The Chestertown Transcript.

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Strictly "ONE PRICE"

Clothiers,

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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.

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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.

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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.

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FARE 75 cts. ROUND TRIP $1.25. State-rooms 25 cents extra.

Freights handled carefully and with despatch.

Goods purchased if cash is advanced.

JOS. W. THOMPSON,
Sept 30, 1880—tf MANAGER.

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and

LONDON PURPLE

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs, and other Insects, for sale at the lowest pri e

T. W. WICKES,
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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 TRAP—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SORTING BEANS.

A farmer's wife was busy
Sorting beans.
The good seemed hardly any,
For the harvest time was rainy,
Bad for beans.
The poor ones were so many,
She was vexed and tired by picking
Out bad beans.

For it took her many hours,
And it tired her patience powers,
Till she wished there were no showers
To spoil beans.

Suddenly she stopped, and thinking
Of the beans
Now finished, said with smiling:
"What a fool to let the riling
Come, the pleasant hours beguiling,
For bad beans.

"When I come to have another
Sorting beans,
I will save me half the trouble,
And my pleasure will be double,
While I burst the hideous bubble
Of bad beans.

"For instead of always looking
For bad beans,
I will leave them, while with pleasure
I will gather out and treasure,
Till I fill my little measure
With good beans."

There's a lesson from this story—
Sorting beans.
Life is full of smiles and madness,
Many griefs and sometimes gladness,
Much of joy and more of sadness—
Like poor beans.

And our work in life is sorting,
As with beans,
We can go through life and end it,
Leaving the best things, that lend it
Charms, and only spend it
With bad beans.

But there is a way that's better
Sorting beans.
Choose the good, and when life closes
There will be less thorns than roses,
For the garnered good disposes
Of poor beans.

THE FALSE FINGER.

BY TONY.

Tempa City has had a stir. Now a stir in the aforesaid city is not an unusual occurrence; this one particular stir did create a deal of excitement, which for the time being, aroused the inhabitants and promised to produce a lasting impression upon the minds of the conglomerate community.

Tempa City is merely a rude mining settlement situated among the bold hills of upper California. It can boast of some two hundred and fifty inhabitants, three or four snob hotels, two banking houses and the more than usual number of grog hotels.

It is not an agreeable place for a "tender foot" to commence mining business; the old settlers—founders of a six months' experience—have well nigh made up their minds to the fact that new arrivals in the gold regions are only productive of defeat.

Numbers don't go much toward promoting wealth; the rule of addition and division don't hold well for the result-multiplication, the only equivalent of wealth according to miner parlance, is the order of the day.

Addition of numbers means division of gain; the multiplication in whole, when figured up, leaves a moderate amount, which, when subtracted from by the expenditures, produces an alarmingly small remainder, which same causes a growl of discontent from the old settlers.

Consequently when the up stage from Marino halts before the door of the Grand Hotel, a general stampede takes place among the boys.

But, as I said before, Tempa City has had a stir.

A three card monte fellow, by the name of Flasher, for a couple of weeks back had been relieving the boys of more than a liberal share of their find. This, however, was only a question of curiosity. Sharp gamers in the gold country are fixtures, and the boys expect defeat sometimes; but when the victor, to clap the climax of his sharpness, adds murder, then it is time to be up and doing.

The boys did get up; they had been doing all that was in their power to bring the criminal to the bench of Judge Lynch.

Vigilantes, regulators and all were doubly weak this time, and the villian escaped scot free.

Now for the stir.

The miner's bank had been robbed; its by no means strongly protected vault had been despoiled of its contents. The stir did not cease even here, for Dave Ross, the president, cashier, clerk, proprietor and all was left bathed in blood lying upon the broad floor of the bank.

A great gaping knife-wound in his back, between the shoulder-blades, a murderous bowie by the side of the victim, the bloody print of a hand upon the inside of the door—these, with the empty vault staring them in the face, meet the eyes of the miners when they flock to the scene of the dastardly work. Who is the doer?

Dave was a brave man; yes, but the plunge of the bowie was delivered from behind, and Dave's bravery was at an end.

Nothing remained to brand the villian but the bowie, and yet there were a score of just such knives near at hand now. There was no name, no mark, no anything about the one particular knife whereby the perpetrator of the deed could be detected. Then all was in a fog. Stay! the bloody hand print!

A yell of fury from the throats of the miners arose as they turned to gaze upon the crimson stain. The second finger was missing; the hand that made the blood stain upon the door, judging by the location of the fingers and thumb, must have been the right hand.

What man among the miners had lost the second finger of the right hand?

Not one.

But, Flasher, the dandy monte-dealer, who had been playing his little game in Tempa City for a while back, had lost a finger from from the right hand too. The miners rushed to the Grand Hotel, Flasher's quarters, but Flasher had departed, and the only trace left of him was a set of monte-cards lying upon the deal table in his room.

* * * * * * * *

A six months had passed, and the snow covered Dave's grave—the only one in Tempa City. Things at the city were pretty much the same as usual, with the exception, perhaps, of some half-dozen or more of "tender foots." I said that the snow covered Dave's grave. Yes, for a couple of days, and then the warm breezes blowing up from the south melted it away, and timid wood violets bloomed above the resting place of the dead.

The affair was still talked over by the miners, but they had ceased tracking the villian who did the deed. The empty vault only told the victims of the robbery, that more weeks, months, aye, years were lying between them and the dear faces in the East. They bent their backs again to the toil, and if they did search more closely now, it was because they were endeavoring to make up for time now lost, which seemed, indeed, to them as lost.

The evening shadows began to fall when the stage and four-in-hand presided over by Jimmy Sturgis, halted in front of the Grand Hotel. First, a clerical gentleman, clad in black, with a stiff white collar and starched tie, got out. Then a little fellow—a dandy—judging by the cut of his coat and the affected style of his demeanor, next appeared,—Lastly a modestly dressed female descended from the stage step. This last personage was really an object of interest to the miners.

Women were scarce in and about Tempa City. What with dirty squaws and dusty-skinned Mexican women, the female sex, to speak plain, is not favorably represented here in the city. A woman, young, pretty, and white—well—such an one could not help but be a great, a grand curiosity to the men.

Who is she? Easily enough answered. A young a beautiful girl—that much the face and form disclosed. What is she? Ah! that question, concerning the gentler sex, has more times than one been asked. Who shall answer it now? Perhaps a girl seeking a long-lost brother; a girl looking for a father; an injured female in search of her betrayer. It matters not who and what she is just at present. She seemed possessed of means, for the morning after her arrival she purchased a vacant lot near the Grand Hotel, and Richer, the only carpenter of whom Tempa City could boast, began thereon the erection of a rambling, low-roofed building.

A few days only had elapsed, and the boys learned the secret of this lovely looking girl and her venture. A note tacked upon the door post of the new building read:

Casino Blanche will be opened to-morrow for the public. Free bar, *keno* and *women* will rule the festivities of the occasion. Men of Tempa City show your hands.

BLANCHE LE MONDE.

If any of the miners had bright dreams concerning the goodness of all womankind in general, they were speedily dissipated when the news flew from mouth to mouth concerning the character of this Casino.

The stage rolled up to the Grand Hotel upon the evening of the posting of the note upon the building, discharging from its door a dozen finely dressed females—all young, and pretty enough to tempt a different class of men than those of Tempa City. The men of the city were like beings isolated from society, and now when a dozen beautiful women clad in garments of richer texture and stylish fashion, who shall wonder that they do rush in a crowd to Casino Blanche when its door is thrown back?

The free bar was well patronized; the keno lay-out presided over by Blanche Le Monde, in person, was the centre of attraction; and that Le Monde was a proficient in the game was doubly certain, for she plucked the boys well. One, two weeks have passed, and each morning the miners went to their claims with heavy eyes, and perhaps heavy hearts. Le Monde was doing the business for them—they and their friends.

The beautiful women attached to the Casino!—ah, such attractions as those were more powerful to the miners than even will itself.

And now, leaving Le Monde, her women, and their victims engaged in this one little act culled from the drama of life, I will introduce the clerical gentleman before mentioned.

He is standing upon the stump of a tree near a drinking place, preaching:

"My beloved brethren—it saddens my heart to see you going in the ways of the damned."

His preaching is addressed to the stream of miners flocking toward the Casino. Strangely enough, whenever a miner drops out of the ranks and takes another direction, this preacher calls the attention of the other miners to the fact of this same by saying:

"Ah, my noble brother! you, I see, have taken serious thought on this subject. Men, there is one who has not become thoroughly surrounded by the snares of Satan."

A loud laugh from the boys puts the foregone and—"tender-foot," "soapy," "milky," from them, deters the "one good one," who, with an air of don't-care-a damn," turns again upon his heel and falls into ranks.

The preacher wears upon the second finger of his right hand a black glove finger, fastened at the wrist by a cord. The second finger on his left hand is missing, When he waves his left hand in gesticulation the missing member shows the vacancy. This same, at first, produced some sensation among the miners, for it brought up recollections of Dave Ross, the bowie knife, the bloody hand print and the bank robbery.

But, then, the print upon Dave's door was made with the right hand. True—and one of the miners who had shaken hands with the parson said that the gloved finger of the right hand was there; he said the parson told him that he had cut his finger, and that the glove finger was worn to prevent further injury.

Now for the dandy. He is seated in the Casino talking with one of the girls. It matters not what may be the subject of this discussion, so long as I locate him.

This Casino is in full blast to-night. The girls are looking their best; and Blanche Le Monde, as usual, is presiding with grace over the keno game. One of the girls, a pretty blonde, is busily engaged at the bar serving the wants of the thirsty pilgrims. The door opens and the parson enters. What can such as he be doing here? Blanche glances up, and with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a simple pout of the lips, turns again to the game.

"Wal, parson, raythur a quar deal, this o' yourn; what mought you be doin' here?" asked a red-shirted miner, slapping the intruder on the back.

"I've come to tell you men, that you are all dealing with Satan and——"

"Drop that parson," interrupted one of the players; "ye've had your game outside; it's our game hear—git out, or shut up."

"Ah, never mind the parson's talk, my friend," says Blanch, "his sermonizing only adds spice to our game."

The parson draws near to the young woman; draws the corner of his mouth down, and locking his fingers together in a lolemn manner upon his breast, he speaks:

"Young woman, I am pained to see such as you working for Satan."

He waves his right hand at the close of the foregoing. The string by which the glove finger is held has become detached and the glove finger drops off. Great Heavens! The stump of a finger is disclosed. A hoarse yell burst from the throats of the players who have witnessed this.

A dozen hands grasp the parson, and his limbs would have been torn from their trunk, if the before mentioned dandy had not sprang forward and waved the now thoroughly infuriated men back. Blanche Le Monde rose and cried:

"Gentlemen, what is the meaning of this disturbance?"

The women grew pale and huddled together in one corner of the room. There in the centre of the room was the cowering form of the parson, his right hand hid in the breast of his coat, in front of him the slight form of the dandy, a pistol in each hand, waving back the mob of vengeful miners.

"Men!" cried the dandy, "this man is my game. Keep off, or it will be the worst for you."

"Your game!" yelled a brawny miner, stepping forward. "He robbed Dave's bank; he stole our dust and nuggets; he murdered Dave—and now we want him."

"You can't have him!" replied the dandy, now laying down all trace of foppish affectation. As he spoke there came upon his finely cut features the determination of making good his words.

"Who are you anyhow? What right have you to stand between us and our pard's murderer?"

"By the right of law, men. I am United States Marshal of the State of California."

Had a spell dropped down among them it could have produced no greater sensation than this last.—They all knew of the officer by reputation, and that he would stand no fooling whatever,

"You are surprised my men. I'll enlighten you. Six months ago John Ralph, my prisoner here, robbed the diamond house of Well & Force, in San Francisco. I say I spotted him; but why he cut off the second finger of his left hand I do not know; neither do I know why he had a wax finger fastened to his right hand. He is the head of this concern. The Casino was his game. Those girls over there in the corner are all of them members of the "flash" of San Francisco, and Blanche Le Monde is the wife of my prisoner. His preaching is only a mask. You know how successful the Casino has been. To-morrow I take my prisoner to the Golden Gate city."

"But he murdered our pard—"

"And he'll answer for the deed at the Court of Justice—you bet," interrupted the marshal, turning to the wretch and slipping a hair of handcuffs upon his wrists.

The lights in the Casino were extinguished. In the morning the marshal departed for San Francisco with his prisoner. When John Ralph was tried, he was found guilty of murder in the first degree; and paid the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold. Blanche Le Monde disappeared. The girls, once attaches of the Casino remained at Tempa City, where good husbands were found for each, from among the miners.

I was in Tempa City a few months since, and I had the pleasure of attending a prayer meeting held in Casino Blanche. I need not add, that the meeting was presided over by a genuine parson, and that his hearers were most of them genuine gospelites.—*Yankee Blade.*

☞When a pen has become so corroded as to be useless, it can be made good as new by holding it in the flames of a gas jet for half a minute; then drop it in cold water, take out, wipe it clean, and it will be ready for use again.

☞In this country there are more women than men among the church members. In New Zealand it is otherwise. The men number eighty-nine per cent. of the whole membership.

THE BOLD LEMVIG PEASANT.

BALDWIN'S MONTHLY.

On an arm of the blue Lymford,
Where the painted boats float down,
Like La Locle, in a valley,
Lies the little Danish town—

Lemvig—with its red-roofed houses,
With its sand fields bleak and bare,
With the convent on the hill-top,
And the bell-tower in the air.

In the olden time, the Norsemen
O'er the plains of Jutland came,
Till the walls of Denmark trembled
At the sound of Odin's name.

Many a fair-haired Danish mother,
Rocked her children, singing tales
Of the Scandinavian heroes,
Warriors of the mystic vales.

Heroes that in stormy battle,
Knee deep in the crimson tide,
Hastening to the plains of Vigrid,
In their armor nobly died.

And it chanced a Lemvig peasant,
Nurtured in those deeds of old,
Gave his brave young life for Lemvig;
To this day the deed is told.

In the ancient wars with Sweden,
When the enemy came down,
Fast [illegible] fire and steel, the foemen
[illegible]he way to Lemvig town.

[illegible]pon a charger mounted,
[illegible] peasant in the field
[illegible]ed, "Show the way to Lemvig!"
[illegible]aring high his brazen shield.

[illegible]ifully to the saddle leaping,
Gerda, son of Darra, sped;
Straight away he rode from Lemvig
To the bluff of Koningshead.

Darker fell the dusky twilight,
As to heaven he breathed his prayer;
Fainter came the chimes of Lemvig
From the bell-tower in the air.

On his trembling horse he guided,
Up the steep and dizzy height,
Like a steady burning lanthorn
From a farmhouse gleamed a light.

On to Lemvig! Let us hasten!
Close beside him came the foe,
With one deadly charge, the rider
Plunged into the depth below.

On they came, the Swedish foemen!
On they rode into the night!
On they fell, by hundreds numbered,
Leaping from the rocky height!

With the bells of morning ringing
O'er the fair and quiet plain,
All the foes of Lemvig slumbered,
Never to awake again.

To this day the deed is cherished;
Once a year, with song and prayer,
The brave peasant's fame is sounded
From the bell-tower in the air.

HOW A HUSBAND WAS LOST.

When the late Lafayette S. Foster, at one time president of the United States Senate, was a young and rising lawyer, he wooed and was engaged to a young lady whose family enjoyed a larger social prominence than his own. The wedding day had been fixed and the couple were talking over their prospective tour, as a part of which young Foster proposed that they should spend a few days with his parents, who resided in a town some distance away. The lady rather reluctantly consented, but said:

"I will go with you this time, but in the future you must not expect my visits to your parents to be very frequent. You must remember that our associations have been very different."

Surprised and shocked by this cold-blooded depreciation of the father and mother whom he loved and honored, the young man paced the floor the sport of seething and conflicting emotions. Finally, taking his hat he turned to the young lady and said:

"I am glad I have found you out in time; you may go to the deuce."

The rebuke might not have been choice in style, but it was earnest in spirit, Thenceforth their ways lay apart and she was not the gainer.

A WORD TO GIRLS.—Here is a word to the dear girls taken from an exchange. We had thought of saying something like it ourselves, but could hardly get up to the point of discouraging them in what is one of their happiest anticipations:

Now that you are being courted, you think, of course, that it is all very well, and it will be nicer when you get married. But it won't. He doesn't know himself, and you don't know him. When he sees you as many times a day as he wants to, maybe more; when he sees your head done up regularly every morning in curl papers and the bloom is all off the rye; when your home contains a good deal of washtub, cradle and cook-stove, he won't stand in front of the house for one hour, out in the cold, watching your light in the window. He'll be thinking rather of getting out of the house.—Young woman, protract this courtship as long as you can. Let well enough alone. A courtship in hand is worth two marriages in the bush. Don't marry till Christmas after next.

MAN'S NATURAL AGE.—According to the theory of the late Professor Faraday, the natural age of man should be 100 years. The duration of life, both in man and animals, he believeed to be measured by its time of growth, its natural termination being five removes from that point. Man being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty—100 years. He also divides life into equal haves, growth and decline; and these into infancy, youth, virility and age; infancy extending to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth—because it is in this period the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five—during which the orgauism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age commences.

☞A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it is not the jaw-bone.

HE WAS A FOOL.

The first caller at the station was a man from one of the north counties in search of his run-away wife. He had walked sixty miles on foot to get trace of her, and see if he could not overhaul her and prevail upon her to return to his ten acre clearing. He was old, lame and gray-headed, and not overly handsome, and when Bijah had looked him over, he felt called upon to inquire:

"How old is this run-away wife of yours?"

"About twenty," was the reply.

"Did any of your neighbors ever call you a fool?"

"Well, yes, I believe several of them have remarked that I was a fool."

"And what is your private opinion about it?"

The old man scratched his head, rubbed his back on the chair, and finally said:

"I druther you'd tell me your opinion."

"Old man," said Bijah, as he squared off at him, "you're a fool for tying to a girl, and an ass for chasing a runaway wife. May and December never did furnish the same sort o' weather, and never will. Had I been a neighbor of yours about the time you married I should have taken you by the neck and dropped you into the nearest river and held you there for twenty minutes."

"And would you let her go?" asked the old man.

"Of course I would! Does the woman who loves a man run away from him? If you found her and took her home wouldn't she cut and run at the next chance?"

"Then I'm a fool, eh?"

"Of course you are!"

"Yes, I guess I am. Well, I guess I'll let her go. How much will it cost me to get drunk and go to sleep in some lumber pile?"

"Not over fifty cents."

"Then I guess I'll let my wife go to Texas and I'll go and get drunk. I've walked sixty miles, and I don't want to start back without sunthin' happening."

A DOG STORY.—Here is a dog story from the Sussex Journal:—Tobe, George W. Bennum's favorite setter dog, was seen by several members of the family, on Saturday last, eagerly trying to catch a mouse that was in a basket half filled with corn. He would shake the basket, turn it round, but the mouse was safely hid in the ears of corn and Tobe could not get at it. After repeated failures he began deliberately to take the ears of corn out of the basket with his mouth and paw and lay them carefully upon the floor. When the basket was nearly emptied he succeeded in catching the mouse and killed it. Then he took the ears of corn and replaced them one by one in the basket, walking off triumphantly with the victim of his sagacity.

A section of the German press is at last beginning to admit that the annexation of Alsace Lorraine was a blunder, and that it is another German Venitia. The immense sums sunk in extending the fortifications of Strasburg and constructing new ones made a great gap in the war indemnity, and now that it is exhausted, their maintenance and that of the army of occupation weigh heavily on the already overburdened finances of the Empire. The anniversary of the surrender of Strasburg was the occasian of numerous articles favorable to restoring the territories wrested from France in exchange for a pecuniary equivalent.

The organization of the Parisian police dates from the commencement of the present century. Dubois, the first Prefect appointed, was a man of great administrative ability; and to his vigorous initiative the new department owed its speedy establishment upon a broad, sound basis. In its main outlines this early organization remains unchanged to this day. But naturally it has been greatly amplified and expanded in the course of years. It is now a mighty engine, working with unfailing regularity and far-reaching action, and holding all Paris—indirectly all France—in its grip. Nothing is too great or too little for its watchful attention.

☞Every farmer should keep a book in which to paste agricultural scraps. Every one in reading a paper will see a number of things which he will wish to remember.—He will perhaps see suggestions, the value of which he will desire to test or hints which he will want to be governed by in future operations.—And yet after reading the paper he will throw it down and will probably never see it again. In such a case all the valuable articles will be lost, every reader should clip from the paper such articles as he desires to preserve and remember, and paste them in a scrap book. Such a book, at the end of a year or two, will be very interesting and valuable.

☞A clergyman asked his Sunday-school: "With what remarkable weapon did Sampson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer, and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

☞Mind your own business and let the affairs of others alone. What if you do see trifling defects and failings in others which do not exactly square with your notions and feelings; they are not accountable for them to you, you have not been set a judge over them. The meddler in other men's business only mars, and it does sometimes happen that in thrusting his nose into other people's business he gets it seriously jammed.

All Sorts of Clippings

A growing industry—farming.

The letter A makes men mean.

Always imposing—the swindler.

The latest thing in boots—stockings.

An unpleasant nut to crack—acorn.

Impudence is a barbaric relic of the sauceage.

The dandy who means well is not a mean swell.

Strange behavior—a vessel "hugging" the coast.

Beads of perspiration are not necessary for a lady's toilet.

People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

Give neither counsel nor salt until asked for it.

Hardware—the friction on a boy's knees.

There is a deal of solid cold comfort in a block of ice.

Printers are not good bakers, but they are great on "pi."

The barber's apprentice is usually a strapping fellow.

Strong cheese is rank, but hatred is rancor.

The honeymoon should not end until the last quarter is gone.

It is a poor speller who does not keep an i to business.

What does the "dog watch" on board a vessel?

At what rate per hundred ideas do we tax our memories?

Language of flowers: Heart's-seize. Love at first sight.

A matchless story—one in which there is no wedding.

A witty man can make a jest, a wise man can take one.

Nowhere is a paper so criticised as in its own office.

Why was Adam's first day the longest? Because there was no Eve.

A woman without beauty only sees the half of life.

Sweetness is no protection against injustice; even sugar can be crushed.

A girl may look often in the mirror, because reflection is good for the mind.

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

There is not much danger when it rains "cats and dogs," but when it Spitz dogs look out.

The girl of the period may be fast, but she wouldn't do for short-stop on a base ball field.

"Do unto others as you would be done by," but take care that you are not "done by others."

It is absurd to suppose that a man can speak above his breath, since his mouth is below his nose.

The man who makes light of everything is not necessarily very brilliant himself.

As with a woman, so with the horse. His back hair is his mane trouble.

A sick man is considered out of danger when the doctor discontinues his visits.

The Bell telephone is not affected by the weather. It is not such an old Bell-wether as that.

A determination to be amiable is an appropriation for the improvement of the river of life.

Nature should mend her ways. English tourists think American autumnal tints entirely too loud.

Young women are severe; they don't feel the stress of action as man does.

A true love for a good woman is a great thing. It shapes many a rough fellow.

A woman should early learn how to be old, and that is not a small talent.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to woman and the first it takes away.

A woman, let her be as good as she may, has got to put up with the life her husband makes for her.

One half of the dissensions in Christendom are caused by ignorance, and other half by bigotry.

How to turn people's heads—come to a concert late in a pair of squeaking boots.

It takes 3 scruples for a drachm, but many a man will take three drams without a scruple.

'All things come to him who waits,' and the hotel waiter expects to get a quarter now and then.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

The bogus medical colleges of Philadelphia have been wiped out by law.

There are 434 churches in Philadelphia, 354 in New York city, and 240 in Brooklyn.

When you hear a man say "Life is but a dream," tread on his corns and wake him up.

The French pay President Grevy 120,000 salary, with $60,000 additional allowances.

Newark, N. J., produces eight-tenths of all the patent leather made in the United States.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

The heft of a woman cannot, with any amount of correctness, be arrived when judging by her sighs.

When a burglar is caught in the pantry and fed on cold lead, good digestion does not wait on appetite.

Fifty years ago mothers used to force the you knit rule upon their daughters, and it worked well.

Ginger snaps. Well, we should say so, and it makes your eyes snap if you take too much at a swallow.

The difference between some girls and grapes is that you can't make the girls whine by squeezing them.

The man who gets maddest at a sqib is usually the fellow who borrows the paper he reads it out of.

It is hard to personate and act a part long.

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