The Chestertown Transcript.

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

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Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

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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.

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 attention shown to al ustomers. April, 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 superior Shirt, try the PEARL—at STAFFORD'S.

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

A PRIZE FIGHTER'S DIET.

John Morrissey's Food and Drink when Training for the Fight with Heenan.

In May, 1877, when the late John Morrissey was serving his last year in the State Senate, I met him in the Delavan House in Albany.—Even then he showed symptoms of the disease which resulted in his death the following year. I myself was not in good health, and naturally we began to talk of our ailments. We had known each other for some years, and he talked with me very freely.

"I wish," he said, "that I had the time to go through a regular course of training, such as I used to take before a fight. I would soon clear out my system."

"Did you train yourself, Senator," I asked.

"Yes," said he. "Right over yonder," pointing in the direction of Troy, "was my tramping ground when training for my fight with Heenan. I have started out over those hills and fields, between West Troy and Waterford, many a hot morning, with two heavy suits of clothes, and tramped under the broiling sun for hours, in order to reduce my weight. Often when taking those tramps I have come across a cool spring of water or a running brook, and it seemed as though I must duck my head into the water and drink my fill. If it was a question of money, I would not have looked at a thousand dollars a second time, if it had to be paid before I could get a drink. But I was training myself to win that fight. I knew it would not do for me to drink the water then, and so I resolutely shut my eyes, turned my back on the water, and walked on, while my lips and throat seemed parched and ready to crack open.

"For weeks I only saw my wife as she stood at the gate of our house when I passed on these walks, to greet me with a kind word and cheer me up. My friend," he continued, "you can't imagine the torment a man has to go through when he is fitting himself for a prize fight. But then, after that is all over, neither can you have any idea of the glorious feeling that a man experiences when he gets himself in perfect condition. It is worth all the trouble and suffering that one has to go to. Everything in the world looks different from what it does when his system is clogged up with bile, and he is carrying around a quantity of flesh that is only a burden to him. It is almost impossible to get a man when in such a condition into a bad humor. He feels like a young colt, and wants to kick up his heels and have a good time with everything he meets. Oh, yes, indeed, I do wish I had the time to once more go through a regular training. I know it would fix me out all right. But I can't; so there's no use talking," he said, regretfully.

"But I can, Senator," I replied, "and if you will only tell what to do I will try it. You know that I am not well, and I believe it will do me good."

The burly, good-natured Senator looked at me in aquizzical way for a minute, and then gave that low peculiar whistle which all who knew him intimately will remember so well when he was astonished or amused at anything.

"You'll try it!" said he. "Why, my friend, you don't know what you are talking about. You won't go half through with it before you'd weaken. Oh! no. A man has got to have something more for an incentive than you have before he'd ever go through with such a course. But," continued the Senator, "there is one thing you can do, and it will do you good if you stick to it, and that is to live on a prize fighter's diet for three months. Do you believe you could do that?"

"I will try it," I said, "if you will tell me what it is."

"Well, then, take a pen and some paper, and I will tell you and you can write it down. But I don't believe you will do even this."

Having secured the paper and ink, Mr. Morrissey dictated to me as follows:

First—Take a black draught.—Any druggist will put it up. All prize fighters take this when they begin to train for a fight. You'll find it the liveliest dose of medicine you ever took.

"Second—Be sure and get at least seven or eight hours of good, sound sleep every day.

"Third—In the morning when you first get up drink a glass of hard cider with a raw egg in it. If the cider is not to be had, then use sherry wine, but I prefer the cider. Then start out and walk briskly for a couple of miles. When you come back take a sponge bath and rub yourself dry with a coarse towel.—You must rub until your skin is all aglow.

Fourth—For breakfast eat a lean steak, cooked rare, and stale bread. Use no milk, no sugar, no butter, and no potatoes, with the exception of about once a week. If you wish you can eat a roast or baked potato in the morning. Drink sparingly of tea and coffee. Tea is best.

Fifth—For dinner eat rare roast beef and stale bread. Use no potatoes or vegetables of any kind with this meal. For change you can have occasionally a mutton chop, but without fat.

Sixth—For supper, a lean steak or a mutton chop without fat. Do not eat any warm biscuit or warm bread at any time. Eat no pies, cakes or pastry of any kind, and use pepper, salt and all other seasonings very sparingly.

"Seventh—Use no stimulants of any kind. Do not smoke. Drink sparingly of water. Do not eat berries or vegetables of any kind, excepting occasionally a raw onion.

"Eighth—If you feel weak in the morning before breakfast, it comes from the bathing, and it should be discontinued for a few days.

"There, my friend," continued the Senator, "you have the diet of a prize fighter when in training, without the exercise that goes with it. If you will follow it for three months I'll guarantee you will feel much better than you do now, and you won't be troubled with dyspepsia. But I know you won't do it."

Mr. Morrissey was right. I did not live upon the prescribed diet for three months, but I did for about half that time, and it did me much good. Those who may be troubled with dyspepsia and loss of appetite and sleep might also find it worthy of a trial.

Subsequently I said to Mr. Morrissey:

"What was your opinion of Heenan as a fighter?"

"He was a good man—a first-rate man," replied the Senator. "But the trouble with him was he hadn't no head. He allowed other people to do his thinking for him, and he didn't take good care of himself. He drank too much, and was generally too dissipated to last long. He was a fine fellow though. Why he and I were boys together over there in West Troy, and we had many a rough-and-tumble tussel in the days when we used to run around Troy bare-footed, bare-headed, and with only one suspender to our trousers."

"Many people believe to this day, Senator, that if Heenan had not hit one of the stakes in the second round and badly injured his hand, he would have whipped you in the fight you and he had in Canada."

"Heenan didn't hit any stake," replied the Senator. "That story was all bosh, and was only gotten up to let him down easy with the men who had invested their money on him. This," said Mr. Morrissey, tapping his massive head and chuckling, "was the only stake that Heenan hit. He hit it mighty hard, too. I can tell you, but it was capable of taking a great deal of that kind of punishment. I always felt satisfied when in a fight if my antagonist paid his attentions principally to my head. I knew that I could whip him before he could make much of an impression upon that. Yes, Heenan was a good man, but it was a pity he hadn't more sense."

"Nobody Will Ever See It."

A short time ago we called upon a certain party in business in Vallejo, and asked him why he did not advertise in the Chronicle.

"Oh, because," he answered, "what's the use? Nobody will ever see it."

"You're mistaken," said we; "every page in our paper is read."

"Nonsense!" he replied; even if they did read my ad., people would never think of it again. I don't want to advertise."

"But—"

"No but's at all. I don't want to advertise, and don't bother me any more; I'm busy."

And he walked back into his store and strangled a poor little fly that was helping itself from a barrel of sugar.

Time passed and we never intimated "advertisement" to him, although meeting him daily. Yesterday the gentleman called at our sanctum, looking a little uncertain as to how he would be received. We cherished no hard feelings, and motioned him to a chair.

"I suppose you heard of that little affair of mine below?"

"Oh, yes," said we, "that little escapade on Kearney street night before last? Yes, we've got all the particulars—"

"Hush! Not so loud, please," said he. "Of course you are going to say nothing in the paper about it?"

"And why not? It's a matter of interest to your firiends and the people generally."

"Heavens! Why it would ruin me!"

"Oh, no, guess not. Nobody will ever see it."

"Yes they will! And it will ruin me as sure as I'm sitting here. I'll be the laughing stock of the town. They will see it!"

We rose and touched him impressively on the shoulder.

"Well, we will admit that the people will see it; but then you know, they will never think of it again!"

His words came back to him like a flash, and he trembled so violently that his eyeballs fairly jingled; and he was such an object of commiseration that we promised to keep mum. This little moral is drawn from the above, which is applicable the world over. Ask a man to advertise, and he will immediately say, in the majority of cases, that "Nobody will ever see it," but advertise gratis some little indiscretion he may commit, and he immediately grows indignant over the certainty that the whole world will know it.

Your enemy is at your feet, and it is in your power to crush him! Don't do it. Better is an ounce of forgiveness than a thousand tons of vengeance! If hardness and bitterness still linger in your heart—if actual and deep wrongs have been inflicted upon you—go and look in the nearest open grave—you will not have to go far—and see what is the end of your enemy and for you. Go think for a moment beside the nearest gravestone how little worthy it is for an immortal soul to be cherishing the passions of a wolf or a tiger, and then forgive your enemy even as you need to be forgiven!

Watrous was inclined to break his engagement to marry Miss Swayne, at Galveston, but she insisted that he should keep his promise. He said that he was willing to take his chance on the toss up of a cent—head to marry, and tail not to marry. Miss Swayne consented. The cent was thrown, and Watrous won. The girl, however, refused to abide by that decision, and has begun a lawsuit for damages.

Women can keep secrets. A Worcester girl, on a friend's promising solemnly not to tell, told that she was to have four new dresses costing $60 each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first-mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.—*Boston Post.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

There are two things of which no young man need be ashamed—the inheritance of poverty and the necessity of working. Never be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburned face; you can be a gentleman with both. Rather be ashamed of idleness and sloth.

The greatest geniuses the world ever saw were born poor; Milton, Shakspeare, Bacon—even Horace felt the stings of poverty. Oliver Goldsmith left Ireland without a penny and landed in England without a friend, yet a few years, and he dined with princes and was the companion of the great. Sir William Hamilton, the great metaphysician, was once poor in the extreme.

George Stephenson was the son of a fireman in a colliery. Henry Clay, as a boy of 15, rode barefooted to the "Mill of the Slashes."

Andrew Jackson was the son of poor Irish immigrants; Horace Greeley, leaving his native town for New York, carried all his worldly possessions in a handkerchief; Stephen A. Douglas borrowed Blackstone's Commentaries, being too poor to buy a copy; Abraham Lincoln did the hardest work on a farm until he became of age; James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the greatest newspaper in the world, set type in a cellar and was his own first newsboy.

Wait not for *opportunities*. Roll up your sleeves; go to work. Hew out your way. Don't wait for others to do it for you. Genius can always make its own road. You may not have genius, but you have a destiny set against your name by your Creator. The fortunes that come by inheritance prove somebody else's genius or tact not yours. Those who made them were once, for the most, what you might now be ashamed of. Genius can make a fortune, but a fortune never did make a genius and never will. Never mind about ancestral greatness or littleness.—The world doesn't judge *you* by what's written or omitted on the tombstones of your ancestors.

Do not be discouraged. Courage is half the battle. Never give way to sorrow. Sorrow begets despair—despair, failure. Many a young man whose life and deeds might have made a chapter in his country's history, rests in an unvisited tomb, because he lost courage in the struggle. Be always polite. Politeness costs nothing, but will go far toward making you a gentleman. Have not two sets of manners, one for the rich, another for the poor. Manners can't be changed or cast aside like a garment. Be ever the same in the palace of a prince or the hovel of a peasant. A gentleman *never* forgets he *is* a gentleman.

Education, riches, social standing will not make you a gentleman if you do not prove yourself to be first a *man*. You *must* be a *man* before you can be a gentleman. God's noblest work is *man*. There is no such thing as a gentleman by inheritance *alone*. Your title to being such is not proven by a deed in fee simple. Longfellow has immortalized "The Village Blacksmith," and pointed to us the lessons given by his "worthy friend," but never a word wrote he of "An Educated Coxcomb."

Your social rank of itself won't make you a gentleman. By no means. It *may* admit you to the company of gentlemen. That is the most it can do.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The *man's* the gold for all that."

Never were truer words than these. A *man* is above doing what "a gentleman, Sir," can do, and still be "a gentleman, Sir!"

A few years ago I was one day walking from my hotel in Washington with the Hon. Henry Wilson, then Vice President of the United States. He had some business to transact with the Postmaster General and asked me to accompany him to the Post-office Department. As we were passing by the delivery window I saw a poor though neatly dressed woman with a letter in her hand approach two well-dressed young "gentlemen" standing by and ask, "Pray, tell me, please, where I can buy a stamp." "Ask the clerk," gruffly answered the more stylish looking one. In an instant the Vice President of the United States was at the poor woman's side; he *raised his hat* and said, "What is it you wish—a stamp?" "Yes, sir; I was never here before and don't know how to read and can't tell the stamp window."

Mr. Wilson took the three cents she had in her hand, got a stamp, licked it, put it on her letter and showed her where to drop it. Draw your own conclusion from this narrative. I have long ago drawn mine.

Dr. Holland, that myriad-minded man, so well known to the world of letters as the editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, gives this definition of a gentleman: "A gentleman is a person who knows something of the world, who possesses *dignity* and *self-respect*, who recognizes the rights of others and the duties he owes to society in *all his relations*." You may ask me if there are various types of gentlemen. Most assuredly yes.

Don't expect to start from the point which others have reached, aftentimes after a struggle of thirty years. That's not ambition; it's foolishness. You must begin, at least, where they did. Success works upward; failure, downward. You can go, with honor, from the lowest round of the ladder, but not the other way.

I would have every young man be independent if possible. Independence in a small position is better by far than subserviency in a high one. If you want a favor, ask it, but don't give up your manliness to have it granted. Always act well your own part.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise
Act well your part; there *all the honor* lies."

Let your first reliance be upon God; your next upon yourself.

CHARLES SELBY.

A ship is in love—When she want's a mate.

MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

An Old Hero's Boast that He Disobeyed Peremptory Orders from Headquarters.

Commodore John Marston writes to *Harper's Weekly*, in reply to a recent sketch of Admiral Paulding, correcting the statement that it was not Commodore Paulding who countermanded the order of the Navy Department directing the Monitor to proceed to Washington instead of Hampton Roads. The facts were that she left New York under orders for Hampton Roads. These orders were countermanded and a fast vessel sent in pursuit, which did not reach the rapid Monitor.

Commodore Marston continues: At this time I was in command at Hampton Roads. Some two or three days before the Merrimac came down from Norfolk I received from the Navy Department four telegrams ordering me *most peremptorily* to "send the Monitor to Washington immediately on her arrival." On the night of 8th of March—the day on which the Merrimac came down and sunk the Cumberland and the Congress was burned—at about 9 o'clock the little Monitor arrived, Captain Worden immediately came on board the Roanoke and reported himself to me. I inquired into his condition, which was not a very favorable one; his men were all green; they knew nothing of that peculiar armament then on board the Monitor. A few moment's reflection, however, determined me as to the course I should pursue. I informed Captain Worden that my orders were very positive to send the Monitor to Washington, but I was going, at the risk of my commission to disobey those orders and send her up to Newport News to look out for the Merrimac. In this Captain Worden most cheerfully acquiesced, and on the following day the result was known to an astonished and admiring world.

I have made this correction of the sketch of my much valued friend, Admiral Paulding, for the reason that, after a service in the navy of more that sixty-six years, I look back on no part of that service with the pleasure and satisfaction I do on my having on that memorable occasion disobeyed my orders.

A recent writer, I think, in the *United Service*, speaking of the introduction of new means of war-fare asks the question, "Where would the United States at this moment have been if Ericsson had not given us the monitor?" and may I not ask the question, "Where would the United States at this moment have been if I had not disobeyed my orders?" There was nothing to prevent the Merrimac going to Philadelphia, New York or Boston, and the fall of either of those cities would have been the signal for Europe, but especially for England, to acknowledge the independence of the South.

A RATHER JUICY CROSS-EXAMINATION.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick," said the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer sternly. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar."

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet and ten inches."

"Will the court make this—"

"I have, jedge," said the witness anticipating the lawyer; "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten—"

"Your honor—"

"It's a fact, jedge; I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case—his name's Smith."

"Your honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, jedge, hain't I been doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away. I'm ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends?"

"Never!" promptly responded the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us were Friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down!" yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up—"

"Sheriff, remove that man from the box."

"Witness retires, muttering:

"Well, if he ain't the thick-headedest old cuss I ever laid eyes on."—*Des Moines Register.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—To grow rich is not to make more money, but to spend less. If one is not accumulating money as fast as he thinks he ought, the remedy in nine cases out of ten is not greater exertion to make money, but greater care to save it. Indeed, he who saves money systematically, putting away a part, even though it be a small part, of each week's or day's earnings, is rich already. His means exceed his necessities, and that is wealth always.

An heiress—The woman who goes up in a balloon.

Might Have Bitten Off His Own Ear.

Statesville (N. C.) American, May 1.

All of our older citizens have heard of General John F. Poindexter, and for many years the Solicitor-General of the State. He was, and still is, noted for his genial humor and quick and ready wit. On one occasion, in the discharge of the duties of his office, he indicted a man for maim. The maim consisted in the defendant's having bitten off another's ear in a fight that took place in an old out-house at a corn-husking. The late Hon. Wm. H. Haywood, Jr., of Raleigh, a very able lawyer, appeared for the defense. General Poindexter opened his case by introducing and examining a witness who had seen the fight. The witness' testimony was entirely satisfactory, and he was turned over to Mr. Haywood for cross-examination, when the following scene occurred:

Mr. Haywood—You say, witness, that the fight took place in an old house?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Mr. Haywood—Were the planks that composed the floor of that house nailed fast, or were they laid down loose?

Witness—They were laid down loose.

Mr. Haywood—There were cracks between the planks, were there not?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Mr. Haywood—Now, I ask you if, in the midst of the fight, while they were scuffling on the floor, the defendant's ear might not have slipped into one of the cracks of the floor and been cut off by the motion of planks?

Witness—Well, yes, I think it mout.

Upon this Mr. Haywood expected to found an hypothesis consistent with the prisoner's innocence, and thus secure an acquittal. But General Poindexter was far too shrewd and ready-witted to be caught thus. Seeing that the witness was about as credulous as those who have charged Whittaker with being the author of his own injuries, he subjected him to further examination in chief, as follows:

General Poindexter—Now, witness, I ask you, upon the solemn oath you have taken, whether or not in the midst of that scuffle, the defendant might not have bitten off his own ear?

Witness—Yes, I think he mout.

The story we have related is true, as stated to us by one of the attorneys in the case.

"ADA," said the fat passenger, thoughtfully, as the brakeman called out the name of that station, "Ada; what is her other name, brakeman?

The brakeman for a moment held his peace with a scornful air, and then said, "Ohio, sir; Ada, Ohio."

And then the party climbed out very meekly.

"I expect," said the sad passenger, "he has had that played on him a great many times. I thought of saying it myself, and then it seemed to me that it had a decided family resemblance to the Morrow, Ohio, joke, and I shut it off."

"I like the name," I said, "because it is like Bob; it spells the same thing both ways."

"Then I suppose you think," said the tall, thin passenger, "that Adam—" and he paused with an air of pitiful timidity.

"Go on," I said, and "Oh, yes, go on," shouted the others, encouragingly; and the tall, thin passenger resumed:

"That Adam Ada mistake when he 'ad 'em add m to his name."

And then we all waited and went into the hotel.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.—How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of great importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations are painful. Let such arise and chafe the extremities with a crash towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation and draw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few minutes. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times before retiring, aid in equalizing circulation and promote sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in a castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for anodynes to promote nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

JUDGE JERE BLACK, of Pennsylvania, is an excellent farmer, and delights in nothing so much as his vacation among the fields and gardens of his country home. It is said that sometimes for a month he will not even open a letter, lest it may call him away from his farm. He does a great deal of reading there: he is supposed to know the Bible, Shakspeare and Milton almost by heart, but while he appreciates the great writers, he ignores nothing that falls in his way, reading the lightest fiction of the day as well as the weightiest disquisitions.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has been thoroughly investigating the different varieties of candy fed to children, and finds glucose, sulphuric acid, sulphate of lime, arsenic and alba among the principal ingredients. The conclusion is also arrived at that the poisonous coloring matter increases all kidney complaints.

☞"I'll make you prove that," said a man to another, who had accused him of theft. "Don't," said a witty bystander, "for you'll feel worse after it than you do now."

A familiar instance of color-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

All Sorts of Clippings

Garden greens—amateur florists.

A dangerous man—one who takes life cheerfully.

Low funds are an effectual barrier to high spirits.

A self-made man ought to understand himself thoroughly.

Three million acres of fall wheat were sown in California.

A tramp called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

The ballet-dancer who pads goes in for reform.

A well-known field officer—A kernel of corn.

The shortest joke often makes the longest run.

New York spends more for bad cigars than for bad bread.

Did we take more advice perhaps we might do with less medicine.

"Talk is cheap." Is it? Just hire a lawyer once.

Domestics belong to the hire class of society.

A belle's ante bellum days are those before marriage.

While being wise, keep straight. Never be crosswise.

Second thoughts are best. It is not the same with mortgages.

De Lessep's motto, according to Puck—I came, I saw, I went.

The elevator boy has much to do towards the elevation of the masses.

Trade dollars are commonly received with a growl and given with a chuckle.

People do not like to acknowledge that they are poor except to book agents.

How it must make a donkey laugh to see what an insignificant little ear a whale can wag.

The difference between wilful murder and justifiable homicide is found in the jury-box.

A hair-pin factory in Germantown, Pennsylvania, turns out 500,000 a week.

When two dentists are partners they rarely quarrel—they pull together.

The mathematician who wished to borrow some cash wrote: "I will ½ 2 ask for a ½."

The phonograph is almost a forgotten invention. It talked back, and soon became unpopular.

"Oh, pa!" cried a little fellow upon seeing a trout for the first time, "it's got the measles, hasn't it?"

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

Why are women archers by nature? Because the bent of their inclinations is to bend a beau.

Stock-breeders are not as a rule very heavy whisky drinkers. They naturally take to "short-horns."

"Out of darkness cometh forth light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink keg.

There is no man so friendless but he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

Over in England when anybody has a complaint which puzzles the doctors, they lay it on American beef.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and every other man you meet thinks he would make a good President.

No boy can come upon a sign of "Keep off the grass" without feeling a spirit of defiance clear down to his heels.

A Frenchman reads that the country is all agog over some remarkable occurrences, and he wants to know what a gog is.

The eulogistic funeral sermon does not flatter the dead. It is only a little soothing syrup for those who want to contest the will.

A little boy at Humeston, Iowa, hanged himself because a baby sister received the attention that had previously been bestowed on himself.

A Kansas weekly publishes "14 rules to be observed during a tornado." Only one is necessary—Keep out of the way.

Fishes go in schools. And it is asserted by some persons with piscatorial tendencies, that some play "hooky."

The only time that oleomargarine successfully takes the place of butter is when it catches a fly and holds it.

"Mamma," asked a little girl, "why is it they sing in church, 'We'll dine no more,' and then go home and dine?"

An old lady says she hears every day of civil engineers, and wonders if there is no one to say a civil word for conductors.

Bishop Foster of the M. E. church, was licensed to preach at thirteen years of age, and at seventeen was pastor of a church.

When a man steps up to a fire-extinguisher and tries to get a drink of ice-water from it he will bear watching.

It is said that when Gen'l. Sherman goes to a ball he kisses all the misses and never misses a kiss—or words to that effect.

A boy will dig over a square rod of garden ground for fish-bait, and yet he could not be hired to work a six-foot onion bed.

A couple on the Pacific coast proved their true love by going out of sight of land and being married while they were sea-sick.

It hardens the heart of the shop-keeper when the blind beggar finds the out-of-the-way knob the first reach he makes.

A lady for the first time listening to the "still small voice" of a telephone, remarked, "Good gracious, it sounds just like one's conscience!"

Happy is the Federal office-seeker who, on his civil service examination paper, writes O. at the tail of that vital question: "Where born?"

The woman caught in a shower with her new bonnet and no umbrella can never be persuaded that the rain was needed.

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