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—401.

D. A. 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. Ellekes, Esq., John W. Loud, Esq., all of Chestertown. July 15—tf0

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,

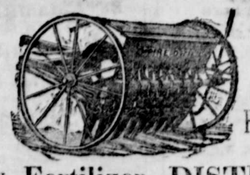
DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

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 Piney, 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, 1875.

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.

GENUINE Imported d'Lucca Cream Salad 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 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

THE GRAVE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, AND WHY IT IS IN A NEGLECTED CONDITION.

[From the New York World.]

"The grave of Brigham Young is said to be in a neglected condition."—*Current Item.*

Departed Brigham, in that region where a
Man weds not nor is wed, dost fret and fume
To think in Salt Lake City cemetery
Neglected is thy tomb?

Yet, shouldst thou be surprised? Thy anger soften,
For in proverbial lore it written is
That what is everybody's business often
Of nobody 's the biz.

True that thou mayst have thought, "I have seen care for
A Gentile's sepulchre and keep it green
His single widow: better should mine, therefore,
Be kept with my nineteen."

Thou wast mistaken there! Thy spouses senior
Have doubtless said with righteous sniffs and sneers,
"Let them young chits see to it—he hadn't been here
To see us many years."

And answer made the chits: "'Twould be presuming
After our short acquaintance; whereas ye
Were his companions, venerable women,
For half a century:

"Well know we that to old age reverence due is,
And by what grief your bosoms must be torn
When you reflect that Brigham had called you his
Long before we were born."

But even should there be one Abiel *spoux*
Among your widows who at evening's hour
Should hie her to your tomb there to dispose a
Sweet wealth of leaf and flower—

Would not her eighteen sisters straight suspect your
Will had your property bequeathed to whomsoever of your widows nightly decked your
Dilapidated tomb?

P'raps they would with one voice exclaim, "Beshrew her!"
And, trampling on her floral offering fair,
With many objurations thereon strew her
Best heart's blood and back hair.

Wiser the heathen is on India's coral
Strand whom no Occidental weakness warps
He, lest his spouses over it should quarrel,
Cremates them with his corpse.

Besides, reflect if scanty ceremonial
Attends thy grave in Salt Lake *cimetiere*,
Ever of Utah's market matrimonial
Thou wast the bull or bear.

When men would marry all their plans miscarried,
The spouses upon whom their hopes they hung
By dozens were incontinently married
Or sealed to Brigham Young.

Thou diedst when times were hard and men did bode a
Financial crisis, dreadest of their lives,
And on a falling market didst unload a
Whole "holocaust" of wives.

How couldst thou then expect thy nineteen spouses,
So much preoccupied in finding room
For their own selves in living husbands' houses
To deck a dead one's tomb?

But even were things otherwise—if nicely
Thy sepulchre had by thy wives been decked,
The ultimate result would be precisely
That coming of neglect.

For there are but so many hours a day
Available unto the most assiduous—
Say, on an average, eight—and what are they
Among so many widows?

One scarcely would have time to strew her lillies,
Begoniias, clematis, chrysanthemum,
Roses, pinks, violets and daffydillies
Before another'd come.

The second of the first one's tribute floral,
A fifty-fiend power sneer at least the while
Drawing in cruel curves her lips of coral,
Would say: "Well, I should smile!

"If I no better taste in decorating
A grave should show than that Thing there has shown,
Who of her grief eternally is prating,
I'd leave the grave alone.

"Cheap are her floral tributes—such a group
Of thrifty housewives at the grocer's snatch
Three for five cents, when they are bent on soup—
The colors do not match.

"'Twere sin and shame to leave such rubbish there
Upon our late lamented's tombstone placed;
I will remove them for these flowers more fair
Chos'n with superior taste."

Then there'd be such a scene as never was,
Unless compared with it the famous pickle be
When the mad gentleman hurled his garden-sauce
Over to *Mrs. Nickleby.*

Skyward see shoot the primal mourner's lillies,
Begoniias, clematis, chrysanthemums,
Roses, pinks, violets and daffydillies—
The grave a waste becomes.

And No. 2, having decked it to her fancy,
Drops a becoming tear and goes her way:
And then, as one with half an optic can see,
No. 3 along will stray,

Who'll treat the flowers of No. 2 no better
Than those of No. 1 by 2 have been;
And No. 4 the flowers of three will scatter—
So on up to 19.

So by the pious care of nineteen mourners,
Thy grave would be in just as sorry plight
As if they of thine ashes had been scorners
And had overlooked them quite.

Wherefore, O Brigham, be not thou dejected,
If looking downward from thy bowers Elysian
To thee thy grave appears in a neglected
And desolate condition.

☞ A woman in Marshall county, Kansas, has had bad luck with husbands. Two of them were hanged by vigilance committees, a third was sent to the penitentiary and a fourth committed suicide. Nothing has as yet happened to the fifth.

☞ Potato flour, or the dried pulp of the potato, is attaining great importance in the arts. It is stated that in Lancashire, England, 20,000 tons of it are sold annually, and it brings at present in Liverpool about double as much in the market as wheat flour. It is used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and when precipitated with acid is turned into starch. When calcined it is employed as a dressing for silk.

Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning

MARK TWAIN.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk, "the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmaties a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasoned with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself—or a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

"Well, as I was telling you, I woke up, with that smothering and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said—

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how can one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer,—you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to—

"I'm sorry, dear—I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and"

"Mortimer!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?

'Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?'

'Why, of course.'

'Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some little care of your life, for my sake and the children's, if you will not for your own.'

'But my love'—

'Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder storm as this, all the books say that, yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw your life away—for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and'—

'But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm *not* in the bed, *now*. I'm'—

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

'There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?'

'I didn't swear. And that wasn't a result of it, any way. It would have come, just the same. If I hadn't said a word, and you know very well, Evangeline,—at least, you ought to know,—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity'—

'Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it!—I don't see how you can act so, when you know there is not a lightning rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What are you doing? lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you start mad?'

Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and'—

'Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You know there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [*Fzt! —crash! boom—boloom boom boom!*] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you have done!'

"No, I *don't* see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't cause lightning,—I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time for if that shot was leveled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship,—about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that'—

'For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to—Mortimer!'

'Well?'

'Did you say your prayers tonight?'

'I—I—meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and'——

[*Fzt!—boom bercoom boom! bumble-umble bang* SMASH!]

'Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How could you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?'

'But it wasn't such a time as this.' There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, anyway, seeing it happened so seldom; I haven't missed since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago.'

'Mortimer! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?

'My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I am going to be responsible for every blamed'——

[*Fzt! boom bercoom! boom! boom!* BANG!

'Oh, dear, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language—Mortimer!'

'Well! What now?'

'Your voice sounds as if—Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?'

'That is the very crime I am committing.'

'Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?'

'I'm here by the window.'

'Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there this moment! The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm, Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer!'

'Yes?'

'What is that rustling?

'It's me.'

'What are you doing?'

'Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons.'

'Quick! throw these things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that all authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?'

'Now, where's the harm in it?'

'Mortimer, if I have told you once I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and—What on earth are you opening that door for?'

'Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in that?'

'Harm? There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't shut it; shut it tight, and do hurry, or we shall all be destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?'

'Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is something hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands.'

'You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer what was that?'

'It was a da——it was a picture. Knocked it down.'

'Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?'

'No. Forgot it.'

'Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here,—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions.'

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut unless we could be content to smother. I gasped a while, then forced my way out. My wife called out,—

'Mortimer, something *must* be done for our preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantelpiece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it.'

I got the book—at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out,—

'Mortimer, what was that?'

'Nothing but the cat.'

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the washstand. Do be quick, love; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils.'

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went to my task,—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges—and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:—

'It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer, and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [*Fzt!—boom,—bang,—smash!*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck.'

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four,—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

'Mortimer it says, 'Wahrend eine Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlussel, &c., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Korpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals about you, or keep them away from you?'

'Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All [German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accussative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon you must keep some metals *about* you.'

'Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal.'

I got it and put it on,—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

'Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?'

I complied.

'Now Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs.

I did it,—in silence,—and kept my temper as well as I could.

'Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter lauten ist sehr gefarhlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Lauten veranlasste Luftzug und de Hohe des Thurmes den Blitz snziehen konnten. Mortimer does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder storm?'

'Yes it seems to me that,—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gearlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording'—

'Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer, dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!'

Our little summer establishment stands on the top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm houses are in our neighborhood,—the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been ringing that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's eye lantern was thrust in at the window followed by a hoarse inquiry:—

"What in the nation's the matter here?'

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that started wildly at my night dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said,—

"There is nothing the matter friends—only a little discomfort on account of the thunder storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning.'

'Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm.'

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said,—

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder'

One after another of those people lay down on the ground to laugh—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked—

'Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight; Garfield's nominated,—and that's what's the matter!'

Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (Mr. McWilliams) the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck.

So saying he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed for the train had reached his town.

SCARCITY OF WOMEN.—Burdett of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, tells how the scarcity of young men works for evil at Nantucket:

One evening, I don't remember when, I introduced a young friend of mine, and he is very young and very bashful, Mr. Julian C. Elginbrod, of Buffalo, to a young lady acquaintance. After a few moments of society chatter he suggested the ice cream saloon. Then she arose and introduced him to her two school girl friends, her mother, the mother of one of her friends and an aunt who was visiting them. Then the aunt introduced him to her eldest cister and an old lady who was not a relative, they explained, but was as dear to them as though she was their own mother.

Then they all said in a general sort of way, "Well are you all ready?" and answered themselves in the affirmative, as they slowly followed the horror-stricken young man to the door, and the procession filed off down the street toward the ice cream saloon, stopping on the way at a house to pick up the old lady's daughter, and calling at a store for the twin cousins of one of the aunts—beautiful girls they were—from Springfield.

I watched the column when it swung by "fours, right into line" in front of the ice cream saloon, where it formed like a line of men at a railway ticket office, the old lady smilingly and patiently bringing up the rear, standing under the flickering gaslight and steadfast stars, awaiting her chance at the frozen pudding.

It was far in the summer night, when Julian Elginbrod returned to the hotel, and when I looked out of the window and saw his pallid face and glittering eyes, and noted the club in one hand and the revolver in the other, and heard him mention my name and ask the night clerk what was the number of my room, I feared that he might feel harshly toward me, and I barricaded the door of my room with the lounge, the bedstend, the stove and the trunk, just before he came banging against it. He slept in the hall that night, across my threshold, and I only escaped the next afternoon, when the landlord weary of his incessant pounding of my door-panels with his club, had him arrested as a dangerous lunatic.

ABOUT PRESIDENTS.

The United States have had nineteen Presidents, four of them of Irish descent—Jackson, Tylor, Pierce and Buchanan.

The President holds his office for four years. He must be a native of the United States, and must have attained the age of thirty-five years.

In most cases, from 1798 to 1824, the President was elected by the legislatures of the different States.

The original provisions of the Constitution provided that the person having the next highest number of votes cast for President should become Vice-President.

No Roman Catholic has ever occupied the Presidential chair. All the other prominent religious denominations have been represented, Grant and Hayes are Methodists.

William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor and Abraham Lincoln were the only Presidents who died while in office. Harrison assumed his office March 4, 1841, and died the next month. Vice-President John Tyler succeeded him, Taylor served until July 5, 1850; Millard Fillmore served out the term. Lincoln was shot on the fifteenth of April, 1865. Andrew Johnson taking his place.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor came from Virginia; John Adams and his son, John Quincy, from Massachusetts; Van Buren from New York; Pierce from New Hampshire; Fillmore from New York; Jackson, Polk and Johnson from Tennessee; Lincoln and Grant from Illinois; Buchanan from Pennsylvania, and Hayes from Ohio.—Weaver is from Iowa, Garfield from Ohio, and Hancock from Pennsylvania, although he lives on Governor's Island. The last Democratic President was Buchanan, elected in 1856. His opponent was John C. Fremont, the first candidate of the Republican party.

Ten of the Presidents have been soldiers and nine lawyers.

☞ A man with a grip-sack in his hand halted before a Detroit fruit stand and priced a choice variety of peaches. When told that they were 20 cents a dozen he whistled to himself, walked softly around, and finally asked:

'Are you a Baptist?'

'Hardly.'

'Neither am I. I didn't know but that if we both belonged to the same denomination you'd throw off a little. Do you lean on the Methodists?'

'Can't say that I do.'

'That's my case. I never did take much stock in the Methodists.—Twenty cents a dozen is an awful price on those peaches, considering how tight money is. I expect you are a Universalist, eh?'

'No.'

'Neither am I. Can't you say 15 cents for a dozen of these?'

'Hardly.'

'Aren't you an Episcopalian?'

'No, sir.'

'Neither am I, but I was afraid you were. I've been a sort o' looking you over, and I shouldn't wonder if you trained with the United Brethern. Come, now, own up.'

'I never attend that church,' was the steady reply.

'Nor I, either. Say, what are you anyhow?'

'I'm a hard-baked old sinner.'

'No! Whoop! That's my case to a dot! I'm called the wickedest man in Washtenaw county! I knew there was a bond of sympathy between us if we could only find it out! Now do you say fifteen cents for a dozen?'

The fruit dealer counted them out without a further objection.

A TEST IN PRONUNCIATION.—The following list of words commonly mispronounced was collected by Prof. A. J. Hutton during his work in Wisconsin institutes. Perhaps teachers will do well to look them up:

Accurate,	European,	Recess,
Address,	Excursion,	Reduce,
Advantage,	Exemplary,	Robust,
Allies,	Extant,	Romance,
Almond,	Finance,	Roof,
Area,	Frontier,	Room,
Been,	Fruit,	Rude,
Bouquet,	Grass,	Schism,
Broom,	Greasy,	Shut,
Canine,	Health,	Sit,
Chancellor,	Hereditaments,	Soap,
Column,	Horizon,	Soon,
Condemning,	Hostler,	Squalor,
Construe,	Houses,	Stalwart,
Corrollary,	Hymning,	Stolid,
Creek,	Idea,	Stone,
Dance,	Institute,	Tableaux,
Deficit,	Italian,	Territory,
Demand,	Kettle,	Town,
Digestion,	Lien,	Truths,
Direct,	Livelong,	Tune,
Down,	Matron,	Tutor,
Due,	Mortgage,	Volume,
During,	Mortgagee,	Wednesday,
Duty,	Peremptory,	Whoop,
Equation,	Prairie,	Won't.

Things it Would be Funny to See.

Soap free from lye, and a politician of similar character.

A patent medicine that wasn't warranted a dead shot for anything, from corns to consumption.

A rose without a thorn and a woman without a fault.

A tarpaulin stout enough to keep the rain from soaking through the backs of our milkman's cows.

A poor plumber and a rich newspaper man.

A man who can rap eternal smash out of his favorite bunion while making a tight croquet and still keep the air-brake on his tongue.

A doctor who hadn't believed all along that Tanner would come out all right.

A bald-headed man who never lost his temper.

☞ Do not wait for the assistance of others in your course through life; you will grow hungry, depend upon it, if you look to the charity and kindness of others for your daily bread. It is more noble and praiseworthy to give up your lives and meet the troubles and difficulties of human life with a dauntless courage.

All Sorts of Clippings

Something to lie about—a bed.

Head clerks—Barber's assistants.

Bees are frequently sent by mail.

The Chinese plank—an ironing board.

The sun is the oldest settler in the West.

There are 200,000 beehives in the United States.

Despairing old maids look languishing even on rain-bows.

There are 43,000 postoffices in the United States.

Farmers have learned that it takes the best soil to raise a mortgage.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.

The population of Wyoming Territory is 21,900.

Reason and virtue alone can bestow liberty.

Clean oil cloth with milk and water; a brush or soap will ruin it.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

The most charming bridal veils are of illusion.

Give neither counsel nor salt until asked for it.

A partially deaf man has the "Hey" fever.

Nature is mighty. Art is mighty. Artifice is weak.

That which must not be written is a no pen secret.

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.

Like our shadows, our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

The best prophet of the future is the past.

"A pound of care will not pay a pound of debt.'

Happily for little men, the giants have seldom any great wit.

Self-inspection is the only means to preserve us from self-conceit.

He who labors for mankind has already begun his immortality.

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great man's bribe.

Theories are very thin and unsubstantial; experience only is tangible.

Kick your corn through a window glass, and the pane is gone forever.

Why was Adam's first day the longest? Because there was no Eve.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

Flattery is a bad sort of money, to which our vanity gives currency.

Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make happiness.

Life, like the water of the sea, freshens only as it ascends toward heaven.

If every failure is a lesson, what brilliant scholars some people ought to be.

The wheat crop of Minnesota is estimated at from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 of bushels.

Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results.

What Wade Hampton didn't say fills half a column in the average Republican sheets.

The days of happiness, like those of light, are cloudless when unbroken.

A man is never so much a master of himself as when he has given himself up.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness for goodness.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.

"Let us have more light," as the grocer said when he plugged the lead into the wrong end of the scales.

An old thermometer is never very popular. Nobody wants to see a thermometer over 70.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future.

The sales of cattle this year in Texas it is estimated will reach 7,000,000 head.

It is said that the State of Oregon will furnish a surplus of 250,000 tons of wheat.

A good whiskey sling—Sling the bottle out of the window—after it is empty.

Oleomargarine is sold by the grocer who tells you it is just from the cow. And so it is, but the cow is dead.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

Learning hath gained most by those books which the printers have lost.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no character so plain as their moral conduct.

When a friend corrects a fault in you, he does you the greatest act of friendship.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

It's a long lane that has no turn, but it sometimes runs up against a fence.

The smaller the caliber of mind the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth.

"'Tis sweet to be remembered," as the man said when he got a cork leg.

The Emperor of Austria has set the fashion of wearing a golden pig as a pin or watch charm.

We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.

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