The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 25.

B. R. HILLMAN & CO,

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.,

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

OF

ROGERS, PEET & Co.

ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

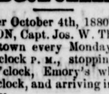
ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND REASONABLE PRICES.

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

MORDECAI & SMITH, Proprietors.

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 other Insects, for sale at the lowest pri c

T. W. WICKES,

June 17, 1880. Druggis

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 FOR 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,

Sept. 23, 1880. The Ladies' Shoe Store.

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. SPARKS

THE BEST RAT [illegible] for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the minister's morning sermon
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service
On that pleasant Sabbath day
He walked with his little daughter
Thro' the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around the wonderful glory
The minister looked and smiled,
"How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child!

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets in the sward
A hint of the old, lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink:
"O Father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden
There never had been a fall,
And if never a tree had blossomed
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By His decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him too;
But I wish he was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit
As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
The words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and fearful idol
Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,
The dread ineffable Glory
Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

A MODEST SPORTSMAN.

Experience of a Camping Party in the Yosemite.

[*Derrick Dodd in Frisco Post.*]

Last week a select party of newspaper proprietors and editors were doing the Yosemite, when one of the tourists while out shooting chanced upon a lot of campers out about two miles from the hotel.

The gunner found only one individual in possession of the camp, a thin young man, with a mild, not to say timid, blue eye and a red nose, who at once tendered him a seat on a cracker box, and produced the reserve demijohn of old Cutter with earnest hospitality:

"Howdy, howdy," said the camper out, with great animation; "we've been expecting some of you fellows over here all the week."

"Have, eh?" replied the other, putting down his gun and a four finger nip.

"Yes. I told the boys this morning when they started out after deer I'd stay in camp so that in case any of you fellows came over I could give you a few points about our party."

"Did, eh?" responded the guest, helping himself to some hot water and accepting a lump from a cellar box sugar bowl.

"Yes; I suppose we've just got the nicest set of fellows you ever saw for a camping out party—all 'cept one or two. Now, there's Bill McGinley for instance—father keeps a coal yard on Howard street—he's a regular fraud."

"Is, eh?" rejoined the gunner, trying a little cold with mint.

"You bet he is. You see he's the biggest eater and the laziest man in the State, but we brought him along because he said he was a way up cook. He let on that when he boarded at Baldwin's the head cook used to come to him for points."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and when it was his turn to cook last week he started off to make a rabbit stew, and I hope I may be paralyzed if he didn't put the rabbit in the pot without its being cleaned—skin on and all.—Said he hoped he might be struck dead if that wasn't the way they cooked 'em in Paris."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and then there's Tom Diffey. He's another nuisance. You see, Tom has recently gone into the retail dry goods business, and he's got shop on the brain. Every day or two he dresses up and goes over to a ranch up here and flirts with the grangers' daughters, just so he can talk about dry goods to them. We o[illegible]eard him down in the canyon the other day with one of 'em, and the way he mixed up canton flannel and compliments, bombazine and beauty, gingham and gush, love and lace was something horrible."

"Was, eh?"

"Oh, fearful. But the worst pill in the box after all is a fellow—he's out trout fishing now—who thinks he has a voice. He is forever working off a ballad or something."

"Is, eh?"

"Yes; and you never heard such singing in all your born days. The first day out he soured all the condensed milk with three verses of 'Grandfather's Clock.' You see he has a sort of capper with him who can't hear very well, and who keeps asking him to perpetrate some outrage or other in three flats. Does it out of spite, you know. Why, the other night Skuggs—that's his name—actually woke us all by grinding out "You'll Remember Me,' at 2 A. M., and when we threatened to pile blankets and things on him he explained that he had heard a wild cat in the chapparal, and he understood that wild animals could be soothed, as it were, by harmony."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, he did; and we stood it till one day we found him up on the mountain yonder, treed by a wild hog, and we made him take an iron-clad oath to choke off his vocalism before we helped him out of the scrape."

"Why didn't he work off a ballad on the hog?"

"That's just what I said; but he hadn't the presence of mind. Why, three bars of 'Come Sit by My Side, Little Darling,' would have knocked that hog endways in just no time. Case of bore against boar, don't you see?"

"Cured him, eh?"

"Well, sorter; but game's getting so allfired scarce around here now that we think he must go off somewhere by himself and warble on the sly."

"Don't carry high hats do you?" said the visitor, indicating a leather hat box.

"Only one of us," returns the camper out. "He's a Sunday school superintendent named Driggs, and every Sunday morning he dresses up full rig and goes off somewhere and sits on a stump all day sucking a gold headed cane. He says the solemnity of the day ought to be respected."

"Does, eh?"

"Yes—and—but would you like a little lunch. Got some first rate canned venison."

"Don't you get any deer?"

"Why, of course, but—we—ahem—we ship 'em all home. Prefer the canned article. Of course, we get lots of game; that is, some of us do. I thought you'd be asking us about that so I made out a game list." And the thin, young man produced a penciled up paper collar, which he handed over to the visitor, who languidly read off:

Skidmore—Rabbits 3, doves 1.—Stevedore—Rabbits 1, doves 6. Bundy—Rabbits 1, doves 1. McFeeley—Rabbits 1, doves 1. Julius B. Boddley—Deer 72, bear 41, wild cats 63, rabbits 346, doves 798, bald eagles 16.

"I suppose you're Boddley?" he said to his host.

"Exactly. I don't know how it is but somehow I seem to have better luck than the rest. I guess It must be my system. You see, I select about twenty stumps exactly on a line, and I put a lump of salt on each. Then I hide at one end on moonlight nights, and when the deer come down to lick the salt I wait till there is a dozen or so in line and biff a hole through the whole lot with that big bore rifle over there in the corner."

"Do, eh?"

"Yes; and after that I wait till as many bears comes sniffing around the dead deer, and plank a ball through them, too. After that I wait for wild cats and things, the same way."

"Big scheme that," absently remarked the visitor, and he gazed wistfully into the mouth of the empty demijohn, and rose to take his departure.

"You'll send me a few copies?" inquired the Nimrod. "Don't forget to put in the full name, Julius B——"

"Put it in where?" yawned the other,

"Why, put it in your paper.—You're one of the journalists, ain't you?"

"Oh, bless your soul, no! I'm only one of the party's guest, and——"

"Not a newspaper man," roared the entertainer, with great disgust; "and you've had the cheek to get away with the last drop of whiskey in the camp and keep me chinning away here in the hot sun for half an hour! And now, after all, I've got to go over the whole thing again——"

And as the visitor drifted off he could hear his late host repeating Kearneyisms unfit for publication, until he was out of hearing.

NOT UP TO SNUFF.

[*Boston Post.*]

There are mean men in the world, men who would ruin another's chance of earning a livelihood just for a joke. Mr. Garters is the victim of one of these men. Mr. Garters is a dealer in catarrh snuff which he peddles about in boxes.—The snuff is a compound perfectly pleasant to take and very efficacious. The other day Mr. Garters called upon Squire Ink, the lawyer, who is very irascible and is a great sufferer from catarrh. He urged Squire Ink to try the snuff, assured him that the one application gives instant relief, and that it was so pleasant to take that one would never know he had tried it.

After repeated assurances on this last point, Squire Ink consented to test the mixture, and Mr. Garters produced a box and said: "Take a very large pinch." That box had been tampered with by some fiend who had filled it with red pepper.—Squire Ink obeyed. He took an enormous sniff of it. Then he sneezed. It wasn't a single sneeze, but a succession of awful "achoos" that seemed of sufficient violence to yank Squire Ink's head off. Tears flowed from his eyes, and when he would check the thing for a minute, it was only that it might commence again with redoubled power. Garters was awfully shocked. He patted Ink's back and said: "I never knew it to affect any one so before. I can take quantities of it. See here!" And then he went it: "Hutchakachoo—cachoo—cachoo—choo—choo—choo!" and then the same thing over again.

There they both stood and sneezed until they had almost loosened their hair at the roots and felt as though they had been through a thrashing-machine. Squire Ink was the first to speak: "What the devil does this mean, sir?" he yelled; "I cachoo—I—I don't kno—cachoooo!" replied Garters. "Don't know! Damme, sir, I'll teach you to practice your infernal arts on me!" and he grabbed Garters and hurled him from the window, and then he seized the snuff, jumped out, and forced Garters to inhale a lot more of it. Then he left the unhappy Garters, and three policemen who came along, picked him up. But he sneezed so that they couldn't hold him, and when, after he had partly calmed down, they got him into a drug store, he sneezed six bottles off a shelf, and the next day while he was in bed at the hospital, he got a notice from Ink that he was sued for $50,000 damages.

BRICKS' LUNCH CAN.

Somebody got at Mr. Brick's lunch can awhile ago and cooked onions in it, and as he can't endure that vegetable he got in the notion that he never could get the taste out of the can, and so he threw it away. Mr. Brick is the baggage-master on a train and he had the can made for him and his address put on it.—When he got back from work the day he threw the can away he found that one of the neighbor's children had picked it up and returned it.—He appreciated the kindness of the child, but took the can and chucked it into another neighbor's garden. In half an hour that neighbor sent it home. Then he determined to get rid of it anyhow, and took it to the depot the next day and threw it into the freight yard.

Then he went in the depot for a minute, and on returning to his car found some one had picked up the can and left it for him. Quite exasperated, he chucked it into an empty car that was just being hauled away toward Chicago, and he didn't see it until the next day, when it arrived in an express package on which he had to pay seventy-five cents. Then he swore prodigiously, and tied it to a dog's tail and the dog ran off with it and this was an unlucky move, for in half an hour the dog's owner brought the can back and tried to thrash Mr. Brick for abusing his dog, the result being arrest and fines. Then brick was thoroughly aroused and he took the can and sunk it off a dock. The next day when he entered his car there stood something done up in paper that he knew to be his can, and he kicked it sixty feet in the air and had to pay thirty dollars for the valuable bird and the cage.

Then he felt sure that he was rid of the thing, but a diver happened to find it and got thumped on the head for returning it. Then Brick took the can home, and at night filled it with dynamite and exploded it. The people in the neighborhood, who were violently hurled from their beds by the shock, were quite indignant, and when they found out what caused it they attempted to tar and feather Brick, and he had to pay a heap for repairing the windows wrecked. And to add to his horror, he found he had taken, instead of the can he detested, a new one, and he was about wild, and concluded that he never should get rid of the thing. But one day he induced some one to borrow it, and he has never seen it since.

HOW CHICKENS GET OUT OF SHELLS.—Take an egg out of a nest on which a hen has had her full time, carefully holding it to the ear, turning it around, you will find the exact spot which the little fellow is picking on the inside of the shell; this he will do until the inside shell is perforated, and then the shell is forced outward at a small scale, leaving a hole. Now, if you will take one of the eggs in this condition from under the hen, remove it to the house or other suitable place, put it in a box or nest, keeping it warm and moist, as near the temperature of the hen as possible (which may be done by laying it between two bottles of warm water upon some cotton or wool), and lay a glass over the box or nest, then you can sit or stand, as is most convenient, and witness the true modus operandi. Now watch the little fellow work his way into the world, and you will be amused and instructed as I have often been. After he has got his opening, he commences a nibbling motion with the point of the upper bill on the outside of the shell, always working to the right (if you have the large end of the egg from you, and the hole upward) until he has worked his way almost around, say within one-half of an inch in a perfect circle; he then forces the cap or butt end of the shell off, and then has a chance to straighten his neck, thereby loosening his legs somewhat, and so, by their help, forcing the body from the shell—*American Farm Journal.*

"YES," said the stewart of the steamer, "I admit that the salt beef was bad, the potatoes rotten, and bread sour and the tea poor—but the rest of the provisions were good."

"What were the rest of the provisions?"

"Oh, salt, pepper and mustard."—*New York Graphic.*

"WILL you and your son occupy one room?" asked a hotel clerk of a woman of 35, who arrived at Omaha with a boy of 16.

"This is not my son," she said, with emphasis, "but my husband. We are on our bridal tour."

THE EASY WIFE.

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing's an easy wife.
Dost fancy that I love my girl
For rosy cheeks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too;
That is a thing, you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my papers on my desk;
She never dusts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove
The very one I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame
Will warm her toes before the fire;
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher;
On Sundays she is not so fine
But what her ruffles I can hug;
I light my pipe just where I please,
And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"
A thing some women vilely plan
To worry servants half to death
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to any hour,
Nor raises any horrid din
If it just happens, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed,
Just get a girl who lets things run;
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style, or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just perchance a little mixed;
Oh, when they get too horrid bad,
We stir about and get things fixed.
What compensation has a man,
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle-ground,
And life one long eternal row?

EATING TO ORDER.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We can hardly imagine a time on this now well-heated earth, when fires were unknown, and only solar heat was present. But geology teaches us of an age before stoves and fire-places; before there was a race fit to use them if they had existed. The legends of the Greeks relate the history of the audacious mortal who stole fire from the gods, and brought it to men and taught them to use it. From the moment that men grew discontented with unroasted acorns, and raw meat, and aspired to the luxury of cooked food, began the long train of woes which have afflicted humanity, and whose generic name is Kitchen.

It was the sad dawn of luxury and discontent, of anxieties about dishes, of contrivances to make men eat that were not hungry, of cooks and scullians, of mutterings in the kitchen, innumerable and unending.

But after all, eating is a thing of prime importance in this world.—Looked at merely in a philosophical way, it is the fuel that generates steam for the engine, The body, unfed, would, in a day or two, be like a steamer without coal, unable to turn the wheel, and drifting helpless. Yet no one eats with this thought in his mind, but simply because he is hungry. For thousands of years, men have eaten without a scientific motive, without rathional appreciation of the relations of food to bone, nerve, muscle, and so on.—The whole motive lay in the mouth. Men ate because it tasted good! This was certainly better than nothing, and seemed to have answered the purpose thus far. But, by and by, when science shall have opened up the matter properly, when we know just the ingredients which the various parts of the body need, we shall have scienttfic bills of fare, in which dishes will not be obscured by absurd foreign names, but will be named from their true uses. Then we shall have bone-building, fat-producing, nerve-replenishing, muscle-forming dishes. The host will scorn the days of ignorance, when men asked their guests to take beef or pudding.

To a lean and cadaverous guest he will say: "Let me fill up your tissue," or, "My dear sir, your bones are brittle, allow me to pass this compound. Better bones were never made than this produces."

To some exiguous scholar, thin and nervous, the jolly host will say: "My dear fellow, let me help you to brains. What do you affect? This dish runs strongly to poetry—or philosophy is it? This has been found to be admirable. It is not such stuff as Jones' cook palms off for brain-breeding. It was on his dishes that Professor Upset delivered that extraordinary course of lectures last year, that startled all sound-thinking men, and set them to eating the truer dishes, by which all the absurdities of Upset were exposed and refuted.

"Why, sir, philosophy is only food etherialized. To such a nicety have we reduced this science of cooking, that I can send a bill to my cook any day: 'Send up four philosophers, two musicians, and one poet,' and he will at once set things a-stew, and in his skillet or pan, the hidden element will begin to hiss and splutter, that in a day or two will come forth from some brain as a sonnet or madrigal, or a grave chapter of philosophy.

What an age that will be! Now, a man eats promiscuously. Often when the preacher would be tender, he, in his ignorance, has been feeding combativeness! He fain would appeal to men's consciences, but has been eating food that breeds abstract thought!

In the culinary millennium, a man and his cook will be like twin brothers. The lawyer will say: "Give me a jury breakfast, Tom—an average jury;" and looking into his new psychological receipt book, his dear Tom will find just the article required. The man will gain his case, unless his opponent has a better cook, and was fed up to a higher pleading power.

In that day, intuitions will be subject to order. The right part being fed, it will be automatically active. We shall no more hear about "ragout" and "chops," and "steaks a la" this, that, or the other thing. The comfits, and custards, and bonbons will give way to higher names, indicative of mental powers. We shall hear men say: "Do let me give you another spoonful of conscientia. Those speculations are very trying, and you need strength in the right spot."

"Lost the game? Why, you neglected yourself. Chess is a sure thing on this diet. Let me help you to a little more."

"Don't my dear madam, don't touch that! not but that I am willing that you should have any thing that the house affords. But it is provoking to the temper. It is wonderful what spirit it breeds. It is for timid persons, entirely."

Ah, me! what a world of teaching and trouble, and mistake, and blaming, will be over with, when we can exact morals from a stew-pan, and turn out problems from the kitchen, like omelets. Meanwhile, Mr. Editor, you and I shall have to eat on in the old way, only looking over into this promised land of science.

BURDETT'S TWO YEAR-OLD BOY.—The boy runs about 150 miles a day; and wouldn't quit then if it didn't grow dark. He is very busy. He has all the care of me and, in addition to his regular routine duties, he manages a thousand things no one else would think of. Yesterday morning, before two o'clock, he picked and ate regardless of maturity or color, a pint of wild strawberries, followed a wagon half a mile down the road, got lost in the woods, choked up the fountain with gravel, fell out of a hammock, stung himself with a bee, eat some strange looking berries that his mother knows are deadly poison, played with a mad dog (his aunt says she knows he was mad,) talked to a tramp who came to kidnap him (it was an honest farmer coming in to the circus, but the boy's aunt and mother united on the tramp and kidnapped theory), stepped on a red lizard, built a dam and fell into the brook. I helped him build the dam; in fact, I confess that I built the greater part of it, and enticed the prince to assist, but he fell into the brook himself, and all the statements to the effect that I pushed him in and laughed at him and encouraged him to enjoy it, are simply campaign stories circulated for political effect.—*Hawkeye.*

SOME USES OF CHARCOAL.

Charcoal laid flat while cold on a burn causes the burn to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the wound is but superficial. Tainted meat surrounded with it is sweetened. Strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts or over dead animals charcoal prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous that it absorbs and condenses gases rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly 100 inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an excellent poultice for malignant wounds and sores. In cases of what is called proud flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A tea spoonful of charcoal in half a glass of water often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves which extend from the stomach to the head. It often relieves constipation, pain or heartburn.

THE FAT SHEEP.—I once heard a man in humble circumstances, small in stature, and with a very effeminate speaking voice, give his experience in a social meeting as follows:

"Brethern, I have been a member of this church for many years; I have seen hard times; my family has been much afflicted; but I have for the first time in my life, to see my pastor or any of the trustees of this church, cross the threshold of my door."

No sooner had he uttered this, than he was suddenly interruped by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose and said in a firm, loud voice: "*My dear brother, you must put the devil behind you.*" On *his* taking his seat, the pastor in charge rose, and also replied to the little man as follows: "My dear brother you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the *lost* sheep of the house of Israel." Whereupon the little man rose again, and, in answer, said in a very loud tone: "Yes, and if I had been a *fat one*, you would have found me long ago."—*Lutheran Observer.*

A GIRL at Kane, Ill, did not like to decide which of two suitors should escort her to a party, and so chose a third man. One of the rejected men then offered his services to another woman, while his rival lay in wait and murdered him.

ARTEMUS WARD once said that the funniest story he ever heard was about an inebriate reporter, who leaned over the rail of the reporters' gallery in the English House of Lords, and inquired: "Will shum noble 'ord plea shing comic shong?"

A minstrel performer proudly advertises himself in the amusement papers as "the largest mouthed comedian in the world," and adds: "Many envy and imitate me, but there is uone that can compete with me."

AN unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.

All Sorts of Clippings

God promises nothing to idleness.

Owe no man anything.

Money earned is money valued.

Never make a loan on importunity.

Money easily gotten is soon spent.

Never sacrifice safety to large expected returns.

Never speculate deeper than you can afford to lose if you lose at all.

Never borrow money to speculate with.

Be satisfied with a moderate rate to a good tenant.

Keep well insured and watch your policy.

Never consult a man on business who does not manage well his own.

Avoid a second mortgage for a fresh loan.

He that maketh haste to be rich is not wise.

Poverty is no bar to marriage if both parties will work and save.

The gods help those who help themselves—men and women.

A man must ask his wife if he may be rich.

Little coins, like drops of water, will fill a bucket.

As we sow in temporal affairs so shall we reap.

Short settlements make long friendships.

Fortunes are made by long earnings and savings.

It is easier to loosen up good property than to re-establish it.

In discussing business disagreements keep cool.

Progress is the watchword of the times.

"Even the worm will turn"—when bitten.

To keep from stuttering—stop talking.

The ready money system—dun or be done.

An uncalculable weight—the weight of indignation.

To keep fish from smelling—cut off their noses.

The greatest water power—King Neptune.

Academy of design—a young ladies' boarding school.

What part of speech is most distasteful to lovers—the third person.

The proper name for a quack doctress—Charlotte-Aen.

Out of season—an empty pepper-box.

The chestnut worm is getting warmed up.

See that your coal dealer is supplied with religious tracts.

And now the book of nature seems full of fly leaves.

The Chinese in San Francisco call Talmage Ah Chin Museek.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Doctors generally agree about bleeding their patients.

Steam is a servant that sometimes blows up its master.

An ungrammatical judge is apt to pass an incorrect sentence.

Alfonso makes the palace hideous by singing "Baby Mine."

Why not call a hanging a necksecution?

Any fool can make a woman talk, but it's hard to make one listen.

The Yonkers Statesman calls falling down stairs an extended trip.

A watch fitted with a second-hand need not necessarily be a second-hand watch.

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by the "emphatic gesture of a mule."

The man who corrects proofs in a printing office rights letters.

The man on the fence expects to save himself by a hedge.

The wife who gives her dyspeptic husband buckwheat cakes has a griddle to answer for.

We cannot all be cabin passengers in the voyage of life. Some must be before the mast.

This is the way of it—six months ago she said no, but is now suing him for breach of promise.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

A doubtful customer—the man who told the barkeeper "to charge his memory."

As Mr. Comstock objects to nudity in any form, meat is now dressed before it is sent abroad.

Never lend a borrowing friend more than you are willing to lose if he cannot pay.

Less wisdom is required to make money than to keep it securely when made.

A watering place without a whiskey place near by can never become a popular resort.

About the only point on the Minister's side is that Mrs. Christiancy has red hair.

Three-quarter face—the photograph that costs 75 cents.

A musical composer cannot do much with one piece of music. He must write by the score.

The one-cent postal card will never quite take the place of the scented note-paper.

Running your business is very much like courting a girl. No one else can boss the job but yourself.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart, like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around it.

A Louisiana paper has for its motto, "In Providence we trust; all others must come down with the cash."

Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out.

It is a pretty saying of an old writer, that men, like books, begin and end with blank leaves—infancy and senility.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0198