The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 28.

Wanted: 100,000 Bushels of Corn

—AND—

50,000 *BUSHELS OF WHEAT,*

For which the Highest Market Price will be paid, delivered at any Station on the Kent County Rail Road.

☞ I shall be glad to have the Farmers to come and see me in person or by postal, as it may be to their interest to do so before selling their grain. ☜

E. T. COMEGYS,

Locust Grove, Kent county, Md.,

Nov. 25, 1880—tf. AGENT FOR CHRISTIAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA

B. R. HILLMAN & CO,

Strictly "ONE PRICE"

Clothiers,

166 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

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.

C. F. Stam,

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST

COMPOUNDS Physicians' Prescriptions with accuracy and despatch, from the purest Foreign and Domestic Drugs, and according to the improved methods of Pharmacy. Night bell promptly answered.

July 31, 1879. C. F. STAM.

GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Said Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.

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 Vosbell 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.

Do not use adulterated Baking Powder

When you can get HORSFORDS BREAD PREPARATION, perfectly pure, from C. F. STAM. It is manufactured by the distinguished Chemist Prof. E. N. Horsford, and regarded the best Bread Powder in use. July 31

Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.

The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at

Oct 21 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

GO TO THOS. L. HINES & CO'S. and examine his Fire-place Heaters and Cook Stoves Sept. 16.

GRAMMAR IN A NUTSHELL.

I.

Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an, and the.

II.

A noun's the name of anything;
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

III.

Adjectives show the kind of noun;
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

IV.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

V.

Verbs tell us something to be done—
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.

VI.

How things are done the adverbs tell;
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

VII.

Conjunctions join the words together;
As men and women, wind and weather.

VIII.

The preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through the door.

IX.

The interjection shows surprise,
As oh! how pretty! ah! how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

TOM.

Mrs. Hacker and her daughter sat in the little parlor behind the shop taking tea. It was a frosty winter night, and the brown teapot was kept on the back of the stove that it might not chill. So was the pan of sausages, which tasted all the more crisp and savory in consequence. The door between the store and room stood open that any chance customer might be seen at once by the tea-drinkers, but the bell had not jingled since they took their seats.

"Trade is dreadful, Emma Jane," said Mrs. Hacker, dipping her bread into the sausage pan and transferring it to her plate by means of the long cooking fork. "Trade is dreadful! I should just give up if it got a little worse; but, dear me, I never had any luck in any thing. There's Mr. Ninnever putting plate glass—whole panes—into his windows, and beginning to talk of hiring the second floor for ready-made suits; and my things hang on my hands, though, I'm sure I make better selections than he knows how to. Another cup, Emma Jane—what a comfort tea is, to be sure."

"Then give me a cup, won't you, Mrs. Hacker?" said a voice behind them. "I want comfort, I'm sure. Here's grandma gone out and forgot to leave the key, and nothing for me to do but to sit on the stairs and cool my heels."

"Thomas! la! how you scared me coming in so sudden!" screamed Emma Jane.

"Sit down, do," said Mrs. Hacker. "Take your seat here, Tom, and have your supper with us. Your grandma stopped to tell me she wouldn't be back until late, and the key is in the money-drawer."

"About all there is there, too," said Emma Jane, with a pout; "and I want a new winter bonnet."

"Look here, Mrs. Hacker," said the young man, slowly turning himself toward the old lady. "Look here, ma'am; here's some one ready and willing to buy that winter bonnet and all the other bonnets Emma Jane will ever want. We've been engaged a year now, and at last I've got to be foreman in the factory.—Why should we put it off any longer? Tell Emma Jane that it's all nonsense. She won't listen to me."

"Well, I don't think long engagements are best," said Mrs. Hacker. "What I should say to Emma Jane would be, 'Have him now.'"

"Oh, well! I suppose I shall be bothered until I say yes," replied Emma Jane; and then the anxious lover, pleading his cause earnestly, the wedding day was actually set for Christmas eve, which was at that time about a month off.

This conversation, as well as the evening meal, being over Mrs. Hacker discreetly retired to the shop and left the lovers alone. However, she did not stay away long.—In a few moments she came running back with her glasses on her nose, and with an open letter in her hand.

"Read this, one of you," she said. "I've read it, but I can't believe I understand it. It seems as though I must be crazy. Here, you read it, Thomas; I have more confidence in you."

Then she put the letter into Tom Hunt's hand and sat down at the table.

"I found it on the floor," said she. "The postman must have thrown it in at the slit. I don't know whether it's a hoax or not, but its got a regular stamp on, an' all. My gracious, how queer I feel."

Meanwhile Thomas solemnly placed the sheet of paper before him, read it through, and turned back to the first line.

"It isn't a hoax," said he. "It's a regular lawyer's letter, and what it tells you is that your old uncle, Samuel Hacker, of London, England, is dead, and you are his heiress to the tune of $100,000. It's down in pounds, but that the sum in our money."

"Pinch me, Emma Jane!" cried Mrs. Hacker. "I mean it, dear; and if I don't wake up, I'll think it's true."

"Oh, pshaw, ma! It's true enough," cried Emma Jane. "How splendid! When are we to have the money, Tom? Oh, isn't it just lovely?"

But Tom gave a little sigh.

"Mrs. Hacker," he said, "maybe you think a mechanic not rich enough or fine enough for your daughter, now you are as well off as that. If so, say so out and out, and I'll bear it as well as I can."

"Why, Thomas, if I was a queen, I'd think you a good son-in-law," said Mrs. Hacker.

"And you, Emma?" said Tom.

"I shall wait until I get my diamonds on before I take airs," said his lady love.

Nevertheless the fortune made a change in the programme. It was necessary for Mrs. Hacker to go to England, and Emma Jane must go with her, she said; and, on the whole, it seemed best to postpone the wedding for awhile.

"It wouldn't be respectful to Uncle Samuel to marry immediately," said the mother.

So Thomas had the unhappiness of seeing his lady-love leave the shores of her native land, and went back to his shop with a very heavy heart.

However, he worked hard, and many letters comforted him; and at last his Emma Jane returned gorgeous in the last London fashions: and there was all the bustle of buying a new home, furnishing it, and taking possession of it—and very little time for the lovers to be together.

"You see," said Mrs. Hacker to Thomas Hunt, "you see Emma Jane is all stirred up. She'll settle down after awhile; but young people will be young people, you know."

At home Thomas Hunt got less comfort.

"Emma Jane feels her money; she shows it," said Grandmother Hunt. "And the place is too fine for me, and the servants stare too much. Sarah Hacker is a sensible woman; but Emma Jane isn't much to depend on. You'll find that out, Thomas."

And poor Thomas did find it out.

"You see, Tom," said Emma, one day, twirling the cheap ring he had given her softly about on her finger—"You see, Tom, somehow I'd rather not be married for a long while. I don't wan't you to be angry with me; but I never was a rich girl before—and it's so nice. I get so much attention. I don't want to settle down as an old married woman yet."

"I will wait, Emma," replied Tom.

"Ah, but—but you see it might be no use," said Emma. "Perhaps I never may want to marry; and if you don't mind taking back the ring, why we can be friends all the same."

"Can we?" said Tom, in a stange tone. "Well, I shall never be your enemy."

And he put the ring into his vest pocket; but he did not trouble the servant to open the door of the big house again.

"What ails Tom, Emma Jane," asked Mrs. Hacker. "Why don't he come here any more?"

"It's just as well he shouldn't," answered the girl; "and if you could only drop the Jane, ma; I hate it so."

"You didn't use to hate your poor grandma's name," said Mrs. Hacker; "but money has spoiled you, Emma Jane, if ever it spoiled a woman."

"Don't be cross, ma," coaxed Emma. "Tom is very well, but he is so common; and you know how elegant your Mr. Vreeland is, and—and he pays me a great deal of attention, ma."

"Ah, that's it," sighed old Mrs. Hacker. "He's cut Tom Hunt out. You've jilted the poor boy."

And now Vreeland came often to see Emma Jane, was her escort everywhere, drove her out, walked with her, sang sentimental songs with his eyes fixed on her face, and all that might be done to show "what his intentions were." And a year from the day on which Mrs. Hacker took possession of her new house, she was not surprised by hearing that Mr. Vreeland desired to see her alone.

"Yes, I'll go to see him, my dear," said Mrs. Hacker, putting on her best cap at the glass; "but I cannot help thinking of poor Tom."

Mr. Vreeland sat in the parlor in exactly the proper attitude, wearing the proper dress, and properly excited—no more. He informed the old lady that he had lost his heart to her daughter, and that as he believed he had found favor in that young lady's eyes, desired to have permission to set the wedding-day.

And Mrs. Hacker listened calmly and answered thus:

"Mr. Vreeland, I think you are what they call a good match for Emma Jane, and I've nothing against you. It shall be as she chooses. Only it's but fair to tell you this. You must take her for herself, for in a week's time we must leave this house, and I shall go back to my little shop. I've been speculating, and, well, you know how things go sometimes."

"Yes, I know," replied young Vreeland. He turned as pale as death as he spoke, and sat looking down at the carpet.

After awhile he said:

"Accept my condolences," and arose and bowed himself out of the front door.

An hour afterward Emma Jane, to whom her mother had told the same story of speculation and loss, received a note, which the Vreelands' black servant had brought to the door. It ran thus:

"MY DARLING EMMA: You know I adore and must adore you forever; but my habits are extravagant. My father, like your mother, has entered into disastrous speculations, and I will not bind you to a marriage which could result in nothing but misery. Yours ever, in deep despair.

REGINALD VREELAND."

Ah, it was all like a dream to Emma. They went back to the old house, and the shop was opened again. The dirty boxes were brushed the counter oiled, the pins and buttons, and striped blue elastic, and boxes of cheap thimbles, and the card-board mottoes stamped for working in silk, graced the glass case once more.

The same limited number of customers dropped in, and Emma served behind the counter, and washed dishes in the dark room. She was very, very wretched, and life looked dark indeed to her.

Old Mrs. Hunt and Thomas still lived on the upper floor. The old grandmother told Mrs. Hacker that Tom was beginning to like Fannie Earle, the hair dresser's pretty daughter.

Sometimes Tom would pass the window, but he never looked toward it.

Emma used to sit behind the counter thinking of him. What a lover she had had, and she had cast him away for a fortune-hunter. Her verdict was that she deserved punishment, and she was very sad and very meek.

She expected nothing now but to die an old maid, living behind that little shop counter, and never having any admiration or attention again.

In this mood she sat beside her mother one winter evening. The table was spread with the thick stone china; the brown teapot and the pan of sausage hissed on the stove. The door stood open between the shop and the parlor. All that had happened since might have been a dream, and it might have been the same night, a year before, when the letter had come to them which had made such changes, and Emma had even poured out the second cup of tea for her mother, when the door into the hall creaked, and looking up, saw Tom, big and brown as ever, with such a look in his eyes. But it could not be for her; she did not deserve it. And Emma dropped her head upon her hands and burst into tears.

Then she felt Tom kneel down beside her and put his arm around her waist.

"Look up at me my dear. I cannot bear it any more. I never can help loving you, and for all that's come and gone, I believe you do love me a little."

Then Emma found courage to put her hands upon his shoulders and whisper:

"Oh, Tom, I believe I do."

* * * * * * *

They were married in a very little while, and it was only after the wedding that old Mrs. Hacker, with a very solemn face, informed them that she had a confession to make to them.

"I haven't lost my money at all, my dears," she said. "I'm half afraid of it, for it seemed to bring unhappiness with it. Yet still it is comfortable to be rich. And now you are married to an honest man, that chose you when you were poor, my dear, we might as well make the most of it, and all go over together—Granny Hunt and all—to the big house the servants are keeping for us, thinking we're off on a journey. I shall never blame myself, and I don't think any of you will blame me, either."

Tom looked at Emma, but she only threw her arms about his neck and hid her face in his bosom and said:

"The money cannot make me any happier than I am, Tom."

And even Grandmother Hunt declared:

"The house don't seem too fine to me now, for there's love in it, and truth in it, and my Tom is as happy as the day."

A MYSTERIOUS CALIFORNIA LAKE.

What is known as Dead lake lies between Lake Earl and the coast, about midway on a line from the mill to what is known as Keller's pond. There are many strange stories connected with this mysterious lake, which has no visible outlet, and yet, despite the ceaseless flow of a small stream which empties into it, retains a uniform volume of water. Its depths have been sounded, and though it has been asserted that bottom was found at a depth of 25 feet, this must have been very near to the shore, as others who have dared to venture upon its dark waters report that there is a considerable area where no bottom can be found. There is an old Indian legend in regard to the origin of the lake. Long years ago, long before the invading feet of the white man had sought this coast, there dwelt here a numerous Indian tribe.—Many summers they lived in peace and contentment. The waters abounded with fish, the forests were filled with game, and the Indian's heart was glad. But at last came the time of sorrow. One day the old chief while at council, became angered at one of the most respected men of the tribe, and struck him to the ground. This one blow forever destroyed the harmony which had until then existed. The friends of the gray-haired councilman rebelled at the authority of their chief and cried for vengeance. But the greater portion of the tribe remained loyal and were victorious, pursuing the vanquished and fleeing enemy back among the sand dunes near the coast.

The heart of the Indian god, Clutte-nog-gy, was filled with wrath because of this discord among his people, and he determined to inflict a terrible punishment. The heavens became covered with menacing clouds of terrible darkness, and the wind swept over the shifting sands, blinding and blocking the way of pursued and pursuer. Suddenly a deafening sound broke upon their ears, and, like the jaws of a mighty dragon, the earth opened beneath their feet and they were swallowed from sight. The storm burst in all wild fury, the torrents poured into gaping abyss, and the rippling waters of Dead lake now lave the sides of that sepulcher. To this day no Indian can be induced to approach Dead lake. They tell the story that two, bolder than the others, conquered their dread, and building a canoe ventured upon its waters, but they were never heard of afterward. Its depths are said to be infested with reptiles of enormous dimensions, to which assertion a strong semblance of truth is given by the report of F. W. Wilson, Esq., last summer, that he saw an immense serpent in the vicinity of Lake Earl. This monster Ophidian doubtless crossed over from Dead lake, and as it has not since been seen, the probability is that it has returned to its home.—*Cresent City (Cal.) Record.*

☞ 'I don't mean to reflect on you,' said one man to another. 'No,' was the reply, 'you are not polished enough to reflect on any one.'

THE MUSICAL MISS NEXT DOOR.

O! hark to the strains of the jingling piano,
That float like the wails of a gathering storm,
Jingle, tink, tink, from eight in the morning;
Rumble, dum, dump, till past two in the morn;
Arpeggio, staccato, andante, tranquillo,
Con dolore, allegro, nix-cum-arouse
. of it fruit of the manipulation
Of a music-struck miss in a neighboring house.

I idolize music, from bass-drums to bag-pipes;
I drink in the strains of Apollo's sweet song;
I worship Rossini, Beethoven and Verdi;
For Auber and Weber I painfully long;
But hear her maniacal interpretation—
Dingle dink, pingle pink, grumble grump;
Exquisite torture of auriculation—
Toopey toop, pookey pook, plunky plump.

THE CZAR'S YACHT.

Russia has never been looked upon as a maratime power of any extraordinary importance, although she has manifested an ambition in that direction more than once. Yet she threatens to revolutionize shipbuilding, if we can believe the reports of the wonderful peformances of the Czar's new yacht, the Livadia. Ever since this novel craft was first contracted for it has been a subject of ridicule, and it had come to be regarded as an idiosyncracy of a toppling intellect when its performances attracted the attention and shook the theories of the nautical world.

Whether the Czar has builded wiser than he knew, or arrived at his conclusions from observation and experiment, we are not prepared to say. Certain it is, he has stubbornly and unswervingly persisted in constructing his "tub," and carrying it to completion, in the face of the sneers of foreigners and against the mild and timid advice of native courtiers and expert seamen. The result of his apparently crazy experiment is a floating palace of magnicent dimensions, erected upon a vast crcular raft or hull, equipped with strong engines and fitted up with regal splendor. This peculiar structure was recently launched, the hull being almost as broad as it was long, and none of the conditions were complied with in its construction which, according to modern theories, would guarantee or suggest speed. Indeed there was but one apparent virtue in this model, and that was that she was calculated from her great breadth of beam to resist the waves and thus protect her passengers from sea-sickness; but even this was questioned by experts. They alleged that she would toss and pitch in a sea-way with very little if any less violence than an ordinary long hull; they urged that she would be tediously slow and unwieldy in her movements; that she would be hard to handle and would require a dry-dock specially aonstructed for her to take her up for repairs, since there is not another dock in the world, which will accommodate her, besides the one from which she was recently launched.

Her trial trip has been made and, to the astonishment of all observers, the Livadia runs from 17 to 18 knots an hour with ease, showing her to be exceedingly swift; she obeys her helm and can be manœuvered with far more ease and dispatch than a long ship of the same tonnage; her great breadth enables her to carry more fuel than a long ship, with more room for freight or passengers; she hardly quivers in the heaviest waves; she is far stronger than a long hull, and there is much less strain upon her plates or timbers, since she is not wrenched or twisted in the trough of the sea, and what strain is required is distributed so generally, instead of being confined to parts of her, that there is no cutting off of bolt heads or cracking of plates. She could make the trip from Baltimore to Bremen, or New York to Liverpool, in several days less time than the regular lines now do it. And yet the passengers would enjoy greater comfort, an almost certain exemption from sea-sickness, and do the voyage in less time than by the present 'improved' steamers.

The tendency of modern shipbuilding is and has been to increase the length of vessels, in the belief that capacity was being increased without sacrifice of speed. Hence our great ocean ferries are equipped with long, narrow ships, with straight cut-waters and sloping bows, that appear to present the least resistance to the water, and which, theoretically, require the application of less power to cause them to glide through the parting waves. In this it was conceived that the minimum of power with the maximum of speed had been reached. The Livonia, however, contradicts this theory, and shows that the same powerful engines which propel a long, sharp steamer through the water would send a round, flat vessel skimming with greater velocity over the water.

Another great advantage claimed for the Livadia is that she draws so little water in comparison with the long sharp ships that have become the pride of modern achievement. The large passenger steamers that ply between this country and Europe can hardly find water of sufficient depth, even in such a splendid harbor as New York, to float them. The Livadia, or a passenger ship of equal capacity built after her model, would not require more than half the depth of channel to accommodate it. This is no small advantage over the present style of freight vessels.

Whether the Czar stumbled upon this model by accident, whether it was a mere vagary of an unsettled brain, or whether it is the product of genius and study, it is apparently a lucky hit, and his persistence in sticking to his model and carrying out his original plan in the face of ridicule and a popular suspicion of his sanity, makes it rather appear like an idea than an accident. We have been accustomed to imagine that no good thing could come out of such a Nazareth as Russia, particularly in the naval line, but here is a ship which from a butt has become a scientific curiosity, and from the manner in which the attention of sailors and ship-builders have been fasteued upon her, promises to effect a revolution in marine architecture.

"OPENING OF A CHESTNUT BURR."

"Any chestnuts 'round here?" asked one of three city boys who met an aged, benevolent-looking farmer out in Livonia Township.—The old man hesitated:

"You don't want to steal 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, no, we just wanted to find out."

"Well, there's a few trees back there, but if I thought you wanted to steal them I wouldn't have told you, for the owner has gone to town; but you are bright, honest-looking boys."

The boys blushed with the pride of conscious goodness.

"When will the owner be back?"

"Well, not before dark, I reckon."

The boys respectfully thanked the old man, waited till he had got out of sight, jumped the fence and were soon shaking down the burrs.

The shaking was easy, but the opening of the chestnut burrs was more difficult and unpleasant. At last the boys had a splendid pile of handsome, brown nuts on the ground and they prepared to put them in the bags which they had brought with them.

"Please don't take any more trouble," said the benevolent old man who stood by the fence beaming kindly on the startled boys. "I'm not so strong as I once was, and I fear I can't hold in this dog much longer. If you'll hurry, though, I guess I can keep him here till you get to the railroad track. Down, Tige, sir!"

As the boys looked back from the railroad fence, they could see the stooping figure of the old man scooping the rich, brown chestnuts into a two-bushel bag.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CIVILIZED TEXAN ETHIOP.

Several Galveston gentlemen started last Sunday morning early for the purpose of desecrating that day. They carried guns and flasks with them for that purpose. The flasks were not as dry inside as a powder horn. They were not that kind of flasks. Finally they saw ducks, and proceeded to organize a campaign plan. They crawled up on the ducks on their stomachs—that is, on their own (the hunters') stomachs—and, blazing away, killed two ducks. The Sunday hunters secured their prey, and proceeded to the cabin of an old darkey hard by, for the hunters were hungry.—They told him they would shower down wealth upon him if he would cook their wild ducks for breakfast. The old darkey turned those wild ducks over and exclaimed:

"Dem ar is my tame ducks, and dey is wuff 50 cents a piece. Dey is so tame dey runs after me whenever I goes down to the pond."

Then the hunters looked at each other, and said:

"Don't let us tell anybody about it, for fear the Sifter may get hold of it."

They paid over one silver dollar to the old African for his pet ducks, which he did cook for them. But the best of the joke is that the old darkey lied, for the ducks were really wild ducks, after all, but the Galveston sportsmen did not know the difference. The old darkey makes as much as $10 a Sunday by going out and claiming all the wild ducks that are shot as his tame ducks. In every instance the huntsman hands over the money.

CAN YOU?

Can you tell why men who cannot pay small bills can always find money to buy liquor and treat when among friends?

Can any one tell how young men who are always behind with their landlords can play billiards, night and day, and always be ready for a game of cards when money is at stake?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families, who have no income and no work, when others who are industsious, are half starved?

Can any one tell why four-fifths of the young ladies prefer a brainless fop, under a plug hat, to a man with brains?

Can any one tell why it is that some mothers are always ready to sew for the distant heathen when their own children are ragged and dirty?

Can any one tell why a man who is always complaining that he cannot afford to subscribe for the local newspaper, and every week borrows it from his neighbor, can afford to attend every traveling show that comes into town?

☞ Some colored philosopher in the crowd remarked that the telegraph could travel fast. Old Uncle Mose spoke up:

"Mebbe so, but you can't prove it by dis culled witness."

Jim Webster replied:

"You do sumfin and light out for the interior of de State, and you'll fine out ef de telegraf don't out-trabble yer. I'se had some 'sperence in dat ar telegraf line."

"Mebbe so," said old Mose, "but I paid $2 for a message to my boy Jake up in Austin to send $20.—Dat's foah yeahs ago, and de money hasn't got heah yit. Does yer call dat ar quckness?"—*Galveston News.*

☞ For many years Moses, a negro, was a servant at the University of Alabama, and waited on the students very faithfully; but he was a most notorious hypocrit. He was on that account commonly called "Preach" among the boys. One day he was passing a crowd of students, when one of them called to him:

"I say, Preach, what are you going to do when Satan gets you?"

"Wait on students," was the reply.

☞ "What do you use your fingers for when you blow your nose?" asked a Galveston gentleman of a bootblack. "Do yer expect me to blow my nose with my legs, say?"

All Sorts of Clippings

Grate expectations—live coals.

Soar feat—a balloon ascension.

The dress circle—the belt.

A deceiving thing—sauceage.

A dear little thing—the diamond.

Edison's electric light keeps shady.

Enough for a scent—a penny cigar.

Eve's first remark—"What I want is to see my ma."

A woman's belt is always waist full.

A grave error—burying a man alive.

No matter how old a crowbar may be, it remains as pry as ever.

Possesses great healing powers—the cobbler.

Triplets can hardly be regarded as a test of four-bearance.

This is the season when the chestnut worm finds itself in a hole.

Bob Ingersoll will now turn his attention to defaming Christians.

The woman who dyes her hair wants to keep it dark.

Extract from Bacon—a slice from a ham.

Gathering rents—mending torn clothing.

A hollow mockery—a mismatched stove-pipe.

Politeness is the just medium between form and rudeness.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as geometry.

Secrets may be trusted to a miser; he never gives away anything.

A water-spout—a temperance oration.

Things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

If you want to make up for lost time buy another watch.

Things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

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

Things to like—cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness.

The baker is always willing to work when he kneads bread.

Things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

The question of temperance is worthy of a sober consideration.

Things to cultivate—good books, good friends and good humor.

The best kind of pine to make a picket fence—Porcu-pine.

Things to contend for—honor, country und friends.

Persons with a strong "turn" for music—organ grinders.

Things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

The town of 'Poker Flat,' California, is situated on a bluff.

Things to think about—life, death and eternity.

The road that leads to destruction Sugar-coat a fool with money and most people will swallow him.

Paris has 24 theatres and 100 concert saloons.

Fifteen factories in this country turn out 500 tons of glucose daily.

Work is going on on New York's $1,000,000 hotel.

The Pennsylvania railroad employs 14,709 persons.

The actual diocese of London contains 2,500,000 people.

The sugar crop of Cuba is 20 per cent, less than last year.

A horseshoe manufacturer is making a horseshoe of iron and hemp.

The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bags her husband's.

Why is the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

Irish land-owners understand just enough about farming to know how to "raise" the rents.

They who talk the most work the least—unless they happen to be book agents.

There are 200 miles of oyster beds on the gulf coast of the Mississippi.

Virginia has raised 1,550,000 bushels of peanuts this year and Tennessee 550,000.

New York city hotels consume 1,000,000 chickens, and 5,500,000 eggs every year.

We are more sociable, and get on better with people by the heart than by the intellect.

"Ah," said a deaf man, who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear below!"

The Boston Journal says that John Kelly is a Democrat for revenue only.

Dressmakers who know their business never make bulls; they do all the goring themselves.

What is the difference between a fixed star and a meteor? One is a sun, the other a darter.

As the boy is bent the man's inclined. The left knee is the best one to bend your boy over.

When you make a laughing stock of your neighbor, see to it that you don't make a fool of yourself.

A pretty girl may talk slang, but she never says to her bean, "None of your lip!"

Some girls say that the power of the press depends upon the strength of his arms.

"Constituency, thou art a jewel," remarks the candidate when he is returned to Congress.

Men are like pins. One with a little head may be just as smart as one with a big head.

Men are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary instruction.

When you ask some single ladies how old they are, their rage is manifest.

The sphere of human duty is not there nor yonder, but there, just where you are.

One man can kill another, but it takes twelve men to make murder of it.

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not cold."

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