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

BUY YOUR

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

OF

ROGERS, PEET & Co.

ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND REASONABLE PRICES.

The public are cordially invited. No trouble to show goods.

MORDECAI & SMITH, Proprietors.

LUMBER.

Thomas Matthews & Son,

Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,

OPPOSITE THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, AND No. 88 NORTH HIGH ST., BALTIMORE.

White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PALES, etc.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

WRITE FOR PRICES.

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.

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.

GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Said Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.

CANNING WAX, Bottle Cement, and Rubbers for Jars, are sold very cheap—at STAM'S CORNER.

July 31, 1879.

R. K. Pippin,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Chestertown, Md.

IS prepared to rect 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

THE RETURN OF APHRODITE.

Deep in Cythera a cave,
Pealing a thunderous paean,
Roars, as the shivering wave
Whitens the purple Ægean:
There to astonish the globe,
Terrible, beautiful, mighty,
Clad with desire as a robe,
Rose Aphrodite.

Never again upon earth
Like her arose any other;
Got without labor or birth,
Sprung without father or mother:
Zeus from his aery home,
Seeing the roseate water
Lift her aloft on its foam,
Hailed her his daughter.

Sweet was her shape, and is now;
Sweeter the breath of her kisses;
Delicate ivory brow;
Wealth of ambrosial tresses;
Mouth that no favor denies;
Cheek that no ardor abashes;
Languishing eyelids and eyes,
Languishing lashes.

Seeing her luminous face
Shine as the ocean that bore her,
Every nation and race
Worshipped her, falling before her:
Chaplets they culled for her fane,
Fairer than any can cull us;
Greece gave her Sappho's refrain,
Rome her Catullus.

Soft was the sound of their lyre,
Luscious their lay without cloying,
Till as a billow of fire,
Crushing, consuming, destroying,
Wasting her wines in their spleen,
Spilling her costly cosmetics,
Swept the implacable, lean
Horde of ascetics.

Darkness they spread over earth,
Sorrow and fasting of faces;
Mute was the music of mirth,
Hushed was the chorus of Graces;
Back to the womb of the wave,
Terrible, beautiful, mighty,
Back with the boons that she gave,
Sank Aphrodite.

Down the abysses of time
Rolled the unchangeable ages,
Reft of the glory of rhyme,
Graven in passionate pages;
Sad was the measure, and cold,
Dead to the language of kisses;
Sadly the centuries rolled
Down the abysses.

Now in the ends of the earth
Tenderer singers and sweeter,
Smit with a ravening dearth,
Cry on the goddess and greet her;
Cry with their rapturous eyes
Flashing the fire of emotion;
Call her again to rise
Fresh from the ocean.

Hot as of old are their songs,
Breathing of odorous tresses,
Murmur of amorous tongues,
Ardor of fervid caresses;
Trilled with a tremulous mouth
Into the ear of the comer,
Warm as the breath of the South,
Soft as the Summer.

Under the depth of the wave,
Hearing their passionate numbers,
Piercing her innermost cave,
Waken her out of her slumbers.
Soothed with the sound of their strain,
Beautiful, merciful, mighty,
Back to the nations again
Comes Aphrodite.

UNABLE TO TRADE.

The family had only lately moved into the neighborhood. A day or so after their arrival the head of the family went to a grocery in the neighborhood and asked the price of a can of condensed milk.

"Fifteen cents," said the proprietor.

"Fifteen devils!" exclaimed the customer, "why man alive, I don't want to buy a dozen cans, but only one. What do you ask for half a can, wholesale figures?"

"Never sell half a can."

"I reckon you never sell anything if you mark your goods up that way. Well, suppose I take one whole can, will you come down to a dime?"

"Fifteen cents is the usual price," was the reply.

"That may be with the unreliable transient customers, but I am an old citizen of Galveston, and the store that captures my permanent trade will have to be enlarged within six months. Say a dime and throw in a pound of soda crackers and it's a whack."

"Do you buy a good deal in the course of the year? asked the proprietor, with a sneer.

"Do I buy a great deal? I should say I did. Why, it won't be more than two months before I'll have to get another box of matches. The box I am using from now is more than half gone, and I only got it last February, late in February, too. Say a dime for the condensed milk, and one of them stale watermelons thrown in as a sorter of an inducement, and you can put these two nickels in your burglar-proof safe."

"Fifteen cents is the very lowest price."

"I wish you could see my blacking brush. It can't hold out over Christmas, and then I am bound to negotiate for a new one. Throw one box of blacking in with the condensed milk, and it's a transaction."

"I won't do it."

"All right! You won't do it. I'll just keep my eye on you. I'll bet your stock is insured for twice what it's worth, and you are going to have a fire pretty soon. When a merchant don't care to build up a trade he is fixing to fail or swindle somebody, somehow. Good morning, sir."—*Galveston News.*

Young housewife—"What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hen set on them a little longer."

A couple at Danbury, Ct., having carefully considered the question for twenty-five years, have recently decided to get married.

Norway is the smallest nation of Europe in most respects, but its commerce is such that its fleet is the third largest in the world.

New England by the Back Door,

As Locked Into by a Southerner.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

LETTER NUMBER SEVEN.

LITCHFIELD, CT., Aug. 17, '80.

John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, and John Y. Mason, of Virginia, studied law in the Litchfield Law School, established in 1784 by Tapping Reeve, Esq., afterwards chief justice of the State, and with whom at a later date, Judge James Gould was associated. The old school house, transformed into a pretty dormer-windowed cottage, is on your left as you mount the hill when coming in from Cornwall. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher were born in a house at the upper end of North street. Horace Greeley found his wife in this village, and his brother-in-law, Silas Cheney, a long-haired party, odder in some respects than Greeley himself was, is a familiar figure here.—Many other noted personages were natives of Litchfield, Here resides the family of Capt. Colvo Caresser, of the United States navy during the late war, the famous suicide, who insured his life for $200,000, shot himself through the body, and had strength and resolution to throw the pistol across the street in Bridgeport where the deed was committed. Many believe that he was murdered. The insurance companies compromised the matter, paying the heirs nearly or quite $100,000.

In May, 1789, a temperance society, said to be the first of its kind in the world, was organized in Litchfield. In February, 1766, the patriotic citizens of this town published a declaration of independance the sixth section of which declares "that God made mankind free" (as being essential to their happiness,) but says nothing about "equal," as did the later document of Thomas Jefferson. In the long run the "immortal" declaration has proved to be of no more value than that of Litchfield, Conn., and Litchfield with it took honorable part in the French wars, the State having at one time as many as 5,000 troops in the field, and also in the war of the revolution. "In January, 1776, Capt. Bezaleel Beebe, of Litchfield, received orders to enlist a company for the defense of New York. * * * A veteran who died within the last few years stated" (I quote from the interesting little history of the town published in 1859 by Payne Kenyon Kilbourne, M. A., secretary of the Litchfield County Historical and Art Society) "that when the intelligence reached him he started on a run for the captain's headquarters, fearing the roll would be full before he could reach there." They all enlisted "for the term of eight weeks at the utmost from the day we march from Fairfield, which is the place of rendezvous. (Mr. Kilbourne gives the original paper, with the signatures of the whole company) "the honorable Major-General Lee having given his word and honor that we shall not be detained a single day after said time."

The lead of the statue of George III. that stood in the Bowling Green at New York till it was pulled down by the patriots was brought to Litchfield, melted into bullets, and made into cartridges by the members of General (afterwards Governor) Walcott's family and a few neighbors. A list of the number of these cartridges, by whom made, where sent, etc., is given by Kilbourne. Fancy the young ladies of the South keeping an accurate tally of the havelocks they severally made at the beginning of the late sectional war!

Gov. Andrews, the incumbent, who made so favorable an impression upon the Southern Governors at the Yorktown meeting in Philadelphia last October, lives in a plain comfortable house in South street. I had a few moments' talk with him last night. People are too busy haying, said he, to pay attention to politics, but from the middle of September onward the contest will wax hotter and hotter. Hancock is the best nomination that could have been made. Praised W. H. Barnum; "smart as lightning; the very best executive head I ever knew." He frankly admitted and deplored the fact that in America, as in England, political honors were gravitating more and more to the merely rich—worth, capacity, experience being of minor importance.

My admiration of the village seems to have lessened after eight days' residence, but I suspect it is simply a wearing away of the gloss of novelty. It is undoubtedly a pretty place and prettily situated, as I can testify after walks of a mile or two in every direction out into the country. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." That may be, but not the joy it was at first. A weary, work-day hue comes over a place; the varnish rubs off; you get used to things. The business part of the village is huddled and uneven, much as similar parts of Southern country towns, but with this difference: that here the stores and shops are neater. Paint is to a house what soap and water and a clean shirt are to a human being. In New England the dwellings, both in town and country, are repainted from time to time; with us one suit or shirt of white lead or zinc must last a lifetime. An ugly belfry is clapped on the court house, which otherwise would show a handsome classic front. It is of wood. A still prettier front is seen in the old Congregational church, which is now unused. The new church of this denomination is the most attractive building in the village, Kilbourne tells us that in the old days permits were granted to individuals to build "Sabbath-day houses," small affairs near the Puritan meeting-houses, in which people could thaw themselves before and after preaching, for there were no fires in the churches of those days. The introduction of the first stove in Litchfield church raised a tempest which threatened to tear the congragation in twain, so fierce was the wrangle between the godly-minded anti-stoveites and the ungodly stoveites. Less attractive on the outside than the new Congregational church, but more in keeping with the solemnity of religion, is the interior of the Episcopal church. There are besides a Catholic and a Methodist church, the latter quite small.

I attended the Congregational church in the morning, the Episcopal at night. The sermon at the latter was a gentlemanly one, taxing neither the intelligence of the audience nor the voice of the speaker. The young man who read the service was affected. When the Gloria was sung or recited some of the members who had been seated rose and bowed, as others did at the name of Jesus in the creed. On a table behind the lectern, and in the centre of the recess chancel, was what seemed a gilt crucifix, wreathed about with flowers. In speaking of a personal devil, the minister put the *onus* of his existence upon the exact words of the Bible, his own belief in Satan being apparently weak. The young man who preached in the Congregational church was out of place in the pulpit. When he read the story of the Prodigal Son he acted it in tones if not in gesture. There was a sibillant close to many of his words, as if he chopped off the ends of them with a kiss, which was most disagreeable. He had much to say about science, art, literature, etc.; much more than about "Christ and Him crucified."—His text, curiously picked out of a sentence in one of the Epistles, was simply "The World." "The world is mine!" he often exclaimed, and no one doubted the truth of his assertion. Edwin Forrest was his model, but he lacked Forrest's voice. He was most respectful in his allusions to science. He did not rant—only for want of the needful lung power. He had less of the Northern accent than any one I have yet heard talk in public or in private, but he said "doo" for "dew." "A good fellow not killed up with religion; who will take a glass of cider or beer and a cigar with you most any time," said my informant, who knew him well. There was a cornet in the Congregational choir, none in the Episcopal. A pew or two of very decent colored people were in both of the churches.

During my stay in Litchfield I talked with people of all ages, sexes, professions and complexions, from manufacturers to ostlers, milkmen, barkeepers and darkies, and give below the substance of a few of the more important of these conversations. Going out for a walk one sunny morning I crossed the terminus of the Shepung railroad, on West street, ascended a hill, turned to the left on a street where there are some new houses, descended to an old and neglected cemetery, and made my way back to town up a by-street that is little frequented. In the course of this walk I observed a number of waste fields given over to bushes and weeds, and wandered as I always wonder whenever and wherever I have walked in New England, at the loneliness of the roads. Surprisingly few people are about the houses or along the roads. As I slowly walked up the hill on the by-street just mentioned my attention was drawn to the most squalid house my eyes ever rested on anywhere. It was very small, patched on the roof with a large piece of sheet-iron and surrounded by a miserable little garden. A black girl dodged behind a butter-bean pole as I drew nigh. When I spoke to her a vicious bull dog uttered a low bark and made directly for me. I was much frightened, but "pursued my fear," with far less incitement, though, than Tarquin had, for the frowsy-haired Lucrece at the door was literally the poorest woman, black or white, I had yet encountered.

"What saay?" she shrilled in reply to my question.

"May I come in and talk with you for a few moments?" I respectfully repeated.

"Wal," was the hesitating answer, "I guess ye kin c'm in if ye're a mind to," in precisely the same tone of her white friend.

I entered a kitchen, one-third of which was filled by an old cooking-stove. She apologized for the look of the room. It was 12 o'clock, and she had just begun to sweep up.—Five children, black as jet, and a mulatto child, all six under ten years of age, retreated to the end of the room as I took my seat. A woman, evidently in ill health, sat listlessly near them. She was the sister of the woman of the house, and the mother of the mulatto child. Half an hour's talk revealed the fact that the mistress of the hut, which belongs to Mr. Silas Cheney, and for which she pays $2 a month in winter and $3 a month in summer, was born in Connecticut, of Massachusetts parents; her husband was from Tennessee, had no fixed employment, did "chores" for seventy-five cents a day, had poor health, and upon the whole they both had a hard time.

"Do other colored people get along better?"

"Wal, some does and some doesn't guess it's pretty much with them as it is with me and my husband."

This statement was confirmed in part by whites with whom I afterwards talked. She had little education herself, had not sent her children to school, but hoped to do so—a vain hope, I fear. Asked what was the matter with her sister; she said "consumption," but "guessed it was kinder mixed with liver complaint." Four of her brothers and sisters had already died of the same disease.

Hearing there was a colored barber in the town I went purposely to see him—a silent boy of 17, indisposed to talk, but I drew him out after a while. Born in New Jersey, I think, had studied Latin and algebra, played on the piano, (by note too) was studying medicine, showed me Dalton's Physiology and Hygeine in proof; boarded with Mr. Silas Cheney at $4 a month, eating at the same table with him—Cheney is worth perhaps $100,000—had been here two weeks and in that time had saved $11. He did not altogether like the North; how would he do in Richmond as a doctor? If he brought a regular diploma he might do well, was my reply. He told me of a Dr. Creede in New Haven, and of Dr. McDonald in New York, both colored, who had very large practice among the blacks, and were also employed by a few whites. "But why do you not like the North?" I inquired.

"Because the people are prejudiced against colored men and women."

"How do they show it?"

"Well, they refuse to take them, even in the second-class hotels."

If he had other reasons he did not give them. Like the woman mentioned above, this boy had lost brothers and sisters by consumption. All were dead except himself, and he was far from being healthy. No one here seems to feel much sympathy for the colored race. In former years it was fashionable to employ them as servants, but now they get along as best they can, picking up a job here and there.—"They wander around here, get in jail for petty theft, and when turned out settle down with us," said a gentleman not without importance.—While there is no fanatical regard for them, I noticed in the Congregational church a white and a black woman in adjoining pews singing out of the same hymn book, each having a hand on it.

I must put into very few words the conversation that impressed me more than all others. The speaker was a lady, a native of the South, of its most decided State, had lived there until her marriage, but for eighteen or twenty years had been a resident of this place.

"They are good people," said she, speaking of Litchfield folk and New Englanders generally. They were good and kind to me during the war, when the anti-Southern feeling was at its height. I retain, as you have remarked, my Southern pronunciation, and with it my Southern proclivities, but my friends are none the less dear and true to me for that.—Yes," after a pause, "they are good people."

We were alone. She is a woman of great natural bravery, outspoken in her views, truth-embodied, (her clear dark eyes show it.) There was no motive, nothing to be gained by deceiving me. I believed her at the time, and I believe her now.—But there are various modes of showing goodness. This, however, is for future discussion, when my opinions, slowly gathering into compactness, shall be fully formed.

"They called it the holy war; did you know that?" said this lady.

"No," said I.

"Oh, yes," said she, with a light laugh; "the holy war for the release of the Africans from bondage, and I heard holy war till I was sick of it."

So, briefly told, ends my visit to Litchfield. No insult, no hatred of the South yet, and my visit to New England is half over. That hatred (call it prejudice if you prefer) is here somewhere, as we of the South sadly know, and I have just heard exactly where it is to be found. My trunk packed, I leave for that very place this afternoon. The only approach to discourtesy occurred yesterday, when I was standing on the top of a stone wall on Mr. F. R. Starr's great dairy farm admiring the Rembrandt effect of the village etched in profile against the western sky, with the round blue head of Mt. Tom in the distance. A loud yelling began as soon as I mounted the wall, and kept up for some time. It came from a farm house of the lower class, five hundred yards away, and was aimed at me, but I was slow to discover the fact. At last I made out the words, "Saoy, you there, git down out o' that! Saoy, preecher, come ere, I want to speak to yer" It was a coarse, male voice; you might have heard it a mile off, and then there were shouts from children. They certainly did not know I was a Southern man, and it is equally certain that I am not a preacher. The fellow must have delirium tremens. I got down off that fence, retraced my steps, and rode to town in Starr's milk wagon. B.

BLOCKED THE TRADE.—A citizen of Cass avenue having a residence worth about $16,000 has a sign of "For sale" on the house, and the other day an old African, driving a stone-blind old horse and a wagon, which wobbled all over the road, drew up in front of the place just as the owner came out.

"Boss am dat place fur sale?" promptly inquired the darkey as he dropped the reins.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What's your werry lowest figgers, seh?"

"Sixteen thousand dollars."

"Dat incloods de back yard an' all, I 'spose."

"Yes, sir."

The old man got down, looked over the fence and peered around, and finally said:

"How much would ye 'low me on dat hoss an' wagin if we made a trade?"

"Oh, about five dollars."

The querist settled his hat with a jerk, climbed into the wagon and was driving away without a word when the citizen asked:

"What do you think?"

"What does I fink sah. Why, sah, I fink de trade am blocked.—I'ze willin' to knock off sumthin', but I take no $5 fur dis outfit. De hoss alone cost me six!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ah, pallid was my noble brow,
The waning night was late;
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"
I heard my father's smothered laugh
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew, I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar.

☞ Character is a good deal like clothing—it lasts its period, and makes us comely and presentable. But intellect is the gem which becomes an heirloom, and generations worship.

De Golyer Garfield Pleads his Cause.

[New York Sun.]

Garfield, in his armchair seated, while repose
his eyelids greeted,
Dreamed that he would be defeated, which
must surely come to pass.
When he woke, there stood before him one who
no devotion bore him,
But was half inclined to gore him, through
his front of solid brass;
'Twas Columbia, lovely lass!

When he saw this scornful lady, though his
heart was sore dismayed, he
Spoke, and deep obeisance made he, as he told
her of his fears;
"Tell me," said he, "is my dreaming something more than empty seeming?
Will there come to all my scheming such an
end as now appears?"
Said Columbia, "That day nears!"

"But," he urged, "will nothing soften people
I have served so often,
But to see me in my coffin, cold and dead and
quite alone?"
"No," she said; "your nomination puts you
in such a station
That the country's elevation waits till you
are overthrown;
We shan't take you as a loan!"

"Why," he asked, "am I degraded? Can't
the people be persuaded,
Ere my quiet grave is spaded, just to take me
as a fee?
Why incontinently drop me; why severely clip
and crop me,
Shear me, shave me, cut and lop me, when so
useful I could be?"
"Talk is very cheap,' said she.

"But the party," then he argued, "will be
wretchedly embargoed,
If I thus am Wells-and-Fargoed, by a short
and speedy route,
To a doleful desolation; it will lose its vindication."
"That," she said, "this healthy nation can
endure, beyond a doubt,
And I know what I'm about."

"NO FOOLING."

The other day a Detroit lawyer had a call to go into the country a few miles to attend a case on trial before a country 'squire, and while jogging leisurely along in his buggy he saw a man come running across the fields at the top of his speed.—Directly behind him, and armed with a stout stick, was a woman, and it was a nip-and-tuck race to the fence. The man reached it first, however, and as he dropped on the highway side he called out to the lawyer:

"Stranger, for heaven's sake give me a lift down the road for half a mile!"

"What's the trouble here?" asked the lawyer.

"Wife and I have had another falling out!" was the reply, as the man rolled down a steep bank to the buggy.

The woman at this moment reached the fence, and, as she was reaching over, the lawyer inquired of the husband:

"Are you fooling or in earnest?"

"If you think I am fooling, just wait a second!" grasped the woman as she plunged down the bank, rolled over and over in the road, and rose up with a big stone in each hand.

"Squat!" yelled the husband, as he circled around the horse, but the lawyer wasn't quick enough. One of the stones hit him in the back and the other grazed his ear and hit the horse, and five or six more were coming as he struck a trot and moved off, the husband hanging to the vehicle and running behind. When a safe distance away the lawyer halted and looked back. The woman stood in the middle of the road and shook both fists at him, and the husband wiped the beads of perspiration off his cheek, and said:

"Stranger, Hanner and me never have any fooling. When she's good natured I git one shirt a week and two meals a day. When she's mad one of us has got to light out, and I wish next time you come this way you'd tell me if there is anybody in Detroit who can make me a pair of wings."—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS.—An Irish gentleman, who was very much annoyed at the late hours kept by his sons, gave strict orders to John, a faithful old butler, to lock the door every night at 11 o'clock, and not to open it after that time. The young gentlemen were punctual to the hour; but one morning Master Tom was not home till one, when seeing a light in the hall, he tapped gently at the door, and the following dialogue took place between Master Tom and the butler:

"Who's there?"

"It's I, John—it's I; open the door."

"I couldn't, Master Tom—'twould be as much as my place is worth," replied John.

"Oh, but you must let me in John."

"I couldn't indeed, Master Tom; but have you a guinea in your pocket, Master Tom?"

"I have John—I have."

"Put it in the keyhole, Master Tom, and I think it will open the door."

Master Tom did as he was told, and the door instantly opened.

"Thank you, John—thank you, John! There's a good fellow! and now there's a half-crown for you, and just run around to the stable with my horse."

"Yes, Master, Tom," and upon John's return he found the door shut, and rapped for admission, when Tom played the butler's part over again, and told him there was an alteration in the lock, but if he'd put a guinea and a half-crown in, it would open.

That was the way Tom "beat" the butler.

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house.

"So he has," chimed his wife; "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."

"How do you define 'black as your hat?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils.

"Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

All Sorts of Clippings

Hold integrity sacred.
A sun-shade—An eclipse.
Observe good manners.
Out on the fly—various fish.
Endure trials patiently.
Road to matrimony; a bridal path.
Be prompt in all things.
Now all bow-legged men are called bicycles.
Consider well, then decide positively.
The British isles have 17,893 Friends or Quakers.
A four in hand is worth two in the bush.
Electric lights are talked of for London streets.
There are nine tenant-farmers in the British parliament.
Only a question of time—Asking the hours.
One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.
The best loan to "raise the wind" is the cyclone.
An anonymous article—a baby before it is christened.
Miners are fond of the drama. They always like a good play, sir.
The use of character is to be a shield against calumny.
Dog days will soon be over, and then we may expect the cat'll shew.
The use of the soldier's drill is to make holes in the enemy.
Falstaff was religious—that is to say, sack-religious.
The telescope was invented, it is said, in 1549.
Frogs are shipped north from Bedford, Tenn.
An ounce of celery seed produces 7,000 plants.
The average life of a farmer is sixty-six years.
The second daughter of Nellie Grant Sartoris is named Vivian.
Take care of the onions and the scents will take care of themselves.
The fear of future evils is in itself the greatest of evils.
Common politeness is decidedly uncommon.
A good novel for bald heads to read—"The Lost Heir."
He who loses hope may then part with anything.
To bring up a child in the way it should go, lead the way.
A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull-sure.
He that pryeth into every cloud may be stricken with a thunderbolt.
You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.
That man hath the most friends who needeth not a friend's assistance.
The road of life has too many side tracks for the good of many travelers.
Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser or his crime.
No man preaches his sermon well to others if he does not first preach it to his own heart.
Modern marriages, says a contemporary, begin with a court and end with a court.
Like steel, that man is the strongest who always retains his temper.
Tumblers that have had milk in them should not be put into hot water.
Ladies are not entitled to bare arms when they have to load them with powder.
The longest river in the world is the Missouri, which is 4,500 miles in length.
It is estimated that the present rice crop in Louisiana will be double that of last year.
The longest railroad in the world at present is the pacific railroad over 2,000 miles in length.
A man on the Peninsula railroad, in Florida, gathered 10,000 oranges from one tree last fall.
The bicycle is a fine invention. We love to look upon the bicycle when some other person rides it.
"None of your jaw," is what the bather said when the shark tried to scrape an acquaintance with him.
The State of California has 50,000 people less than the city of Philadelphia.
The sausage is the only species of ground-hog that does not hibernate in the winter.
Chopped onions with a little ginger mixed in, is said to be a sure cure for chicken cholera.
France has 36,000,000 people and $600,000,000 revenue—the largest ratio known.
Bows for the hair are worn in the morning and upon unceremonious occasions.
The cattle bells in the Harz mountains are made so as to harmonize with one another.
The French government has ordered an agricultural course in every primary school in the country.
Industry, brains and check—these three—but the greatest of these is check.
Mrs. Jones says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.
England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the "H's."
He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing at all from his own folly.
A great many pairs of shoes are worn out before a man does all he says.
Every flower, even the fairest, has its shadow beneath it as it swings in the sunlight.
The tie that binds the happy may be dear, but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.
Passions are likened best to floods and streams. The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
The most fatal grapeshot comes from the bottle.

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