The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, TURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 47.

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Style! Durability!

Finish! Cheapness!

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOY'S, and CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS fitted up with NEW FRESH GOODS, carefully made, and of latest designs, which we sell at REDUCED PRICES; having bought and manufactured our entire SPRING STOCK before the recent advance in the prices of raw material and skilled labor.

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Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.

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

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THE LEADING AND POPULAR CLOTHIERS OF PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE

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FOR THE BEST AND CHEAPEST CLOTHING CALL AT THE

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FINE NEW YORK

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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,

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

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104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

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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.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD & BOYER.

Prompt and polite attention shown to al customers. Feb. 12, 1880.

If you want CHOICE PERFUMES,

Nice Colognes, Hair Oils, Hair Dyes, Soaps, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, and Dentrifices, go to the Corner Drug Store, kept by

C. F. STAM,

Where you will get the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices. July 31, 1879.

Written for the Transcript.

NELLIE'S REFUSAL,

AND

WHAT CAME OF IT.

A True Story,

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"Why, Harry, what has brought you home so early?" said Nellie Cheston, as she looked up at her husband in surprise, to encounter his handsome face all aglow with pleasant anticipation.

"Why, Nellie," answered he, imprinting a kiss upon her lips, "I came early to give you time to make a charming toilette for the theatre. Sheridan plays Louis XI. to-night, and I want so much to see him, and I am sure you will enjoy it too.—Don't you remember how crazy you use to be to see him before we were married? Tom Hargraves and Lew Bradford are going to take their wives, and we all have secured seats just where you like to sit;" and his words rolled out like a school-boy's when he is making excuses for being late, and the result is doubtful.

"Come now Nellie, dear," continued he, "don't put on that kind of a look to wet-blanket a fellow; you really need recreation. You have not been outside the door since baby was sick three weeks a ago, and you are positively looking pale and careworn. Get ready like a good girl, and we will just have a good time."

"Oh, I couldn't think of going to the theatre and leaving the children all the evening, Harry," said Nellie, as soon as she could get a word in. "I have never done such a thing, and if any thing should happen during my absence I could never forgive myself. Besides, I don't care for the theatre now; much as I used to like it, and since baby has been sick my sewing is behind. Mabel needs a great many things for the spring and summer, and you know I like to make everything for my little darlings myself; so if I wanted ever so much to go, I really haven't the time."

Harry was good natured, as every feature of his face indicated, but a slight twitching at the corners of the mouth showed that he was unusually disturbed.

But his wife, like all extremists, could only see one side of the question, and therefore did not seem to realize that her husband had feelings that might possibly be hurt for want of sympathy.

"Now, Nellie," said Harry, after a pause, in a tone not habitual to him, "this is all sheer nonsense. What is likely to happen to the children? You know Eliza is just as kind to them as any one can be, and if you would be better satisfied, I will go over after mother, and she will gladly come and stay with them until we return. Only yesterday she was saying you made yourself a perfect slave to your children. I have really set my heart on your going with me to-night, I am tired going out without you, and don't enjoy it. Only think how much we used to enjoy the first year of our married life. We had pleasant evening company, and returned many visits that were enjoyable to us. Amusement was part of our being, and I was the happiest fellow alive, but since Mable was born, company has been to you a bore, and your going out is a thing almost unheard of. I am sure I love the children as well as you do, but I can't see why they need deprive us of all social intercourse with mankind."

"Dear me, Harry," said his wife, in a tone of irritation, "one would think to hear you talk, that it was quite a crime for a mother to be devoted to her children. I should think if you really cared for your wife and children, you could find your pleasure at home, I am sure I can, and as I don't want to go to the theatre, I am not going.

"Well don't," said Harry, as he hastily left the room, and the door closed with a decided bang.

Half an hour later, Eliza, the housemaid, came up to know if Mrs. Cheston would have supper.

"Is Mr. Cheston ready for supper?" asked she.

"Mr. Cheston has gone out, ma'am, and said you need not wait for him, he would not be back."

What was it that made her start, "not be back." But how foolish she was. Harry was out of temper because she would'nt go to the theatre; but he would be all right when he came home. And then she remembered once or twice of late when he came home he was'nt all right, for she was sure she detected the smell of liquor on his breath.

"I will come down to supper directly," she said, dismissing Eliza. But she still sat where Harry had left her, until the shades of evening had fallen around her. She was not altogether satisfied with herself, and she could not help asking herself the question—"had she done right?"

Harry had been uniformerly kind to her, and exceedingly indulgent, ever since she had been his wife.—But he was blessed with a cheerful temperament, and enjoyed life with a will. As already mentioned, during the first year of their married life, their house was ever open to their friends, nowhere could you find a more comfortable or a happier home. Nellie had withdrawn herself alike from company and amusement, and devoted her time exclusively to the care of little Mabel. And a little fairy she was, blue eyed and golden haired, and for a time Harry was content to spend all his evenings at home, generally reading, while Nellie stitched away on the most delicate fabrics, with which to clothe her little idol.

After a while he began to tire of the monotony of quiet evenings at home, and time and again urged his wife to accompany him to some place of amusement, or spend a social evening with a friend, but no amount of entreaty could induce her to return to the old life. And now that another darling claimed her attention, she entirely lost sight of the fact, that her husband might possibly have some claims upon her companionship.

After a while, Nellie took little Mabel in her arms and went down to supper, but try as she would she could not eat. Harry had never left her before in anger, and she thought she would give all she possessed, except her children, to have his beloved face opposite to her just now at the table. Even little Mabel's questions remained unanswered, so abstracted had the mother become, and after a vain attempt to throw off her sad forebodings, she returned to the nursery to prepare her little ones for bed.

For a time this labor of love occupied her thoughts, but when they were both snugly tucked away for the night, and the work-basket was again brought out, Nellie was again busy with thinking of her husband. Where was he? Was he still angry with her? How much she wished she had gone with him, but she would wait up until his return, and tell him how sorry she was, and she would be so different in the future. Never had she loved her husband with such intense love as at that moment. Oh, if he would only come home early. How dreary and silent everything seemed around her; and thus she wept and waited. Eleven o'clock struck, then twelve, surely he would come soon now. One o'clock! She walked the floor, almost tempted to go out and seek him. She went to the bed where her little ones were sleeping, and rained tears of anguish over them. What if he should never return! The thought was maddening.

But hark, there are voices at the door, a key is inserted in the night latch. Oh joy! And Nellie flies down the stairway in her eagerness to be once more reconciled to her husband.

But oh horror, could that be him that was being brought in between Tom Hargraves and Lew Bradford? Nellie, half frantic with terror, eagerly looked from one to the other for an explanation, but as neither spoke the truth flashed across her. Her husband was helplessly intoxicated. It was found impossible to get him up stairs, and he was laid on the sofa in the parlor, for the remainder of the night, and Nellie returned to her babes to pass the hours until morning, and grieve over her folly that had driven her husband out from home, to seek his pleasures in the wine cup.

From this night dated his ruin. No amount of pleading on the part of Nellie could restrain him. Night after night he came reeling home from scenes of debauchery. His business was neglected, and finally his position was taken from him, for being one of great trust, of course he could not fill it with ability.

To Nellie and the children he was cross, sometimes almost cruel. Step by step he sank in the social scale, until finally his friends gave him over as hopeless, and utter ruin stared them in the face. Their beautiful home had been swept away, and Nellie was forced to provide for herself and children as best she could. Still she clung to him with the tenacity of a drowning man to a straw, for she could never forget that she herself had wrought his ruin. She had driven him from her, and though her heart should break, she must bear it to the bitter end.

* * * * * * *

"Why, Nellie, asleep at your post? Wake up and go to sleep right," and the cheery voice of Harry Cheston broke the stillness of the midnight hour.

Nellie opened her eyes and gazed around in amazement, the next moment her arms were around her husband's neck, and she sobbed aloud as though her poor heart would break.

"Why, Nellie, darling, what is the matter; has anything happened? Are the children sick? what has thrown you into such a state of excitement?"

But she could only cling to him the closer, and for some time was totally unable to speak. When she could command her voice, she sobbed out:

"Oh, Harry, can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you for what, darling? I know of nothing to forgive. On the contrary, I ought to be ashamed to have left you alone so much, and I will try to do better in the future. The truth is, Nellie, I was out of patience when I left you, for I wanted you so much to go with me, and I should have gone I hardly know where, if I had not seen my mother at the window as I passed the house, and she beckoned me to come in.—She quickly perceived there was something wrong with me, and, forgive me, Nellie, for the first time I told her of the only cloud that had ever darkened our marrid life. Sister Julia immediately came to the rescue, by offering to accompany me, although to do so she was obliged to break an engagement with her betrothed. But, Nellie, dear, I did not enjoy the play, for all the time I was thinking of you."

Nellie having become somewhat calm, it was now her turn to explain.

"Harry," said she, "my dear husband, I can never make you understand all that I have passed through in this one evening. A life time of misery has been crowded into a few short hours, and now heaven bear me witness while I record a vow, never again while I live will I ever refuse to share with you any reasonable enjoyment." And she then told him how miserable she had been when she realized that he had left her in anger, how the supper had been left untasted, and the care of her idolized children had failed to relieve her mind of sad forebodings. Her fingers had absolutely refused to fashion the little garments, and she had fallen asleep, as he said, "at her post."

And then the fearful dream was told, the recital of which caused her tears to flow afresh. Indeed, after retiring, so much impressed was she, that she feared to go to sleep, lest the dream should prove a reality, and the reality a dream.

Several years have passed since that never-to-be-forgotten night, and four children claim Nellie's care and attention, and although she still takes pleasure in adorning them with the work of her own hands and contributing in every way to their comfort and happiness, she finds equal enjoyment in endeavoring to make home the happiest spot on earth for her husband, and in so doing finds her own happiness enhanced a thousand fold.

DICKEN'S CHARACTERS.

Charles Dickens possessed the faculty in a rare degree of life-like delineation, and to his tireless hand he found convenient a multitude of fellow-creatures of every conceivable shade and shape among the millions walking in London. Many, if not most, of his characters were sketched from the life, and only colored enough to bring out their strong traits in beautiful harmony or ridiculous and garring contrast to suit the situation. The Marchioness was a real person, an orphan girl from the Chatham Work-house, who waited upon the Dickens family in the Marshalsea. "Boz" barrowed her and put her bodily into the "Old Curiosity Shop." Captain Cuttle was one David Maitland, master of a merchantman, whom Dickens met it 1842. Five years later he was booked in "Dombey and Son." Mr. Dombey was a Mr. Thos. Chapman, ship-owner, whose place of business was opposite the sign of the Wooden Midshipman, in Leadenhall street. Stephen Hale, part clerk, part messenger in Mr. Chapman's office, was converted *in propria persona* into Perch, the trusty messenger of the commercial house of Dombey & Son. Old Sol Gills was photographed from a little fellow named Norie, who kept a small shop in Leadenhall street.

When Dickens was a law reporter about the courts he fell in love with a pretty, thoughtless little thing, and wanted her to be his wife; but the suit was thwarted, and a half-healed scar was all that was left of the old and painful wound. Perhaps it would have been better for Charles Dickens if she had married him. Many years after he wrote of this marked episode in his life: "Just as I can never open that book as I open any other book, I cannot see the face, even at four-and forty, or hear the voice without going wandering away over the ashes of all that youth and hope in the wildest manner." He had made of his lost love the dear little child-wife, Dora, in "David Copperfield." Tommy Traddles is supposed to have been a reality in the person of Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, an old and intimate friend of the author. And Samuel Pickwick, Esq., is said to have been a certain John Forster, of Richmond, a fat old beau, who would persist in wearing, despite all protest, drab tights and black gaiters of a fashion long defunct. Sam Weller was a famous fighting cabman of his day, well known, nay, too well known, to the quiet citizens of London,

THE COLONELS OF VIRGINIA.

There are two orders of Virginia colonels, says a Richmond paper—those who acquire their titles by service in arms, and those who have them by common consent. The latter in the main, hold their commissions under newspaper appointment. Your average newspaper man will promote a citizen between two suns through all the grades of military service. When our late Governor (Governor Walker) was organizing the armies of Virginia by creating a few major and brigadier generals on a peace footing, the correspondent of some foreign journal telegraph to his paper: "Governor Walker has just appointed five hundred new colonels; all the other Virginians have titles."

The Virginia colonel—him we mean who holds by newspaper tenure—is a valuable addition to our society. He has an undying confidence in the capabilities of Virginia. He will tell you: "We have the water power, sir; we have brain-power; we have mineral resources; but what we lack is capital, sir—we lack capital." And sitting on the top of a ten-rail fence, picturing the glory that will come to Virginia "when she has capital, sir," or riding all day at a tournament, he sighs that the "country is going to ruin because the niggers won't work."

☞ A curiously pathetic little story comes from Ohio. Dr. Frank Bledson and wife, of Brownstown, separated fourteen years ago, and the wife procured a divorce, retaining their two little girls. The doctor soon marrid again, and his second wife, after bearing him five sons, died. Then a correspondence sprang up between the doctor and his former wife, which resulted in a renewal of the old love, and a promise of remarriage. They met and the plighted faith was renewed, the doctor promising to be kind and loving to Mrs. Bledson and her children, but told her that she must likewise be a mother to his five boys. She indignantly said, "Never!"—The doctor took the train to join his five boys, while Mrs. Bledson took her two girls and returned to her home in Brownstown.

☞ Tommy had always been accustomed to say his prayers under his mother's direction, but one night he was left to attend to it himself.—When his mother saw him next morning, he said, "Mamma, I guess I'll say my prayers by myself after this. It makes me feel better acquainted with God, and I can tell him things better when you ain't listenin'." Tommy is still living.

FUN AND SENTIMENT.—Show us a man who has a lively vein of humor in his composition, and we will show you a man who is full of sentiment, whose heart is tender and sympathetic, and who is ever ready to lend a helping hand to a fellow traveler on life's highway. Humor, sentiment and charity are the three golden links that bind the paragraphic fraternity together.

JEFFERSON'S MANNERS.

When Jefferson became President he carried his simple manners and tastes into official life. He determined that his inauguration as chief officer of the republic should be as free from display as possible. Dressed in plain black clothes, he rode on horseback to the old capitol, without guard or servant, dismounted without assistance, and hitched his horse to the fence. On the steps he was met by a number of friends, who accompanied him to the Senate chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address. During the administration of General Washington and John Adams the sessions of Congress had been opened in a style similar to that by which the English sovereign opens parliament.—The President, accompanied by a large escort on horseback, drove in state to the capitol. Taking his seat in the Senate chamber, and the House of Representatives being summoned, he read his address. Mr. Jefferson, to whom such ceremonies were distasteful, swept them all away by one act. He sent a written message to Congress, which was read to both houses by their respective clerks and that practice has been observed ever since. Against one of his reforms, however, the ladies of Washington rose up *en masse*. Mr. Jefferson, disliking the levees which had been held at the White House, abolished them. He established two public days for the reception of company—the first of January and the fourth of July. On other days he was at home to all others who came on business or out of courtesy. Many of the Washington ladies, indignant at their social pleasures being thus curtailed, determined to force the President to hold the customary levees. On the usual levee day they resorted in full dress to the White House. The President was out taking a ride on horseback. On his return he saw that the public rooms were filled with elegantly dressed ladies. At once devining the plot, he appeared before the fair guests booted and spurred and covered with dust. So courteous was his reception of them, and so graceful his manners, that the ladies went away delighted with the President, but chagrined with themselves. They felt that they had been guilty of a rudeness in visiting a guest who did not expect them.—It was their last attempt to break through the rules of Jefferson's household.—*Youth's Companion.*

HEALTH IN MIDDLE AGE.

At the age of thirty-five, says a writer in the *Family Doctor*, mankind, according to some eminent authorities, is said to have reached the meridian of life, while others name forty as the number of years of our earthly existence. But be this as it may, no one who has taken the ordinary means to preserve his health in youth and early manhood should feel other than young at the age of forty-five, from which period until that of sixty, if life be spared to us, we shall do well to consider ourselves middle-aged, and to adopt greater precautions for the preservation of health and consequent happiness than might have been deemed necessary when youth was on our side. And if this is done, the period of middle age should be one of the greatest activity, of both body and mind. What though the hairs are turning gray? that but shows one has suffered and survived it, or that sorrow apart, he is a man who thinks. And what though the limbs be not quite so nimble? Calm enjoyments foster thought and generate habits of that true temperance which conduce to long life and contentment more than anything else in the world, and whatever some may say to the contrary I maintain that the desire to live long is inherent in every healthy sane man or woman. To die of old age is the only natural death, and if death may ever be said to be pleasant, the only pleasant one. Though younger than some of my professional brethern still in harness, I have nevertheless seen death in very many shapes and forms, and in almost every case I have found the aged more resigned to the inevitable than those less advanced in years. For a well-spent life is like a well-spent day; at its close there is a wish for a rest.

MOTHER NEVER TOLD A LIE.

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had feelings of kindness strongly delevoped, went to ask him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," he said.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose bright eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God sent for father, and little brother," he said, "and took them up to His home in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said:

"Mother never told a lie, sir, but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales.

☞ The Paris Figaro says: "A woman passes by on horseback.—The Frenchman stops and looks at the woman. The Englishman stops and looks at the horse. And the American he looks at both without stopping."

☞ When you bury an old animosity never mind putting up tombstones.

THE CONQUEST OF THE MULE.

From an illustrated article by Ernest Ingersoll on "Rocky Mountain Mules," in SCRIBNER for April.

The western pack-mule is small, sinewy, and, like old Joey Bagstock, "tough, sir, tough! but de-e-vlish sly!" Most of them are bred from Indian ponies and are born on the open plains. Having previously been lassoed and branded, when three years old they are driven (or inveigled) into a corral and exhibited as *bronchos*. An untamed horse is a model of gentleness beside them. Sometimes they are accustomed at once to the saddle by one of those wonderful riders who can stick on the back of anything that runs, and more rarely they are broken to harness; but ordinarily their backs are trained to bear the pack, which is generally the only practicable method of transporting freight through these rugged mountains.

The first time the pack-saddles are put on, the excitement may be imagined. The green mule, strong in his youth, having been adroitly "roped" or lassoed, is led into an open space, stepping timidly, but not seeing any cause for alarm, quietly; before he understands what it all means, he finds that a noose of the rawhide lariat about his neck has been slipped over his nose, and discovers that his tormentors have an advantage. He pulls, shakes his head, stands upright on opposite ends, but all to no avail. The harder he pulls, the tighter the noose pinches his nostrils, so at last he comes down and keeps still. Then a man approaches slowly and circumspectly, holding behind him a leather blinder which he seeks to slip over the mule's eyes. But two long ears stand in the way, and the first touch of the leather is the signal for two jumps—one by the beast and one by the man, for packers are wise enough in their day and generation to fight shy of the business end of a mule. The next attempt is less a matter of caution and more of strength, and here the animal has so much advantage that often it must be lassoed again and thrown to the ground.

It is a fine sight to witness the indignation of such a fellow. He falls heavily, yet holds his head high and essays to rise. But his fore-feet are manacled by ropes and his head is fast. Yet he will shake almost free, get upon his hind-feet, stand straight up and dash down with all his weight in futile efforts for liberty. Secured with more ropes, allowed but three legs to stand upon and cursed frightfully, he *must* submit, though he never does it with good grace. It is not always, however, that this extremity is resorted to. Some animals make little resistance while the strange thing is being put upon their backs and the fastenings adjusted—all but one; but when an effort is made to put that institution called a crupper under a young mule's tail, language fails to express the character of the kicking! The light heels describe an arc from the ground to ten feet above it and then strike out at a tangent. They cut through the air like whip-lashes and would penetrate an impediment like bullets. But even mule-flesh tires. Strategy wins. The crupper is gained and the first hard pull made upon the *sinch* (as the girth is termed), which holds firmly every hair-breadth, and will finally crease the contour of the mule's belly into the semblance of Cupid's bow. But this one pull suffices to set him springing again—bucking, now, with arched back and head between his knees, landing on stiff legs to jar his burden off, or falling full weight on his side and rolling over to scrape it free. He will sit on his haunches and hurl himself backward; will duck his head and turn a somersault; finally will stand still, trembling with anger and exhanstion, and let you lead him away, conquered.

WHAT NOT TO KILL.—The French Minister of Agriculture has done a good deed in causing a placard to be posted which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes. It tells farmers, sportsmen, boys and others what creatures not to kill, as follows:

Toad—Farm assistant; he destroys twenty to thirty insects per hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole—Is continually destroying grubs, larvæ, palmer-worms and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Don't kill the mole.

Birds—Each Department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them vigorously. They are the great caterpillar killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests.

☞ "'Pears to me you've got a putty slim fire, Mirandy," said a spindling youth the other night, as he sat in front of the fire by the side of a buxom young girl who had no earthly use for him. "Yes," said she, as she wickedly looked at the floor behind him, "it is about all you and the fire can do between you to get up a respectable shadow."

☞ "Luke had it before Paul; Paul had it behind; boys never had it; girls have it but once; and Mrs. Mulligan has it twice in the same place." This is a queer kind of riddle; but then there's nothing about it. The answer is simply the letter "L."

☞ Mrs. Kite became convinced that her husband was in love with her sister, who lived with them at Grayson, Va. She sent for her two brothers to take her away, and they came for that purpose. Her husband said nothing in opposition, but in the night, while the brothers were sleeping, he killed them with an axe.

☞ A colored Methodist pastor at St. Helena, La., was accused of stealing bacon, and his presiding elder deposed him; but the congregation stuck by him loyally, drove his successor out of the pulpit with knives, clubs, and pistols, and finally burned the church.

All Sorts of Clippings

Baby mine—a little one for a cent.

Cream colors will be worn again.

Acorn on the tree is worth two on the toe.

Problem—which is the butt end of a goat?

The way to get over a culinary difficulty is to Bridget.

No one objects when his tailor threatens to give him fits.

There are 25,000 English women in India.

The next February with five Sundays in it will be in 1920.

One Boston firm has cleared $100,000 in leather since September.

A Baltimore couple have had 19 children in 18 years.

The game of cricket has been a divertion for more than 500 years.

In the north of England a habit of ether imbibing is said to prevail.

An old wiseacre—decayed wisdom tooth.

Men who drink usually suck seed—cardamon seed.

Tea-green shades are among new colors.

Light tan is the newest shade in kid gloves.

New neckties are of Persian silk edged with lace.

Oriental designs prevail in new spring goods.

New grenadines are brocaded and in lace-like patterns.

Hasty people drink the nector of existence scalding hot.

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

The moustache is above talking, but not above thinking.

Gloves last the longest with the lady who has a diamond ring.

Cried the corpulent Britisher, "What makes me so stout?" and echo answered, "Stout!"

It is fortunate for kings and emperors that there are no Yankee Nihilists.

Of English farmers, 477 were bankrupt in 1877, 816 in '78 and 1,431 in '79.

The Vassar College girl who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler is convalescent.

Song of the coin clippers: "Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch a hole in the trade dollaire."

The mosquito almost always succeeds in getting a speech from the person it honors with a serenade.

The man who hauls a hand-organ around on a cart should serenade Mr. Nast. He likes cart-tunes.

Trying to get a bashful young lady at a party to give you a song, is in one respect a please-sing matter.

It is one thing to behave like a gentleman and quite another thing to be a gentleman and need not to try.

On seeing a house being white-washed, a small boy of three asked, "man, if you please, are you shaving that house?"

Music hath charms to soothe the savage. This is why we occasionally see a cross dog with a brass band around his neck.

The Cincinnati Odd Fellows have contracted for a $200,000 monument over their unknown dead at Spring Grove Cemetery.

Yes, the homœopathists are right. Like does cure like. Look at the fish. After being in salt water all his life, salt is given to cure him.

The fifteen car manufacturing establishments of the United States turned out last year 37,320 pieces of rolling stock.

It cost nearly $500,000 to light the city of New York last year. There are 23,136 public lamps and 861 miles of gas mains in the city.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property which it is certainly very unpleasant to find depreciated.

Cheerfulness always makes the mind clearer, gives tone to the thoughts and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

Misunderstandings are frequently the cause of numberless discussions that often should be rectified with kindness.

By observation and experiment alone can the mind of man arrive at a knowledge of the laws which rule the universe.

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web, and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

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

Man's vital energies are sustained and developed by present work—they cannot be nourished with draughts of the future.

It is estimated that nearly $36,000,000,000 were paid during the year 1879 through the 22 clearing houses of the United States.

A Mr. Harel, one of the richest men in Rouen, recently died, leaving his entire fortune of several millions of francs to his valet.

Mr. William Morris, of Greenock, Scotland, has made a discovery by which he can photograph underneath the water at a depth of ten fathoms.

The difference between a man who digs in the ground and one who digs in books is that the former digs for hire and the latter for lore.

Elegant dressing slippers are of black satin, lined with red silk and decorated with black velvet bows with gold or steel buckles.

It is very much the same with popping corn as with popping the question. It is usually accompanied by some agitation and a good deal of warmth.

In a recent charge to the jury, Judge Ewing of Alleghany county, had occasion to pass upon the value of dogs, which he thought about ten cents a dozen for fertilizing material.

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