The Chestertown Transcript.

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

LUMBER.

Thomas Matthews & Son,

Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,

OPPOSITE THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, AND No. 88 NORTH HIGH ST., BALTIMORE.

White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PALES, etc.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

WRITE FOR PRICES.

Examine and you will Buy

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 Departments.

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.

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 attentio shown to al astomers. n b. 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—1y

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

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

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 42.

AN ACT to permit the shooting of wild fowl from sink boxes in certain parts of Sassafras River, in Cecil and Kent counties, west of a line drawn from Pond's Bar, on the Kent side, to Ordinary Point Bar, on the Cecil side.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That on and after the passage of this act, it shall be lawful for the bona fide citizens of Cecil and Kent counties to shoot wild fowl from sink boxes in the waters of the Sassafras River, in said counties, west of a line drawn from Pond's Bar, on the Kent side, to Ordinary Point Bar, on the Cecil side, from the first day of November in each year until the thirty-first day of March next succeeding on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, upon obtaining a license so to do, as provided in section two of this act; provided, that no shooting from sink boxes shall be allowed within one hundred yards of any shore or point on the Cecil side of said river, unless with the consent of the owner or tenant of said shore or point.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That the clerks of the circuit courts for Cecil and Kent counties shall respectively, upon application of any bona fide resident of Cecil or Kent counties, being the owner of any sink box, and desiring to obtain a license to use the same for shooting wild fowl in the waters herein recited, shall, on such application, grant a license under the seal of their respective courts to such applicant, specifying the name and residence of the applicant, the name or number of the sink box, the waters embraced in said license, the penalty for its violation, and the time for which such license is issued; and shall be entitled to charge and receive fifty cents for issuing the same; provided, that at the time of issuing the same said applicant shall pay to said clerks, respectively, the sum of ten dollars for each and every gunning season, as specified in section one of this act.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That every applicant for a license shall be required to make oath before the clerk of the circuit court for Cecil or Kent county that he is a bona fide resident of Cecil or Kent county respectively, and that he will obey and comply with all the provisions of this act; and every person to whom such license may be granted shall be required to paint the number or name of his sink box on some prominent part thereof, to correspond with the number or name in said license; and no owner, hirer, borrower or other person shall use or employ any sink box of any description whatever, for the purpose of shooting at wild water-fowl therefrom, in the waters described in section one of this act, without a license to so use and employ said box having first been obtained as provided in this act.

SEC. 4. *And be it enacted*, That upon information being given under oath to any justice of the peace of Cecil or Kent counties of any violation of any of the provisions of this act, the said justice of the peace shall issue his warrant for the arrest of the offender or offenders, and the seizure of all sink boxes and vessels, decoys, tackle or other furniture belonging thereto, which warrant shall be directed to the sheriff or any constable of Cecil or Kent counties, or to one or more of those holding licenses and constituted as officers to carry out the provisions of this act, and any one resisting an officer or other person authorized to make arrests or seizures under this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction in the Circuit Court of Cecil or Kent county shall pay a fine of not less than fifty dollars and not more than one hundred dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail for not less than thirty days nor more than sixty days, or be both fined and imprisoned in the discretion of the court.

SEC. 5. *And be it enacted*, That when fines are imposed for violations of this act, and the offender or offenders refuse to pay the same, the sheriff or constable may proceed at public sale, after giving three weeks notice of the time or place of such sale by advertisement in one newspaper in said county, to dispose of the sink box or other craft, together with the decoys, tackle and furniture belonging thereto to the highest bidder for cash, and the proceeds of such sale, after deducting all legale expenses, shall be appropriated to the payment of said fine, and the residue, if any, shall be paid to the original owner.

SEC. 6. *And be it enacted*, That any party or parties against whom any justice of the peace may render a judgement under this act, may, at any time within ten days thereafter, appeal from such judgement to the circuit court for Cecil or Kent county, but no execution or sale shall be stayed unless the party appealing shall give bond, with two sufficient securities, to be approved by the justice to the State of Maryland, in double the amount of the fine imposed, with the condition to prosecute such appeal with effect to the circuit court at its next session thereafter, and to pay the fine imposed and all costs attending such proceedings in case judgement shall be confirmed.

SEC. 7. *And be it enacted*, That if any person shall violate any of the provisions of this act, in regard to the shooting of wild fowl, he shall, upon conviction thereof before any justice of the peace for Cecil or Kent counties, be fined not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, except as follows: Any one who shall shoot wild fowl from a sink box duly licensde as aforesaid, upon any other day than those mentioned in section one of this act, shall, upon conviction thereof before any justice of the peace for Cecil or Kent counties, pay a fine of not less than ten nor more than twenty dollars for each offence.

SEC. 8. *And be it enacted*, That all fines imposed under this act, whether the same may be recovered by action for debt in the name of the State, which process is hereby authorized or secured by public sale as provided in section five of this act, shall be divided as follows, viz.: One-half to the informer, and the other half to the county commissioners of Cecil or Kent counties, respectively, for the use and benefit of said county, and all moneys accruing from the sale of licenses under this act shall be paid over, at the end of the gunning season, to the commissioners of said counties, respectively, to be applied by them to the use and benefit of said county.

SEC. 9. *And be it enacted*, That all persons holding a license under this act are hereby vested with power and authority to arrest, without warrant, all persons who may be detected by them in violating any of its provisions, or of the provisions of article ninety-eight of the Code of Public General Laws regulating the shooting of wild fowl remaining in force over said waters after the passage of this act, and to carry such person or persons before a justice of the peace, to be dealt with according to the provisions of this act, if violating the same, or according to the provisions of article ninety-eight of the Code of Public General Laws, if in violation of the provisions of said article in relation to the shooting of wild fowl.

SEC. 10. *And be it enacted*, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved March 15, 1880.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

Approved March 15th, 1880.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
Secretary of the Senate.
MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
April 15, 1880—3t. (N.)

☞God be thanked for books.—They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the masters that teach without scolding, and chastise without stripes. Make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower, it steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.

☞A Boston wife slyly attached a pedometer to her husband when, after supper, he started to "go down to the office and balance the books." On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

☞An agricultural school for girls has been provided for by the Michigan Legislature. Good heavens! is woman to whistle at the plow while man stays at home and butters and cheeses it besides the baby? Another flood is an evident necessity.

Select Story.

THE DEFEATED TORIES.

In the year 1777 Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the fields of Brandywine gave the American people an evidence of British humanity.

The people of Pensylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts that would have disgraced a vandal.

On the evening of a delightful autumn day a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenantless store-house in the village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not a human being met the eye. All men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schuykill.

A young lad of sixteen stood on a barrel and was giving an account of the battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the orator, was a boy enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath his home-spun jacket throbbed a heart that never shrank before an obstacle.

His father was commander of the Delaware troops and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narrative, and was lamenting that he could not join the American people.

"I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket, I would not stand idle here with my hands uselessly by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth.

"No. I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that Troy Livingstone has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party and search the house?" asked Frank Howard. "He has no one to assist him except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easy as that," and the boy snapped his fingers to imply the reainess with which he could trounce old Livingstone's son.

James Wilson's blue eyes sparkled with joy.

"If there are three boys in this company who will help me, I will search old Livingstone's house this night. All who are willing to go there with me, just step forward three paces."

In an instant every boy in the crowd stepped forward without a moment's hesitation. James' eyes flashed like stars.

"Now, boys, by the death of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingstone's residence, though instant death stands in my path!"

With a firm tread and the utmost silence the young heroes took up their line of march for old Livingstone's. Livingstone had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and his former laborers reported that he had kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events he was regarded as a dangerous man. His house was situated a short distance from White Clay Creek, on the side of a steep hill, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted store house in the village of Newark, dusk had given place unto the darker shades of night. Still it was not dark; the new moon was shining brightly through the clouds, and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining solemn silence. At length they gained the bed of the creek, and slowly following the winding path, soon came to a little low bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into While Clay creek, and James ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and I reconnoiter the premises first, to see whether any danger is to be apprehended. All the rest stand here till we return. Make no noise, and keep a constant watch.

James and Frank silently departed and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path ran. Scarcely were they gone from their companions ere the quick ear of wilson detected a noise.

"Hist!" said he to Frank, as he pulled him behind a gigantic beech tree. Presently George Livingstone came in sight. James darted from his covert and tightly grasped the boy by the neck.

The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor, "and I'll toss you into the creek."

The Tory's son, struck dumb with astonishment and fright, found himself in the midst of a whole group of boy heroes, with the vice-like grasp of James and Frank on each arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear? Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I—I cannot tell," stammered the half dead boy.

"You shall, or, or—"

"Spare me, and I'll tell you everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our family and Major Bradford."

"Who is he?" asked James,

"I don't know—I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is captain of the Yorkshire dragoons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy and he soon gained from the Tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingstone not only kept up a regular correspondence with the British command, but that he had so plotted that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and its women and children exposed to the pitiless foe. The old Tory was to receive as compensation the land on which the village stood, and an annual pension from the British government.

But stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the Tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor's house, two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned, too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingstone's stable and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them besides their own captain.

Major Bradstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant or the sick wife.

Not a few of those boys trembled for a widowed mother or a defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately; but James Wilson still retained his grasp on the Tory's son, and ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was bound hand and foot, a thick handkerchief tied over his mouth to prevent his calling for assistance, and with a stout cord fastened him to a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingstone.

Wilson motioned his little band to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the top of a high precipice which over-hung White Clay creek.

"Now, boys," said Wilson, "the narrative we just heard is true, and as we have no muskets or ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boats, and as we have an hour to work, let us busy ourselves in rolling these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the red coats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy set at work, and in an incredibly short space of time nine huge rocks, each half a ton in weight, were balanced on the edge of the precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rocks upon which our heroes stood.

If the British descended the creek, they would certainly pass this post, and if they passed it, then death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered; "let no one drop his rock till I give the word, and then at once."

Peeping cautiously over the cliff, James saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bow, guiding the oarsmen by orders, and the epaulets on his shoulders told that he was the identical fiend, Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twenty feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defense and shouted:

"Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing, and gazed with astonishment about them. The impetus which the boat had acquired caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and the leader cried:

"Cut loose, in the name of liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and as if with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how the plan succeeded, and as the boys again looked over the rocks, nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood.

The boat burst in pieces, and the occupants found a grave at the bottom of White Clay creek. A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" exclaimed Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that, in his efforts to get free, George Livingstone had been caught in the fatal cord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of America's foes forever!" exclaimed James Wilson.

Old Livingstone's house was searched, and, to the surprise of every one, not only guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder, and an abundance of balls were found in the Tory's cellar.

The military stores found here were given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at headquarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of White Clay creek, the town of Newark, and the whole Northern part of the State of Delaware, would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Greene, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, bewailed by all who knew him. James lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued and he expired with the ever to be remembered words on his lips:

"Cut loose, in the name of liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands; and has become a town of celebrity. The scene of the defeat of the British by the patriots is still pointed out, and is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

☞When a loafer enters the sanctum of an editor and the editor say, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

☞An old bachelor is a travelor of life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

TUCKAHOE OR INDIAN BREAD.

This is an extraordiaary production found in various parts of the United States, especially along the Atlantic coast. It appears to be an under-ground fungus belonging to the tuber family. Its usual shape is globular or oblong surface roughened into protuberances, and weighs from a quarter to several pounds. Its internal substance is white, solid and farinaceous, having no taste nor smell when dry. It is thought that while growing it is attached to the root of a pine or oak and is only found after clearing old fields of the stumps of the primitive forest. In decay the inner substance cracks from the centre and assumes a brown color.

As it is supposed to have formed an article of food among the native races of this country, and perhaps used as a medicine, it is of considerable interest. It was referred to by some of the first Jesuit missionaries who wrote concerning North America, and also by some of the naturalists about the same time, and since then, has received no mention as far as we are cognizant of. In order to determine the exact nature and extent of this production we will be pleased to have all who may be able to favor us with answers to all or a part of the questions here given:

1st. Have you found specimens upon your farm? Many, and large?

2d. Is it prevalent in your neighborhood, and to what extent? What was the nature of the soil?

3d. Was it attached to a stock of its own, having a growth above ground? What is the character of this growth?

4th. Was it attached to near a root of another growth? What kind? When found was the tree still living?

5th. Do you know of any tradition concerning its former use? Is it of any use now?

6th. Do you know of any author who mentions its existence and use?

All answers will be gratefully received, immediately acknowledged and the results of our investigations forwarded to each correspondent.

Please address

J. HOWARD GORE,
Columbian University,
Washington, D. C.

PERUVIAN TEMPLES OF THE SUN.

Of the early history of the Peruvians we have but little knowledge, owing to that barbarian policy exercised by the followers of Cortez and Pizarro, in destroying everything belonging to the tribes which they conquered. Like the Mexicans, the Peruvians had advanced in art, science and learning, under the administration of successive wise rulers, and their State archeves contained histories of their country, from the dawn of civilization among them, to the period of the conquest. But the superstitious Spaniards committed these works to the flames pecause of their heathen origin, and we are obliged to depend almost exclusively on the truth of tradition for the knowledge we possess of the history of this people during the Inca dynasty. The most magnificent of all the Peruvian temples was that of the sun at Cuzzo. The mode of worship in this temple was similar to that of Heliopolis in Egypt, where this great luminary was adored. His golden image occupied a large portion of one side of the interior of the temple, and before this the worshippers prostrated themselves with rich offerings in their hands, which were received by the attendant priests. Two or three virgins, selected from the first families in their kingdom, were in constant attendance, whose duty it was to make oblations of wine to the deity, and chant hymns of praise to the great Father of Light. Like other aborigines of this continent, the Peruvians were nomadic tribes and gained a subsistance by hunting and fishing. Superstitious in the extreme, their objects of worship were as numerous as those of the Egyptians.

A SMART BOY.

A young man called on his intended, and while waiting for her to make her appearance he struck up a conversation with his intended brother-in-law. After a while the boy asked:

"Does galvanized niggers know much?"

"I really can't say," replied the much amused young man.

And then a silence reigned for a few moments when the boy resumed his conversation.

"Kin you play checkers with your nose?"

"No I have never acquired that accomplishment."

"Well, you'd better learn, you hear me!"

"Why?"

"'Cause Sis says you don't know as much as a galvanized nigger, but yer dad's got lots of stamps and she'll marry you anyhow; and she said, when she got hold of the old man's sugar she was going to all the Fourth of July percessions and ice-cream gum sucks, and let you stay at home and play checkers with that holly hock nose of yorn."

And when Sis got her hair banged and came in, she found the parlor deserted by all save her little brother, who was innocently tying the tails of two kittens together and singing:

"Oh, I love the Sunday school."

☞A young lady surprised the "gentlemanly clerk" at one of our dry goods stores the other day by offering him fifty cents in payment for a dollar purchase.

"It amounts to a dollar, if you please," said the g. c.

"I know it does," was the answer, "but papa is only paying fifty cents on the dollar now."

☞It isn't always the man with the good conscience that ignores trouble. No good man takes things so easily as a burglar.

THE DIFFERENCE.

There is an article going the rounds entitled, "How Girls go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a marrid woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking of what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward.—While she is revolving these matterr in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says;

"James, did you lock the door?"

"What door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well you'd better go down and lock it, for I heard some person in the back yard last night."

Accordingly, James paddles down stairs and locks the door. About the time he returns and is going to get into the bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the bed-room."

"Let her come up, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no," returns his wife. "She'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again and steps on a tack and closes the stair door and curses the cat and returns to the bed-room. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring some in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big tin," and then jerks the stair-door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes up stairs and plunges in bed. Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you've got to pay, and I don't care," shouts James as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; "all I want is to go to sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there's Araminta, who I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she punches him in the ribs with her elbows and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"What Jones?" says James sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquired James.

"I declare," says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones, that lives at No. 21. Well, day before yesterday, Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker had said that Mrs. Jones—"

Here she pauses and listens.—James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps herself up in them, and lays awake until 2 A. M., thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way a married woman goes to sleep.—*Pittsburg Leader.*

☞"This," said the wild-eyed stranger, as the train rushed past two ancient trees and the last sad remains of a once beautiful rail-fence, "this is the spot where, four weeks ago, we stayed three days and three nights snowbound, unable to leave the train."

"Gracious!" said the little man in the next seat, "pray now did you live all that time?"

"Oh, we managed to get along all right, all except a couple of babies who were being weaned; they suffered for the want of milk."

"Dear me," said the little man in a sympathetic voice, "and of course no milk was to be had?"

"No, though they might have been spared put for the brutal, unnatural conduct of the engineer; some of the boys offered to milk the cowcatcher but he wouldn't let 'em."

Then the wild-eyed stranger pretended to pick a cinder from his off eye.

☞A brood-mare on a Colorado ranch lost her colt this spring and appeared to be deeply grieved over the circumstance. She was melancholy and depressed in spirits for some days, and then her cheerfulness returned. It was discovered that she had adopted the offspring of another animal as her own. The curious part of the matter is that her choice had fallen upon a calf which she had enticed away from its real mother and suckled with the greatest care. The calf was apparently happy, and followed its foster mother with great affection. When the calf was taken away from the mare she made a strong fight to retain it, and relapsed into her former melancholy condition for a number of days after its loss.

☞"A hairpin," says the Binghampton Republican, "is a very useful article to a woman. It serves the purpose of toothpick, button-hook and hair-fastener, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest pocket when your wife don't know where it comes from."

☞A lady recently rode into the town of Connellton, Indiana, the wife of one man, and out the wife of another, being divorced, licensed and remarried all in one day.

All Sorts of Clippings

Moody is going to Leadville.
Men made to rule—book-keepers.
Observe good manners.
A Gladstone gathers no moss.
Be prompt in all things.
Spring holds the rains this time.
Endure trials patiently.
A good deal—four aces.
Make few acquaintances.
A current event—the gulf stream.
Pay your debts promptly.
If you eat onions it will leak out.
Lie not for any consideration.
This is the year for maiden efforts.
Yield not to discouragements.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Strange to say, Bob Ingersoll believes in Texas.
A good judge of mutton ought to be wether wise.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Trouble can always be borrowed at low rates.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Can a "leg photograph" be properly called a hose carte?
Madam, never bang a door, if you do adore a bang.
Keep your minds from evil thoughts.
Few men ever know what pity is until they need the article.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
The finger of scorn is sometimes a little one with a ring on it.
Consider well, then decide positively.
The school attendance in Japan is now thirty-six millions.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
The sea-sick man finds it hard to hold his own.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Many a calf will be cowhided if it lives long enough.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
You may enjoy a bad cigar if you give it to your enemy.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
The centre of gravity—the lowest button on a Quaker's vest.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
A spur in the head is worth two in the heel.
Attend carefully to the details of your business.
A civil denial is better than a rude grant.
Injure not another's reputation in business.
A homely servant-girl in a house is a well-spring of joy.
Every church sexton considers himself lord of the aisles.
An eagle on a ten-dollar gold piece is worth five hundred in the air.
It makes a man X-sighted to see ten-dollar bills lying around loose.
Is a young lady speaker at a woman's rights meeting a wind-lass?
It is not difficult to take the part of an absent one, especially at a feast.
The United States consumes every year 30,000 bushels of canary seed.
If a man ought to keep Duty as his guide, of course he must never discharge it.
The Keely motor revival makes the chances of success re-motor than ever.
Young man, be not too extravagant. We don't want an extra vagrant to support.
The best Boston culchaw now says, "I'm wretchedly, thank you," if it has the toothache.
There are no newspapers in eighteen of the twenty four counties of Arkansas.
General Melikoff's reply to the Nihilist who tried to kill him: "You be hanged."
Everybody laughs about a boil, excepting the man who furnishes it a lodging place.
In confessing your faults and plucking a goose always make a clean breast of it.
The Czar escaped being blown up by being late to dinner. Most married men meet with a different fate.
Mr. Marsh, the American minister at Rome, has an art collection which is valued at $100,000.
Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.
Mending blue stockings with white yarn makes them a darned sight too conspicuous.
Salt water will prevent the hair from falling out, but to prevent its being pulled out get home early.
Jones calls his wife a Nihilist because she is always so anxious and willing to blow him up.
Yes, boys, this is leap year. Won't we have lots of ice-cream with the girls at their expense!
Strategy.—A certain bald-headed man has a large spider painted on the top of his head in fly-time.
Everything at Niagara Falls has been fenced in, with the exception of the roar of the falls and the hackmen.
Boston girls cultivate a serio-comic style of repartee. They also cultivate a mellow dramatic style of baked beans.
A religion that won't spread over more than one day in the week, is not worth building a meeting-house for.
Motto for sewing societies that send trousers to the poor heathen—Charity covereth a multitude of shins.
He was six-feet-two in his stockings, and when he made the remark, "Love me little, love me long!" she laughed.
"Shortened her life a little," is the amusing way in which an exchange heads the story of a suicide.

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