The Chestertown Transcript.

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A COMPLETE RENEWAL

IN OUR STOCK OF

CLOTHING.

NEW GOODS—BOUGHT FOR CASH—MADE UP BEFORE THE ADVANCE AND OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC AT PRICES FROM

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LESS THAN PRESENT COST OF MANUFACTURE—PREPARED BY

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THE LEADING AND POPULAR CLOTHIERS OF PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE

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FINE NEW YORK

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—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

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White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

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CARPETS! CARPETS!

Rugs, Rugs!

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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.

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

B.R.HILLMAN & CO.

CLOTHING

No 166

WEST BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Select Poetry.

THE VISION.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

[From Macmillan's Magazine.]

I sat within my glad home, and round about me played
Four children in their merriment, and happy noises made;
Beside me sat their mother in her loveliness and light,
I ne'er saw any like her, save in some vision bright.

It was in life's young morning that our hearts together grew,
Beneath its sparkling sunlight, and in its sweeping dew;
And the sorrows and the joys of a twelve years' changeful life
Had drawn more closely to me my own, my blessed wife.

Then at our door One knocked, and we rose to let Him in,
For the night was wild and stormy, and to turn Him thence were sin;
With a "Peace be to this household," His shelterers He blest,
And sat Him down among us like some expected guest.

The childrens' noise was hushed, the mother softly spoke,
And my inmost spirit thrilled with the thoughts which in me woke;
For it seemed like other days within my memory stored,
Like Mamre's tented plain, or Emmaus's evening board.

His form was veiled from us, His mantle was not raised,
But we felt that eyes of tenderness and love upon us gazed;
His lips we saw not moving, but a deep and inward tone
Spake like thunder's distant voices unto each of us alone:

"Full often ye have called Me, and bid Me to your home,
And I have listened to your words, and at your prayers am come,
And now my voice is strange to you, and 'Wherefore art Thou here?'
Your throbbing hearts are asking, with struggling hope and fear.

"It was My love which shielded your helpless infant days,
It was my care which guided you through all life's dangerous ways.
I joined your hearts together, I blessed your marriage vow;
Then trust and be not fearful, though My ways seem bitter now."

We spake no word of answer, nor said He any more,
But, as one about to leave us, He passed to the door,
Then ere He crossed the threshold He beckoned with His hand
That she who sat beside me should come at His command.

Then rose that wife and mother and went into the night,
She followed at His bidding, and was hidden from our sight;
And though my heart was breaking, I strove my will to bow,
For I saw His hands were pierced and thorns had torn His brow.

Cold-blooded Plants.

There are some plants that can live only in cold, wet soils, while there are others that can flourish in wet soil or dry soil, and be about equally at home in either. All forms of vegetation found in our swamps and marshes partake of one or the other of these characteristics—the last named kinds are in the greatest number, perhaps. There are many trees that can live in either wet or dry soil, such, for instance, as the magnolias, the willows, the gums, the hollies, the poplars, the cottonwoods, some of the pines, and so on through quite a long list; while the herbaceous plants of this particular character are in still larger numbers. Of agricultural plants of this kind, rice is an example in point. It will grow in a soil of ordinary character, in respect to moisture—in the upland cotton soils, or even the dry pine barrens. It flourishes admirably in the tide swamps of the coast, where the land is under water for weeks at a time during its growth; and it succeeds in fields which are flooded from the time of planting to that of harvesting. But the number of plants which possess this character, while it appears to be large, is really small compared with the kinds which cannot live in cold and soggy soils. It would seem that rice and the other swamp plants fill the place in the vegetable kingdom that snakes, lizards and frogs fill among animals—they are the cold-blooded growths.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.—Boards are sold by Superficial Measure.

A Firkin of butter is 56 lbs.
A Tub of butter is 84 lbs.
A Bale of cotton in Egypt is 90 lbs.
A Commercial Bale in America is 400 lbs.
A Pack of wool is 240 lbs.
A Tod of wool is 28 lbs.
A Wey of wool is 182 lbs.
Two Weys of wool are a sack.
A Clove of wool is 7 lbs.
A Ton of hay is 2,000 or 2,240 lbs., according to custom.
A Bale of hay is 300 lbs.
A Cube of a solid mow of hay 19 feet square weighs a ton.
A Chaldron of coal is 36 bushels.
A heaped bushel of Anthracite coal weighs 80 lbs.
A Cord of wood is 128 solid feet.

IT takes a while to get used to woman's ways. When a young husband steals up behind his wife while she stands at her dressing-case, and suddenly bends forward and prints an unexpected kiss on her lips, he gains the knowledge that a woman holds about 197 pins in her mouth when she is dressing.

"I think the turkey has the advantage of you, sir," said the jocular landlady to the inexperienced young gentleman boarder who was attempting to do the carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age."

Blue eyes are said to be true. We don't know how this is, but certainly there are many lies told about black eyes.

Select Story.

DALTON'S SWEETHEART.

A STORY THAT MANY WILL ENJOY.

"Have you named it?" she asked peeping at him from beneath her sunhat.

"Yes," he answered, gazing at her as she leaned back against the old gnarled tree, with a daisy in her pretty hand.

A sunbeam peeped through the branches over their heads, and kissed a little golden curl that had strayed from the keeping of the picturesque rough hat; kissed the sweet brown eyes making them laugh and dance; kissed a merry little mouth, and at last rested on the fair daisy, the child of the sunbeams.

"I wonder who you have named it, Mr. Dalton? Will you tell me afterward?"

"If the daisy is wise and has the number of petals I wish," he said, with a look which made Ethel Clifford drop her eyes quickly as one by one he threw the snowy petals into her lap, whispering softly, "Friendship, love indifference and hate."

One by one he picked up the little telltale things, picked them up with such a lingering touch, and held them in his firm hand; for was not the daisy his—dear little type of whose name it bore.

Meanwhile the sunbeam peeped at him and lighted a manly, honest face, that only half revealed the chivalrous spirit and concentration of thought and aim that made Edward Dalton the true man that he was.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton, I know you'll be pleased, it's friendship!" said Ethel, with a frank smile.

A shadow passed over his face.

"But I am not, Miss Ethel."

"Not," she cried, growing earnest. "Oh, why not? Don't you feel that friendship means a life-long trust?"

"Your words make me feel deeply that I am not satisfied with the flower's decree, for I named the daisy Ethel."

A deep sigh heaved from the sympathetic heart through the quivering little lips.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton," she cried, "I am so sorry."

"Why, Ethel?" he sadly asked.

"Because—because I am so fond of you; I love so very much to be with you, and I long so much that we should be as the daisy says—friends."

"But don't you feel, deep down in your heart, that even your beautiful picture of friendship is cold? Add to it the flooding sunshine of love, and you know what I give you and what I ask for in return."

But the answer was almost a sob.

"Oh, Mr. Dalton, I am so very sorry."

"Think of it prayerfully one little moment, dear heart. God grant you, do you know yourself?"

The little head fell for a moment on the clasped hands. Then she raised her true, brown eyes with a beseeching glance, and simply, gently said, "only friendship."

The manly, brave face was turned away, but Edward Dalton folded a little hand in one of his, while he whispered:

"God bless you, child, Good-bye!"

The to-days quickly turned into yesterdays, and Ethel Clifford's life was happy—altogether happy.

She felt that she had been true to her own heart that June morning when Edward Dalton had said "Dood-bye!" for surely it was not love that she had felt for him, not the deep, burning love that she had dreamed of in her woman's fancies, so she put him away with a sigh for his sorrow, and lived on her happy, busy little life. But, as the months rolled by, a shadow fell on her happy heart; she knew not what it meant, and plunged deeper into the pleasures and duties of her life, but the shadow grew into craving, as shadows often will.

One sunny June day, as she was rambling in the fields, she came unexpectedly to the spot where a year before Edward Dalton had told her the story of his love. She had ever avoided the spot since then. She did not know why. But there she was and so she lingered. She looked down on the fresh, green grass and started, but she only saw a daisy near an old gnarled tree, looking up at her with its innocent face. She stooped and picked it, and a tear shone on it as she put it in her breast for it had shone her that the shadow on her heart was love, the great craving was what she had put from her a year ago.

A few nights after Ethel Clifford stood before the mirror, restlessly putting the finishing touches to a ravishing toilette, smiling at her pretty self as she carelessly tucked a bunch of daisies in her belt. She looked down at them a moment, hesitated, selected one from the bunch, counted the petals, and pouting rejected it; then another, till, smiling, she kissed one, and nestled it under the bow at her neck. Oh, a rare little schemer was Ethel Clifford.

An excited, expectant look made her fair face more bewitching than its wont. Edward Dalton was to be among the guests at the lawn party. He had returned from his foreign journeyings, and Ethel had not seen him since—since that long-ago time.

She greeted him with, cordial dignity, but there was only time for a greeting.

The evening wore on and he did not come to her. Had the old love died in his heart, and must her's ache on through a life of time? Such thoughts made the sweet face sad, as Ethel rested a moment in a shadowy corner of the deserted conservatory. Sad only for a moment; for the voice she loved to hear said gently:

"It seems like the sunshine to see you again, Ethel."

"And I am heartily glad to see you again, Mr. Dalton," she said softly.

Surely her tell-tale voice had told him all! But no, he only bowed courteously, and said:

"Thank you," very simply.

"And you will be contented now to stay at home, Mr. Dalton, will you not?" she timidly asked.

A shadow came over his face.

"I had hoped so," he said sadly, "but I am not brave; I must flee again; a bunch of field daisies has unmanned me;" and he gazed wistfully at the bunch in her belt.

If he were not brave now, it was her place to be so. So her true hand tremblingly pulled the little daisy from her throat, the true voice wavering said:

"I put it there for you: read it."

"Friendship, love, indifference, hate," the manly voice murmured, and the last white leaf fluttered to the ground at the word "love."

One look into the true brown eyes, on whose lashes a tear-drop trembled, and he clasped her to his heart, and kissed the tears away, whispering:

"Thank God, sweetheart."

OUT OF BUTTER.

"Here comes Robby from Sleepy Hollow, with a load of butter. We're short, arn't we, Jones?"

"Yes, all gone but the bad lot, and they are all crying for something good."

Robby, from his wagon—"Mr. Nipper I've got some butter for you."

Nipper is busy and does not seem to hear.

"Hello there, Nipper; come and see this butter!"

Nipper slowly closes his order book, directs the delivery boy to hop around with the codfish, shifts a yellow ham, near the door from one peg to another, cocks his stove pipe hat on the back of his bald-head, thrusts a thumb in each armhole of his vest, and shuffles slowly toward the street, as though about to squint at the state of the weather.

"Why, Robby, what ye got there?"

"Butter, Mr. Nipper."

"Butter, hey? Now if ye had eggs I might buy. Butter's dull, Robby; the town's full of butter."

"Is that so? Daisy heard as it had gone up."

"Gone up—well, yes; gone up the spout; Dick, take them turnips to Richfinger," turning away.

"Won't you look at this lot, Mr. Nipper?"

"Robby, we're full. Jones was jest sayin' he couldn't store another tub. The town's glutted, Robby; and heaps of it spoiling in New York and no buyers."

"But, this is an extra fine lot, from the best feet of the pasture with the spring brook in it, where ye use to catch trout, Mr. Nipper; and Daisy made it with her own hands."

"Yes, yes, but it looks salvy like—worked too much—no texture you see, and full of buttermilk; won't keep, Robby, won't keep. Then it lacks the gilted edged tone and flavor. What do you ask for it?"

"Well, Daisy thought as how she orter hev fifteen cents."

"Too high; can't buy; good mornin'."

"See here, Nipper; what'll ye give?"

"Robby, if I give ye ten cents for that butter, Jones will be as mad as a boiled lobster—Jones will swear and make things lively. But you're an old friend, and I'm goin' to do it and take the consequences."

"Richfinger, come this way; I can show you an awful nice lot of butter; there it is. That's what I call elegant; made by Daisy Buttercup, the neatest and prettiest girl in the country. I used to spark her mother before she married.—She's dead now; old friends, ye see, and can't help dealin.' Look at the color—there's dandelions and buttercups; look at the texture—as free from salve as snowflakes, and if ye find a hair or bug I'll make ye a present of it. Smell of it—I dare say ye can scent the clover blossoms. Taste it; notice the tone, the mellowness, the aroma—equal to cream candy any time. What do ye think of it, Richfinger?"

"What's the price, Nipper?"

"Twenty-five cents to an old customer."

"Pretty high, isn't it?"

"That depends on what ye're buyin.' Grease is grease, and butter is butter. If ye want grease I can sell for less; but if ye want the best grade, the gilt-edged, the gold-leaf, as it were, June butter—butter that will keep, mind ye, ye might go further and fare worse. Let me tell ye that butter is on the rise; the town is cleared out, and them New York chaps are out lookin' up round lots. That means a foreign demand, and great scarcity, sir—great scarcity."

☞ Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning in autumn, Father Searl brought his breeches down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scripture to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with great glee to the ministers.

☞ A Dakota father, tending a six-months-old crying baby, gave it a tract which a colporteur had left, and the baby chewed it all to pieces in three minutes. Then he gave it a pack of cards to play with on the floor. In a moment it picked out the ace of spades, looked up and smiled.

ABOUT NORWAY.

Not a land flowing with milk and honey; not a land with olive-yards and vineyards, of southern skies and effeminate luxuriance, of Spanish dances and Italian serenades, of soft intrigues and quick revenges that wait upon life itself. Not a land of fragrant breezes, where the nightingale sings to his mate, while the moon with her train of satellites in stately dignity rises in the dark blue dome, bathing the earth in a silvery flood, the while lovers pace romantic ruins washed by a broad flowing Rhine, or a sterner Danube, or linger in the bowers on the banks of the soft blue waters of a Moselle; lovers whose lips are silent for a bliss that is filling their hearts with an emotion for which an eternity would be too short, and life, alas, often proves but too long. Not this. But a land of eternal snows, whose mountain-tops are fraught with a mystery of a silence that is never broken, where the foot of man never falls; of gigantic icebergs, of rushing streams, of grand waterfalls, and cataracts that seem to increase and multiply as you progress through the country. A land which owes everything to nature and nothing to man; where ruins are not, and the nightingale's song is unheard, and bowers of roses may be read about, but scarcely seen. A land scantily peopled, but peopled by men and women honest and fearless, simple and genuine, frank and hospitable—until a day will come when mixture with the world which seeks them more and more year by year, may give the faults of that world, and take from them their best heritage—a single eye, a simple faith, an uprightness of purpose rare as beautiful after six thousand years of leveling. A land where railroads are scarce, and traveling is long and laborious, but very pleasant. A land not hampered by the refined luxury of the age, the squandering of wealth in pomp and vanity, purple and fine linen; but a land of stern realities, where wealth is rare, and each man's inheritance is labor and toil. A land with bright bracing air; a coast iron-bound and full of wonders. A land that reminds us in a measure of that city that hath no foundations, where there is "no night;" for here during some portion of the year, the sun never sets, and darkness falls not.—*Argosy.*

HOME EDUCATION.

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greatest punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

GIVE HIM YOUR EYE.—Looking at the preacher encourages him to believe you are attending to and are interested in what he says.

If it would be uncourteous not to look at a person holding a conversation with you, is it less so to avert the eyes from the preacher while he is addrrssing you?

As a teacher of the most momentous of all truth he has a right to every testimony you can give him of your interest in what he preaches, and looking at him is of those testimonies.

Look at the preacher, because your good example will aid in recalling the wandering eyes of others, rebuke their inattention, and restore their lost sense of propriety.

Looking at the preacher is eminently favorable to keeping up the mind's attention to his message. The eye helps the ear; and both help to fixedness of thought upon what is uttered.

DID IT AT LAST.—An old Virginia (Nev.) stage driver says that he has been more exasperated and chagrined at his failure to run down a hog than by being robbed by road agents. He says he has gone with a rush down a steep grade with a five-ton stage, and six in-hand after a hog, and just at the moment when he expected to catch the flying grunter under the forewheel, he would lurch to one side with a grunt of satisfaction at his escape. He never succeeded in running down a hog except in one instance. In that case the hog had just succeeded in dodging a train of cars coming out of a tunnel, and was too much startled to escape him. He ran it down, but upset his stage and killed two passengers, besides maiming two for life.

☞ A defaulting county treasurer in Iowa excused his conduct on the ground that he had dreamed he must take $8,000 and buy certain lands, and that he was a believer in dreams. He didn't have to dream that he was sent to State prison.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HARD TO SWALLOW.

Foreigners who come to this country have generally heard the praises of the American oyster sounded long before their advent, and are, as a rule, anxious to test its merits at the earliest possible moment. They used to tell of a Frenchman, who, within an hour after landing, was seated in a well known down town oyster saloon, with a dozen huge "saddle rocks" before him. By dissecting them with his knife and fork, he had managed to swallow two or three of the smallest ones, when a native came in, seated himself opposite him at the table and attacked a dozen of particularly large and fat oysters. American fashion. The Frechman looked in astonishment as they disappeared one by one, and leaning forward said hurriedly:

"You schwallow them whole?"

"Certaitly," said his companion, making away with another large one.

"And you schwallow heem whole?" persisted the Frenchman, pointing to a mammoth specimen on his own plate.

"Certainly," said the American, "pass it over here."

The plate was pushed across the table, and the Amrican, after a due application of lemon juice, took it down at a gulp.

"Mon dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "I never did see. I try to schwallow heem one, two, three time; every time I sphit heem back."

The feelings of the American need not be described.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

In one of our sleeping cars in America there was an old batchelor who was annoyed by the continued crying of a child and the ineffectual attempts of the father to quiet.—Pulling aside the curtain, and putting out his head, he said:

"Where is the mother of that child? Why doesn't she stop this nuisance?"

The father answered very quietly:

"The mother is in the baggage car in her coffin; I am traveling home with the baby. This is the second night I have been with the child, and the little creature is worrying for its mother. I am sorry if its plaintive cries disturb any one in this car."

"Wait a minute," said the old bachelor. The old man got up and dressed himself, and compelled the father to lie down and sleep, while he took the babe himself. That old bachelor stilling the cry of the babe all night was a hero. And the man who, for the sake of others, gives up a lawful gratification in his own house or in the social circle, is as great a hero as though he stood upon the battle field.

☞ Here is an amusing bit of ecclesiastical tit-for-tat. The young men were chums and intimate friends in college, one became a Baptist minister, the other an Episcopalian. They did not meet again for years. When they did, it was in the pulpit of the Baptist, for whom the Episcopalian preached to the great satisfaction of the congregation. Sermon over, the two divines ducked their heads behind the breastwork of the preaching desk and held the following soliloquy:

"Fine sermon, Tom; much obliged. Sorry I can't repay your kindness for preaching by asking you to stay to our communion. Can't though, you know, because you have never been baptized."

"Oh, don't concern yourself about that, Jim. I couldn't receive the communion at your hands, as you have never been ordained."

☞ Beauty of face and figure, however we may worship it, is a transitory possession. It has no guarantee of permanency. A fever may destroy the brilliancy of a complexion, or attack of rheumatism may distort the finest-formed limbs and give a crook to the most artistic shape. It is when only personal beauty is united with graces of the mind, that it can be said to outlast the flight of years. The roses on the cheek may fade, and the form may stoop with mortal infirmities, but the charms of wit and imagination, and the virtues which have illustrated a life, will still give a bloom to the countenance and hold their worshippers to the mortal end. Then it may be said with truth of the beautiful woman:

'Age cannot wither her,
Nor custom stale her infinite variety.'

TIT FOR TAT.—Mr. C—— was pastor of a Baptist church in a certain town in one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the State prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverned gentleman chose for his text the following words "I go to prepare a place for you, that *where I am, there ye may be also.*"

☞ Two boys, surrounded by five or six others, sat on the grass on Ledyard street and played cards.—A citizen, who knows that card-playing leads into the broad road to wickedness, halted and said to one of the players:

"Ah! my boy, don't you know that you are in a fair way to be ruined?"

"I am, eh!" replied the youngster as he held up his hand of cards and showed four trumps and an ace; "you just hold on here a minute, and if I don't show you that the other boy is all wrenched to pieces and ruined to death, I'll eat the jack of spades and cut my throat with the jack of clubs!"

He was taking every "trick" as the citizen passed on.

All Sorts of Clippings

Hope is grief's best music.

Hear first; speak afterwards.

In order to learn, we must attend.

Idle people have the most labor.

Be just, but trust not every one.

Envy waits at virtue's elbow.

Great gifts make beggars bold.

Great qualities make great men.

A faithful friend is a strong defence.

Anger and haste hinder good counsel.

Better are small fish than an empty dish.

Conduct and courage lead to honor.

Dependence is a poor trade to follow.

Despair blunts the edge of industry.

Exalt wisdom, and she will exalt thee.

Friendship is stronger than kindred.

Fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

Judge not men or things at first sight.

Jests, like sweetness, have often sour sauce.

Keep good company, and be one of the number.

Knowledge of ourselves requires great penetration.

Learning refines and elevates the mind.

Love and lordship like no fellowship.

Mildness governs better than anger.

Meditation is the fountain of discourse.

Never sport with pain or poverty.

No sorrow is so great but time lessen it.

For prosperity: Look in the dictionary.

Very dark colors continue stylish.

Spanish lace is the fancy of the moment.

A horse shoe never brings good luck to a foraging hen.

The proper dress material for farmers' wives—gros grain.

We fear that much poetry is inspired, rather than inspired.

Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.

Be graceful if you can, but if you can't be graceful, be true.

There is a scarcity of oak timber among car manufacturers.

The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.

Pride hath two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are.

Act well at the moment and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

A belle at a late London party wore a light silk dress and black stockings.

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their object than love.

Speech is noble only when, like honest money, it represents the gold of thought.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

Every man throws on to his surroundings the sunshine or the shadow that exists in his own soul.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.

A fresh patch on the seat of a boy's trowsers is "something new under the son."

Edwin Booth only goes into society for his daughter's sake; he doesn't care for it.

Some ladies of fashion are cutting up their camel-hair shawls to make dresses of.

A meteor lately fell near a Rowan, N. C., church while a funeral was being held in it.

It is said that the grain syndicate is now strong enough to control $100,000,000.

If you sweep your own doorsteps clean you will have little time to criticise those of your neighbor.

The rhetoric of pretense is never to be compared with the stern logic of honest living.

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

What's the use of a sea captain telling the truth on shore, when his vessel is lying in the stream?

There is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.

Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends to become an end of itself, and so to bridge over the loneliness of life.

Life is a sort of defeat of all we intend. The only and great consolation is that it is no defeat of what God intends in us and by us.

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in explanation of our gusts and storms.

When the Indian question shall have been solved, then will there be hope for the unpuzzling of the fifteen puzzle.

Curiously as many people think the world is made, it is nevertheless true that in the long run simple honesty has a better chance than craft and cunning.

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