The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 11.

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—t01.

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 permission, 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—t10

EMPIRE GRAIN DRILL.



NO MORE GUESS WORK! APPROXIMATE PERFECTION!

The New Fertilizer DISTRIBUTOR

ATTACHED TO THIS DRILL IS A

Wonderful Invention.

It is the 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

LUMBBR,

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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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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.

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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 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.

FOR a good fitting and superior Shirt, try the PEARL—at STAFFORD'S.

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

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.

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.

DUELLING AT HEIDELBERG.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF SWORD COMBATS BETWEEN THE GERMAN CORPS STUDENTS.

[*The Springfield Republican's Heidelberg Letter.*]

Passing over the historical old bridge that spans the Neckar, we took a road by the river's bank in a northerly direction for about a quarter of a mile, when we turned up into a deep gorge between two high overhanging hills. We soon came to a large old-style building, two stories high, the upper one formed by a huge gable roof, reminding one of the old Dutch taverns to be seen throughout Holland, and built 150 or 200 years ago. The yard in front was used for a beer-garden and the rough tables and benches under the shady trees and trellises were covered with empty and half-empty beer-mugs, as if some party of travellers had taken a sudden flight. No person was to be seen stirring, and an ominous silence seemed to brood over the building and its surroundings. The place appeared deserted but for the presence of a dozen or more of huge and fierce-looking bulldogs, mastiffs and deer-hounds of rare breeds which were chained about in the garden, and which the students carefully lead through the streets in Heidelberg.

The driver dismounted from his seat and gave several heavy raps with his whip handle on the old-fashioned door. In a few minutes it was cautiously opened and a man's head, evidently a domestic, appeared. He was handed our cards and told to take them to the President of the yellow-cap corps. Soon a yellow-cap student came out, and after giving us a very ceremonious salute requested us to follow him. After passing through a long hall we mounted two flights of stairs, made a turn, passed through a dimly-lighted corridor and entered a large ante-room which some of the students called the "repair shop." The room was like a field hospital during a bloody battle. Sponges, towels, strips of cotton cloth and rags saturated with blood were lying about on the benches and tables, while wash-bowls, pails and foot-baths partly filled with bloody water were stationed around the room either on the floor or benches. Blood was to be seen everywhere. A case of surgical instruments was on a table, near which were piles of lint, rolls of bandages, sheets of sticking-plaster, two or three flasks of brandy and various remedies and medicines used as restoratives when people have fainted from loss of blood or other causes. The floor was sprinkled with blood that had escaped from wounds caused by sword-thrusts, not only this day but on former occasions.

It seems one duel had taken place before our arrival. It did not matter—the results were before us.—Passing the hospital room, which we did not tarry long to scrutinize, we entered the duelling hall, a large, high room about 50 feet long, 30 wide. The second duel was in progress, of which we had been forewarned by hearing the clash of swords in the outer room. At one end of the hall and facing each other were the two duellists engaged in what appeared to be a deadly combat. The face of one was so covered with blood that I could not recognize his features. The other duellist, although his face was bloody, had evidently not been so badly punished as his adversary. He had only received so far two or three slight cuts on his face, from which blood was flowing down his bosom. Each wore aprons originally made from some white material that looked as if they had seen long service in a slaughter-house—and so they had, for they were almost black with the human gore that had accumulated from many a previous duel. Their heads were bare and their faces unprotected, save by black steel goggles without glasses which covered their eyes. Heavy wrappings of silk—layer upon layer were wound around their necks, and their sword-arms were incased in thick shields or sleeves, wadded or padded with cotton, so that the sharpest blade could not penetrate them. Aside from these precautions they were at the mercy of each other's swords. Both combatants were about thirty years of age, athletes in size and strength, and had been practising for years under skilled professors for such an occasion as this. They were in terrible earnest and their long sharp swords played over each other's heads with lightning-like rapidity, but so skillful were the blows parried that most of the wounds were only caused by the bending or the breaking of the blades. The moment a sword became disabled, which was constantly occuring, the seconds interfered and cried "Halt!" and the uplifted arms came to a rest. Soon as fresh swords, which had been sharpened like razors, were brought and placed in their hands, there was no ceremony or waiting. The seconds gave the signal and the two men sprang forward at each other like blood-hounds. Steel clashed against steel again, sparks flew as if from a blacksmith's forge, and tufts of hair, cut as if by invisible hands, were wafted long distances from each other's heads. Occasionally a spurt of blood would tell that a bad wound had been given, and the seconds would interfere while the surgeons could examine and hastily quench the flowing current. The duelist who first attracted my attention by his gore face was evidently getting the worst of the battle.—Blood was flowing down his face and body like rain and forming little pools in the sawdust that was scattered around his feet. The scene reminded me of the bull-fights witnessed in Spain, only this was the more brutal and inhuman of the two. It seemed every moment as if the man would from the loss of blood fall back dead in the arms of his comrades, who were watching the conflict with terrible eagerness and suspense. But not for a moment did he show signs of weakness or a disposition to give up the combat. Two or three times he signalled for a rest that his friends might wipe the blood that had gathered in his eyes and blinded his sight. A glass of water that was held to his lips became as red as port wine from the blood that flowed into it from his face, but he drank it all the same. His adversary, it was evident, was at the end to be the champion, although he had received some bad cuts, one of which came near severing his nose. He was the superior swordsman and had given five wounds where he had received one. The man opposite him, the bloody man, was to be the "under dog in the fight." The contest lasted thirty minutes, and would have continued until one had been killed had not the two surgeons interfered and ended the fight. The two gladiators leaning and partly supported on the arms of their brother students, were led out into the hospital to have their wounds dressed.

Thus ended the second duel, which was fought by a member of the white cap and one of the green-cap corps. The third duel, which was next to take place, was to be between a red-cap and a green-cap.—There are five separate corps in the university which are designated in the streets by the color of their caps—the whites, reds, blues, greens and yellows. Among the 800 or 900 students in Heidelberg only about sixty belong to them. The white caps are the most numerous, and they number but sixteen. The corps are very aristocratic and very select.—The members are supposed to belong to the nobility and to the best German families, with only the best blue blood flowing through their veins. To become a member it requires as much influence, diplomacy and red tape as to belong to the most select of the London clubs.—Whoever is admitted is under the necessity of fighting duels—that is, they are not under the necessity, but if they don't fight, they are tabooed as cowards, and Heidelberg would become an uncomfortable place of residence. If they don't volunteer the President of a corps volunteers them, or rather appoints them to meet adversaries, and then there is no showing the white feather; they must fight, and they do. In the duelling hall all the members of the different corps, with one or two exceptions, were present. They all appeared to be over twenty-five years of age and physically were splendid-looking fellows. Their cheeks and foreheads were scarred and furrowed by deep welts criss-crossing each other, and occasionally furring down through the mouth and chin. The noses of two or three had been grafted off and had badly healed. They were all seated around the hall; those who were not administering to the wounded in the outer room were seated at their respective tables, each corps by itself, drinking wine and eating their lunches. Two or three German girls were tending a refreshment table at the end of the hall, and appeared to take no more interest in the duels than they would in chicken fights.

The waiting for the third duel was long and tedious. The sword-sharpener, an old gray-headed man, came into the hall two or three times bearing freshly-ground weapons which he placed in convenient positions. Another man came and scattered fresh sawdust to cover the blood where the last duellists had stood, that those who were to follow might not "stand on slippery places." It was like the little episode in the Spanish bull-fights when the arena had been cleared of the dead bull and horses and occasionally the dead bull fighter, and the attendants come in with rakes and sawdust to obliterate the traces of the bloody conflict. Ere long we heard the noise of hurried footsteps, and the two men came striding into the hall, each surrounded by several friends and a surgeon supporting their sword arms. There was no waiting or hesitating; in a moment the men were placed in position, swords placed in their hands, the signal given and the bloody work began in earnest. We were told this was an "affair of honor," and that some affront or imagined insult was to be cancelled or wiped out with blood. It seemed an uneven match. One was a tall, powerful athlete, while his adversary was small and below the ordinary stature. But in sword duels the victory is more apt to go with the smaller and more agile of the two. There were several short and sharp encounters, in which the contest was about evenly balanced. Both were splendid swordsmen, and their skillful strokes and thrusts were watched by their friends with intense interest. Each received three or four slight cuts, but it was difficult to determine which drew the first blood. Several times their swords were disabled and fresh ones called for. Once the sword of the large man, broke in the centre, and the flying end came whizzing past me and struck a student in the chest who was standing by my side. He jumped as if shot, but fortunately was not injured. Finally the small man received a blow on the head, which was to end the day's "sport." Although twenty feet distant, we heard the sword strike the skull with a peculiar thud which had a terrible meaning. A large lock of hair fell to the floor from his head, and we could see by the twitching of his body and the partial closing of his eyes through the steel goggles that the blow had nearly stunned him. In a moment his face was covered with blood which flowed freely down his body and formed a pool in the sawdust at his feet. The seconds instantly cried "halt" and the surgeons and the friends of the wounded man rushed forward and caught him in their arms. His wound after a hasty examination was pronounced serious and he was led away weak and tottering to the hospital. The duel, which was now at an end, had lasted less than ten minutes. Those who did not belong to the corps of the wounded student soon left the building and hurried away to Heidelberg for their dinners. It was after 1 o'clock and we were also anxious to get back to our hotels. Passing through the hospital we saw the young man stretched out on a reclining chair, the two surgeons and several students busy at work over him. The surgeons had partly shaved the head and were sewing up a ghastly scalp wound that extended several inches across the skull. We hastened down stairs, jumped into our waiting carriage and drove away.

Among the sixty or seventy English and American students at Heidelberg none of them belong to the fighting corps. They are not cowards either. It is known that if occasion requires they can fight their own way, but they have no desire that their good-looking faces shall be hacked and chopped up like dog's meat and be disfigured ever after. Not long ago an American student had a slight quarrel with one of the fighting corps students and received from him a challenge. Being the challenged party the American had the choice of weapons. He sent word to the German by a friend that he would meet him the next morning at 6 o'clock at a place outside of the city, and the weapons should be navy revolvers (he had a good pair) at ten paces. The German and his friends concluded it would not be a good day for duels and the matter was dropped.

☞ An old darkey who had "put away" water-melons every summer for sixty years stood in front of one of the grocery houses eyeing a pile of that fruit. The merchant who sat in the door noticed the wishfulness of the African's gaze, and finally asked:

"Do you want to buy one of those melons, Uncle?"

"How much you axed for one, boss?" inquired the African, still keeping his gaze on the melons.

"Twenty-five cents," replied the merchant, getting up from his chair and stepping to the side of the hillock.

"What you gib me one-half fur?" asked the darkey taking a step towards the pile.

"Fifteen cents," replied the dealer, lifting one in his hands.

"What'll yer sell me a slice fur?" asked Africa.

"Ten cents," said the accommodating merchant.

"A bite ob one?" continued the darkey.

"Five cents," answered the merchant, as he picked up a knife and started to plug out a piece about two inches square.

"Hold on, boss! I'se an honest niggah. You say you gib me a bite for 5 cents. Well, sah, if I takes a bite ob dat melon you'll be sittin' heah in a pow'ful study as to what become ob de balance ob it. Now, boss, heah's de quarter. Dar ain't nuffin mean 'bout me when it gits up to water-melons."

He took the fruit and went off to hunt the shade.

☞ A day or two ago a traveller from the East walked into the Cass House, Detroit, with his grip-sack in one hand and the other pressed to his jaw and he wasn't long in permitting fifteen or twenty people to know that he had been afflicted with the toothache every minute since 7 o'clock the previous evening. He couldn't eat, drink nor stand still and when some one asked him why he didn't go to a dentist he replied: "Because I haven't got the pluck! Here I am, a great, big six-footer, able to knock down an ox and yet I haven't got the grit to stand one yank on this tooth; I've been down on the battle-line, in free fights and out among the red-skins, but I am a coward!" Some laughed and some encouraged him, and he finally said: "Well, I believe I'll try it, but I know what I am, and I want something to push me on. I'll bet this $5 bill against 10 cents that I'll have the tooth pulled." One of the guests made the wager, and a small crowd went along to see the fun. The stranger walked up as bold as a lion, took a seat in the dental chair, and evinced no signs of craw-fishing until the dentist picked up the forceps and told him to get a good grip on the chair. Then he grew white in an instant, slid out of the chair and seized his hat and said: "It's just as I expected! I'm a great big calf on wheels, and the worst flunker in America, but I can't help it! I've lost the $5, and will probably have the toothache right along for a week but I'll have to stand it and hope to be struck by lightning or mashed up on the cars."

SUN STROKE.—The general opinion among medical men in regard to sun stroke is that it is an affection of the small *medulla oblongata*, connecting the brain with the spinal column. This is only about an inch long and weighs in the average man about a quarter of an ounce. Yet it is this trifle which, being seriously affected by poison, by insolation, or by a dozen other influences, may cut short the life of a strong man at less than a moment's notice. It controls the nerves upon which the control of the muscles governing our breathing depends, and a serious lesion of which is apt to produce asphyxia. In truth, the affection called "sun stroke" should be called "heart stroke;" it is nearly as likely to come on at night as in the day time, and in weather like this every precaution against it should be taken. There are peculiar delusions which are apt to be indulged in during such stresses of weather as that through which we are now going, and one of them is that it is well to stimulate perspiration by indulging to a great extent in "cooling drinks" which are largely compounded of alcohol. This notion is correct only in a few and exceptional circumstances.

☞ A Colorado girl lost a leg, and her gallant lover had a pocketbook made of a piece of tanned skin from the amputated part.

As a rule the homeliest girls at Vassar catch the most fish.

☞ A Virginia paper tells some things which are not generally known about the Dismal Swamp.—It is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows. On the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is in reality an immense reservoir that, in its vast spong-like bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens and pours them into the five different rivers which flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the Dismal was a veritable charnel-house that spreads its miasmas throughout the country. On the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is entirely of green timber. There is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying around the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot.—They fall prone on the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing it turns into peat, and lies indessoluble by air or water for ages perfectly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fragrant woods in May, when the fragrance of the flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the ante-bellum days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its healthfulness. Mr. Reddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal, getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole life-time, and they never knew a death caused by miasma or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint hue by the juniper, is as potent a medicinal drink as is to be found at the famous watering places of the Virginia mountain spas. It is often used by vessels going on a foreign cruise on account of its healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a pleasant taste.

☞ Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of an American girl, which is interesting as showing how a Yankee girl seems to French eyes: "Stylish to the backbone. Independent as independent can be, but very pure.—Is devoted to pleasure, dress, spending money; shows her moral nature nude, just as it is, so as to deceive nobody. Flirts all winter with this or that one and dismisses him in the spring, when she instantly catches another. Goes out alone. Travels alone. When the fancy strikes her she travels with a gentleman friend or walks anywhere with him; puts boundless confidence in him; conjugal intimacy seems to exist between them. She lets him tell what he feels, talk of love from morning till night, but she never gives him permission to kiss so much as her hand. He may say anything; he shall do noting. She is restless, she gives heart and soul to amusement before she marries. After marriage she is a mother annually, is alone all day, hears all night nothing except discussions about patent machinery, unexplosive petroleum, chemical manures. She then will let her daughters enjoy the liberty she used without grave abuse. As nothing serious happens to her, why should Fanny, Mary, Jenny be less strong and less adroit than their mother? She originates French fashions.—Parisian women detest her. Provincial women despise her. Men of all countries adore her, but will not marry her unless she has an immense fortune. Her hair is vemilion, paler than golden hair; her black eyes are bold and frank, she has a patent shape which 'tis forbidden to counterfeit, spreads herself in a carriage as if she were in a hammock, the natural and thoughtless posture of her passion for luxurious ease. When she walks she moves briskly and throws every glance right and left. Gives many of her thoughts to herself and few of them to anybody else. She is a wild plant put in a hot-house; feels cramped in Europe, and pushes her branches through the panes without the least heed of the frail plants that vegetate on all sides of her.—Were she better understood, were she criticised less, she would be esteemed at her true value."

☞ A singular discovery was made in Paris during the alterations which are now being carried out at the general Post Office. In a panel near one of the boxes was found a letter, which had been posted exactly fifty years ago, and which by some mischance had got stuck in the panel instead of finding its way into the box. The letter was duly forwarded to the party to whom it was addressed, who, still more strangely, was alive and who received it safely. The writer, however, had been dead many years.

☞ "Look heah, squire, dars a niggah in Galveston what's been sassin' me; supposing I jes mauled life outen him?"

The lawyer replied: "You would be apt to get your neck stretched."

"Now, boss, you is jokin'. What do white folks care for one niggah moah or less now de census is done tuck?"

☞ Seven Leavenworth doctors gathered around a man who fell on the walk. Four called it a case of sunstroke, and the other three said it was a fit. Along came a small boy and proved that it was a banana peel.

Rules for Ladies Travelling Alone.

First. Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.

Second. When you pbrchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the ticket agent to "charge it and send the bill to your husband." And if he says the price of the ticket is $2.96, don't tell him you can get one just like it of the conductor or at the other store for $2.50; he won't believe you and he may laugh at you.

Third. Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.

Fourth. Beware of the commercial traveler.

Fifth. Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it, and your trunk will be so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And then when the conductor asks for your ticket and you relate to him the pleasing little allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous and smile down upon you from half closed eyes and say, that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the next station.

Sixth. If you are going three hundred miles don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

Seventh. Call the brakeman "conductor;" he has grown proud since he got his new uniform, and it will flatter him.

Eighth. Put your shawl strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat rack, hang your bird cage to the corner of it, so that when it falls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting by you, stand your four house plants on the window sill, set your lunch basket on the seat beside you, fold your shawl on the top of it, carry your pocket book in one hand and hold your silver mug in the other, put your two valises under the seat, and hold your bandbox and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy you won't be flustered about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in which to change cars.

Ninth. Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new question to ask him, ask the same old one every time. Always call him "Say" or "Mister."

Tenth. Pick up all the information you can while traveling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye and how nice and warm it was and what it tasted like.

Eleventh. Don't hang your parasol on the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothes line. It looks like one, but it isn't.

Twelfth. Keep an eye on the passenger who calls the day after Monday "Chewsday." He can't be trusted a car's length.

WATTY MORGAN is a minstrel performer of low degree. His chief feature is a wondrously big mouth, and by means of it he is funny. He sings and grimaces on a quack doctor's wagon in the West. At Urbana, Ohio, he was seen by Josie Miller, aged 16. She most unaccountably fell in love with him, and he soon found it out, for she was at the street show every evening.—They wanted to get married, but could not find a minister who would perform the ceremony. Her parents learned of the affair, locked her up, and threatened to kill the minstrel if he went near her. Then she topped her folly by trying to drown herself.

WHEN the Corry *Press* suspended publication it gave the citizens of the place such an overhauling that there was some talk of giving Mr. Fenno, the proprietor a dose of tar and feathers. The Union City *Times* asked Mr. Fenno concerning this and he made answer as follows: "It may be that the people will break into somebody's hen-roost and steal the feathers, but they are too blamed stingy to buy the tar."

AN Illinois girl with a breach of promise case testified that it was the usual thing for girls to show their love letters to fifteen or twenty other girls, in order to make them jealous.

William Ellwood was actually too proud to beg and too honest to steal. He was traveling afoot to Ontario, trying in vain to get orders for agricultural implements. Finding himself without a cent, and having eaten nothing for two days, he hid himself in a barn and resolved to starve to death. He was discovered, when almost dead, by a farmer who would willingly have fed him for the asking.

A LONG BRANCH correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, describing the scene at a juvenile hotel ball, says: "I saw a young lady watching one of the little misses whose plump legs were covered with light blue silk stockings with elaborate embroidery at the insteps and a delicate vine trailing over the ankles, and there was unmistakable envy in the expression of her face as she said: 'Heigho, I wish I was a little girl again.' The truth was, you see, that she had on as fine stockings as the youngster, but could not show them."

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

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

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

Eat white bread when you cannot get brown bread.

A tub race is a funny sight, but the racers ought to be good swimmers. A disregard of this rule resulted in the drowning of two men at Rock Island.

All Sorts of Clippings

A kidnapping case—a cradle.

Conduct and courage lead to honor.

The mother of vinegar is very sharp.

Better are small fish than an empty dish.

Be graceful if you can, but if you can't be graceful be true.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

If three feet make a yard, how many will make a garden?

Confide not in him who has once deceived you.

We know not the worth of water till the well is dry.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

In refraining from being mean to others you are good to yourselves.

Mean souls, like mean pictures, are often found in good looking frames.

There are 63 cheese factories in Crawford county, Pa.

Miss Annie Louise Cary intends to spend the coming year in Europe.

The skillful watchmaker is the man for the hour.

It takes a sharp man to cut a swell out of his best girl.

Did you ever hear of a small fish escaping after being hooked?

It is strange that in these tight times the average woman will solace herself.

A financial crash cannot be worked up into towels.

The floating population supports the watering places.

Marriage is now referred to as breaking the unit rule.

"My work's dun," said the collector as he started out in the morning.

The man who lost his balance was out of his weigh.

The deaf teacher is always ready to make a few off-hand remarks.

The cooks at Wellesley College are men; the professors are women.

Doctors, cheer up! The peach crop is not a failure.

Dr. Tanner will ruin his health. He persists in walking about on an empty stomach.

It is a mean man who would tantalize Tanner by ringing a gong where he could hear it.

The desire to go somewhere in hot weather is only equalled by the desire to get back again.

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark: "All that glitters is not cold."

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.

Why is an omitted I like being jilted? Well, one reason is that it makes a maid mad.

"All's well that ends well," as the man said when he fell into one without breaking his neck.

In California there are supposed to be about 800,000 cattle and 8,000,000 sheep.

A cruel husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

Never kiss the hired girl in the dark. You might make a fatal mistake and kiss your wife.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles, when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

There is one kind of canned goods that goes off quicker than any other—gun-powder.

To avoid sun stroke, keep cool, wear a leaf in your hat, and remain a bachelor.

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon?—Because she is a cut-lass.

A boy with his elbow out was asked the cause, and replied, "I laughed in my sleeves till I burst them."

The first three notes I indorsed I had to pay. I hope it will be so with the next three.

John Hawn, of Yonkers, scolds his wife because he believes in blowing his own Hawn.

There may be "just as fine fish in the seas as ever were caught," but the trouble is to hook them.

Isn't it strange that when some people tell you to keep your temper, you are almost certain to lose it.

Adam in his day was forced to occupy the ground for his bed. He didn't live in the cott-age.

The blind man should be the most contented man in the world, because he can have everything he sees.

Every flower, even the fairest, has its shadow beneath it as it swings in the sunlight.

Every man throws on to his surroundings the sunshine or the shadow that exists in his own soul.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams. The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

A Cleveland man is so afflicted with insomnia that he has to go to church in order to get to sleep.

From a woman's side we derive our intellectual faculties; from the man's we derive our moral.

Those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep any longer.

The end-man of a minstrel troupe is the only genuine living skeleton—he has no flesh on his bones at all.

A dairyman near Philadelphia is so sensitive that he can't touch a pump handle when a cow is looking at him.

It is the hardest thing in the world to find a man to run for office in Turkey. The government has nothing left to steal.

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