The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1880. VOL. XIX.-NO. 2.

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

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SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

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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, 55 Hanover Street, } *Adjoining Citizens Bank.*

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 all customers. 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.

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.

From the New York Observer.

THE DARK DAY IN 1780.

BY H. E. G. PARDEE.

Thursday, May 19th, 1780, dawned as many a May morning before and since has done. The factories—far fewer in number than now—gathered their operatives; a little later the merchant went leisurely to his business, and the children were despatched to the dreary confinement of school-rooms, unenlivened by the modern appliances that smooth the democratic road of learning.

In the country the farmer was afield with a faith in the fulfilment of Nature's laws that he too often failed to feel toward the God of nature as the God also of spiritual blessings, in the seed time and harvest of the soul.

The cows had gone lazily through the dewy lanes to their pastures; the milk-pans stood in shining rows on the bench outside the "lean-to," and the feathered mamalues were parading their respective broods with complacent assurance.

Within, by the broad, open fireplace that would take in a dozen modern hearths, the aged grandfather and grandmother basked in the blaze that tempered the chilly morning, while neat handed Phillis and her mistress urged on the housework to an early "getting-through."

The clouds that gathered were at first unheeded, but the darkness increased till twilight shadows gathered in the corners of the rooms.—The birds twittered as at evening; the careful hens gathered their chickens under their wings; the cows, wondering much at the early milking-time, came lowing to the bars; as the portentous gloom increased, the children, in a curious tumult of terror and delight in an unexpected holiday, flocked in from school; the oxen were brought back to the barnyard, and the farmer came in and sat down in a Sabbath leisure and quiet. The housework was left unfinished, candles were lighted; and pale, agitated, and in tears, or tranquil in the sweet assurance of faith, father, mother and children waited, listening for the resonant blast from the skies of the trumpet of the Great Day, and the vision of the Son of Man and his angels coming with glory and power.

In those solemn moments many a soul was unclothed of its indifference, its hardness, its careful hypocrisy, unconscious unworthiness of character, or unsuspected skepticisms. It was an hour of revelations whose beneficent influence was left afterward in gentleness of judgement, in patience and forbearance, in a broader estimate of life, in a recognition of the claims of others, and in higher aims, by which daily toil was consecrated; was lifted above the plane of "getting" to that of "service as in God's cause."

"The obscuration, which commenced about ten in the morning, extending over all New England, continued till the middle of the next night, but with a difference of degree and of duration in different places."

But few instances of that strange day's experiences have been preserved. One of them records the resoluteness of Abraham Davenport, the sturdy descendant of Rev. John Davenport, of Colonial days.

The Legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford, and the House of Representatives was so much agitated by the phenomenal darkness that it voted to adjourn. When a similar proposal came before the Council, Colonel Davenport's opinion was asked. "I am against an adjournment," he replied. "The Day of Judgement is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be *found doing my duty.* I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought." Of this Whittier has given a poetical account.

Abraham Davenport.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sages tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest of Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile, in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.

He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgement which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in His province,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And, therefore, with all reverance, I would say,
Let God do his work we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the nine Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man;
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LATEST HUSBAND.—Mr. John Walter Cross, who recently married Mrs. Mary Ann Evans Lewes, commonly known as "George Eliot," the novelist, is an Englishman, of a highly respectable family, who resides at Weybridge, in the county of Surrey, near London, and is the senior partner of the banking firm of Cross, Benson & Co., in that city. His brother, Mr. Richard S. Cross, is a banker of New York. Mr. Cross is a tall, athletic man of about forty-three years, and he was for some years a resident of New York, and one of the firm of Dennistown, Wood & Co., bankers. He was never previously married. His tastes are literary and his information extensive, and, although he is about twelve years the junior of his bride, a long acquaintance satisfies him that in no one could he find a more congenial companion. Each has a comfortable income. George Eliot is again described as looking "like a horse," a rather worn simile as applied to her, and Miss Kate Field says that she "resembles a horse in that she has high cheek-bones, and when looking on her one is struck with the fact that her capacity for work is almost unlimited. She is about five feet three inches high.—Her disposition is very lovable, and she is much liked. She is the most retiring and bashful woman I ever saw. She is generally abstracted; always thinking, and her voice is no louder than a whisper."

[Since the above was in print we have seen it denied that George Eliot is married again.]

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.—Is is because they live on the other side of the world that the Japanese do almost everything opposite from what we do. Their day is, for the most part, our night; and, except that they do not walk on their heads instead of their feet, everything seems strangely topsy turvy. Their books begin where ours end, and are written from top to bottom, from right to left, and in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines. Keys turn in their locks toward the left; and the kitchen is in the front of the house, while the parlor is in the rear of the house. Horses stand in the stables with their heads where we place their tails; bells to the harness are always fastened on the hind quarters instead of the front; and men mount the animals from the off-side. Old men fly kites, and children look on. The carpenter draws his plane *toward* him; the tailor stitches *from* him. Ladies blacken their teeth instead of keeping them white; and gentlemen have trains to their trousers. This fashion gives them an irresistibly comic air. Their feet look as if thrust into the knees of the garment, and they shuffle along much like a man walking upon stumps.

If it were only their manners that appeared to us strange and twisted, we should be amused; but the thought of the crooked lives which grow out of an ignorance of the true God must make us sad, and fill us with a longing to send them the gospel.—*Well-Spring.*

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Every little while we read in the papers of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot, or knee, or hand, or some other portion of his body, and that lockjaw resulted therefrom, of which the patient died. If every person was aware of a perfect remedy for all such wounds, and would apply it, all such reports must cease. But, although we can give the remedy, we cannot enforce its application. Some will not employ it because they think it too simple; others will have no faith in it when they read it; while others think such a wound of small account, and not worth fussing over, untill it is to late to do any good. Yet all such wounds can be healed without the fatal consequences which follow them. The remedy is simple, almost always on hand, and, what is better, it is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound; repeated two or three times, it will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound.

BABYLON.—The traveler who is fortunate enough to see Babylon in April cannot call it desolate. The date groves and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plan itself is laid down with crops. Irrigating canals cross it here and there, and give trouble to the horsemen. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the nitre which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city, which counted its population by the millions and filled the world with renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared under the dust of 20 centuries; but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt.—Birds sing overhead in the pleasant spring air; butterflies flutter about in search of flowers, and balmy odors regale the sense.

"It is said that the male wasp does not sting." But as a male and female wasp wear the same kind of polonaise, and look as much a like as twins, the only way to distinguish their sex is to catch one and examine its arsenal. If it stings you it is a female; if not, it is a gentleman wasp.

"G'LANG KATE."

It was dark in the depot at Rockland, N. Y., one day recently, when the evening train came in. An elderly farmer was backed up against the partition, watching in open-mouth wonder the big puffing engine, and the yellow-covered cars as they discharged their passengers, when a handsome young girl in a sealskin cloak dashed forward, and throwing herself upon the honest granger's manly breast, imprinted a kiss upon his sunburned cheek, and exclaimed:

"You dear old pa, I knew you would be waiting for me! And how's mother, and how's Jennie, and how's John—and oh! I'm so glad to get back—and where's my trunk—and oh! pa, you take the check and let's hurry."

The granger was old and kind of dried up, and he had never known what it was to have a wife, much less a daughter. He mistrusted the young lady in the sealskin sack had made a mistake, but instead of stammering and hemming and hawing, he came gallantly up to the scratch, and throwing both arms around the fair creature, he made up his mind to be a father to her or die in the attempt. Imprinting a kiss like the report of a pistol on her cheek, he enthusiastically ejaculated:

"Oh, yer mother's well, an' John an, Henry an' (smack) an Jane an' Susan (smack, smack) an' Horace, an' Belindy an' Calvin (smack) an' Joshua an' Peter, (smack, smack,) oh, they're all smart an' hearty an'—"

By the time the young lady's friends could get to her, she had slid into a stony faint, and they had to lug her home in a hack, while the aged granger, as he finished the third round with her outraged young man, and sauntered out of the depot, leaving him with a bad eye and ruptured coat, chuckled to himself:

"The old man's gettin' old an' stiff an' careless like, but when any young females wants to play any games o'-copenhagen, they'll find him right to time, an' I shouldn't be s'prised if it rained 'fore nine o'clock, G'lang, Kate!"

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half the amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

THE RELIABLE MAN.—The reliable man is a man of good judgement. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man.—He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind and looks at it all around. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man not only in habits of body, but also in mind. He is not a passionate man; if so by nature, he has over come it. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good.

EFFECT OF TONE.—Children are exceedingly sensitive to tone; a cheerful voice has a great influence on them. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns, and listens! And thus with equal sensitiveness does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty words, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress, the sensitive being whose harp of life, so gently and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively even to the tones of such voices as sweep across it! Let us be kind and cheerful spoken, then, in our homes.

A little boy, four years old, having often been to I it was wrong to ask for anything a the table, was down at dessert. After patiently waiting for some time vithout being noticed he exclaime. "Mamma, please may I have an ange if I don't ask for it?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. But after a considerable interval the little fellow, not getting his orange, again addressed his mother with: "Please, mamma, I'm not asking for an orange." This time he was duly rewarded.

How poor was Job's turkey? He had but one feather in his tail, and had to lean against the fence to gobble.

Vassar has three Japanese ladies enrolled as students.

AN OLD DUTCH DINNER.

On special occasions a dinner or supper was given, and of one of these feasts the story has been handed down. The occasion was the surrender of Cornwallis; the giver was a stanch patriot and captain in the New York line, Cornelius Dubois; the place was his stone cottage on the right bank of the Catskill, near its mouth; the time was a Sunday afternoon, late in the autumn of 1781, after the chickens and the turkeys had been fattened, the hams cured, and the cider ripened. The house was filled; the sitting-room above with the Whigs of the neighborhood—with the Duboises, the Salisburys, the Van Ordens, and the Van Vechtens; the kitchen beneath with the uninvited but not unwelcome slaves of yeomen. There was loud and hearty talking; there was fiddling by the negroes; there was a long table covered with savory food; there was an abundance of flip and toddy in *beckjes*, or wooden bowls. A prominent figure in the assembled company was the figure of a repentant Tory, who went about with a large pitcher of milk punch, asking each guest to drink with him to the final success of the American arms. The party broke up late; and it is said that a venerable elder of the united churches of Catskill and Coxsackie went home, for the first time in his life, in a state of unnatural exhilaration.—*Harper's Magazine.*

EDUCATION IN THE KITCHEN.

Education is at last beginning to reach the kitchen. Cooking schools are springing up in many places in this country, and the Scotch and English are taking the lead in organizing them as a part of their national and common school system. We abound in female seminaries and female colleges, high schools and normal schools, in which everything under heaven is studied except that practical art which is a daily and vital necessity in all the households of the land. Our kitchens are the fortified entrenchments of ignorance, prejudice, irrational habits, the rule of thumb and mental vacuity, and the result is that Americans suffer beyond any other people from wasteful, unhealthful, unpalatable and monotonus cooking. We have long professed to believe in the potency of education, and have not been slow to apply it to all other interests and industries excepting only the fundamental art of preparation, of food to sustain life, which involves more of economy, enjoyment, health, spirit and power of effective labor than any subject taught in our schools.

A PAPER HOUSE IN THE SIDNEY EXHIBITION.—In the Sidney Exhibition there is a house built and furnished throughout from paper. The structure is one story high, and its skeleton is made of wood. The exterior is molded in carton-pierre, while the interior is covered with the same material, being plain on the floor, forming splendid arabesques on the walls, and moulded in imitation of plaster on the ceilings. The doors, cupboards and shelves are of the same material, whilst the entire furniture, including chandeliers and a stove, in which a fire can be lighted, is made of papier-mache. The carpets and curtains are of paper, and there is a bed room in which there is not only a large bed made of paper-mache, but there are also blankets, sheets, quilts, and female underclothing, dresses and bonnets, in the latest styles, composed solely of carton-pate. It is proposed to give a series of banquets in this building, in which the plates, dishes, knives, forks and glasses will all be of paper.—*Papermakers' Journal.*

ABOUT RELIGION.—Two old Texan rangers had just helped to bury a neighbor, and were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world, if he was in real earnest.

"Wall," said the other, reflectively, "I think ef a man gets so't he can't swop steers or trade horses without lyin', 'at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

"Papa," said he, as he was shown some pictures in a book Santa Claus had left him; "papa, why does camels have such bunches on their backs?"

The information received not being very satisfactory, he at length solved the difficulty himself. "Why, I know, papa," said he; "it's so's they'll be camels!" Which must be the reason.

A class of primary children were busily engaged in their reading lessons; They read in order something like the following: "The hat is in the box." "The rat is in the box." "The cat is in the box." When suddenly up came a little chubby hand, the sign of permission to speak. "Well, what is it, Mattie?" said the teacher. "I should fink 'e box 'ood be full after a while."

A capital anecdote is told of a little fellow who in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shells.—My companion examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look at me slowly remarked, "They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled."

The toadies to be most recently fooled by a bogus English lord are those of Columbia, Ohio. He called himself Lord Arundel, and he was welcomed at once to fashionable homes, though he was plainly an uneducated cockney. He was invited to the floor of the Legislature, and the women doted on him. After borrowing all the money possible, he absconded.

An exchange casually remarks, "Better late than hardly ever."

WAS IT FANCY?

It is curious what strange phantasies come into the brain of one who is dying. Things never dreamed of before find expression as the last breath ebbs away, in a language so simple and beautiful that it almost seems to flavor of the incense of heaven that hovers over the fast-chilling form, waiting to bear the soul upward.

Sunday night a little waif—an orphan—died in a hovel on the flats. She had always led an uncouth life, in harmony with her surroundings. Her father and mother died years ago—the mother barely lived to hear the little one lisp her name—and yet, just before she died the other night, the child turned her big dark eyes up to a star that you could see twinkling through the cracks in the roof, and exclaimed, as she stretched out her little hands:

"Oh! there's mamma come to get me!"

The sad, tired expression that rested on her face changed into one of joy and expectation as she gazed upward, and turning to one of the watchers by her side, she said:

"Won't you please open the door and let her in?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you come, mamma; for maybe I couldn't have found you all alone, for heaven is so big."

Her lips trembled and moved after she had ceased speaking, as if she was whispering very low to some one, but no words escaped her until, as her face grew paler, she clasped her hands tighter and said:

"Is that it over there, mamma? And is that God?"

Then the tiny hands relaxed their hold upon the imaginary form they embraced, her eyes opened slowly and the little one was dead. Who can tell if it was a fancied spirit that came to meet her? Perhaps it was; it might have been a phantasy that came with the death cloud; and then, again, perhaps the eyes of her inner soul were opened that she might catch a glimpse of what lies beyond us—Over There—in the Land of the Leal.—*Fulton Times.*

BEAUTY.—There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the penciled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

JOHN'S ESSAY ON DOGS.—Last summer our dog Towser was a lying in the sun trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad he couldn't, cos he had to catch them, and by me by a bee lit on his head, and was working about like the dog was hisn. Towser, he held his head still and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at him like he sed, you see what this duffer is doing, he thinks I'm a lilly of the valley which isn't opened yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you'll see some fun, and sure enuf Towser opened his mouth very slowly so as not to frighten the bee, and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shut his eyes dreamy, and his mouth too, and he began to make a peaceful smile when the bee stung him, and you never saw a lily of the valley act so in your life.

GRANT'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS.—Mr. Alfred Cranch Davis is in San Francisco. Mr. Davis lives in Galveston, Texas, and was there during Gen. Grant's visit. Just before he left he met a friend, the Rev. Mr. Hemway, a Methodist minister, who had had the honor of dining with the Grants.

"Well, is the General sound in his religious views?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Not entirely, I fear," was the thoughtful reply—"at least I judge he is not altogether satisfied with the divine scheme of rewards. He likes this life, and favors the life eternal, as far as it goes; but I think he hopes for a third term."

INTERESTING FIGURES.—A diligent statistician professes to have compiled from official sources the following figures in regard to items of national expense:

Salaries of all clergymen	$6,000,000
Cost of dogs	70,000,000
Support of criminals	12,000,000
Fees of litigation	35,000,000
Tobacco and cigars	610,000,000
Importation of liquors	50,000,000
Support of grog shops	1,500,000
Whole cost of liquors	2,000,000,000

The internal revenue report of the United States government for the fiscal year ending June, 1879, shows that the amount of government taxation for the whole country, for cigars, tobacco and snuff, during 1876, was $39,795,339. The whole number of cigars on which duties were paid in the same period was almost $2,000,000,000. Adding to these 110,000,000 of pounds of tobacco, manufactured for smoking and chewing, and we have an amount of not less than $250,000,000 a year.

☞ The St. George's Museum at Sheffield, established by Mr. Ruskin, is becoming an object of great interest, and so numerous are the visitors to it from all parts of England and from America that Mr. Ruskin has decided to extend it in order to give more accommodation both to students and visitors. He intends filling the new gallery with rare casts from the carvings on the ducal palace and the cathedral of St. Mark at Venice.

All Sorts of Clippings

A pain of glass—A headache.

The rest of the week—Sunday.

A two-foot rule—Don't stumble.

Short-sermon weather is coming.

Mark Twain has sold 45,000 copies of his new book.

Oxford students like the original wit of Americans.

Speaking of reptiles, is "Landlord fill the flowing bowl" a treat ode?

The New Orleans Picayune calls a man's conscience his own telephone.

Certain London receptions of the season are called "small and early."

Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man.

He is as tight as a savings bank, is the latest.

Making light of troubles—burning up your unpaid bills.

A report that can't be contradicted—The report of a gun.

A King's baby can't yell any louder than a coal-heaver's kid.

Dumb-belle exercises—Talking with a deaf and dumb girl.

Hens are not exactly lazy, and yet they are always laying 'round.

An umbrella is like a betting man. It is "either put up, or shut up."

Perspiration never rains. It simply pores.

Dark horses are looked for in the coming races.

The baby elephant is teething, or rather tusking.

Among the recognized small vices are vice presidents.

Grant doesn't like the kicking over the traces at Albany.

The carriage-maker never tires. The blacksmith does that for him.

Constantly in "creasing": Three vowels and five consonants.

Limerick—No; we cannot say that fishermen are rod fellows.

To plainness honor's bound, when majesty falls to folly.

What a lot of old bureaus there will be for sale after the Chicago Convention.

The chorus of the grand opera in Paris numbers one hundred—sixty men and forty women.

Two Iowa men had a cow race the other day on a bet of $50. The best time was seven minutes.

London is to enjoy the performances of a goodly number of American actors this coming summer.

The issue at West Point is trying to settle itself down to a question of signature and nig-nature.

The old adage must be changed. Bread always falls oleomargarine side down.

"The fact that women have no careers" is the London World's solution of much social mischief.

Blaine feels consoled when he remembers that Oregon is strong in his favor.

Ralph Waldo Emerson keeps cows and sells milk. And it isn't watered, either.

It is a wise fly that knows the difference between oleomargarine and butter.

When a man lives on nothing but vegetables he is apt to be very small potatoes.

Can a retired baggage-master be properly referred to as the company's exchequer?

The veil which covers the hand of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

The ark must have had a poker deck from the number of pairs she held.

France is imitating America, and is sending trained diplomats on foreign missions.

A pound of gold is now of about the same value as a pound of silver in the eleventh century.

When you are served by a female waiter at a restaurant, remember to "Be just but fee her not."

One man was threatening to whip another. "Well," said the other, "an elephant can whip a philosopher."

Johnson—"But say, who gave away the bride?" Jones—"I forget; but at any rate it was a perfect give-away."

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about," said the policeman as he hit the man on the head. This, of course, was club talk.

The editor of the Boston Transcript was asked whether a circus man can go to heaven, and replied, "Well, he has a pretty good show."

The Mohammedans are called a very quiet, thoughtful people. They shut a door gently although they believe in Islam.

Talmage wants to go South again. He is the only man who was ever able to eat a long slice of watermelon at one bite.

"Well," said an old Lincoln Republican, "we may have a dark horse or a light horse; but we don't want a political zebra.

Innocent ignorance, says the critic, may, perhaps be overlooked so long as it does not take the form of priggish presumption.

In this country the defeated candidates have the consolation of knowing that they are in the majority by two to one.

It is odd, and sometimes melancholy, to see a man trying to "make up his mind" when he has no material on hand to work with.

"What on earth takes you off to the stable so early every morning lately?" asked a woman of her husband. "Curry-hossity."

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing but nobody else does.

The burglar-alarm is a great invention. It always warns the burglar in season for him to get out of the way before anybody can shoot.

There are Smiths, Smythes and Schmidts in most every part of the country, but J. N. Smithee resides in Arkansas, and he wants to be Governor.

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