The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880. VOL. XI-NO. 6.

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IN PREFERENCE TO ALL OTHERS FOR

Style ! Durability !

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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.

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CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

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Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.

230 W. Pratt Street, 55 Hanover Street, } *Adjoining Citizens Bank.*

April 1, 1880.

GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

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OF

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ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

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UNEQUALED FOR

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

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

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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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At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

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.

R. K. Pippin,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

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IS prepared to erect BUILDINGS of every description at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

He employs good mechanics, and his work is done in the most substantial and satisfactory manner.

Persons contemplating building are respectfully invited to get his estimates before contracting with others.

May 27, 1880. R. K. PIPPIN.

CANNING WAX, Bottle Cement, and Rubbers for Jars, are sold very cheap—at July 31, 1879. STAM'S CORNER.

EVERY Farmer should have Hoosier Corn Drill—sold by KENNARD & CO.

BEAUTIFUL Glass Setts, at 50, 75, 1.00 and $1.50—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 Vosbell 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.

GRANDPA AND BABY.

[From the Royal Templar.]

Out on the lawn, one summer's day,
I left my baby boy at play,
And smiled to hear his gleeful shout
And happy voice sing in and out
Among the arches of the trees,
Then die away upon the breeze;
While all the playful echoes stirred
With merry laugh and lisping word.

But when I missed the cheerful noise,
Nor longer heard the prattling voice,
I rose, and to the window hied,
And, looking hence, this vision spied—
O, Memory! though thy name be pain,
Paint, paint that picture o'er again!

The western sun his glory threw
Along the sward of emerald hue;
Save where, perchance in playful frown,
Some cool, green shadows nestled down,
And idly shifting with the sun,
Crept slowly eastward, one by one.

Beneath the elm tree's waving crest,
Where the wind tossed the birdlings' nest,
And where alternate sun and shade
Like changing fancies skipped and played,
The old arm chair, secure and good,
With wide-spread arms, inviting stood;
And in its cushions, broad and deep,
Grandpa and baby sat asleep.

On rounded cheek and golden head
The sinking sun his radiance shed,
While on the grandsire's silver crown
A single ray dropped softly down,
And then, in benediction fell
On both, and wrapped them in its spell.

The breeze, in frolic, growing bold,
Tossed up the rings of shining gold
On baby's brow, then with the gray
On grandpa's head began to play.

In the worn palm, securely pressed,
One little dimpled hand found rest;
The other clasped a withered flower,
Culled, all at will, in Nature's bower.

Fixed was the look of sad content,
On the worn face, a trifle bent;
And forward drooped, to rest the chin
My baby's clustered curls within;
While on the collar of his coat
The gray and gold together float.

Such tinting one might vainly seek
As slept on baby's lip and cheek;
But thin and pale the other one,
And sad and careworn, in the sun;
And so the evening shadows fell,
And deeper grew, but all was well.

The elm tree boughs now gaunt and bare,
Are tossed about the wintry air,
While pale, wan shadows come and go
Upon the lawn, all white with snow;
But nevermore, at eve or dawn,
On garden walk or grassy lawn,
May I, in vision fair, behold,
That little head, with crown of gold,
Nor evermore, on summer day,
That other one, with crown of gray,
Aneath the dreary, drifted snow,
The silver head, and gold, lie low;
Yet evermore, in joy or pain,
O, memory! paint that scene again.

ELEPHANTS TAKING A BATH.

[Boston Transcript.]

The wallowing of half a dozen elephants in the Frog Pond this morning was the wondrous sight that will long be remembered by the thousands of Bostonians of all ages and conditions who thronged the knolls in the vicinity. The picturesque strangers from India and Africa were not less delighted. They seemed to quaff the Cochituate and sport in its wave with as much gusto as if they were reveling in some remote tributary of the Ganges or the Nile in their native jungles. Seen at a little distance the huge gray backs of the tropical beasts loomed up like Cape Ann rocks at the head of the pond. At first they stood almost motionless, but as the reality of the treat and their liberty came to be fully believed in they grew quite demonstrative, and willing not only to wet their "overalls," but to lie down and roll—all except the venerable leader, who seemed to have something akin to a religious respect, like a fakir of India, for the ancient dirt on his shoulders, and carried it back to his tent unprofaned by the ablution. The younger elephants trumpeted, curved up their tusks, stuck out their tails straight as pokers, as in the pictures of elephant combats, and finally stooped down and buried their immense heads under the water, there remaining so long that people who did not see the tips of their trunks above the surface thought they were drowning. Two of them got to twining their trunks one round the other, so as to bring their flabby lips into clumsy osculation. For the moment the show business was forgot, and the proboscidians returned to their native sports—and yet not wholly forgot, for one degenerate youngster of the herd went round the plashy margin of the pond holding up the end of his trunk like a contribution box for the apples and peanuts of the small boy who was on hand in his usual force on such occasions. After some enterprising photographer had secured several pictures of the bathing monsters they demurely followed their trainer and a calico horse from the circus back to their tents, adding, no doubt, the grateful testimony of denizens of two more grand divisions of the globe that Boston Common is the most beautiful spot in the world. Direct descendants of some of the first families of the Garden of Eden, they ought to know.

IF THOU DESIRE to see thy child virtuous, let him not see his father's devices; thou canst not rebuke that in children that they behold in thee; till reason be ripe, examples direct more than precepts; such as thy behavior is before thy children's faces, such commonly is theirs behind their parents' back.

THE pretty girl attachment to the ice cream saloon is what makes the business boom.

Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever.

Select Story.

THE TALE OF A COAT TAIL.

Mimi Legrand had made up her mind that spinsterhood was to be her lot. Not that she was ugly or ill-tempered—oh, no! She was as pretty as a picture, and as sweet as a May morning; but when one lives on Esplanade street, in a house with a high wall around it, with a maiden aunt for a duenna, and a papa who scowls at the bare mention of "marriage," one runs a poor chance of meeting one's fate.

Mimi was just eighteen, and though she was brought up like a recluse, she began to think it was high time she had a lover.

One evening as she sat in the company of her father and Aunt Diane, she remarked suddenly, in a plaintive voice:

"Lucy Marshall was married last Tuesday."

"And very silly, at her age!" retorted Aunt Diane. "A mere chit—she ought to be at school."

Mimi had her own opinion upon the subject, but she prudently kept it to herself; merely remarking: "Millie Dupont is married, too, and she is six months younger than I am."

"And what then?" asked papa, looking up from his newspaper.

"Oh! nothing!" Mimi replied, sighing profoundly. "Harriet says she was married at St. Louis, with six brides-maids, and a veil, and a train three yards long."

"Harriet is an idle, gossiping servant," interrupted her aunt, "who has no business filling your head with such nonsense."

"And does my little girl envy these young ladies?" Mr. Legrand inquired.

"We-ell," returned Mimi, in a non-committal tone, "it must be very nice. All my friends are marrying, and—and—I am getting to be quite an old maid!"

"Marriage is not the chief end of life," said Miss Diane, severely.—"There are nobler, higher things to which a woman may devote herself."

"Oh, bother!"—and Mimi shrugged her saucy shoulders.

"Mimi," said her father, seriously "you must give up these foolish thoughts. You might find great unhappiness in a lover."

"But, papa," urged Mimi, "I am sure you married."

"And bitterly repented it," her father might have replied, looking back upon his unhappy wedded life; but he only frowned and said:

"Let us have no more of this folly, Mimi."

Thus snubbed, she did not dare to say more; but she pouted and thought to herself: "I might as well be a fright, for no one ever sees me. Unless I can slip away, I never can go out walking without Aunt Diane and even then she makes me bundle up my head in a veil, until, no doubt, every one thinks I've had small pox. As for a walk on Canal street, Aunt Diane says the men are impudent and stare too much, so she takes me round by all the alleys and little two-cent streets. It's a shame—that's what it is!"

But the darkest cloud has a silver lining. One afternoon, when papa was away at his business, and Aunt Diane had "just stepped out to see a friend," Mimi meditated upon what use she could make of her liberty. She sat down to the piano, and began "I love my love;" then jumped up with a yawn.

The only thing she could find in the shape of a romance was "Telemachus;" but she soon flung it into a corner, and went out on the balcony.

It was a lovely April day, and as she bent over the flower-boxes, there came a loud ring at the bell. Hanging over the railing, regardless of appearances, she described a handsome young man standing on the steps.

"A man," she exclaimed, inwardly, "Oh, joy!"

A few minutes later, Harriet came up stairs and said:

"Miss Mimi, dere's a genelman in de parlor, calln' hisself Mr. Wolfe, an' he want's to see Miss Diany."

"Aunt Diane is not at home," answered Mimi.

"I done tole him dat a'ready, an' he says any ob de fam'ly do jes as good."

"I will see him," said Mimi, with dignity.

"De law, miss! will you?" cried Harriet, awestruck by such bravery; adding discreetly: "But what'll Miss Diany say?"

"Whatever she chooses," said the little rebel, with a parting glance at the mirror.

Meanwhile, George Wolfe was gazing around the old-fashioned room, with its tarnished gilding and spindle-legged chairs, and decided that its inhabitants must be a dreadful set of old fossils, when the door opened, and the sweetest little creature in the world came in. George had never seen curlier dark hair, or such soft, laughing eyes.

Once in the presence of that awful monster, man, against whom she had so often been warned, Mimi lost courage, and faltered out, turning very red:

"If you please, sir, what do you want?"

The stranger did not seem at all abashed, but answered:

"My aunt, Miss Tarlton, commissioned me to place these papers in the hands of Miss Legrand. They are the minutes of the Society for the Propagation of Female Independence. I suppose, that is, I mean to say—are you Miss Legrand?"

"I'm not Aunt Diane," she returned in an insulted tone, "I'm Mimi."

"Oh! I did not think it probable that you were the president of the society; however, I suppose these papers will be safe in your hands," said George, and having finished his errand, he should have gone.—But he still lingered, and remarked brilliantly, "We are having beautiful weather!"

"Beautiful!" assented she, looking at him under her long eyelashes, and thinking man was not so black as Aunt Diane painted him.

"I suppose," he continued, desperately, "you enjoy walking in Canal street, these pleasant afternoons?"

"Ah!" said she, shaking her head sadly. "You little know Aunt Diane if you suppose anything of the sort. Dear me! I'm not allowed to walk on any street where any one else walks."

"How cruel!" he responded, sympathetically.

"Isn't it?" said she, being an inveterate chatterbox, and glad to find some one who would listen to her. "I might as well be a prisoner. How would you like to have your aunt always following you about?"

"I should like it very much," answered George, boldly, "if she were as charming as some people that I know."

"But Aunt Diane isn't," said she, confidentially. "Though," she added, her conscience smiting her, "she is very nice and good. But she always will keep on saying that people oughtn't to marry—and that is such nonsense, isn't it?"

"Absurdity!" George cried, warmly; and after more conversation of a like nature, he rose to go, saying: "I hope this will not be our last meeting, Miss Legrand. May I call on you?"

"Oh, my!" cried she, aghast; "don't try it. Papa would be so angry, and Aunt Diane would bite your head off."

George seemed quite cast down for a minute, and then said, "I will say good-bye; but it shall not be forever."

"Au revoir," said she, drooping her long black lashes.

As soon as Aunt Diane came home, Mimi told her about Mr. Wolfe, and gave her the package of papers.

"You went down to see him!" ejaculated the spinster, "alone, without a chaperon! What well-behaved girl ever did such a thing? What an unprecedented boldness! What will your father say when I tell him?"

"Don't see what I've done," pouted Mimi, "and why did you always tell me men were so frightful and wicked? I wasn't a bit afraid of him."

"Misguided girl!" groaned her aunt, "you will bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. What will your father say?"

"Her dyed hairs, I guess she means," thought Mimi, adding aloud, "Why, he'll say you ought to have been at home to receive the papers—that's what he'll say."

Miss Diane reflected that this artful remark was true, and not caring to be reprimanded by her brother, she magnanimously said: "For once, I will consent to spare you, but never let it happen again."

"Oh, dear, no!" said she, with a virtuous air; and that evening she prattled as artlessly as ever to her unsuspecting papa.

Several times after this, as she was peering through the shutters, she saw George Wolfe, and each time the audacious youth kissed his hand to her.

Having little else to think about, he was continually in her mind, and the warnings of her guardians defeated their object, by making her realize that stolen waters are sweet.

While this was going on, an old aunt of Miss Diane, from whom she had expectations, was taken very ill, and she flew to her succor, leaving Mimi to the care of her father, who, fearing no danger, took no precautions.

One afternoon, Mimi, taking advantage of her new-found liberty, went out to carry some soup to a poor invalid in St. Anthony's alley, and this being done, lingered in the square. By a strange coincidence George Wolfe suddenly appeared from behind a eucalyptus tree and she turned as rosy as an April dawn at the sight of him.

"I had begun to despair of ever seeing you again," he said, "and almost made up my mind to brave the dragon."

"Aunt Diane is away on a visit, now," she replied, demurely.

"That accounts for your being out of doors," he said. "I have often seen you at the window, like a caged bird."

"A jail bird, I suppose you mean. I might as well have been in prison. How nice you must find it to go about by yourself!"

"I know some one I would like to go about with me all the time."

"Who is it?"

"I am afraid to tell you."

"Why should you be? I won't hurt you."

"Will you give me permission to tell?"

"Why, yes, of course. Who is it?"

"You, Mimi!"

"O-oh!" she cried, opening her eyes very wide. "Would you, really?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But you might get tired sometimes."

"With you, Mimi, I could go on forever and ever, and—"

"Walking forever? I think I would like to take a street car occasionally."

"Now, you're laughing at me. I thought you liked me better than that."

Discreet silence on her part.

"Perhaps, though, you don't like me at all."

Still silence.

"Do you, Mimi?"—very urgently.

"Yes," she murmured, hanging her head.

Hands clasp, eyes meet, beneath the eucalyptus tree—and "the old, sweet story is told again."

These meetings had gone on for some time, when George determined to go to Mr. Legrand, and throw himself upon his mercy.

With outward calmness, but quaking inwardly, he entered Mr. Legrand's presence, while the cowardly little Mimi kept carefully out of the way.

"May I inquire the nature of your business, sir?" asked Mr. Legrand, loftily, looking down at the young man's card.

George turned scarlet, and said: "I have the honor of knowing you lovely daughter—"

"You are laboring under a mistake, young man. My daughter has no masculine acquaintances.—You must mean some other young lady."

Heavens! As if there could be more than one Mimi in the world.

No, sir; there is no mistake. I love her very dearly, and I—I—have come to ask her hand in marriage," stammered George, very much abashed.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Legrand, and only the largest capitals will at all express the awful emphasis he concentrated on that one word.

It frightened George, but he went on, bravely: "I am the junior partner of the firm of Davis & Wolfe, and my worldly prospects—"

"After all the trouble I have taken to keep her from contact with the male sex!" interrupted Mr. Legrand, apostrophizing the opposite wall.

"Yes, Mr. Legrand; I know it is very annoying, but I trust you will overlook it for once, and—"

'Mr. Wolfe, there is the door!" said Mr. Legrand, sternly.

Refusing to take the hint, George continued—"And let me explain—"

His intended explanation was cut short by Mr. Legrand, who seized him firmly by the arm, and walked him out into the hall.

"Mr. Legrand, if you will allow me a few minutes, I will explain—"

"You will explain nothing, Mr. Wolfe," retorted he, still pushing the struggling suitor toward the door.

"But, my dear sir—"

"I am not your dear sir, young man, and I have no desire to be," said the stern parent, and he hastily thrust George out, and shut the door, thinking he had seen the last of him.

But unfortunately—or fortunately as it turned out—he had slammed the door on George's coat-tail, and when that dejected suitor attempted to walk down the steps, he found himself securely there. What should he do? Stand still, until some one came out, and allow the finger of scorn to be pointed at him by the gamin of the neighborhood. Perish the thought! After many struggles, he grasped the bell-handle, and pulled it furiously.

Still ruffled in his temper, Mr. Legrand bounced out, and when he saw George still there, he exclaimed, "What! again, young man!"

"My good sir," remonstrated George, "how could I go away, when you had fastened my coat-tail in the door."

Mr. Legrand had a sense of humor, and it was tickled by this dilemma. He laughed, and having relented so far, condescended to talk the matter over with George, the result being, that laughing, crying, blushing Mimi was called in to ask papa's forgivness, and make her lover feel himself supremely blessed.

"Well, well, girls will be girls, I suppose," said papa, determined to put a good face on the matter, and after all he wanted his little Mimi to be happy.

Even Aunt Diane's heart was softened; and she made no objection to the marriage—and Mrs. George Wolfe often says that she owes all her happiness to George's coat tail.

Gordon and Toombs on the Nomination.

(*Atlanta Constitution.*)

About 7 o'clock last evening General Gordon and General Toombs met in a bevy of distinguished gentlemen in front of Kimball House and had a friendly chat over the news from Chicago:

"Gordon, what do you think of Garfield's nomination?" asked General Toombs of General Gordon.

"He is a strong man—one of the strongest men in the party, perhaps with the exception of Washburne."

General Toombs—I think so myself, but I didn't know the —— fools had so much sense as to nominate a man like him.

General Gordon—That is the trouble with them. They have too much sense in campaigning.

General Toombs—Well, those fellows who are going to Cincinnati have got to put up our best man to beat him.

General Gordon—Yes, they must, indeed.

General Toombs—He must not be any —— sham!

General Gordon—But he can be beaten.

General Toombs—Who by?

General Gordon—By Tom Bayard, by Field, or by Jewett.

General Toombs—Bayard is strong on the stock exchange, but not with the people.

General Gordon—I was in New York the other day and talked with both Kelly and Tilden men, and they told me that Tom Bayard had that sort of strength which embraced all classes of Democrats and the higher classes of the Republicans—the reputation of a perfectly incorruptible man.

General Toombs—That wouldn't suit even the higher class of Republicans.

General Gordon—Why not?

General Toombs—Because no Republicans want an honest man in office. (Laughter by the crowd.)

General Gordon—I will make no issue on that point, for you would be sure to win it.

MORE SUNSHINE.—The world want's more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains, and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a phial full, not a cup full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for fallen fortunes, or melancholy.

WADE HAMPTON AND HIS LEG.

It is rather mournful to look at Wade Hampton in the Senate, nursing his stump of a leg and subjecting his splendid physique to the disgrace of crutches. He is the only cripple in the body. I mean visibly so. To be sure his colleague, the dashing Butler, has but one leg, but you might watch him move about for ten years and not know it, so perfectly does he manage his cork. To be sure, too, there are men who suffer sometimes intensely for trying to stop bullets in the late unpleasantness, like Gordon and Ransom and Maxey; but their infirmaties are not visible. Not so with Hampton. He is in the very prime of life, scarcely over fifty, and a hopeless cripple. Nobody feels pain on looking at Aleck Stephens, for his case is just the result of a slow and natural process of decay, which he rather seems to relish. But you insensibly feel a deep sympathy with Hampton's loss as with the late Senator Morton's infirmaties, because both came along prematurely, like the hurricane on the oak, and marred powerful frames. And the General croons over the abbreviated limb all the time—not in any growling or tarty spirit, for he is the soul of patience, but it must be remembered that his whole life has been one of nerve, vim, dash, and his present forced inactively must only intensify the memory of his daring exploits and 'moving accidents by flood and field.' Can it be supposed that when Morton sat in the Senate a big, chained dog, the defenseless prey of the smallest cur that had legs and could use them, he never fretted at the picture of his past activity, when he used to bound into the saddle at his governor's office in the war times, and dash to camp or arsenal, the very embodiment of physical vigor, as he lashed his horse to a white foam through the excited streets. No wonder, then, that while the General nurses his leg, he also nurses manly regrets.—Several interesting incidents happened lately in a single day, as told by one of Hampton's intimate friends. The General, in hope of picking up some views about cut legs, has a way of stopping people similarly afflicted. As he was standing on his crutches in the main hall, near the Senate entrance, a large man came along, his right leg lost above the knee, and he had some patent arrangement that seemed like a framework, light and portable to help him out of his scrape. Accosting him, Hampton spoke of their mutual infirmaties, and asked how that arrangement worked.

'Very well,' replied the stranger. 'It is an invention of my own,' and he went on to explain.

'May I ask where you lost your leg?' inquired the General.

'Yes, certainly; it went off when Hampton charged our battery at Gettysburg.'

'Indeed; I'm grieved to hear it,' said the General, very sincerely.—'My name is Hampton.'

They shook hands over the bloody chasm, and the stranger turned out to be Representative Caulk, of Wisconsin.

Later in the day the General was on his way home in the street car, when a man entered with only one arm, the other gone at the socket. The General invited him to a seat, and managed the payment of his fare.

'Where did you lose your arm?' asked Hampton.

'Well, sir, it was at Gettysburg,' answered the man, 'when Hampton made that terrific charge with his cavalry.'

Whereupon these two shook hands and made up, and the man now says if Hampton is put on the Democratic ticket he will swallow it hook and line.

It was on the same bloody field that Pleasonton and Hampton met as rival cavalry leaders, and they met only on Wednesday last over the pipe of peace. Pleasonton was enchanted with his old enemy, and said that he was the only soldier he ever heard of who told the whole truth in case of defeat. Let me tell another instance of Hampton's kind-heartedness, and then the reader can possibly judge why it is that he is the idol of the colored race in the South. Recently, it will be remembered, he went to Mississippi, to the death bed of his son. While there he met three old slaves of his. They called to pay their respects, and in an apologetic way told 'Massa Wade' that they had to fight for their freedom, and hoped he did not feel bad about it. On inquiry he learned of them that all three had been wounded on board the Monarch during the war. They knew nothing of how their account stood or might stand under the law, with the United States Treasury, and the General's first act when he came back was to obtain them pensions. That's the way the 'rebel brigadiers' are depriving the Southern negroes of their rights.

HINTS FOR EVERYBODY.—The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it, is not to use it too much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance; appearances are deceitful, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exteriors; rouges usually dress well. The rich are plain; trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned, but make him pay quickly if there be any virtues in the law. Whenevr you meet a man who is fond of argument, you will meet one profoundly ignorant of the operation of the human heart. Mind your own affairs. Let all errors you see in other's management suggest correctness in your own.

A few Sundays since a teacher in the Sunday school of an Episcopal Church in Chicago said to one of her pupils: "James, what good thing—what great sacrifice are you willing to give up during the Lenten season?" Jimmie meditated about ten seconds and responded: "I think I'll give up going to Sunday school."

All Sorts of Clippings

Use time as though you knew its value.

Good manners are sure to produce respect.

Printers, like lawyers, sometimes lose their cases.

Ought a lady to kiss a tobacco-chewer? Yes, if she chews.

Persons who fret more than they work can never be happy.

Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence.

Flattery is like cologne water, to be sniffed at, not swallowed.

A Deadwood man—a cigar store Indian.

God help the man who has outgrown the relish for a hearty laugh.

A cat's mouth is like a free show—open to waul.

An overalls factory is the freshest Nantucket project.

The varieties of "lovely hosiery" are utterly bewildering.

Lace open-work stockings for infants are a passing frivolity.

Cardinal capes of lace, jet and fringe are again fashionable.

Real estate in Boston costs less now than it has in several years.

A good place for duels—Bullitt county, Ky.

Yellow is very fashionable, especially in beer.

Straw hats show which way the wind blows.

Congressmen usually travel as political riders.

The last appearance of oily bull—oleomargarine.

In England all the nobility live in heir castles.

Flannels to-day; fans to-morrow. Drat the climate.

The fisherman who catches no fish has no fish to clean.

The sparrows are little thieves, but they don't do the robin.

The early hotel keepers at the sea side see the first sea serpent.

It will cost just $40,000 to entertain Siam in a Siamese manner.

Shoemakers believe in the transmigration of soles.

A dangerous man—one who takes life cheerfully.

Political straws show which way the candidate blows.

St. Peter's at Rome is now entirely open to the public.

Birds sing their best songs about 5 o'clock in the morning.

Dan Rice says true piety is not appreciated in this country.

Birds prefer to lay in their stock of small fruit by the peck.

The New Haven Register speaks of oleo-cabbagine cigars.

A little boy wanted to know why a German man is called a Herr.

The wives of most Mormon bishops take in washing and ironing.

There are over twenty places of amusement open in New York.

People who used to cal George Eliot Lewes will now say she is Cross.

Cattle are dying in great numbers in Idaho.

A comet with a tail three miles long is coming.

All the Ohio counties except four grow tobacco.

Even the poorest kind of an ass respects his ears.

Gold and turquoise bars are favorite scarf-pin designs.

Foreign luxuries are again pouring in by the shipload.

A sister of Louis Kossuth is living at Plainfield, N. J.

The South raised six millions lbs. of tobacco last year.

The orator who went into a rhapsody came out in a perspiration.

There are silver fruit-dishes that look as if just exhumed at Pompeii.

The tidings of good times draw lots of young men to the cities.

Dainty bangles in polished and Roman gold are as much worn as ever.

Wilkie Collins says it is a good plan to divide a novel into five acts, like a play.

Chinamen in the Sandwich Islands smuggle opium in the hollow heels of brogans.

Ajax defied the lightning, but we've forgotten who it was that first defied competition.

"Pay as you go" isn't the rule at the theatres. It is pay as you come in.

The pin is mightier than the sward. You can sit on the sward with impunity.

A farmer's life cannot be monotonous; they labor in so many different fields.

The reason a woman's minute is so long is because her watch is never wound up.

There are fourteen different remedies for sea-sickness, the best being to go ashore.

The Methodists have 40 colleges and 3 theological seminaries in this country.

Boston pays $619,110 of the $1,500,000 State tax to be raised in Massachusetts this year.

Barnum claims to have the biggest tent. How about the national canvass?

A Western coroner recently had, in one day, three cases of did-not-know-it-was-loaded.

The average expenditure of each traveler to the Yosemite Valley is six hundred dollars.

Forty million barrels are required every year to hold the wine made in France.

A Frenchman says that the soul of wine is at its top. It must be a cork soul.

"Whine fresh from the press!" exclaimed Jones as his girl squealed upon being hugged.

Victor Hugo avers that woman is a conundrum. And that is why the best women stay most at home. Like good conundrums, they are hard to find out.

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