The Chestertown Transcript.

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

Saml. Burns & Co.,

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

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 $2.

All-wool Ingrain, only Eighty cents.

Smyrna Knapistan, Persian, Velvet and Tapestry RUGS.

RUGS, from 75 cents to $7.

Can sell a very handsome RUG of new design for $1.25.

Full Line of OIL CLOTHS, Cheap!

Large stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Tobaccoes and Cigars.

J. Stafford, Jr.

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

B.R. HILLMAN & CO.

CLOTHING

No 166 WEST BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Rogers, Peet & Co's

FINE NEW YORK

CLOTHING!

—AT—

Metropolitan CLOTHING HOUSE,

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET.

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

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE,

178 WEST BALTIMORE STREET, Next to Coleman & Rogers.

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

A CARD.

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

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss RONIA 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 materials for our special sales. People who appreciate a good shoe, may find it to ther 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.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the swift closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life a dream.

PHILOSOPHY OF SMALL TALK.—In conversation, the power to talk just because we want to say something, is a great acquisition and a positive pre-requisite. No man can succeed in mixed companies unless he is skilled in small-talk, and finds it easy to speak of one's health, one's appearance, one's closest surroundings, or a flying rumor and other things which have no importance and convey no special amusement. Some profound people despise this. One thinks: "Let these triflers expend their buckshot, and I will then fire my artillery." Perhaps, however, he finds the buckshot lasts, and that there is no demand for his artillery. His right method would be to fire buckshot with the rest—to show that he could do it even better than they—and by this means he might interest them in other modes of shooting, and even excite a desire to witness his artillery performance. I know a learned professor who talks grandly to one listener. A gentleman who met him at dinner with eight or ten others said that during the whole time, excepting what he spoke aside to the servants, the only expression which escaped the lips of the professor was the word "Yes," and that in reply to a direct question. "Now," added the informant, "if he had thrown about some conversational small coin his companions would have said: "We like the quality and impress of this; we must have some more from the same mint, but of larger value."

NAMING CHILDREN.—The wisdom and folly of parents, says *The Watchman*, are often exhibited in the names of children. The silly woman who revels in trashy literature, names her baby for her favorite hero or heroine. The staid and earnest Bible reader blesses her son with the name of some sait or martyr; the man proud of his family brings down the names of his ancescestors though they be Jehoshaphat or Mephibosheth. The Catholic sanctifies his baby, imprinting in holy water on its brow the name of saint or virgin; and the enthusiastic and grateful negro not unfrequently gloriges his little curly-head by calling him Abraham Lincoln!

In Dorsetshire, England, the people have a great passion for Hebrew names. In a parish church-yard may be seen that name which with us is but another name for a little eternity, and which proved to be very strangely applied in this case: Mathusalah Cowny, aged twelve months!

We once knew a weak, purposeless boy, who at twelve years of age used to speak "Mary had a little lamb," at shool, and who was afraid of his own shadow, whose name was Napoleon Bonaparte Taylor!

As we cannot read the future of our children, it is not wise to give them names which may prove a mockery, and cast contempt on them in maturity.

AN Oil City man was sitting in his parlor reading, the other day, when he heard footsteps approaching. "It's my wife," he thought, "and I will bother her a little." So he said out loud, "Well, old girl, why didn't you shovel in that coal, and nail up the back gate. And see here, you've got to eat less, for I went some money to pay my cigar bills, and you must cut down in household expenses. Besides, wife, I've about concluded to have you take in washing, and—" The door slammed behind him, and he reached the window just in time to see a neighbor woman going out of the gate, and his wife nowhere in sight. The report in that neighborhood now is that the man's wife is being starved to death to get him cigars; that she does all the manual work, and is obliged to take in washing to get her husband money which he spends in saloons.

A sign in Towanda, Pa., reads as follows: "John Smith, teacher of cowtillions and other dances—grammar taut in the neatest manner—fresh salt herrin on draft—likewise Goodfreys cordjial—rutes sassage and other garden truck—N. B. bawl on friday nite—prayer meetin on chuesday—also salme singing by the quire."

Select Story.

JOHN CARTER'S SIN;

OR,

HOW HE WAS REWARDED.

John Carter was a Christian man by profession, and in heart too, but he had been sorely tempted to a great sin; it does not matter to us what it was. In a state of such despondence, such despair of life and happiness, such deep affection for others who suffered with him that he scarcely cared what he did, and forgot all things except the present distress and the offered escape, he did a thing that he knew wrong and wicked; a thing that would have blasted his reputation and wrecked his character in all men's eyes if it were found out. But it was not found out; it hung about his neck like a secret millstone after the distress that tempted him was gone and the sin done with. There were years when he could not pray or read his Bible; when memory brought up to him all the texts of condemnation and none of the merciful words of Scripture. He said to himself that he was another Esau, and could find no place of repentance. His voice was never heard in prayer meeting; he avoided the communion table—framing some excuse of illness or making absence from town necessary at those stated times; he could not pray to his dying father, though the pale lips whispered a request that he should do so. The bitterness of death compassed him about, and though he loved his father deeply he was glad the good old man died before he knew his son's iniquity.

Time after time the wish rose in his heart that he could confess to man his transgressions and be freed from the intolerable burden of this secret, but this could not be done without bringing to his family a disgrace and grief he had no right to involve them in. He had, in the world phrase, harmed nobody but himself by this transaction, since he had come out of it without exposure; had been successful in covering up an action in itself criminal, but harmful most to himself.

The position was peculiar, and exquisitedly painful to a man with a tender conscience, for to such sin is misery; and yet they fall into it as easily as worse men, as all history assures us. But after a time of heart-broken agony and hopeless penitence John Carter began to find out once again that God is merciful; he ceased to look into his own heart, and fix his eyes upon that Saviour who came to save from sin as well as from sin's penalty.—Humbly and slowly, like a punished child, he crept back into a new and religious life; wounded, it is true, crippled to a certain extent, but submissive, repentent, and filled with charity for his fellows. He knew that he could never recover his self-respect, never forget his fall, but he accepted that as the result of transgression, and said like Jeremiah:

"Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins."

All this was within himself; to his family and his friends he was only a little graver than usual, as many men become grave with increasing years; he was now a constant attendant at church, gave freely to good objects, and seemed to other men a quiet, earnest, kind-hearted man, implicitly to be trusted, leaning rather to generosity than to justice.

What endured in all this time was known only to himself and to God; his conscience tormented him continually; it was by a constant recalling of the promises to repentant sinners that he endured life. No doubt he knew a hundred who had sinned as deeply as he had and as successfully concealed their sin, but he did not know that probably in all the hundred not one suffered such agonies of regret and repentance as he did. To them the thing was over, done with; their business was to see this day's work on duty; they put the past decisively behind them not because they ought to but because they wanted to. But to a sensitive moral nature like his this course was impossible; even though he felt assured that for Christ's sake his grievous sin was forgiven above, he could not forget its commission. Day after day he retraced every step of his temptation; recalled the half-crazed state of mind in which he was for weeks; the sin itself; the concealments he had resorted to, in themselves degrading; the terrors of discovery; the agonies of remorse.

He grew morbid with this introspection; perpetually thinking of himself, life became bitter in all its uses. He never went into society without thinking, 'If these people knew about me!' He received a cold look, but he felt that possibly the man who gave it had fathomed his secret and despised him. Over and over he said to himself, 'What if Sara knew it?' and his whole heart shivered within him. He did Sara—who was his wife—the greatest injustice in this thought. She was a woman more than usually loving, unselfish and forgiving. If John could have told her—which was out of the question—out of her sweet compassion and tenderness he would have felt his way back to healthy spiritual life, but without the touch of human sympathy he found it hard to lay hold on the divine, and saw even the Father who loves his erring children, and welcomes them back from their wandering and starvation, with eyes blinded by his own unshed tears. It was in this sort of mood that he fell in, one year, just before Thanksgiving day, with an old college friend, a hard-working minister in a city parish, a man that had seen more sin than John Carter had ever dreamed of, and combated it in all its protean shapes of poverty, ignorance and degration.

"Where are you bound for, Joe?" John said, as they met at a railway station.

"Bound for home, man!" answered the Rev. Joseph Dyer. "Where else should a man be going, this time of year, but home to the old folks and Thanksgiving?"

"Do you always feel in the mood to be thankful, then, on the set day?"

"To be sure I do, Jack; why not? There's always enough to be grateful for; the Bible wouldn't say, 'In everything give thanks,' if there was not something in all things to be thankful for."

"I don't know about that; there are things in every man's life for which he cannot be thankful.—You cannot expect any man, for instance, to be grateful that he has sinned?"

A certain thrill in the tone and a little quiver of the eyelid told Mr. Dyer's keen ear and eye more than John Carter meant to tell.

"I think a man sometimes ought to be more thankful for his sin than for his goodness, Jack. I don't mean for the sin as a sin, but for its use to his moral life, if he receives the lesson rightly. How on earth are you going to feel any sympathy with sinners if you have never fallen? Only God incarnate could do that."

"But think of the suffering sin entails on the sinner himself; could you be thankful to have a dreadful wound inflicted on you?"

Joseph Dyer looked at his friend again with eyes pitiful and penetrating both.

"My dear fellow, I've seen a man heartily glad of a wound that made him helpless simply because it kept him out of temptation; and a sinner whose conscience torments him because of one great sin will never commit such another."

Here was Mr. Carter's station, and as he left the car he wrung his friend's hand with unnecessary fervor.

"Poor Jack!" said Mr. Dyer to himself, little knowing how much he had done to help the weary burden-bearer.

It chanced, as we fools say, that the next week an acquaintance came into John Carter's office; a man about his age; not a friend, but a person whom he constantly met as business men do meet each other.—Mr. Pierce was ordinarily a florid, prosperous man; to-day he was ghastly pale and looked twenty years older than usual.

"Carter!" said he, hoarsely; "can I speak to you a moment in private?"

John Carter turned the key in his office door; his clerk had gone home to dinner.

"Nobody will disturb us, Pierce; what is it?"

Mr. Pierce groaned and turned his head away, then he resolutely faced Mr. Carter.

"It's no use! I must tell. Carter, I want ten thousand dollars. I have been a rascal; I have speculated with money that didn't belong to me and lost it; to-morrow the girl's guardian will send for it. She is to be married. I don't know why I came to you; but I did! I want to borrow this money and save my wife and children from disgrace, and myself from prison."

"You shall have it," said John Carter. It almost seemed to him a ray of heavenly light, this chance to help another man, another poor sinner!

"I don't ask without security: I have made out a mortgage on my house in ——th street. If I borrowed anywhere but at our bank it would be told against me; borrowing there would be worse."

"You shall have it in an hour," was Mr. Carter's answer. Pierce sat down in a chair and looked at him with his heart in his eyes, but he could not speak; the sudden relief overpowered him.

"Stay here till I draw it," Carter said, and before the hour had passed the money was in Jacob Pierce's pocket.

"I can't thank you!" he said.

"Don't try!" answered Mr. Carter, smiling.

The year passed slowly away, and with it went much of John Carter's misery. He felt like a man on a desert island who has suddenly found companionship in the survivor of another wreck. He met Mr. Pierce continually, and a hearty handshake or a cordial word always passed between them; the borrower strange to say, felt no servitude to the lender, no dreadful weight of debt, there was something in Mr. Carter's whole air and manner that set Pierce at his ease; he felt as sure that his secret was safe as if in his own bosom. The unconscious atmosphere of character is one of the influences we make little account of, yet it is weighty as gravitation, and inevitable as life.

It was the day before Thansgiving again, and there came to John Carter in his office a note and inclosure to this effect:

"DEAR CARTER: I have been lucky in the recent rise in real estate, and you will find herein a certificate of deposit in our bank to the amount of your loan and interest. I want you to know that though I never pretended to be a Christian you have preached me the best sermon I ever heard, and pretty near converted me. God bless you!

J. PIERCE.'

John laid his head on his desk in a strange, sweet, yet bitter amazement. Could it be? He, the sinner, an example for and of Christ? Suddenly there swept across his mind as with a breath of divine power the devotion and aspiration of David after his fall, the work of Peter, who before denied his Lord; the tender forgiveness held out with such patient love to Thomas. He seemed to hear the same dear gracious voice saying to him:

'Reach hither thy finger and behold my hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing.'

'The blood of Christ cleanseth from sin.'

And like Thomas, his whole heart burned within him, and his white lips whispered, 'My Lord and my God.'

The next day as his children were clustering about him in the sunny parlor, and his wife, with the baby in her arms crowing and trying to reach the roses in her hair, stood looking on, far lovelier and fairer than in her beautiful girlhood, there was a ring at the door and the servant brought in a basket of exquisite flowers directed to Mrs. Carter, and on the card was written: "A thousand thanks to help your Thanksgiving!"

It was a pleasant mystery only to Sara. John Carter knew the handwriting well, and the words Mr. Dyer had said to him a year ago flashed into his mind.

Yes; to-day he could be thankful even for his sin; it was forgiven of God, his grateful heart well knew, and but for that experience would he ever have rescued Jacob Pierce so willingly, so joyfully, from the depths where he had fallen? Could a man who never had strayed have had such intelligent pity for another wanderer? or would he himself have known through any other teaching the exceeding bitterness and sinfulness of sin; have appreciated its wages; or valued its weight of degradation.

It is true his soul was scarred, but scars mean warning as well as shame. He felt sure now that no earthly temptation would charm him again; that for all his life the taste of Marah would warn him from strange fountains; and in the inmost recesses of his heart recognizing the good that Divine power can bring out of evil, he thanked God and took courage, in spite of his great sin.

LOST: $1,000 IN NOTES.

An Exciting and Amusing Incident in the Village of Wethersfield.

From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.

This story is told of one of the wealthy residents of Wethersfield, and it is vouched for as true in every particular. Perhaps it might be a little too personal to give his real name, so for the purposes of our sketch we will call him Doctor. The Doctor is a solid man in more senses than one—he is solid in money and means and his avoirdupois cannot be surpassed by any one man in town, his weight being close upon three hundred pounds. He invariably carries a well-stuffed pocket-book around with him, and he is blessed with the happy faculty of holding on to what he has got. He never heads a subscription list, though what he might do in this direction will never be known until some man with the requisite pluck can be found to ask him. Almost any cautious man would prefer to let out that job to some stranger by the month. He would not, when at church, consider it an unpardonable sin if the deacon should go right by him with the contribution box. And he would not be mean enough to call it back again. But this talk is superfluous, as the good deacon never forgets him. But when the contribution box is shoved into the Doctor's face he gives a sleepy yawn and don't give anything else. In fact the Doctor may be called a little close. But on one occasion he astonished an old resident of the town by an unexpected streak of liberality, which we will now relate. One day his plethoric calf-skin was missing and with it $1,300 in bank notes. If an electric battery had poured a broadside down the Doctor's spinal column he could scarcely have felt a greater shock. His hands flew from pocket to pocket, and his face lengthened and took on a lugubrious and sorrowful air. If he had been a "poor lone widow" and the little all had taken wings, the consternation could not have been greater.—He lost his mental equilibrium and was dancing round on the ragged edge of despair. Finally he bethought himself of a visit he had made that morning to Bill Wells', on Wolcott Hill, where he went to look at a sow of large size, in that interesting condition where a litter of pigs was liable to gladden the old sow's eyes at almost any hour The Doctor resoned that his lost pocket-book was in the pen against which he leaned. He assumed that it would be an easy matter for it to drop out of his pocket with his body thrown forward in the manner he remembered it had been. It was think and go with him. He clambered into his old lumber-box wagon and headed his untamed Bucephalus toward Bill Wells', He only thought of that well-stuffed pocket-book at the bottom of the hog-pen, and in his mind's eye he saw that big old sow grunting with satisfaction as she poked and rooted his bank notes about. He lashed his horse into a run, and the good people of Wethersfield wondered what the matter was as the old farmer thundered along at a John Gilpin gait. The Doctor lost his hat when opposite the post office, but he did not stop to pick it up. From this point he went bareheaded, and the old horse did credit to the breed. He must have been a descendant of Eclipse; at all events, the record he made in that old lumber-box, with a three hundred pound driver, eclipsed by far anything he ever attempted before. On reaching his destination he rushed to the pen, expecting to see the wreck of his pocket-book scattered around the pen. But he was disappointed. Not a sign was there.

"By Godfrey," the Doctor exclaimed, "the old sow has swallowed it whole."

Then Mr. Wells appeared upon the scene, and in a moment the excited Doctor cried out, "What'll you take for that sow?"

"Oh, I don't know," responded the other.

"I don't want any 'don't knows' about it," roared the excited Doctor. "What'll you take for that sow, I say?"

"I don't know as I want to sell it," replied Mr. Wells, and evidently didn't exactly understand the situation.

"You must sell it. Set your own price, but I must have that sow," pleadingly urged the old farmer. At this Mr. Wells thought the Doctor had gone crazy and tried to soothe him. But this only made the old fellow more angry and excited, and he almost danced over the quiet manner of the other.

"Set the price," he shouted, 'set the price, I say."

"But I don't want to sell it—"

"And I say you must. I'll give you any price for it."

"Well, then, say $75,' and Wells' eyes twinkled merrily as he named it, supposing the price would cool the Doctor's ardor. And he was astonished at the reply:

"I'll take it. Now kill that hog," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Wells now knew he was crazy, and again tried to curb his excitement. But this only added fuel to the flames. The Doctor now fairly foamed with excitement and it seemed very much like the froth of a lunatic.

"Kill that hog, I say," again thundered the Doctor. "She'll digest it if you don't."

"Oh, come, get into your wagon and ride home with me," soothingly suggested Wells.

"Great God, Bill Wells, do you think I am crazy? I tell you that sow has swallowed my pocket-book with $1,300 in it, and if you don't hurry up and have her killed she'll digest it and I'll lose every dollar of it."

Mr. Wells still looked on in silent astonishment.

"My Christian friend, will you kill that hog?" and he rammed his hands down in his overcoat pockets with such force that he discovered a hole in one of the pockets, and as he dove deeper down his excitement gave place to a feeling of satisfaction. Between the lining and the cloth of his coat he found the lost pocket-book, with its contents undisturbed. Not a dollar had been digested by the innocent old sow.—He offered his neighbor Wells a $10 bill not to say anything about it, but the offer was declined with thanks. It was too good to keep, and the whole town knew the story before sundown.

☞ He fell asleep after a time, and lo! he dreamed again. And it seemed to him in a vision that having armed himself with certain papers and books he turned his steps once more towards the place and knocked at the gate.

"Hello, is that you again?" said Peter. "What do you wish?"

"Let these persons again come forth," replied the editor, and Peter this time made them pass through the gate and stand outside.

They came as before and uttered the same cries as before.

Why didn't you notice that big egg I sent you?" yelled the first.

"It was rotten," replied the editor.

"Why didn't you write up my soda-fountain?" cried the druggist.

"You had your tickets printed at the other office," calmly replied the local man.

"Why did you write about old Tomlinson's hens and never speak of my new gate?" shouted the third.

"Old Tomlinson paid for his advertising and you didn't. Here's the bill," said the editor.

"Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?" groaned the local talent.

"Take a look at this manuscript of yours and see for yourself," said the editor with a grim smile.

The rest of the company yelled their complaints in unison, and the editor calmly sorted out a series of bills for unpaid subscriptions and presented each with one; and it was so, that when they had received them, they all tore their hair and rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and St. Peter, taking the editor calmly by the hand, led him within the gate and said:

"Come, friend; these chaps managed to slip through here in spite of us, but, thanks to the press, we now know what sort of fellows they are. Come in and stay; we need a few such men as you in here."

TAKING OATH UPON IT.—A clergyman who lately left Liverpool in one of the huge ocean steamers began to feel rather uncomfortable soon after leaving the mouth of the river, and having had an introduction to the captain sought him out to learn if there was any danger.—The captain did not answer immediately, but led his passenger to the forecastle and told him to listen to what was going on. The clergyman was shocked to hear a party of sailors swearing vigorously and expressed his horror to his conductor. The captain merely answered:—"Do you think these men would swear in such a manner if there was any real danger?" whereupon the parson seemed satisfied and retired. A day or two afterward, when they encountered rather a revere storm, the clergyman, remembering what he had been shown before, managed to make his way with great difficulty to the forecastle, and was overheard by the captain, as he came away, exclaiming to himself: 'Thank God, they're swearing yet!"

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—In decorating the home married people should be careful how they arrange the pictures and chromos. The latter ornaments should be hung high enough to be out of the range of such articles as the husband and wife may see fit to throw at each other while in the heat of passion. Last night a misunderstanding occurred in a certain home, and the family Bible completely demolished "God Bless Our Home," a beautiful work of art painted in nine colors. "Peace Be Unto This House" was also wrecked by a much-read volume on "Mome Discipline."

☞ At a trial in Erie, Pa., the question of veracity was raised against a certain gentleman, and a witness who had just left the stand, being recalled, asserted that he would not believe the party under oath.

"Why?" asked the attorney.

"Because, 'replied the excited witness, "he lied about my dog."

All Sorts of Clippings

A cold snap—an icy answer.

A stem-winder—the ivy green.

A cat's purr is not on her heel.

There are no sweets in family jars.

A match loses its head when it comes to the scratch.

How to drown a cat. In the water pitch her.

The aerial quickstep is what they call hanging in Kansas.

The more sense a preacher has the less need for sensationalism.

A dealer in crystal optics is simply a merchant of eyesin glass.

The meaning we attach to words depends on our feeling.

To stop a man from talking—cut his said off.

Liberty and work are the noblest prerogatives of man.

Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

There are 30,000 students in American colleges.

There are 11,000,000 young white-fish in the Detroit hatchery.

To mingle in the maizy dance one must necessarily be a "corn dodger."

Good deeds pan out better than good intentions.

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

A tornado is a great blow to any country, says an exchange.

The Mississippi Senate has only two Republican members.

Postal cards, now almost universal, started in Austria in 1865.

The latest agony—toothache at midnight.

A cool burglary—breaking into a snow bank.

It is the amateur fisherman who sometimes hires a haul.

"Who can touch pitch and not be defiled?" A musician.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* axes if woodchoppers are hackmen.

Cæsar's commentaries—remarks by the sheriff when making a levy.

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker suggested to a lady customer.

Canton stripes, resembling those used for awnings, are a novelty for skirts.

After all an ordinary saw-horse pays much better than an average trotter.

Ten miles from Bristol, Tennessee, a valuable zinc mine has been opened.

Chinamen cannot understand why Englishmen hate mice and love tripe.

When a sick man feels well he sits up. When a well man feels sick he sits down.

Mules kick fifty thousand dollars out of Greene county, Alabama, every year.

We must not look around on the universe with awe, and on man with scorn.

Milk from a cow which had eaten jimson weed killed two Council Bluff people.

The debts of English towns and cities for sanitary improvements amounts to $230,000,000.

Why does asparagus resemble long sermons? Because the ends are most sought after.

The Rothschilds of Paris have given $50,000 to charitable objects within the past two months.

Thirty-five million pounds of tobacco were made last season in North Carolina.

How to prevent the nose from bleeding. Keep it out of other folks' business.

They were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dupli-Kate.

When a man calls his wife's maid an angel it is time for the wife to make her fly.

The old woman who kissed her cow was no more dizzy than her daughter who kissed a regular calf.

The highest priced stamp in the United States post office department costs $60.

The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell bound.

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

Many a poor fellow gets the "sack" from his girl because he doesn't get the sacque.

It is not what an office-holder steals that makes him rich—it is what he saves.

The straighter a man takes his whisky, the crookeder it seems to make him.

It is said Edison is perfecting an electric shirtbosom pin for the cheap hotel clerk.

By a singular fatality, the inquisitive man always looks down the wrong end of the empty gun.

The trouble with the midnight cat is not so much that it cannot sing as that it firmly believes it can.

When the poor of a city ask bread they are given paving stones, and made to lay them in the streets.

Edison says the newspapers make light of his latest invention more successfully than he can do it himself.

Does an umbrella express surprise when it has two under? You may have to wonder for some time what this means.

It is not the number of promises a man makes, but the number he keeps, which gives him a position among respectable position.

We have had one leap year offer, says Jones, but the lady couldn't promise to support us in the luxury to which we have been accustomed.

Connecticut produces clams, one of which weighs a pound. Two of them ought to make a pair of excellent ear muffs.

A mine of soft soap has been found in Arizona. Just what Providence wanted to locate a soap mine in Arizona for, isn't clear.

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