmother, old Mrs. Bates, going out to pick her herbs. Some herbs, as folks knew in those, days, wouldn't do any good as medicine if they weren't picked at midnight.

So that was her idea; but of course Miranda was scared back, and hid behind the door, and old Mrs. Bates went tottering about looking for her herbs, and up came the carriage.—She didn't hear it; she was as deaf as a post; but it so happened that old Mr. Bates did, and up went his window.

"Who is there?" bellowed he, and Mr. Jeremiah Jones, scared to death, and taking old Mrs. Bates for Miranda, jumped out, caught her by the waist, crammed her into the carriage, and was driven away like the wind. Miranda saw it all, and so did Bates; Miranda shrieked, old Bates bellowed; down stairs he rushed and met Miranda coming up.

"Who was at the gate?" the old man yelled.

"Oh, grandpa!" screamed Miranda, "Jeremiah Jones has carried off grandma."

Now Mrs. Bates had been very pretty, and old Mr. Bates had been very jealous, and it all came back. He stormed and swore and got his pistols, and wouldn't listen to a word that Miranda said, and mounted his horse and rode after the carriage. Inside it was pitch dark, and Mrs. Bates was as deaf as a post, and thought robbers had carried her off. Jeremiah kept her wrapped in her cloak, called her his sweetest and his duck and dove, and all the while she thought he was threatening to kill her, and didn't dare to speak, but only sobbed and cried, and when they got out on the road a piece, clatter, clatter, clatter came the horse's heels behind them, and—

"Stop!" yelled old Grandfather Bates. "Stop! I demand that lady." Jeremiah looked out the window.

"Never!" said he.

"We'll see," cried old Bates, and fired at him. The ball missed him.

"Drive faster," said Jeremiah Jones to the coachman. Then he pressed old Mrs. Bates to his heart.

"Don't weep, Miranda," said he. "He shall not take you from me. O, that it was only daylight, that I might see your face."

"I ha'nt got any money with me," sobbed the old lady, but he didn't hear her.

On they drove, faster, and after them rode the old man, faster and faster, too. At last, on the high road, in a lonely place, with nobody near the parson's house miles away, off came one of the carriage wheels, over went the carriage all on one side, and there was an end of the running away. As soon as he felt there was no help for it, Jeremiah got out of the carriage, shut the door on poor Grandmother Bates, and stood out in the road with a pistol in his hand, ready to meet old Bates. Up came the old gentleman, more furious than ever, and jumped down from his horse, and stood facing him with his pistol.

"Villian!" cried he, "I demand that lady."

"Sir," replied Jeremiah, "she is mine. I respect you, but I will never yield."

"Wait a moment. Does she go of her own free will? Don't dare to lie!"

"Yes, sir, of her own free will and choice," said Jeremiah. "Do you think me a highwayman, to carry off a lady against her wish?"

They were yelling so loudly that even deaf old Grandmother Bates, who had managed to get the window down, heard every word. Out came her head over the door. The hood of the cloak had fallen off and under it was her cap. I don't know what the moon had been doing before, but now she shone bright and clear, and everything was as plain to be seen as at noonday. Out came the old lady's head in the moonlight.

"That's a dreadful falsehood," she said, "I did not come with him of my own free will. He picked me up and carried me off while I was picking herbs in the garden for the lotion for your rheumatism, 'squire, I've been screaming all the way and he's been kissing me, the wretch! To think that this should have happened to me at my age, when I've been so properly conducted all my life!"

"Lord have mercy on us!" says Jeremiah. "Is that you, Madam Bates?" He flew to the carriage door and opened it.

"Sir," said he to the 'squire, "I am willing to meet you wherever you please. You have the right to challenge. I have insulted you; I have insulted the lady; but unintentionally—unintentionally, sir. I beg ten thousand pardons. I believed that I had carried off your granddaughter, Miss Miranda, who had promised to be my wife."

And just then up rattled a little gig, driven by Peleg, the hired man, with Miss Miranda sitting in it.

"Oh, thank heaven!" she cried, "no one is killed. Oh, dear grandma—oh, dear grandpa, forgive me! Jeremiah—Mr. Jones—I trust you have explained all!"

"Madam, I have," said Jeremiah, bowing.

Now it seemed to the young folks that the end of all things had come, but it was just the happy turning point.

The old man liked a joke and here was a good one; and the old lady was mightily pleased at being taken for a young and blooming girl of eighteen.

"Husband," she said, tucking her hand under his arm, "we were young ourselves, once, and you know you would have run off with me, if you could not have had me otherwise!"

"So I would, indeed!" said the old 'squire. "You were three times as handsome as Miranda in those days."

"Well, perhaps I was," said the old lady. "But now, my dear, just to please me, let Mr. Jones know that you no longer refuse your consent to his marriage with Miranda.

And with that the old 'squire offered his hand to Jeremiah, and there was a wedding at the Old Hall before many moons had "waxed and waned."

"A CAT, my dear children, fell in love with a handsome young man, an' intreated the gods to change her into the form uv a woman in order that she might make what society nowadays calls a 'mash.' The gods, at a special meetin' uv the board, Jupiter in the chair, granted her request an' transformed her into a counter-hopperess in a milinery store. It wuz enough. The young man saw the beautiful damsel, flirted with her an' it wuz not many days until she gobbled him up for keeps. The happy couple lived together quite happily until one evenin', when they were sittin' together in their room, a mouse chanced to run over the floor. The fair young bride, who had not forgotten her old habits uv life, immediately darted after it an' give it a lively whirl aroun' the room. The mouse escaped by the skin uv its teeth, an' while the husband wuz marvellin' at the courage uv a woman that led her to tackel a livin', breathin', mouse, his better ha'f uttered a sorrowful, disappointed sort uv a 'meow!' an' jumped out uv the winder. Here she waltzed up an' down on the back fence, curved her spine and catterwauled outrageous. Because her husband did not respond to her lovin' call an' jine her in a moonlight promenade on the pickets, she sued for divorce, allegin' incompatibility uv temperament, wilful adandoment, failure to provide, extreme cruelty an' intemperance. A decree was granted her with $10,000 alimony. Matrimony, my dear children, is a risky business."

A VERY indignant man, leading a dog, stalked into Uncle Eph's house yesterday and said:

"Eph, you black rascal, here's your dog; give me back the $3 I paid you for it."

"What's de mattah wid de dawg?" asked Eph, calm and unruffled.

"You warranted it to hunt chickens, didn't you?"

"And don't 'e?" asked Eph.

"No, he isn't worth a cuss at it."

"Did you try de dawg?" asked Eph, taking his pipe from his mouth and knocking the ashes from it.

"Certainly I did, and he's a first-class fraud."

"How war de chickens cooked?"

"Cooked?"

"Yes, was dey biled?"

"Of course not."

"Did you roas' dem?"

"Why, you old idiot, they were alive—prairie chickens."

"Dat 'splains it," said Eph. "I tought dar was suffin' wrong. You jest cook de chickens an' gib de dawg half a chance an' see how he'll hunt for dem. Folks 'spect too much," he added, as the gentleman kicked the dog into a corner and rushed out, "dey 'spects 'tirely too much from de cullud people. Ef dat man was fool 'nuff to 'spect dat he war gwine to git a dawg for free dollars dat would hunt live chickens he was fool 'nuff to bleeb dat we's squar in de middle ob de milleenyum and eberybody knows how big a fool dat am."

THE AMERICAN "$."—The editor of the London Whitehall Review, at a dinner, recently, propounded the following question: "What is the origin of the sign for the American dollar?" The American Consul did not know. It was suggested by quests upon the authority of Notes and Querries, that the sign was a sort of monogram of the United States, from "U. S." But this would not do. The American dollar, says the editor, is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. We littered the table with books, in the course of researches, but I proved my point in the end. On the reverse side of a Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription, "*Plue ultra.*" This device, in the course of time, has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars, "$." The scroll round the pillars, I take it, represents rhe two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

☞ Two men halted before a brilliantly lighted dry goods palace.—"Do you know," said one, "that this store reminds me of my wife's mouth?"

"How so, my boy?" queried the other.

Then the first speaker pointed in silence to a sign conspicuously displayed in the window, "Open all the evening."

☞ Old Binkins denounces the handsome costumes of his daughters as "cussed foolishness and the height of peacockification."

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.

SOME VALUABLE IDEAS ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

"Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms," gives the following excellent advice on how to preserve Health.

The first great secret of good health is good habits; and the next is regularity of habits. They are briefly summed up in the following rules:

1.—*Sleep.* Give yourself the necessary amount of sleep. Some men require five hours of the twenty-four; others need eight. Avoid feather beds. Sleep in a garment not worn during the day. To maintain robust health, sleep with a person as healthy as yourself or no one.

2.—*Dress.* In cold weather, dress warmly, with underclothing, remove muffer, overcoat, overshoes, etc., when remaining any considerable length of time in a warm room. Keep your feet warm and dry.—Wash them in warm water, two or three times a week. Wear warm stockings, large boots, and overshoes when in snow or wet. Wear a light covering on the head, keeping it always cool.

3. *Cleanliness.* Have always a pint or quart of water in the sleeping room. In the morning, after washing the hands and face, then wet with the hands every part of the body. Cold water will not be disagreeable when applying it with the bare bands. Wipe immediately; follow by brisk rubbing over the body. The whole operation need not take over five minutes. The result of this wash is, the blood is brought to the surface of the skin and made to circulate evenly throughout the body. You have opened the pores of the skin, allowing impurities of the body to pass off, and have given yourself in the operation, a good vigorous morning exercise. Pursue this habit regularly, and you will seldom take cold.

4.—*Inflation of the Lungs.* Five minutes spent in the open air, after dressing, inflating the lungs, by inhaling as full a breath as possible, and pounding the breast during the inflation, will greatly enlarge the chest, strengthen the lung power, and very effectually ward off consumption.

5.—*Diet.* If inclined to be dyspeptic, avoid mince pie, sausage, and other highly seasoned food. Beware of eating too freely of soups; better to eat food dry enough to employ the natural saliva of the mouth in moistening it. If inclined to over-eat, partake freely of rice, cracked wheat, and other articles that are easily digested.

Eat freely of ripe fruit, and avoid excessive use of meats. Eat at regular hours, and lightly near the hours of going to bed. Eat slowly. Thoroughly masticate the food. Do not wash it down with continual drink while eating. Tell your funniest stories while at the table, and for an hour afterwards. Do not engage in severe mental labor directly after hearty eating.

6.—*Exercise.* Exercise, not too violently, but sufficient to produce a gentle perspiration, should be had each day in the open air.

7.—*Condition of the mind.* The condition of the mind has much to do with the health. Be hopeful and joyous. To be so, avoid business entanglements that may cause perplexity and anxiety. Keep out of dept. Live within your income.—Attend church. Walk, ride, mix in jovial company. Do as nearly right as you know how. Thus conscience will always be at ease. If occasionally disappointed, remember that there is no rose without a thorn, and that the darkest clouds have a silver lining; that sunshine follows storm, and beautiful spring follows the dreary winter. Do your duty, and leave the rest to God who doeth all things well.

☞ The following advertisements are taken from a San Francisco contemporary:

"The gentleman who sat down on a cream-pie in a Market street car is known to the lady who had just purchased it, and even though he may have no regard for the hungry orphans for whom it was destined, he is urged at once to remit $1,50 and the expense of this advertisement to the business office of this paper to save the exposure which will allow of his disgusting conduct."

Right underneath it this Janus of a journal evidently accepts the money of the other side, as the subjoined will testify:

"If the slightly intoxicated lady who allowed a gentleman to spoil a $10 pair of beaver pants by placing a lot of slush wrapped up in paper on the seat he was about to occupy does not immediately remit that amount to the care of A. B., at this office, a full account of the affair will shortly be given to the press."

☞ The Sultan has ten servants whose special duty it is to unfold the carpets for him when he is going to pray, ten to take care of his pipes and cigarettes, two to dress his royal hair and twenty to attend to his most noble clean shirts. There are a multitude of other attendants about the palace; indeed, it is stated that 800 families and about 4,000 persons live at His Majesty's expense. He is an extravagant housekeeper; the annual expenditures of the palace are mentioned as nearly $14,000,000.

☞ An Oil City Irisman having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterwards with having drank.—"'Twas me absent-mindedness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I sed to meself, sez I, 'Pat, coom in an' have a drink.' No, zer,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll drink alone,' sez I to meself.' 'An' I'll wait for ye outside, sez I. An' whin meself cum out, faith an' he was dhrunk."

☞ Newspapers, religion and milk tickets ought to be paid for in advance.

VALENTINES.

The American valentines come early this year, and are so pretty that their English and German cousins will not be in great demand. They are of innumerable sizes, but the prettiest among those of moderate dimensions have for backgrounds a solid mass of violets, apple blossoms or pansies, upon which lie a gilt panel with a picture of a girl, and a label inscribed with sundry verses, referring to the flowers and interpreting the supposed feelings of the sender, unless, indeed, he is skilled with the pen and chooses to buy a card with a blank label rather than to say—

"Violets are blue,
Love's eyes are bluer,
I know, I know;
Some men's hearts are true,
Maids hearts are truer,
'Tis so, 'tis so."

Saucy girls who wish to tease a lover, even while sending him a token of affection, might, like the gray cards upon which shine golden hearts almost covered by dainty button-hole bouquets of carnation and Lady Pollock geranium tied in a true blue ribbon. The poem, printed in bright brown letters on either side of the design, says:

"Girls should be modest, they say;
Still, on St. Valentine's Day,
I suppose a young maid may
Offer a tiny bouquet
And not wander far astray
From perfection,

"Only a leaf and a pink,
Surely at that one wink:
I am still safe on the brink,
Since I have not said, I think,
That you are yourself the pink
Of perfection."

Among the sets of cards the prettiest are six representing flowers against a square panel of blue sky. The dandelion is grouped with its dentated leaves and with one blossom that is in the ghost-like state called witching out; the buttercup is tied up with a grass blossom; the daisies stand by themselves, and the yellow rose is relieved by its own dark leaves. The blending of colors in these cards is very striking, and apart from their mottoes they will be prized by those who receive them. The fifth and sixth cards in the series represent the jasmine and its pink-tipped buds, and the amaiyllis, and are beautiful in grouping, although less attractive than the other four.

The most expensive American valentines are a set of four, containing eight pages each; the cover, which is stiff, has the inscription appropriate for the day on its first page; the valentine itself has a poem printed in carmine on the pink damask ground of its inner pages, and an affectionate motto entwined with lilies and violets on the last heart; the first page differs, being sometimes clusters of roses lying on a disk of gold; sometimes pansies on a golden heart; sometimes chrysanthemum and sweet-william, and in the very prettiest, big velvety pansies lying on ivy leaves. The poem on each valentine of this set refers to the flowers.

Fans in three or four different shapes are the neatest among the small designs, and are especially pretty to send to ladies who have a fancy for decorative art, as shown in the manufacture of screens ornamented with bright cards and photographs. These fans make the prettiest finish to corners, and fill up any vacant space admirably. Last of all come the Boston valentines painted by hand and with blank spaces for original poems; these may be said to hold a half-way rank between those which are bought quite finished, and those that are altogether made at home.

NO CHECKEE, NO PAYEE.

A Chinaman hailed a street car in Des Moines, and put himself and a heavy trunk on board. When the driver came around he demanded two fares, one for John and one for his trunk. John handed out five cents and begame interested in the contemplation of the scenery. The driver punched him up and said:

'I want five cents for that trunk.'

John grinned and again turned to the window to admire the beauties of the landscape, and the driver was compelled again to interrupt him and demanded a nickel.

"Oh, no," said John, "him no passengel; him baggage, glib sack.—See?"

"You pay for that trunk or I'll shove it off," cried the driver.

"You checkee tlunk?" asked John.

"No, we don't check trunks.'

"You checkee tlunk and I pay fol him," responded John.

"Are you going to pay for that trunk?" roared the driver, becoming exasperated.

"No checkee, no payee," responded John, with a grin.

The driver was about to put the piece of baggage off, when John stopped him and said if he would put it on the seat of the car instead of the front platform he would pay. This was done, and as the driver moved off John hugged the Saratoga, smiled at the passengers blandly, and said:

"Me no extla baggage; me pay filst class fale fol tlunk, him got to have seatee allee samee as Melican man." And he kept it there till he reached his destination.

Remedy for Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

The Towsontown, Md., *Journal* says: A well known citizen of this county called at our office the past week and gave us permission to make known the following remedy which he says cured him of Bright's disease of the kidneys, with which he had been afflicted for some time: Take a handful of Horse-Mint, one ounce of saltpetre, and boil (the same as in making ordinary tea) in half a gallon of water. Dose—a wine-glassful three times a day. He states that he had employed various physicians for relief, but obtained none, when he tried the above remedy and he is not now troubled with the disease. Horse-mint may be found in low marshy places. It is distinguished from the common mint by a berry or seeds on the top.

All Sorts of Clippings

What did the man-tel?

To keep warm—get coaled.

Ministers of the interior—cooks.

An uneasy bed—pertur-bed.

A port of entry—the front door.

Goods marked down—feathers.

A vane whirled—a weathercock.

Sorrow makes wrinkles of dimples.

A bridal path—the broad aisle.

Texas is the throne of King Cotton.

Ironing a shirt is a pressing necessity.

Actors always desire to keep up appearances.

The horse-shoe clocks ought to make good time.

The life of the gambler is all play and no work.

Trade dollars make a big noise on a church plate.

There was a sound of rivalry by night. It was the cat.

Lost at se—the singer who can go no higher than la.

It requires an abler man to take advice than it does to give it.

The pilgrim's progress in this world is not helped by a bunion.

There are 60,000 Mennonites in America.

Towboats make no charge for the water they draw.

Leap year ought to make the valentine trade hum.

Next to nothing—a girl with an average dandy.

The "Black Crook"—a stove-pipe elbow.

Job was probably the first doctor, as he had patients.

My son, emulate the mule, it is backward in deeds of violence.

Cats have no fixed political belief. They're usually on the fence.

Jonah is reported to have been the first man who struck oil.

Pedestrians go-as-they-please—servant girls go-when-they-please.

The first thing a man takes in his life is his milk; the last is his bier.

Some New York belles wear silk riding hats with walking costumes.

Over seven million watch glasses are sold annually in the United States.

There are 500 vacant houses in Memphis, the result of the late epidemic.

A Jersey City man has returned from Leadville with a fortune—in experience.

King Humbert of Italy has recently had a sleigh ride—the first in nine years.

Ministers hold that poor and unostentatious people pay the handsomest marriage fees.

The dress ought to harmonize not only with the features, but with the expression.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.

"Why are wives what they are?" asks an exchange. We suspect it is because they get married.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton's daughter is, it is said, fitting herself for a lecturer.

A professional beauty, though two words, is really only one silly belle.

Langtry says his wife is worth her weight in gold. We presume that is her face value.

The father with nine marriagable daughters must have been engaged in the belle foundry business.

Knocking a friend down is a sure and quick way of dropping an acquaintance.

Nothing makes a woman more angry than to have her trail taken for an accommodation train.

The Indians are not quite fat enough to kill, but just poor enough to need Government rations.

Laugh and grow fat—grow fat and be laughed at. It is a poor rule that will not work in all directions.

A young cow gives the best milk, but an old goat makes the best "butter."

Although the skull of Mozart cannot be found, his 'airs are in a good state of preservation.

It is remarkable how many old bachelors have become hard of hearing since the 1st of January.

Leadville is full of millionaires who want wives to share their fortunes and endure their grammar.

The bride who sings "Do they miss me at home?" is unreasonable. They speak of her as Mrs. now.

Sorrows and a woman's age grow less and less every time they are told.

A wealthy dying man should know that a good will keeps peace on earth.

Civil service must be a failure; it cannot be found in the average household and never in a boarding house.

Human flesh is opaque, and yet it is easier to "see through" some very fat men than some very slender women.

In time of peace prepare for war; another company should be added to our standing army without further delay.

It is said that Mr. Tennyson sometimes spends hours at one line, but this probably refers to his fishing expeditions.

An exchange has discovered that fat men are never hanged. It probably takes too long for justice to circumvent them.

The Western postmaster who stole money from letters to get his wife a new sealskin sacque robbed the mail to robe a female.

The hours fly so fast as people grow older that it sometimes seems as if Father Time had traded his cycle for a bicycle.

☞ Of course it's wrong to "use a big, big D," but when you discover that your wife has been using your best razor to cut her finger nails with, what else, in the name of common sense, can you say? We leave it to candid public.

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