The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 10.

J. A. STEPHENS. J. W. STEPHENS.

JOHN A. STEPHENS & SON,

General Commission Merchants,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit and Produce,

92 Light street wharf, Baltimore.

☞ Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered, Baltimore, July 15, 1880—tO1.

D. N. ROBINSON,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

For the sale of all kinds of Fruit, Fish, Poultry and Game.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF PEACHES, having sold the late Col. Edw. Wilkins's Fruit for the last five years, and still continue to sell for the estate.

All consignments will receive prompt attention. Quick sales and prompt returns. Receive Fruit on all wharves and at all hours. Address No. 5 Hughes Quay, Balto.

Refer, by permision, to G. W. T. Perkins, Esq., R. Hynson, Attorney-at-Law, W. N. E. Wickes, Esq., John W. Loud, Esq., all of Chestertown. July 15—tlO

EMPIRE GRAIN DRILL.



NO MORE GUESS-WORK! APPROXIMATE PERFECTION!

The New Fertilizer DISTRIBUTOR

ATTACHED TO THIS DRILL IS A

Wonderful Invention.

It isthe Only Force-Feed FERTILIZER DISTRIBUTOR in the World.

☞ For information apply to either John C. Sutton or L. C. Graves, Locust Grove; Wm. Hepbron, Lynches, or to Joel Pusey, Havre de Grace, Md. [July 15—3m.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

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Sash, Doors, Bricks &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

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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.

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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.

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.

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.

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 other.

May 27, 1880. R K. PIPPIN.

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.

GOD AND HIS FLOWERS.

The flowers of many climates
That bloom all seasons through,
Met in a stately garden
Bright with the morning dew

For praise and loving worship
The Lord they came to meet;
Her box of precious ointment
The Rose broke at His feet.

The Passion-Flower His symbols
Wore fondly on her breast;
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please Him best.

The Morning-Glories fragile,
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,
And praised the Master so.

"His word is like to honey,"
The Clover testified,
And all who trust Thy promise
Shall in Thy love abide.

The Lilies said, "Oh trust Him!
We neither toil nor spin,
And yet His house of beauty,
See how we enter in!"

The King-Cup and her kindred
Said "Let us all be glad;
Of His redundant sunshine,
Behold how we are clad."

"And let us follow Jesus,"
The Star of Bethlehem said;
And all the band of flowers
Bent low with reverent head.

The glad Sunflower answered,
And little Daisies bright,
And all the cousin Asters,
"We follow toward the light!"

"We praise Him for the mountains,"
The Alpine Roses cried;
"We bless Him for the valleys,"
The Violets replied.

"We praise Him," said the Air-plant,
"For breath we never lack;"
"And for the rocks we praise Him,"
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters,"
The gray Sea-mosses sighed;
And all his baptized Lilies
"Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And now for the green, cool woodlands,
We praise and thanks return,"
Said Kalmias and Azaleas,
And graceful Feathery Fern.

"And for the wealth of gardens
And all the gard'ner thinks,"
Said Roses and Camellias,
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks.

"Hosannah in the highest!"
The Baby-Bluets sang;
And little trembling Harebells
With softest music rang.

"The winter hath been bitter;
The sunshine follows storm;
Thanks for His loving kindness,
The Earth's great heart is warm."

So said the pilgrim Mayflower
That cometh after snow,
The humblest and the sweetest
Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather,
The sunshine and the wet,"
Spoke out the cheerful Pansies,
And daring Mignonette.

And then the sun descended,
The heavens were all aglow;
The little Morning-Glories
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day-Lilies
Their love watch ceased to keep—
"He giveth," said the Poppies,
"To His beloved sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,
The soft wind stirred the corn,
When sudden in the garden
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening-Primrose,
Her sisters followed fast,
With perfumed lips they whispered,
"Thank God for night at last."

A STORY OF A WRETCHED LIFE.

The most thrilling and sadly suggestive temperance lecture is the sight of a once noble, talented man, left in ruins by intoxicating drink. A Washington paper tells of a ragged beggar, well known in the streets of the city, who once held an important command in the army, having been promoted, for personal bravery, from a cavalry lieutenant to nearly the highest rank in military service. One night recently, when he had been too successful in begging liquor to sate his craving, and while lying helplessly drunk in the rear of a Third street saloon, a party of men thought to play a joke on him by stealing his shirt, and proceeded to strip him.

Underneath his shirt, and suspended by a string from his neck, was a small canvas bag, which the men opened and found it contained his commission as brevet major general, two congratulatory letters—one from General Grant and one from President Lincoln—a photograph of a little girl, and a curl of hair—a "chestnut shadow" that doubtless one day crept over the brow of some loved one.

When these things were discovered, even the half dranken men who found them felt a respect for the man's former greatness, and pity for his fallen condition, and quietly returned the bag and its contents to where they found them, and replaced the sleeper's clothes upon him.

When a reporter tried to interview the man, and endeavor to learn something of his life in the past few years, he declined to communicate anything.

He cried like a child when told how his right and former position were ascertained, and with tears trickling down his cheeks, said:

"For God's sake, sir, don't publish my degradation, or my name, at least, if you are determined to say something about it. It is enough that I know myself how low I have become. Will you promise me that much? It will do no good, but will do my friends a great deal of harm, as, fortunately, they think I died in South America, where I went at the close of the war."

Intemperance and the gambling table he said had brought about his ruin.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"Mother, where is Alice?" said Nathan Sprague, as he walked through to the kitchen where supper was being prepared. "I have a letter for her, and I know she will be so much pleased."

"Don't ask me where she is. I have not seen her these two hours," answered his mother, "but I suppose she is hunting up stones or roots, and will be coming in presently with a long harangue about their beauty and usefulness. I did think she would get over such foolishness some time, and take some little interest in your affairs, but I don't believe she ever will. I am sure I have tried my best to learn her something, but every day the same thing has to be gone over.—But just put her out in the flower garden, and she will spend hours over a plant or vine, to beautify her home as she calls it. I am sure she could beautify it far more by doing something useful inside, or in learning to cook a meal fit for her husband to eat."

"Well, mother," said Nathan, gently, "you know Alice has never done any work of this kind, and it is hard for her to settle down to household duties. Besides, she enjoys her rambles so much, that she really forgets how the time is passing. I am sure she means to do what is right."

"Yes, I suppose it is all very well to ramble about, while somebody else does all the work. Forgetfulness is very convenient sometimes," said his mother, sarcastically.

"Well, mother," answered Nathan, "I am sure neither Alice nor myself have ever wanted you to do the work;" and his voice was becoming a little unsteady, "but," he continued, "you always make objections to our hiring help, and out of respect for your advice, we have foreborne to do so. Only yesterday, Alice offered to pay for help out of the remuneration she has from her writings. Beside, you must remember that every woman is not a "born housekeeper." How absurd you would think it, if I should assert, that every man at a moment's notice could be transformed into a good carpenter or blacksmith; or even with training could become a first-class lawyer or doctor; and yet every woman is expected to fall into the ranks of housekeepers, as though it were the only vocation in which she could possibly excel. All honor to a good housekeeper, of which my mother is one of the best, but I cannot love my wife less because her ambition lies in another direction."

Just at this moment Nathan cast his eyes out of the window, and beheld a picture that made his heart dance for joy. Alice, his beloved was tripping lightly along toward the house, her beautiful face all aglow as she caught a glimpse of her husband at the window. He could but notice with pleasure, the marked improvement in her appearance since he had brought her to his country home, from the close confines of a boarding school. Instead of the languid step and the pallid face, her cheek and lip were touched with the rosy glow of health, and in her new found happiness she bounded over the green sward, like a feather in the evening breeze.

As Alice stepped into the kitchen and saw the preparations for supper, her countenance fell, and approaching her mother-in-law, she said deprecatingly:

"Indeed, mother, I didn't think it was so late, I thought I should not stay long when I went out. But," turning to her husband and kissing him with all the abandon of a school girl, she said, "Just see, Nathan, what a beautiful specimen I have found this afternoon. You know I have always told you what beautiful specimens Mr. Lawton, our professor, used to have, and I don't think in all his collection, he had one to equal this. I am sure it must be rare, just look at those delicate blue veins; they look as though they were traced with a pencil. Oh, if Cousin Phil were only here; he would so enjoy these rambles with me, and could enlighten me so much. He has prospected to such an extent since he has been in the employ of the Granite Company, and has had such a wide experience, that he can tell at a glance the uses and value of any specimen.

"And perhaps," interrupted Nathan, "my little wife may be gratified, as I think I have brought you a letter from this identical Cousin Phil," and he handed her an envelope directed in a clear, bold hand, and post-marked, 'Augusta, Georgia.'

The letter proved to be an acceptance of the oft repeated invitation of his Cousin Alice and her husband to pay them a visit. His health was considerably impaired by close application to business, and in consideration of his valuable services, the company had decided to give him a two months leave of absence, which he purposed spending with his cousin in Vermont.

After supper, while Alice was busy in her flower-garden, Nathan took occasion to inform his mother, that in consideration of the expected visitor, he had decided to hire help, as Alice would naturally have less time to devote to household duties, in making her cousin's visit agreeable. "Besides," added he, "we can at the same time do a good turn to Cousin Eunice by taking her here, for she seems very low spirited since her mother died, and she has been forced to live among strangers. I am sure she will be better satisfied here.

"Well, Nathan," answered his mother, in an injured tone, "I see my advice is set aside as good for nothing. How in the world you ever expect to pay for your farm I can't see. You have made but one payment on it; and if you have to put up with wastefulness of servants, added to that of a wife that takes no interest in your affairs, I am sure I see nothing but ruin in the future. You are working yourself to doath to keep a lot around you in idleness. I should think—"

"Well, mother," interrupted Nathan, "as my prospects are good at present, we will hope they will continue so in the future, and I am sure I have no higher aim in life than to make my wife and you happy."

* * * * * * *

Five years previous to the opening of our story, Alice Lacy was the only and idolized child of wealthy parents. A child of nature, born and reared in the sunny South, with hosts of servants to attend to her every whim and wish, she had nearly succumbed to the sad vicissitudes of war, that had deprived her of parents, wealth and home.

Colonel Lacy, like many others, had entered the southern army with hopes of a speedy settlement of the difficulties, but was destined to be one of the early victims of that prolonged struggle. His wife, never strong, could not long endure the horrors that surrounded her, and in her extremity she looked around for a place of safety for her darling Alice. To this end she called to her aid Philip Lacy, her husband's nephew, and adopted son, and directed him to take Alice as soon as practicable to his mother in Vermont, and at the same time placed in his hands a sum sufficient to send her to school until her education should be completed.

Comparatively speaking, Philip Lacy knew but little of his mother. His father, an elder brother of Col. Lacy's, had married her during a summer tour through the eastern States, and had taken her to his southern home. When Philip was two years old his father was stricken down with yellow fever, and his wife, who had never liked the South, decided to return to her own native State.

Col. Lacy was exceedingly fond of the little Philip, the more so that he at that time had not been blessed with a child of his own, and he importuned his sister-in-law to leave the child with him, promising to be a father to him, and to provide for his future as such, to which she finally yielded her consent.

When Philip was seven years old, the little Alice came to bless their home, and so the two children had been reared together as brother and sister.

Philip had always been in communication with his mother, and at intervals had visited her, but his heart's best affections were centred in his uncle and Aunt; and in the lovely little Alice, and after his aunt's death, he lost no time in making the attempt to take Alice to his mother. After many difficulties he succeeded in reaching Vermont with his charge, and placed her in his mother's care. But as she had married a second time, and had a family of children of her own, she thought it best to place Alice at school at once; and here it was she realized all that she had lost in her parents and home. The once happy and joyous child became sorrowful and dejected. Confined within the walls of a boarding school, she pined for the freedom that had always been her greatest delight; and so it was that after being at school three years, she gladly availed herself of an invitation to spend her vacation at a farm-house with one of her school-mates. And here she had met with Nathan Sprague, who, learning her sad story, first pitied and then loved the little pale faced orphan school girl, as she innocently related to him all the trials of her young life.

Nathan very soon made her an offer of his hand and heart, at the same time disclosing to her the fact that he was not rich, but with health he hoped soon to be independent. His widowed mother was his care also, and she could instruct her in all the necessary details of housekeeping, and he could see no reason why they should not be immediately married, (as what man really in love can ever see any reason for delay.)

But, alas for the shortsightedness of man. Alice did not give satisfaction to the new mother-in-law; for in her new found freedom, she could not for the life of her give her mind to household duties. She could tell you the botanical names of nearly every flower that grew, and would grow eloquent over the diffierent kinds of minerals she found in her rambles, but she could not possibly remember whether you put one cup of sugar and three cups of flour in a tea cake, or one cup of flour and three cups of sugar.

Her husband she loved to idolatry, he was so kind and indulgent to her, and in her innocence she told him it must be so, since she had no one else to love but him and Cousin Phil.

* * * * * * *

"Cousin Phil, I am so glad you are here. What delightful rambles we shall have. Nathan is always so busy, he can scarcely ever go with me, and I find so much to interest me all about this old farm, particularly out in the waste lands, where seldom any one goes but me. See," said Alice, as she brought out a specimen from the sitting room mantle, "now don't you think this is just beautiful. I am keeping it until I have an opportunity to send it to Professor Lawton, as I think it superior to anything he has."

"Oh," said Cousin Phil, as he looked at the stone with some curiosity, "where did you obtain this? I have been looking for some time for something similar."

"Away out at the back of the farm. If you like we will go when you are rested enough to make the exertion," answered Alice. And as Philip's health improved, there were many visits paid to the waste lands, and there was much talking and secret whisperings, and a great deal of correspondence between Philip and the company in whose employ he was, until sometimes Nathan almost feared that his little wife was giving too much of her affection to Cousin Phil. But the next moment he would banish the thought as unworthy of him, and unjust to his wife, and to atone for the thought, would propose some new form of amusement.

One morning Nathan was somewhat surprised to be called into the sitting room, to hold secret conference with his wife and Philip.—Something unusual must have happened, for Alice's eyes were dancing with joy, and Cousin Phil held in his hand a document that seemed to give great satisfaction.

"Nathan," said Cousin Phil, "I have received this morning an offer for a part of your farm. At what price would you sell what you call the waste lands?"

Taken by surprise, Nathan said he could not see what any one could want with the waste lands, but if they did he would sell it cheap, as it was of no use to him, and did not know what use it could be to any one.

Philip then explained that through a specimen Alice had shown him, he had been induced to hunt for a granite greatly in demand, and had found it in abundance on the waste lands. He had communicated with the company, and had that morning been authorized to offer forty thousand dollars for the privilege of working it up. He had kept it a secret at Alice's request, until all the arrangements were made, that she might surprize her husband by his good fortune.

Nathan gladly accepted the offer, and Alice celebrated her victory, by inducing her husband to settle five thousand dollars on his mother, her only retaliation being to say, "See, mother, I should have had to do a heap of housework to amount to forty thousand dollars."

Where the Difference Modesty Came in.

[*Troy (Mass.) Enterprise.*]

A certain gentleman requiring legal assistance had been recommended to one of the two brothers, but had forgotten the Christian name of him he sought, so he called at the office of the one first found and asked for Mr. Podger.

"That is my name, sir."

"But there are two of you of that name here in town?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish to consult the Mr. Podger—excuse me for the allusion—who wears a wig."

"We both wear wigs, sir."

"Well, the man I seek was divorced from his wife not very long ago."

"There you hit us both again sir."

"The man to whom I was recommended has recently been accused of forgery, though, I trust, unjustly."

"There we are again, my dear sir. We have both had that gentle insinuation laid at our doors."

"Well, upon my word, you two brothers bear a striking resemblance. But I guess I have it now. The one I am after is in the habit of occasionally drinking to excess—sometimes to intoxication."

"My dear man, that little vice is unfortunately characteristic of the pair of us, and I doubt if our best friends could tell you which was the worst."

"Well, you are a matched pair certainly. But tell me," continued the visitor, "which of the twain it was that took the poor debtor's oath a few months ago?"

"Ha, ha, we were both in that muddle. I was on Bob's paper and he was on mine."

"In mercy's name!" cried the applicant desperately, "will you tell me which of the two is the most sensible man?"

"Ah, there you touch bottom, my friend. Poor Bob, I can't stretch the truth, even to serve a brother. If you want the more sensible one of the two I suppose I must acknowledge the corn. I'm the man, sir."

THE FUTURE OF THE TELEPHONE—A NEW ENTERPRIZE.—A company has been formed in Boston for the purpose of connecting the different telephonic exchanges in the various cities between Boston and Washington. This will enable the inhabitants of any of these cities in their private offices to hold converse with their correspondents in any of the other cities with the same facility that they now talk from office to office in the same city. Work has been commenced between Boston and New York, and the line will be in working order this fall. The work will be vigorously prosecuted until all the cities indicated are connected, and there is a probability that a number of other cities will also be included in the arrangement. In Newark, N. J., telephone lines are being built on poles 90 feet high, connecting New York with Newark by 40 trunk lines of telephone. The telephone is said to have made more rapid strides towards perfection than any other invention. There is as much telephonic wire now in use in the United States, after a lapse of two years since the introduction of the invention, as there is of telegraph wire, after the lapse of 35 years. It is claimed that it is only a question of time as to the connection of the continents by telephone, and that at no distant day conversation between Paris and Baltimore, or other points, will not be thought remarkable.

A COMPLIMENT FOR "BOB INGERSOLL."—An infidel colonel of volunteers, named Robert Ingersoll is making the warm weather in New York much warmer by delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures at a theatre in which religion is ridiculed and attacked with scarcely any limit of epithet and imagery. The gallant colonel boasts that he has defied the Almighty for years and has never been harmed by him. This reminds me of the reply at the Savage Club by an ex-clergyman named Barton to poor Tom Robertson, who was indulging in a somewhat similar style of idle talk. "You forget, Tom," said Barton, "that the Almighty is capable of infinite contempt as well as of infinite justice."

☞ Hancock's nomination has been a bonanza for the telegraph companies. The wires are kept hot reporting Democratic ratification meetings.

A BUSY FAMILY.

A case of assault and battery, in which farmers' sons were plantiff and defendant respectively, was on trial in Justice Alley yesterday, and the plaintiff's lawyer was very anxious to make out that the defendant's family must have seen the fight which took place just outside the kitchen door. The defendant's mother being on the stand the lawyer began:

"Well, where were you when the first blow was struck?"

"Down cellar skimming milk and tying cloths over my preserve jars," she replied.

"Where was your husband?"

"He was in the barn mending the harness and greasing the wagon."

"Where was your daughter Sarah?"

"Sarah was in the north bedroom changing the pillow-cases on the spare bed."

"And where was Jane?"

"Jane? She had run over to a neighbor's to borrow some coffee and a nutmeg."

"Let's see! Haven't you a sister living with you?"

"Yes, sir. She was sewing carpet rags up stairs."

"Ah! she was? You have a younger son named Charles, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, and he was salting the sheep across the road."

"Just so. You are a busy family, I see. I suppose even the dog was very busy just at this particular moment."

"Yes, sir, he was. Old Bose was down at the gate looking towards Detroit for one-horse lawyers."

That closed the testimony and settled him more than a foot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.—By awl means, Joe, get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch rite in, stick your head under and shiver it out. Thar ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out.—Don't expect to marry an angel—they have all been picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you hain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awfully slippery and thaws dreadfully easy. Don't marry for luv, neither; luv is like a cooking-stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty, becomingly dressed with about $250 in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate and will not evaporate. Don't marry for pedigree unless its backed by bank-notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

☞ A sea captain, who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city with the view of buying her one, wrote home: "I saw one that I thought would suit you—black-walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire—double on the ratlines and whipped wire on the lower stays and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home.—Length of taffrail over all, 6 feet 1 inch; breadth of beam, 38 inches, depth of hold, 14 inches. Hatches can be battened down proof against ten-year-old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clawed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

☞ A Texan was traveling recently in the country southeast of San Antonio. While following the dry bed of a creek he saw a small opening, and placing his ear to it heard a sound like that of rushing waters. He dug away the sand, and found the opening to a cave, which seemed to widen. Soon he succeeded in making the opening sufficiently large to admit his body, and he ventured in. After proceeding a few feet he could distinctly hear the water dash over rocks and rush on toward some unknown destination.—He proceeded still further, and when only a little over twenty feet below the surface reached forth his hand into a dashing river of pure, cold water.

☞ Of Mrs. Hancock as a girl, an old friend is quoted by the Courier-Journal as saying: "She was tall and graceful in her movements, a decided blonde, and remarkably pretty. Her manners were chaste and elegant, of the unexceptionable 'form of style' of the high-bred Virginia or Kentucky lady of thirty years ago. She was a lovely girl, and almost universally admired, and I would add, she was as much beloved as admired, because she possessed qualities of heart that far outweighed the great personal beauty that distinguished her."

DON'T TELL.—A New Hampshire lad broke a car window on the Concord Railroad the other day, and put his back against the broken pane in order to conceal it when the conductor passed through the car. The next moment he turned with a smile of satisfaction to a man in the seat behind him, saying: "Don't tell on me!"

"Ah! but I am the superintendent of the road," answered the chance acquaintance.

☞ "Is this my train?" asked a traveller at the Kansas Pacific depot of a lounger.

"I don't know, but I guess not," was the doleful reply. "I see it's got the name of the railroad company on the side, and I expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

Warning to young people contemplating matrimony—brimstone is the end of all matches.

All Sorts of Clippings

It takes more than one to get the good out of a laugh.

Susan B. Anthony says it was the quietest 4th of July since 1776.

If thou canst tolerate a liar thou art more than half a liar thyself.

A fact not generally known—that Neal Dow is running for president.

A punctual man can always find leisure, and a negligent one never.

Now all bow-legged men are called bicyclers.

Those who never retract love themselves better than the truth.

Garfield wishes Oakes Ames had let him a loan.

It will soon be time to stereotype the headline, "Another Lie Nailed."

Those usually deserve most from their friends who expect the least of them.

Many pride themselves on being wild young men who are only wild beasts.

So many good men are going wrong that the wicked do not get half a chance.

Masters a little blind and servants a little deaf get along together admirably.

Some people give no quarter—when they can fool you with a twenty-cent piece.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

The chief difference between a pebble stone and an early peach is in the color.

Happincss grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

The rebellion in Buenos Ayres is ended and the world can once more breathe freely.

All men think well of themselves, but some of them have a queer way of manifesting it.

Dr. Tanner learned the art of living on air when he was editing a country newspaper.

Whatever is, is right, if only men are steadily bent to make it so by fulfilling its design.

The penalty of success is to be bored by the attentions of people who used to snub you.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than we are through our good qualities.

A Germantown man has given his girl baby the pretty and appropriate name of Insomnia.

Evil ministers of good things are like torches—a light to others and a waste to themselves.

A Brooklyn deacon who spent Sunday in Delaware says fishworms are very scarce in that State.

Bread is the staff of life and liquor the stilts, the former sustaining a man, the latter elevating him for a fall.

No lady armed with a fashionable parasol need fear to cross a ten-acre field. The cows will run first.

It will take a pretty heavy frost to kill the speech crop that is coming on now.

"Please pass the butter," as a man remarked when he sent his goat by rail.

Goethe says a man must be either an anvil or a hammer; yet how many are nothing but bellows.

The way to test Bob Ingersoll's faith is to get him mixed up with a steamboat disaster.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, unless it is something mean.

Don't commit suicide because the girl you want won't have you. Look around for another girl.

A Michigan man was fined $10 for hugging a widow, but how it was found out is a mystery.

This is the only country known where man's idea of comfort is to have his feet higher than his head.

A man's honesty and truthfulness can generally be estimated by the number of enemies he makes.

It would be easy to learn a foreign language if, as the Irishman said, it could only be spoken in English.

Misfortune may bring out the best and the worst that there is in a man, but it generally brings out the worst first.

Guinea fowls are better than watch dogs, for no tramp or burglar will go within a mile of a guinea fowl unless he is deaf.

Most men choose their wives as they would partners for a dance, but in selecting a business partner they exercise greater caution.

A starved tramp said he was so thin that when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a stomach ache or a back ache.

Has any newspaper paragrapher ever called a young lady speaker a wind lass? He's a "real mean thing," if he has.

Any man of public spirit is supposed to be perfectly willing to lie about the population of any town he has lived three weeks in.

It is strange how much better a picture a photographer can take to hang in a show case than he can take for a customer.

The only way to keep a boy from going in swimming is to convince him in some way that swimming is a duty he owes to his mother.

"This farm for sail if the snow ever melts off it," is the sign on a mountain ranch in South Park, Colorado.

An English critic thinks that Lord Beaconfield's art consists in appearing to be right when he is entirely wrong.

An Ohio sheriff who lately assisted at a wedding snapped his fingers and called out, "The condemned will now step this way."

The Kentucky hemp crop will be a failure this year and condemned murderers will have to put up with a second-hand rope.

Some of the pavements in Chicago are so narrow that the girls there have to turn their toes in when they are out for a promenade.

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