The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 21.

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June 17, 1880.

MY NEIGHBOR.

"Love thou thy neighbor," we are told,
"Even as thyself." That creed I hold;
But love her more, a thousand fold!

My lovely neighbor, oft we meet
In lonely lane, or crowded street;
I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day,
She must have missed her usual way,
And walked into my heart for aye.

Or how the rustle of her dress
Thrills thro' me like a soft caress,
With trembles of deliciousness.

Wee woman, with her smiling mien,
And soul celestially serene,
She passes me, unconscious queen.

Her face most innocently good,
Where shyly peeps the sweet red blood:
Her form a nest of womanhood!

Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread,
When ways are miry—I could spread
My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah, neighbor, you will never know
Why 'tis my step is quickened so;
Nor what the prayer I murmur low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn,
Fresh as the rosebud newly born;
I marvel, can you have a thorn?

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast
Against it, and the more it prest,
Sing like the bird that grief hath blest.

I hear you sing! And thro' me spring
Doth musically ripple and ring;
Little you think I'm listening!

You know not, dear, how dear you be;
All dearer for the secrecy:
Nothing, and yet a world to me.

So near, too! you could hear me sigh,
Or see my case with half an eye:
but must not. There are reasons why.

"Not a Word Mind, to Dinah Ann!"

'Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann!'

Dinah Ann herself, the speaker's wife, having strolled down the garden in the sweet stillness of the summer night, heard these suggestive words as the gig pulled up at the gate, and her husband descended from it. She was a pleasing little woman of seven or eight and thirty, with a dark brown eye, a bright, fresh face, and a natural propensity to take her own way, in the house and out of it. Drawing back from the gate behind the well-kept hawthorn hedge, she waited for what was to come next.

'Not a word, for your life, mind to Dinah Ann!'

'No fear,' replied a voice, which she recognized as that of her brother, Harry Leete; "I know what women are. She'd be for—revolutionizing the house and herself, too, once let her get an inkling of this. No fear, James! Take care on your side that you don't lose that—or let Dinah Ann find it.'

'I'll take care. When are you coming to smoke a quiet pipe with me? I shall want your advice as to——'

'One of these evenings,' interrupted the lawyer, as he drove on up the lane. 'Good-night!'

James Harbury, substantial farmer and agriculturist, came through the gate and turned to fasten it.—Had he turned the other way, to the left instead of the right, he would have seen his wife, standing against the hedge as close as she could stand almost into it. He did not see her, and went straight up the path to the house. When his footsteps had died away, Mrs. Harbury wound her light summer gown over her black silk apron, caught hold of her lilac capstrings, lest the cap should fly off, and ran swiftly up the narrow sidewalk, got round to the back, went through the house, let drop her gown and entered the sitting room, all calmly, nearly as soon as her husband.

'Got back!' she exclaimed, with a look of surprise.

'Just come,' replied the farmer; 'Your brother Harry drove me up in his gig.'

'What brings Harry up here in his gig at this time? and why did you not come back with Hall?' inquired Mrs. Harbury, who always liked to be at the beginning and the end of everything.

'Harry had to come,' said the farmer,' who seemed to be walking about rather restlessly—and who never thought of such a thing as refusing to satisfy his wife's questions. 'He got a message from the Down farm to go over there without loss of time. I thought I might as well come with him, Dinah Ann. As to Hall, I left him stuck in the tap-room of the 'Tawny Lion;' he didn't order his gig to be ready before ten o'clock.'

'Just like Peter Hall! You'd have taken the reins yourself, James, I reckon, had you come back with him.'

'Oh, he'll not get as bad as that? But, I say, Dinah Ann, it's a sad thing about Partridge at the Down farm. A day or two ago he went out with his haymakers—and you know what a man he is to work when he does set about it—got into a heat and drank a lot of cold cider. It struck to him, for death, they say; and Harry is gone to make his will.'

'What a dreadful thing!' exclaimed Dinah Ann, who had a feeling heart, with all her curiosity.

'Ay, 'tis. I think I'd like a snack of cold beef, Dinah Ann, though it is late. I got talking to your brother in his office and missed my tea; so I've had nothing since one o'clock dinner. While Phœbe puts it, I'll just go out and take a look at White Bess.'

'White Bess is all right,' said Mrs. Harbury. 'So much better that Evans thinks you might have ridden her. No need to go and see her now.'

'Better, is she! I should like to give her a look.'

He took up his hat, which still lay on the table, and went out. Mrs. Harbury's eyes followed him; they were full of speculation, and her mind also.

'I don't believe he is gone to look at the mare,' soliloquized she. 'He'd not disturb her, now he hears she is all right. And how absent and fidgetty he seemed! There is some mystery, and I should like to know what it is. I wonder whether—I should not think—no, I should not think he can have stolen out to meet somebody,' she concluded, her tone dubious, in spite of the stress laid on the 'not.'

Stepping lightly into the kitchen, and giving her orders to Phœby about the supper tray, she caught up an old water-proof cloak that hung in the back passage, threw it on to hide her light dress and crept out after her husband. It was a very light and beautiful night; in fact, it could not be said to be yet as dark as it would be—and that is never dark in the fine nights of summer.

'For him to lose his tea,' ran her thoughts, 'of all things! It must be uncommonly urgent business to induce James to forego a meal of any kind. I do wonder what secret they have got between them. 'Not a word, for your life, mind, to Dinah Ann,' cries he. 'No fear,' answers Harry, 'I know what women are—and she'd be for revolutionizing the house, and herself, too.' Yes, that I should; but it's them I'd revolutionize, not myself,' she emphatically pronounced. 'It may be that old love affair cropped up again—that woman who threatened to bring an action for breach of promise when James married me. Perhaps she has been writing to him! 'Mind you don't let Dinah Ann find it,' says Harry. Or perhaps—perhaps James has been foolish enouh to let her meet him, Harry, not a married man himself, and a lawyer, would lend himself to any earthly thing without scruple. All lawyers do.'

This rural district, remote from the haunts of wily men of the world, was given over entirely to farmers and farming interests; simple-mannered people, who lived out their uneventful lives in the routine of daily duties. The small market town of Northam, four miles distant was sleepy and primitive, never awakening from its slumbers save on the weekly market day. It had its parson; its doctor; and its lawyer—Harry Leete; all three of them being nearly as simple as the farmers. Not simple in point of intellect, it must be understood; but as to life and manners.

This, Thursday, was market day. James Harbury had gone to it, in the gig of a brother farmer, Peter Hall, his own mare, which he either rode or drove generally, being sick. He was a tall, slender man, of thirty years, very fair, with exceedingly handsome features and mild eyes, looking as unlike the popular notion of a farmer as man could look, and presenting a marked contrast to his agricultural neighbors. So far as appearances went, none of them, poor or rich, could vie with James Harbury, and his temper and his bearing were alike gentle.

He had one fault—though perhaps all people would not call it a fault—love of money. That he was one of the "warmest" farmers in the district was universally believed, and the most saving of men. Too saving his wife would tell him—and where was the use of it, she would ask, considering she had neither chick nor child?—and every now and then she would make the money fly, for she was a dear lover of smart attire and of having pretty things about her. James would wince and bid her to be careful; but he never went the length of telling her she had spent too much. He was fond of her and she of him.

'Neither chick nor child.' In that fact had lain a sharp sting. They had been married eight years now, and the sting was wearing itself away. Time softens all things. He had never given her cause for an unhappy thought—until to-night.—He had never had any secrets from her, except that he never could be brought to tell her what the exact sum was that he was enabled to put by at the end of each year. Dinah Ann Harbury did not care for that; she knew that however much it might be, it was all for her.

But she did care for this—this mysterious secret which had come to her hearing to-night. She knew how good-looking James was, how universally he was liked by man and by woman, and what a kind heart he had—she put it 'soft'—and something like jealously began to torment her spirit.

When James came in again, the supper-tray was at one end of the table, and Dinah Ann, an unusual light in her eyes, sat at the other end, near the lamp, having taken up her knitting. The farmer's general manner was easy and placid, though he had certainly seemed restless after leaving the gig, but now he was calm again.

'Well,' she said, as he cut himself a slice of the cold boiled beef, 'and how did you find White Bess?'

'Oh, she seems comfortable,' he replied, looking round for the mustard-pot.

'You deceitful villian! You know you did not go near the stable,' thought his wife. 'You are sure you think so,' she added, aloud.

'Yes. White Bess will be all herself to-morrow.'

'It is more than I shall be,' thought his wife, 'unless I can come to the bottom of this.'

He ate his supper nearly in silence, like a man who is mentally preoccupied. And he enjoyed it, too, for he was very hungry.

'James, do you ever hear anything of that Emma Land?'

James Harbury laid down his knife and fork in surprise at the question and looked across at his wife, whose face was bent over her knitting.

'Do you ever hear anything of Emma Land?' he repeated. 'What can make you ask that, Dinah Ann?'

'What can make me ask it? I don't know. The query happened to come into my mind. Why should I not ask it?'

'There is no sense in it—that I can see.'

'But do you?'

'Do what?'

'Ever hear of her?'

'Why, you know she went out to—where was it?—the West Indies, I think—to her friends there—ever so long ago. Nigh upon eight years it must be. You know she did, Dinah Ann.'

'But she may write from the West Indies. Perhaps she does. Does she write to you?'

James shook his head to imply a negative, and occupied himself with his supper again. Emma Land had once upon a time been a somewhat sore subject between them, for Dinah Ann was jealous in the old days.

'Do you ever see her, James?'

'See who?'

'You know. Emma Land?'

'I can't see what has put all this into your head to-night, Dinah Ann. What is it?'

'But do you?'

'Do I what?'

'See her.'

'Why, how could I see her?' returned he, in a sort of helpless tone, that his wife fully thought was put on. 'She is in the West Indies, and I am here.'

'She may not be in the West Indies now.'

'I don't know where she is. She's there for all I know—and I'm sure it does not matter.'

'Ask no questions, and you'll hear no stories,' thought his wife, quoting the line familiar to her in her school-girl days.

'I should not at all wonder, James, but Emma Land has come back again.'

'May be she has. Two or three year ago we heard she married out there—'

'Who heard it? Who said it?'

'I know I heard it; I remember it quite well. But as to who said it, I forget that—your brother, I think. That she had married a cousin.'

'Oh! Not that that's unlikely, for she was ready to marry anybody.—She'd have married you, you know. She laid traps for you.'

'That's about true, I believe; but I did not fall into them, Dinah Ann.' And, laughing good-natured, James turned from the supper-tray to reach his pipe. Dinah Ann rang the bell, resumed her knitting and fell into an unpleasant reverie.

A few days passed away, things going smoothly at the farm. Dinah Ann had recovered her temper—at least she displayed no signs of it being ruffled. James was as usual, save that at times he seemed a little absent and thoughtful. One afternoon he went up-stairs to change his every-day coat for a better one.

'Where are you going?' cried Mrs. Harbury, quickly, as he came down again.

'Only into Northam! I shall be home early.'

'Into Northam! It's not market day.'

'No; but I've got a little business there—about those sheep, you know, Dinah Ann. I shall get them at my own price, after all.'

'Of course you will. I told you so all along. But I do wonder you could not wait until to-morrow.'

'Oh—market day's always a bustling day; one forgets half one's business, or has not time to do it. Anyway i thought I'd go in this afternoon.'

'I should like to go with you, James.'

James received the impulsive wish with a blank look, and had no ready answer at hand.

'I want to buy a new silk gown, and to order a best cap, and ever so many other things. Yes; I will go with you, James. I won't be five minutes getting ready.'

'But—Dinah Ann—not to-day. I can't take you this afternoon. You shall go to-morrow, instead.'

'Why can't you take me?'

'Business,' he shortly replied.—And, his gig being just then brought round, White Bess in the shafts he got into it without more ado and drove away, calling out good-bye to his wife.

'I'll be even with you, Mr. James,' nodded she.

The sun was setting when he drove in again and round to the stable yard. Leaving his horse and gig with Evan, he was crossing to the house when his attention was caught by a huge volume of black smoke puffing out of the chimney of a narrow building that was formerly made to serve as a brew-house and wash-house, until the larger one was built. As it was out of use now, was not in fact used for any purpose whatever, or entered by anybody from month's end to month's end, Mr. Harbury naturally thought of fire. He rushed to it like a madman.

In the fire place under the furnace a fire blazed away, upon which more coal had recently been thrown.—Whiter than death James made one frantic move toward it, while a yell of what really seemed like terror broke from him. Another yell succeeded, and still another; then he collapsed utterly, and fell upon a low wooden stool in wild despair.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Dinah Ann, who had been stooping over some blankets in the far corner.—'What in the world is the matter? Is it spasms, James? Let me run for the camphor.'

'Camphor, indeed!' exclaimed the unhappy man. 'Bring poison, rather. Poison. You've ruined me.'

'He's off his head,' was her pitible suggestion. 'Let me rub you, James. Where is the pain? In the chest?'

James flung his arms around in all directions, so that she could not get to his chest, or to any part of him. 'Who lighted this fire?' he gasped.

'Phœbe lighted it. I ordered her. The flue in the proper wash-house has taken to smoking frightfully.—The blankets are to be washed to-morrow and will be put in soak to-night. But what is the fire to you, James, that you should be put out about it?'

'It's everything to me,' he faintly answered. 'Five hundred pounds has been burnt up in it.'

Rising from the stool—and Dinah Ann wondered the creeky old thing had not come down with his weight—he hastened indoors, sat down by the table and buried his face upon it. She found him so, his face hidden in his hands.

'Now, James, you must tell me what all this means—if you are not quite out of your senses. Come! I intend to know.'

'Yes, you may know it now,' he said, lifting his face and its despair. 'I had placed in the fireplace of that old furnace, in my old green pocket-book, £500 in banknotes. And—and they are burnt! They are burnt, Dinah Ann!'

Dinah Ann paused. 'Where did the notes come from?'

'From your brother to me. A long while ago, years before I knew you, I lent a friend over £400. He ran away with it to Australia, and I lost my money and set him down as a rogue. But he is not so dishonest as I thought him; he has made his fortune out there, and is back in London now, and last week he transmitted the debt and interest to your broghter for me, £500. I brought the notes home the night your brother drove me home.'

'And now just tell me, James, how you could think of putting banknotes into such a place as a furnace firehole?'

'I did it for safety. Nobody ever went there, and the furnace was never used.

'Safety? Was there not your bureau, upstairs in the bedroom?'

'That's never locked.'

'Why, it's always locked.'

'Anyway, the key is never taken out of it.'

'Ah, I see what it is—you were afraid I should see the money and want to spend it!'

'And so you would, Dinah Ann—a sum like that coming unexpectedly,' he meekly rejoined. Bonnets and frills and fresh chairs and tables—you'd not have known where to stop.'

'Well, I must say, James, you have been rightly served for your want of confidence. No husband ever has a concealment from his wife, if she's a good wife, but he is sure to be paid out. It is a loss, though, £500.'

James groaned. 'My business in Northam this afternoon was to consult with your brother about a good investment for it.'

'What's this?' asked she, placing before him the identical green case—with the banknotes inside it.—James gasped.

'Dinah Ann! My dear Dinah Ann!'

'Ah, it's my dear Dinah Ann now—and where would you be without me? I have given you a good fright however. Don't you conceal a thing from me again, James.'

'I don't think I will,' he said.—But how has it all come about?'

'Why, I have just been playing a little as well as you. I was at the gate last Thursday night, and heard what you said to my brother as you got out of the gig. It excited my suspicions and my curiosity.'

'But what did I say?' asked the farmer, really not remembering between the excitement of the past misery and the present happiness.

"Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann. Not a word, for your life, mind, to Dinah Ann!'

JOE HARKER'S START.

THE TERMS UPON WHICH HE SOLD A FOUR-YEAR-OLD TO OLD COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

Chicago Tribune.

"Who knows anything about the reported sale of St. Julien to Joe Harker and Charlie Green?" said one of a party of horsemen who were sitting in the Jockey Club room the other day.

Nobody seemed to possess the information on the subject, and one person doubted whether Joe Harker would feel like putting $50,000 of his own money into a trotter, although he owns several for which he paid from $10,000 to $20,000.

"He ought to be willing to do it," said a gentleman, "for every dollar he has is the result of owning a trotter."

Being asked for an explanation, the gentleman proceeded as follows:

"Way back in the time when Pacific Mail was in its glory, Joe Harker was clerk in a broker's office on New street, New York. Even then he loved a trotter, and while on an excursion to Orange county picked up for a small price a four-year-old colt that had wonderful speed. Not long after bringing him to New York, Harker drove out to the road house where Commodore Vanderbilt always stopped when out for a ride, and soon after his arrival the old man drove up and sat down for his afternoon smoke. When he had finished, and was about to start for the city again, Harker had his colt brought out and jogged along down the road behind the Commodore, and when the old man's team was going a pretty good clip pulled out and went by him. Once in front he pulled up, and the Commodore was soon on even terms with him. The railroad king's eye detected the ease with which the young man had passed him, and no sooner was he near him again than he asked whose horse that was.

"It's mine," said Harker.

"What is it?" said the Commodore.

"Only a four-year-old colt that I bought up in Orange county."

"Is he for sale?"

"No."

"Now, young man, I want that horse, and if you will send him around to my stable I'll buy him."

"Can't sell."

"Well," said the Commodore, getting rather interested, "isn't there any price you will put on the horse?"

"No."

"No way I can get him?"

"Yes; if you will give me a pointer on Pacific Mail I'll send the horse around."

The Commodore looked at the young man in admiration of his intense cheek. He was getting angry as well as interested, and said rather gruffly that he would pay a good price for the horse.

"That won't buy him," was Harker's rejoinder.

So they jogged along in silence all the way down town, the Commodore noting the easy gait of the colt, and feeling more and more that he must have him. Finally he told Harker to send him around, and the horse reached the stable that evening.

The Commodore drove him single and double for a couple of weeks, and finally sent for Harker. The young man was promptly on hand at the appointed time.

"I want to pay you for that horse," said Vanderbilt, taking up a check-book.

"He can't be paid for that way," was Harker's reply; you know what I said."

Vanderbilt looked at him steadily for a moment and then said: "When I want you I will send for you;" and Harker left and went about his business.

It was nearly three months before he heard from Vanderbilt, but one day word came for him to call at the office. He went, and found the old man there.

"Now," said the Commodore, "I suppose that if I told you anything forty men on Wall street would know it inside of an hour?"

"No they wouldn't," replied Harker, "that isn't my way of doing business."

"Well, you buy 1,000 shares of Pacific Mail," and the Commodore resumed his writing.

Looking up in a few minutes he found Harker still sitting there.

"Why don't you go and attend to that? I told you to go and buy 1,000 shares, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Harker, "but you might as well have told me to buy the New York Central."

"Haven't you got any money?"

"No, sir."

"Then what were you driving such a fast horse for?"

"I got him cheap."

"Can't you get a friend to buy the stock for you?"

"Yes, I suppose I could get forty of them if I could prove that you told me to buy the stock; but that isn't my style."

This reply struck the Commodore forcibly, and, when telling the story afterwards, he would allude to it with great unction. The result of the talk was that he sent an order to one of his brokers to buy 1,000 shares of Pacific Mail for Harker, and he (Vanderbilt) would be responsible for it. When there was a clean profit of $100,000 in the deal, Vanderbilt told Harker to sell, which he lost no time in doing. The young man's secretiveness had so impressed the Commodore that he took Harker into his employ, gave him a desk in his private office, and it is doubtful if any man enjoyed Vanderbilt's confidence to the extent that Joe Harker did from that time until the old man died.

The parish priest of Montanaro, a village in Upper Italy, was very much in need of an altar for his church, but could not induce the male members of his flock to contribute to that end. He then resolved to experiment upon the softer natures of his female parishioners. Ascending the pulpit after high mass, one Sunday morning, he concluded an eloquent sermon by exhorting the women present to devote their hair to the sacred purpose he had so frequently and unsuccessfully recommended to the attention of their natural protectors. So saying, he produced from the bosom of his cassock a pair of large sharp scissors, and retired to his sacristy, impressively summoning matrons and maidens alike to follow him thither. No fewer than two hundred and twelve submitted their locks to his pastoral shears, and when the sacrifice had been fully accomplished the female population of Montanaro found itself as short of hair as a well-worn blacking brush.

☞ Triflers with feminine affections do not always get off cheaply. A young clergyman, wise enough to choose well, but foolish enough to allow himself to be ruled by his friends, after proposing to a young lady, declined to fulfill the engagement; and being sued for breach of promise, was cast in damages $25,000. This brought him to his senses. Seeking the plaintiff, he owned that he had behaved infamously, but vowed that he had loved her all the while, and loved her still, and prayed her to forgive and forget. 'My friends,' said he, 'can make no objection now; they cannot say you are without a penny, since you have $25,000 of your own." His pleading proved irresistible, and the lady and the money were soon his own again.

WHAT AN EDITORIAL ROOM LOOKS LIKE.—He opened the door cautiously and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way as if there was more to follow, inquired: "Is this the editorial rinktum?"

'The what, my friend?"

"Is this the rinktum—sinktum—sanctum or some such place where the editors live.'

"This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in.'

"No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good day."

John Keelan, after murdering his father, at Stratford, Ontario, coolly sauntered into the house, ate a hearty supper, slept soundly all night, and, when the body was discovered in the morning, calmly said: "Oh, yes; I killed the old cuss."

☞ Always let on that you are smart. If any one asks you a question you can't answer look at them as though you pity their ignorance and immediately change the subject.

☞ At the close of the sermon the minister became impressive. Raising his voice he said: "Judgement!" and a small boy near the vestibule shouted: "Out on the first!"

☞ It has been said that grain has been treated like infants When the head becomes heavy, it is cradled; and it is generally well threshed to render it fit for use.'

All Sorts of Clippings

A "sheet" anchor—a clothes-pin.

Home-rule—your wife's opinion.

There are 20,000 Cornish tin miners.

Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.

The band of a regiment is a platoon of itself.

One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

Where to go when short of money—go to work.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Are you living so that it is summer to you all the time?

Hasty people drink the nectar of existence scalding hot.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

Pride hath two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

The "Church Question?"—"has the second bell rang yet?"

As the body is purified by water, so is the soul purified by truth.

Self-respect has more self-reliance than self-assertion.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Favors of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.

Nice Florida rattlesnakes are worth $5 each in Few York.

Interest is the spur of the people, but glory that of great souls.

An idle reason lessons the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Sin has a great many tools; but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

The dentists have been making an attempt to pull together.

Country atmosphere is like a smart boy, because its fresh heir.

A street always runs in one direction or another, but its sidewalks.

Faye's comet was nearest the earth on the 3d of October.

A dancing master is always taking steps to improve his business.

The average of a Western pork-packing city is about 300,000 hogs.

Unfortunate for authors: Only men who cannot write make their mark.

Politeness requires that all calls made by telephone should be returned.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the final influence of a good example.

Often a reserve that hides bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

If a man's trousers bag at the knees, may he be said to have an 'kneesy fit?

It is something fine to be good; but it is far better to be good for something.

The sweetest thing on earth is a little child when it has learned to know and love.

People do not like to acknowledge that they are poor except to book agents.

Leonidas was one of the original deadheads. He held the pass at Thermopylæ.

Orange peel is very dangerous; the least bit of it often brings on physical prostration.

A company with a capital of $25,000,000 has been formed in Paris to buy land in Canada.

Life is full of bitter lessons, the simplest of which is that one man's fall makes forty men laugh.

An Irishman tells of a woman who was so cross-eyed she put her spectacles on the back of her head.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.

Truth will be uppermost one time or other, like cork, though kept down in water.

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

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

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

Avoid cyclones when you go to sea, especially those they pour out of bottles.

If you would be wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon find that you are better off.

Chimney Sweep is the name of a trotting horse. It is said that at his last race he fairly flue.

It is said that Ohio wives do their own housework. Now that is the kind of a no hire idea that we like.

A compositor who cannot agree with his wife says he must have taken her out of the wrong font.

Until lately the street bootblacks of the city of Paris were nearly all women.

M. Chevnil, the French scientist, is lecturing in Paris on chemistry. He is 95 years old.

Work on the Washington Monument is progressing steadily, and the height is now 230 feet.

The Nova Scotia gold mines are said to have produced more than $6,000,000 in eighteen years.

The plow-share already takes a cut across the field. It never goes 'round.

A Jerseyman has a mouth so voluptuous that he eats his dinner with the fork of a river.

A French newspaper has been fined for indecent publication. It must have been just horrid.

"Brass Works," remarked Smedders, reading a signboard; "yes, brass works its way anywhere."

$90,000,000 are annually paid to foreign shippers for the transportation of American products.

The economy of nature has never thought of taking back old peach stones and covering them with fruit again.

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