The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 41.

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.

BUY YOUR
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS,
Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.
At LOW PRICES, From
Saml. Burns & Co.,
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
BALTIMORE.

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 $9.
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.

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 Story.

THE STAGE DRIVER

A STORY OF A CALIFORNIAN WHO WON A WORLD-WIDE RENOWN.

The story of Charlie Parkhurst, the noted California stage driver, reads more like a romance than it does like a verified tale of real life. San Francisco papers give us very interesting sketches of Charlie. He first appeared on the box-seat of the stage-coach running from Oakland to San Jose; after that driving from Stockton to Mariposa, and again from San Juan to Santa Cruz. The stout, compact figure of about five feet six, broader across the hips than across the shoulders; the sun-browned face, beardless save for a few straggling downy hairs; the bluish gray hairs, and sharp, high-pitched voice; the set but not unpleasant features moved now and then with a rare smile, the deliberate movement which seems to be a fashion of the fraternity, were as familiar to the passengers on these routes as the chuck-holes in summer. How he drifted to California in the first days of the gold-mining fever is not exactly known, for in that time of hurry, bustle and struggle the ordinary unassuming man was very likely to be overlooked.—His true name even, in the light of present circumstances, has become a matter of conjecture. The generally-accepted story of the late Chas. Parkhurst is, however, as follows: He was born, it is stated, in New Hamshire, and worked on a farm with his uncle until a quarrel arose between the two, when Charley moved to Providence, R. I. There he remained for some time as coachman in the employ of a Mr. Childs. From Providence he went to Georgia, and became a stage driver, continuing in that State and occupation for two years. He used further to state that one Jim Birch, noticing his capabilities as a driver, brought him to California and placed him upon an opposition line to drive from Oakland to San Jose. Whatever question there may be about this story there is none as to his efficiency on the driver's perch, nor as to the unfailing nerve that lay beneath his ordinary exterior. An incident in his early career as stage-driver will illustrate this. Once in winter when the rain was coming down in sheets, as it had been for three days past, and the coach was laboring along through mud almost to the hubs, Parkhurst was hailed by a wayfarer and told that the bridge across the Toulumne River was in a shaky condition, and that it would be wise not to risk driving over it. Parkhurst answered never a word, but gathered up the reins with one hand, he cut the swings and weelers across the haunches with the other, and pushed on.

Soon the swollen stream came in sight. It was washing and roaring like a mill-race. The bridge was next seen, and Parkhurst, clearing the rain from his eyes, perceived that in a very short time there would no longer be any bridge, for it was already shaking on its foundation. The solitary passenger begged of Parkhurst not to venture on the cracking structure, but Charley, setting his teeth together, and gathering the reins with a firm grip, sent the long whip-lash curling about the leaders' ears and eyes with so vicious a swing that, giving a wild leap, they plunged forward on to the bridge. The planks trembled under the horses' hoofs and rocked beneath the wheels, but with a final effort, a cheering cry from Parkhurst and a flying lash, the opposite shore was gained in safety; gained only just in time though, for looking back at the turn of the road the further end of the bridge was seen to sway over the stream for a moment and then go tumbling into the waters.

There were other dangers on this Stockton and Mariposa road than those of flood, for highwaymen abounded, and one could never tell where progress might be stopped by a leveled shot-gun, a masked man grabbing the leader's bridle and giving a hoarse command to throw out the treasure-box. Parkhust had not long been running when such an interruption occurred. The choice was offered him in the gloaming of a certain evening between receiving the contents of two double-barreled shot-guns and delivering up the contents of a strong chest. Parkhurst looked at the figures disguised with hideous-looking caps and masks made out of legs of drawers pulled down over the face, with two holes cut in them for the eyes and was disposed to parley. The ominous fingering of two triggers and the knowledge that his little gun was inaccessible very nearly decided him, whilst a pistol-barrel inserted in the near leader's off ear afforded him convincing proof that for the nonce, discretion would be the better part of valor. The box was dropped, but with it Parkhurst gave the robbers a warning that he would not let matters stop there, and that some time or other the same gentlemen or any of the kind should hear from him in a less pleasant way.—After that Parkhurst was not only forever on his guard, but was always on the lookout for a chance to get even with the road-agents. The chance was not long in coming.—There was at that time a noted desperado known as Sugar Foot. Going here and there, terrorizing the passengers on a dozen routes, Sugar Foot at last decided to change his base of operations to the Calaveras road. It is probable that he had heard of Parkhurst's threat, for he associated with himself for the enterprise quite a posse of highwaymen.

The moment of attack was chosen the choice being influenced by the report of a heavy booty to be obtained, and whilst Parkhurst was one day driving back home from Mariposa to Stockton, Sugar Foot and his band leaped into the road. There was the usual demand, the usual tactics of muzzles pointing at the driver and a rough hand at the leader's head. But there was a change from the usual programme when Parkhurst, drawing a pistol, let fly right and left, and with a pull on the reins and a call to the horses sent them flying through the discomfited robbers. Charlie had aimed at the man who appeared to head the gang, and had the pleasure of seeing him clap his hand to his breast and tumble backward.—The shot was fatal to Sugar Foot's predatory excursions, for whilst his companions fled he crawled into a miner's cabin and gave up his sinful ghost. There are other stories told of Parkhurst to show the daring conduct of the man in the face of difficulties and dangers. It is told that once, while driving a fractious four-in-hand from Oakland to San Jose, the team ran away so suddenly as to throw Parkhurst from the box. Still retaining his grasp on the lines he was dragged along until he succeeded in turning the runaways in to the chaparral, where they caught among the bushes and stopped. To show their admiration of the driver's pluck the passengers made up and presented him with a purse of $20. Again, when drivers were scarce he did double duty by driving both ways over the road, keeping on the box night and day, and earning double pay for months. During his career as stage driver he was kicked by a frisky horse in the left eye so violently as to destroy the sight. It was from the loss of this organ that he received the nick-name "One-Eyed Charley," by which he was commonly called. He added to his reputation on the San Juan and Santa Cruz road, where he was known as one of the crack drivers and best whips in California. Altogether he sat on the stage coach seat for fifteen years, and only abandoned his petty throne when the steam horse invaded his province and he saw that Ichabod was written over the balmy days of staging.

About the year 1858 he dropped the whip and reins and opened a stage station and saloon on the road between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, at a point about half-way between the Aptos Laguna and the first heavy sand-hill as you go toward Watsonville. At this place he furnished the hay and grain for the stage horses on contract, got also fair wages per month for taking care of the teams, etc., and kept his bar and stopping-place beside. He smoked, chewed tobacco, drank moderately, played a social game of cards or dice for the drinks, and was "one of the boys." Parkhurst, however, was never addicted to loose life. Though always cheery and agreeable with those into whose society he was thrown, he was always inclined to be reticent about his affairs. That is, he was social, but never communicative; a pleasant but never a joyful companion. He had no particular friends either on the roads or in the fields, and was not disposed to be what is known as chummy. Especially was he not a love-maker; and petticoats, even when surmounted by a trim bodice and a pretty face were without special attractions. There was, however, at one time an owner of both petticoat and face who seemed to have made a little deeper impression than the rest of her sex. Near the ranch on which Parkhurst first settled lived a widow with an only daughter. Somehow or other they did not prosper, and misfortune at last overtook them in the shape of a Sheriff's sale. Parkhurst bought the place and gave it back to the widow, and though it was said at the time that the good deed was prompted by the daughter's good looks, the report is nullified by the fact that soon after he left the neighborhood and settled near Watsonville. Parthurst's celibacy was not enforced by poverty, as the neighbors very well knew, for being of a saving disposition he had amassed a comfortable fortune of some thousands of dollars; that is, a comfortable fortune insamuch as it was sufficient to insure him a competency. In course of time he rented out his station and went into the cattle-raising business. After raising quite a heard of cattle he sold out of that business, and being a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism he sought a less laborious avocation, and went to raising chickens in the hills back of Aptos. In this last occupation he continned for some years, but finally yielded to his rheumatic troubles, sold his ranch to a Portuguese, deposited the proceeds, or a part of them, in the Bank of Watsonville, and retired from active life to live on the interest of his money. Near the Seven-mile House, out of Watsonville, is a little cabin, and there, during the latter years of his life, Parkhurst has resided. He was well known to the townspeople and those on the surrounding farms as a quiet, little elderly gentleman of about sixty years of age, badly afflicted with rheumatism, not given to talking much but apparently contented to live unnoticed and alone. The rheumatism was the natural result of the extreme exposure and hard work to which he had been subjected all his life-time.

The winters' snows in the woods, the years passed with his face turned unflinchingly to the wind and rain, and his general carelessness as to results, played havoc with what must originally have been a constitution of iron. His rheumatism grew from bad to worse, until it resulted in the withering of his members, and he grew almost helpless. Then, as if his ills were not crushing enough, he became afflicted with a cancerous tongue and mouth. This was his death-wound, so to speak, and feeling that this world was slipping from his grasp, he very quietly hired a man to attend to his needs, and telling a friend that he was going to die, directed him what to do with his belongings and waited patiently for a relief to his sufferings, which had now become most acute. That relief came on Sunday, Dec. 29th, when Charles Durey Parkhurst, reputed native of New Hampshire, voter of the State of California, aged sixty-seven, departed this life. With his last breath Charles Parthurst, the daring driver, the fearless fighter of highwaymen, the strong lumberman, passed out of existence, and in his place was found something gentler and more tender. With the death of one who was always more or less a mystery, was born one that shadows the other into utter insignificance. The dead man was being prepared for his last resting-place when the astounding discovery was made by those fulfilling the sad office that the clay beneath their hands was that of a woman! With astonishment at a deception so marvelously carried out comes the sad thought of all she must have suffered. It is useless to waste time in conjectures as to what led the dead to take up the cross of a man's laboring life, but whether from necessity or phantasy the certainty remains that in latter years there must have been many dark hours when poor Chas. Parkhurst longed for a little sympathy which is accorded every woman. The story of the discovery was at first refused credence, but medical science furnish irrefragible proof of the real state of her case when an examination attested the fact of the dead woman having once been a mother. The keen business sagacity, which had been a distinguishing feature throughout the whole of Parkhurst's life in California, was unwavering up to the end. The money matters of the deceased were found clearly arranged. Certificates of deposits on the Watsonville Bank to a considerable amount were left behind in the charge of Otto Stoessen, and the will, which was only a concise statement of the way in which the money was to be disposed of—chiefly in gifts to those in attendance at the latter days—was shrewdly signed "C. D. Parkhurst." And as C. D. Parkhurst the enigma of stage driving history lies in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Watsonville, where the body was deposited on the afternoon of Dec. 30, 1879.

THE CIGAR.—In the pleasant flavor of the pure Havana the habitual smoker claims a soothing luxury that quiets the nerves and invites repose. Science ignoring such a pretence, minutely examines the elements which compose this dreamy fountain of comfort. This examination discloses a combination of substances, which when taken alone are extremely repulsive to the refined taste of the customer. These are the general substances found in the smoker: Soot, carbonic acid and oxide, and vaporous matter, which forms oily nicotine. The feathery white ash, which in its cohesion and whiteness, indicates the good cigar, yields potash, soda, magnesia, lime, phosphuric acid, silica and chlorine. The ingredients extracted from a cheap cigar are fearful to contemplate. The following is a list from a parliamentary report on adulterations in tobacco: Sugar, alum, lime, flour or meal, rhubarb leaves, saltpetre, fuller's earth, starch, malt commings, chromate of lead, peat moss, molasses, burdock leaves, common salt, endive leaves, lampblack, gum, red dye, a black dye composed of vegetable red and licorice, scraps of newspapers, cinnamon stick, cabbage leaves and straw paper.

☞ A stranger loaded down with a big satchel halted at the Detroit Post-Office corner recently to have his boots shined, and when the job had been completed he felt for a nickel with the remark:

"I suppose five cents pays the bill?"

"Not much!" replied the shiner. "That used to be the figure, but it is 7 cents now."

"Don't try to cheat me, boy; Five cents is the regular price here, and I know it."

"See here, mister," said shiner as he packed his brushes away, "do you read the papers?"

"Of course I do."

"And don't you know that white paper has gone up 50 per cent."

"Yes, I've read that it had."

"Well, now d'ye 'spose we kin black butes at 5 cents any more? The figger is 7, and if we can't bust the monopoly we'll have to raise on that."

The man came down with 7 cents, but very slowly and thoughtfully, as if he couldn't exactly understand all about it.

CURIOUS RUSSIAN CUSTOMS.—It is a curious thing that among the Russians the father and mother of an infant not only cannot stand as sponsors for it but they are not allowed to be present at its baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it and to each other, and lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child, are not allowed to marry each other.—In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and, holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ear, he dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws into the font; then, anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction.

☞ A young man named Elmer Severance, who was working at Smith's & Carter's camp, at Princeton, Minn., bet one of his companions a quarter that he could place a dipper of cold water on the stove and hold his finger in the dipper until the water began to boil. The wager was accepted. Severance held his finger in the dipper quite a while, but was obliged to withdraw it before the water had reached a boiling pitch, hence he lost his bet. On examination it was found that the finger was completely cooked; it pained Severance so that he was obliged to quit work and come to town for medical treatment. The probability is that the finger will have to be amputated.

"THE DISADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS."

Some months ago, Rev. Washington Gladden, of Springfield, Mass., believing that if he could find out how the active and prominent men of his own city spend their boyhood, it would help to solve the problem of what is the best training for boys, prepared the following circular, which was sent to the one hundred men who could fairly be said to stand at the head of the financial, commercial, professional and educational interests of the city.

"MY DEAR SIR:—I desire to find out, for the benefit of the boys, how the leading men of this city spent their boyhood. Will you be kind enough to tell me.

"1. Whether your home during the first fifteen years of your life was on a farm, in a village, or in a city, and,

"2. Whether you were accustomed, during any part of that period, to engage in any kind of work when you were not in school?

"I should be glad, of course, to have you go into particulars as fully as you are disposed to do; but I do not wish to tax your patience, and I shall be greatly obliged for a simple answer to these two questions."

No less than eighty-eight of the busy gentlemen who received this circular were kind enough to answer the questions,—some of them briefly, most of them quite fully, and it turned out that few had been brought up like most of the boys who crowd the ball-grounds and fill the streets of our cities in these later days. Here is a brief summary of the returns:

Of these eighty-eight men, twelve spent the first fifteen years of their life in the city, twelve in villages, and sixty-four were farmers' boys.

But of the twenty-four who lived in villages and cities, six were practically farmers' boys, for they lived in small villages, or on the outskirts of cities, and had the same kind of work to do that farmers' boys have. One of these village boys said:

"I learned to hoe, dig and mow; in fact, I was obliged to work, whether I liked it or no. In winter I went to school, and worked nights and mornings for my board."

Another said: "I used to work away from home some on a farm in the summer and fall. In the winter, when going to school, we three boys used to work up the wood for winter use."

Four others told substantially the same story. As these were about the same as farmers' boys, we may add them to that list, so that seventy out of eighty-eight,—almost four-fifths of all these men,—had the training of farm-life.

Now how was it with the eighteen city and village boys on the list?—Did they have an easy time of it? Five of them did, as they testify; five of them had no work in particular to do, but one of the five says that he studied law when out of school, and that was not exactly play. The rest of the eighteen were poor boys,—not paupers, by any means, but children of the humbler classes, many of them in narrow and needy circumstances,—and though they lived in cities or villages, they were accustomed from their earliest years to hard work.

"Was generally employed," says one, "during the summer months, and in vacations, in doing any kind of work that offered."

Four of the city boys were newsboys. One of them says: "The last year I was connected with the press, I earned one hundred dollars before breakfast."

Another: "I have paid my own way since eight years of age, without any assistance except my board from my eighth to my eleventh year."

Of all these eighty-eight boys, five only had nothing in particular to do.

While these boys were growing and working, a great many others,—sons of merchants and lawyers,—were growing up in Springfield, going to school and amusing themselves, as boys of their class are apt to do. Where are they? Only five *of this class* are heard from among the eighty-eight solid men of that city. Some of them, perhaps, are prosperous men in other cities, but the number cannot be large, for in Springfield only five men out of eighty-eight *came from this class.*—Ninety-four and a half per cent. were either farmers' boys or poor and hard-working town-boys.

Mr. Gladden made his report to the public of Springfield, in the form of a lecture. The mere announcement of the subject alone crowded the church, which is a large one, and the interest in the lecture was so great that the Mayor and several of the representative citizens requested a repetition in the Music Hall.—When this came off, the hall was packed and hundreds went away from the doors unable to gain entrance.

Mr. Gladden has rewritten the lecture, and his interesting facts and logical deductions will appear in one of the leading magazines for March. He is now engaged on a "Talk with Girls" for the same magazine. It will be printed before long, and will be of vital interest to girls, and suited to their requirements, as this paper is suited to the boys.

☞ "Ah, Farmer Robinson, this winter must be splendid for your crops, so mild you know. You must have your planting nearly done."

"Well, miss, mostly," said the clever old soul. "I've got a few hitching-posts to set out, and a couple of milk pails to solder, and my season's work is pretty much over."

"Indeed: and then you will have all the summer to entertain us girls from the city?"

"Well, I 'spose Ben will do pretty much as he did last year. He wasn't good for anything else in hay time," and Ben sort of twists in his chair as he observes a very pretty bit of color steal over the fair girl's face.

☞ Chicago has a harrowing divorce case—'Plows vs. Plows.' Opinions are divided, 'share and share, alike.

The Art of Letting Others Alone.

It might be said with propriety that the art of letting others alone is essentially a lost art, one which everybody preaches and nobody practices. We are all so thoroughly interested in each other that the interference is a necessity of the case; it would seem a sort of inhumanity to let others alone; we should feel like the Pharisees who passed by on the other side, and earn for ourselves the reputation of selfish indifference, since human nature has become so accustomed to the nagging process that it is apt to feel itself left out in the cold whenever it is left alone, as if there were something abnormal in the exemption, like being cut off from participation in any of the universal experiences of the race. Is it not, in fact, the most difficult art in the world, as well as the most obsolete? Did our elders or our savants know it? Did our forefathers study it? Are we not always striving to arrange and re-arrange the lives of others to suit our own views and convenience? Can we see our neighbor diverging from the beaten track without putting a stumbling block in his way? Do we not advise him about his investments, his love affairs, his children? Do we leave him in peace at his table, at his orisons, his toilette, his charities? Though it is generally conceded that a man's religion is something between himself and God alone, do we not act as if it were rather between himself and us, as if we had a mission to reform his creed? We talk a great deal about minding our own business, but we are morally certain that somebody else will mind it for us, provided we are kind enough to neglect it in the interest of others. Is there not some moribund Crœsus who is anxious to establish a chair in our universities for the cultivation of his neglected art, beside which our knowledge of the classics, our acquaintance with the higher mathematics, our intimacy with all the hypotheses of the cosmos, is no special value? But who can teach us its a b c? And shall we begin its practice at our own fireside, or next door? In the meantime, letting others alone can not be learned in a day, any more than painting or sculpture; and few of us are born with a natural genius in that direction, while such talent as we may possess has probably grown shabby from disuse. When we can see young Highflyer riding his mustang without threatening him with being brought home on a shutter; when the parson's daughter may flirt with a heretic unmolested by word or deed of ours; when our friend may burn her gas late without our comments, put all her earnings into her wardrobe instead of the bank without our interference, or give to street beggars and encourage organ-grinders without our medling—we may begin to believe that the art is reviving amongst us.

WHAT IS RELIGION WORTH.—In connection with the subject of giving, Mr. Spurgeon tells the following anecdote: A gentleman went around with a paper to raise the minister's salary. He went to a poor man who had attended the church twice, who put down £10. The gentleman asked him if he did not mean 10s. "10 shillings?" said the man, "do you thtnk that the spiritual benefit and comfort that a man gets from such a minister as ours through a year is only worth ten shillings? I reckon it to be worth a great deal more, but really I cannot afford to give more." "Well," said the man who was collecting, to himself, "if this man can afford £10, I can afford 25." He had never before given more than ten shillings. When a man gives sixpence, says Mr. Spurgeon, who is laying up thousands of pounds, I can only consider that he forms a pretty accurate measure of the value of his religion. A man who was pulled out of the river by another, offered him fourpence. "No, thank you," said the man, "I don't want to take your valuation of what you are worth."

☞ A party of ladies and gentlemen were spending the evening not long since at the residence of a gentleman in Georgetown who is quite celebrated for his wit. He has a little daughter seven years of age, who has apparently inherited from her father his humor. This small young lady was present in the parlor during the evening, and while she was there one of the lady guests sang a ballad. Then some one asked the little girl if she would not sing something. "Oh, you don't want to hear me sing after that," said the child. An army officer who was present, whose habit of hard drinking is well known and who has been in the habit of telling the little girl his brave exploits, said to her: "Come, come, pluck up courage and sing. Borrow some of my spirit and then you won't be afraid." "No, thank you," replied the little girl, "your spirits are too ardent."

☞ In a Norwich, Ct., school, according to the *Bulletin*, the teacher wrote the word "sport" upon the blackboard, and called for its definition, and there proved to be one juvenile mind that could separate the word from the idea of fun or playfulness. That one, a little girl of less than seven summers, astonished the teacher by saying: 'Sport—a man what wears his hat on one side."

☞ They had their usual evening quarrel as they sat by the hearth. On one side lay quietly a blinking dog, and on the other a purring cat, and the old woman pleaded with her growling husband: "Yust look at dat gat unt tog; they never gwarrels unt fights like us." "Yah," said the growler, "I know dot; but yust die dem together one dime, and den you see blazes!"

☞ A witness in court was asked if a party to the suit was a truthful man. "No," he answered, "he'd rather lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."

All Sorts of Clippings

Indian squaws have Lo forcheads.

A hard kase—a Dutch cheese.

In Eden woman was man's sequel.

Weeds stick in the farmer's crop.

The early worm catches the snow.

This is the year for maiden efforts.

If you eat onions it will leek out.

Real truths are often hard to real lies.

Now set spring guns for weather prophets.

Something to grin about—the mouth.

The mule always puts his best foot hindmost.

A compositor makes money hand over fist.

Nowadays a rolling mill gathers no mortgage.

Senator David Davis has a wide reputation.

Leap year motto—"Pirates of Penzance." P. O. P.

Is it proper to tell fishy stories in Lent?

Leap year is always pop-ular with the ladies.

The great Republican principle—Three terms and in.

New York cleanliness is next to Brooklyn godliness.

The women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

In all parts of the world big game is getting scarce.

A homely servant girl in a house is a well-spring of joy.

Sampson can be recognized in the oratorio by his long 'airs.

P. T. Barnum has contributed to the Irish relief fund $1,000.

The small boy in Florida is doubled up by eating fresh cucumbers.

Man expects everybody to be true to him but himself.

Flattery is like cologne water, to be sniffed at, not swallowed.

Who ever felt a more lukewarm winter?

What a soft hat lacks in style it gains in expression.

A drunken man often thinks the lamp-post a proper thing.

The Lay of the "Last" Minstrel—the shoemaker's song.

A great deal of money and muscle has been waisted on corsets.

The principal thing about an interesting baby is its pretty mother.

The moustache is a great epicure. It is bound to get the first taste of anything.

The coal fields of Alabama are estimated to contain 52,000,000,000 bushels of coal.

A good many people pretend to be not what they will be trumped up at the last day.

The Boston Post says, young man don't marry an actress under the impression that it costume much.

"Blonde milliners with a lisp" are most advertised for in London, and command the highest wages.

It looks like a hard case when a murderer cannot get a new trial and an acquittal.

When an English peer is made a Knight of the Garter his robes cost about $500.

When the dealers talk up olemargerine they're giving the public butter "taffy."

It is alleged that no American cat can make so hideous a noise as a Chinese tom-tom.

Whom the gods would destroy they first fill full of confidence that it is not loaded.

An Ohio man has brought suit against his own mother for slander, alleging damages at $10,000.

New Jersey pastors are now called proxies. They do all other men's kissing.

THE ICE CROP.

GLEANINGS FROM ICE MEN, WEATHER PROPHETS AND RELIABLE EXCHANGES.

Philadelphia Evening News.

The ice crop is a failure.—*Some Ice Men.*

The ice crop is only a partial failure—*Other Ice Men.*

There never was an ice crop any where and never will be one.—*Eli Perkins.*

Have not had time to cipher on the ice crop yet. Ask my nephew.—*S. J. T.*

The ice crop will in all probability be just as large as ever.—*Weather Prophets.*

The Maine ice crop should be abundant. I have been out in the cold for some time.—*Gov. Smith.*

The summer's demand for ice shall be supplied if we have to make it out of wood.—*Connecticut Yankee.*

Yes, you ——, the —— ice crop on —— —— of California is a —— —— failure.—*Sam. Townsend.*

The ice crop here is a total failure, and it is rumored that the Maine Fusionists have stolen our weather.—*Pensacola (Fla.) Trumpet.*

Ice two or three inches thick has been gathered this week on the Schuylkill Meadows, below the city.—*Intelligent Milkman.*

I shall remain in Massachusetts until spring. A large ice crop may confidently be expected in this section.—*Charles Francis Adams.*

Owners of genuine Kentucky goose bones are of the opinion that the ice crop either this or next year will be a failure.—*Gov. Blackburn.*

At Fleetwood, this county, about 3,000 tons of ice will be harvested this season.—*Reading Times.*

The ice crop in the West has been greatly damaged by grasshoppers.—*Exchange.*

There is little interest felt in the ice crop in this State, all the energies of the people being directed toward getting an office.—*Ohio Idea.*

The ice crop in this section is very large, and were it not for the ravages of the polar bears the harvest would be abundant.—*Alaska Iceberg.*

The only persons who want the ice crop to fail are the young men who squandered all their earnings last summer in treating the girls to ice-cream.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0043