The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 40.

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

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

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At LOW PRICES, From

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Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,
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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.
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No 166
WEST BALTIMORE ST.
BALTIMORE, MD.

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 ROBINA 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.

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me! My forehead drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotion the tongue dared not speak
Flashed up like a flame from my heart to my cheeks!
Your arms held me fast; oh! your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold.
Yur glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;
And your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.
You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will
In delirious joy in the moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No visions of pleasure outside of your arms,
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the joy and the peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
And tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine—and your head on my breast.
You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would come while my lips were yet moist with your breath.
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms wrapped me round in that passionate fold.
And these are the questions¶ ask day and night:
Must my lips taste but once such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast was my shelter, as then:
And if you were here would you kiss me again?

—MISS JOSEPHINE SLOCUM HUNT.

The following has been tacked on to the foregoing by the St. Paul Pioneer Press:

I KISSED YOU.

I kissed you, I own it, but did not suppose
That you, through the papers, the deed would disclose,
As free-loving cats, when on ridge-poles they meet,
With their squalls of "You kissed me" disturb the whole street.
I kissed you. The impulse as suddenly came
As that cold-looking cloud is transformed into flame.
My act was the lightening that glances and thrills,
And yours the loud thunder that blabs to the hills.
I kissed you. As kissed the poor Carian boy,
In dreams, his Diana, so cold and so coy,
And foolishly fancied, encircling your charms,
A maid—not a match-box—was clasped in my arms.
I kissed you. The zephyr on tiptoe passed by,
The moon with a kerchief cloud hid her soft eye;
From the bough that swayed o'er us, all silvered with dew,
With half-smothered titter the katydid flew,
I kissed you. All nature, in counterfeit sleep,
Half promised our secret, so sacred, to keep;
No ubiquitous press correspondent peeped through
The leaves. I was "interviewed" only by you.
I kissed you. Then, scared at my boldness, I deemed
You had fainted, or else you would surely have screamed;
But no; you not only all censure forbore,
But, like Oliver Twist, are now asking "for more."
I kissed you. All others may do it who choose,
But I to repeat the performance refuse.
On your lips I will never again print a smack,
By the press or by note you may send that one back.
I kissed you. The poetess—Sappho—of old,
Like you, was so warm that her Phaon grew cold,
So she ended her love and her life in a pet—
I presume there are equal facilities yet.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Where is the snow?
'Tis not long ago
It covered the earth with a veil of white;
We hear not its footsteps soft and light,
Yet there it was in the morning bright;
Now it hath vanish'd away from sight,
Not a trace remains
In fields or lanes.

Where is the frost?
They are gone and lost—
The forms of beauty it gaily made,
The pictures rare on windows array'd.
"Be silent," it said; the brook obey'd.
The frost-work's wild pictures all did fade;
At the smile of the sun
All was undone.

Where is the rain?
Pattering it came;
Dancing along with a merry sound,
A grassy bed in the fields it found;
Each drop came on the roof with a bound.
Where is the rain? It hath left the ground.
What good hath it done,
Going away so soon?

Ever, ever
Our best endeavor
Seemeth to fall like melted snow:
We worked out our thought wisely and slow;
The seed we sow,—but it will not grow:
Our hopes, our resolves—where do they go?
What doth remain—
Memory and pain?

Nothing is lost—
No snow nor frost
That come to enrich the earth again;
We thank them when the ripening grain
Is waving over the hill and plain,
And the pleasant rain springs from earth amain.
All ended in good—
Water and food.

Never despair;
Disappointment bear,
Though hope seemeth vain, be patient still;
Thy good intents God will fulfil.
Thy hand is weak; His powerful will
Is completing thy life-work still.
The good endeavor
Is lost?—ah! never.

☞ Before you undertake to propogate your ideas of a correct walk and conversation, be sure you have a proper gait yourself.

☞ Many a man thinks of heaven as he thinks of home—a place where he believes he can go when all other places are closed to him.

Select Story.

MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS OWN WAY OF ASKING THE IMPORTANT QUESTION

Sir Arthur Helps believed that never since the world began did two lovers make love in exactly the same way as any other two lovers. Whether he was right is equally beyond proof or disproof. Certainly no question has been put in such a variety of ways as the most momentous one a man can ask or a woman answer; how it is put depending upon time, place, circumstances and the temperament of the individuals concerned.

A curious marriage proposal was made by a reverned bachelor who entered the matrimonial state on his death bed. In his seventy-third year the minister had a severe attack of paralysis, which left him so weak and helpless that, feeling his end was not far distant, he proceeded to set his worldly affairs in order. His parish being an exceedingly small one, and having been always a most liberal man, he had not much money to leave, which circumstance, had it not been for one reason, he would not have minded.

For the last twenty years he had had as housekeeper a steady, sensible woman, who had served him honestly, tended him like a daughter during his illness, and for whom he had quite a fatherly regard. It was on her account that he mourned his property. It would have been a matter for thankfulness could he have left her as much as would have supported her comfortably and respectably in her old age—she was now about forty-five. After weighing and considering the matter for some weeks in every possible light, a way out of the difficulty suddenly flashed upon him; and, knowing the precarious state of his health, he resolved to executed his purpose at once. He called his housekeeper, and when she entered the room he made her sit down; and after telling her how anxious and sorrowful he had been because he had no money to leave her, he continued:

"Of course you are aware that there is a Ministers' Widows' Fund, so that if the husband dies, his wife will have an annuity during her life. Now, supposing you marry me, although I am almost at death's door, you will be amply provided for in the future. Will you consent to this now?"

"Master, dear, you must be doting! What would people say?"

"I was never more serious in my life, Mary, and I am sure people will say we have both acted wisely in this matter. Take till evening to think it over, and then bring me your answer."

In the evening Mary told him she "would take him." So ten days after they were married, and three days later the good old man died; but his widow still enjoyed the 'Widows' Fund.'

A SOLDIER'S PROPOSAL.

A young officer was dancing in a set of Lancers in a crowded drawing-room with an extremely pretty girl, to whom he made himself most agreeable. After the dance was over to took her to a chair, and seating himself beside her, began to mourn his celibacy.

"It is exceedingly easy to remedy that," said she.

"I don't think so at all; in fact I do not know a girl who would marry me."

She laughed, and replied:

"Just go and ask some one here to-night, and I venture to say that you will be accepted by the first."

"Ah, I am not so sure about that. But—will—you—take me?"

"With pleasure."

And a few months later they were married.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

A big, good natured doctor was desperately in love with and had been twice refused by a fair-haired little woman. But, instead of the disappointment curing his love, it only made the passion grow more intense. After the last refusal he told her that if she ever changed her mind to let him know, as his love for her was unchangeable, and he would be proud to be her husband. Some months later he was driving home from seeing a patient, when he saw his lady love riding in his direction. Supposing she would merely bow and pass on, as she had often done before, he did not pull up his horse. But the moment Miss Dixon came up to him, she reigned in her horse, stopped and called out to him:

"Won't you stop, Dr. Hill?"

He raised his hat and replied:

"I shall be happy to do so," then waited for her to speak.

She was gazing at the ground and blushing deeply, but, quickly looking up, she filled the doctor's honest heart with surprise and gladness by saying:

"Dr. Hill, I have been closely watching you lately, and, seeing nothing but goodness and noble-mindedness in your character, and believing you will make an excellent husband, I am willing to marry you."

NO OBJECTIONS.

Mr. Smith, coming all the way from Australia on the lookout for a wife, saw a young governess on board a Glascow steamer, whom, from her kindness and attention to some children under her charge, he fancied would suit him. So he went and introduced himself, and, taking a seat beside her, said:

"I am fifty-three years of age; have an income of a thousand a year; am a total abstainer from intoxicating drink; have a good house near Melbourne, and all I want is a good wife to complete my possessions. Would you mind taking me as a husband?"

She quietly replied:

"I have no objections."

A few weeks later they were made one.

A LADY'S PROPOSAL.

If ladies sin against propriety in taking the initiative, they can hardly be blamed for bringing a shilly-shallying or over-bashful lover to the point, when a good opportunity presents itself. Such an opportunity sufficed to end what had been a somewhat tedious courtship. The young man paying his usual evening visit, asked his lady love how she got along with her cooking.

"Nicely," said she; "I am improving wonderfully, and make splendid cake now."

"Can you?" said the young fellow, ignorantly rushing on his fate.—"What kind do you like best?"

"I like one made with flour and sugar, with lots of raisins, currants and citron, and beautifully frosted on the top," responded she.

"Why, that's a wedding cake!" said he.

"I mean wedding," said she; and there was nothing left for him but to say he meant wedding, too.

WOMEN FIND A WAY.

Equally cleverly cornered was the Western man whose girl told him she was a mind reader; whereupon he naturally inquired if she could read what was in his mind, eliciting for reply:

"O, yes! You have it in your mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are just a little scared at the idea."

It is plain that the notion did not scare off any more than the Galloway girl who when Jack, coming into the kitchen while she was preparing breakfast, said: "I think I'll marry ye, Jean," answered:

"I would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would!" and so concluded the bargain; not even stipulating as sudden an offer:

"But ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a'll that, Jamie."

The right of courtship is one out of which no woman ought to allow herself to be defrauded.

THE TEXAS WAY.

They manage these things differently in Texas. This is how a fond couple come to an understanding, according to one who pretends to know. He sits on one side of the room in a big, white rocking chair, she on the other side in a little white oak rocking chair. A lang-eared deer hound is by his side, a basket of sewing by hers. Both the young people rock incessantly. He sighs heavily, and looks out of the west window at a myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out of the east window at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather for cotton picking."

"Tis that," the lady responds, "if we only had any to pick." The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?" asks she.

"Coony." Another sigh broken quiet.

"What's he good for?"

"What's who good for?" says he abstractedly.

"Your dog Coony."

"For ketching 'possums."

Silence for half an hour.

"He looks like a deer hound."

"Who looks like a deer hound?"

"Coony."

"He is; but he's sort o' bellowsed an' gettin' old and slow, an' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensues she takes two stitches in her quilt, a gorgeous affair, made after the pattern called "Rose of Sharon."

"Does your ma raise many chickings?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair are jammed side by side, and rocking is impossible.

"Makin' quilts?" he observes.

"Yes," she replies, brightening up, for she is great on quilts. "I've just finished a gorgeous 'Eagle of Brazil,' a 'Setting Sun' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Prairie?"

"No."

More silence. Then he says:

"Do you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidently placed on hers, of which she does not seem to be at all aware. Then he says:

"I'se a great mind to bite you."

"What have you a great mind to bite me for?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now I ax you."

"Then now I has you."

Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing, and next day the young man goes after a marriage license.

☞ John Gilpin was thin, callow and awkward; Ella Sanford, bonnie, buxom and loving. They worked on neighboring farms at Middletown, Conn., and last Wednesday they went before the 'Squire and were married. The next thing on the programme was the wedding tour. Neither had money. Both had good, stout shoes. Keeping excellent step as both hearts beat as one, they set out to walk to Woodbury to visit John's old folks. Wednesday night found them on the road pushing on through the snow. All day Thursday they pressed on, and as night fell they stopped at a little inn by the roadside. John was very much used up on Friday because of the long walk, but Ella lent him a shoulder, and so the wedding tour was continued. As the two approached within four or five miles of Woodbury, John gave out, and persons who kindly asked what was the matter heard only from Ella a request to borrow a wheel-barrow. At last, a neighboring farmer learned that the pedestrians had just been married, he lent them a barrow, and, tenderly placing the groom in this, the bride wheeled him in triumph to the old folks in Woodbury.

☞ A clergyman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained.

"Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roostin' on our fence three nights; so dis mornin' I seized him for de rent ob de fence."

THE LATE MRS. ANNA SURRATT.

The Story of Her Murder Retold—Narrative of Her Only Surviving Counsel.

A correspondent of the Columbia (Tenn.) *Herald* writing from Washington, relates the oft-told tale of the judicial murder of Mrs. Surratt, as imparted to him by John W. Clampitt, Esq. Mr. Clampitt was then in his 26th year, and on the night of the murder was just passing from his office, when a gentleman rushed by and said excitedly, "President Lincoln has been murdered—and John Wilkes Booth did it!"—Those who heard him thought the man crazy, but Mr. Clampitt saw a great crowd surging to and fro among the people. The correspondent concludes:

Immediately he pushed to Ford's theatre, and with great difficulty got through the crowd and saw the wounded President—not quite dead. By and by, curses loud and deep rended the very heavens. Cavalry were swarming every street and avenue. The well known sympathizers of the South "hid out," and made themselves very scarce. A night or two before that Richmond had fallen and Washington was as bright as day. Joy unconfined reigned everywhere. The rocket's red glare was seen at every point in the heavens. The exulting cannon shook the surrounding hills. Every home and tenement was illuminated. Lincoln appeared before the people, and called for the bands to play Dixie, saying jocosely, "we have captured the song too!"

In that hour of the greatest triumph that mortal man ever saw, the President was warm hearted and kindly disposed towards the South. How strange the change! The victor of this night was in a few short hours suddenly hurried to the great hereafter! No wonder there was excitement. In a few hours every home in Washington was draped in mourning—not to do it was to become the especial mark of the hootings and peltings of the mob.

Mrs. Surratt's boarding-house was heavily adorned with the funeral symbol. In a few hours she was lying upon the straw-covered floor of the old Arsenal—sick, broken-hearted and utterly crushed. The leading lawyers—all lawyers—of the vicinity were entreated to go to her bedside and take her case. Almost all framed miserable and shuffling excuses. Such an infamy and such a disgrace never fell on any country or upon any bar before. A profession in the leading land of liberty in all tide of time, faltered and flickered in that awful hour; a profession noted the world over and in all ages for its heroes furnished but three in this crisis. In letters of gold their names should be set in pictures of silver, and be read of all men for all time to come. They are Reverdy Johnson, John W. Clampitt and Mr. Aiken. These three seeing nothing but duty, and casting all fear of the present from them stood by her and with her until cruel hangmen carried her up, more dead than alive, to the gallows.—Clampitt, as soon as sent for, went to the Arsenal and took her case.—Day and night, without the hope of fee or reward, he labored for her. A court martial was convened—a court martial in the capital of a Republic, in a purely civil case—not to try a member of the army! Where is the warrant for it? It was done. Men of the army, wholly ignorant of the forms of the law and the dictates of equity, were called to compose a tribunal to try Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Harold and Azterot. Not one of these persons belonged to the land or naval forces of the Union. The war was over. The courts of the country were open; in fact, never had been closed, in Washington.—Reverdy Johnson, the greatest constitutional lawyer since the days of Webster, launched his keenest thunderbolts at the illegal and unconstitutional court, but in vain.—They insulted him and madly drove him from their presence. With the infamous Joe Holt as Judge Advocate, they pushed things with a high hand. The prisoners were brought in heavily ironed at every sitting. The so-called court sat from April until July.

THE WOMAN WAS IRONED TOO.

Every day the accused manacles rattled in the hearing of her counsel. The court was organized to convict. Not satisfied with insulting Johnson, Gen. Lew Wallace remarked that he despised the men who were seeking to break down the government witnesses. Clampitt waited for some one older to reprove the judicial wretch; no one wishing to do so, he arose and said: "I am astounded at the remark of the member of the court. It is supposed that this tribunal was organized to do justice—not to convict. I will let the member know that it is the duty of the counsel for the defense to use every means legitimately to sift the witnesses. The member must remember that he is before the people as a judge, and that he cannot ride over precedents with impunity. He is not riding his horse at Monocacy now." Wallace had been accused of running at Monocacy Bridge.

One day Clampitt felt a touch upon his shoulder, and turned around to see who it was. It was Harold, a mere boy. He said: "I wish you would give me an envelope and postage stamp, and some paper. I want to write a letter to Ben Wood. I am getting pretty d—d tired of this thing." Clampitt reached over and told Holt what the boy had said, and he laughed immoderately. The trial progressed and the prisoners were convicted. Then the trouble came on Clampitt in a perfect flood tide. He and Miss Annie Surratt went to Judge Wylie, and he granted a writ of *habeas corpus* to suspend the execution, but this was suspended by an order of Andrew Johnson. They went to Joe Holt, and upon her bended knee the daughter besought this fiend to see the President and save her mother. He finally consented to go. As he was coming out of the White House, the daughter met him. He informed her then that Johnson was implacable. Johnson afterwards said that Holt never came to him. Clampitt says that every avenue to the President was closed against him and the poor girl. They never saw him.—One sultry day in July, 1865, they were executed in the old Arsenal. Clampitt went to see Mrs. Surratt. She was lying on the same bed of straw, with a Catholic priest attending to her. He reached over and seized her hand. It was limp and almost lifeless. She turned her languid eyes full upon him. "Mrs. Surratt, I have not slept a wink in 48 hours. I have tried everything, and in every way, to get relief.—There is no hope. Farewell." He went into another room. Hancock came in and poured out a glass of whiskey, and said: "I have fought the war conscientiously. I have been in the very mouth of hell, in battle. I would rather be there to day than to give the order for the execution of this poor woman. But I am a soldier. I have to act like a soldier. I must obey orders. Proceed with the execution." Soon the saddest and most mournful procession started for the gallows. Harold, a mere boy, came along crying like a child. Azterot tried to talk, but broke down. Payne was game and defiant.

And then the most awful sight that man ever gazed upon was seen. The huge soldiers carrying Mrs. Surratt in their arms. In front of them walked the priest, holding before the poor woman's sight the crucifix. She never took her eyes off of the sacred emblem. They held her up so that the hang-man could lift up her helpless head and adjust the infernal rope. The trap was sprung, and the poor creature spun around like a top for a moment, and all was over with her. She was speechless and nearly dead before she got into the hangman's clutches. What a shame! What a crime! This poor woman was the victim of Stanton and Joe Holt. This man still lives in this city. No one ever sees a blind open in the house. No one ever talks to him about the tragedy. Now and then you may see him going to maket with a servant in an express. He is on the retired list of the army, and gets a good salary. It is said that he keeps a light burning all night long. He is dying of remorse. Constantly his poor victim dangles before his glaring eyes and murders sleep. If he has a friend in the world, no one knows it. When the trial was going on he was the ablest and most fascinating talker in the world. He is changed now. The world is against him. The reaction has set in. He is left alone of the murderers of that poor woman—the object of universal execration and horror. Only once he tried to throw off the black load. Then Andrew Johnson convicted him of lying. What a life!

Clampitt is not as smart as Holt. Few men ever were. He is not as some of them who were concerned in the undoing of this poor woman. He has never had power and place, and may never have. Notwithstanding all this, I had rather be John W. Clampitt than any of them. His conscience is all right. He is a hero that any profession or any country may be proud of.

TOO MUCH FOR THE ATTORNEY.

The following dialogue, which occurred years ago between a lawyer and witness in a justice's court, is worth relating. It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possessions. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the trial a witness (Brown) was called to the witness stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer, with a bland and confidence-invoking smile. "Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness, with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable, "Astraddle, I believe, sir."

Lawyer, with scarcely a perceptible flush of vexation on his cheek, but still speaking in his blandest tones, "But sir, what gate does he ride?"

Witness, "He never rides any gate, sir. His boys ride all the gates."

Lawyer, his bland smile all gone and his voice slightly husky, "But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness, "Keeps up, if his horse is able, if not, he goes behind."

Lawyer, triumphantly and in perfect fury, "How does he ride when alone?"

"Don't know, never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer, "I have done with you, sir."

☞ The quickest courtship and marriage on record in this vicinity occurred here the other day, Miss Lucy Roberts, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Lighter, of Findley, O., being the contracting parties. Mr. Lighter, who is a young blacksmith, came to Batavia the other day on business, saw Miss Roberts, became enamored at first sight, sought her acquaintance, proposed, was accepted and married her instanter.—Esquire Temple performed the marriage ceremony. The whole proceedings did not occupy more than three hours. Miss Roberts is a brunette, very fascinating, and has some reputation as a musician.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ Students of national history will be interested in the information given a reporter the other night by a man named Wolf, keeper of the Absecum (N. J.) light. The keeper said: "I have actually caught 300 birds between the netting and windows of the light. Ducks, brant, geese and other smaller birds are often attracted by the light into my wife's kitchen. The pair of geese which you saw in my aviary I caught by the hind legs as they flew about the light one stormy night."

The pale of civilization—pearl powder.

All Sorts of Clippings

Dead locks—"bangs."

The light wait champion—Edison.

The glory of woman is her heir.

Edison's lux changed somewhat.

All belles wait for the wedding rings.

Worth makes the man; he also makes the woman.

Horse marines are fed from the trough of the sea.

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

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

Some of the open work stockings have holes at the heels.

War saw but short life in Maine, where peace now reigns.

In a way of his own it is the smooth bore that rifles your pockets.

Puffs worn at the tops of sleeves strike out from the shoulder.

The lion asks nobody to hold the plough when he takes his share.

One good turn deserves another when it comes to buckwheat cakes.

A girl may smile and smile and be unwilling still.

The young man's first razor—her father's boot.

Society stockings are getting to be as delicate as a dream.

"Watch!" said the second hand, "I'll be around in a minute."

The Miss Ouray river was named for the old chief's daughter.

As Virginia was to Presidents, so is Ohio to candidates.

Bob Ingersoll first lectured on Hell, then on Burns, now on Pain.

When you can't endure life, you can end your life.

The freedom of the city of Havana was given to Grant in a cigar box.

The wind always finds something to blow about even if it only blows about one's ears.

A man may smile and smile again. Then he ought to stop if he wants to go home sober.

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being killed by "emphatic gestures of a mule."

An exchange says the man who never smelt powder never came near a woman's cheek.

If bad comes to worse the Republicans have an available dark horse in Frederick Douglass.

A man may be as honest as the day is long and yet be a little crooked on thirty day's credit.

To gain a place in society a young man must either be rich or have his hair parted in the middle.

Indianapolis has just naturalized her first Chinaman. 'Frisco pulverized hers.

A hypocrite is a man who tries to be pious and can't, with a preponderance of cant.

Yes, we need a bankruptcy law; but a law against bankruptcy would be better.

When it is said a man has no heart left, it is to be presumed that it is all right.

"Taffy" is one thing and talking business another. Soft soder is not hard pan.

An office-seeker is like a colored cavalryman. His sole ambition is to ride a government horse.

Lizzie Hammond, a pretty white girl, aged 18, is in the Virginia penitentiary for horse stealing.

And now they have invented a white-washing machine. Is no mercy to be shown the colored people?

An exchange says: "Few men die of age." Why call them men if they're not of age?

Pennsylvania is the Keystone State, and Don Cameron the key—the Don-key, as it were.

We could never understand why woman shouldn't have been created with her ears pierced.

St. Louis girls have a way of teasing Chicago girls. They say, "My dear, I would not like to be in your shoes."

Snow on the Union Pacific railroad in the Sierra mountains is from forty to fifty feet deep.

Cohoes, N. Y., has a population of 20,000, and only two persons are colored. They are very lonely.

If our grandmothers had been as careful as our granddaughters, there would have been no old chinaware.

Bad manners are a species of bad morals. A conscientious man will not grossly offend in that way.

Nothing is more dangerous than an imprudent friend; better is it to have to deal with a prudent enemy.

The generous who is always just and the just who is always generous may, unannounced, approach the throne of Heaven.

The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

Every man, coming to an obscure old age, thinks that he would have achieved wealth and distinction, if——.

"Wanted—a girl," implored an exchange some time back, but the blind forces of nature rolled pitilessly on, and it was a boy.

"Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap-year proposal.

Champagne is said to give the hair of the girl of the period a peculiar color. She uses the wine as a dye—that is, those girls do not never say die

The newest fashionable idiocy is to wear a bow of some bright colored ribbon around the wrist. On the 17th of March green will be an appriate hue.

"Babies are chiefly remarkable," we learn from the New Haven Register, "for the element of unexpectedness." The term is packed with meaning.

A young man while attempting to fix a "misplaced switch on a young lady's head in a ball-room, stepped on her dress and 'wrecked the train.'

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