The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 43.

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.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

Saml. Burns & Co.,

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

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. 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.

A WOFUL TALE WHICH PROVES THAT THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT TO THE GRAVE.

[From the New York World.]

PART FIRST.

It was a gay young gentleman
Who from the country came
Into the reportorial hall—
Fitz Collic was his name.
(The Collic from his father
Upon him sadly sits,
And in his hapless youthful days
His mother gave him Fitz.)
Behold him now with confidence
Born of a lack of knowledge
Say to the City Editor:
"I'm a graduate of college,
And there it was my plea'ure
Orations to indite,
And essays on Primordial Germs
I frequently did write.
I won a prize in Sophomore year
For a thesis on the theme,
'Porker, now perforate the earth,
Or sleep without a dream;'
And this is why I come to you
And ask to be enrolled
Among the reporters, who are said
To wallow in the gold
Which they acquire all by the dint
Of their superior steel-
Pens, which they wield in such a way
The world is made to feel
That he spoke true who said—let's see,
What did he really say?—
I can't remember, but they wield
Their pens in just that way."

The young man paused; the editor
Glared at him with a glare
Most glaresomely glariferous,
And seemed about to swear.
But suddenly his wrath restrained,
His choler he did stifle,
And muttered, "What you ask, sir,
Is an unconsidered trifle.
Give me, I pray, a moment, sir,
My wandering thoughts to gather."
"Oh, certainly," the young man said;
"Take two, sir, it you'd rather."

The editor sat plunged in thought:
"Two ways, but which the quicker—
This one, to give the youth a job;
That one, to call the kicker;
In either case the youth must go"
(Not Ute, but youth, kind reader)—
"He'll find himself unfitted for
Work on the *Daily Blower*.
I think the way to show to him
His great unfittedness is
To send him up to Smithers's ball
All to describe the dresses."

So said, so done. The youth is gone
As on a pleasant frolic,
While on the assignment book is writ,
"*Smithers's ball—assigned to Collic.*"

PART SECOND.

'Tis 1 A. M. Fitz Collic has returned
Unto the *Bleeder's* reportorial hall,
And thus, while high his mighty genius burned,
Reported he the ball:

THE BALL LAST NIGHT.

TERPSICHORE ECLIPSED BY LADIES.

PRONOUNCED BY ALL TO FAR EXCEL THE PARTY AT O'GRADY'S.

The palatial mansion of Smith Smithers,
Esquire,
At the hour of nine last night
Was the cynosure of the brave and the fair
And its windows ablaze with light.

The constant roll of the wheels was heard,
As early as half-past eight,
Of carriages laden—no, jammed is the word—
Yes, jammed with their precious freight.

The ball was opened by Smithers and wife,
Amid the voluptuous swell
Of music; the moments with pleasure rife
And merry as marriage bell.

"On with the ball," cried Smith Smithers,
Esquire,
"Let joy be unconfined;
Cast to the winds all thoughts of care,
Leave *dira cura* behind."

The moments fly upon golden wings,
'Till the witching hour is sped
When graveyards yawn, as the poet says,
And graves give up their dead.

"To the banquet hall," cries Smith Smithers,
Esquire;
The crystal goblets shine,
And the gallant youth to the maiden fair
Pledges in rosy wine.

The dance is renewed and the rhythmic fall
Is heard as they ceaseless go,
Till the wee sma' hour ayont the twal,
On the light fantastic toe.

Miss Smithers was dressed"——

Thus far he'd progressed,
When he heard the rancous call
Of the night city editor's vicious voice,
"Where the d—ickens is Smithers's ball?"

"I'm writing it, sir,
But I would prefer
To keep it until to-morrow
To polish it down"—
The night editor's frown
Was more'n anger than sorrow.
"Its half-past two,
And if you're not through
It'll have to go as it is,"
Said the editor toppy,
"Gimme your copy!"
He gave it with rueful phiz.

Next morn Fitz Collic rose, e'en with the lark,
And seized with trembling hand the *Morning Bleeder*,
To gaze upon his literary work—
But see! what ails the young and eager reader?
He staggers back quite like a drunken person,
And stares upon the paper with affright,
On all that's left of his poetic version.
"There was a dance at Smithers's house last night."

PART THIRD.

One wild, sad glance Fitz Collic gave,
Then seized his razor—not to shave,
But his jugular vein he quickly clave.

THEREFORE—MORAL.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

THE managers of a swell ball in Albany, recently, announced that "ladies in bonnets and gentlemen in ulsters will not be allowed on the floor."

THE only bad thing about a burglar alarm is the fact that it gives the burglar a chance to run before you can open a window and give him fatherly advice.

☞ The wise man telleth his love, but the foolish man writeth it in a letter.

GEORGE WILLIAN CHILDS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INTERVIEW WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.

[*From the N. Y. Evening Telegram.*]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17, 1879.

"Yes, sir, I have been uniformly successful," said Mr. George W. Childs, as he sat back in his comfortable chair in the private office of the *Ledger*; "and my rule has ever been to mind my own business and never, under any circumstances, to interfere with what did not concern me."

Mr. Childs is one of the features of Philadelphia life, as his journal is of American journalism. Like it he is unique and peculiar, and strangers are taken to catch a glimpse of him, just as they are shown the Park, the Mint and the vast Masonic Temple. The private offices of Mr. Childs are odd enough to please the most fastidious. He sits in what he calls the "Queen Anne room," the entrance to which is past a heavy oaken door, hung on strong brass hinges. The room, originally seventeen feet square by twenty feet, is reduced to seventeen feet square by the introduction of an open screen sixteen feet high, parallel with Sixth. On the glass, fronting the street, are painted the arms of the United States, Pennsylvania and Philadelphia. The wainscoting is of oak, broken by a door, a mantel, and a fireplace, the latter entirely unique in finish and very costly.

INTERIOR OF THE OFFICE.

Brasses of every shape and style, painted glass panels, with portraits of Guttenberg, Faust and Schaeffer, tiles of divers colors geometrically arranged, half a dozen gorgeous clocks ranging in age from seventy to four hundred years, copies of the Milton and other famous shields, statuettes of Savenarolla and Picarde di Donati, floral patterns of different designs, deep cornices elaborately painted and gilded, heavy embossed paper imitations of Flemish leather, cracleware vases, jars of cloisonne enamel, a colossal suit of antique French armor, ebony furniture, an ebony cabinet inlaid with various colored woods and enamel, fine specimens of ceramic ware, massive malachite and lapislazuli clocks and instands and gifts of many styles and values adorn the room, making it at once bizarre and beautiful, cozy and costly, elegant and attractive. Here Mr. Childs receives callers, and here the Telegram correspondent found him, cheery-faced, bright and affable, and as ready to talk as the most exacting might desire. In reply to a question Mr. Childs said:

"I bought the *Ledger* in 1864. It was losing money hand over fist, but I had faith in it and secured it. The first thing I did was to double the price, then I let it be distinctly understood that I would print no questionable advertisements."

"Did you make any changes?"

"Oh yes. One man said to me, 'I hear you have bought the *Ledger*. Do you intend making any changes?' 'Yes, said I, 'I shall discharge you first of all, because you are a poor, miserable drunkard.' He was astonished, but presently said, 'If you'll give me a chance, I'll never touch another drop.' Said I, "if you mean that I'll double your salary;' and I did. To-day that man owns houses and lands in the city, and is universally respected."

A BENEVOLENT MAN.

"I have always gone on the principle of helping others as I went along. A number of my people are worth from $75,000 to $100,000. I started building associations for them, and they have been of the greatest benefit."

"Have you never had any embarrassments?"

"Never. I have worked hard for an end and have secured it. What could a man wish that I cannot have? There is nothing in the gift of the people, there was nothing in the gift of General Grant, when he was President, at home or abroad, that was not at my disposal if I had cared for it."

"You have met many distinguished people?"

"Yes, probably more than any other American, and I know them all well."

"For instance?"

"Well, among my guest, friends and correspondents were the Emperor of Brazil, the Duke of Buckingham; Lords Dufferin, Roseberry, Houghton, Ichester, Caithness and Dunraven; Sir Stafford Northcote, Lady Franklin, Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, J. A. Froude, Professor Tyndall Professor Price, Goldwin Smith, Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Sir Herbert Stanford, Charles Kean, Marquis M. Rochambeau, John Walter, M. P. (of the London *Times*) Sir Charles Reed, Sir John Rose, Sir Edward Thornton, Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Bancroft, Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Elisha K. Kane, Edmund Quincy, Chief Justice White, George Peabody; Generals Grant, Sherman, Meade and Sheridan; H Fish, R. C. Winthrop, Henry Wilson, William M. Evarts, Alexander H. Stephens, S. J. Tilden, Charlotte Cushman, Washington Irving, W H. Prescott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edward Everett, Thomas H. Benton, W. H. Seward, William C. Bryant, Horace Greeley, T. Weed, Peter Cooper, G. P. R. James, George S. Hilliard, Fitz Greene Halleck, Jaed Sparks, Thos. Hughes, M. P.; John L. Motley and Dr. Francis Lieber."

FOR THE PUBLIC BENEFIT.

"Were you in any way instrumental in securing Fairmount Park to the city?"

"Oh, yes. The land was about to be sold, and a gentleman who was desirious that the city should have it came to consult with me about it. I said, "If you will furnish half the money I will the other half, and if the city dosen't wish it we can hold it. I mentioned it to Mr. Drexel, who said he would furnish a quarter so my friend had to find but a quarter and I furnished the rest."

"And how about the Centennial."

"I was the first to subscribe $10,000 toward it, and my services to the British Department were acknowledged in a letter from the Duke of Richmond in 1877."

"You say you like to help other people, Mr. Childs?"

"I do, indeed; it's half the pleasure of life. I once loaned my name for $100,000 to my old friend and brother publisher, George P. Putnam, of New York. He never forgot the favor and, what's better, he never forgot me. If I coin money like a magician I like to spend it like a man of heart. It afforded me intense satisfaction to secure that tract of land for our great Park. It gave me intense pleasure to push the $100,000 subscription for the family of General Meade. Although as you see, I know and am known to Dukes and Earls, Princes and millionaires. I am quite sure I find great satisfaction and mental comfort in providing liberally for the men in my employ and the bootblacks and newsboys in the streets."

HIS LIBRARY.

"How many valuable books have you?"

"About 5,000 leading standard works, on every subject, elegantly bound. Among my treasures are an orginal sermon, written by the Rev. Cotton Mather, and a copy of Leigh Hunt with an autograph inscription to Charles Dickens; Hood's 'Comic Annual' for 1842, also from Dickens' library, with his written date of 1870 and the following never before published inscription in Hood's handwriting:

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up.
Tho' I had a pledge to shiver,
And the longest ever was,
Ere his vessel leaves our river
I will drink a health to Boz!
Here's a success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam
And to paddle o'er Atlantics
After such a sale at home!
May he shun all rocks forever,
And the shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works!

THOMAS HOOD.

"Among others are poems of Fitz Greene Halleck, with autograph inscription; the original MSS. of Hawthorne's 'Consular Experiences;' an autograph letter from Hawthorne, with a copy of the 'Scarlet Letter;' letters and MSS. of President Pierce, William Cullen Bryant, James Russell Lowell, James Fenimore Cooper, President Grant's manuscript draft of his Centennial address and an extraordinary treasure in the original manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend,' dated Thursday, January 4, 1865, and signed 'Charles Dickens.' There are all manuscripts of William Godwin, Frederika Bremer and Harriet Martineau."

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION.

"Have you letters from other Presidents than Pierce and Grant?"

"Yes; in this book is a portrait of every President from George Washington to Rutherford B. Hayes, with a characteristic autograph letter from each. Washington's is the last he ever wrote, and is dated 'Mount Vernon, 8th December, 1799.' In Lincoln's letter to General McClellan he says, 'But you must act.'"

"What else is here of special interest?"

"Well, let me see. Here are manuscript letters and poems from Burns, Moore, Swift, Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Tennyson, Pepys, Pope, Thompson, and Coleridge and Schiller.

"I see you are rather fond of clocks."

"Yes, indeed; and, by the way, I have secured a great treasure to-day in a famous clock made by Rittenhouse, the celebrated scientist of Franklin's time. This clock is described in Rittenhouse's memoirs, page 209, with its pedigree from date to date, and as you see all about my place here there are all kinds of clocks, forty in all, some of them 400 years old, and all very valuable, one of which cost $6,000."

"You are noted hereabouts for your ostentatious charity; do you find it a good thing, a wise policy in the long run?"

A MAN OF FRIENDS.

"I do, indeed. Everybody comes to me for help, and no one goes away unaided. My friend Forney will say when a friend wants money, 'I haven't got $500 myself, but I'll go down and borrow it of Childs for you.' Yes, I get a deal of satisfaction from charity. One of my printers came to me the other day and said: "My daughter is to be married next week, and I want to see if I can buy a Bible and have it charged to you, the amount to be deducted from my pay per week.'—He wanted to give her a Bible worth $40, so I gave him a check for $50 for the girl and an order on a dry goods store for $50 worth of clothes for her and the Bible, and thanked him for letting me know his daughter was to be married. Now, that didn't cost me much, but it pleased them, and I have just received a beautiful letter from the girl herself. Then an old acquaintance came in to see if he could borrow $200 to get out a book with. I didn't want the book, but I told him he could have the money, and to send the books to twenty college libraries. Here's the list just come in. Now, here is a circular we got out and have sent to a few prominent men asking subscriptions to a monument for my old friend, Morton McMichael.—They all know that when I take hold of a thing it is certain to go through, and if there isn't money enough subscribed I'll make it up, and that will be the end of it. I wanted to pay for the whole of Leigh Hunt's monument, but Mr. Hall would take but a subscription: I am the largest subscriber to the memorial window, in Bronham, of the poet, Tom Moore. I give an annual dinner to the newsboys of Philadelphia, and I sent thousands of boys and girls to visit the Centennial Exhibition. My business is very prosperous, and I like my men to share my prosperity. I am very quick to detect merit and and no man who does his duty need fear to trust me implicitly with his confidence. I give every one a vacation of at least two weeks, paying his salary in advance, accompanied by a present, and on Christmas day I always give thousands of dollars in money to me employes"

"And how about the worn-out men?"

WORN-OUT EMPLOYES.

"I take good care of them. The foreman of my composing room had been with me less than a year when he broke down, and his doctor told him he must stop work or die. He hasn't been near the office in years, but he draws his weekly salary with regularity and comfort. In 1868 I gave to the Philadelphia Typographical Society a printers' cemetery—a lot with an area of about two thousand feet, surrounded by a beautiful and substantial marble wall, with an imposing gateway of handsome marble. I also presented the society a liberal sum, the interest of which is to be devoted to the care of the grounds. I buried an old destitute printer there first of all. He was dying in the Almshouse and sent me word. Of course I attended to him, and he rests there now."

"You have had occasional offers of position and trust?"

"I have declined more than any one knows. Princeton College conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon me, and appreciative notices of my life and character have appeared in 'Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary,' 'Johnson's Encyclopedia,' the 'Biographie des Contemporaires,' in 'Men of the Time,' in various brochures in different languages and in newspapers all over the world."

HIS BIRTHPLACE.

"Where were you born?"

"In Baltimore, in 1829. My name is not George Washington Childs, but the same as my father's, George William Childs."

"I have heard that you were instrumental in inducing Mme. Janauschek to learn the English language. Is that so?"

"Yes; she came here with letters from influential friends of mine in Germany. When she came to see me I told her, through an interpreter, that she ought to learn our language, and then she would make a success. She did so, and when she was here last she had $500,000 in United States bonds."

"Do you find that your employes benefit by your thoughtfulness?"

"Oh, yes. I pay a number of them $5,000 or $6,000 a year. Nearly every one owns his house, and they all know that their positions are assured for life. I take them as boys in the office, then clerks, then reporters, and finally editors. One of my chief editorial writers is the son of a carrier."

In the brief limits of a letter it is impossible to more than outline the cheery jolliness of this peculiar man. He sits supreme in a superb establishment, enjoying an annual imperial income, distributing benefits to thousands every year and establishing relations with many men of many minds the world around. The unaffected simplicity with which Mr. Childs responds to the questions of the curious and turns himself inside out for the information of public or private querists is one of the charms of his nature, and Philadelphia has no more marked a feature, no greater curiosity than George William Childs, proprietor of the *Public Ledger*.

SOFT BEDS.—There are differences in opinion in regard to the best beds for refreshing sleep, some persons advocating soft and some hard beds. The difference between them is that the weight of a body on a soft bed presses on a larger surface than upon a hard bed, and consequently more comfort is enjoyed.—Hard beds should never be given to little children, and parents who suppose that such beds contribute to health by hardening and developing the constitution are surely in error. Eminent physicians—both here and in England—concur in this opinion, and state that hard beds have often proved injurious to the shape of infants. Birds and animals cover their offspring with the softest materials they can obtain, and also make soft beds for them; and the softness of a bed is not evidence of its being unwholesome. But if it is not kept sweet and clean by daily airings and frequent beatings—whether it is hard or soft—is surely injurious to health.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ A rat which had been adopted by a cat at Brattleboro, Vt., last summer was removed in June and not returned for four months. As soon as the cat spied his cage she sprang for him, but on recognizing her old protege made no further effort to harm him, and the kittens, then full grown, enjoyed an old-time frolic with him. In the evening the rat is let out and runs about the room climbing on to people, whether friends or strangers. He appears to be destitute of fear and plays with a young cat belonging to one of the neighbors with all the freedom of a kitten. He is perfectly harmless, never being known to bite.

☞ A laughable incident is related by the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, of a jealous woman, who went into an auction room the other day, and saw (as she supposed) her husband, very familiarly sitting beside a young lady. Stepping up softly, she seized a head in each hand and pounded them together a number of times in great rage. Her surprise may be imagined when she found that the innocent stranger was not her "worser half." She apologized and passed on amid the laughter of the crowd.

☞ A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

☞ A Boston paper advertises for a bachelor who is not looking for a rich widow.

OLIVE LOGAN'S OPINION OF MEN.—"A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of him taking yours.—Just tell him in plain English to 'hands off.' He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future ten-fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm, and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he were not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few more words of advice and close: Keep young girls off the street, except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the post-office every time they go out. Your girls can walk alone just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with boys much older than themselves. If possible, instill into their very nature that they are safer in their own hands than they are in the hands of any man—preachers not excepted."

LEARN ABOUT THE PULSE.—Every intelligent person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child as now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or false pulse and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 140; a child of seven, about 80; and from 20 to 60 years it is 70 beats a minute, declining to 60 at four-score. A healthful grown person's pulse beats 70 times a minute; there may be good health down to sixty; but, if the pulse always exceeds seventy, there is a disease; the machine is working itself out, there is fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself, as is consumption when the pulse is quick, that is, over seventy, gradually increasing, with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches 110 or 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A supremely happy and green young countryman, with an equally ardent and happy bride, came to the city to spend Christmas, and upon seeing their names, Mr. and Mrs. ——, for the first time in writing on the register of the hotel, got considerably flurried, and when pointed to the elevator, walked in at once, wondering what a small parlor it was for such a big house. The young man suddenly remembered that he had forgotten his carpet-bag, and ran back to the office for it, while the elevator conductor whisked off the surprised bride up six flights of steps, and brought down another lady whom the husband embraced, supposing it to be his restored wife. In the meantime, the abducted lady found her wits and the way down stairs, and arrived it time to witness the rapturous embrace. The tableau was highly effective, and it took four clerks and seven black waiters, assisted by the steward, to explain the situation.

☞ Some of our millionaires are astonishing everybody at home as well as abroad by the extravagance of their entertainments. But none of them have yet equaled the munificence of the Caliphs of Bagdad.—Gabryl, the physician of Haroun-al-Raschid, entertained his guests in summer in a room cooled by artificial snow, and in winter in a conservatory warmed with charcoal of perfumed wood. The birds consumed at his dinners had been fed with almonds and juice of pomegranates. At the birthday festival of the first son of Caliph Motawakkil, the floors of the palace were carpeted with gold tissue, embroidered with diamonds, rubies and pearls. Amber and musk were burning in golden vessels, some of which weighed over a hundred pounds each.—Heaps of gold and silver coins were in different rooms and the guests were invited to help themselves. At the conclusion of the festival, each visitor was presented with a costly garment, embroidered with gold and ornamented with precious stones.

☞ For a game of chess lately at Prague four young officers divided a billiard table into sixty-four squares with the aid of a piece of chalk and then used bottles of wine to represent chessmen. A bottle of champagne was king, a bottle of Borbeaux queen, and other kinds of wine represented the rooks, knights and so on, the rule of the game being that whoever made a move must drink the bottle of wine which he touched. The game was not a success, for the Austrian newspaper which tells the story says "only a dozen moves were made before the four players were under the table."

☞ When I was young," said Mrs. Scoldwell to her little girl, "I used to love my dear mamma too well to act as you do."

"And did your mamma," replied Bertha quickly, used to be all the time telling you what she did when she was a girl?"

☞ A young man will stand in front of a church door half an hour on the coldest night without complaint, writing for the service to end, but let his mother ask him to go out and get an armful of wood and he will grumble all the rest of the evening.

When ladies meet, they always greet with kisses heard across the street; but men, more mild; don't get so wild; they meet, then part, when both have "smiled."

All Sorts of Clippings

The "rear" of the horse is in front.

Doctors and lawyers are fee-males.

Breaches of promise should have full pockets.

A monumental piller will be erected to Dr. Brandreth.

Funeral rites cover heaps of wrongs, so far as this world goes.

Machine poetry does not wear like the regular hand-made stuff.

After bolting down his food a man expects to keep it on his stomach.

Mosquito bars, like lies, are made from hole-cloth.

Don't be too generous with your temper. Keep it.

The Boston Post considers a judge's position a trying one.

What do the wild waves say when the water-spout?

To avoid a miss take, always marry a widow.

You can preserve domestic quarrels in family jars.

A full-sized bumblebee is the newest lace pin.

Joaquin Miller is very green and awkward in society.

Nashville will celebrate her centennial April 23, 1880.

About all the money some folks can take to church is sancti-mony.

The sea-sick man finds it hard to hold his own.

The somnambulist who strikes an attitude is trance-posed.

Did a donkey ever die of softening of the braying?

The cry of the chiropedist: "I came, I saw, I corn-cured."

An Ohio editor has been fined 1 cent for calling a man a "scalawag."

The man who steps over a small dog is likely to have his shins barked.

He who fights and runs away gets his promotion and much back pay.

No man cares to have his worth underrated except by the tax assessor.

A woman's cold in the head is not as dangerous as her scold in the house.

Bees are said to be a preventive of small-pox, being a sort of waxynation.

If you want to be real happy, try your best to make others think they are happy.

"And what makes my little Johnny so cross this morning?" "Dot up s'urly."

A man, who still carries in his body a bullet which entered it at Antietam, calls it lead astray.

It is lucky to pick up a horseshoe, unless, of course, it happens to be attached to a mule's hind leg.

Lots of men will waste a dollar's worth of time beating a salesman down five cents on his price.

Dogg says the times are so dull, that it is difficult for him to collect even his ideas.

One of the saddest awakenings of life is to hear that the girl you used to squeeze weighs 225 pounds.

"Wanted a plain cook," reads an advertisement. Wonder whose wife put that in the paper?

"It is easier to raise a beard than to raise a dime," said a young citizen who has stopped shaving.

The woman question—"Why did you stay out till this unseemly hour, sir?"

Even criminals like paragraphs; that is to say, they prefer a short sentence.

So say the printers—go-as-you-please is a good gait, but pay as you go is far better.

The only really perpetual thing about perpetual motion is its perpetual discovery.

The man who owns the only grist mill in a county is at the head of a grinding monopoly.

A correspondent wants to know how long bees live. About the same as short bees, we suppose.

Cain was a wicked man because he killed his brother; but never placed a bent pin on his father's chair.

The wicked stand on slippery places, and that is about all that good people can do.

Cattle hoofs are quite a feature in the horn button trade. They are worth fifty dollars a ton.

There is something saddening about a pair of scissors—alas! they only meet to sever.

The porters who handle kegs of silver in the Treasury Department are rolling in wealth.

A man without brains need hardly expect to become a Daniel Webster by eating oysters.

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

"There is something in store for us all," but it takes money to get it out.

When sun spots appear, "old sol" is only putting on his specs to get a better view of this earth.

The milk of human kindness wells up from the heart, but cow's milk comes from the udder place.

No matter how finely a dentist's parlor is furnished, no one cares to take a seat in his drawing-room.

Owing to the advance in the price of rope the Boston Post says lynchings are now considered a luxury.

According to the Owego Record, in Syracuse the milk of human kindness has a gin-and-sugar accompaniment.

The New Orleans Picayune says if we could see others as we see ourselves there would be more good-looking people in the world.

More than 33 professional base-ball players in Philadelphia are without engagements. Call you this returning prosperity?

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle appears to be that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

It is a current bard who sings, "I sat alone with my conscience." Two to one he never had less fun in all his born days.

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