The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 9.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

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.

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 to 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 Setts, 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 Voshell 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 ROBINA 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.

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

Select Story.

THE STOLEN WILL.

When they told Ethan Vanwirt that his days were numbered, the first thing he said was:

'Send for Miss Work; I must see Miss Work before I die.'

Singular as the demand seemed, no one thought of questioning it.—Miss Work was sent for.

Laura turned quite white when the strange, imperative summons first came to her; and then she was told he who sent it was dying.

'Dying!' she whispered, her blue eyes filled with tears.

'What can he want? Shall you go, Laura?' asked Pauline Ruble, who was visiting her.

'Oh, yes, yes; poor old man! I am sorry for him. Certainly I will go. But I am frightened, Pauline, for I never saw any one die.'

The pretty, childless creature was trembling from head to foot.

Pauline put her arm around the slight figure and drew the golden head down upon her shoulder. She was several inches taller than Laura and far handsomer—in her own opinion.

'Little fool,' she thought, as she caressed the fair, flower-like face with her slim white hand. 'Of course it is something about Lewis Vanwirt.'

Aloud, she said, insinuatingly: 'I had better go with you, dear; don't you think so?'

"Oh, if you only will!' Laura cried eagerly.

Mrs. Work was quite an invalid, and could not accompany her daughter, so she also was very glad to have Pauline go with her.

As the carriage drove off with the two girls she sank back upon the couch with a thoughtful look.

'It must be something about his grandson. I hope Laura won't be silly.'

The ladies were shown at once into Mr. Vanwirt's apartment. The sick man frowned at the sight of Pauline.

'I wish to see you alone, Laura, my child,' he said.

'I will wait for you in the next room, darling,' Pauline volunteered promptly, and departed.

'Mr. Lewis has come, sir,' the servant said as he was leaving the room in obedience to an impatient gesture from his master.

'Let him wait,' said the old man grimly.

The night was warm, and the windows were all open. The sick room and the next one to it both looked upon a wide verandah, which ran across the entire front of the grand old mansion.

It was an easy thing for Pauline to step out upon this verandah without attracting attention, and pass along to the window of the sick room.

'I want to know what he wants of her,' she said to herself; 'and Laura is such an obstinate little child sometimes as likely as not she would not tell me.'

'I have sent for you, Laura Work,' the dying man was saying, 'to ask you if you love my grandson.'

Laura's sweet face clouded with crimson, and then grew white again. She was trembling so, poor child, she could hardly stand.

'My dear,' he said, 'I am dying, or I would not ask you such a question. Lewis is my only son's only child. If I die without a will the whole Vanwirt property will fall to him as the natural heir; but the boy has taken to bad courses lately. I am afraid. He gambles, I have heard. His father did before him. The taste of it is in the Vanwirt blood. It came near being my ruin at his very age. But I promised the woman I married I would never touch a card again, if she would have me, and I never did. My grandson loves me as only a Vanwirt can. It is my only hope for him. Am I wrong, my child, in believing that you care for him?'

Laura's pale lips opened, but she would not utter a word.

'Little fool!' thought Pauline.

'Listen to me!' old Ethan Vanwirt said, lifting himself upon his elbow in his excitement. 'If you love Lewis, promise me that before you consent to marry him you will exact from him the same pledge my wife did from me, and he shall be my heir. If not, my money goes away from him. Speak child, my lawyer waits now to make my will!'

Laura burst into tears.

'I do love him!' she stammered. 'I will promise anything rather than you'd do such a dreadful thing. But—what—if he does not care for me as you think?'

'I will risk that; I know he does. All I ask of you is to promise not to marry him till he has solemnly sworn he will never touch a card again. Give me your hand, child, and say the words over after me.'

Laura obeyed him more calmly than might have been expected under the circumstances.

'God bless you!' he said, as he let her hand go. 'You have made my dying moments almost happy.'

As Laura quitted the room, sobbing, Pauline was about to join her, when she heard the sick man mutter:

'I am not sure, after all, but a will would make everything safer.'

Then he ordered the attendant who had just come in to go and bring Mr. Scribe.

"Can he be going to make a will after all?' wondered Pauline. 'I'll wait and see.'

She resumed her listening attitude, well screened from view by the shrouding folds of the heavy silk curtains.

To her amazement she heard the sick man dictating a will to his lawyer, in which he left everything he possessed to Laura Work, absolutely.

Mr. Scribe ventured to remonstrate, but it was of no use.

'I know what I am about,' the imperious old man said, and would hear nothing.

The will duly signed, witnessed and sealed, he told the lawyer where to put it in his desk, which stood within his view.

'Is it safe here?' Mr. Scribe asked. 'I see no key.'

'Who would touch it?' the sick man asked, irritably. 'It would benefit no one but Lewis, and the Vanwirts are not thieves whatever else they may be. Besides, how do you know that I may not change my mind at the last moment and destroy it yet? Go now, please, and tell some one to send my grandson to me.'

Pauline would have liked to stay and witness this interview also, but she did not dare. Laura must be wondering greatly now where she was.

She found that Laura had come out of the sick room so agitated that Mrs. Becket, the housekeeper, had made her lie down, and was now sitting with her.

The night was by this time so far advanced, and Laura seemed so ill, that it was decided that the two girls should remain till morning.

Pauline took the housekeeper's place beside her friend, and in a short time Laura fell asleep. As Pauline sat there watching the white, childish face of the girl she pretended to love, her brain was full of wicked, envious thoughts.

Laura was already rich, she was poor, and yet to her who had already so much, the great Vanwirt property had just been given. She envied her the handsome lover with whom she herself was more than half in love, and whom, hitherto, she had not been without hope of winning away from Laura.

'But of course he will have to marry her now,' she thought bitterly.

Suddenly, as she sat there, the deep silence was broken by the sound of some commotion in the house—she heard steps and excited voices.

'What can it be?' she wondered. 'Mr. Vanwirt must be worse.'

She sat listening some moments, then she rose softly. Laura was still sleeping. Pauline succeeded in opening the door without disturbing her, ane stole out into the hall.

From the landing she could see servants below hurrying about with awe-struck looks.

An impulse of ungovernable curiosity seized her. She watched her chance, and, gliding down the stairs slipped through the open door without being seen, and passed swiftly along the varandah, till she came to the window where she had already spent so much time. One glance at the bed told her what had happened. Ethan Vanwirt was dead. A sudden awe and horror seized her. She was about to flee the spot when her eyes fell upon the desk in which she had seen the will placed. 'I wonder if it is there yet?' she thought.

No one was in the room at the moment, though the door in the next one stood open and she could hear voices.

'I am sure I can reach it from here, I should know it at a glance,' she mused. She put her hand in and raised the lid. There it was.

A wicked thought crossed her.—What if she took it? No one would ever know. The lawyer would think Mr. Vanwirt had destroyed it, as he said he might, and Laura could not get the Vanwirt fortune without it. Besides, that will in her possession might somehow help her to win Lewis Vanwirt after all.

At that thought she snatch the will, and hiding it in the folds of her dress, she hurriedly retraced her steps.

She was too flurried now to be as cautious as she was when she came out, but, as it happened, she regained her room, without any one seeing her. Laura still slept.

* * * * * * *

Ethan Vanwirt had been dead about a month. His grandson had entered into possession of his estate without any hindrance. There were rumors about a will; but when it could not be found Mr. Scribe concluded that the old man had destroyed it, and refused, when questioned, to tell who was named in the will.

Pauline Ruble was still visiting Laura Work, although, to tell the truth, her welcome had grown somewhat cold, both on Laura's part and Mrs. Work's.

Laura was very unhappy. Lewis Vanwirt scarcely ever spoke to her, except in the most formal manner, though he came to the house as formerly. Apparently it was to see Pauline now; and though the gentle girl strove to feel the same toward her false friend she could not quite do so.

Mrs. Work, beholding the defection of young Vanwirt from her daughter, wished most heartily that they had none of them ever seen Miss Ruble.

There was a certain rejected suitor of Laura's, named Robert Lester, who about this time took advantage of the situation to renew his devotion to her. Laura had never liked him, and liked him less than ever now, but in spite of her coldness he was always beside her now, and more than once she fancied that Pauline had deliberately contrived to fasten him upon her for the evening.

'I must bring matters to a crisis soon,' thought Pauline one night, as she wreathed her brilliant face with smiles, and pretended not to perceive Mrs. Work's unusual cold manner.

Presently, when Lewis Vanwirt called she was watching him, and drew him at once into the garden. 'I want to tell you something,' she said, in her soft voice; 'and, besides, Laura and her lover are so happy in there by themselves, it would be a pity to disturb them.'

Lewis Vanwirt's handsome face turned quite white.

'Has she consented to marry him at last?' he asked, bitterly.

'Oh, of course; I told you she would. He is such a very moral young man, and dear Laura is so very strict in her ideas. I believe she thinks he has not a vice in the the world, and I know if she thought he had ever touched a card, she would not have him now.'

Lewis winced.

'Mr. Vanwirt,' Pauline said, suddenly; 'do you know to whom your grandfather left his money in that will that has never been found?'

'I do not know.'

'I can tell you.'

'You!' He started at her.

'It gave everything to Laura Work.'

'Impossible! How do you know?'

'Moreover, that will is in existence.'

He stared at her harder than before.

'I know where it is.

'Do you?'

'Would you like to see it?' she said, slipping her hand into her pocket.

'I certainly should.'

'How would you like to see Laura and Robert Lester lording it at Vanwirt House?'

Lewis ground his teeth with involuntary rage. That decided the false, bold girl beside him.

'Lewis Vanwirt,' she said, 'if that will could be put in your possession to do what you like with it would you marry a woman who loves you far better than Laura Work ever could?'

She felt him start as she leaned upon his arm, and her hand tightened on what was in her pocket. His face was slightly averted, so that she could not see its expression.—His answer came after some moments, but in a voice so husky and changed she would scarcely have known it.

'I would.'

Trembling with joy she drew out the folded paper, and put it into his hands.

He held it up in the moonlight a moment, and then, thrusting it inside his breast, turned suddenly and began to go swiftly toward the house. Pauline could scarcely keep up with him. An awful misgiving seized her.

'What are you going to do?'

'You shall see,' he answered sternly, and she read his stern determination in his eyes.

'What a fool I was!' she muttered, but made one effort more.

'Laura and Lester won't thank you for interrupting them.'

No answer, as he strode on and entered the drawing room through one of the French windows. Laura sat there with her mother. She had been crying. No one else was in the room. He laid the will upon her lap.

'I find,' he said hurriedly and in a shaking voice, 'that my grandfather left the money to you. There is the will that has been missing so long. I hope, Laura, that you will be a great deal happier with Mr. Lester than you would have been with me. But he will never love you better than I do.'

Laura was white and speechless with bewilderment.

'Laura detests Robert Lester,' cried Mrs. Work, taking in the situation at once. 'She has never cared for any one but you, Lewis, and you ought to know it.'

'Oh! my darling,' ejaculated Lewis, wildly extending his arms, 'is it true?'

In another moment Laura was sobbing on his shoulder.

Pauline went quietly to her own room and spent the night in packing. When, the next morning, she announced her approaching departure, no one objected.

Lewis Vanwirt looked somewhat embarrassed when Laura told him of the promise she had made his grandfather the night he died.

'I don't think I am in any danger of being a gambler,' he said, 'but I am willing to pledge myself never to play again.'

Which he did, and kept his word.

☞ Harkins' daughter returned from Denton's butcher shop, laid a steak upon the table and said:

"That's the most refined butcher I ever met. I asked him if this steak was tender, and he said, 'Oh! so beautifully tender as the maiden in the first blush of love; a steak fit to be classed with tender and hallowed associations, and one likely to be devoured by so fair and beautiful a maiden.'

Harkins pushed the glasses up on top of his head, looked at the girl, and then thundered:

"What under the canopy was that fellow giving you?"

And, as her color came and went, she replied:

"Giving me taffy, I suppose.'

☞ The ensuing epigram was suggested by the oratorical exploits of a lawyer in court who had a fluency of tongue without a counterpoise of brain, and, as a consequence, uttered more than he knew or the court could understand. Some one who listened to his ambitious eloquence in behalf of his client and witnessed the nervous gymnastics with which he scratched his back as he proceeded, wrote as follows:

"When Nature formed Hawkins she called for her shears,
'We must shorten this fellow,' she said, 'in the ears.'
But added at last: 'We will let the ears pass:
What is long for a man is just right for an ass.'"

THE REASON WHY.—A Silver City young lady, who had a passion for pretty babies, said to a little four-year-old angel, who has a bran new sister:

'I say, bub, won't you give me your baby sister? I love little babies."

Young hopeful—"No, I tan't."

Young lady (winking at her young man)—"Why, sonny, why won't you give your baby to me?"

Hopeful (indignantly)—"Fy, he'd 'tarve to death; your dress opens behine."

Painful silence for the next fifteen minutes.

☞ A clergyman came along and said, "You little ones appear to enjoy yourselves, you seem so happy."

The youngest said, "Yeth, thir, Maggie fell into the well, and we all had awful fun. She's there now."

THE IDEAL AND REAL.

The ideal husband is a kind-hearted, noble man, with the figure of an Apollo and the beauty of an Adonis, who pays the same delicate attentions to his wife that he did before their troth was plighted; the real husband is a round-shouldered, grizzly-looking fellow, who buys the second quality of butter for the table, eats his meals at a down town restaurant, and only remembers that he is married when he is obliged to pay the household expenses.

The ideal housewife is a woman who keeps her home in the most delightful order, who cooks the most delicious dinners and presides at the tea table with the grace of a queen; the real housewife is a woman whose face is red and blazed with cooking over a hot stove, whose voice is sharp and earnest and who just "slats" things around anywhere, no matter where, in order to get her work done in season for a buzz over the back yard fence with the neighbors.

The ideal politician is a man whose breast is heaving full of patriotism, and whose interest in the welfare of the country is second only to his allegiance to Divine power; the real politician is a man with his hands full of wires, pulling in all directions, from the dram shop to the pulpit, to worm himself into an official position, with big pay and lots of nothing to do.

The ideal baby is a little fellow with the daintiest tinted cheeks, curliest hair, sweetest little "coo," and with angel's wings just sprouting from his shoulders; the real baby is a young wad of humanity with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistle down, and as for angel's wings—well, they don't fasten them on with safty pins.—*New Haven Register.*

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

Have faith in an overruling Providence, but plow deep and put a little manure in the hill.

Gather lemons in the dark of the moon; particularly if they are your neighbor's lemons.

Cooks have been very successfully raised with coal oil, but the process is demoralizing to the kitchen.

Plant your neighbors' cats early. One under each fruit tree will help your crop and do your neighbor a good turn besides.

The late variety of young men (those who keep your daughters up until 3 A. M.) should be raised rapidly—out of the front door.

Raise boys early—in the morning. If they don't "raise" early, a light dressing of peach tree fertilizer will help them wonderfully.

Teach your boy to love the farm. To do this don't send him out to drop pototoes, but give him a horse and carriage and a new whip.

A Michigan widow who jumped off a load of hay and knocked down a tramp who made fun of her sunbonnet, had three offers of marriage within a week.

When you are plowing new ground and run into a stump, don't swear about it. Go hire somebody to swear for you who can do it with more grace and dignity.

Preminm pumpkins should be weaned early and brought up on the bottle. Take them in the house over night, or your neighbor may get them to the fair ahead of you.

☞ Out of a five minute call a woman will gather inspiration for a good hour's speech when she gets home. She will tell her husband—who is so interested, you know—that Mrs. Stuckup has "new furniture the second time within three years, if I'm not mistaken, and lace curtains with lambrequins and her black silk dress made over and her hair done up in a new way higher than she used to wear it not becoming a bit and her little girl's got her hair banged and all dressed in white and is going to Miss Giddigurl's school in the fall and her cook's gone off mad and she says she's almost tired to death and is going to Swampscott next week and Miss Flirt is going to have Young Spoodlington after all and Miss Smith's going to give her a pair of bouquet-holders she says they're good enough for her she got them cheap up to Ragshop's and Miss Ferguson's got a boy lots of hair on its head and looks three months old everybody says and Steve Beaker's awful dissipated they say and that Lovewell girl's father's ordered him out of the house and she's been taking on awful and declares she will have him and the Stiggenses have moved out of town and the Browns have lost everything and Miss Smith's bought a whole piece of cotton cloth and—" By this time the husband is asleep or has fled. A man could never make so much out of a week's visit. All he would remember would be that Brown's got a mighty pretty wife, or keeps good cigars, or some other equally inconsequential matter.

☞ A family living in Nashville has a parrot noted for its wonderful powers of imitating the human voice. The family has also a daughter whose special duty is the care of the parrot. The young lady has a young man, a recent addition to Nashville society. The young man called at the house of his lady love one evening and pulled the door-bell. The parrot, sitting in an upstairs window, heard the jingle of the bell and called out, "Go to the window!' The young man was startled. He looked at all the windows below and found them closed. He pulled the door-knob again.—"Next door!" shouted the parrot in a voice not unlike the young lady's. The young man looked up and down the street in a puzzled sort of way as if it had suddenly dawned upon his mind that he had made a mistake in the house. Concluding that he had not, he again rang the bell. "Go to the house!" cried Poll from his perch in the upper window.—"What house," exclaimed the young man, angrily. "The workhouse!" shrieked the parrot. The young man left in rapid transit time.

A SOLEMN JAUNT.

How Mr. and Mrs. Chowder and the Six Little Chowders Enjoyed their Picnic.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

Mr. Chowder, Mrs. Chowder and four little Chowders went off on the excursion to Sugar Island yesterday. It had been the talk of the family for a week. Each child had been taken into the bath-room and washed, scoured and sand-papered down. Each one had received twelve lectures on the art of behaving himself or herself after getting aboard the boat. Each one had been told about fifty times what to reply if old Mrs. Clamshell felt gracious enough to ask after their health, or if that bad Brown boy had one of his streaks on and made faces at them. Every time the subject came up Mrs. Chowder called for silence and said:

"Now you children pay strict attention to what I say. You can't have any ice cream or lemonade or peanuts. You can't run up and down on the boat. You must not make a racket. You must not ask your father for pennies. You must not keep talking to me. If Henry or William asks to go fishing or in swimming they will get a whipping. If Lucy or Jennie sits down on the grass I shall punish them."

The six sat in a solemn row as the boat started out. Mr. Chowder had one eye on his two boys and the other squinted down the river. Mrs. Chowder had one eye on the two girls and the other flashing at a boy who had harvest apples to sell, and who was trying to get near them. Chowder had his mind made up that if one of his boys attempted to find out what a steamboat was like, or hinted at fruits or refreshments, or desired to mingle with other boys, he would squelch him on the spot; and Mrs. Chowder was fully determined to let her pinches be felt the very instant either of the girls forgot her dignity and wrinkled her stiffly-starched dress.

Two or three hundred children romped over the island, played "tag," picked up pebbles, climbed trees and raced after grasshoppers, but Chowder sat on a log and talked politics, Mrs. Chowder sat on a camp stool and talked of the poor heathen, and the young Chowders sat on the edge of a plank seat and kept their mouths in proper pucker to reply "yes, ma'am" to every old grub-hoe who asked if they were having an awful good time. When they returned last evening not a hat had been lost—not a button gone—not a shoe-string broken—not a particle of starch missing. They had that same solemn pucker, and Chowder and his wife had that same awful parental dignity. Not one had even the faintest trace of a smile when a newsboy standing at the gang-plank shouted out:

"Here's a family who've been off to bury their dead grandmother—make way for the mourners!"

COURTING ALL OF THEM.

What a Deceiving Animal a Man Can Be If He Tries.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

"I don't want to make any trouble, but there is one man in this city who ought to be gibbeted!" began a blunt-spoken woman of forty-five as she stood before the officials of the Twentieth Street Station a day or two ago.

When they inquired for particulars she handed out a letter and said:—

"Observe the envelope. That letter is addressed to me. You will see that the writer calls me his jessamine, and he wants me to set an early date for the wedding."

When the captain had finished the letter she was ready with another, adding:

"And this is addressed to my daughter Lucretia. You will see that he calls her his rosy angel, and he says he can't live if she doesn't marry him. It's the same man."

So it was, and his letter was as tender as spring chicken. That finished, she handed out a third, with the remark:

"This is directed to my daughter Helen. It's the very same man, and in it he calls her his pansy and he says he dreams of her."

"Why he seemed to love the whole family," remarked the captain.

"That's just it. I'm a widow with two daughters, and he was courting us all at once and engaged to the three of us at the same time. Oh! what wretches there are in this world!"

"Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found him out."

"Yes, it is. If I hadn't he might have married the whole caboodle of us. If Lucretia hadn't opened one of my letters and if I hadn't searched the girls' pockets while they were asleep we'd have thought him an innocent lamb."

"And do you want to have him arrested?"

"No, I guess not, but I want this matter to go into the papers as a warning to other women. Just to think of his sitting up with me Sunday night, Lucretia on Wednesday night, and Helen on Friday night, and calling each one of us his climbing rose! Oh, sir, the women ought to know what a deceiving animal man is!"

"Yes, he's pretty tough."

"It has learned me a lesson," she said as she was ready to go. "The next man that comes sparking around my house has got to come right out and say which he's after. If it's the girls I won't say nothing, and if it's me it won't do 'em a bit of good to slam things around and twit me of burying two husbands!"

WHEN a Philadelphia peanut vender gets a little money ahead he runs over to New York and moves awhile in society as a foreign count. When weary of banqueting he comes back and goes to work.

☞ A. H. Clark, of Groton, Mass., has a ram that thinks. It thinks to butt apple trees when there is fruit on them, until the apples drop off, when it stops thinking and goes to eating.

All Sorts of Clippings

The color line—Aniline.

Garfield needs a bar'l—of white-wash.

It is never too hot for billiard balls to freeze.

The little peach catches the early market.

The earthquake was the original Shaker.

Marriage makes the man; the woman was maid before.

"What is needed in the Nursery"—more mother and less nurse.

Few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death.

Salt codfish should be sold under the name of dry goods.

Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent.

A woman that painteth puts up a bill that she is to let.

He that falls in the dirt, the longer he lies the dirtier he is.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.

Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them.

He who has no bread to spare should not keep a dog.

Fanned fire and forced love never did well yet.

A lass that has many wooers often fares the worst.

All human virtues strengthen and increase by the experience of them.

The man who studies to be revenged only manages to keep his own wounds green.

Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance.

If a man desires many things he is exalted by hope, but if he fears many things he becomes a slave.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practice by working hard for fifty years.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.

In the summer of 1770, Daniel Boone was the only white man in Kentucky.

The first protestant church in America was built at Hingham, Mass., in 1621.

Norfolk, Va., was burned by the English, under Lord Dunmore, in January, 1776.

The Duc de Nemours is said to resemble the accepted portraits of Don Quixotte.

Greenland has no cats. Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long!

"I never do things by halves!" said the urchin when he ate a whole pie he found in the cupboard.

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

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

Napoleon I. was proclaimed Emperor of the French nation, A. D. 1804.

An editor sometimes puts on a clean collar—merely as a neck's change.

Julias Cæsar was assassinated by Brutus at Rome 44 years before Christ's time.

Galileo was the first to observe and comment upon the fact of ice being lighter than water.

It may be that the early bird gets the worm, but it often happens that the late bean gets the girl.

Louis Philippe's abdication took place in the year 1848, the royal family escaping to England.

A Chicago preacher says that the Lord never prospers a minister who wears a mustache.

650 cakes of toilet soap were stolen from the Palmer House by the delegates to Chicago.

Bob Ingersoll got his first lessons in oratory by teasing his mother to go fishing.

Whether or not a tramp can enter a house by knocking at the door is an open question.

The pants of a dog are thickened in hot weather, while those of a man grow thinner.

Ohio will run the White House, no matter who is elected. Mrs. Hancock is an Ohio woman.

A Frenchman owns a mule 73. The animal has kicked everything in this world except the bucket.

Edison should try his hand at illuminating Bob Ingersoll. That great orator needs light.

The Elmira Advertiser says the telephone will not be perfect till it takes the place of the church prayer meeting.

A Philadelphia lady, on being asked her occupation by the census taker, demurely replied, "raising children."

The young man who devotes his time to complimenting the girls is classed by the census taker as engaged in she praising.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to mothers-in-law seems to be needed. They are the worst abused people in the world.

Some of the trunks which came over in the Mayflower are still in a good state of preservation. There were no baggage smashers in those days.

"In God we trust" when we pass a genuine silver dollar, but when we pass a trade dollar for one hundred cents we trust in cheek.

A London paper speaks of virulent American patriots with filibustering tendencies as goose-eagles.

Lives of rich men all remind us we may mighty fortunes make, and on dying, leave behind us wills for relatives to break.

The New York Times thinks that men who are neither fops nor dullards seldom find their offers of marriage refused.

Keep the sunlight out of your house if you want to save your carpets—and assist the doctors and undertaker to buy new ones.

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