The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CESHTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 7.

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.

Ice Cream,

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

Frozen Custard

And Water Ices!

Strawberries and Raspberries.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

CHEAP!

CHEAPER!!

CHEAPEST!!!

THE subscriber is now selling his best Ice Cream for $1.25 per gallon; 75 cents per half-gallon; 40 cents per quarter gallon; 25 cents per one-eighth gallon; plates 10 cts. It is now pronounced to be the *very best* that was ever in this market—so declared by ladies and gentlemen from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Cream furnished by the undersigned to the Odd Fellows' anniversary, at the Court House, April 29th, was said, by the two hundred or three hundred ladies and gentlemen who partook of it, to have been the *best they ever ate;* which, of itself, is a good advertisement.

Picnics, Festivals and Excursions will be allowed a discount on all orders of and above five gallons

All orders must be accompanied by the cash.

The Ladies' Parlor will be open after next Monday.

Thanking the public for all favors conferred in the past, and hoping for a continuance of liberal patronage, I promise to do my best to please all.

Wm. Perkins.
Rising Sun Saloon.

Chestertown, May 22, 1879

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,

Chestertown, Md.

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.

BEAUTIFUL Glass Sets, at 50, 75, 1.00 and $1.50—at SPARKS'.

PARIS GREEN

and

LONDON PURPLE!

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs

and other Insects, for sale at the lowest prices by T. W. WICKES,

June 17, 1880. Druggist.

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.

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

TO THE LADIES

MRS. E. N. MELVIN,

Adjoining Louis K. Stam's,

HAS now in store a BEAUTIFUL LINE OF GOODS specially for the Ladies. She invites the attention of all in want of

Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, Collars AND CUFFS,

to her newest and prettiest styles and low prices.

Childrens' Dresses and Underclothing

Ready-made and made to order.

HAMBURG EDGI GS A SPECIALTY.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS, the best in use, constantly on hand.

Pictures, Picture Frames, Oil Chromos, Mottoes,

in great variety and very beautiful.

Also, ZEPHYRS and CARD BOARD, and numerous other articles that you may see by calling.

All goods bought low and sold at small profits. Come and see.

MRS. E. N. MELVIN,
Jan. 29, 1880. Opposite the Bank.

A CARD.

MISS R. W. WATKINS respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at her residence, or, if desired, at their homes. Terms moderate.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss ROSINA WATKINS to my former pupils as Teacher of Music. I consider her highly qualified to give instruction on Piano and Organ, and am confident that she will give satisfaction to those who may employ her.

MRS. C. LAKE.

Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

THE "New Departure" Cultivator—for sale by KENNARD & CO.

Select Poetry.

THE BORDER LAND.

[Good Words.]

In fleshy weakness as abed I lie,
And through the casement catch the gentle swing
Of emerald boughs against the sapphire sky,
And list the sweet wild birds their vespers sing.

I have no wish but my tired soul to lay
Upon the bosom of the Good and Great;
To fold my hands in meek content and say,
"Well if thou bid'st to come, well if to wait."

One word, "Forgive," embraces all past years,
With praise for present gifts my heart runs o'er,
While through the mist of silent, tranquil tears
Gleams the far vision of a golden door.

Stands it ajar for me this Summer night?
To greet me there are my lost angels met?
Am I so soon to share their pure delight?
Hark! a soft voice responsive saith, "Not yet.

"Go back once more a simple child to school—
The world's wild battle school of toil and heat,
Follow no law but Christ's most loving rule,
And bring each day new trophies to His feet:

"Some selfish aim subdued, dark passion slain,
Some sweet forgiveness of a bitter wrong,
Some tender solace of a brother's pain,
Some sorrow bravely borne in duty strong.

"And aye the more you wrestle on to know,
And knowing, walk the path the Master trod,
Your all of hope in lowlier homage throw
Upon the mercy of the perfect God."

Ah, yes! When sickness unto death goes by,
The border land should be a holy place—
A glorious mount of pause 'twixt earth and sky,
Whose finer airs give souls a deeper grace.

So be it mine henceforth in chastened mood
To wear my lengthened years, forgetting never
The Pisgah height where I this night have stood,
And glimpsed afar the home beyond the river!

HOW ICE IS MADE IN NEW ORLEANS.

An account from that city tells us that the first thing one notices on entering the freezing-room of the factory is the intense cold, then the small heaps of snow lying around, and last the shining mass of solid ice, made up of blocks sixteen feet high, thirty long, and over a foot thick. These immense cakes are frozen on plates of steel, which are hollow, pipes containing the freezing agent, ammonia, running through them. The water falls in drops from the roof, and freezes as it falls, thus forming the immense blocks.

In another freezing-room, the sight was beautiful beyond description, unnumbered columns of ice, sixty feet high, on a frozen floor, while from above came splash drops of water falling as steadily as summer rain. These icicles surround hollow iron columns, through which the ammonia passes, and freezes the falling water that comes from the roof. The icicles in a week or two unite, and in a little longer time they form a solid block of ice of two thousand tons weight. This is then cut by ice-plows and saws into blocks fit for sale.

The mode of making the ice is this: Aqua ammonia is placed in two boilers which are heated by steam. Steam pipes are used for heating the boiler, because it is necessary to keep the temperature uniform and steady. The effect of the heat is to generate ammonia gas, which passes from the boilers into a dryer, where all remaining moisture is removed. From the dryer, the gas passes to a condenser, where it is subjected to a pressure sufficient to transform it into a liquid, is conveyed, still by pressure, to the columns and pipes in the freezing-room. Released from pressure, the liquid again becomes gas, and expands to 2300 times its former volume. The sudden expansion absorbs the heat, which is carried off with the gas to those pipes on the roof of the building, where it is mixed with water and carried back to the boilers, to go over the same process. The loss of ammonia is very small, and one charge in the boilers will last a long time.

The most extraordinary feature of this mode of freezing is its purifying qualities. The natural tendency of water in the act of freezing is to exclude all foreign substances. In this case, the rejected matter is continually washed away by the downward flow of the water over the surface of the forming ice; thus the muddy, but not unwholesome, waters of the Mississippi are transformed into pure, transparent ice.

RAIN TO ORDER.

We read above of ice made by science, in a climate where nature never gives it. During the long May drought, while the people of New Jersey were fighting the forest fires, and longing vainly for rain, what a boon it would have been if a scientific project, spoken of last winter, could have been put into execution. At that time, Gen. Ruggles, of Virginia, appeared by request before the Senate Committee on Agriculture, in Washington, and briefly explained his method of precipitating rainfalls by scientific means. His method—for which he has been granted a patent—to send up to the cloud realm, cartridges of dynamite or other explosive materials, in skeleton balloons, and to explode them either by time-fuses or by magnetic electricity through light metallic wires connecting the balloons with the earth.

General Ruggles, as the result of many years of study and investigation of this subject, claims that the diffused mists passing over arid regions, or regions suffering from unusual drought, may be consolidated readily into rainfalls by concussions and vibrations thus artificially produced; and he has therefore suggested to the committee that Congress may provide a small appropriation to make tests. The committee were so interested in Gen'l. Ruggles' plan that they asked him to give them more information, which he is to do.

HANDCOCK and English 1881.

Select Story.

FATHER IS COMING.

BY CAROLINE BOYD.

"Hush, Nellie; father is coming."

There was an instant hush in the merry laugh of the golden-haired Nellie; the sweet smile died away from her lips, and the light from her eyes, and a chill, as of ice, passed over her heart.

And all because "Father is coming."

The door opened, and "father" entered. He was a man who had, perhaps, attained the age of thirty years. On his features sternness sat enthroned, and you could read in every line of his face tokens of a will that brooked no denial and paused at no stumbling block. Had you met him, however, in his place of business, you would have found him a different sort of man entirely.—Sitting in one of his cozy office-chairs, and conversing with him upon matters of business, you would have been charmed by his courteous demeanor, and won by his ease and affability. There was ever a smile upon his face, and a pleasant response upon his lips. He greeted those who called, in such a kind and cordial manner, that the impression rested upon the mind of each visitor—"Mr. Parker is a most sociable man."

And the wives of those who, having called upon Mr. Parker at his place of business, and spoke of his affability, as they heard his praises sounded in their ears, came to but one conclusion. It was "happy must be the wife of such a man."

But they knew not, or, if knowing, had forgotten, that too many men wear one face when abroad and another when at home.

So it was with Mr. Parker. He kept the sunshine to garnish his office, and brought home the clouds to darken his home.

That was all.

All, did we say? Ah! how much it was, let the bruised heart of the wife answer; let the blanched lip and the dull eye and the heavy heart of Nellie respond.

The art of making home happy is greater than the art of gaining wealth, or honor, or position. It is one seldom fully learned or appreciated. It had not been learned by Mr. Parker. No; he had been too much engrossed in gathering up riches, to heed the pleadings of the hearts of those who, gathered about the home-circle, watched and waited his coming as the inhabitants of the Artic zone watch the coming of the sun. And when, instead of bright eyes and sunny beams, there fell upon the hearth-stone harsh looks and cold responses, do you wonder that the dreariness of home was made still more drear, and the bounding heart became chilled by their influence?

"Father is coming."

"Is he?" "Yes! Shut the picture book and lay aside the play-things. No more laughter or innocent mirth now."

And yet Mr. Parker had not always been so. In fact, he still was, as of old, the kind provider, and ever most attentive to the wants of his family. He surrounded his wife with all the luxuriance that wealth and taste could obtain, and even prided himself on the comforts he was daily showering upon her.

But there was a painful comparison in the mind of that wife as she watched the flutterings of a golden-winged canary in its gilded cage.—The sense of imprisonment was keenly felt. The bird was fed, and kept in royal slavery. And how much better was she than the bird before her?

We said that he had not always been so. There was a time—and it could have been measured by years—when his sweetest smiles, and his kindest words, and his softest tones were reserved for the magic circle at home. To fail in greeting his Agnes with a smile would have been an offence against his affection. To fail in kissing her when he left her gentle presence, would have caused the ghost of injured love to haunt him through the day, and stand ever by his side, until his penitence and regret were wiped away by those neglected lips.

How the change came would be difficult to narrate. Doubtless it was not intentional, but it was no less effective. As sternness usurped the place of smiles, and moroseness took the throne affability had abdicated—the change made fearful havoc in Mr. Parker's home. Yet all this while no cross words were spoken except by the eyes and the conduct of the husband. And Agnes, as she saw how indifference was gradually taking the place of love; as she watched the complete engrossment of her husband's mind in his business, grieved in her heart at the bleak prospect before her.—She had set out with such high hopes of wedded bliss, such a fair promise of connubial felicity had been hers, that the fall was all the more severe by reason of the height she had once reached. With no heart to sympathize in her sorrows, she, too, had relapsed into gradual indifference, and—since on his part there was no effort to scatter the clouds so, on hers there was no intimation of a desire to procure them by the sunshine of affection.

This may have been—doubtless was—all very wrong. Had she sought to win him back to his old allegiance the task might have been an easy one. The court of selfishness and world ways may not have completely covered his heart. But she gave herself up to the tide, without an attempt to stem it. The current at first was not so strong but what a few words could have changed its course and returned it to its natural channel. But the few words had not been said. The seal on her lips had done more to close the fountain than all else. She had forgotten a wife's first duty, and hence all the ills that had followed.

So grew up a partial estrangement of heart. Their sympathies were not in common, their feelings were not the same. Not that they were wanting in husbandly duty or wifely faith. But there was a link, once possessed but now lost. Could it be found and restored to its position, perfect harmony would be the result. Happiness would again brood over the hearth-stone, and peace spread her white, unsullied wings over them.

But the lost link. Where was it? Could a reward be offered for it?—Could they, by lighting a candle, search and find this priceless pearl? Under what rubbish of years did it lie hid?

"Father is coming."

As he entered, the mother whispers to Nellie, and the child leaves the room. She returns in a moment and makes some reply. Mr. Parker looks on but says nothing.

"Dinner will soon be served," said his wife, in answer to the thought that evidently engrossed his attention at the moment.

He seated himself by the window, picked up a paper and commenced reading. The hasty way in which he unfolded it showed his irritation at the delay; but he forgot that in the morning he had left no word as to the hour of his return, and the usual hour of dining had not arrived. His own carelessness or thoughtlessness, or whatever you choose to call it, was to blame. But this he could not see, and in heart, laid the responsibility upon the shoulders of his wife. The mission of Nellie had been to the kitchen with a word to the servant.

A few moments passed in silence, each busy with their own thoughts. He vexed at the delay; she conscious of having given no offense, was irritated at his morose manner, gave up all idea of conciliatory measures, and so widened the breach.

If at fault, surely she was pardonable.

At last the dinner bell sounded.

The meal soon over, Mr. Parker rose from the table, took his hat, and was about leaving when his wife asked:

"What time will you be home this evening?"

"I cannot tell," was the response. "My business may detain me longer than usual. Why do you ask the question?"

"I thought of taking Nellie out to see her Aunt Eunice."

"Well, you can be at home when I return."

"If I know at what hour you would come up, yes."

Mr. Parker paused. Then remarking:

"Well, be home early, at any rate," left the room.

The uncertainty of the reply almost tempted Mrs. Parker to adhere to her intention, and pay the visit contemplated. For a moment or two she pondered over it, and then her good angel triumphed. She would give him no cause for complaint. She would remain at home, even at the sacrifice of the pleasure of Nellie. The child heard the decision; if it brought a tear to her eye, we need not wonder. And in the heart-ache of the one, the other joined:

"Never mind, mother, I can wait."

"Thanks, darling," was all the mother could reply.

Early evening came, but not Mr. Parker. His wife patiently watched and waited.

The hour went on. Still he came not. On the sofa Nellie lay, her golden hair falling over the face—asleep. She had grown weary watching. The mother, too, sat in an easy chair by the side of the centre-table, endeavoring to read. But the words ran into one another, and she was forced to close the book, and as her head dropped upon her hand and there came a vision of the years when every cloud had its rainbow, she contrasted the happy "then" to the unhappy "now," and sighed over her condition. She had learned the lesson that wealth does not confer peace; that gold cannot purchase happiness.

Her eyelids softly closed, and sleep—"best boon to mortals given"—came to her in her grief, and paved her soothing wings over the perturbed heart. And as she slept she must have dreamed sweet dreams; for a smile played upon her lips and she murmured: "Love me, love," as though, as of old, a sweet confession was being made.

The door opened and Mr. Parker entered. He paused just as the threshold had been crossed, and gazed for a few moments on the picture before him. It was one worthy the pencil of a master painter.

And, as he pauses, Nellie speaks. But she does not move. Mr. Parker listens.

"Mother, mother, why don't father love us? Why don't he smile as he once did, and kiss you and me as he used to do? Mother—mother, why don't—he—love—"

The low voice of Nellie died away, and the heart of the father is smitten as with a rod. Truly, conscience asks why?

Nellie still sleeps. So does her mother. And as the husband and father draws nearer to them again a smile played about the lips of his wife, and again she murmurs, "love me love."

Mr. Parker is on his knees. He takes the hand of Agnes in his own. She awakes with a low cry of surprise, but as she hears the words, "Forgive me, my long suffering, yet patient Agnes," she buries her face in his bosom. Nellie, too, awakes, and is added to the group. And as she wonders and looks with smiling eyes from the face of one to the other, she feels that something must have happened while she slept.

Truly, something had. The lost link had been found, and to it, "a little child had led them."

Thereafter, in Mr. Parker's house no clouds were seen, and "Father is coming" became a sign of greater sunshine."

The annual interest of the public debt of Pennsylvania amounts to $1,100,664.

WEALTHY MEN.

Probably no city in the world outside of London and Paris can show as much private wealth as the city of New York. The richest man in England at present is the Duke of Westminister, whose income from London property alone is estimated at £400,000. His rural land estate yields some £100,000 more. His total income from real and personal estate aggregates about $3,500,000. Great as is his income, it does not come up to the income enjoyed by John Jacob Astor and Wm. H. Vanderbilt, New York's chief millionaires. The Astor fortune, at present real estate values, is estimated at not less than $100,000,000, while Mr. Vanderbilt represents the largest accumulation of private wealth in America. Mr. Vanderbilt's yearly income exceeds $5,000,000. The late Rothschild, of Paris, left a fortune of 1,000,000,000 francs ($200,000,000.) It must, however, be remembered that the enormous wealth of the Rothschilds belongs to different members of the house or firm, while Wm. H. Vanderbilt is practically sole owner of the great properties and vast estates bequeathed him by his father. Jay Gould now ranks high among New York millionaries. He is estimated at $25,000,000, and bids fair, if he lives ten or fifteen years longer, to double his present fortune. Taken all in all, Jay Gould is probably to-day the shrewdest railroad manager and the boldest speculative operator in these United States.

Edward H. Green represents another great railroad fortune, estimated at over $20,000,000. He is the chief owner of the great Louisville and Nashville combination, and is said to practically control that road. Henry Hilton can be safely put down at $20,000,000. In April 1876, Cornelia M. Stewart, widow of the late A. T. Stewart, transferred to Mr. Hilton all her interest in the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. Wise investments made during the period of depression have, it is said, greatly swollen Mr. Hilton's wealth. Besides the well-known men of wealth at the head of the New York Knickerbocker families, such as the Rhinelanders, Hamersleys, Schemerhorns, Stevenses, Lenoxes, etc., all representing vast landed estates in that city, there are a great number of minor millionaires, worth from one to two millions, who live and die without attracting any particular attention, unless they have something besides money to signalize them. Crossing the Atlantic again, Frankfort-on-the-Main, with a population of about 100,000, is reputed to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. It is asserted that there are one hundred Frankforters worth from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 each, and two hundred and fifty who are worth $1,000,000 and upward. The city is one of the great banking centres of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at $200,000,000—more than one-fourth of which the Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control.

MARRIAGE FEE MISTAKES.

An article in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, narrating some anecdotes told by clergymen of that city respecting marriage ceremonies, contains the following:

"I remember hearing from a gentleman in Connecticut," said the minister, "that he had married a very wealthy couple, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the groom placing his fingers in his vest pocket, took a paper packet and quietly handed it to him. He put it in his pocket, and when he reached home opened it, and found it was a paper of chewing tobacco. The bride and groom left for Europe that evening. Upon their return, two months afterward, the gentleman called on the minister and asked if he had not made some mistake. An explanation followed, and the gentleman handed the minister $200 as his fee."

"Do you ever have any strange experience of that nature?"

"I performed the ceremony in one of the elegant homes in this city not long since. The groom slipped an envelope into my hand. When I opened it, upon my arrival home, I found in it, instead of money, a love letter from the prospective bride to the prospective bridegroom. I returned the letter, and then got the envelope that was intended for me."

"Some strange cases must come under your notice?"

"Yes. When I was in New York a Bohemian—I mean a native of Bohemia—came to me and said that perhaps he would want me to perform the marriage ceremony for him next day. A number of women from his country would arrive at Castle Garden next day, and he intended to go down and pick out a wife. The next morning he appeared again."

"'Well,' I asked, 'did you make your choice?'"

"I dond be sure yet a while," he replied; "I hired two and took them to mine store."

That evening he came around and got married.

Said Justice Moses: "Pat Quirls, so you're here again for disturbing the peace. You've been raising a row in your family, and I'll—"

"Howld on, yer Honor, I acknowledge I was wrong. Nobody knows it better than meself an' nobody could be more repintent than I am. Why, yer Honor, even before the officer came for me I felt so bad wid meself that I broke me bottle, sir—smashed it into more than a thousand pieces."

Said Judge Moses: "But you didnt smash it while there was a drop of whiskey left in it?"

Pat drew a grin that reached half way up to his left ear, twirled his hat, shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Ah, yer Honor's a schly dog!"

A burglar alarm is a good thing. It lets you know of the approach of the burglar in time to hide under the bed before he can come up and gag you.

The Use of a Chest Protector.

Some people, says the San Francisco Post, never seem to get the right idea of a subject somehow.—They were talking at McAllister's the other evening of the sufferings of the poor people turned out of doors by the recent hurricanes in the Southern States when a bashful young man with a green necktie who was silently squirming on a straight-backed chair in a corner was asked how much exposure he thought it was possible for a human being to endure.

"Exposure, mum? Yes, mum.—Well, the most terrible instance of exposure I ever knew was something that happened to myself a few years ago."

"Indeed!" said a young lady.—"Tell us all about it."

"Well, you must know, I had a great habit of walking out through the park and strolling on the beach near the Cliff House. One Sunday morning very early I was tempted by the extreme heat to slip into the surf and take a bath, which, as there was no one around at that hour. I finally did, Judge of my horror when I came out and found that the tide had risen and carried off my clothes."

"Ahem!" interrupted the hostess. Won't, won't you try some chocolate, Mr. Skidmore?"

"Thanks—in a minute—just as soon as I finish my story. Yes, every stitch I had in the world was gone—everything except a chest protector, and I was forced to walk into Van Ness avenue, where I lived with nothing in the world but that between me and the sneers of a heartless world. I'll tell you how I managed. I just tied the pro—"

But just here the ladies fainted, while another, with great tact, sat down at the piano and shrieked "Nancy Lee" at the top of her lungs, under cover of which the dead and wounded were carried off, while the sincere but misguided young man was coaxed out into the hall and handed his hat.

ALL THE CENSUS RETURNS that have been given in the newspapers are in the rough—unofficial, as the term goes—but they nevertheless enable one to get a clear idea of the population of various cities. The returns for a number of cities are given in the following table:

	1870.	1880.
New York	942,292	1,350,000
Philadelphia	674,022	842,248
Brooklyn	396,099	500,000
Chicago	298,977	475,000
Boston	250,526	365,000
Baltimore	267,354	350,000
Cincinnati	216,239	250,000
Cleveland	92,829	160,000
Louisville	100,753	145,000
Providence	69,000	104,000
Albany	76,216	87,584
Rochester	62,386	87,000
Troy	46,465	57,000
Minneapolis	13,066	45,000
St. Paul	20,030	42,000
Dayton	30,473	38,751
Wheeling	19,280	31,600
Elmira	15,863	20,078
Springfield, Ill	17,364	20,100

St. Louis is omitted from the list because the citizens, enumerators newspapers are in a desperate wrangle over the result. It is charged that whole blocks were left out by the enumerators. The population of St. Louis in 1870 was 310,864 and it is likely that the present census will show a population of 450,000, placing it fifth on the list of great cities. No indication of the growth of New Orleans, San Francisco and Charleston has been received.

SHE WAS A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED.—I remember a whimsical incident occurring in a theatre where the leading member of the company was celebrated for his magnificent physique. One night he was enacting Virgininius, and his mother, who had never been in a theatre in all her life, happened on the occasion to be in the boxes. Fresh from her native Yorkshire village, it will be readily imagined that she was somewhat bewildered with the novelty of the scene. When her son appered she was amazed at the grandeur of his presence in fleshing, sandals and toga. His appearance caused a great deal of enthusiastic applause. When it had subsided the proud mother, unable to restrain herself, and to the astonishment of all around her, said:

"I'm so glad you like him. He's my son."

Whereupon the mother immediately became the centre of attraction, and one admirer exclaimed:

"Well, madame, you may well be proud of your son, for he looks godlike as a Roman."

"Ah," sighed the poor old lady in reply, "I didn't want him to be a Roman. He would have looked splendid as a policeman."

ONE of those rough-clad, big-hearted miners who come into Santa Fe occasionally to lay in a supply of grub, stepped into the post-office of that town recently and seeing in the window three letters held for postage, picked one up, and, looking at the address, said in a tone of great astonishment:

"Why, this letter is for a lady in Denver!"

"Yes," said the clerk.

"And you are holding it here!" he said in a tone of greater astonishment.

"Why, of course," answered the clerk, "don't you see it hasn't any postage paid?"

In a tone of utter contempt for the man who would not forward a letter to a woman, paid or unpaid, the miner said:

"Give me some stamps!" It was done; he carefully put stamps on all letters in the window, putting two on that of the feminine gender to make sure that it would go all right and stalked out of the office with the concluding remark hurled at the head of the astonished Pino Pinito:

"Strikes me there's some —— mean people in this town!"

Women resemble flowers. They shut up when they sleep.

All Sorts of Clippings

Cards were invented in France in 1390.

All sorts of lace and nett mitts are worn.

Undressed kid gloves must be in light shades.

Minute iron particles have been found in Arctic snow.

Amber-colored roses are worn on black hats.

The first lightning calculator was Benjamin Franklin.

Beads in profusion are the ornaments most in vogue.

Breach of promise is now regarded as contempt of court.

Archery emblems make pretty hat and coiffure decorations.

Chinese plays are as passionless as mathematical problems.

There is a tendency to revive the simple dresses of former days.

A good dog will own a poor master as quick as any other sort.

Yellow, red, heliotrope and ecru grow more and more fashionable.

It is said that only a few locomotives can make 50 miles an hour.

Insanity is increasing in England and America among the poor.

A Belgian paper speaks of "cursing" as one of the English games.

Wilkie Collins is rough on Yankee book pirates.

A bald head possesses a certain attraction for flies.

Georgia's youngest grandmother is 26 years old.

Take care of the onions and the scents will take care of themselves.

Suspicious—a sausage maker advertising his wares as "dog cheap."

The diving young man is coming to the surface.

Two rules of the season: I. Get cool. II. Keep all you get.

Sweet are the uses of advertisements, says Mrs. Partington.

There is no profit in call loans if they will not come when called.

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

There are three men to one woman in Arizona.

A boy in Kenney county, Texas, killed 43 bears last winter.

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

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

Twenty Boston bicycle riders will cross the ocean this summer for a tour of England.

Which is the most contemptuous bird? The owl; he hoots at everything.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise; to-morrow's sun to thee may never shine.

Physic, says an old surgeon, is the art of amusing the patient while nature cures the disease.

The good man says, "All things are for the best," and mentally adds, "I am the best."

Truth smashed to earth will rise again, but the Republican party flattened out once might stay so.

It is something to be good; but it is far finer to be good for something.

By over-sugaring of all good qualities you may turn them to acidities.

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

No man can end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior.

Blushing is a suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

Knowledge without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

If mortals could discover the science of conquering themselves we should have perfection.

Cheerfulness or joyousness is the heaven under which everything not poisonous thrives.

Noah was the first person to take the tide in the affairs of man at the flood.

A bookworm is usually a grave man who is well versed in the dead languages.

Brides' traveling costumes are called "going-away dresses" in England.

"We eat him instead of educating his mind," says Seth Green of the fish.

Flower epaulettes are the feature of summer night festival and ball dresses.

New York city will take up with most any kind of eggs, but she demands the best of ham.

An auctioneer can never have his own way; he is compelled to do as others bid.

To dream of finding money betokens that it is easier to dream than to work for it.

Beware of the man who grinds his teeth while hushing his baby to sleep.

The spots on the sun do not begin to create the disturbance produced by the freckles on the daughter.

Eli Perkins generally keeps his word, as he can't find anybody to take it.

St. Petersburg is to have an international exhibition of photographs this summer.

Notwithstanding the high price of paper, the girls haven't ceased putting their hair up in it.

A penny saved is $64,000,000 earned, provided it is at compound interest for 1,800 years.

Edmund Yates says that anything about eating is read with avidity in England.

Artificial flower aprons are the latest novelty in these lovely, frail art creations.

A Chinese laundryman in Boston indignantly told a colored customer "no washee for nigger."

Sixty-five per cent. of the butter sold in Providence, R. I., proves to be oleomargarine.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0120