The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 26.

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, Druggis

June 17, 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 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. SPARK S

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

OUR YEAR.

WRITTEN BY HATTIE HAMMOND, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD, OF KOSCIUSKO, MISS.

January, so bleak and drear,
With icy breath and snow-clad wing,
First reigns supreme; then leaves his throne
For airs not milder than his own—
Who only can his praises sing.

Then February brings with her
No balmy air, or fragrant flowers,
But blasts so wild, that thro' the trees,
They rudely blow, and scatter leaves
That once were green from sun and showers.

But March winds now are whistling loud,
And passing by they leave their trace
Of chilly air and frost work fine
Upon our panes; which Father Time,
With magic wand, will soon efface.

Next come the gentle April showers,
Which clothe the fields in garbs of green,
While in the meadow, flowers bright
Spring up from darkness into light,
And are rob'd in their brightest sheen.

But April soon gives way to May,
Who comes with dainty graceful tread,
And brings rich buds and blotsoms rare,
With balmy days, both bright and fair,
And sunny skies above her head.

And May to June with roses crowned,
Who brings the clear and pebbly brooks,
The leafy trees, the summer birds,
Whose singing o'er the wood is heard,
From every deep, sequestered nook.

July beams down upon us next,
With kindly smiles and cheerful face,
Her blazing sun, so warm and bright,
And skies of blue with fleecy white,
No lowering cloud in them we trace.

But August now bids July haste,
And leave for her, the sultry sun,
That makes the dainty flowers fold
Their petals bright, of red and gold—
And then her fleeting race is run.

The month of harvest time has come
September, with her golden glow
Of autumn leaves, with berries red,
In graceful wreaths twined round her head,
And festive garlands hanging low.

October's sun now floods the sky,
With streaks of red, both rich and light;
But soon to fade and pass away,
Like man's fleet-winged and sunny day,
Yet glows the deeper in its might.

October's sun has ceased to shine
And flood the sky with crimson bright,
November, dreary queen, has come,
To gather her broad harvest home,
And yield her sceptre, now, with might.

December, saddest queen of all,
Your time to reign has come!
But soon in death your eyes will close,
And you will gather sweet repose—
While angel forms will bear you home!

A WONDERFUL SERMON.

We quote from Richard Henry Dana's paper, in SCRIBNER for November, on the late President Leonard Woods, of Bowdoin College:

"Some thirty years ago, it had been announced that President Woods was to preach in what is now the parish church of the Advent, in Bowdoin street, but was then in the possession of a Congregational society, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Winslow. The house was well filled. President Woods spoke apparently without even notes. He spoke for nearly an hour and a half. of a warm summer afternoon, to a congregation which had been used to set their mental chronometers to twenty or thirty minutes. Yet it was a case of "*Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebunt,*" from first to last. There was not only attention, but an excited, glowing attention. His subject was 'The Delayed Justice of God,' the text being, 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore, etc. For his space of time, and his purpose, he was the master of every one in the house, and Dr. Winslow, in his concluding prayer, was so carried away that he entered unconsciously upon a eulogy on the preacher, in thanking the Almighty for the great privilege we had enjoyed that day. At this time, it was rarely if ever that a preacher of the orthodox sects took examples or illustrations from elsewhere than the scriptures; but in this discourse, it seemed that, as was said of Burke, there had gone out a decree that all the world should be taxed. He drew his illustrations from all history, from all the known experience of mankind. As I have said, it is more than twenty-five years since I heard that sermon; but I can repeat, I think *verbatim*, many of its finest passages, and retain a clear memory of its thought and order. After some years, happening to speak with a scholarly and thoughtful man on the subject of sermons, he said that the best he had ever heard was one by President Woods, in the old meeting-house in Bowdoin st. on the delayed justice of God, and he proceeded to describe it. Again, at New York, at a gathering of men of letters, the subject of best sermons was started, and one of the number, a man of high repute as a writer, said that, chancing to be in Boston of a Sunday, some years before, he went to hear President Woods, at Bowdoin street, and there heard a discourse, on the delayed justice of God, which had ever remained in his mind the ideal sermon. Thus, the only three persons I know to have heard it, give it the first place; and I doubt if any intelligent hearer on that day will fail, even now, to acquiesce in this judgment."

A MAN DARTED into a store at Nicholsville, Ohio, bought the first traveling bag he could get his hands on, and hurried toward the railroad station. On the way he caught up several bricks from a pile, and put them into the bag. His object was understood when a passenger discovered that his own setchel, containing four thousand dollars had been taken from the seat, and the one with bricks put in its place.

☞ A young lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately-constructed pen-wiper but was astonished, the following Sunday to see him come into church wearing it as a cravat.

MARFORIE'S CHOICE.

"You surely are not in earnest, Marjorie?"

"Why not?" asked that young lady, standing on tip-toe to reach a bunch of apple-blossoms just above her head; "is it anything unreasonable in me to prefer being Miss Melrose, the talented young authoress of New York, instead of a country minister's wife and helpmate?"

"But, Marjorie, do you think I expect or desire you to bury your heaven-born talent? God forbid! Come to me, and, surrounded by the friends who have known and loved you from childhood, and, under the shadow of your favorite apple-blossoms that you said were your first inspiration, write as much as you please."

"No, Willard; what you ask is impossible, for I am not the least bit in love with you. Besides," she continued, hurriedly, and not seeming to see the look of pain in her companion's eyes, "I would never be happy in the life you describe. I would be miserable in chains, even though they were the flowery chains of love that bound me to my jailer, and my repinings and rebellion would soon make us both unhappy. I must have excitement and active work. I must be in the thickest of the battle of life. I long for power, influence and fame; but, even if I cannot 'Be a hero in the strife,' I must be on the scene of battle, and do all I can. I shall write no more poetry, though the eulogiums of the public on my little book were more than I ever dared hope for. Henceforth I intend to live upon reason, and not even waste sentiment on verse. But with politics, philosophy, or some other literary weapon, I will conquer the fickle goddess fame, steal a few laurel leaves for my brow and a key to her temple."

"And do you expect to be happy? Ah! Marjorie, there is a mighty factor you have omitted in your calculations. Your brain will be busy, your intellect expanding; but, even if fame should shake the choicest bonbons from her store at your feet, your heart will be starving, and you will be miserable."

"Pshaw!" said Marjorie, recklessly; "let but the gods endow me with the gifts I crave, and Cupid may keep his paltry arrows in peace.—My heart has been too highly educated to sigh for so childish an article. For this much talked of love is merely a deceased imagination, common to youth, like measles and whooping-cough, and which we get over in time, just as we do our fancy for dolls and tops, and our belief in ghosts and fairies."

"You are doubtless sincere in your belief now, Marjorie," said her companion, a little impatiently, "but the time will come when, even in the zenith of your success, you will be willing to barter it all for a heart that is tender and true."

"Your prophecies are certainly like Cassandar's in one respect, Will, at least, for I don't believe a word of them; but if I am erring, and they ever come true, why, I'll come back to D. with the aforesaid wreath and key, and you shall teach me to love. Is it a bargain?"

"I will wait for you always, my darling?" said he, solemnly.

"It is unkind in you to say all this," said the girl, with sudden resentment, "just when I had boasted in my diary that we were a living illustration of dear Plato's theory; but you always were thoughtless."

"You are coming to see grandma?" she added, presently, as the supper-bell sent a cheery invitation through the orchard; "she will never forgive you if you slight her," and seeing that her companion hesitated, "if you do not come I shall think you are offended and angry with me."

"Would you care, Majorie, dear?" he asked, eagerly.

"Of course it would make me very unhappy to think that we, who have been friends from our cradles, should on the eve of our departure, be estranged about such a trifle as love; something you will forget before this fruit blushes 'neath August's kisses; and, before apple-blossoms come again, there will be a pretty, blue-eyed wife at the parsonage—Annie Leigh, perhaps—who will fill the position so much more worthily and gracefully than I."

"Stop, Majorie," interrupted Willard almost sternly, "Heaven knows I have borne a great deal from you, but I cannot endure this unkind jesting when you well know that as long as life hath shadows, as long as the heart hath woes, I shall love you, only you."

"Of course that is the proper speech to make just now, Willard, dear, but I predict you will console yourself very soon with Annie Leigh. As old Mrs. Andrews would say, I feel it in my bones."

Marjorie gained her wish. A few months after her arrival at her uncle's Fifth avenue home, she had, like Byron, waked to find herself famous on the publication of her first prose work. Two others followed in quick succession. But just when my heroine felt she had almost climed the height of literary renown, when the praises of an admiring public were wafted to her like incense, with only now and then a criticism, which she insisted only spiced the otherwise insipid ovation, that eccentric young lady suddenly declared her intention of devoting her time to American politics. So thorough was her study of the subject that she now (six years after you first met her) virtually stood at the head of her uncle's widely-circulated and influential daily. She had indeed climbed to a dizzy height where few women ever ventured.—Her editorials were copied everywhere, her opinions quoted from "Dan to Beersheba," but was she happy? some one asks. Was the mountain as purple and beautiful as when she gazed longingly at it from the sweet valley of youth? or did she find it but common earth after all, and the mysterious beauty lay in the misty valley of girlhood she had left behind?

Marjorie dropped her pen with a short, impatient sigh. "It is strange that little Nell's words should haunt me so to-night, ringing in my ears, and waking echoes of that still, small voice I had hoped was forever stilled. What does that child of eighteen know of the heart, that she should assert so confidently, 'Ambition, even gratified ambition can never satisfy the inner sanctuary of your soul; you will never be happy till you love.' Are the words of a child to undermine the foundations of my theories of life, love and happiness that six years ago I boasted were built on the solid rock of reason instead of on the shifting sands of human affections? And yet—have they brought peace to me after all? I would freely give power, fame and ambition for the look of Nell's blue eyes as she talked of her husband. Ah! child, with only your trusting heart to guide you, you have found and gathered the little wayside flower, happiness, which in my selfishness and pride I have missed. Across the chasm of years, comes a faint yet never dying echo of the same words.

"Willard, you at least truly loved me, and would have saved me from myself, and I would not, and now it is forever too late, for the fire in my heart has burned so low that there is now left only a faint, tender strain of regret, and the white ashes of memory. I have indeed passed the Rubicon of youth and hope, and for me there is no redemption."

Little Joe Harris, Majorie's special errand boy and devoted slave, after rearranging to his satisfaction the furniture and papers in the private sanctum in her uncle's large establishment, had placed a tiny bunch of apple-blossoms on his idol's desk, and now stood half bashfully watching Marjoire, as she came in pale and weary-looking from last night's vigil, and sat down to write. Seeing the flowers, she drew them toward her with a look of pleased surprise, but, as she inhaled their fragrance, gradually there stole over her face a shadow, marring its brightness, as a cloud crosses the face of the sun. The breath of the flowers was laden with old associations and memories of her happy home at Appledale farm, of her grandmother, who had long since crossed that mystic river whose tide never ebbs toward the shores of time, and wafted on their sweet breath came her talk with Willard Lester in the sun-lit orchard on that afternoon so long ago. Then a full knowledge of her mistake swept over her, and, laying her cheek against the pink petals, she burst into a passion of tears. Poor Joe, utterly amazed at such a reception of so paltry a gift, started to her, then stole softly from the room, and stood guard outside to prevent intruders. Like the smitten rock at Horeb, the tears burst through the icy wall that was gradually forming round her heart, and, when the flowers whispered to her of Willard's solemn "I will wait for you always," the white blossoms of hope sprung into full bloom.

"It was all wrong," she whispered, in return; "I wandered into the wrong pathway, and my palace car of ambition has only brought me to the gates of discontent, but I will go home and begin over again, trusting to heaven and my awakened heart this time."

It was hard to tear herself away from her business engagements and duties, harder still to persuade her uncle that he could certainly spare her a while, and that she really needed a rest; but her indomitable energy enabled her to accomplish them all, and one week later found her sitting on the old, familiar porch gazing at the lovely scene before her and listening to a perfect tirade of gossip from her mother's only sister, who now lived at the farm. Marjorie was longing to ask for one old friend in particular, yet something in her heart choked back his name, and she sat wondering at her own reticence, and why Aunt Lizzie did not speak of the minister, when two figures came through the little wicket gate and up to the porch, where she now rose to welcome her guests.

"Miss Melrose," said Willard Lester—for one of them was, indeed, he—"I am most happy to welcome you once more to D., where, I assure you, you have always been missed;" then turning to his companion, he continued, "I hope you will need no introduction to my wife, whom you once knew as Annie Leigh."

For one moment the earth seemed slipping from under Marjorie's feet, and the fair landscape looked black before her startled eyes; but, before Mr. Lester's voice died away, the woman of the world greeted his wife in her calm, clear voice and most winning smile.

Marjorie stayed her two weeks at Appledale farm, and then in spite of their remonstrance went back to her old life and work. To her aunt's pleadings and Willard's arguments, who pointed out to her the good she could accomplish in the village with her wealth, energy and culture, she made only one reply.

"Busy myself as I will, the range of action seems monotonous and confined. I began too soon to draw around me the large circle of literature and action, and the small sphere open to me in D. seems a sad going back in life. No, the wanderer's ban is again upon me, and I must turn again to the land of excitement."

Her city friends saw no change in their queen, when she was again among them, except, perhaps, the lines about her mouth were a trifle deeper, and the shadow in her wonderful eyes a shade denser and more impenetrable than before. "But," they argued, "of course Marjorie had been inexpressibly bored by that duty visit to her aunt; she would be her old self after the anticipated trip to Europe during the summer."

As for her, burying the dead blossoms of hope from her sight and heart, she turned resolutely to her work again.

Was her fate an exceptionally hard one, after all?

"Ah, well! for us all, some sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes."

THE FASCINATING CAPTAIN.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Through the holes in my hat, as I lay on the sand,
I saw the "Louisa" sail straight for the land.
The yacht has my name, and the captain's my beau,
When he asked me to marry, I couldn't say no!
I wouldn't say no, because it is true
Every girl in the Niantic wanted him too.

Through the holes in my hat, as I laid on the sand,
I saw my brave captain step lightly to land.
I would make believe sleep, and see what he'd say,
Though I'd watch every step as he hurried this way;
I would watch every step of my lover so true,
Every girl in Niantic wanted him too.

Through the holes in my hat, as I lay on the sand,
I saw him keep waving his handsome brown hand;
And Bella De Vere, who sketched by the sea,
Waved her hand in response to my captain so true—
Every girl in Niantic wanted him too.

Through the holes in my hat, as I lay on the sand,
I saw my gay captain take Bella's fair hand,
And kiss it repeatedly—then glance round in fear,
"She's been asleep for an hour," said Bella De Vere.
Yes, that's what she said; I'm telling you true—
Every girl in Niantic wanted him too.

I took off my hat, as I lay on the sand,
And said, with a yawn, "Why, when did you land?"
The captain came over, and knelt by my side;
"I was fearing to wake you!" he tenderly cried,
And I never let on I knew him untrue—
Every girl in Niantic wanted him too.

A CROWD OF A THOUSAND.

How it Was Attracted by Pointing a Cane at a Mud-Covered Cabbage.

(*From the San Francisco Evening Post.*)

The other morning two gentlemen were looking out of the window of a house on Market street, when they observed a cabbage roll off a market wagon that was passing. Instantly over a dozen well-dressed and apparently sane persons began yelling after the wagon as though the vegetable had been a gold watch or a thousand dollar bill. The driver stopped about half a square off, looked back at the cabbage, yawned, and drove on.

"What an absurd fuss people in the street make over trivial occurrences," said one of the gentlemen. "Now, I'll bet you a silk hat that I could get a crowd of five hundred persons around that cabbage inside of thirty minutes, and yet not leave this room."

"I take the bet," said his friend, pulling out his watch. "Are you ready?"

"Yes; give the word."

"It is now eleven-thirty. Go!"

The proposer of the wager led his friend to the window, threw up the sash, and taking a cane pointed earnestly at the mud-covered cabbage with a terrified expression.—Presently a hack driver noticed the action and began to stare at the vegetable from the curbstone; then a bootblack stopped; then a bill poster, a messenger boy and a merchant.

"What's the matter?" inquired a German, approaching the innocent base of his national dish.

"Don't touch it! Look out there! Stand back!" shouted the gentleman at the window. At his horror-stricken tones the crowd fell back precipitately and formed a dense circle around the innocent cabbage. Hundreds came running up and the excitement increased rapidly.

"Look out there!" frantically screamed the better, waving his cane. "Take that dog, away, quick!"

Several stones were thrown at a cur that was sniffling around the cabbage.

"Take care!" said a car driver to a policeman, who was shouldering his way through the mass. It's an infernal machine, nitro-glycerine—or something."

Meanwhile the sidewalk was blocked, the street became impassable, women screamed and rushed into shops, and a store-keeper underneath began to tie a bucket on the end of a long pole with which to pour water on the devilish invention. The crowd by this time numbering over a thousand the two gentlemen moved away from the window and sat down. In a few moments there was a hurried tap at the door, and there appeared a man who had been sent as a delegate from the mass meeting outside.

"I should like to know, gentlemen," he said, "what the facts are?"

"What facts?"

"Why, what there is peculiar about that cabbage out there in the street?"

"Nothing in the world," was the soft reply, "except that it seems to be surrounded by about a thousand of the biggest fools in town. Do anything else for you?"

The man reflected a moment, said he "guessed not" and retired. Before he handed in his report, however, Captain Short's watch had dispersed the mob and clubbed two hundred and eleven separate persons for creating a disturbance.

☞ A circus manager wanted a new name for his show, and a sophomore collegian suggested "monohippic aggregation" as good, and the circus man had got three towns billed before he was informed that "monohippic" meant "one horse."

☞ "Hy case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer the other day: "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not.—Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?"

"Five dollars apiece," was the prompt reply.

☞ Caterpillers completely destroyed a fine grove of about fifteen acres of hickory trees in Illinois.

HUNGER AND APPETITE.

The notion that appetite is a low degree of hunger and hunger an intensified form of appetite does not seem to be borne out by facts. The two desires or longings are different in their nature. Appetite is the craving of the apparatus of taste, and sometimes of the digestive organs, while hunger is the demand of the organism as a whole or of some of its parts of food. Use the words appetite and hunger how we may, there are actually two needs to be expressed, and much mischief arises from confounding them. The one cry for food which we call appetite is an affair of habit or caprice, and, may for a time at least, be stimulated by appealing to the sense of taste, or promoted by certain cordials and stimulants; but, looking at the matter from a physiological point of view, it is difficult to see what we gain by exciting the organs of digestion to take food unless the system is in a condition to receive it. The rational mode of procedure would seem to be to wait the expression of need in the system—in short, to look to hunger rather than appetite as an incentive to the act of feeding, instead of exciting the palate and sense organs to take food when we have no organic reason to suppose that there is an inner need of it. There are certain evil consequences of the civilized mode of feeding appetite on the basis of habit, which it may be useful to carry out. First, separating appetite from hunger and developing it as an independent sense or function, there naturally springs up a fashion of life which may be described as "living to feed." The purveyor of food trades on the tastes and cultivated longings of the consideration of what to eat and what to drink comes to occupy a place in the self-consciousness which it was probably not intended to fill, and in so far as this is the case man is more animal and less spiritual and intellectual, than he ought to be; although it may be conceded that the refined taste of cultivated nature is less offensive than the simple voracity of the savage. There are some that contend that man is the gainer by the development of his appetite. If this be so the gain is a good not unmixed with evil. Another drawback is that by severing appetite from hunger we lose the indication of quantity which nature gives with her orders for food. The man who eats a regular number of meals daily, with a duly stimulated and organised habit, probably eats much more in the twenty-four hours than his system requires, or the organism as a whole is constituted to deal with.

☞ A libel suit avoided: Jim Webster appeared before a Galveston Justice of the Peace yesterday and expressed his ardent desire to sue old Uncle Mose for damages.

"What amount of damages have you sustained?" asked the Justice of the Peace.

"Dar is what I jess wanted to hold a caucus wid you about. I wanted to know, in de fust place, ef dat was a fac' dat de greater de troof de greater de libel, and de moah excessive de damages de injured party was entitled to?"

"Yes, I believe that is the law."

"Den in dat case ole Mose has got to shell out foah million dollars before sundown, because, yer see, when he allowed I was de most raskelly niggah on Galveston Island, he was guilty of telling so much troof dat foah millions ain't half as big as de libel, and de damages is bound to correspond wid de injuriousness."

The matter was afterward arranged, without prejudice to the honor of either party, by old Mose shelling out four bits' worth of sweet potatoes and a fine gold chronometer that cost $2 at auction.

WHEN THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT WILL BE READY.—The American Bible Revision Committee have completed the revision of the English version of the New Testament and transmitted the result of their labors to England. The British committee will meet in November for final action, and the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge are expected to issue the revised New Testament in February, 1881. The Old Testament will be published two or three years after.

The American revisers have given their time and labor for eight years without compensation. The necessary expenses have been provided for by voluntary subscriptions.

Any friend of the great undertaking who will contribute towards the expenses $10 or more before February next will receive a memorial copy of the first University edition of the revised New Testament, handsomely bound and inscribed. The money must be sent to the President (Rev. Dr. Scharff), or Treasurer (Mr. Andrew L. Taylor) in the Bible House, New York.

☞ Danbury's grateful policeman was at breakfast on Sunday morning, wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough veal. His wife said to him:

"You alway say there's something to be thankful for in everything. I guess you'd be puzzled to find anything to be thankful for in that piece of veal."

"Not at all," he cheerfully responded, stopping to breathe; "I was just thinking how grateful we should be that we met it when it was young."—*Danbury News.*

☞ "I would rather vote for a long-eared donkey than for you," said an independent voter to a Galveston candidate.

"Oh, come now, you ought not to allow yourself to be so influenced by family ties," responded the candidate.

The voter has been puzzling his head ever since to find out why the crowd laughed.

☞ The baker's business should be profitable; a good part of his stock is rising while he sleeps.

All Sorts of Clippings

You can tell dog wood by its bark.

The empty gun never kicks.

'Two for assent'—a bridal couple.

A naught that counts one—aeronaut.

An upper flat—an aristocratic noodle.

Only a question of time—asking the hour.

The driest boots have the biggest "creak."

Talk is cheap. Is it? Just hire a lawyer once.

Bad buy words—"Charge it to me."

The Turkish position—Cross-legged.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride.

Things past may be repented but not recalled.

The past is the sepulchre of our dead emotions.

Passions are as easily evaded as impossible to moderate.

He only employs his passions who can make no use of his reason.

To err is feminine; to forgive impossible.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.

Women always give more than they promise; men less.

Pain addeth zest unto pleasure and teaches the luxury of health.

Women do not disapprove their rivals; they hate them.

Opinion is, as it were, the queen of the world, but force is its tyrant.

The wife's native land is the country where she loved.

Bonds that are hard to redeem—vagabonds.

It takes a fast man to run quickly through a fortune.

American socialism will never extend beyond the umbrella.

Men lose their hearts through their eyes; women through their ears.

Don't ever wager your reputation. Make large bets, always.

Deal gently with the 'erring, or you'll get bones in your throat.

Bees carry pollen dust on their legs. That is how dust the busy bee.

It is better to be a righter of wrongs than a writer about wrongs.

A hanging isn't necessarily a burlesque because it's a take off.

The shades of night go about dewing good.

Difficult lock to pick—one from a bald head.

No one can write too little, good or bad, of a dead man.

The butterfly never goes back on its grub.

A boil in the kettle is worth two on your nose.

It does not pay to give a $5,000 education to a $5 boy.

One New York woman is perfectly happy. She has a $5,000 bonnet.

If domestic storms must come let them end with a rainbow kiss.

An undertaker gets his living where another man dies.

There are 656,974 colored Baptists at the South.

The acreage of wheat in the United States aggregates 30,000,000.

A new and fatal disease has appeared in Kentucky.

It is easir for a man to descend to earth than to mount to heaven.

However laborious the life of the good, it is less so than that of the bad.

Women cherish fashion because it rejuvenates them, or at least renews them.

True philosophy places us above honors, but nothing places us above the ennui they cause.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.

The cattle driven from Texas this year, it is said, will reach near a million head.

The mean specific gravity of seawater has recently been ascertained to be 1.02682.

Fifty million bushels is Minnesota's little contribution to the world's wheat crop this year.

Competent authorities say that the Russian harvest is the worst since the famine of 1873.

The best church bells are those which make no noise during the service.

When a man attains the age of ninety he may be termed XC-dingly old.

Sparking across a garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.

"If you make it hoptional with me," says the Englishman, "I'll take beer."

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.

Those who come to you to talk about others are the ones to go to others to talk about you.

If a man has nothing to lose, says a recent critic, the best of all professions is "philanthropy."

The man who lives for others must expect most of his pay in self-satisfaction.

We have heard of people who say they could live upon music. Then it must be on note meal.

When the unpaid grocer comes in at the door, romance flies out of the window.

People who hold their heads very high have not brains enough to be top heavy.

To break a man of the habit of eating with a knife, feed him on raw oysters.

Fortune does no change men; it only brings out, in clear light, what's in them.

The hop crop is very large, and there will be a great deal of froth sold next year.

The only special attraction at Niagara Falls this month is a customs officer who can answer a civil question in a civil manner. He isn't there to stay, of course.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0202