The Chestertown Transcript.

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GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

OF

ROGERS, PEET & Co.

ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND REASONABLE PRICES.

The public are cordially invited. No trouble to show goods.

MORDECAI & SMITH, Proprietors.

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.

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.

Select Poetry.

THE HILL OF LIFE.

BY JOHN SCOTT.

[From the Irish Times.]

We only ask, my heart and I,
A little peace, a little rest;
We've traveled far, my heart and I,
And none responds to our request.
The hill of life is steep and high,
And thorns the grasses underlie,
We know it well—my heart and I.

We've had our foes, my heart and I;
We've had our friends,
We've had our loves, my heart and I,
Where friendship ends.
We've bid a hundred loves good-by,
We've seen a hundred friendships die,
Aye, that we have—my heart and I.

We've met with scorn, my heart and I;
We've met with praise;
When envy let his arrows fly
To mar our days.
We'd laugh to see them pass us by;
If cunning forged a subtle lie,
We would his fiendish arts defy,
And foil our foes—my heart and I.

When beauty, blushing sweet and shy,
Would, unaware,
Pierce my warm heart with glances sly,
We'd shun the snare.
Old trout avoid the angler's fly,
And faithless hearts would vainly try
To separate my heart and I.

Now here we are, my heart and I,
While far below
We hear the murmuring nation's cry,
And reap and sow;
We've sown and reaped, my heart and I,
And only ask in peace to die.
God grant us rest, my heart and I!

The Game of Fifteen vs. Twenty.

"What is the puzzle of fifteen they are all talking about?" asked Mrs. Melrose, as her husband dropped into his easy chair the other evening.

"Well, I'll explain the principle of it," he replied. "Suppose, now, you ask me for $15 to buy a bonnet?"

"Yes, that would buy a common bonnet."

"I give you the money."

"Oh, yes! very much you do! I'd like to see myself get $15 out of you for any such thing. You'd have about a thousand excuses, to keep me waiting a month and then give me about $7 to buy a bonnet and a ton of coal together."

"As I was saying, I give you the $15," he went on, a shade of sadness crossing his face.

"Yes, in your mind."

"Now, the game is to make that $15 get fifteen different articles, instead of one. You could buy me three white shirts, five collars, a pair of socks, a silk handkerchief, and a new pipe, making eleven articles. Your bonnet would make twelve, and the other three articles could be shoes for the children. Thousands of loving wives are playing the game."

"They are, eh! Well, let 'em play! When I get my hands on fifteen dollars of your money I'll march down town and play the game of twenty."

"What's that, dear?"

"Why, I'll pay out all I've got and run you in debt five dollars more."

THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD of America, now in session in Philadelphia, makes the following utterance officially: "Never was infidelity more bold or blatant. Newspapers are published professedly in the cause of infidelity. New books are written and old books reprinted, and lecturers go from city to city and town to town in the interests of the same unholy cause. And when an infidel lecturer of note appears in any of our cities large audiences, paying high prices for admission, crowd the halls and hail with applause the most profane and blasphemous utterances of the speaker. Closely allied with infidelity, and manifesting itself with no less boldness both in this nation and those of Europe, is Communism. Here it declares war against capital and seeks to put fetters upon labor. Especially on the Pacific coast has it been most rampant; and so loudly has it clamored 'The Chinese must go!' that a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of this nation has taken up the cry and echoed it within the walls of the Capitol."

Burdette on Commercial Travelers.

What would I do without the "boys?" How often they have been my friends. I go to a new town. I don't know one hotel from another. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls to the 'bus driver by name and orders him to "get out of this now," as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name, and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again, and watches the clerk assign me to 98. "Ninety nothing," he shouts, "who's in 15?" The clerk says he is saving 15 for Judge Dryasdust. "Well, he be blowed," says my cheery friend, "give him the attic and put this gentleman in 15." And if the clerk hesitates he seizes the pen and gives me 15 himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in 15, and then, in the same breath, adds: "What time will you be down to supper, Mr. Burdette?" and he waits for me, and, seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, and the waiters do not neglect me. He tells me about the town, the people and the business; he is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good natured: he frisks with cigars and overflows with "thousand-mile tickets;" he knows all the best rooms in all the hotels; he always has a key for the car seats, turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the woodbox or stand outside to accommodate a lady, or he will give his seat to an old man. I know him pretty well. For three years I have been traveling with him, from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and the best of him, and I know the best far outweighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad he is numerous.

☞ Lord Kenmare, the new Lord Chamberlain, was desperately nervous at first levee. He announced the lieutenant and adjutant of a distinguished line regiment as staff sergeant, and Sir Baker Russell as Sir Russell Baker.

ELI PERKINS ON CHILDREN.

To-day I sat in a car-seat on the Lake Shore Road, behind a pale, care-worn young lady, who was taking a little boy from Cleveland to Ashtabula. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and as everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What is that, Auntie?" the little boy commenced, as he pointed to a heap of yellow corn.

"O, that's corn, dear," answered the care-worn lady.

"What is corn, Auntie?"

"Why, corn is corn, dear."

"But what is corn made of?"

"Why, corn is made of dirt, and water, and air, darling."

"Who makes it Auntie?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does he make it in the day time or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes; all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make corn on Sunday, Auntie?"

"O, I don't know. Do keep still, Freddy—that's a dear! Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment, little Freddy broke out:

"Where do the stars come from, Auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too, Auntie?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me, Freddy."

A short silence, when Freddy broke out again:

"Fanny Mason says oxins is a owl, Auntie is they?"

"O, perhaps so."

"I think a whale could lay eggs, don't you, Auntie?"

"O, yes—I guess so!" said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"O, I guess so."

"Where?"

"O, I don't know! Do keep still, Freddy!"

And the lady gave a sigh and looked out of the window.

A moment afterwards Freddy looked out the window and saw a man milking a cow.

"What is he doing to the cow, Auntie?"

"Milking her, dear."

"Where do they put the milk in, Auntie?"

"O! in her mouth!"

"Did you ever see them put the milk in?"

"O, yes."

"Where?"

"I mean no. Freddy, you must be quiet—I'm getting crazy!"

"What makes you go crazy, Auntie?"

"O, dear! you ask so many questions."

The little boy seemed to be puzzled and thoughtful a moment; but soon his curiosity got the better of him, and, as the cars passed a pasture in which were a sheep and a lamb, he asked:

"Where do lambs come from, Auntie?"

"O! from old sheep. The sheep has them."

"Can little boys have lambs, Auntie?"

"Certainly. "I will let you have a lamb, Freddy, when you get home."

"Did you ever have a lamb, Auntie?"

"O, of course, dear."

"Where?"

"O, Freddy, do stop! You ask such foolish questions. I'm all fagged out. You will drive me crazy;" and then the poor, worn-out woman leaned her aching head on the back of the forward seat, while Freddy busied himself placing his mouth against the window and soliloquized in a sing-song tone:

"Mary had a little lamb!
"Sheep had a little lamb!
"Auntie had a little lamb!
"O, Auntie! Auntie!"

"What is it, Freddy?" asked the poor woman, waking up.

"Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes, dear."

"Where?"

"Freddy! sit down on that seat and be still, or I'll shake you. I won't be tormented to death. Now, not another word." And the lady pointed her finger sharply at the little boy, as if she was going to stick it through him.

If she had been a wicked man she would have sworn; and still we have eight million little boys like Freddy in the United States, each one causing more or less profanity.

"And, notwithstanding all this, the Y. M. C. A's. throughout the country denounce Herod and Pharaoh as biased men because they ordered all the childred killed—except their own.

A German named Baumgardner has invented an air-ship which is a combination of balloon and wings such as Mr. Edison proposes to use alone. From a published description it seems to be a rather unwieldly craft, there being ten or twelve wings and three cars. The wings are moved by cranks, and an ascent was made by Leipsiz the other day. The two assistants whom the inventor took with him got scared when the machine had mounted above the housetops and jumped out. Baumgardner, however, contined to ascend until the balloon burst, when he came down very suddenly. He expects to live long enongh to try it again.

A woman in Allenville, Ark., conspired with a drug clerk to give her husband poison as though by mistake, instead of a substance which he habitually bought. The plan was to let the man die, and then the widow was to sue the clerk's employer for damages. Who says a woman has no head for business?

Can any one improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not.

A MYSTERIOUS BOX.

It Lies Unclaimed and Unopened in the Treasury.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes: In the vaults of the treasury department there is a box which was placed there over thirty years ago for safe keeping. No one knows who it belongs to, or what is to be done with it. It has been the subject of several investigations by officers of the treasury department. On various occasions resolutions have been introduced in Congress making inquiries, etc., as to its value and ownership. But no satisfactory conclusion has ever been had as to its true history. Its contents are worth perhaps $2,000 or $3,000. The box remains in the treasury vaults, tightly sealed and coverd with dust. No one can touch it unless Congress passes a resolution to that effect.—Several United States treasurers who have found the box in their possession, when taking charge of the office, have recommended that the articles be sold at auction and the proceeds given to some charitable object or monument association.

There are several stories told as to the origin of the box. One is that the contents were a present to President Andrew Jackson from the Khedive of Egypt, and were placed in the patent office, and afterward placed in the treasury for safe keeping. Another and probably a more correct history of the box is found in a report made by Secretary McCulloch in answer to a resolution of the House of Representatives. His letter is dated March 10, 1868, and he says:

"In answer to your resolution of the 6th inst., inquiring as to the contents of a certain box in the vaults of the treasury, sealed with the seal of the patent office and marked "jewels," an examination has been made by the treasurer and a copy of his report is herewith submitted. It is understood that the articles are remnants of the objects of an extensive robbery committed a number of years since at the patent office. They have been in the treasury vaults since 1851. I can see no reason for retaining them longer. They certainly subserve no good purpose in their present condition, and I respectfully recommend that they be sold at auction and the proceeds covered into the treasury.

Respectfully, etc.,

HUGH MCCULLOCH,

Secretary of the Treasury."

"SIR—In pursuance to your direction endorsed upon an attested resolution of the House of Representatives, passed March 6, 1868, I have the honor to report that the box in the vaults of the treasury, sealed with the seal of the patent office, and marked "jewels," was opened by me in the presence of the cashier. There was found therein a memorandum in writing, of which the following is a correct copy, to wit:

Bottle said to contain attar of roses.

One vial containing pearls.

One vial containing diamonds.

One gold plate—inside hinge of a snuff-box.

One paper containing a gold ornament and a silk tassel belonging to a necklace.

A paper containing thirteen diamonds and four pearls.

Two lumps of gold.

The vial containing pearls and the one containing the diamonds are both sealed and were not opened. I should judge that the pearls numbered from 200 to 300. They are pretty uniform in size, being about as large as a small pea, except two, which are quite large and pearly formed. The diamonds are small and about 100 in number. The two lumps of gold, if of mint fineness—and they seem to be—are worth somewhat over $800. The attar of roses is probably worth twice as much. The diamonds and pearls are, of course, quite valuable.

Very respectfully,

F. E. SPINNER,

Treasurer of the United States."

The box, of course, is of no earthly use to any one. If the contents had been sold and the proceeds placed on interest, their value would have more than doubled itself by this time. It is taken down once a year when the treasury officials are making an examination of the office. It is dusted, looked over and placed back on the shelf awaiting an owner. There is a chance for some of Andrew Jackson's heirs to have an act passed by Congress giving them a title to its valuable contents.

SHE VISITS A PRINTING OFFICE.—She came into the office smiling and beautiful. George and she was engaged, and George had a case. He had a galley of solid nonpariel on his frame, which he was about to lock up and prove. George, blushing like a girl, shook her hand and called her his darling. She eyed the galley and smiled sweeter than before.

"Doddy, dear," she said, still eyeing the galley of nonpariel, "are them the things you print with?"

"Yes, darling!" said Doddy, feelingly.

She swept her taper fingers over the matter, squabling the entire galley.

"Bless you, my darling!" said George, chokingly, the sweat pouring down his face.

She looked at him and said:

"Why, Doddy, dear, it's all in little pieces, ain't it?"

"Yes, love," said George, gently taking her hand and leading her toward the door. "Good-bye, darling," he said.

"Good-bye, Doddy; be sure you come to night."

"Dear, me," she soliloquized, "how George loves me! He nearly sobbed when I touched those funny little bits of thingummies."

George, moodily: "I wish all women were in—heaven."—*Exchange.*

The world owes us all a living, but she is as just as hard to collect from as any other debtor.—*Philadelphia Item.*

ELI PERKINS ON THE MAN WHO WAS BUZZ-SAWED.

Uncle George had a controvesy with a buzz-saw, the other morning. It seems that my uncle got the worst of the argument. He was resting.

"Uncle George," said I, "I hear you were buzz sawed this morning."

"I was! I was buzz-sawed sure!" said Uncle George, holding up a bunch of white rags at the end of his arm.

"Did it hurt you much?" I continued, sitting down on the bed.

'Two fingers and a thumb.'

'Have you got them tied up?'

'No; I have the place where they were tied up.'

'Then they are off?'

'Yes, a good ways off.'

'How did it happen?'

'I pushed my hand against the saw while running a narrow strip through.'

'Did you keep it there long?'

'No.'

'Did you take it right away?'

'Yes.'

'Did you take it all away?'

'All but two fingers and thumb.'

'What did you do with them?'

'I left them on the other side of the saw.'

'Did you say anything at the time?'

'I did; but it won't do to publish.'

'Do you think the buzz-saw was to blame?'

'Chiefly.'

'How did it feel?'

'A good deal like shaking hands with a streak of lightning.'

'Did the buzz-saw say anything?'

'It said 'Zip!' and then buzzed on.'

'Do you think you would put your hand there if you had it to do over?'

'Hardly.'

'Do you think it would be a good think if a buzz-saw could be invented that would saw without moving?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Do you know anything more about a buzz-saw than anybody else does?'

'Yes.'

'What?'

'Don't you ever get within a mile of a buzz-saw when it is in motion.'

'Why?'

'Your curiosity might get the better of your judgement, and you would be tempted to experiment until your fingers were all left where mine are. Good afternoon.'

RULES FOR LIVING.

I am no doctor or pill vender, yet I have had a good long life and a happy one. May I not, therefore, just give my simple rules for health in the hope that some traveler on the up or down hill of life may look at them and be benefitted by them. I have practiced them for many years and they have done me good; they may do good to others. They are inexpensive and may be easily abandoned, if they cause any harm.

I. Keep in the sunlight as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam; much less a man.

II. Breath as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood; but it will never be found in the four walls of your building. Beneath the open sky, just there, and only there, it comes to you.

III. Be strictly temperate. You cannot break organic law, or any other law, with impunity.

IV. Keep the feet always warm and the head cool. Disease and death begin at the feet more commonly than we think.

V. Eat white bread when you cannot get brown bread.

VI. If out of order see which of the above rules you have not observed, then rub yourself all over with a towel saturated with salt water, and well dried and begin upon the rules again.

VI. Look ever on the bright side, which is the heaven side of life.—This is far better than medicine.

These seven simple rules good for the valid or invalid, if rightly observed, would save, I apprehend, a deal of pain, prolong life, so far as health goes, make it worth having.

A gentleman in Raleigh of unquestioned veracity relates a story whose truth he asserts to be above par. For some time past a hen of his had been conspicuous by her absence from the premises and there were fears that she was lost. Those fears very agreeably dispelled, however, on Friday, when she made her appearance, singing in her gayest manner and stepping along in her sprightliest style. Just behind her were some diminutive objects, to which ever and anon she gave her undivided attention. The slowness of their progress caused the hen's owner to rush out to see what was the brood this time. He was astonished to see the hen cover with her wings twelve little terrapins. Soon she was reassured and allowed him to get a look at her treasures. The family were called out to see the wonder. The owner of the hen then went back the way she had come and found out how the eggs were hatched. A terrapin which had laid the eggs had deserted them, and the motherly fowl concluded to set on them. This she had done and the result was the twelve young terrapins.

Of General Robert E. Lee, an ex-Confederate Colonel says that there was a wonderful charm in his manner, and that he never heard from him an unkind criticism on the Confederate Government, on the plan of campaign, its officers or the enemy. During a discussion of the Sewall Mountain campaign, the General's interlocutor asked why he did not fight Rosecrans when the press was denouncing him for not doing so; when the state was losing confidence in him and the army needed a victory. Lee smiled sadly and said:

"I could not afford to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor."

HE WON THE BET.

Soon after 2 o'clock yesterday the sash in the fourth story window of a business house on Woodward avenue was raised and a man's head and shoulders appeared to sight. Next he thrust out an arm, and pedestrians saw a small rope in his hand. Twenty men halted in less than a minute. A plank was lying at the curb, and the general line of reasoning was that the plank was to be drawn up through the window.

'You will break the glass if you try it!' shouted one of the party group.

'That cord isn't strong enough!' yelled a third.

'Why don't you carry it up by way of the stairs?' demanded a man as he flourished his gold headed cane around and seemed much put out.

The cord came part way down and stopped. Some ten different persons volunteered the information of 'more yet,' and presently it was lowered so that one of the crowd could grasp it. He pulled down and the man above pulled up, and four or five men seized the plank and brought it to the rope.

'Lower away!' yelled the man at the rope.

'Pull down on it!' cried a dozen voices.

The man above let out more rope and waved his hand.

'He wants it over that hitching post!' screamed a boy, and it was carried there.

'No; he wants it fast to that lamp post!' shouted a man, and it was carried there.

'Let—that—rope—alone!' came from the man above.

Six men had hold of the plank, ready to boost on it, and three more had hold of the rope.

'Do you want the plank?' asked one.

'No!'

'Do you want the hitching post?' said another.

'No!'

'Well, what do you want?'

'I want you to let that rope alone! I had a bet of cigars that it was long enough to touch the walk, and I've won 'em! What's the row down there, somebody dropped dead?'

The plank was hurled away, cuss words indulged in as toes were trodden on, and in fifteen seconds the crowd had melted away to a squint-eyed boy and an organ grinder.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

A prominent merchant has compiled the following maxims for his own inquiry and experience.

1. Choose the kind of business you understand.

2. Capital is positively required in business, even if you have real estate outside and credit ever so good.

3. One kind of business is as much as a man can manage successfully. Investments on the outside do not generally pay, especially if you require the money in your business.

4. Buy cautiously and just what you want, and do not be persuaded to purchase what you do not need; if you do, you will soon want what you can't buy.

5. Insure your stock; insure your store; insure your dwelling, if you have one. If the rate is high it is only because the risk is great, and of course you should not take the risk yourself. A business that will not pay for insuring will not justify running.

6. Sell to good, responsible parties only. Sell on a specified time, and when your money is due demand it; do not let the account stand without note or interest for an indefinite period.

7. Sell at a reasonable profit and never misrepresent to effect a sale.

8. Live within your income; keep your business to yourself; have patience and you will succeed.

9. Competition is the life of trade, but in trying to run your competitor out of business, be careful you do not run yourself out.

10. Advertise your business in your home paper. It pays to patronize the printer.

"Please give me 'nuther piece of pie," said greedy boy.

"No, Hiram. You have had two pieces already, and that's enough. Your elder brothers, any of them, never had more, and some of them thought themselves lucky to get one piece.'

"Some fellers eat pie all the time—"

"But they live in foreign countries, where there is an effete civilization. No more pie, my boy."

"I'll get Johnny Logan and Donnie Cameron and Rossie Conkling and all the other boys to help steal a third piece anyhow," and he picked up a cigar stump and blew the smoke in Dame Columbia's face.

A Philadelphia factory girl is thus described in the Sunday Mercury by a correspondent: Among the fresh and blooming girls that at the time thronged the thoroughfare, was one more fresh and blooming than the rest, a pert little pet, a delicious little dame, as plump as a pullet, and exceedingly pretty and captivating, with eyes that danced with mischief and sparkled with intelligence; a pair of round, ruddy, peachy cheeks, and the prettiest, juciest cherry-red lips that ever were kissed; a little dimpled darling, with her hair plastered in great fish-hooks all over her forehead.

At a crowded French country theatre, a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured.

'Much injured!' exclaimed the woman, 'I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row.'

The Union stock yards at Chicago occupy 350 acres of land, and will accomodate 136,000 head of live stock at one time.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

A public meeting in the interest of Sabbath observance was held in Washington last Sunday evening. It is worth special mention that it was presided over by Justice Strong of the Supreme Court, and that the President of the United States, with many Senators and Representatives, was present. There is nothing, perhaps, in the whole history of days and seasons, more remarkable than the fixedness with which the Sabbath maintains itself. It lives by its own necessity. Mankind hears a hundred articles against its religious observance with absolute indifference. Acute disquisitions against its divine origin are held to be hardly worth refuting. This man proves, or thinks he does, that there is no logical connection between the Hebrew Sabbath and the Christian Sunday. Another demonstrates, or thinks he does, that laws enforcing Sunday observance are tyrannical or bigoted. Yet there is no change. The laws remain upon the statute book. The day is still reverenced and regarded. The reason of this, apart from religious considerations, is that we are really attached to it; that we love its associations; that we place great value upon the hours of rest which it secures. The law which recognizes the right of those who desire to enjoy the Sabbath without annoyance or interruption is simply a law protecting the majority. It does not say that every man shall go to church, but that every man who desires to go shall have an opportunity of doing so in peace and quietness. Those who flippantly or violently oppose Sunday laws as relics of bigotry, and as despotic in their nature, mistake the whole question. Sunday is not so much a matter of religion as of irreligion, of man's consciousness of his own failings and of his honest desire to be rid of them. Such is the day, regarded not merely from a religious but a rational point of view. We are not surprised, therefore, to find the most distinguished public men of the Republic recognizing the common sense as well as the necessity of the Sabbath, which perhaps was never more entirely implanted in the heart of society than it now is.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ONE HUNDRED CANARY BIRDS.—On West State street in Ithaca, N. Y., there lives a lady who has as many as 100 canary birds in one room. Mrs. Ellis is the lady's name. The floor of the room is covered with nice, clean sawdust, and there are two pretty trees in the boughs of which the birds swing and sing and swing until one might suppose that their little heads would become dizzy, and their musical little throats wear out. What is very interesting is that ninety-eight of the birds are the children and grandchildren of one pair. And such children! Some of them are as yellow as a ball of yellow zephyr; others are green, many black, a few nearly white, and almost all variegated. Mrs. Ellis knows every bird in the room, for every one of them she has a name—Rob, Chick, Keet, Queet, Chewe, or some such name—and then she can tell the exact age to a day of every bird. The only door opening into the room has a wire screen in the place of glass, so that the little fellows may have plenty of air, and in summer time a fire screen takes the place of the panes of glass. All around the room are little boxes or cages with doors open and covers off, and in them the members of the family sleep, with heads under wings, all night. Perhaps Mrs. Ellis has the largest bird-cage in the United States.

THE LADY who fills the chair of Professor of Domestic Science in the Illinois Industrial University has been giving sensible "Advice to Girls" in a lecture at St. Louis. She called women the world's home-makers, insisted that reform in women's education was the urgent need of the times, and emphasized the fact that intelligent cooks, educated housekeepers and enlightened mothers were beginning to be appreciated. Women are not instinctively good housekeepers any more than men were good merchants or good farmers. It was an error to suppose that in matters pertaining to the home, instruction was not needed. It was said that common sense alone was necessary, but common sense and proper sense differed. Despite their general unpreparedness she said that 99 out of a 100 girls would still persist in getting married.

THE BIRD-KILLING SPIDER, a monster from Bahia, with a hairy body three inches long and terrible claws, has recently been received in the Zoological Gardens in London. He hides under a bit of bark, from which he emerges to kill his prey, a mouse or a bird, or he will eat a dozen ship cockroaches in an hour. Unwarned by the fate of their comrades, the cockroaches walk up to the great insect to stare at him, and are caught up and devoured, one after the other, as the followers of Ulysses by the Cyclops. The animal has his uses, and will at least serve to reduce the number of the cockroaches by which the gardens are infested.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S PLANTATION at Hurricane, Miss., is leased by Montgomery & Sons. This firm is composed of four negroes who were formerly owned by a brother of the ex-President of the Confederacy. They own plantations worth $75,000, hire several more, and do a large mercantile business at Vicksburg.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS was so popular among his fellow workmen, in an Alabama factory, that they bought a watch to present to him. Just before he was to have been informed of the matter he committed suicide, while laboring under the hallucination that they were jealous and intended to ruin him.

WHITTAKER will lecture.

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