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—y01.

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. Ickes, 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

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OF

ROGERS, PEET & Co.

ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND REASONABLE PRICES.

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

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,

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

THE Spring-Tooth Harrows, so highly endorsed, are sold by KENNARD & CO.

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

T. W. WICKES,

June 17, 1880. Druggis

WOOD ANEMONES.

FROM ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A mist of violets white and blue,
A fringe of fern-leaves, washed with dew,
And dried by April's breeze:
A belt of blue-bells all a-row,
And on the tender grass a snow
Of wood anemones.

The wind-swayed branches rise and fall,
The little wood is musical
With dulcet tones and clear;
The hum of bee, the song of bird,
And in the carol's pause is heard
The streamlet running near.

Beneath the spreading woodland trees,
Among the white anemones,
Two children are at play:
The blossoms opening one by one
Their star-like faces to the sun,
Are not more pure than they.

They laugh away the merry hours,
They crown themselves with woodland flowers,
They mimic bird and bee;
Till one, the graver of the twain,
Holds up, to tell of coming rain,
A closed anemone.

Ah, sister mine! through all the years,
Through mists of shed and unshed tears
Mine eyes can yet behold
A picture of that sunlit wood,
The snow-white carpet where we stood
And watched the flowers unfold.

Ah, sister dear! 'tis meet for thee
To wear the wood anemone
Upon thy gentle breast;
Thou hast not left life's quiet ways
To follow after gain and praise
With spirit of unrest.

I had no mind for woodland bowers,
I scorned the simple woodland flowers
We pulled together then:
But waves of tender memory roll
Full often over my sick soul
In busy haunts of men.

And my true nature, finding voice,
Reminds me of thy better choice,
Thy calm, contented part:
My rose of life has thorns—thy flower
Is fresh and pure as in the hour
It blossomed from thine heart.

Ah, my sweet sister, words are vain,
Yet could I stand with thee again
Beneath youth's budding trees,
I think my heart would freely choose,
From out all blossoms of all hues,
Life's wood anemones.

MORE WIFE THAN COUNTRY.

Detroit Free Press.

The other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging for the door, as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said:

Don't leave us now, I want you to hear what that speaker is saying. Hear that! He says we must triumph or the country is doomed.

Yes, I know, but I have got to edge along towards home, was the reply.

Home? Great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech? There he goes again. He asks if you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities—our fertile farms returned to the wilderness—our families crowding the poor-houses until there is no longer room to receive another.

No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort o' work my way out.

Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again. He asks you whether you are a freeman or a slave? He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandsires—if you have forgotten the sound of liberty's bell?

I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must.

Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you.

I can't say as to that, replied the man as he crowded along, but I'm dead sure the old woman will if I don't git home in time to put this codfish in soak for breakfast.

Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty? exclaimed the other.

I don't know as I do, but I git more of it.

And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction?

I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill, slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door, but if you had a wife who would begin jawing at 10 o'clock and not lose a minute until daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do and let this glorious old Republic squeeze through some mighty fine knot holes.

SHE HEARD THE ROMAN EMPIRE FALL.—The Demopolis (Alabama) News tells the following story: Our census enumerator reports a colored woman on Martin Rice's place one hundred and fourteen years old. Seeing that the old woman was proud of her age and of her recollections of antiquity, he asked her some questions touching Gen. Washington's horse and the revolutionary war, all of which being satisfactorily answered, he said: "Old lady, you must have heard the Roman Empire when it fell?" "I don't zac'ly 'member de circumstances you spoke of now; but I heard a mighty rumblin' noise de year de stars fell, and I spec' it must a been dat. Things was constant fallin' dat year, and if it fell in old North Carolina you bet your bottom rag, honey, I was dar!"

THERE was not much doubt in the minds of the mob at Clinton, Dakota, that Ben Day ought to be hanged. He had committed the capital crime of stealing a horse; but he urged persistently that he had only meant to borrow the beast, and finally said: "If I was guilty I'd want to be hanged; and, anyhow, 'tisn't worth while to make much fuss about it. Just toss up a dime, and if it goes agin me, then I won't say a word; but if I win you're to let me go." The proposition was accepted, and Day won.

An exchange says: "Good wives are wanted in the Northwest." Surely this is not strange. Is there any place where they are not wanted?

NICODEMUS DODGE.

When I was a boy in a printing office, in Missouri, a loose-jointed, long-legged, tow-headed, jeans-clad, countrified cub of about 16, lounged in one day, and, without removing his hands from the depth of his trousers' pockets, for taking off his faded ruin of a slouch hat, whose broken brim hung limp and ragged about his ears like a bug-eaten cabbage leaf, stared indifferently around, then, leaning his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brogans, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low, and said with composure:

"Wha's the boss?"

"I am the boss," said the editor, following this curious bit of architecture wonderingly along up to its clock face with his eye.

"Don't want anybody fur to learn the business, 'tain't likely?"

"Well, I don't know. Would you like to learn it."

"Pap's so po' he can't run me no mo', so I want to get a show somers, if I can, tain't no difference what—I'm strong and hearty, and I don't turn my back on no kind of work, hard nur soft."

"Do you think you would like to learn the printing business?"

"Well, I don't re'ly k'yer a durn what I do learn, so's I git a chance fur to make my way. I'd jist as soon learn print'n's anything."

"Can you read?"

"Yes—middlin'."

"Write?"

"Well, I've seed people could lay over me thar."

"Cipher?"

"Not good enough to keep store, I don't reckon, but as fur as twelve times twelve I ain't no slouch.—'Tother side of that is what gits to me."

"Where is your home?"

"I'm from old Shelby."

"What's your father's religious denomination?"

"Him? Oh, he's a blacksmith."

"No, no—I don't mean his trade. What's his religious denomination?"

"Oh—I didn't understand you befo'. He's a Freemason.'

"No—no, you don't get my meaning yet. What I mean is, does he belong to any church?"

"Now you're talkin'. Couldn't make out what you was trying to get through yo' head no way.—B'long to a chuch! Why boss, he's been the pizinest kind of a Freewill Baptis' for 40 years. They ain't no pizener ones'n he is. Mighty good man, pap is. Everybody says that. If they said any different they wouldn't say it where I wus—not much they wouldn't."

"What is your own religion?"

"Well, boss, you kind o' got me thar—and yet you aint got me so mighty much nuther. I think 't if a feller he'ps another when he's in trouble, and don't cuss, and don't do any mean things, nor nuth'n' he ain't no business to do, and don't spell the Savior's name with a little g, he ain't running no resks—he's about as saift as if he b'longed to a church."

"But suppose he did spell it with a little g—what then?"

"Well, if he done it a purpose, I reckon he wouldn't stand no chance—he oughtn't to have no chance, anyway, I'm most rotten certain 'bout that."

"What is your name?"

"Nicodemus Dodge."

"I think maybe you will do Nicodemus. We will give you a trial, anyway."

"All right."

"When would you like to begin, Nicodemus?"

"Now."

So, within ten minutes after we had first glimpsed this nondescript, he was one of us, and with his coat off and hard at it.

Beyond that end of our establishment which was furthest from the street was a deserted garden, pathless and thickly grown with the gloomy and villianous "jimpson" weed and its common friend the stately sunflower. In the midst of this mournful spot was a decayed and aged little "frame" house with but one room, one window and no ceiling—it had been a smoke-house a generation before. Nicodemus was given this lonely and ghostly den as a bed-chamber.

The village smarties recognized a treasure in Nicodemus, right away—a butt to play jokes on. It was easy to see that he was inconceivably green and confiding. George Jones had the glory of perpetrating the first joke on him. He gave him a cigar with a fire cracker in it, and winked to the crowd to come; the thing exploded presently and swept away the bulk of Nicodemus's eyebrows and eyelashes. He simply said:

"I consider them kind of seeg'yars dangersome," and seemed to suspect nothing. The next evening Nicodemus waylaid George and poured a bucket of ice water over him.

One day while Nicodemus was in swimming, Tom McElroy "tied" his clothes. Nicodemus made a bonfire of Tom's by way of retaliation.

A third joke was played upon Nicodemus a day or two later—he walked up the middle isle of the village church, Sunday night, with a staring handbill pinned upon his shoulders. The joker spent the rest of the night, after church, in the cellar of a deserted house, and Nicodemus sat on the cellar door till toward breakfast time, to make sure that the prisoner remembered that if any noise was made some rough treatment would be the consequence. The cellar had two feet of stagnant water in it, and was bottomed with six inches of soft mud.

But I wander from the point. It was the subject of skeletons that brought this boy back to my recollection. Before a long time had elapsed the village smarties began to feel an uncomfortable consciousness of not having made a very shining success out of their attempts on the simpleton of "Old Shelby." Experimenters grew scarce and chary. Now the young doctor came to the rescue. There was delight and applause when he proposed to them the plan of frightening Nicodemus to death, and explained how he was going to do it. He had a noble new skeleton—the skeleton of the late and only local celebrity. Jimmy Finn, the village drunkard—a grisly piece of property he had bought of Jimmy Finn himself, at auction, for fifty dollars, under great competition, when Jimmy lay very sick in the tan-yard a fortnight before his death. The fifty dollars had gone promptly for whisky, and had considerably hurrid up the change of ownership in the skeleton. The doctor would put Jimmy Finn's skeleton in Nicodemus' bed.

This was done—about 10 30 in the evening. About Nicodemus' usual bed-time—midnight—the village jokers ' came creeping stealthily through the jimson weeds and sunflowers toward the lonely frame den. They reached the window and peeped in. There sat the long-legged pauper on his bed in a very short shirt and nothing more. He was dangling his legs contentedly back and forth, and wheezing the music of "Camptown Races" out of a paper overlaid comb which he was pressing against his mouth; by him lay a new jew's harp, a new top, a solid india rubber ball, a handful of painted marbles, five pounds of "store" candy and a well-gnawed slab of ginger bread as thick as a volume of sheet music. He had sold the skelton to a traveling quack for $3 and was enjoying the result.

OLD MEN IN POLITICS.

They Deprecate the Bitterness Indulged in by Young Men.

Grandfather Lickshingle and Deacon Radspinner, two patriarchs in this community were walking down street together yesterday. It was remarked, two such venerable men were not often seen together, and people raised their hats to them as they passed along and spoke to them reverently.

'There's entirely too much bitterness in this campaign, deacon," said Mr. Lickshingle, "and I regret it exceedingly. Now, when we wuz young men and took an interest in politics, we had none of this 'ere everlastin' cat haulin'.'

'Indeed we hadn't,' acquiesced Deacon Radspinner. 'Take Jackson's campaign, for instance. There wuz a lively interest taken by both parties, but there wuz none of yer bully ragin' like we see now a-days.'

'That's a fact, deacon,' said old Lickshingle, 'but between me and you, I never thought much of Jackson.'

'He was a mighty good man, Lickshingle.'

"He was small potatoes compared to some men we have now, deacon.'

'Who'd ye mean?' demanded the deacon.

'Well, there's Garfield,' said Lickshingle.

'Garfield be danged. You know mighty well, Lickshingle, he couldn't have been 'lected hog-rive in a hill town in Jackson's day.'

'He's a darn sight better man than Hancock.'

'Go slow, Lickshingle, go slow!' said the deacon, somewhat agitated.

'Oh, I know what I'm talkin' a-bout,' retorted Lickshingle, as he stabbed the pavement spitefully with his hickory cane. "Hancock's a stoughton bottle, that's what he is.'

'An' what's Garfield? Great guns, what's Garfield? Didn't he lay a cheap-John sort of a pavement around the capitol and charge the government a million dollars for it?' and the deacon's eyes blazed with indignation.

"See here, deacon, look at your man Hancock's letter to Sherman. Didn' he try to blow up Washington with glycerine? Say, didn't he? Oh, I read the papers, old man, an' know what's going on.'

'Hancock's a good an' pure man. Didn't he fight like a bull dog in war of the rebellion? Where was Garfield skulkin' in the time of disaster? In Canady, by thunder, in Canady!"

'What wur Hancock doin' with a stilleto in his boot the night Lincoln was murdered? Answer me that? If Wilkes Booth had failed, this Hancock was ready to finish the job. Don't talk to me! Don't talk to me!"

'It's a lie!' howled the deacon, as he whirled around and faced Lickshingle on the street.

'It's as true as holy writ, an' any man's a liar that says so,' retorted Lickshingle, too much wrought up to be particular as to his phraseology.

'You're a bald-headed old scoundrel,' yelled the deacon.

'You're an old leper, an' I can wipe the ground with you,' howled Lickshingle, gripping his cane and advancing.

Friends jumped in and the two furious old men were dragged away in opposite directions. The deacon squirmed around in the arms of his captors, shook his cane at Lichshingle, and hissed:

'Your man Garfield would never have gone into the army if he hadn't been drafted, and he wouldn't went then only he thought he would be able to desert—the onery son of a gun!'—*Petroleum World.*

☞ A Tennessee suitor wrote to his sweetheart as follows: "Your father kicked me last night and forbade me the house. If I whipped him would it lessen your love for me?' She replied that it wouldn't and the parent was soundly thrashed.

☞ It is said of Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, who was a clergyman, that he always refused a marriage fee, saying in a tone of pleasantry, "Go your way, poor children, I have done you mischief enough already without taking your money.'

☞ A Texas man named Gallaway recently died after having been married thirteen times. He couldn't stand everything.

NOVEMBER.

[From the New York Sun.]

November brings no sectional war,
No hate, our prosperous days to mar,
No autocrat, no would-be King,
No subsidy, no swindling Ring,
No stifling of the public voice,
No plots against the people's choice,
No fraudulent Returning Boards,
No rule of armed and lawless hordes,
No theft of honest freemen's votes,
No Fraud, with all the word denotes,
No insolent Eight-to-Seven job,
No games, the public purse to rob,
No cannon at the Congress aimed,
No grabs or steals, however named,
No centralizing despotism,
No deadly heresy and schism.
No petty tyrants, loud and coarse,
No bayonts, no rule by force,
No haughty, domineering few,
No venal, base, and selfish crew,
No policy of false pretence,
No small official insolence,
No Indian wars, no Southern claims,
No mean and hypocritic aims,
No tangled paths and crooked ways,
No Schurz, no Sherman, and no Hayes
No bribes or loans or fees to pay,
No trace of Credit Mobilier,
No pavement jobs, no salary steals,
No blocking of the nation's wheels,
No move in wrong directions farther,
No slippery Garfield, and no Arthur!

WHERE THE LOSS WAS.

A young man who belonged to an excursion party visiting Detroit called at the City Hall to make complaint to the Chief of Police that he had been robbed of his watch.

"What sort of a watch was it?" inquired the Chief.

"Well, it was kinder old-fashioned, but it kept the straightest time you ever saw. Every clock within four miles of our house was run by that watch."

"What was it worth?"

"Well, I'd been offered seven dollars for it."

"It isn't such a great loss, then?"

"It isn't the money value that hurts me, though I don't care to lose seven dollars any more than any other man. You see, it was the only time-piece we had to run our prayer-meeting by, and when the Deacon rose up and asked me what time it was, the minit I begun to haul out that ticker every other young man dropped his head, and every gal pricked up her ears and ached for me to beau her home. It made me solid all along the town-line and put me ahead at country dances, and I've got to git it back or go home and tell the folks that I came across a blamed fool and sold it for a twenty."

"And you wouldn't do that?"

"I might you know, but the minit the old man wanted to give me his note for nineteen of it I'd have to own up or shake his paper, and dad's a man who backs his note with a fist as big as the top of your hat."

A FEW FACTS.

A Boston paper thus groups together some statistics of the kind which almost everybody might know, if any one took time to think of them:

The entire population of the United States could stand in Boston.

The entire population of the world now estimated at 1,440,000, could stand on the island of Martha's Vineyard.

The State of Massachusetts would in this way accommodate seventy times the population of the world.

The entire population of the world, placed side by side, and allowing two feet to each person, would encircle the earth twenty times.

The States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, taken together, are as large as England.

Kansas is as large as England and Scotland together.

Any one of the States of Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, and North Carolina is as large as England.

Ireland is about the size of Maine.

The entire population of the United States could be provided for in Texas, allowing each man, woman and child four acres of land.

The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land.

FAIR PLAY.—Once, when I was returning from Ireland (says Rowland Hill), I found myself annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First, the captain swore at the mate; then the mate swore at the captain; then they swore at the wind, when I called out to them for fair play.

"Stop! stop!" said I, "if you please gentlemen, it is my turn now."

"Ah, what is your turn, pray?" said the captain.

"At swearing," I replied.

Well, they waited and waited, until their patience was exhausted, and they wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience.

To this, the captain replied with a laugh, "Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn."

"Pardon me, captain," I answered, "but I do, as soon as I can find the good in doing so."

I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

☞ The California dairyist who put a rock in the centre of every cheese he shipped to South America was acuated by the kindest motives. He thought the stone would do to kill the skippers with.

☞ A lady writer is out with an article entitled "How to Catch a Husband." But her theory is all wrong. Ask any married woman how to catch a husband, and she will reply: "By the hair."

☞ Consider not so much your dress as your address.

THEY'D DO THEIR BEST.

A party of Detroiters who were fishing for brook trout on the Boyne River, and camping on its banks, ran out of supplies, and an envoy was sent out to beg, buy or borrow something until an order sent to Traverse City could be filled. After a walk of two miles he reached a log house in the woods. A woman, five children, three dogs and a family of tame coons occupied the only single room in the house. The furniture was all home-made, the tableware consisted entirely of tin dishes, and only one bed was visible. The envoy stated his errand, and the woman replied:

'Flour! I reckon we ran out o' flour yesterday, and we won't have any more till next week.'

'Can you spare any coffee?'

'I guess not. The last coffee we had run out on Christmas. If we git any next week I'll spare you some.'

'How about tea?'

'Well, tea has been purty skeerce with us for the last two months, but Ben said he thought of gittin' some 'long this fall. If you are around here when our tea comes we'll divide with you.'

'You haven't any potatoes to spare have you?'

'Well, now, you ought to have been here last week for taters. I cooked the last Sunday. These 'ere dogs and children sot a heap by cold 'taters, and they go off like hot cakes. Ben is going to git some more 'long about Saturday.'

'Haven't you any provisions at all which you can spare?' asked the discouraged envoy.

'Well, now, I don't believe we have, but we are goin' to stock up 'long in the fall. I was telling Ben only last night that I'd got kinder tired of scroochin' along on Injun and 'lasses.'

'I'll buy some of that if you can spare it, for we havn't a bite of anything in camp.'

'No, I can't sell any. Fact is, we had the last for breakfast, and Ben won't get any more till Saturday night.'

'I'm sorry,' sighed the man as he turned away.

'Yes, so am I,' she sighed in return.

'I seed yer party down thar in camp t'oth day, and you look like honest fol.. I'd be glad to spare you something, but I can't. If you men want to move your camp up here, and enjoy our society, and use our smudge to drive away skeeters, we'll do our best to make it pleasant; but when you come down to fodder we ain't nowhar. I was telling Ben only last night that we'd be lucky if we got these dogs and coons through another winter.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHEERFUL WOMEN.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any or every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference—the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is too serious for them 'to make the best of it.' Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face across its turbid tide would not awake an answering gleam? Why these joyous tempered people don't [illegible]

☞ One of the hardest tasks ever set a man is to forget the good deeds he has done and to chide himself for the evil.

All Sorts of Clippings

Woman is the Sunday of man.

P. T. Barnum is seventy years old.

A good perfume levels all ranks.

The taste forever refines in the study of woman.

A corn dodger—a man who avoids wearing tight boots.

Of all blessings, ladies are the soothingest.

The irritable artist often paints in distemper.

The profession of woman is the hardest of all professions.

Contact with a high-minded woman is good for the life of any man.

None laugh better and oftener than women with fine teeth.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome and dumb to the inquisitive.

What is the best government? That which teaches self-government.

Iron affected by a fog is mist-rusted.

A two-foot rule—don't wear tight shoes.

Camphorated overcoats will soon be in order.

The season for spoiling books and pressing autumn leaves has arrived.

The season for shooting squirrels and straw hats has arrived.

A gilded frame makes a good picture in the eyes of nearly all the world.

Why is a conductor of music like the telegraph? Because he beats time.

It takes but little time and space to turn man's laughter into man-slaughter.

The man who would not die in spring-time may be killed by a fall.

Bad coffee is mean, but some men are meaner. Bad coffee will settle.

"The roofer" has an elevated occupation, but a hire life is led by the livery horse."

A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing; but there is always a man in it.

A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes and the purgatory of the purse.

A correspondent asks: "Can a woman ride a bicycle?" Yes, she can, but she won't.

The ice men are giving good weight now to make up for the little mistakes of last summer.

A youth with his first cigar makes himself sick. A youth with his first girl makes other people sick.

Indian belles never paint. It seems impossible for them to become civilized.

The onion was invented by a spinster goddess who had a spite against Cupid.

It is thought that there will be a tied-all wave in the sea of matrimony this fall.

A man who has tumbled into a well knows something about the dangers of the deep.

The season for going hunting for game and shooting yourself or some one else has arrived.

Physicians are returning from the seashore, and it is now no longer necessary to keep well.

Mrs. Langtry thinks she has been on free exhibition long enough and wants to go on the stage.

A man is supposed to be in his prime at forty, unless he knocks his time out before that time.

One hundred and thirty-seven different birds in the South are said to be enemies of the cotton worm.

The demand for chairs that Washington sat in is keeping the furniture makers very busy.

Manufacturers of plaster know enough to advertise. That is the way to make anything draw well.

There's many a man whose high ambition is to successfully contest a seat on a nail-keg in a corner grocery.

That writer does the most who gives his readers the most knowledge and takes from him the least space.

No human scheme can be so accurately projected but some little circumstance may intervene to spoil it.

Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath by exercise, and in heart with cheerfulness.

The man who can hold his tongue best in a controversy is the one who will come out successfully in the end.

Exemption from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to proper enjoyment.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for he who should he love ten thousand men who never loved one.

There are 2,000 hives of bees in the United States, and the estimated annual revenue from them is $2,000,000.

A Philadelphia policeman who, in discharge of his duty, shot two ladies, has become insane through remorse.

One of the original tea stamps, which caused the rumpus a century ago, is advertised for sale by a London firm.

There is a Latin term for cod liver oil, but none for the taste of it. The Romans races were not well up in pro-

A seal is especially fond of music and will follow a boat to listen to musical instrument, or even a number of pieces.

The army worm perchance is very bad, but there have been things worse. [illegible] will with the army that were

A Delaware peach grower has been robbed by an ignorant farm hand of [illegible] at the layer of big peaches at the bottom of the basket.

An engraver in a noted jewelry establishment recently designed a monogram which could be read. He was, of course, immediately discharged.

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