The Chestertown Transcript

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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

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURN'S & 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.

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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.

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.

TANNER OUTDONE.

EIGHTY-FOUR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

JACOB SHALLCROSS, A FRANKFORD FARMER, REFUSES SOLID FOOD FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS AND LIVES FOR SEVERAL YEARS AFTER HIS SELF-IMPOSED FAST.—THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

[*From the Philadelphia Times, Monday, July* 19.]

Dr. Tanner, the Minnesota faster, little thought when he set out to nerve himself with egg-nogs and milk-punches for his self-imposed fast of forty days, with an easy chair to sit in and a comfortable bed to lie on, that the ghosts of by-gone chameleons would rise to confront him with tails of gastric conquests greater than his. He imagined that he is the only man who can fast longer than a week, but the case of Thomas Whittaker Wiggins, a former inmate of the Blockley Almshouse, which was detailed the Times, proves that the doctor reckoned without his host.

A more remarkable case than that—probably the most remarkable case of fasting on record—has just come to light in Frankford, where the faster, a farmer named Jacob Shallcross, lived without solid food from the 13th of December until the 8th of March, a period of eighty-four days. Shallcross lived on a farm on the Bristol pike, about two miles from Frankford. He was a wealthy but industrious and hard working farmer. He led an active out-door life, and was very fond of fishing and hunting. He was never idle in his life until 1870, and then old age began to tell upon him. He had been suffering from catarrh for more than forty years, and this led to a severe attack of biliousness and dyspepsia, which confined him to his bed. He was then eighty-four years of age. He had always been a hearty eater, but during his sickness he refused all nourishment excepting a spoonful of brandy and a like quantity of gum arabic daily. The relatives of this remarkable faster live in Frankford, where a visit was paid yesterday in search of the details of the fast. A cousin of the late Jacob Shallcross, who lives on a farm about a mile and a half from Frankford, stated that he had heard something about the fast and that a woman named Bryan, who nursed the faster during his illness, could tell all about it. A pleasant walk through field and meadow brought the reporter to Watson's farm, where the nurse resides. She is a kindly, pleasant-faced woman, of ordinary intelligence, and seemed to take pleasure in recalling the past.

WHY HE DID IT.

"Do I remember anything about old Jacob Shallcross' fast?" she repeated, in reply to the reporter's query; "well, I should say I do. I rememder all about it. It was in 1870, about ten years ago. He fasted from the 13th of December until the 8th of March, 1871. You never saw anything to equal it. He didn't touch anything, except brandy and gum arabic water. I gave him a teaspoonful of each every day. He wouldn't take anything else. I don't exactly know what was the matter with him. He had softening of the brain and then there was something wrong with his stomach. Dr. Burns said it was all worn out. He was very old—about eighty, I think—and of course he couldn't stand what a young man can. He always ate heartily when he was well of whatever came along, any kind of meat or pie or pudding. Why, just a few days before he was taken sick he ate a hearty meal of ham and eggs and potatoes and pumpkin pie and pudding. He could eat anything just the same as anybody else and never complained of being sick. He broke down all at once. He was a strong, hearty man, always worked hard and never was sick before that. He could walk behind a plow or pitch hay better than a great many young men, but we have to give in some time, you know, and he broke down all of a sudden.

"No, sir; there was nothing else the matter with him. It was only old age. When he was taken sick we sent for Dr. Burns, who lives in Frankford. He told us to feed him on brandy and gum arabic water for a few days. Well, we gave him a big spoonful of brandy the first day and a little of the gum arabic. The next day we offered him the same, but he took only the brandy. This continued for four or five days; some days he took more, some days less than a spoonful. Then we boiled some rice for him, but he wouldn't touch it and pushed it away when we handed it to him. The next day we made some arrowroot for him, but he wouldn't eat that either.—Then we began to get frightened; we didn't know what to make of it. He hadn't eaten anything for a week and we were afraid he would starve. We didn't think he could live on the brandy and the gum arabic water. We tried everything to make him eat. We cooked some broiled pigeon for him, but he only put it to his mouth and pushed it away. Then we got some venison to tempt his appetite, but he would not have that, either. The smell of food seemed to make him sick. He wouldn't drink any wine, either.—His wife bought some champagne and poured out a glass for him, but he pushed it away and made a wry face at it. We offered him quince jelly and apple jelly, but he stuck to the brandy and gum arabic and wouldn't touch anything else. We thought he was going to die and sent for his boys, who live down in Delaware and Maryland.

HOW HE LOOKED.

"How did he look after a while? Why, just the same as when he took to his bed. Of course, he fell off some, but he didn't get much thinner, only a little paler. He didn't look as bad as most people do when they're sick in bed long. He lay quiet in bed and most of the time he was very drowsy and sleepy, and sometimes he got up and walked around the room. Several times he went out carriage riding with his boys or with me, and when he came back he always felt better. He always imagined he was at some strange place, and one day, when we were out carriage riding, he pointed to his Cousin George's house and said: "Let's go home." When we got there they asked him to stay to supper, but he said: "No, supper's waiting for me at home.' One day they thought he was dying and his wife and the boys came into the room, and sat down near the bed. When they thought he was almost gone he sat up in bed all at once and said: "What are you all doing here?" Then he took a spoonful of brandy and got up and walked around the room.

"Yes, he did a great many strange things. Sometimes he got up in bed and moved his hands over the quilt and then he put them into his mouth. We thought he was hungry and was hunting for something to eat, and then we always brought him some broiled pigeon or venison, but he never touched it. Once he got up in bed and asked whether dinner was ready. I told him it was and brought him some egg toast and champagne. He looked at it and said: "That's not dinner; I don't want that; gimme some eels." Of course we couldn't get eels for him. He wouldn't have eaten them anyhow. He was very quiet and gentle, and sometimes he wouldn't take the brandy, and then I told him Dr. Burns wanted him to take it and he took it. Once he got out of bed and said he wanted to vote. He was a Republican and always voted. We dressed him and put him in a carriage and he rode to the Cedar Hill Hotel and voted for somebody—I don't know who it was. When he got back he said he felt better and began to talk politics.

"After that he kept on taking the brandy and gum arabic water until the morning of the 8th of March, and then he got up and went down stairs and ate a cup of currant jelly. Somebody sent it to him, and he seemed to like it and said it tasted good. He ate a hearty dinner the same day, and went out into the garden and began pulling up weeds. After that he was just as well as ever. Of course he got weaker as he grew older, but he didn't die until four years after, and then he died of old age. He never worked around the farm after he got well, only in the garden once in a while. He lived on the farm from the time he was eight years old till he died."

ANOTHER FASTER.

Edward A. Shallcross, a genial Friend, a cousin of the late faster, was sitting on the porch of his Frankford residence when the reporter called. He remembered Jacob Shallcross distinctly, although he was absent at the time of his sickness.

"Yes, it was a most remarkable fast," he said. "I don't see how Jacob lived through it. But talking of fasting, I had a little experience in that line myself. I was troubled for a long time with a peculiar complaint and the physicians advised me to drink skimmed milk. I did so. For three weeks I took nothing but skimmed milk—a few spoonfuls a day. I experienced great relief, but I suffered terribly for want of water. My system craved for water continually, and when I drank it I felt greatly relieved. I can well understand why Dr. Tanner is gaining in weight and strength. Water he drinks supplies the place of food to the dry and exhausted tissues of his body. I myself gained considerably as soon as I began to drink water. I could have fasted longer, because I had a good supply of fat to draw upon."

As the reporter was about to withdraw the good Quaker asked: "Will thee have some strong water, friend before thee goes?" The offer was of course declined and the genial Friend then gave the reporter a short history of the Shallcross family.

Two brothers of that name came to this country from England in the seventeenth century and settled in Frankford. Jacob Shallcross, a descendant of the elder brother, was born in 1791, on the farm adjoining that on which he lived nearly all his lifetime. All of the Shallcrosses are long-lived. Thomas Shallcross, the father of the faster, died at the age of ninety-two. Isaac Shallcross is still living, at the age of ninety years.

NOT HARDLY EVER, BUT NEVER.—Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

Never, when travelling abroad, be over-boastful of your own country.

Never lend an article you have borrowed, unless you have permission to do so.

Never attempt to draw the attention of the company upon yourself.

Never exhibit anger or impatience, or excitement when an accident happens.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology.

Never enter a room noisily,

Never fail to close the door after you, if you found it closed, and never slam it.

Never forget if you are faithful in a few things, that you may be ruler over many.

☞ The minister stopped at a house last week, and sought to improve the time by giving an eight-year-old boy an instructive lesson in morality.

"My boy," said the minister, "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor disobeyed my parents nor uttered an oath, nor played truant, nor—"

"Gimminy crickets," interrupted the lad, "yer ain't had any fun at all, have ye?"

☞ A Brooklyn mother fed her year-old baby on sliced cucumbers and milk and then wanted the prayers of the church because the Lord took it away.

TOM BARBER'S MISTAKE.

"Yes, sir," said burly Tom Barber of Towsontown, to a reporter, as he turned up one of his heavy, hob-nailed boots, and knocked the ashes from his pipe, "I've been considered for some time 'bout the best man in this 'ere region, and, to go further, I kin lick the headlights clean off'er any man that bristles his neck-fethers 'round this part of the country. I've done it in my time and kin do it again. I lammed big Sam Shoeck, of the Hartford road, till he wasn't no more'n half a man, and as for that feller out at Govanstown that everybody said could fix me up, why, I met him one day when both of us were purty full, and I cooped him like a bar'l. I just tell you I ain't no slouch—it's all science—and if you doubt the strength of my arm, why just—"

"Thanks, thanks," said the reporter, hurriedly; "don't rise on my account. The fact is, I am not a pugilistic character. Yes, yes—that is, you were saying—"

"Why, I was a saying," resumed the giant, slapping his chest, "that the boys out here all have grudges against me for knock-downs at various times, an' they put up the meanest jobs on me 'bout the time that feller Miller was a trainin' for a walk with the Scotchman, Ross. You see, I didn't know Miller from a side of sole-leather—hadn't never seen him—and one day I walked into Jake Simms' place down thar near the car-track, and there was a gang of the boys in the saloon, a drinkin an' foolin' aroun' an a right stout 'lookin' chap I had'n never seen before was a-showing Johnny Maree some sort o' foolish little kinks with the gloves, an' Johnny was a-pluggin' away at him, but couldn't tech him. I thought it wuz one o' these darned city chaps come out here thinkin' he wuz some shakes with his props and, bein' a little pert that way myself, I sot up impatient-like and watched 'em foolin' away like dunghill chickens kickin' up the dirt, and I sort o' leant over to Sam Johnson and whispered as how I would like to give that city chap a little turn.—Sam grinned a few, an' turned an' hollered to the boys an' the big feller that Big Tom wanted to put em' on with the stranger. They all burst out laffin', but I thought it wuz at the idee of seein' me set him down the floor with my old underhander. So, I got up, stripped off my coat, let down my galluses, an' got the buckskins on. The other feller was introduced as Mr. Thompson, an' then pulled off his coat. I seed he hadn't on nothin' but a sort of undershirt, and that he wuz right sharp built about the arms and chest, but I didn't think for a minnit who 'twas, though now I wonder how I could a-made such a dog-goned fool of myself, seein' as how I had heered 'bout the walkin' match, an' sum of the boys had been sayin' that Miller was goin' to walk out to town every evening. Well, anyhow, we came to time, the stranger sorter smilin' an' a-slingin' his arms around 'thout any guard—sorter crazy like—an' I let out at him with some rip snorters; but somehow they didn't quite reach him, coz he was kinder shy, and dodged his head away. He didn't hit back, and I thought I wuz a-takin' his gall from the fust; so I went at him like a good 'un and was givin' him the best in the shop. I couldn't hit him, coz he kept keepin' away, but he was smilin' so I kinder got mad. Once or twice he let out, sorter timid like, with his left, and touched me on the nose, and that made me worse; so I fixed to gin him a right-hander and was comin' at him with my whole weight when he kinder dodged his head to one side, and my fist went past his head but my nose brought up against his fist, and the next thing I was sittin' on the sanded floor with a bloody nose, and all the fellers wuz just a-killin' themselves a-nudgin' one another an' laffin'. I sot there, sorter stunned-like, when the stranger, laffin' fit to bust, says: "O, git up man, you ain't half licked yet;" but I told him I had 'nough, and was introduced to Professor William Miller. Well! you could a-knocked me down with a feather. Just to think I had been stagging away at old Miller, thinking he was some softy, and had been wonderin' why I couldn't hit him as I did the town gawks. Well, we wuz the best of friends after that, and as the old boy used ter walk out here every evenin', why, we met oftener afterward, but never again with gloves on. Thank you! A little whiskey 'thout any water or sugar in it."

☞ When Macauley was an undergraduate he attended an election meeting in Cambridge, and was rewarded by a dead cat being thrown in his face. The man who hurled the offensive article apologized by saying that he had no wish to hit Mr. Macauley, as he intended it for Mr. Adeane.

"I wish," replied Macauley, "you had intended it for me and hit Mr. Adeane."

☞ One hour after an "old master" had painted the name of a patent medicine on a big rock a cow come along, licked it off, and died before sundown. When the simple name of a medicine kills a cow, human beings want to beware of the stuff itself. A cow was never killed by licking the name of a patent medicine in a newspaper, and no other kind can be recommended.

☞ A market man was mercilessly swindled in the town of B——. His misfortune gave him a very unfavorable opinion of the residents, and he expressed his opinion of them by saying that if the angel Gabriel stopped at B—— there would be no resurrection.

"Why?" asked a listener.

"Because the people would swindle him out of his horn before he had time to blow a single toot."

☞ It is suspected that the 3-cent piece was invented to deceive the deacons. It can be slipped into the contribution box as ostentatiously as a dime.

OLE JIM BRIDGER.

One of the most noted characters on the border twenty years ago was old Jim Bridger, of Fort Bridger, in Utah. On one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow down-town streets, with high buildings on each side, and complained that he once lost his way in "Dey Street Canon," and been rescued with difficulty by the police.—He liked the theatres, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' He had no clear idea who Shakespeare was, but conceived and developed the most extravagant admiration for him.

Returning to the fort, he sold stock and supplies to emigrants and other travelers as in time past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen and Jim said he could have any except one yoke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards. In the morning a messenger came to say the man wanted this yoke, and none other.

"He can't have 'em," said Jim,—"There's no use talkin'."

"Well, he want's them, and is just a-waitin' for them," said the messenger, "He's a-sittin' there, readin' a book called Shakespeare."

"Eh?" yelled Jim, jumping up to his feet. "Did you say Shakespeare? Here,——you, give me my boots."

He ran to the corral.

"Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book and take them oxen."

"Oh, no," said the man. "I only bought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."

"Stranger," said Jim, resolutely, "jest you take them oxen, and give me that book." And the man did.

Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars per month, and listened to Shakespeare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to a proposed murder of the Princess of the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled in thunder-tones:

"Hold on there! Jest wait till I git my rifle, and I'll shoot the —— scoundrel!"

As one of his old "pards" justly remarked, a sincerer compliment was never paid to Shakespeare.

☞ A rather curious fight took place the other day at the prison called the Grand Zaptieh in Stamboul. In one enormous flagged room some fifty prisoners were huddled together, awaiting trial. Some half dozen of these, all murderers, in order to while the tedious hours of captivity away, began singing and selected a ballad known as "Khowvarda." Now Khowvarda is the name of a certain tribe in Asia Minor, and is a title borne with jealous pride by its owners. The song contained many highly offensive imputations against the courage, personal cleanliness and appearance of this haughty race, which one of its members, happening to find himself among the crowd of prisoners, thought fit to resent. He did so and knocked down a couple of the insulting troubadours. They set on him; he called in the help of his friends, who joined in the fight with a right good will, using only for weapeons (others had they none) the light tin plates given them for their food. The battle grew hotter, and soon every man in the rascaly half hundred was in belaboring and receiving blows, biting, swearing or yelling with pain. This pandemonium actually aroused the attention of the watchman, who was accustomed to let a little row take its usual course, but found this one rather too tremendous to let pass. He fired his pistol at the mass, missed it luckily, then calling in armed help, succeeded in quelling the rioters, many being quite seriously hurt by strangulation.

☞ A correspondent wants to know if we can recall the rest of that beautiful poem commencing—

A farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

It gives us great pleasure to say we cannot. In the first place no man ever found an easy chair on a farm. Secondly, no farmer ever left any dinner for his hale old wife to clear away. Thirdly, there never was a child that could catch flies—we used to try it. When you come to analyze one of these sentimental poems it never fails to turn out a mass of prettily worded lies.

☞ Brown's landlady passed him a dish of vegetables at the dinner table, and he helped himself to about two spoonfuls, almost bankrupting the dish, when she said to him, with a smile on her face and ire in her eye:

"Those are new potatoes, Mr. Brown, and some of the other boarders may want some."

"Beg your pardon," choked Brown in surprise, as two or three effected an unpleasant lodgment in his windpipe, "I thought they were peas," and then he finished his dinner hurriedly.

Brown is now hunting around for another boarding place.

☞ How absolute some people are in their conversation. There is Smartington, for instance. Said Jones to him the other evening:

"Do you like dogs?" Jones, by the way, is a lover of the animal. "I never ate one," replied Smartington, dreamily.

"Well, who supposed you did?" exclaimed Jones with impatience. "If I were to ask if you liked donkey, now?" he continued, with a lingering emphasis on "donk ey."

Said Smartington, ingenuously, "I like you, Jones."

☞ Lightning was never worse beaten than when it struck a barrel of butter in Medina, O., last week. In about five seconds lightning was nowhere, while the butter was there just the same.

Remember, his name is HANCOCK, and don't you forget it.

THAT WAS TOO MUCH.

The tenant in a house on Crawford street, Detroit, who was always behind in his rent, was some days since ordered to vacate, and then he put his imagination at work to invent excuses to remain in the house. He first had his wife fall sick, and thereby got a week. Then he was taken with the chills and got in four days more. Then he got two days in which to get another house, and when an officer went there for the key he found the man dying. At least his wife said such was the case, and acted like one greatly distressed in mind.

"This is very sudden," remarked the nonplussed officer.

"Very sudden, sir. He had just said to me that we would begin moving after dinner, when he dropped on the floor, and he has been lying in a stupor ever since—and the doctor says he may never rally again."

"Can I see him?"

"Oh, yes, but please don't speak above a whisper."

She led the way to the bed-room. There lay the unconscious man, but somehow he didn't look as a sick man should, and his breath had a strong smell of whisky. The officer felt of his pulse and made up his mind that it was a game to beat the court. He therefore began: "Well, Mrs. Blank, I congratulate you. In a few hours more you will be rid of him forever. He is a great loafer and a hard drinker, and but for this he would have died in the state prison.

The wife opened her eyes wide in astonishment, and the officer continued:

"I'll leave word with the undertakers as I go down. Any sort of a box will do, or maybe they'll haul him out on the commons. It's of no consequence what becomes of these old soakers. You will be a happy woman when the old galoot goes up the spout."

At this point the dying man rose up, took a cool survey of the officer, and quietly observed:

"Sir, you are no gentleman! No sir, you are not! I'm no soaker or loafer, and I want you to understand that I'm able to have as decent a funeral as you can. You can take your old house and go to bangs with it for all of me. Mary, hand me my clothes, and we'll show this vulgarian that we can move out of this old shanty, and into a residence, in about forty minutes."

In about twenty minutes all their goods were on the side-walk and the house locked up.

LAUGHING OFF A DUEL.—"Speaking of the Cash-Shannon duel," said the exchange fiend, putting his feet in the waste paper basket, "we need a few men like Judge Dooly. He laughed out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. You remember he said, when they threatened that if he didn't fight, his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus's dance. His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post and cutting a forked stick stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"'What does this mean?' asked his opponent.

"'Why,' says Dooly, 'I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire!"

"Then there was a laugh all around and the duel was put off without a day."

WHAT HE DID WITH THE SODA.—A little washing soda was wanted for cleaning purposes, so George was given a dime and dispatched to the apothecary's at the corner to get it. George very soon returns, but no soda.

"Why didn't you get the soda, George?" chorused the family.

"I did."

"Where is it, then?"

"Drank it."

"Yes; the man said it wouldn't keep to bring home."

A new light dawn's on the family's mind. It asks eagerly:

"What did you ask for?"

"Soda."

"Did you say *washing* soda?"

"*Washing* soda! No; only soda.

Family laughs as though it were crazy. George doesn't know what all the fun's about, but he is subsequently heard to say:

"That was a boss drink!"

ONE of the oldest and best advertisers in the country gives three cardinal points that all advertisers may profit by: First, if one has a good thing, which the people really need, the more widely he makes it known the larger will be his sales; he will gain nothing by economizing in this matter, provided he advertises with good judgment. Second, no one need expect to do a brisk and extended business in these days who fails to advertise, and advertise freely. Third, it costs money at the outset to advertise, and one must not expect to do this effectually for little or nothing. But if properly done it will certainly pay in the end.

IN the workshop of the railroad from Moscow to Nijni, the tires of the wheels are not expanded by the direct action of fire, but by hot water, before being put on the wheels. With the assistance of a movable crane they are plunged into a metallic cistern containing the water, which is kept boiling close by. An immersion for some ten minutes is found to expand a tire sufficiently to enable it to pass around the wheel. The heat is found to be more uniform and the contraction more regular than when a tire is heated by fire in the usual way.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give before a sleepy giant.

All Sorts of Clippings

A well-wisher—the man who is doing the digging.

A forced loan—the confined criminal.

Doctors are like verbs. They are regular, irregular and defective.

Country board—the plank sidewalk from the station.

When are flowers out of breath? When they are fully blown.

Dead business men tell no tales in the advertising columns.

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

"Watch," said the second hand, "I'll be around in a minute."

What kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery, of course.

They will immortalize Bennett in Erin now as the "Jim of the say."

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little turn up, or a little reddish.

More starch and less collar is needed for summer wear.

Men may come and men may go, but flies bite on forever.

Undertakers, unlike tailors, do not sell misfits at half price.

A tanned face at this season is a passport into respectable society.

Dr. Tanner keeps the wolf from the door by throwing water on it.

To "see yourselves as others see you," get a presidential nomination.

A rule that should be adopted in every kitchen: "Who breaks pays."

One of the summer resorts boasts of the number and elegance of its hearses.

The tramp who understands his business now states that he has not tasted food for forty days.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn? When he pulls its ears.

Annie Louise Cary having sown her wild notes in opera, is preparing to settle down in oratorio.

Religion that is worth anything must be paid for. St. Peter recognizes no free passes at his gate.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

You never can persuade a man that a paper that has his name in it isn't worth reading.

The Chinese in California are perhaps like clocks; when they are run down they don't go.

Of the 813 parishes forming the diocese of Cologne, 179 at present are priestless.

The Harvard Divinity School Fund for New Professorships reached the sum of $113,700.

A cave of large dimensions has been discovered on Loyalsock creek, Lycoming county, Pa.

Pennsylvania has 42 flint, 23 window and 13 bottle-glass manufactories.

Queen Isabella has the walls of her Paris house covered with photographs of her absent children.

The cost of passenger locomotives of ordinary size is $12,000; heavier cost as high as $20,000.

Only two cotton factories are in operation in Louisiana, both located in New Orleans.

A vein of gold 4 inches thick, it is alleged, has been opened in Dalonega, Georgia.

If we could see others as we see ourselves, there would be more good-looking people in the world.

"Mike, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes, sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate 'em wid a stick sorr."

England has nearly 20,000 Gypsies, and most of them cannot read or write.

Fanny Blue, a black woman from Virginia, died in New Orleans the other day at the alleged age of 125 years.

Railroad trains are always running into something. If there is nothing else around they run into the depot.

Dr. Tanner is determined to get up a good appetite for his Thanksgiving dinner if he dies in the attempt.

You can't can the hot weather for winter use, but you can preserve your temper and can your peaches.

The man who drives the heaviest wagon has the "best show on the road." Everybody has to turn out for him.

A man always carries an umbrella when it rains hard. He thinks a pour excuse is better than none for doing so.

Our imaginative boarder a few days since at dinner referred to the table butter as a popular some hair resort.

Wood is so high, it is said, in some parts of California that the people cannot afford to use anything but gold toothpicks.

It is a noticable fact that this year at least one base ball player in every nine has a name that can be pronounced.

"It will cost a Brooklynite $2 to keep a dog hereafter," says an exchange. What need will we have for a dog hereafter.

"Is lime good to put on lemons?" asks an agricultural correspondent. We presume it is, if anybody likes it, but we use sugar.

It costs a Buffalo man more in the way of fines to beat his wife than it does to abuse his dog, but he gets more enjoyment out of it.

The Chinese are learning to chew fine-cut tobacco, but they can never spit with an American gentleman while their eyes are so bias.

Col. Gordon is supposed to intend taking command of the Chinese troops, should war break out with Russia.

On the 19th day of June, 1786, the death of Nathaniel Green, Major-General of the Army of the Revolution occurred.

The cattle drive of Texas will be much larger this year than for several years past, amounting to about 300,000 head.

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