The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 20.

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. Hickes, 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. BURN'S & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

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ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

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

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Thomas Matthews & Son,

Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,

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

White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PALES, etc.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

WRITE FOR PRICES.

EMPIRE GRAIN DRILL.

NO MORE GUESS WORK!

APPROXIMATE PERFECTION!

The New Fertilizer DISTRIBUTOR

ATTACHED TO THIS DRILL IS A

Wonderful Invention.

It isthe 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 G. 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

IN HARVEST DAY.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Thro' Farmer Gale's wide fields I passed
Just yestereve;
My week of holiday was spent,
And idly on the stile I leant,
Taking my leave.

Of all the fair and smiling plain,
Wood, vale and hill,
And all the homely household band,
(The warm grasp of each kindly hand
Bides with me still);

And I was sad. The stricken grain
Around me lay;
I could but think of silent glade—
Of buds and blossoms lowly laid
The harvest day.

"And this is all!" I sadly said
These withered leaves—
This gathered grain! Spring's hour of bliss
And summer's glory turn to this—
Some yellow sheaves!"

Then Farmer Gale—that good old man,
So simply wise—
Who overheard, and quickly turned,
Still while a spark of anger burned
In his gray eyes:

"Lad, thou art town-bred, knowing naught
Whereof thou praitest!
For, be the flower as fair as May,
The fruit it yields in harvest day
Is still the greatest!

"And thou—thy spring shall quickly pass;
Fast fall the leaves
From life's frail tree. In harvest day
See that before thy Lord thou lay
Some yellow sheaves."

He went his way; I mine; and now
I hear the flow
Of busy life in crowded street—
Of eager voices, hurrying feet,
To come and go.

Yet e'en while flashing factory looms
My hands engage,
I see that far-off upland plain—
Its long, long rows of gathered grain,
Its rustic sage.

And hear them say: "Let pleasures fair,
And passions vain,
And youthful follies, fade and die;
But all good deeds, pure thoughts and high
Like golden grain,

"Be gathered still." Blest harvest store
That only grows
In hearts besprinkled with the blood
That evermore—a sacred flood—
From Calvary flows!

Lord, when thou callest, when this world
My spirit leaves,
Then to Thy feet, oh, let me come,
Bringing, in joyful harvest-home,
Some yellow sheaves!

RESERVED SEATS.

In traveling, one meets with many selfish people; among them countless women who insist on monopolizing two seats in a railway car under the pretense that one of them is engaged by an attendant gentleman supposedly in the smoking car for a brief interval. We saw two women of this sort rightly served during a summer trip. For fifty miles they succeeded in warding off travelers who sought the shady side of the car, and the seat in front of them was the convenient receptacle of their baggage. Finally, however, an uncouth looking individual quickly removed the baggage and turned the seat. The astonished ladies paused in their conversation to each other and raised their hands as if in remonstrance, but it was too late; the thing was quietly and quickly accomplished, and the two foreigners who were seated there seemed to understand no words or gestures. Public opinion in that car, at least sided with them. On another occasion, when our party entered a car, not a seat was available. One person was guarding four, others one and two; the aisle was uncomfortably crowded. "This way," said the conductor, "room for those in the palace car who are standing." The engaged seats were at a discount (plenty of room now), but the conductor insisted that they should be retained by their occupants, and all were made comfortable. "Do as you would be done by," is a good rule when traveling as elsewhere.

☞ Young Mr. Latehours was sitting on the porch the other night watching a seventeen-year-old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the morning star rise. They talked astronomy.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy.

"I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously.

"And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own; "and why?" he repeated imperiously.

"Oh," she said with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oilcloth, "because then you would only come around once every 1,500 years!"

He didn't say anything until he was half way to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house and muttered between his teeth that "by the dads, it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around ag'in." But by that time the poor girl was in bed and sound asleep.

☞ The steadily growing tendency of the American people to concentate in cities is shown by these figures: In 1790 one-thirtieth of the population only was in cities. In 1800 the proportion was one-twenty fifth: in 1820, one-twentieth; in 1830, one-sixteenth; in 1840, one person in every twelve lived in a city; in 1850, the proportion was one-eigth; in 1860, one-sixth; and in 1870 it was more than one-fifth. Judging from the past increase, nearly one-fourth of the entire fifty millions of our population is gathered in cities. The long depression in agricultural pursuits has had much to do with this undesirable state of things, and the reaction in favor of those pursuits cannot fail to do much towards arresting the growth of this passion for city life.

☞ The Chinese in Canton are attacking foreign residents.

Select Story.

THAT DAY IN HIS BOAT.

It was a wild night. The wind blew, the rain drove, the waves roared in the near distance.

It had been a fateful day to me. Grandfather Delmar, with whom I had lived ever since I could remember, had been carried to his final home that afternoon, and now I was the last representative of that ancient name. The wild acres of the Delmar plantation, originally one of the largest estates on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, had come down to me as sole heiress. To me also descended the Delmar diamonds, which for two certuries had blazed on the Delmar ladies. I say descended, but I am hardly correct, for these priceless jewels were mine only under the will of my grandfather, and that will contained a proviso which I had just learned for the first time. I was to marry Randolph Heath, the ward and adopted son of my grandfather, or else the entire property was to go to this self-same Randolph.

The will had just been read. The funeral guests, or at least the most important of them, had listened to it in the great drawing-room below, the walls of which were hung with portraits of my Delmar ancestors, handsome men, and lovely, golden-haired women.

'Charlotte,' said my aunt when the reading of the will was ended—'Charlotte, my dear, you must invite our friends for the night. You are mistress now.'

'I shall never be mistress of Delmar Hall, Aunt Mordaunt,' I said firmly.

She clutched my arm, her eyes wide with wonder.

'And why not, pray?'

'Because of the proviso. I will never wed Randolph Heath.

Her face whitened to the hue of death. She was a lone widow and I was her idol; and she coveted all those jewels and rich acres for my heritage. For a moment we stood breathless.

'But Randolph Heath is now in Australia,' suggested a friend, 'and you are mistress till he returns.'

Poor aunty caught at this last hope with a gasp of relief.

'So you are, my dear,' she put in; 'we'll leave all these disagreeable things to be settled in the future. To-night, friends, we will shut the doors against the storms and be comfortable.'

She swept off towards the glowing parlor, followed by her guest, while I fled away to my own chamber.

The afternoon, as I have said, had turned into rain and the waves thundered on the shores of the bay close by with a coarse cry, like a human heart in pain. I paced my room restlessly. I could not marry this Randolph Heath, whose face I had never looked upon since the days of my earlier chilhood. I could not do it, for another face rose before me, the face of the man I loved. A poor man landless and unknown, yet who had grown so dear to me in the few brief months of our summer acquaintance that to give him up were worse than death. Yet I was a Delmar, and it was a sore trial to lose my heritage—to lose the Delmar jewels. All the Delmar women before me had worn those matchless old diamonds; and must I, alone of them, be disinherited and dowerless?

'Yes, cheerfully,' I said; 'since to keep them I must give up the choice of my heart. Dear, dear summer days,'

For it had been during a visit to a school friend, who lived in one of the loveliest counties of Pennsylvania, that I had met, the preceding June, Herbert Stanley. For the first time in my life I had found in my life I had found in him a perfectly congenial soul. We liked the same poetry, preferred the same music, admired the same scenery. Ah! what delicious days were those. We rode, we walked, we sailed, we read together. Our acquaintance soon passed into intimacy, and from that ripened into love.

Never could I forget the day, the blissful day, when my hopes became a certainty. Herbert had asked me the evening before if I would go with him in his boat. No knight of old could have handed me into the vessel more reverentially than he did. How manly he looked! How strong and self-contained! My heart beat fast, for something in his manner told me what was coming, but I was inexpressibly happy, nevertheless. He rowed for about half an hour, then stopping, he lay upon his oars, and looking me in the face like a brave heart as he was, told his tale, though with many a hesitating word, and many a look of anxiety.

Should I give such a one up? Never! Yet the temper of my thoughts was such that I could not stay in doors! I left the house and ran down to the shore of the bay, having first thrown a shawl over my head. The storm and darkness was terrific and the tide was coming in with a hoarse, sullen cry. The salt mist drenched my hair, the winds tore and shrieked around me, and overhead hung the pitchblack sky.

Suddenly I heard a step, and looking up I saw Herbert himself. I started with surprise.

'I have been hovering about all day,' he said. 'I had given up the hope of seeing you. But still I could not tear myself away.'

'You do not doubt me?' I cried. 'Oh, Herbert!'

My look, my tone, even more than my words, reassured him.

'Thank heaven!' he said, drawing a deep breath. 'Thank heaven! It is not true, then, what I hear. You are not going to betray me.'

'Betray you?'

'I was told you were to be disinherited unless you married Randolph Heath, and that the temptation had been too great for you. I did not believe it. And yet—and yet—forgive me, my darling. I see I was wrong—I was fearfully afraid.'

'Be afraid no longer,' I whispered, nestling on his broad breast. 'What are broad acres and jewels to your dear love? I am yours, and yours only.'

He bent and kissed me. After a while he said, 'I do not fear your fidelity, but I do fear for the prosecution you may suffer. It is but a short walk to the little church. I know the rector; he was, I find, one of my old schoolmates. Be mine to-night, and I will go away content. Not till you permit it shall the marriage be made public.'

'I am yours,' I said, 'but let it be to-morrow evening. I will tell my aunt in a day or two afterwards.—Poor aunt, it will need that time to prepare her.'

It was arranged, therefore, that I should meet my lover at the same hour the next evening, and with a parting embrace, I hurried in, lest I should be missed.

Aunt Mordaunt was in a flutter of excitement the next morning. She had just received a letter say that Randolph Heath had returned, and that he would be at Delmar Hall by sunset.

'Now, Charlotte, my love,' she said, bustling into my chamber before I was awake, 'do try and look your best to-night. You are a beauty, I know, but a charming toilet sets you off amazingly. Lay off your heavy crape just for to-night, and wear that white silk with the lily-of-the-valley trimmings. You must fascinate this Randolph Heath at the outset; it will be quite comfortable to have him at your feet, for you must marry him, my dear; you are too sensible a girl to make a beggar of yourself.'

I only smiled in answer, and I suffered my maid to array me in the dainty silk. But at set of sun, instead of receiving Randolph Heath in the grand parlors of the Hall I was speeding away with my lover towards the old ivy-covered church, built of brick imported from England a century and a half before; the church where the Delmars for five generations had been married. In the soft glitter of the early starlight we wedded. An hour after I was home again. But as I ascended to my room I remembered that I had looked my last upon the blinking Delmar diamonds and on the broad lands of the Hall.

I had hardly closed my chamber door behind me when my aunt entered.

'Charlotte, you must come down at once; you must, indeed; she said. 'Randolph is in the drawing room and asks to see you. Don't be odd. Here, Lucille, do your young lady's hair.'

I stood uncertain.

'And now, my dear, put on your diamonds,' continued poor auntie, fluttering round me; you should always wear gems, they really become you.'

'But, auntie, the diamonds are not mine,' I began, wishing to gain time to think.

I was almost ready then and there to tell the truth. But I pitied auntie and hesitated.

'I never shall marry him,' I answered.

'We shall see, my love. At any rate, come down and welcome him. That much is due, at the least.'

This decided me. It was his due. As we descended to the grand drawing-room, where my grandfather's adopted son awaited us, I stopped for a moment on the stairs and gazed around me with almost a sigh of regret. In a few days I must go out from the dear old place disowned and disinherited. Poor auntie! the blow will fall heavily on her.

Shutting my hand involuntarily over the marriage ring upon my finger, I followed my aunt, my heart in my mouth. A tail figure arose as entered and advanced to meet us. I heard my aunt's warm word of welcome, and then I felt my own hands grasped, and looked up.

I cried out in amazement, for the stranger was no one else than Herbert Stanley, my newly wedded husband.

'Can I hope that you will ever forgive me?' he said with a smile. 'I am Randolph Heath. I knew of the proviso to your grandfather's will for years. But as I wanted you to love me for myself, if you could, I planned to meet you last summer. Can you forgive me?'

I looked up into his dear kind face. 'No matter who you are, or what you planned,' I answered, putting my hand in his, 'I forgive you, for I love you.'

Then we told the story of our marriage. Aunt Mordaunt listened in horrified amazement.

'An indiscreet thing, to say the least, my love,' she said; 'you might have committed a grave mistake.—It is all right, since you've married Mr. Heath. But really, my dears, you must have a wedding. Yes, in order to preserve the prestige of the old name, if nothing more, we really must have a wedding and marry you over again.'

And she did; and it was a most magnificent affair. The old Hall was a blaze of light, and crowded with noble guests, and I wore point lace and the Delmar diamonds.

But I was not half so happy as on the day when I first heard from my husband's lips that he loved me—heard it that day in his boat.

☞ Dean Swift called at a house in Cavan, where the lady overdid his welcome, saying: "Will you have an apple pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry pie, sir? Will you have a currant pie, sir? Will you have a cherry pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon pie, sir?"

At last, wearied with her words, he, said, "Any pie, madam, but a magpie."

☞ On a barber shop at the Highlands is a sign of "Kindling wood for sale," and as Barker walked past there last night with his family his wife asked him if he supposed that barber saved his shavings and sold them, too. Barker says he never knew how smart a wife he had before.

A RELIC OF THE WAR.

Yesterday a well dressed man—but this is not a fashion article; what's the use in describing a man's dress? Anyway, the man entered a store, and taking a brass button from his pocket he handed it to a bystander, and remarked:

"Rather a valuable relic. This button was shot from General Hancock's coat at the battle of Gettysburg. My father was on Hancock's staff, and picked up the button when it fell from the General's coat."

"I should think it was valuable," said the man, examining it. "From Hancock's coat? Well, I declare. What'll you take for it? Excuse me, sir. I should not have asked such a silly question."

"No offence, sir. I wouldn't sell the relic, of course, as it is bound to me by more than one tie. My father is dead," and the man looked away while the other party turned and made a foreign remark to a boy that stood by the counter lazily turning the leaves of a lot of sheet music. "No, I wouldn't sell it," continued the man, "but, as I am in straitened circumstances, I am going down to the pawn shop and pawn it."

"Don't do that. Let me take it."

"Well, loan me $5."

The money was handed over, and after the relic man had carefully taken down the address of the capitalist he walked out. About five minutes afterward the clerk in a neighboring store entered and exclaimed:

"See here, fellers, I reckon I've got the boss relic—a button from Gen. Hancock's coat at the battle of Gettysburg." He then unwrapped a lot of oil paper from around a brass button.

"Where did you get it?" asked the man who had a similar curiosity.

"I got it from a man whose father picked it up just after a bullet had clipped it from Hancock's coat.—The poor fellow had started to the pawn shop. I let him have ten dollars on it."

"What, ho! boss," exclaimed another man, entering the store and holding up a brass button. "Here's a relic for you. Shot from Hancock's coat during the—"

"Say, there," said a man looking through the doorway, "do you fellers want to see a relic of the late war, shot—"

"I've got one that'll beat it," said a man, stooping and fumbling in his vest pocket.

"Hole on dar," said a colored man. Lemme show yer de boss curyosity. Hit's a button got offen—"

"Oh, let up," exclaimed several voices, while the noise of buttons rolling on the floor was heard.

"Less look for that feller," said the first victim. "Why, bust my buttons, somebody must have drawn on Hancock with a double barrel shot gun."

The party went out, and the only information learned of him was that he had just cut the buttons from an old army coat and started for the next town.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

THE RELIABLE MAN.

Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The world itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits, the absence of this crowning quality that we are tempted in our bilious moods to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose world is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any one of you know such a man, make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character. The reliable man is a man of good judgement. He does not jump at conclusions. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind and looks at it all around. He is not a partial or one sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in the habits of body, but also in mind. He is not a passionate man, if so by nature he has overcome it by grace.—He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. But a trust-worthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a watchful, vigilant man. You feel secure within his protection. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man and one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born; it is made.—Character may be formed; of course then its component parts may be modeled to that formation.

☞ A little girl of Sulivan, Moultrie County, Missouri, has the past winter had, first, whooping cough, then chicken pox, and a few days later took the measles. As she lay tossing upon her pillow she looked up at her father and said: "Papa, what comes next?"

☞ She was a four-year-old blonde, generally quiet and tractable, but mamma had provoked her. "I don't love you any more mamma!" "Very well, dear, you needn't."—"Well, I don't love you." "All right, dearie, mamma will try to get along." "Well, I do love you; but I don't feel just like it now."

☞ "Do you believe in second love, Mr. McQuade?" "Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound? and isn't that sweet, too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

NEW YORK SUN.

Here are integrity, honesty, bravery—
Take your choice.
There are rascality, bribery, knavery—
Take your choice.

Here is a plain and old-fashioned capacity—
Take your choice.
There is a sample of greed and rapacity—
Take your choice,

Here is one blameless, just as from the start he was—
Take your choice.
Here is a man with a record unsullied yet—
Take your choice.
One who has never been bribed or been bullied yet—
Take your choice.

There is a man who has been false to the trust of us—
Take your choice.
What can he claim but the blame and disgust of us?
Take your choice.

Here is a man whose word is verity—
Take your choice.
One who is noted for truth and sincerity—
Take your choice.

There is a man who was bribed and has lied to us—
Take your choice.
How as a leader can he be a pride to us?
Take your choice.

A TERRIBLE WEAPON.

New York World.

According to the National Zeitung, the new Prussian gun is a repeating gun, capable of firing twelve shots per 24 seconds, after which it may be used like any ordinary gun of one shot. This result has been obtained by a store-chamber holding cartridges made of sheet iron, weighing 350 grammes and with a capacity of eleven cartridges. This store-chamber can be removed or inserted at will, and it acts automatically when the store-chrmber is opened or even when it is shut, no special movement being necessary. In opening the store-chamber a cartridge comes forward, so that it will fall into place when the store-chamber is again opened. This store-chamber can be adapted to any gun loading at the breech, if the latter be provided with a cylindrical closing; and thus repeatings are obtained. It requires but 15 seconds to refill the store-chamber, when it may be carried separately or at once inserted in the gun. In the latter case it is applied to the cartridge chamber, the weight coming, favorably, upon the center of gravity of the gun. The gun does not lose any of its qualities of rapid discharge by this addition. By means of this invention one can be loading while firing. It is a curious fact that the author of this murderous improvement is Mr. Loewe, a member of the Progressionist party of Prussia, and attached as such to the "Leagion of Peace!"

ALTHOUGH some women are foolish enough to dangerously compress their vitals for the sake of unnatural slenderness, a fashion writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that no such proceeding is required by the prevailing styles. "Corsets as now generally worn," she continues, "are more a comfort than otherwise. The present evil practice in this direction is that of forcibly flattening the bosom. About no other article of dress is a fashionable woman more finicky. But women who can afford it have their corsets made to order, often paying as high as $25 for a carefully fitted one. Those who demand of their dressmakers that their bodices shall fit like a glove, without a wrinkle or a strain, must consent to wear corsets always of the same size and shape. Otherwise a perfect fit at one time will not be so at another. Many women are so soft and pliant that they can be shaped by a corset to almost any desired figure: but having chosen a model, they must stick to it, or alter their dresses with every change of stays. Formerly, when skirts were voluminous, it did not matter what the corset was like below the waist line: but now, with skirts lying flat, all the outlines are of importance. This has led to the extension of corsets downward, until women who are at all round are commonly encased from shoulder to leg. The corsets displayed in the stores, with their ribs of bone and metal, look like rows of ancient armor. The lengthening is a good thing, because it equalizes the pressure and prevents a girting in of the waist alone."

EGYPT'S SCATTERED OBELISKS.—Thirty obelisks transported from Egypt from time to time are now standing in various parts of Europe. Of these there are in Rome eleven, of which four are higher than the New York obelisk. The highest of these, and the highest in Europe, being 106 feet without the base stands before the church of St. John Lateran. The obelisk in the piazza of St. Peter's is eighty-two feet nine inches high. Both of these are mounted on high pedestals. The pedestal of the St. John Lateran obelisk is forty-four feet high, making the entire height of obelisk and pedestal 150 feet. The pedestal of the St. Peter's obelisk is a trifle less than fifty feet high, making the whole height of the monument 132 feet 2 inches. If Commander Gorringe has brought with him the entire pedestal on which the New York obelisk stood at Alexandria, about the same proportions will be observed as those of St. John Leteran obelisk, the pedestal of the former being twenty-seven feet one inch, and its obelisk sixty-eight feet eleven inches, making the whole height of the obelisk ninety-six feet.

"Don't you think the weather is very humid?" said Miss Fitzjoy, as she leaned on Mr. Loplofty's arm. "Weally I cannot say. I always, aw, go in when it wains, aw." "Then he does know that much," said she, in a very low voice, aside.

All Sorts of Clippings

A pair of slippers—two eels.

A good side show—a pretty cheek.

Hear first; speak afterwards.

In order to learn, we must attend.

It takes two to make a bar gain, and one must pay for the drinks.

Consider not so much your dress as your address.

The Boys in Blue—Republicans after reading the returns from Maine.

Times are so good now that even the oyster is fatter than usual.

Spend as little as you possibly can, but pay the cash.

The Spanish cry-sis—Alphonzo's girl baby.

Be wise, advertise, tell no lies, and you will rise.

Strange to say dried apples are not popular at "swell" hotels.

A Greene county (Ga.) child has two tongues.

Recipe for making your own eye water—stick your finger in it.

There is enough untilled cotton land in Texas to supply the world.

Life is far too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

A gentleman will never insult any one, and a loafer cannot.

Half-witted people have a talent of talking much and saying little.

Compliments cost nothing, yet many people pay dearly for them.

"Do not talk ice to a butterfly" is a Chinese saying.

The way to be sure of getting some water is to cry "fire."

It is easier to blame than to do better.

Knowledge of ourselves requires great penetration.

One half of all who are born, die before reaching the age of 17.

The olive trees of California will yield a very large crop this year.

A lady sat for her photograph at Niles, Ohio, recently, on her 102d birthday.

A small colony of settlers for Utah Territory left Washington county a short time ago.

Until 1776, cotton spinning was done solely on the hand-spinning wheel.

Italy imported, during the first six months of 1880, 250,000 tons of cereals of all kinds.

When society begins to profit by a man's misfortunes, his difficulties rarely terminate.

Jay Gould has donated $100,000 to be used for the relief of distressed farmers in Kansas.

The injuries we do, and those we suffer, are never weighed in the same balance.

Almost anything can be preserved in alcohol except health, happiness and money.

A tablet with the names of 19 Princes of Wales has been placed in Carnarvon Castle.

Protestants constitute sixty-two and a half per cent. of the population of the German Empire.

Mr. John C. Hamilton, son of Alander Hamilton, is in good health, despite his 86 years.

Parliament in England has increased the grant for scientific experiments from $5,000 to $25,000.

There were over 100,000,000 tons of freight carried over the various railroads in Pennsylvania in 1879.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.

Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence is the third.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

It is more natural to a corrupt man to envy than to imitate the spiritual excellences of others.

The way to judge character is to compare men with men, and not the ideals of what they should be.

Peace is the final result toward which every conception of true living in Christ should tend.

If we are good, example is the best lustre of virtue; if we are bad, shame is the best step to amendment.

The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

Sometimes a man gets the best of cider, and then again cider gets the best of him.

We presume they call it "the roof" of a boy's pantaloons, because it is the part that is shingled.

The tramp is always cowardly, and nothing pleases him better than to strike a bed when it's down.

There is a great difference between being a member of the bar and being a lawyer.

A Western paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of 57 years, "Another Old Landmark Gone."

English farmers are liable to arrest for killing hares on their own farms.

English sparrows have driven the squirrels from Court square in Memphis.

Twenty per cent of the cattle that run on the western plains die during the winter.

Russia has 650,000 hereditary nobles and 380,000 whose titles expire with them.

The betrothal bracelet now takes the place of the engagement ring, and is worn on the left arm.

The amazing rush of gold to the United States is what Europe can't understand, and is determined not to endure.

Canon Farrar is a quiet, reserved man, and cannot lead a conversation. He is nearly 50, but looks ten years younger.

Mr. Spurgeon has lately received a legacy of $200,000 for the benefit of his Pastors' College, and $125,000 for his Orphanage.

If good people would make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause?

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