The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, TURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 48.

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.

Examine and you will Buy

C. OEHM & SON'S

SPRING CLOTHING!

IN PREFERENCE TO ALL OTHERS FOR

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.

GREAT BARGAINS

In All of Our Deprtmaents.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Samples and Self-Measurements will be sent free on application.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.

230 W. Pratt Street, } *Adjoining Citizens Bank.*
55 Hanover Street, }

April 1, 1880.

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

25 to 30 per cent.

LESS THAN PRESENT COST OF MANUFACTURE—PREPARED BY

A. C. YATES & CO.

THE LEADING AND POPULAR CLOTHIERS OF PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE

1880. Spring and Summer. 1880.

FOR THE BEST AND CHEAPEST CLOTHING CALL AT THE

LEDGER BUILDING, Chestnut & Sixth Streets,

THE FINEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

SAMPLES TO BE SEEN AT OUR AGENTS, W. WILDS, JR., & CO., CLAYTON, DEL.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

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 all ustomers. Feb. 12, 1880.

Apple, Peach and Pear Trees.

The Ground Must and Shall be Cleared to Make Room for Young Stock.

30,000 Peach Trees from $22 to $40 per 1,000!
25,000 Apple Trees $7 per 100 to $65 per 1,000!
6,000 Standard Pear Trees (mainly Bartlett) $18 per 100; 2,000 Dwarf Pear trees $18 per 100.
A lot of Ornamental Trees and other Nursery Stock equally low.

All from fresh blocks of my last planting; just come of saleable size, never having been culled or dug over before, and are of the best and most popular varieties. This is the last chance you will have to buy reliable trees, of the best kinds, at less than half the usual prices. I am about to enlarge my Nursery, and need and must have the use of the ground, is my reason for quoting such very low prices.

Write for Catalogue. Come and see the trees. I know I can sell to you.

Two Horses, 1 Alderney or Durham Bull, and one light double-seated Carriage, (second-hand will answer) taken in exchange.

N. BARNARD,
STILL POND P. O. or Station,
March 4, 1880. Kent county. Md.

RAMBO LIME.

LAST year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this Quarry that the Limestone came which gave this Lime its high reputation.

This, and this only, is the
GENUINE RAMBO LIME.

I own ALL of the land on which this stone lies. This Quarry was discontinued only because a vein of earth cut off the face. I have cut through this and re-opened these Quarries upon the original stone which old Nathan Rambo quarried as long as he could find it.

WE CHALLENGE ALL TESTS.

R. McCOY & CO.

Robert McCoy bought of me my Blue Quarry—I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the blue stone worked by my father in his lifetime.

NATHAN RAMBO.

This Lime will be shipped by railroad or water to all stations and landings in Maryland and Delaware. For Prices and Terms apply to

B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown.
Office Under Voshell House.

April 1, 1880-ly

FOR a good fitting and superior Shirt, try the PEARL—at STAFFORD'S.

BONES! BONES!—Highest cash price paid for raw bones, at KENNARD & CO'S.

Select Story.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

BY BELL BLOSSOM.

On a sunny October day, according to instructions I had received from the officers of the railroad company, I handed the engineer of Engine No. 32 a letter from his chief requesting that I accompany him upon the engine, as a better post for the observations along the rails I had been commanded to make.

After reading it, he touched his hat, and respectfully bade be welcome, arranging as comfortable a seat for me as he could well provide for the long ride which lay before us.

It was a novel experience for me, and a highly exciting one, as we seemed to cleave the air, the train thundering along behind us; and I could but look admiringly at the man, who stood so unflinchingly at his post, and in whose hand lay in reality all our lives.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose keen gray eye never stirred from his post, either to right or left, but whose cheery laugh often rang out on the clear morning air as we chatted together.

By noon we had become friends, at which hour we stopped at a small station, where there was a delay of twenty minutes, to take on coal or water. As we slowed up, I noticed standing on the platform a young woman, holding a neatly covered basket, and clinging to her skirts a little child, some three years of age.

"Papa! papa!" the little one screamed, in delight; and, glancing at my companion's face, I needed not to question if he were the one thus called.

Another moment, and we had stopped, and wife and child were pressed to his breast, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept into his eyes.

"My wife and child, sir," he said, turning to me. "I have only one day in a week off with them; but Mary always meets me here with my dinner, and now and then I get an hour or two with her."

"It is a hard life," I said. "You must miss them sorely."

"No matter where I am, sir," he replied, "they are with me. I hear the little one's voice above the loudest wind, and I see my Mary's smile in the darkest night, although I stand alone on my engine, with my life in my hand. It's a hard life, maybe, sir, but I ought not to complain. It gave me my happiness, since it won me my wife."

When we were on our way again, and I had seen the tears fill the wife's bright blue eyes, as she fondly kissed her husband good-by, while I had slipped into the little one's chubby hand a golden gift from the strange gentleman riding with papa, I asked my companion what he meant.

"I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, and there's not many as I'd care to tell. You read so many book stories of the people who make up *your* world, that you don't have much time to look *down* to mine.—There are some people who think such as we have no time to love, but you have seen Mary and my boy, and—You will tell me if I tire you?

"I was a careless fellow enough six years ago, not neglecting my work when at my post, but fond of a good time with my companions when off duty, always ready to accept a friendly glass, and sometimes with my head not quite steady when I mounted my engine, though the air always set me right before we had gone far on our way.

"One evening, at a dance, I met Mary Morton. She was the prettiest girl in the room, sir, and a little bit of a coquet in those days, though no more than was natural, with all the young fellows trying their best to turn her head.

"I was not long behind the rest. I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, but it did not take me a great while to find out the truth of the matter. I had lost my heart. The only question was, would she turn me adrift, or give me hers for that she had stolen? It was many a week before I got up my courage enough to determine to ask her to be my wife.—Every moment off duty I would spend with her, until I grew to fancy she used to watch and wait for my coming.

"But I was not without my jealous hours, for all that. How did I know how she spent the time, I was so constantly away from her?

"At last I heard of another dance to be given on the night I would be off duty. I could not see Mary until then, but I felt sure she would know I would come for her, and would go with no one else.

"But, when the evening arrived, I found, when I called for her, that she had already gone. Perhaps, sir, in your rank of life, you know, too, what it is to be jealous, and how many a man destroys his future happiness by it.

"My first words to Mary were those of reproach, while her smile at my entrance died away and her face grew white.

"I did not know you were coming, John. How could I?"

"'You might have waited, then!' I exclaimed.

"'And stayed at home, herhaps, to have had you laugh at me, with the rest. Besides, I am quite satisfied with my escort, and believe I am the only person to be consulted in the matter.'

"'As you will,' I said, turning on my heel, muttering the word 'Coquet!' between my teeth, and unheeding the little, pleading glance she sent from time to time across the room to where I stood.

"She was not without pride, and if she suffered from my coldness, she only smiled the brighter on others, until I grew mad with jealous anger. That night began a series of dissipations with which I employed every leisure moment. Idrank more deeply than I had ever done in my life—not as before, for so called good will and good fellowship, but to drown memory.

"I did not go near Mary for a month. To me it seemed a year.—Once, after a night's carousal, I passed her on the street; but not until long after did I learn of the bitter tears my haggard face and dissipated air had cost her. Finally, my better nature triumphed, and I went to her, repentent, to ask her forgivenss, and perhaps her love.

"On a long, lonely night ride I made up my mind to this, though like a thousand maddening devils, memories of the moments I had spent in the last few weeks crowded around me, as though taunting me in contrast to her purity; but with God's help I would make myself worthy, I said aloud, and though the hours would never drag along, until I could find myself once more in her presence. She came in to see me, holding out her hand with a sweet smile of welcome, as though we had parted only yesterday, and yet—and yet there was a change. Ah, I learned it all too soon! In those first few moments, I told her the story of my life for the past few months, of what it had been before I knew her—of what it should be if she would give me the assurance and promise of her love. Then I paused. For a moment silence fell between us; then she spoke. A bright flush was in her cheek, her lips trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her voice faltered not.

"'John,' she said, 'I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must *be* a man. Perhaps I might have loved you'—here a little tremble crept into her tone—'*but* I have *almost* ceased to respect you. Were you my husband, I should fear for you, and fear and love cannot go hand in hand.'

"'Stop!' I said. 'Do you want to drive me back to the life I had hoped to have left behind me? Oh, Mary, do not be cruel! Be my wife, and let me prove the stuff that is in me.'

"'No, John,' she answered, softly; but the blue eyes she now raised to mine were swimming in tears. 'If you have seen the wrong, you surely will not return to it. Rather, if you indeed love me, *prove yourself* a man. It does not take a battle field to make a hero.'

"'Prove yourself a man!' These were the words that haunted me in the weeks that followed, saving me from the ruin I would else have drifted into, but torturing me with their hopelessness. What hope had I in my routine of duty of changing Mary's mind? Yet spite of her words, something in her eye had told me that she loved me, and that something gave me strength to live, and to withstand the daily temptations of my life.

"So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express train to C——. We were going along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly, right ahead of us, it seemed, a tiny speck of red fluttered on the track.

"I strained my eyes—I blew my whistle. What could it be? Merciful heaven! Another instant it was made clear to me. It was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the huge monster of death my hand was guiding to its destruction.

"I whistled down breaks,' but, as I did so, knew that it was of no avail. Before the order could be obeyed, it would be rendered useless. Then something within me said:

"'Your life is worthless. Give it for that innocent life if it must be, but save it at peril of your own. Had you been a better man, you might have had a little child like that praying for you at home.'

"It takes a long time, sir, to tell all this, but in reality not one second had passed. At such times men think quickly. One bitter sigh rose in my breast. I would never have a chance of proving to Mary my manhood by some great deed in the future, or long years of penance. But it did not make my duty any the less clear. Bill, the fireman, was behind me.

"'Take the engine!' I screamed to him. 'Good-by, Mary!' I whisped to myself.

"The next minute, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I was down upon the cow-catcher of the train, clinging by one hand, the other outstretched to grasp the child, now paralyzed with terror.—Then we were upon it. It was killed, crushed, mangled. No! I looked down. It was safe held within one strong arm, its red dress fluttering in the wind, its golden head close pressed against my shoulder. How was it done? I cannot tell you, sir. God, they say, does not let the sparrow fall.

"Then the train checked its speed, stopped, the passengers came crowding about us, men grasped me by the hand, women cried over me, and I—stood *dazed*, *bewildered*, in their midst, the child, tight-held within my arms. It was such a simple thing; yet, sir, they gave me this." throwing back his coat, and showing a gold medal.

"I wear it in thanksgiving for the little life I saved. They raised for me a purse of gold to a large amount but the gift which seemed to cleanse my heart was the poor mother's grateful tears.

"The papers rang, next day, with the story. You see, sir, it seemed more to them, looking at it, than to me, who had no time to stop and think; but something more was in store for me. I was off duty the next night, alone in my lonely, desolate room, thinking it all over, when some one whispered my name. In another moment, some one was sobbing in my arms—some one who had come to me of her own sweet will—some one who, from that moment, has been the sunshine of my home and heart.

"That is all, sir. A simple story. I trust I have not tired you."

But I, as I grasped the noble fellow's hand, whose speech had so unconsciously betrayed the grand true heart within, could only echo *his Mary's words:* "It does not take a battle field to make a hero."

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

From the Episcopal Methodist.

We append an extract from a letter received a few days since from an intimate acquaintance sojourning for a year or two in this insular continent. He gives us an unfavorable account of the people, and an amusing description of some of the natural contrarieties and wonders of that remarkable country:

SYDNEY, N. S. W.,
Nov. 5, 1879.

DEAR ——:

* * * My impressions of Sydney are, that it is matchlessly beautiful in scenery and vile in morals. There is a great deal of brain, and vast wealth here, but the people are a swindling, frolicking set of knaves and sinners. Of course, there are prominent exceptions to this rule. I have met here some of the noblest, purest, and best men and women in the world.

* * * * * * *

We often ride over these grand ridges and watch around these beautiful waters which for lovely shore scenery cannot be matched on the globe.

You would be astonished to witness the luxury of living in this remote country. Some old squatters, who were sent out to Botany Bay years ago for crime, are now more fabulously rich than the petty princedoms of Germany. Within their dwellings are all the luxuries that exist in the most regal palaces of the Old World. You are amazed here at every step of your progress in Australia. I hope to see much of it before I finally leave this strange land. You have here in three of these colonies the greatest perversities of nature conceivable: birds without wings as large as deer, their bodies covered with hair instead of feathers; beasts with the beaks of birds; swans that are black and eagles white. Here ferns, nettles, and even grasses grow to the size and shape of trees. There are rivers running from the sea and lost in the interior swamps; trees that are ever green despite of frost and snow; extensive plains on which one tree, one soil, and one description of bird, fish, or animal, prevails alone for ten miles or for one hundred; where the North is the hot wind, the South the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and the fields are fenced with mahogany; where the kangaroo, an animal between the squirrel and the dear, has five claws on its fore paws and three talons on its hind legs like a bird, and yet hops on its tail; where the mole lays eggs and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird that has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; where there is a fish, one-half belonging to the genus squalus, the other to that of raia; and where the cherry grows with the stone outside. Certain birds have the head, form and plumage of the parrot, and the long, slender legs of the sea-gull, others, the legs and feet of the parrot, the head and neck made and colored like the common sea-gull, and the wings and tail of a hawk. There are trees bearing three different kinds of leaves: and others, bearing the leaf of the gum tree, with the gum exuding, and covered with bark of a different kind.—Now is not this a queer country?

THE LEADVILLE OF TO-DAY.

Two years ago a little tumbledown shanty or two stood on the site now occupied by Leadville, a city containing to-day nearly 40,000 inhabitants, and which, I do not hesitate to predict, will have 100,000 people before the end of another year. "Talk about the wonderful rise of San Francisco and other places," said Colonel Davis, "but think of Leadville in comparison with any of them, and you'll acknowledge that it must get the palm. With its fine banking concerns occupying elegant buildings, and doing a very large business; four daily newspapers—three Republican and one Democrat—not excelled in enterprise and general features by any other papers outside of Philadelphia and New York; several flourishing weekly journals; three first-class theatres; numerous fine churches, including Episcopal, Methodist and Roman Catholic; whole streets full of business structures that are the architectural equals of those in many of the large Eastern cities, and a fine postoffice building erected of brick and stone—it is already a city of no little importance. Except in the outskirts, it is not scattered like many other mining towns, but is compactly built up—more so than Harrisburg, of which, I think, it is the equal, if it does not go beyond that city in population. Nearly all the temporary wooden structures have already given place to substantial buildings of stone and brick. Any quantity of good bricks can be made there, suitable clay being found in the immediate vicinity."—*Phila. Times.*

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

Our distinctions do not lie in the places which we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week.

Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction.

No place, no company, no age, no person is temptation free. Let no man boast that he was never tempted; let him not be highminded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant wherein he boasteth that he was never tempted at all.

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us are troubled about a paralysis of the soul.

☞ "How far is it to Butler, if I keep straight on?"

"Wall, if you're goin' to keep straight on, it's about twenty-five thousand miles, but if you turn round 'tother way, it's about half a mile."

LUXURY.

Luxury is a very ambiguous term, and is so much a thing of circumstance, it changes its hue in every different aspect. In Ireland, the accompaniment of salt to a potato is a luxury. Among the Cossacks, a clean shirt is more than a luxury—it is an effeminacy. 'If I were rich,' said a farmer boy, 'I would eat fat pudding, and ride all day on a gate;' and as small as his imaginative powers may appear, the luxuries of many of the great are not less strange or monotonous. Diogenes who prided himself on cutting his coat according to his cloth, placed his luxuries in "idleness and sunshine."—Alexander, who had something else to do with his time, probably thought this basking in the sun a very luxurious extravagance. Henry IV., of France, had one coach for himself and his queen; whereas, in our our happier days no reputable couple can dispense with a barouche, a cab, and if they be at their ease, they must add a pony phæton.

There is one point on which modern caprice has passed the bounds of enjoyment, and that is in the increase of superfluities, which of late years, have become necessaries in a well-furnished house. We, most of us, remember the time when one table, a pier-glass, a small detachment of chairs, with two armed corporals to command them, and the curtains pulled up and down with a cord, made a decent display in the best apartment.

Now, a library table that might dine a dozen of guests, with an inkstand as large as a pastry-cook's twelfth cake, are just and lawful.—An ornamental escritoire, ormolu clocks, Chinese beakers, porcelain figures, vases, flower-pots, stuffed birds, screens, albums, prints, caricatures novels, souvenirs, and folios must be allowed to the refinement of the times. Torsos, antiquities and statues are justified in usurping the elbow-room of living men and women.

The general charm of knick-knacks is unquestionable, and works of art afford amusement of the highest order, but when the inconvenience exceeds the utility, then so-called luxury becomes oppressive. —*Book Without a Name.*

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's and she could fry griddle cakes at ten years of age and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She never said "I can't" and "I don't want to" to her mother when asked to leave her play, or run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl-papers, or crimping-pins or had it "banged" over her forehead, and her flounces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown up women do now a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beaux before she was in her teens, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the art of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a good dinner.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgement was as good as her grandmother's.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her, and keep her, and raise up others like her.

☞ A lean, lank individual, wearing a grip-sack and his pants in his boots, entered a Cleveland hotel the other day and called for a "square meal." The clerk eyed the prospective guest for a few moments hesitatingly, when calling to mind the stories he used to read in Sunday-school books about millionnaries sailing around in the garb of hermits, he order a waiter to pilot "the man from the country" into the dining-room. Forty minutes later the individual again appeared in the office, looking comparatively more comfortable than before, and swaggering up to the desk he inquired:

"Young feller, I say there, how much am I in debt to this 'ere coffee house?"

"Your bill, sir, is $1," replied the clerk, "although if we had another boarder with your appetite at that price we'd be obliged to charge him $13 or become bankrupt in forty-eight hours."

"That's a little high, that is, but I'll tell you what I will do," said the man with an appetite, assuming a confidential air and drawing closer to the desk. "My proposition," he continued, "is just this: you knock off half and I'll knock off the other half and we'll call it square."

The clerk ran for his cane, but the man with the grip-sack was already a passenger on a stone train bound for Berea.

The farmer turns the furrow
With a careless unconcern;
And—
The farmess works the handle
Of the big, old-fashioned churn.

Their son sorts out the 'taters
For plantin', in the cellar;
While—
Their daughter on the back porch
Is talkin' to her feller.

SPRING HINTS FOR GARDENERS.

Now borrow your neighbor's wheelbarrow. It is best to be prompt. Get possession of it ere he can make the excuse that it is in use; then let him bide your time in returning it.

In burning trash be careful not to let the fire melt the ice in the shady corner of your garden. Ice will command a good price next summer.

Invest your winter savings in seeds. Any seedsman will tell you that this is good advice.

About this time your neighbor's hens are engaged in kindling strife between you and him. They'll bring you both to the scratch shortly.

At this time of year the premises about your house look like the scene of a desperate battle or a Sunday school picnic.

In trimming trees remember G. Washington's example, and don't lie about it.

As you look at your ash heap you are overpowered by the thought that the heat secured from coal is ridiculously small in comparison with its bulk.

Get your potatoes in early. The bugs will be along shortly, and they will be expecting something. Don't disappoint them.

The early gardener catcheth the catarrh. This is the only thing he is certain to get.

A fertilizer is good in proportion to the atrocity of its perfume. There is probably no greater pleasure in the suburban world than to sit by your window and listen to the maledictions that the passers by toss over your fence.

The squash-bug, that entering wedge of the insect world, will be glad that you bought those Hubbard and Marrowfat seeds. He will sit beneath the shadow of the broad leaves next summer and bless you while he fares most sumptuously every day.

In buying your tomato plants, plan it so that they will bear ripe fruit when you are on your vacation. Hens love tomatoes. Small boys will eat them if they can be stolen; not otherwise.

Get your peas in; never mind about anything further. If they don't come up, so much the better. You will be relieved of a world of trouble in the way of hoeing and sticking.

Bean poles should be cut flaring. The effect is picturesque.

Fork over your strawberry bed, and fork over half a dollar apiece for your strawberries in money and labor,

Now set out your newspaper cuttings.

To prevent your flower-seeds taking cold, wrap them in warm red flannel.

To be a true gardener, don't lose your patience.

Don't swear!

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—Bidwell L. Stevens writes from North Vernon, Indiana, "What is the Monroe doctrine?" The Monroe doctrine, Bidwell, simply and explicitly declares that no foreign nation shall come over here and slide down our cellar door; that England and France shall not hang on our front gate to do their courting; that they can't bring over their own syrup pots and elder sprouts and make sugar in our maple grove; that Germany and Austria can't spot no bee-tree in our woods; that Italy can't cut her firewood out of our hedge-rows; that Russia can't spank her neighbor's children with our butter paddle. The Monroe doctrine simply means that we are the bull of the woods between the two oceans, and that the man who joins farms with us on either side had better not move the boundary fence until he talks to us about it, and that he can't sub-let a patch of his farm to anybody until we are satisfied that the new tenant will make a good neighbor for us. That's about all there is of it.

SKATING WITH AN EMPRESS.—The artist Marshall, whose engravings of Lincoln, Wade Hampton and General Lee are familiar to many, has some pleasant reminiscenses of Louis Napoleon and the ex-Empress Eugenie, whom he met by accident in Paris. Marshall though, as he admits, a very ordinary skater in this country, astonished the Parisians by his performances on the ice in the Bois de Boulogne, and was invited to display his accomplishment at a private park of the Imperial Skating club. He made several turns with Eugenie and then pushed her about in an ice chair. He remembers her as the most charming woman he ever knew. She spoke English perfectly, in a sweet, clear voice of a medium pitch, with a dash of French vivacity accelerating her speech. Except for this she might have passed for an English-woman. Her beauty was perfect. A long oval face, with large eyes, brown and full of lustre. Her complexion was that of a perfect brunette, with the faintest blush of color in her cheeks. The expression of her mouth was perfectly lovely. It was scarcely that of a woman, but of a noble man. Still there was that gentle, sublime suggestion of generosity and nobility. The emperor was very kind to him, and he intended to get permission to paint his portait, but the death of Lincoln and his desire to execute his portrait brought him home and he never saw his imperial acquaintance again.

AN army officer is retired when he goes out of service, and a wheel is re-tired to go into service again. When a sheriff releases a prisoner he loses possession of him, and when he re-leases a house he re-gains possession of it, and this is a howling old language of ours, ain't it?

THE woman who can sit still and smilingly entertain a male visitor, perceiving all the time that he has succeeded in wriggling all the pins out of her new tidy, and is at that precious moment calmly sitting on it, and will be probably for the next hour, is sure of a reward in the next world, if she does not receive it in this.

All Sorts of Clippings

A drug-store is rhubarber's shop.
Nutmeg is narcotic.
Tobacco is rising in price.
Books are embalmed minds.
Envelopes were first used in 1839.
Marshal MacMahon is hard up.
Anæthesia was discovered in 1844.
A cool prospect—high prices for ice.
Beggars description—the story of a tramp.
Doesn't vocal profanity show mental poverty?
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
High pitch—that on the California pine trees.
The first air pump was made in 1854.
Cowley says the papers convicted him.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Scare Crow Gulch is a Dacotah town.
The first balloon ascent was made in 1782.
The lawyer's favorite pudding—Suet.
Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.
The "fifteen" boom is rapidly going West.
Women resemble flowers. They shut up when they sleep.
What this country needs is a weather prophet.
A new Ohio ball club is called "the nine spot."
England paid $12,500,000 for foreign eggs in 1878.
Immense garnet drops are to be worn in high society.
Sheet iron underwear would meet a felt want in Russia.
Tiled vestibule floors have become a necessity in New York.
Gray-mouse and yolk-of-eggs are fanciful new fashion-hues.
Queen Isabella dresses in bang-up style.
Pale blue heliotrope and mulberry combine prettily in an attire.
The making of antique furniture is one of the profitable trades.
The decadence of the button is noted by Paris fashion writers.
Fifteen is believed by the Buffalo Express to be a cipher dispatch.
The favorite poet of Cincinnati is Swine-dorne.
The latest Paris kids are buttonless and fastened by a bit of jewelry.
Men may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to men.
Knocking a friend down is a sure way of dropping an acquaintance.
An artist's views of a subject are not always the best.
When you bury an old animosity never mind putting up tombstones.
Stationery is no longer stationary. It's going up.
The days are growing longer, but they don't show that way on a note.
The Chinese are going from San Francisco faster than they are arriving there.
There's a new furniture fabric that is purposely given a moth-eaten look.
Paris annually consumes about six millions of crayfish, at a cost of $70,000.
The total debt of France, national and local, is estimated at $5,200,000,000.
He that pryeth into every cloud is likely to be stricken with a thunderbolt.
Deacon Kirkland, of Lackawanna, Pennsylvania, has eloped with a neighbor's wife.
The hen knows the man who robs her nest. She is always laying for him.
It is strongly suspected that it was Ananias who invented the circus poster.
It is taken for Granted that there is a wide difference between an ex-President and a next President.
The difference between an umbrella and a woman is, that you can sometimes shut an umbrella up.
It is better to give than to receive, but the plan will never be very popular in this country.
If poets are right the moon is the biggest kind of a bonanza, being a silver moon.
Professor Proctor can tell the age of a star and yet the softest kind of a gawk can fool him in a horse trade.
The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
The Philadelphia Press says 120,000 of the 160,000 houses in that city are under mortgage.
Subscriptions in aid of the fund to supply the women of Africa with spring bonnets may now be sent in.
Embroidered clocks on ladies' hose are the latest fashion. This will enable them to keep correct time in dancing.
When you have got through using your puzzles give them to the poor. We must get rid of the poor some way.
When a girl is 20 she feels very easy on that score; it is only when she scores another that she begins to wonder who invented wrinkles.
You may meet with twenty men in a day who stutter, but you never heard of a woman who had an impediment in her speech.
"Husband, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest, dear," was the uncivil answer.
The average public man cares nothing for the lies that may be told about him. It is the truth that cuts him to the quick.
There are two classes who do not bear prosperity—one of them being those who do not get a chance to bear it.
You can always tell a clerk in a dry goods store from the millionaire proprietor by the good clothes the clerk wears.

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