The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 45.

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

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Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

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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.

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CLOTHING

No 166

WEST BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

A CARD.

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

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.

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

MRS. C. LAKE.

Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

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

For sale *Lower than the Lowest* by

April 3, 1879. *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

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

Wickes & Brother

CALL ATTENTION TO CASES OF

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

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

People who appreciate a good shoe, may find it to 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.

A MODEL MEMORIAL.

Plain Talk to Congress of a Desperate News-Paper Man.

About the liveliest memorial ever sent to Congress comes from the Wisconsin Editors' and Publishers' Association, asking for the remission of all tariff duties on chemicals and such other dutiable articles as enter into the manufacture of paper. In transmitting the resolutions passed by the aforesaid publishers' association the president, Mr. Geo. W. Peck, adds in the memorial: "Now that you have read the resolution it is a supposable case that you will feel that your next duty is to better put one on, unless you remove In the name of 40,000,000 people, be the same more or less, I ask you not to lose your cud, but ruminate, as it were, and think over the highway robbery of your constituents by the type founders, who are foundering the newspapers. As it is now they stand in the entrance of the editoral sanctum and take the money that comes in on subscription, and only allow the publisher the cord wood and farm produce. By the protection your alleged honorable body affords them, in the way of tariff, they grapple the throat of every newspaper in America and say "Keno," while the newspaper publisher can only return his chips to the dealer and say "O hell!" Every article that is used by a newspaper man, except second-hand ulster overcoats and liver-pad is protected by a tariff that makes the cold chills run up his spine.

Another thing that the association did not pass any resolutions about, but which they probably will at the next meeting, if there are enough of them left outside of the poor house to meet, before they meet on that beautiful shore, is the recent action of the manufacturers of paper, who are endeavoring to screw down the lid of the newspaper coffin which the type founders are preparing for the grave. In the last three months, by their own sweet will, they have run the price of paper up almost a hundred per cent. There is nothing to prevent them from doing it, as foreign manufactured paper is kept out of the country by the tariff. Every article that goes into the construction of rag paper, except bass wood, sweat and water, has a tariff on it. The soda, the assafœtida and blue mass, or whatever is used to deodorize undershirts and cast off drawers, so that they will smell good in a newspaper, has a corn in the shape of a tariff, so that the paper manufacturing three-card-monte chaps have an excuse to bleed newspapers to the last drop. What the newspapers want, and they believe it is not an unreasonable demand, is the removal of the tariff on type, on rags, on paper, and on all chemicales used in the manufacture of paper. In a tariff on rags, if there is no tariff on rags you had throw it into the waste basket. the tariff on the rest of the stuff; if a tariff is a good thing you can't have too much of it for instance, whom do you protect? Nobody but guttersnipe rag pickers, and old maids, who save up rags to buy snuff, and tin peddlers who trade tin dippers and skimmers occasionally for a flour sack full of bad smelling rags. Are the rag pickers and old maids your principal constituents?

The newspapers of the country believe that they are entitled to some consideration at your hands. They are in many instances the instruments through which many of you have attained the positions you now hold, and they never have got much of anything from you except patent office reports and agricultural documents. They have set up nights for you, and done dirty work that may bar them out of all participation in chariot races in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and now they demand that you protect them from the ravages of the type founding and paper making grasshoppers, before it is everlastingly too late.

Not being one of the "d—d literary fellers" so touchingly alluded to by the great Senator Simon Cameron, this epistle to you Corinthians may be a little raw, and not as polished as it should be, but it tries to represent the feelings of the newspaper men of Wisconsin in language that the wayfaring man, though a diabolical idiot, can understand, and it means business. The newspapers are desperate, and while they don't want to go on the war path, they feel that they have been ravished about enough by the different tribes of beneficiaries of the government. If you great men will pass a bill to give us relief, you will strike it rich, "and don't you forget it."

☞ The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic (or any other) ocean, was the Savannah. She was fitted up in New York for Mr. Scarlborough, of Savannah, Ga., and sailed for that city March 29, 1819. On the twenty ninth of May she sailed direct for Liverpool, making the passage in twenty-two days, part of the distance being accomplished under sail. From Liverpool she went to Copenhagen, St. Petersburg and Arendel, Norway.—From the latter port she returned to Savannah, making the trip in twenty-five days.

☞ It is considered coarse and clownish when a lady and gentleman are walking together for the gentleman to take the lady's arm. Dr. Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," says: "When a young female walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the feller was you saw with her.

☞ "Well, Estel, dear," said an uncle to his little five-year-old niece, "if you like your new toy come and put your arms around my neck and give me a kiss."

The little maiden complied; but as she did so, she remarked: "Oh, uncle, how I do spoil you!"

WHY SHE MISSED THE BOAT.

She was to meet her adored one on the 9 o'clock Oakland boat, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door to go out, when it struck her that she had forgotten to line her left eyebrow.—Rushing to the glass to rectify this; she discovered a small red spot, commemorative of a departed pimple. A dab of lilie-white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start, when a backward glance assured her that her new hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over one ear and a 'hyke' in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and an inch of blonde must be pinned across her nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled tooth showed very plainly, and that started a most seductive dimple in one cheek which suggested a scrap of court-plaster on its very verge to call attention to its dangers, like a sign board on a thinly frozen pond.—Then she tipped the glass and stuck in the curling tongs to hold it, and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and a pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little shake like a sparrow after a shower, changed her four-button gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's latest on her handkerchief, stamped her little French heels once or twice to settle herself, and, seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bar.

THEIR AGES.

Grant was fifty-seven last April. Blaine is fifty. Sherman was fifty-six last May. Washburne was sixty-three in September. Conkling was fifty in October. Garfield is in his forty-ninth year. Bayard was fifty-one in October. Thurman reached his sixty-six birthday in November. Hendricks was sixty in September. Tilden was sixty-six in February, and in the same month General Hancock was fifty-five.—Seymour will be seventy in May. Washington was in his fifty-seventh year when he was first elected, and had just entered his sixty-sixth year when he left office. John Adams was sixty-one when he was elected, Jefferson fifty-seven, Madison in his fifty-eighth year, Monroe, in his fifty-ninth year, and John Quincy Adams in his fifty-eighth. Jackson was sixty-one when chosen the first time, and therefore sixty-five when re-elected, while he had reached his seventieth year when he quitted office. Van Buren was fifty-four, and Harrison sixty-seven, when they were elected, while Tyler, when he took office had just passed his fifty-first birthday. Polk was elected on almost precisely his forty-ninth birthbay. Taylor was not quite fifty-eight, when elected, and Fillmore was in his fifty-first year when he succeeded him. Pierce had not yet completed his forty-eighth year when he was elected, and he was the junior of all who have taken the presidential chair, except General Grant. Mr. Buchanan was elected in his fifty-sixth year, Lincoln in his fifty-second and fifty-sixth, while Johnson succeeded in his fifty-seventh.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

Man was made in dry weather.
He was made of dust.
Quite a number have never recovered from their creation; they are still dry.
It's man's nature to be discontented.
Adam had a monopoly but he couldn't be happy without some one to crow over.
For a while he knocked around over the Garden of Eden, and then went to the house; but he had to cook his own supper, there was no stove-wood chopped, and things were in a bad shape generally.
The next morning it was the same way. He had to make his own bed and sweep. His socks were dirty, and his arm would run through a hole in his sleeve. So he was dissatisfied.
The next night when he went to sleep, the Creator punished him by making one of his ribs into a woman—a great misfortune to the race.
It has been six thousand years since that rib was lost, and yet man continues to feel for it.
This is a very feeling subject.
Pursuit in this case is said to be sweeter than possession.
After Eve got acquainted with her mate she vowed that all the men in the world were not worth A-dam.

☞ "Oh! I'm just delighted with George," said a soft-hearted maiden to an older and more matter-of-fact brother. "He's just too sweet for anything. The last time he was here he was so full of fun. Didn't you think so, brother?" "He may have been full of fun, sister, but he acted more to me as if he was full of beer." A tableau and a sharp slam of the parlor door closes the scene.

☞ "How big is man?" That depends. We have known some very small men who were so very, very big that it was a mystery how they crowded themselves into their trousers, and we have seen some very big men who were so very, very small that it was a mystery where they kept their alleged souls.

☞ Colored journalists are multiplying. North Carolina has six newspapers edited by negroes, Louisiana three, Tennessee and Texas two each, and Alabama Maryland, and Mississippi each one.

☞ It takes a butcher only thirty days to learn how to sell bones with the meat, while it takes a husband a lifetime to learn how to buy 'em separately.

OUR GIRLS.

Of the problems which perplex conscientious parents there is none more perplexing, and at the same time more serious, than the degree of restraint which they should exercise over their daughters between girlhood and womanhood. In Canada, the ordinary regimen is about midway between the large liberty which American girls are allowed and the rigorous oversight customary on the other side of the Atlantic, with a leaning towards the former. Europeans visiting our neighbors note, with measureless surprise, the freedom which the younger female members of the family enjoy. There is nothing in the social system which astonishes them more than the apparent absence of parental oversight. That a girl fresh from school should be allowed to mix freely with the opposite sex, go to public entertainments under the escort of casual acquaintances of the family, read anything and talk about everything, and behave herself generally as if she were absolutely her own mistress, fills them with amazement. If they are from England they contrast this laxity with the unceasing vigilance under whith the British maiden ripens to womanhood; which limits her intercourse with male friends to the narrowest bounds; which forbids her appearing in public unless attended by one of her parents, an elder brother, or a mature female relative or acquaintance who supervises her reading that nothing of a questionable character shall ever meet her eye; which leaves her no liberty of action; which, in short, defends her on all sides from whatever might make her bold, self-reliant, and familiar with the evil that is in the world. If from France, the tourist contrasts it with the conventional rules which in his country require that a girl from the time of her leaving the convent till her marriage shall on no account go abroad unchaperoned; if a Spaniard, he wonders how young women can grow up modest and virtuous without a duenna to keep gallants at a safe distance. The Canadian system, as we have remarked, is about half way between the American and the European. Few parents here judge it necessary or wise to maintain a constant surveillance over their daughters reaching to the very minutiæ of their conduct; and as a few would think of according them the absolute liberty permitted to American girls. Comparative exemption from the temptations to wrong which abound in old world society warrant a less stringent rule, while the traditions of home-life in the motherland prevent the complete discarding of parental governance,

Although we prefer the regimen which obtains with us, we cannot but appreciate the good that inheres in systems in vogue elsewhere. The freedom from restraint which characterizes the American girl's upbringing does not appear to hurt her morally, while it certainly gives her in her maturity a robustness, a ready-wittedness, an ability to protect and provide for herself which serve her in good stead in circumstances under which the carefully trained Englishwoman would be almost sure to break down. On the other hand, the English system turns out results which are admiration of all the world. What is aimed at in the girl's training is to reach the perfection of innocence, simplicity, affection and trust, and the aim is mostly reached. As a rule, when the English girl passes from her parents' to her husbands' care, she knows of evil only as a horrible, distant something, with which she has nothing to do, and from which she will always be protected; the love and confidence which she has to give are sincere and unbounded; there is to her no humiliation in dependence. Her character lacks the strength of her American sister but has a delicacy and tenderness which are infinitely pleasing to every true man.

The tendency here, as has been said, is rather to American than to the European rule; it is to be hoped it will not set too strongly in that direction. In a new and thriving country like ours, there should be little necessity for our girls to acquire the self-reliance which is of service in an older community, where life is fuller of vicissitudes and the struggle for existence is far keener.—*The New Dominion.*

A GRATEFUL FARMER.—A thrifty German farmer in Kansas wanted a second wife. The ladies of Kansas were unsatisfactory, so he sent, says the Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial, to a friend in that city and asked him in a brief, business-like letter to hunt him up a wife in the smoky city. His friend happened to be acquainted with a comely German maiden who was anxious to be married, and pressed the suit of the applicant in that quarter. He sent a photograph of the lady to the Kansas man, who wrote back that he was entirely satisfied with her appearance and to send her on by next train. He enclosed fare for her. The lady boarded the first train, and arrived in Kansas several weeks ago. She was met by the expectant farmer, and in a few hours they were joined in wedlock. The sequel of the story is that the Pittsburg friend, who was a driver for a gentleman in that city, received a letter from the Kansas man, stating that he was so pleased with his wife that he desired to reward his friend for securing the prize for him. Enclosed was a deed for a fine tract of land in Kansas, and the driver has gone out there to settle down.

☞ "'Tis said that absence conquers love," quoted a husdand, in writing home to his wife, from whom he had been some time away. "I hope, dear, it won't be so in your case."

"Oh, no," she replied in her next letter, "the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

He had to take it thus ambiguously, as he was afraid to risk asking an explanation.

IKE AND THE MULE.

(*Little Rock Gazette.*)

Old Isaac Saunders has just been arraigned before the court on a charge of embezzling a mule from the Church. Ike had been assigned to circuit work by the conference, but had failed to adhere to his letter of acceptance. In fact, he refused to preach after making way with the mule, and the three churches that alternately were to receive food from him combined and had him arrested. After the examination of several witnesses a colored lawyer for the defense arose and said:

"De parson has de law all on his side, because he ploys a lawyer and de church don't. Dat am a powerful factor in his resemblance. An' now I ax de Jedge ob dis court ter let de prisoner go. I don't make long speeches, bnt I comes down to de pint. Dis man ain't guilty no more no I was las' year when da dited me for stealin' a hog. Dis am convincin', and de Court can't step aroun' it."

The Justice, also a colored man, pondered a long time, and at length said:

"De attorney hab stated one fack. De 'fense hab got all de law fur de uder side haint 'ployed no lawyer. An' I'll state right heah dat some powerful arguments will be needed to vict dis preacher, unless he can't show why he 'bezzled de mule."

One of the church members arose and told how Ike had disappointed the church people by not coming, and how after coming he had startled them by failing to account for the church property.

Ike being called on for a statement arose and said:

"I tuck charge ob dat circuit in good faith, but when da fotch me out a mule ter ride 'my faith commence ter suffer wid de rheumatiz. Dar is two classes of niggers, de mule haters and de mule lubers. I'ss always been a mule hater. Well, las' Sunday mornin' I tuck my himbook, my testamint an' mounted de mule, paratory fer de holy work. Ob all things in dis worl I think dat de mule is de unfittenist for gospel work. You can run a groun' hog thrasher and think 'bout David and Abraham, but yer can't run a mule in de same connection. I rid along a piece an' commence ter frame my openin' prar. 'Lord,' I sez, 'we thank thee fer thy goodness'— de mule stopped in de middle ob de road an' looked aroun' at me quirinly. I kicked him an' continued. 'Lord, de craps ob de pas' year hab reminded us ob thy—' 'De mule begin to lif' up his back. 'Steady,' sez I. 'An', Lord, we is—' 'Whoa, sez I, but it was too late, fer de mule had flung me. Den I cussed an' damned dat mule till his har must hab been all kivered with sulphur. I got on him agin. He went on putty well for a while. Jes' as I hed 'bout got my prar half finished, we cum to de creek. He tucked his head down like he wanted ter drink, an' jes as I was drawin' a long breaf, he flung me inter de creek. I los' all my 'ligion right dar, an' when I walked up ter de church, I wan't no more fitten ter preach den de debil would a ben. Course I sold de mule an' got de money fore I got to de church, but yer needn't ax me what I done wid hit, 'case I lost it on de road, an' I reckon yer'le find it an' my 'ligion somewhar down in de bottoms."

Ike was honorably discharged.

OUT OF SORTS.

Some people are always "out of sorts." The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men awhile ago a farmer, who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said, "Mr. N——, this will be good for your grass crops."

"Yes perhaps; but it is bad for the corn and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop."

A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said: "Fine sun for your corn, sir."

"Yes, pretty fair; but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather."

Again on a cold morning I met my neighbor, and said: "This must be capital weather for rye, Mr. N——".

"Yes; but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass.—They want heat to bring them forward."

The world is full of such Complainers. They keep society in a ferment. Every one that comes in contact with them is made unhappy. Their faces are long, their spirits are sour, their words are doleful.—With such people everything is "out of sorts." Whether the weather is hot or cold, dry or wet, whether the sun shines or is obscured by clouds; under all circumstances there is the same gloomy outcry. If the weather is good for the corn, it is bad for the wheat; if it is good for the wheat it is bad for the rye. Thus they drag through their lot Complaining, and nothing that God can do for them, nor the whole realm of his providence, renders them at all comfortable.

☞ "Professor," said a cheeky Soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" and the stern professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded: "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them;" thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of cribs.

☞ "Beg pardon, sir! But, I've just caught these two young rascals making a slide in front of your door-step, and they say as you gave 'em permission."

"It's quite correct; I did, policeman. The fact is, I expect my mother-in-law to luncheon."

☞ A young man who went to Leadville about six weeks ago writes cheerfully back to his friends: "I have gained three pounds since I came here, and gained it all in half-ounce installments. Haven't been shot in the head yet."

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

Pastors in large cities say they were never before so often asked by church members: May I go to the theatre? the opera? etc., though not a few go without asking, it is said. Similar inquiries, involving the question of indulgencies that "the world" claims as its own, and spiritual Christians have very generally kept clear of, are not uncommon in places of all sizes. Well, now, if one's heart is in such places, perhaps the rest of him may as well go with it. But in that case why not avoid his church membership? Two masters are one too many for successful service. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," were foretold as among the signs of "perilous times" that should come. Are they already here?

We are reminded of a convert, a lawyer of strong sense and ability, afterwards Governor of one of the New England States, who had been fond of certain kinds of amusements, particularly the opera, in which line he was no mere critic. When the matter of joining the church came up, his former associates, in a congregation that looked leniently on such amusements, rallied around him and urged him to remain with them, where he could "go on unquestioned very much in the old way, and yet stand well in the church." "Ah," he replied, "you urge as arguments for staying with you the very considerations that lead me to another church. When my heart covenanted with Christ, it meant a changed life. My Saviour demands that change. I need it. And I need the watch and care of those Christian brethren to help me hold to my covenant I shall go with them." He went, and still "holds true."

Instead of forever debating how near to Satan's kingdom one may go unharmed, is it not safer and every way wiser, to see how near to Christ one may habitually live; and by cultivating a taste for better things, easily settle these questions that else may come up through life.

SHE RENEWED.

One of the sanitary police was the other day wondering over a box full of dead cats in an alley off Seventh street when he heard oaths and yells and the sounds of conflict in a house near by. As he entered the yard a man and woman burst open the side door and rolled down the steps in a heap, kicking and clawing with right good will.

"What is the trouble here?" asked the officer, as he pulled them apart.

"There, I'm glad you happened along!" exclaimed the man as he jumped up. "The old woman and me have had a dispute for the last ten or fifteen years as to when Christopher Columbus discovered America. Maybe you know."

"It was in 1492," replied the officer.

"Just what I said—just the date I had!" cried the husband as he danced around. "Now then, old woman, will you give up?"

"Never!"

"You won't?"

"Not an inch! I said 1490, and I had your neck across the edge of the step! We agreed not to bite or scratch, and I prefer to renew the conflict rather than to take a stranger's figures! Come in the house!"

The officer waited at the gate until he heard two chairs smashed down and a dozen yells, and he resumed his rounds with a growing conviction that Columbus would be ultimately two years ahead in that house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HEAVEN.

How soon we shall get there no one can tell. The stars of this very night may light our way to that beautiful home. Or we may mount up on the light of the next dewy morning or tread on the golden clouds of to-morrow's quiet eve. We may spread our pinions on the shivering winds of the coming winter, or rise to Heaven on the fragrance of the blooming spring. No one knows. But life will end, and we shall soon reach our home.

How we shall go is quite a mystery. No one has come back to tell the story. We may be ferried across the dark river, or led through a shadowed valley. Dazzled with a blaze of distant glory, and guided by its down-falling light we may rise up through trackless space alone, or we may be borne aloft on the shining wings of mighty angels, or on flaming chariots of fire. It does not matter. We shall go by the fountain of blood; by the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. This much we know, that God will provide for our ascension.

How we shall feel is yet unknown. When washing the sleep from our eyes in the river of life, and lifting our faces up towards the throne of God, the light of Heaven bursts in upon our souls; when we are filled and thrilled with the melody of angel harps; when we are surrounded by an atmosphere of love and a boundless sea of glory, when with the royal dignity of redeemed manhood we come into the company of kings and priests, and into the presence of God, we cannot tell how we will feel. How we shall feel when we take a crown on the brow and a sceptre in the hand, is one of the revelations of future experience. But we shall be full of bliss, deep, overwhelming and eternal. And this is enough for us to know. Heaven—what a weight of glory in a word! How divinely precious, since Jesus prepared it. The measure of God's love, the fullness of His glory! O, who would not go to Heaven?

IN the light of eternity we shall see that what we desired would have been fatal to us, and that what we would have avoided was essential to our well being.

ALCOHOLIC liquors used in New York city cost twice as much as the bread, and the use of tobacco costs more than all of the churches and schools, and yet the people complain of sickness, hard times, and poverty.

All Sorts of Clippings

Time is on the March.

A hen's prayer—Now I lay.

How much cold can a bare bear bear?

Hope without an object cannot live.

A God alone can comprehend a God.

Leadville is overrun with bankers—faro.

A maiden effort—attempt to catch a beau.

A corner in starch—the stiff end of a shirt band.

A new concern: Where are the spring clothes to come from?

'I might dynamite not,' is the constant thought of the unhappy Czar.

Whoever learns to stand alone must learn to fall alone.

He that can compose himself, is wiser than he that composes books.

Favors of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

We are apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us.

Love is a weapon that will conquer men when other weapons fail.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know my merit is not sufficient.

Base natures joy to see hard hap happen to them they deem happy.

It is something to be good; but it is far finer to be good for something.

Art must anchor in nature, or it is the sport of every breath of folly.

There are now 700 men on the Boston police force.

No, Rebecca; you do not cook beef on a cattle range.

A watch's tick records time; a drum's tick beats time.

It is hard to fool castoroil—that is it is hard to take it in.

San Antonia is rapidly becoming the great wool market of Texas.

West Texas doctors now speak of that section as the health belt.

Those much spoken of voices in the air are nothing but wind.

There are 224 distinct railroad companies in Great Britain.

Virginia has now 2,491 schools, instructing 108,074 pupils.

Jug Corners is the name of a hamlet in Allegany county, Mich.

Guilford county, N. C., kills and sells 200,000 rabbits annually.

Trusting to chants. Expecting to get to heaven by singing.

Good temper is like a sunny day—shedding brightness on everything.

A man died in Ireland last year aged 106, who left a daughter fifteen years old.

Railroad projects are now heard of everywhere from Maine to California.

An advertisement in the newspaper is worth two on the side of an old shed.

You can't make a horse drink; but if he will not eat you can put a bit in his mouth.

The men who advertise all the year around walk off with the lion's share of trade.

The work of building steel bridges in Pittsburgh for the West is rapidly becoming a great feature.

Statistics show that every thirty-eighth person in the United States has a carriage in which to ride.

In the public schools of Mississippi there are more colored than white children.

As a rule mankind finds it more blessed to give than to receive a practical joke.

A project to rebuild Carthage upon the site of the ancient city is before the Bey of Tunis.

An equestrian statue of General Jackson will be erected by the Nashville lovers of old hickory.

Gracefully arched eyebrows, says the Boston Courier, are beauty's triumphal arches.

Speaking of a wealthy editor, suggests the existence of a hot icicle, only the latter is more probable.

This world without woman, lovely woman—would be like a blank sheet of paper—not even ruled.

Mrs. Partington says Ike has bought a horse so spirituous that it always goes off on a decanter.

Brooklyn is to be heated by steam. Heretofore it has been kept warm by ministerial scandals.

The watering season is approaching, and many a worthy family is utterly destitute of bathing suits.

Many men who claim to be square have altogether too many corners about them for a parallelogram.

He that speaks the truth will find himself in sufficiently dramatic situations.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.

Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearers the strife ceaseth.

No evil propensity of the heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear.

The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.

To succeed, one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.

The mirage of falsehood is oft mistaken for the verdant valley of truth.

Gray hairs seem to my fancy like the light of a soft moon, silvering over the evening of life.

When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways for escaping from its bonds.

People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might bestow in behalf of their neighbors.

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