The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880. VOL. XIX.-NO. 3.

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.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

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.

Woolen Goods.

Goods for Men.

Goods for Boys.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, BLANKETS.

WE HAVE IN STOCK, Lines of the above Goods in great variety—many of them just put on sale, and of Mallalieu's Manufacture.

Buyers of discernment will confess the figure to be reasonably close.

Goods generally, to meet the calls of the season, all the time in store, and at prices to challenge competition.

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, October 30, 1879.

CALL and try our new 5c. Cigar, "Electric Light," and other brands, at SPARKS'.

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.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky:
"Be patient, heart! light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says: 'To-morrow,' 'The Unknown,'
'The Future,' trusts that power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief:
And day by day, and night unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.

BOSS FOR FIVE MINUTES.

How a Tramp's wish was Gratified, and how He Utilized the Time.

[*From the Detroit Free Press.*]

Soon after the dinner hour yesterday a specimen tramp appeared at the door of a house on John R. street, and before he could be ordered off the steps he began:

"Sir, I am a tramp."

"Yes, I see you are."

"But I am not here to ask for either food, money or clothing. I have just had a bite, my clothes are good enough, and if I had money I should get drunk and be sent up."

"Well, what do you want?"

"There are four tramps down the street and I know they'll call here. It is now five years since I began travelling around. I suppose I have been called a loafer and a thief and a dead-beat ten thousand times, and I have been shot at, clubbed, broom-sticked and scalded times without record. Now I want a change."

"How?"

"Well, all I ask is that you will let me represent your house when those tramps come up."

This was agreed to. He sat down on the steps, removed his hat, lighted the stub of a cigar and was reading a circular when the four fellows slouched up and entered the yard.

"What in Arkansas do you fellows want in my yard?" exclaimed the tramp as he rose up.

"Suthin' to eat," was the humble reply.

"Something to eat! Why, you miserable, thick-ribbed cadavers, go and earn it, then! Do you suppose I have nothing to do but to keep a free hotel for loafers?"

"Can't get work," mumbled the biggest of the lot.

"Oh! you can't! Been looking all around, I suppose? Everybody got all the help he wants, eh? Want to be cashiers and confidential advisers, don't you?"

"Nobody gives us a show," growled the third man.

"That's it! That's your cue! Nobody will take you in with your old rags and dirt and sore heels and weep over you, and ask you to please be good, and put you in the parlor bedroom and feed you on chicken broth! How awful it is that you can't be put on ice and laid away where you won't melt!"

"Will you give us something?" impudently demanded the fourth.

"Will I? You are just right I will! I'll give you five seconds to get outside the gate, and I'll tell you in addition that if ever I see you in this neighborhood again I'll tie you into hard knots and hire a sore-eyed dog to bite you to death! Git up and git! Move on—hurry—out with you!"

They shuffled out as fast as they could, and when they had turned the corner the tramp put on his hat, put out his inch of cigar for another smoke, and said to the gentleman:

"You have done me a great favor and I am grateful; I already feel better for the change, and solemnly believe that if I could only have got an excuse to throw 'em over the fence I should have been ready to reform and start out as a lecturer. Good-by. I shall never forget your kindness!"

A Pious Fraud Indeed.

[*London Standard.*]

At Southwark Police Court recently William Tow, fifty five, who pretended to be deaf, and who held in his hand a tattered old Bible, which he kept referring to during his examination, was brought before Mr. Bridge, on remand, charged with begging in the New cut, Lambeth. The evidence of Wm. Ward, 189 L., was that on Saturday afternoon last he observed the prisoner in the New cut pretending to read a book he held in his hands, and calling upon the passers-by to help a poor old man who was in great distress. Some people gave him money, which he passed to a female, who, as soon as she saw witness approaching, went away, followed by the prisoner. Witness went round his beat, and on returning along the New cut he saw the prisoner enter several shops. He followed him unperceived, and heard him ask for money, holding his Bible out and appealing to some of the verses relating to charity. Money was given to him, but before he could pass that to a companion he took him into custody. The prisoner here, holding out his Bible, said he was not a beggar. He read the Bible in the street, and seeing the shopkeeper not very busy he merely entered the shop to point out the Scriptures to him.

William Crack, an officer of the Mendicity Society, who was in attendance, said he had known the prisoner for years as a beggar and impostor. He generally stood near the curb in busy neighborhoods with the Bible in his hand, and as soon as he saw any sympathizing-looking female he commenced reading some verse respecting charity. He had been convicted at Marlborough St. Police Court.

The prisoner was sentenced to a month's hard labor.

Select Story.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

One of our brother officers, named Vetsky, had a brother officer in the civil service, who was an especial favorite of mine. He was a mine of singular intelligence, but I never saw a man so full of physical imperfections. Ill health had rendered him a species of abortion. He knew his weakness and his natural defects, and carefully avoided all efforts and all gymnastic exercises, leading the life of the utmost precaution. On horseback he was a terribly comic spectacle, and whenever we arranged a riding party he invariably chose the oldest and least spirited of the horses. He had also a defect in his pronunciation, which obliged him to speak very slowly in order to keep from stuttering. You may imagine what a figure this unhappy man made, with his ailments and his precautions, among a band of vigorous young men who never looked before they leaped.

Vetsky was nevertheless a good companion. We all were fond of him, but we made no allowance for the infirmities of his constitution, his akwardness, and his excessive prudence, that bordered on cowardice. Vetsky took all our jokes in good part, sometimes joining in the laugh against himself. Nevertheless, it frequently occurred that when some sudden railery attacked him he found himself at a loss for a reply. It seemed as if the faculties of his mind, like those of his body, suffered occasional paralysis. He was one of those men whom it was easy unseat with a word, and who have not the power of immediately regaining the saddle. In cases like this, Vetsky evidently suffered very much, however strongly he forced himself to conceal it under a cold and calm exterior. Every one could see that he made every effort to remain master of himself, because, as he would say with a forced smile, "To get angry would be to injure my health."

I had observed since a certain epoch that my brother was one of the most pitiless persecutors of poor Vetsky; but we had all fallen into the habit of laughing at "our *petit maitre*," as we called him, and made this jocularity so much a regular pastime, and I paid no attention to his childish waywardness. It seemed to us so perfectly natural. All things, however, had a secret cause; and the secret of this was, that my brother was desperately in love with a lady who, by a singular caprice, gave a marked preference over the elegant Vetcheslaff to the distorted Vetsky.

When officers are newly appointed, it is the custom among us Russians to expect them to "baptize their epaulettes," as we say. As we had some new-comers in the regiment, days were fixed when we should dine successively with each of them. You have some idea of the style of what our *fetes* used to be. You have been ten years absent, and in Russia ten years is an age. The time has gone by for those wild, frenzied revels that you knew once. Now young men are very rational, even over the bottle, and good taste reigns in their orgies. Their wives might preside over them without blushing. It is not that wine is wanting. They do not drink at present, it is true, until they are under the table; but they drink enough to become gay and quarrelsome, and foolish sometimes, and to say things in their cups that they reget in sober moments.

We dined one day in a little country house (it was the period when the troops were encamped in the suburbs of St. Petersburg for the summer review), and our host was liberal of his champagne. The dinner lasted a considerable time, and all of us, including even Vetsky, were, to use a military phrase, charged up to the muzzle. It was two o'clock in the morning. The room was close, and I felt as if I was suffocating; so I left the house to wander through the field and fresh air. I remember it still. The skies were pure, the country silent. A faint morning breeze was arising, and I hailed it with voluptuous delight. The field, bathed in the purple rays of the rising morning, made a delicious picture. Not a sound was audible, except in the direction of the cottage where we dined, through whose open windows fragments of laughter and snatches of song floated. Suddenly song and laughter ceased. This unexpected change from noise to profound silence alarmed me, and I shivered involuntarily. My heart beat as if I had just learned evil news. By an involuntary movement I returned to the cottage. At the moment of crossing the threshold I met Vetsky coming out with his hat in his hand. He did not speak to me; but his face was white as a sheet, and he sought to dissemble some agitation beneath a smile. My presentiments were verified!

My companions related all that had occurred during my brief absence, It was a boyish freak, but one that I feared would lead to bloodshed.

Some of them had opened a window that looked out on a court-yard, and one young fellow, in a fit of gayety, leaped from it. A second followed, then a third. The window was a considerable height from the ground, and whoever was unfortunate enough to miss his footing would certainly be hurt. The laughter provoked by the falls that some received, and the danger of the jump excited in all the young men present a reckless emulation. Each tried If he could not break his neck in this foolish exploit.

"Now what are you going to do?" said my brother to Vetsky, when all had tried the peril, with a loud laugh.

"I will not leap," answered Vetsky, coldly.

"No! But you must leap!"

"I have told you that I do not wish to leap."

"You don't wish to leap," answered my brother, in the heat of wine, "because you are a coward."

"I advise you not to repeat that," said Vetsky.

My fool of a brother knew not what he said or did.

"I'll not only repeat it," said he, putting his arms akimbo, "but I will tell it to the Countess M—[the lady that both were paying their court to]. I will say to her, 'Your adorer is a coward!' What will you bet that I will not tell her?"

Vetsky, in spite of all his *sang froid*, could no longer contain himself. He caught my brother by the throat.

"You fool!" he cried, "if you dare—"

A blow on the face was the only reply.

What remained to be done? For a moment I thought of reconciling the adversaries, but how to accomplish it? To force my brother to apologize was impossible; for his officer's uniform had brought with it the most exalted idea of personal dignity. He felt that he was wrong, but to commence his military career with what might be called an act of cowardice, to recede from his position—no power under heaven could have made him consent to it. As to me, I had not the courage to face such an idea; and my only chance was to attack Vetsky, whose prudent timidity, instructive moderation, and general good sense gave me some hope. In my selfishness I thought that, in order to save my brother, this man would, as I would, recoil from nothing, not even public contempt. Stifling my pride, I proceeded to Vetsky's house.

When I entered the room, I found him seated at a writing-table, tranquilly smoking a cigar. His calmness disturbed me.

"I wished," said I, "to have an interview with you rather than your second. You are a man, and certainly must look upon my brother's conduct as nothing but the rudeness of a boy, entirely unworthy of your attention."

Vetsky looked surprised, and smiled.

"Sir," he said, "you do not think what you say. Be frank with me. What is the matter?"

These few words gave me a new idea. I would endeavor to touch his feelings. I pictured our situation, my mother's feeble state of health, her farewell to us, and the promise she had exacted of me. I did not spare poor Vetcheslaff. I called him a fool, and a scamp. I believe, that I even muttered the word 'pardon.'

"A moment," said Vetsky, with the cold smile that had never, for an instant quitted his face. "Is it on your brother's behilf, or on your own, that you apologize?"

I knew not what to answer. He fixed a penetrating look upon me, and continued:

"I understand your position perfectly. I understand that your brother will never apologize—he can not. I pity you as much as him. I am not a fire-eater, and duels are not in my line. I have always laid down as a rule for myself to avoid every thing that might conduct to one; but," he added earnestly, "not to recede a step when a rencounter became inevitable. Put yourself in my place. How many times have I not been forced to turn off in a joke words that, if addressed to another, would have provoked twenty duels with your brother? I took pity on his youth, and, I acknowledge, pity on myself also. Life is already sad and short enough, without sacrificing it still further for a bully. But this affair is most serious. What would the world—which already finds me too prudent—say of me if I were to let this affair pass as something not meriting attention? You know what prejudices exist. I would not know where to hide my head. Every finger would be pointed at me! I would have nothing left but to blow my brains out; and that, you know, would not be prudent in a man of so much prudence."

These words were delivered coldly and disdainfully, but I felt that I could not reply.

"If it is to be so," I cried, angrily, "It is with me, sir, that you will have to settle."

"If it is agreeable to you," said Vetsky, shaking the ashes from his cigar; but not before your brother and myself have finished. Besides, I am not certain that your brother would not listen to any other arrangement. I have now to apologize to you—but I have some letters to write."

"He bowed coldly, and I left the house with a despairing heart.

One hope remained to me. Vitsky was a bad shot. I would naturally be my brother's second—it was a natural duty that I owed him. Wishing, therefore, to give my brother all the advantages possible, I proposed that they should be placed at twenty paces, each advancing ten paces after the word was given, and firing at discretion. I counted on Vetcheslaff's quickness and correctness of eye. Vetsky's second accepted these terms.

We had scarcely finished this bloody compact when Vetcheslaff entered. Bocks bounded before him, barking with joy. My brother tried to put a brave face on the matter, and play with the dog; but one could see that he could scarcely restrain the interior emotion that agitated him. Poor young fellow!—Life was, perhaps, never so attractive to him as at that moment, who would blame him if he grieved at the chance of quitting it? When I saw his fair young face, my heart bled. In the few hours that preceded the duel I grew twenty years older.

In a few minutes after this we were on the ground. The thought that it was I who led my brother to take his stand before a pistol, deprived me of the faculty of either thinking or acting. In vain I forced myself to exhibit the *sang froid* necessary under such circumstances; but I was no longer myself. Vetsky's second had to fulfil my duties. The fatal moment had arrived. I gathered all my strength, and examined my brother's pistols; they were in excellent order. Vetsky was cold as ice. An almost imperceptible smile wandered over his compressed lips. One would have thought that he was merely warming his back at his drawing room fireplace. I looked at Vetcheslaff, and saw with terror that his hand trembled.

The signal was given. The antagonists approached each other slowly. The sight of the danger had driven from Vetcheslaff's memory all the instructions that I had given him. He fired precipitately, and Vetsky staggered, but did not fall. The bullet had broken his left shoulder. Controlling his agony, he made a sign to his antagonist to advance to the fixed limits. My brother obeyed, with a convulsive and involuntary movement.

I felt as if petrified. A cold sweat bathed my body. I saw Vetsky advance, step by step, pistol in hand; I saw his cold, pitiless eye. He was only two paces distant from my brother. Then I thought of my mother—her last words—my oath. I felt as if I were going mad. A mist swam before my eyes; I forgot everything—honor, reason, the regulation of the duello. One sentence only rang in my ears: "Your brother is being murdered before your eyes!" I could no longer support this agony. I sprang before my brother, and making a rampart of my body, cried out to Vetsky:

"Fire!"

Vetsky lowered his pistol.

"Is this according to the rules of the duello?" he asked, turning calmly to his second.

A cry of disapprobation came from every mouth. Some of the bystanders dragged me away from my brother. The next instant a pistol-shot was heard, and Vetcheslaff fell—dead.

WANTED THE FACTS IN A WORLDLY WAY.—The church at Walnut Hill has for some time been without pastor. Candidates have at various times presented themselves, but up to date none have seemed to fill the bill. On Sunday last a new candidate presented himself. The sermon was on "Prayer," the candidate threw his whole soul into his discourse. At last while illustrating the need and efficacy of prayer he drew an illustration from his own experience. He was out on a lake in a boat when by a mischance he lost both oars. The wind was rising, night was coming on, and he was in imminent danger of being swamped and finding a watery grave. What could he do." Evidently nothing of himself, so he knelt down and prayed long and fervently for deliverance. He placed himself in the hands of the Lord and so was saved. So he passed from one thing to another, and at last the sermon was finished. He raised his hands to pronounce the benediction. The audience stood with bowed heads waiting for the gracious words, when old Captain Sweetsir, of North Yarmouth, a rugged old sea dog, cried out: "Say, Mr. Preacher, I want you to tell me how you got ashore." The large audience was still no more, but broke into a roar, and it was fully five minutes before the minister could explain that a man saw him from the shore and put out in another boat and took him off.

A sombre-faced man with long hair like a corn-doctor or a poet entered a country post-office one day last week and laid down a nickel and inquired for two 3-cent stamps. He was informed that 6 cents was necessary for the purchase.

"This is the economy of the country is it? In the country where I came from I always get two stamps for 5 cents. Is this the only post-office in town?"

"It is."

"Ah, ha! that accounts for it.—Competition is what gives life to all business. If you only had two or three post-offices here stamps would go down to 20 cents a dozen in no time. It's a wonder some enterprising capitalist don't go into the post-office business here and bring prices down where they ought to be." Then fishing an old-fashioned copper out of his pocket and laying it in the delivery window he adhered his stamps to a yellow envelope and vanished like a beautiful dream.

PREMATURE WOMEN.—When girls midway in their teens throw off their natural girlish habits and attire, and don long skirts, shoot up their hair, and affect the airs and dress of young women, they would often be surprised to know what their elders really think of the improvements. One such young miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognized upon greeting the visitor as she stepped from the car.

"Don't you know me, Auntie?"

"Why, this isn't Maria, is it?"

"Certainly! Don't you think I look better than I did last summer?"

"No!" replied the honest soul, looking the girl over: "to tell the truth, I don't! Go home, and let down your hair, and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you will be glad to have people take you for a girl."

THE "TRUE BORN."—"Age never brings wisdom to the true born ass, but it may tone down his exuberance and cover with a thin veneer of common sense his more preposterous ways. To see human assishness in its most perfect form we must observe it in the young. The young jackass is nowadays a very commonly encountered specimen of his kind."—*London World.*

Do not trifle with the affection of an innocent young city girl; do not try to make friends with a mule by squeezing his hind foot. If you aspire to either way you will find that life is a miserable failure.

The Canadian Senate lately rejected the bill legalizing marriages with a deceased wife's sister or a deceased brother's wife.

LACONICALLY TOLD.

The Story of Two Wounded Soldiers During the Late Unpleasantness.

Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy, and a little rough, but withal a good hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Antietam, and thus laconically described the occurrence and what followed to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is you name?"

"Joe Parsons."

"What is the matter?"

"Blind as a bat; both eyes shot out."

"And what battle?"

"Antietam."

"How did it happen?"

"I was hit and knocked down, and had to lie all night on the battle field. The fight was renewed next day, and I was under fire. I could stand the pain, but could not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened, and presently heard a man groan near me.

"'Halloo!' says I.

"'Halloo yourself,' says he.

"'Who be you?' says I.

"'Who be you?' says he.

"'A Yankee,' says I.

"'Well, I'm a reb,' says he.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"'My leg's smashed,' says he.

"'Can you walk?' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Can you see?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'you're a rebel, but I'll do you a little favor.'

"'What's that?' says he.

"'My eyes are shot out,' says I, 'and if you'll show me the way I'll carry you out.'

"'All right,' says he.

"'Crawl over here,' says I; and he did.

"'Now, old Butternut,' says I, 'get on my back,' and he did.

"'Go ahead,' says he.

"'Pint the way,' says I, 'for I can't see a blessed thing.'

"'Straight ahead,' says he.

"The balls were flying all around, and I trotted off and we were soon out of range.

"'Bully for you,' says he, 'but you have shook my legs almost off.'

"'Take a drink,' says he, holding up his canteen, and I took a nip.

"'Now let us go on again,' says he, kind o' slowly,' and I took him up, and he did the navigatin' and I did the walkin'. After I had carried him nearly a mile and was almost dead, he said: 'Here we are; let me down.' Just then a voice said: 'Hallo, Billy, where did you get that Yank?'

"'Where are we?' says I.

"'In the rebel camp, of course,' says he; and d—n my buttons if that rebel hadn't ridden me a straight mile into the rebel camp. Next day McClellan's army advanced and took us both in, and then we shook hands and made it up; but it was a mean trick in him, don't you think so?"—*Weekly Times.*

SUMMER FASHIONS.

With laudable enterprise, *Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly* for the present summer presents its readers with a beautiful chromo-lithograph, illustrative of the fashions of the season. Unlike most fashion plates, which are merely creations of the artist's brain, the present is a faithful reproduction of actual, existent costumes, of which not only the full descriptions, but the prices as well, accompany the plate. For the benefit of our lady readers we append a brief summary of these costumes, extracted from an advance sheet furnished by the publishers.

No. 1 represents a walking costume in brown, of summer camel's hair cloth and polka dot satin. The front is of satin arranged in soft folds, with side draperies of camel's hair, edged with silk and tape fringe. The back of the skirt is of camel's hair, divided from the side draperies by broad bias bands of satin, and ornamented with satin bows. The basque is made in French coat style, with broad hip pieces of the polka dot material, and tastefully trimmed cuffs and collar. Price $47.00.

No. 2 is a second walking dress, appropriately named the "Sunrise," and made of gend'arme blue French bunting and silk brocade. By an ingenious arrangement of the two materials, the front is ornamented with the representation of a sun with rays; the side draperies being of bunting meeting at a point below the basque, and drawn to either side of the central design of the front. The basque is bunting, cut long and round, and appropriately trimmed with the brocade. Price, $35.00.

The third figure in the illustration represents a combination dress of silk in two contrasting shades of drab. The underskirt in front is made of alternate strips of the two materials laid in kilt plaitings, the back being of a single shade, plain and full. The overskirt is trimmed across the bottom with *revers* of contrasting silk, with a full bow of silk in two shades; the back being of a darker shade of silk, neatly draped. The basque is made *en panier*, trimmed to correspond with the lower part of the costume. Price, $28.50.

The last figure is that of a dinner or reception dress of garnet colored satin duchess, elaborately trimmed with cashmere bead fringe and passementerie. The skirt is arranged in a double scarf, on which the trimming is imposed to great advantage; while the back drapery is formed of a double box plaiting extending from the waist downward. The basque is cut with a coat back and elaborately trimmed. The sleeves are open on the upper side, and laced with cords of satin, with bands of passementerie on either side; the lower part of the sleeves, as well as the trimming of the neck, being finished with ruchings and plaitings of lace and satin. Price, $145.00.

"There," said Jones, holding up his egg at the breakfast table, "I was always told I wanted *chic*, and now I've got it." A smile perambulated the table, and the young man who is studying French laughed immoderately after the joke had been thoroughly explained to him.

All Sorts of Clippings

Sic transit—an ambulance.

A bar-tender—fifteen cents.

A man may be right and yet be left.

The busy bee is always at hum.

The butcher who trusts loses flesh.

Handsome feathers make gay girls.

Bound to look well—a braided coat.

There are troops at the poles—catching fish.

What beach will you wash on this season?

It's a sour disappointment to angel woman that she cannot fly.

To raise sorghum—go to a dentist.

Courtship is a novel; marriage a history.

There are three men to one woman in Arizona.

There is not a single insane asylum in Arkansas.

A man is a bad egg when the best of him is on the outside.

The jewel for a frilled shirt bosom is a diamond in the ruff.

Nothing is wholly bad. Even a dark lantern has its bright side.

The schoolmaster who sat on a bent pin got off a bright thing.

The most fashionable "morning wrapper" the milkman.

If you would reach the people's eyes, arise, be wise, and advertise.

A boy in Kenney county, Texas, killed forty-three bears last winter.

Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

Edwin Booth, since his bankruptcy in 1876, has made $300,000.

Illinois builds one half of the farm machinery of the United States.

The dentist pulls what he does not plant.

Have a care of silent water and a still dog.

The more gracious the miss, the sweeter the kiss.

Low shoes and fancy stockings are now all the rage.

Joys are a man's wings, and sorrows are his spurs.

New brooms sweep clean but raise the most dust.

Dentists' ballad—"O, who can tell the jaws we feel!"

Don't seek political office: private station is the post of honor.

The weigh of the transgressor—nineteen hundred pounds to a ton.

A good dinner lubricates business—Stowell.

How to get rich—live poor on a big income.

Demagogues have brazen cheeks and tongues.

Fremont avers that the dark horse will not be woolly.

Ecstacy may be defined as the hysterics of sentiment.

'Tis hard to take things coolly with a corner in ice.

Merit is no sooner espied than it is enviously decried.

Never run yourself down, nor permit your wife to blow you up.

Flippancy is a barnacle on rhetoric, and a degradation of oratory.

How easily we commit errors, and how hard to acknowledge them!

The motto of the hen is to egg-shell.

An ex-press agent—a discarded corset.

The man who hesitates is often lost—for words.

Workers in the dark—the foot-pad and the liver-pad.

Cheating never prospers—except, perhaps, in trading horses.

Motto for the milkman—To the pure all things are pure.

The baker's morning cry is a roll call.

Boston ladies like the color called coachman's drab.

Mutiny on board ship is the worst kind of sea-dition.

Whittaker is ear-responsible, and no paradox about it.

The prettiest hands in Rome are those of an American lady.

Banana skins would make good flooring for a skating rink.

Brain, rather more than muscle, is required to carry out intentions.

Russians use wooden horses in beginning to teach Cossacks to ride.

There are two ways to bolt a ticket, and one is to swallow it whole.

A display of American plants is to be held annually in Hyde Park, London.

The man who "has the key to the situation" keeps an intelligence office.

The sea fisheries of Europe are said to employ a quarter of a million of people.

The choir of an Advent church at Littleton, Miss., dress in crimson robes.

If the Darwinian theory holds good in astronomy the first comet is that which has no tail.

Now the season is at hand when the average parishioner longs for short sermons.

Evil communications corrupt good manners, unless spotted in time by the postoffice detectives.

A petrified peach has been found on the Yaqui River, in Sonora. It must be of the free-stone variety.

An English critic says of Ernest Renan: "He thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child."

Nothing is more fatal to happiness in this world than a scorn of small things.

Let every youth be taught some useful art and be trained to thrift and industry.

It will not improve your understanding to have your shoes fixed by a sherry cobbler.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds: only the base believe what only the base utter.

A sermon can be too short. It should be long enough for the women to take mental notes of all the new styles out.

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