The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 24.

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Strictly "ONE PRICE"

Clothiers,

166 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

W. N. E. WICKES,

Agent for the Sale of

Lister's Standard Phosphate.

This Phosphate, so extensively used, is offered to the Wheat Growers of Kent county, at Lower Rates than heretofore.

The merits of "*LISTER'S PHOSPHATE*" are so well known and universally acknowledged, that the publication of certificates is deemed unnecessary.

Any Farmer who has used and tested it, is referred to as to its qualities as an IMPROVER, a Grain Producer and a great promoter of the growth of Clover, &c.

Early orders are solicited.

☞ In my absence, information can be obtained at *WICKES & BROTHER'S*, and orders left with them will receive prompt attention.

It is in good condition for Drilling.

August 19, 1880—3m.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Door, Bricks, &c.,

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GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

OF

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ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

EN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

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

MORDECAI & SMITH, Proprietors.

THOMPSON'S LINE

To Baltimore

On and after October 4th, 1880, the steamer L. G. CANNON, Capt. Jos. W. Thompson, will leave Chestertown every Monday and Thursday, at 3 o'clock P. M., stopping at Quaker Neck at 4 o'clock, Emory's wharf (Corsica creek) at 5 o'clock, and arriving in Baltimore at 10 o'clock P. M.

Returning, leaves Baltimore, from wharf foot of Lee street, on Wednesdays at 3 P. M. and on Fridays at 1 o'clock at night, *i. e.* at 1 A. M. Saturday morning, arriving at Chestertown at 8 A. M. Saturday morning.

FARE 75 cts. ROUND TRIP $1.25. Staterooms 25 cents extra.

Freights handled carefully and with despatch. Goods purchased if cash is advanced.

JOS. W. THOMPSON, MANAGER.

Sept 30, 1880—tf

PARIS GREEN and *LONDON PURPLE*

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs. and all other Insects, for sale at the lowest price at

T. W. WICKES, Druggist.

Oct 16, 1880.

PORCELAIN PRESERVING KETTLES at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

VENDUE Notes and Notes of Hand for sale at this office.

SPECIAL OPENING

OF

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S

SHOES!

I HAVE just received from Philadelphia the largest and best selected stock of Shoes I have ever before opened. Our stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is strictly FIRST-CLASS in every department. Prices very low.

We call special attention to our

Childrens' SOLAR TOP FOX SCHOOL.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.

We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.

MRS. KATE GILL,
The Ladies' Shoe Store.

Sept. 23, 1880.

LARGE STOCK GLASSWARE, CHINA TEA SETS, China Chamber sets—at SPARKS,'
Sept 30 opposite Court House.

A FULL stock of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco, constantly on hand—at SPARKS'.

KEEBLER'S Pound, Fruit, and Sponge Cake—at SPARKS'S.

WE keep as large and fine a stock of Cigar as there is in town. SPARK S

THE BEST RAT TRAP—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

MY LADY—A CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

[From Harper's Bazar.]

My little lady, all in white,
Do you want to know, do you want to know,
Why I sit at this tree-foot, out of the light?
Are you sorry for me that God made me so?
My bright little lady.

Are you grieved that you can jump and run,
In your pretty frock and dainty shoes,
Just as you like, in or out of the sun,
With lightsome feet and heart full of fun,
While I sit still, as I cannot choose
But sit still, my lady?

My old black frock burns hot on my back—
My worn old frock, bought long ago,
When mother died—and work is slack,
And I'd rather dress in any old sack
Than stint the little ones. Do you know
What hunger is, lady?

Ah, I beg your pardon. Those gentle eyes
Are filling with tears, fast filling with tears:
You have left your swans unfed: surprise
Is melting to pity. You're not too wise,
But you'll be wiser when at my years,
And you're kind, my lady.

Yes, I'm older, graver, sadder, too,
Ah, I've had my share, I've had my share,
Of things unknown to the like of you.
God sees us both. What He bids me do
I try to do. What He makes me bear
I bear, my lady.

It's hard sometimes. The hunger and pain,
The children's crying—that's worst of all,
But I do my best, and I don't complain—
There, I'm glad to see you smile again.
Give me my crutch. No fear I'll fall—
Still, thank you, my lady.

Although I crouch at the foot of the tree,
And you o'er the meadow run and shout,
There's the self-same sun for you and for me,
The same birds singing so merrily,
'Tis good to see you dance about,
My merry lady.

'Twould not make me happy to make you sad,
And I don't like pity, and God is kind.
If I your park and your castle had,
But no little sisters to make me glad,
No father to work for—to my mind
'Twould be dull, my lady.

So we'll each of us go our appointed way,
Safe to the end, safe to the end,
For some must labor and some must play.
If you pass my door again some day,
I'll be glad to see you, my beautiful friend,
My sweet little lady.

THE THREE GREENS.

HOW A SILVER TABLE SERVICE LED TO THE BETTER ACQUAINTANCE OF AN OLD ARMY OFFICER AND A LONDON JEWELER.

Shortly after the Crimean War an individual, whose right arm was encased in splints and hung in a sling, entered a magnificent jewelry shop, the proprietor of which was a Mr. James Green. The stranger had that in his appearance which is generally styled *distingue*; his carriage and garb revealed the military-veteran, and his manners the finished gentleman. At the door halted an elegant cabriolet, and the good taste of its owner was made apparent by the plain but neat livery of the groom and the choice trappings of the handsome blooded horse.

The stranger stated that he was desirous of procuring a complete silver table-service, rich, solid and elegant, but with little ornamentation. Could Mr. Green prepare such a one for him? The goldsmith answered, of course, in the affirmative, and showed several patterns to his visitor, who then described very minutely the style in which he wished the article to be made, and asked by what time they could be got ready. At the same time he insisted on punctuality, saying he must use the set at a reception he would soon give at his new residence in Leicester Square. Green promised to have it done in three weeks, and then the two parties discussed the terms.

The jeweler very carefully made all his calculations and demanded £1,200. The stranger reflected a few moments, then said he had determined upon getting a service at a cost of £1,500, and requested Mr. Green to add as many more pieces to the set as would fix the price at that sum. Mr. Green thanked the gentleman for this mark of confidence, and inquired of him to whose recommendation he owed his patronage.

"No one has recommended you to me," replied the stranger.

"The jeweler looked up in surprise. The stranger, who had hitherto worn an air of dignity almost amounting to austerity, now became more friendly, and continued:

"I am a soldier. I have served for years in India, and more recently in the Crimea. At Balaklava I received a severe wound in my right arm and hand, which will perhaps disable the member for life. My patronage you owe to your parents, grandparents, and, in fact, to the whole line of your ancestors."

The jeweler was amazed and bewildered. His parents and other ancestors had long been dead, and could not have referred the soldier to him. The latter apparently enjoyed Mr. Green's perplexity, and smilingly continued:

"I will make myself clearer. When in consequence of this unfortunate wound"—here a sudden twinge in his arm made him start painfully—"I was compelled to leave the service I resolved to settle down in London. While riding out the other day my attention was attracted by the appearance of your splendidly-furnished shop, but more so by the name of your sign, for mine is precisely the same. To this simple circumstance you owe the present visit of Colonel James Green, of the Grenadier Guards."

The jeweler expressed his delight at the honor of being the namesake of so distinguished a warrior, and after a few more phrases of this sort the conversation reverted to the business in hand.

"May I now inform you," said the jeweler with some hesitation, "of the conditions which must generally be complied with previous to making a sale?"

"No," said the Colonel sharply.—"I have my own way of doing business. You and I do not know each other; and though my order is not an uncommonly large one, still it amounts to a sum with which you cannot credit a stranger. I will therefore pay you £100 cash down for a surety, the remaining £1,400 when I call for the service."

Mr. Green accepted the proffer with profuse thanks.

"You need not thank me," the officer interrupted. "As I remarked, I always have a way of my own, from which I never like to deviate. Now do me the favor to take my portmonnaie from my coat pocket; my unfortunate Balaklava wound"—the Colonel again winced with pain—"has lamed my right arm and hand completely."

Mr. Green expressed his sympathy in the warmest terms, carefully pulled the portmonnaie from the veteran's pocket, opened it at the latter's desire, and from four or five new £100 notes took one, which the Colonel requested him to keep. Mr. Green wrote off a receipt and placed it in the pocketbook, which he very carefully restored to its resting place. He then assisted the Colonel to enter the carriage, and the groom—Colonel Green could not drive on account of his injured arm—rapidly drove off in the direction of Leicester Square. The jeweler, though much overjoyed, was a cautious business man, and notwithstanding the considerable deposit, immediately proceeded to make his safety certain.

In the "War List" he readily found the name and rank of his customer, just as he had been given, and from the real estate agent who rented out the splendid mansion in Leicester Square he had ascertained that it had recently been occupied by Colonel James Green, of the Guard, and that the latter had the most excellent recommendations from his banker and sundry other distinguished personages.

In the course of the three week, at the end of which the set was to be done, the Colonel often came into the shop to see how the work was going on, and always discoursed so affably with the goldsmith that the latter could not find sufficient words of praise for his genial customer when speaking to others about him. At last the service was completed. It was placed upon a large table in the counting room, and covered with a cloth of blue velvet. Punctually at the stipulated time in the afternoon, Colonel Green entered the shop, his elegant cabriolet with the blooded horse remaining before the door in care of the groom.

The officer stepped into the counting-room, and Mr. Green, swelling with pride, removed the velvet cloth from the service. The Colonel though usually a quiet man, declared that it surpassed his most sanguine expectations, and greatly insisted upon paying the entire £1,500 and also upon the jeweler retaining the deposited £100 as a douceur for the satisfaction he had given.

"You owe me no thanks, my dear Mr. Green," warmly said the Colonel to the delighted goldsmith. "Give me your hand and again receive my heart-felt acknowledgment for this superb masterpiece."

The jeweler's beaming countenance on grasping his namesake's hand "can better be imagined than described."

"Now to business," said the Colonel. "Be so kind as to take out my pocket-book and count off your £1,500, for I do not wish to tarry a moment before showing your *chef-d'œuvre* to my wife."

The jeweler hastened to comply. He took from the officer's breast coat-pocket a card-case, a set of ivory tablets and a silk-purse, through whose meshes glittered some five or six sovereigns—but no pocketbook. Upon the Colonel's request, he then examined all of the Colonel's pockets. The search was futile.

"Strange! Incomprehensible!—Could I have lost it or been robbed?" muttered the Colonel, audibly, perplexed and provoked. "What o'clock is it?" he suddenly asked the jeweler.

"Twenty minutes to five."

"Good; it is time enough. You must make yourself serviceable to me once more, my dear Mr. Green, and act as my secretary. You know I cannot use my right hand. Will you have the goodness to write a few line for me to my wife?"

With these words the Colonel stepped to the jeweler's desk, on which lay some writing paper printed with the name of the firm. Taking a sheet he placed it before the jeweler, saying:

"This will do; my wife knows that I am here."

He then dictated, and the jeweler wrote:

"My dear wife: Have the goodness to send me at once £1,500 through the bearer. You know where the money is kept. I am in immediate need of it; therefore do not detain the messenger, who is a trustworthy person. Your affectionate husband,

JAMES GREEN."

"Thank you," said the Colonel, after perusing the epistle. "Michael," he cried, stepping to the door and calling to the groom, "take this letter, ride home as fast as you can, and return at once to this place with that which my wife will give you."

The groom took the letter, bowed, and quickly drove off.

Fifteen minutes, a half an hour, nearly an hour passed away, and Michael did not return. The Colonel waxed impatient, and wished that he had gone in person for the money. The jeweler essayed to tranquilize the Colonel but ineffectually.

"I have always regarded the fellow as honest and trustworthy," said the Colonel, "and have on several occasions entrusted him with large sums of money, though, it is true, never with as much as this time.—Fifteen hundred pounds may have proved too strong a temptation for him." Pulling out his magnificent gold watch, he continued: "I will wait just seven and a half minutes longer, for that is exactly the time it takes him to drive hither from Leicester Square."

The seven and half minutes were gone, and the groom had not come. The Colonel could contain himself no longer.

"Do me the favor Mr. Green, to call a cab," he said in the greatest impatience. "I shall go home myself, and will return within half an hour."

The cab was soon at the door.

"Quick to Leicester Square!" cried the Colonel to the coachman. "A half crown extra if you will drive well."

The cab drove off as rapidly as the horses could go. The goldsmith in the mean time had the service packed up, and waited for his patron's return. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The Colonel did not come. Something unusual must have detained him; but the jeweler felt no anxiety, for had he not still the service and a deposit of one hundred pounds.

Tired of waiting at last, he closed his shop at half after nine and went home. His wife, who had been long expecting him, had grown sleepy, and was slumbering peacefully on a sofa. An open letter lay in her lap. Mr. Green stepped lightly to her side, intending to wake her with a kiss, when his eyes fell upon the letter.

"What is this?" he cried, dumbfounded, as he recognized his own handwriting and the letter which he had written for the Colonel.

The reader can readily guess the sequel and the connection.

True, there existed a Colonel Green who had served in India and the Crimea and who had been wounded at Balaklava, who had rented the house in Liecester Square and who possessed a considerable fortune; but, alas; he was not the Colonel Green who had ordered the silver service. Heaven knows by what means the sharpers had gained knowledge of all the facts and circumstances upon which they constructed their admirably ingenious plan.

The man who personated groom, of course, was an accomplice, and the letter which Mr. James Green had penned for the pseudo Colonel James Green was delivered by him to the jeweler's wife, who did not hesitate a minute to deliver to him the £1,500, because she recognized her husband's handwriting upon the paper stamped with the name of the jewelry firm. Who the sly rogues were never came to light.

A FATHER WHO MELTED.

The other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his 12-year old son to follow him to the woodshed, and when they had arrived there he began:

"Now, young man, you have been fighting again! How many times have I told you that it is disgraceful to fight?"

"Oh, father, this wasn't about marbles or anything of the kind," replied the boy.

"I can't help it. As a Christian man it is my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat."

"But, father, the boy I was fighting with called me names."

"Can't help it. Calling names don't hurt any one. Off with that coat!"

"He said I was the son of a wire-puller."

"What! what's that?"

"And he said you was an office-hunter!"

"What! what loafer dared make that assertion!"

"It made me awful mad, but I didn't say anything. Then he called you a hireling."

"Called me a hireling! Why, I'd like to get my hands on him!" puffed the old gent.

"Yes and he said you was a political lick-spittle!"

"Land o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old man as he hopped around.

"I put up with that," continued the boy, "and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that, father, and so I sailed over the fence and licked him bald-headed in less'n two minutes! Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by one of the malignant opposition!"

"My son," said the father as he felt for half a dollar with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go and buy yourself two pounds of candy. The Bible says it is wrong to fight, but the Bible must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk to you, and now you can put on your coat and run along."—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ A stray campaign mule: There are more ways than one of calling a man a mule. Colonel De Smith is proverbial for his obstinacy; so much so, in fact, that nobody who knows him will sit on the same jury with him, as he is sure to disagree and keep them penned up for two or three days. His mulcishness is proverbial. Well, De Smith recently returned to Galveston from a trip to the interior. Gilhooly met him and asked him how he enjoyed himself at Austin.

"I had a fine time of it. I met Mr. Soandso. He is a very nice gentleman. I had some business with him."

"Is he a blacksmith?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Nothing; I only thought that maybe he put a new pair of shoes on you."

The audience laughed, but De Smith can't imagine what it was about.—*Galveston News.*

TANNER is not stumping around and howling this campaign. Jim is a sensible fellow, and knows when to keep his mouth shut, just as well as he knows how and when to talk.

WRECKED IN PORT.

FROM THE LONDON WORLD.

The laughing ripples sing their lay,
The sky is blue, the shore is gay,
The breeze is blowing free;
For, O, the morning's fresh and fair,
And bright and bracing is the air,
Down by the summer sea.

A pretty, winsome, merry girl,
With all her sunny hair a-curl,
Was dimpled bonny Bee;
Her laugh was light, her eyes were blue,
They always said her heart was true,
Down by the summer sea.

The sun is hot, the day is grand,
And up and down the yellow sand
Perambulateth he;
She promised they should meet at eight,
And from her lips should learn his fate,
Down by the summer sea.

He fancies it is getting late,
For by his watch 'tis now past eight,
Some minutes twenty-three;
The shore he scans with eyesight keen,
And notes the track of small *bottines*,
Down by the summer sea.

Right joyfully, he onward strolls,
And tracks this pretty pair o' soles—
His heart is full of glee!
For now that he has found the clew,
He follows footsteps two and two,
Down by the summer sea.

But ah! He stops! He says: "*Those* lasts
Are either Fagg's or Wankenphast's,
'Tis plain enough to me!
They're broad and long—I can't tell whose;
But 'quite another pair of shoes,'"
Down by the summer sea.

The short and narrow, long and wide,
He finds march closely side by side
By some occult decree;
And as he cons the footprints o'er,
He finds that two and two make four,
Down by the summer sea.

He sighs, and says: "Ah, well indeed!"
And from his pocket takes a weed;
And strikes the light fuzee;
He adds: "I think I'll now go home,
For maidens' vows are frail as foam
Down by the summer sea!"

THE WONDERS OF THE OCEAN.

Discoveries Made by the Deep Sea Dredgers on the Edge of the Gulf Stream.

In the opinion of Prof. E. A. Verrill of Yale College, the recent deep sea dredging expedition off the coast of Rhode Island, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, proved the most successful ever sent out by this or any other country. In three days more specimens were obtained than by any other expedition in as many months. Indeed, the English expedition on the Challenger, which was at work deep sea dredging for five years continuously, did not accomplish more or get a larger collection.

The dredging was done from 75 to 115 miles south of Newport, in the region known on the charts as Block Island Soundings, the depth of water being from one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile. The specially constructed steamer Fish Hawk, fitted up with the most approved scientific appliances, was used, and the expedition was under the direct charge of Prof. Baird of Washington. The ground was especially favorable. A peculiar beam trawl was used for scraping the bottom of the ocean. It was a net forty or fifty feet long. The mouth of it was spread open by an oak beam fifteen feet long and six inches in diameter. The beam rested upon heavy iron runners, to keep the network bag about two feet off of the bottom. The lower side of the mouth of the net was formed by a receding rope, weighted with lead. This rope dragged along the bottom, and scraped the shellfish, shells, and what not, into the net. Fish swimming at that depth were also scooped in, and once inside they were entangled in pockets that prevented their escaping. This trawl would be thrown out and drawn along behind the steamer, making a swath half a mile long and twelve or fifteen feet wide. Then a powerful hoisting engine would be set to work and the trawl and its contents hoisted on board the steamer. As many as 4,000 pounds weight of stuff would be taken from the bottom of the ocean each time the trawl was hoisted. Two barrels of alcohol a day were used in preserving rare specimens. To put them in shape will be the work of weeks. To thoroughly arrange and classify the thousands of specimens obtained will occupy the Commission all winter.

Eighteen species of fish were caught heretofore unknown and undescribed, besides others known to Greenland and northern Europe, but not to our coast; also a wonderful variety of crabs, shrimps, and lobster-like creatures, some of them very handsome, and forty species of them entirely new. One hundred and fifty-five different kinds of shells, 115 of them not before known on this part of the coast, 55 not known as inhabitants of American waters, and 30 wholly unknown to scientists heretofore, were obtained. In addition, two new kinds of devil fish, one about a foot long; 200 specimens of a new and pretty squid, and twenty new kinds of starfish were taken. Of these starfish, thousands of specimens were netted, some of exceeding beauty. Quite a number of new species of corals were caught, some of them being brought up by the bushel. Of fan coral some beautiful specimens were obtained. Hundreds of sea anemones, brilliantly colored, some of them measuring a foot across, delighted the eyes of the men of science. One strange discovery was a worm inhabiting a quill like a goose quill. The quills were about a foot long, and soon after being taken out of the water grew so hard that they could be and were used for pens. They stood up in the mud at the bottom of the sea. The worms inside were opal colored, and when taken out of their strange tenements glistened and presented a rather pretty appearance, so far as color was concerned. They were raked up by thousands, and none of the scientific men ever heard of them before.

The discovery was made that the tilefish is plentier than the cod. A Gloucester fisherman last winter hauled in the first tilefish. Since then a few have been caught. Prof. Verrill, however, caught three with a perpendicular trawl line. On opening their stomachs he found therein some of the rare crustacea that abounded thereabouts, and he knew it was their feeding ground. He is satisfied that they are plentier there in season than codfish off Block Island. One of the three fish caught weighed fifty pounds. The tilefish, as described by Prof. Verrill, is a magnificent fish of a light yellow-brown color, shaped like a sea bass, and spotted all over with yellow. It is fine eating, and he is convinced that it is destined to become a favorite market fish now that it is known where it can be readily caught.

All the fish caught by the dredges have gone to the headquarters of the Commission in Washington. The other specimens came here in many boxes a few days ago, and the work of arranging them is now being pushed forward. As many as 100 series of the various specimens will be made up and distributed among the museums of the country, the first choice going to the National Museum at Washington, the 2d to the Peabody Museum, in New York, the third to the museum at Cambridge, and so on. A complete and detailed report will also be made by the Commission.

The records of the temperature at different depths were always made with great care. At a depth of from 100 to 142½ fathoms the temperature was usually from 51° to 53° Fahrenheit. From 142½ to 325 fathoms it was from 42° to 43°, and at 500 fathoms it was 40°. The pressure at 500 fathoms or over was very great—sufficient to crush and press together the wood that encased the thermometer until it was a shapeless mass, and to so press the rope used to lower the instrument that it came up hardened and squeezed together until it resembled a bar of metal.

In the nine years the Fish Commission has been established it has dredged in 2,000 localities (both shallow and deep waters), between Long Island Sound and Halifax, and out as far as 200 miles; but never before did they have such good luck as last month on the Fish Hawk.—*New Haven correspondence of New York Sun.*

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE HINDOOS.—Ram Chanda Bose's address at the Emory grove camp-meeting, near Baltimore, caused intense amusement. He gave an account of the marriage relation among the Hindoos, and maintained that a woman might become a widow before she was born. "Sometimes," said he, "boys of three and girls of two years of age, and very often boys of five and girls of three, are married, and sometimes even before they are born—that is, of course, conditionally; and I have known girls that were ushered into the world as widows. A widow is not allowed to marry, either, but a widower may, and is often compelled to do so. Hindoo women cannot read, they cannot sing, they cannot talk politics. They have nothing to do; no specific object in life. Miserable creatures! In the monotony of their lives a quarrel is about the only healthy thing. You are laughing, but you must remember that quarrels must exist, or nations and politicians would die of inanition.—We have women who with you are called termagants. They quarrel sometimes for a week, and I have known them to continue for twenty-one days."

☞ An exchange says that cigarette smoking is now a fashionable habit and one which is increasing at an alarming rate among half-grown boys, and it is the opinion of well-known physicians that if this habit is not checked additions to our asylums will be in order. A physician satisfied that there was death in that form of tobacco, had a cigarette analyzed. The result was startling. The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proven to be the most ordinary quality of white paper whitened with arsenic; the two poisons combined being presented in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker the habit of using opium without his being aware of it, and which craving can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes.

☞ Marine disaster: "Why, Uncle Mose, what in the world is the matter with you? You look like a drowned rat," remarked Gilhooly.

"Ole massa in hebben must need dis ole darky. Had a berry close call. Fell off de eend ob de Galveston waaf. Had de debbel ob a time gittin' out again. Ole rheumacky niggah like me can't skin up a wet pile wuff a cuss."

"Was there nobody to help you out?"

"Not a libbin sole; and ef I jest hadn't ha de big luck to be dar mysef, de crabs would be a disfiggering dis ole cullud voter right now."—*Galveston News.*

☞ Two friends from the interior put up at a Galveston hotel and were given one room. The man in the next room overheard the following conversation about daybreak next morning:

"I say, Bill, are you awake?"

"Pve been wide awake for the last two hours."

"Lend me $5."

"Pve dozed off again."

"I knew you were lying when you said you were wide awake."

☞ An old farmer's wife, who had a servant that was notorious for breaking dishes, on one occasion fell asleep in church, during her slumbers her elbow unluckily overturned a Bible, when, to the amusement of her fellow worshippers, she was heard to mutter in a very audible voice, "Anither bowl, ye hissie."

All Sorts of Clippings

Deadlocks—false curls.

Do not stare around the room.

"Strike, but hear me!" said the drum.

Do not make a call of ceremony on a wet day.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.

Do not turn your back to one seated near you.

Prayer should always be given straight.

Do not go to the room of an invalid unless invited.

Kissing is "the art preservative of all hearts."

Do not remove the gloves when making a formal call.

The mule understands the art of heeling.

Do not make the first call if you are a new comer in the neighborhood.

"Ghastly jolly" is fashionable London slang.

Human nickels are always trying to get into dime society.

The minstrel man is not so black as he is painted.

Good breeding is two-thirds kindliness and one-third training.

Lunacy has increased 87 per cent. in England since 1860.

Good health is a blessing that few think of being grateful for.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

Black gloves are always in order, and are worn this season more than ever.

Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions.

Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be selfishly exacting.

Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.

Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with airs and pretences.

Some remnants of good can be found in the most depraved characters.

When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony.

Justice consists in doing no injury to man; decency in giving them no offense.

The pungency of pleasure is as transient as the foam that mantles round its brimming cup.

Would you sleep well and have a good appetite, attend to your business.

Would you have others respect your opinions, hold and never disown them yourself.

Would you have the respect of men, never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar conversation.

Would you gain the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of your employer.

It is not strange that actors should be cast down when cast down.

The woman who is never jealous does not love, or has a rudely impolite husband.

London *Truth* holds that the first duty of a woman is to make herself nice looking.

Extremes meet. The man with corns on his feet will quite likely show a wry face.

A man is a "perfect brick" when he shows himself all the better for being hard-pressed.

There is nothing new under the son, at least the soles of his shoes never look new.

Beauty and the head of a bass drum very closely resemble each other. Both are but skin deep.

A dentist may be as mild as a lamb, but if a person goes to buy any of his wares he "shows his teeth."

It does not by any means follow that a woman who hugs her preacher embraces Christianity.

The man who doesn't know his mind should be introduced as soon as it is big enough.

It is the man with the lottery ticket who looks out for the number won.

Decorated butter plates, to be used as cards for New Year's calls, is the latest eccentric suggestion.

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it's like any other disease—while there is life there is hope.

It is a Persian saying that of ten measures of talk that came down from heaven, women took nine.

When a fly goes away from you it's a gain, and it frequently comes back again, too.

The individual who points with pride is the woman with a handsome ring.

Some boys grow so fast that the tops of their heads are always poking through the crowns of their hats.

Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school scholars in New York city number 24,000.

Many a girl takes no stock in her suitor's protestations of love, but simply takes him for what he is worth.

False shame and fear of blame cause more bad actions than good, but virtue never blushes but for evil.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.

Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.

When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find in themselves a power which they thought they had not.

Nature makes us poor when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

When you invite a friend to drink down in the state of Maine the propah capah is: "Less git the landlord in trouble."

The largest sewing machine in the world weighs over four tons. It was made for a Chicago belle, the foot pedals of ordinary machines being too small.

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