The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 29.

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. 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.

PARIS GREEN and *LONDON PURPLE*

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs.

and other Insects, for sale at the lowest pri e

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.

Conemaugh and Victor Cook Stoves.

The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at

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

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

Children's 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 Vochell 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.

Dopst 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

THE CELEBRATED Highland Corn Sheilers and Powers

—ALSO—

THE KEYSTONE CUCUMBER PUMPS

For sale by JOHN BELL, Ag't.

RATTLE OF THE BONES.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones of the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each, one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each fore-arm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each,—and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each,—the knee-pan please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each,—we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each,—but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as in the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half-a-score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, all together, these many bones fix,
And they count in the body two hundred and six.

And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And we now and then have a bone I should think
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormian we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

SPEECH MADE BY COL. SNOWDEN, MANAGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA MINT, BEFORE A MEETING OF MEMBERS OF THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE IN PHILADELPHIA, UPON THE SUBJECT OF "BUSINESS PROSPERITY."

COLONEL SNOWDEN'S SPEECH.

Not every business man, even with large experience is able at all times to comprehend the causes of business depression and prosperity. Indeed, I think it may be said with truth that the attention of the great masses of men everywhere is more given to the mere details of their immediate occupation than in efforts to study out the philosophical causes that underlie and control all enterprises to a greater or less extent. It is perhaps well that this is so, as investigation into the causes and the conclusions arrived at are always or generally profitable or reliable. Overproduction, undue expansion, long credits, unwholesome laws, mercantile dishonor, unstable government, unsound currency, unnatural competition are the prolific causes of business depression and disaster. There can be no soundness or continued healthy activity in business when all, or, indeed, any of these evils are sapping the foundations. Some of them are more malignant and rapid in their operations, but either is pernicious enough to work great injury. Over-productiveness finds its punishment in ultimate stagnation, and, like an over-charged human system, the consumption resulting from over-stimulation will fall below a natural average where the demand regulates the supply. The danger from this evil is always most to be feared after long depression and the sudden revival of industries, and it is one of the dangers that we should be watchful of at the present time.—Undue expansion arises from either ambition to do a larger business than our capital justifies, or from that avarice which forms a part of human nature, and which makes many men grasp at great shadows and lose the solid substance they possessed, which, if carefully nourished and developed, would ultimately have led to large and enduring success. As no building is safe where the superstructure is far outside and beyond the governing power and cohesive force of its foundation stones, so no business house is safe when the expansion based upon credit is far beyond the solid foundation of the fixed capital employed therein.

Long credits is the earlier worm that continually gnaws at the vitals of all business prosperity. It is the uncertain factor that is always demanding discount and which is never fully or fairly described in business transactions. Uncertainty of payment finds no arithmetician quite clear enough to calculate the law of chances and give to business men that certain results which always should underlie business operations. Credit is, perhaps, necessary in trade, but undue credit stimulates over-production, sometimes dishonesty and after disaster. "Short credits and prompt payments make good friends" is an old adage, but it does more—it keeps the channels of business healthy and promotes on all sides soundness and prosperity. Unwholesome laws are such as grant privileges to one class of individuals or business enterprises at the expense of others. They tend to build up monopolies on the one hand and impose undue burdens on the other. The less legislation as effecting the internal commerce, contracts the business of a people the better. General laws, wisely framed for general protection, are not designed to protect the weak or depressed against the strong and unscrupulous. If tricksters and double dealers were shunned by all honorable business men and held up to public contempt, it would soon be found that "policy" if not "principle" would induce honest conduct. There is no more ennobling or inspiring spectacle than to see a merchant meet every obligation, and, if need be, sink into poverty rather than float by the use of dishonest and dishonorable means.—The hand of every honest merchant and business man should be stretched forth to help, support and build up again anyone who thus values his mercantile honor more than he fears poverty and starvation. A community composed of all honorable and straightforward business men could find a powerful support in the regulation and control of business within healthful bounds. There can be no business prosperity where there is unstable government, or when the policy of the Government is uncertain. Trade and commerce shrinks and wastes away before public disorders or commotion, and halts and is sluggish when diverse principles of political economy are applied at uncertain intervals. Stability in government and a fixed policy and firm execution of the laws as relates to persons and things are essential to sound business activity and prosperity. Under our popular form of government it behooves all business men to take an interest in public affairs, not to trust to mere politicians, but to devote some of their own time to affairs of their neighborhoods—States and country at large. In a monarchy the people are spared the trouble of attending to these matters, but with us it is the bounden duty of all good citizens to see that conservative and long-tested principles are applied in the administration of our affairs, and that tried and true men are placed in positions of responsibility and trust. Here business and politics are one and should be treated with the same conscientious care that you bestow upon your private affairs. I am glad to believe that of late there is a much fuller appreciation of the relations our citizens bear to public affairs than at any past period in the history of our country. I hope and trust the day is not far distant when the educated business men of our land, old and young, will feel a deep personal interest and pride in shaping political affairs and in influencing public opinion to the furtherance of that which is best, most profitable and ennobling for us as a people. A sound currency is the life-blood of commerce; without it, uncertainty, doubt and distrust run riot in all your transactions. The uncertainty of the future, under fictitious money is always distorted beyond what is rational, and unreasonable discounts are forced to meet uncertain future contingencies. The evils that result from an unstable currency are beyond cataloguing. Violent fluctuations in prices—elevations and depressions—destroy all the landmarks that guide a prudent business man, and leave him upon a financial sea without a compass to point the way or a rudder to steer his frail bark, which at every turn in the current is in danger of stranding. Of late years we have heard much upon the subject of money, and many excellent men under the pressure of hard times have been drifted from safe moorings into a belief, or an expression of belief in, fiat money. I am happy to say, however, that the administration of our public affairs being in the hands of wise and prudent statesmen, we have outlived the storm and are once again upon the sure and only true foundation upon which to rest a financial fabric, and from the returns of the recent election I am satisfied that but a small portion of our people continue to worship at the shrine of false gods. The experience of the ages teaches much that is valuable, and when the uniform history of all nations points to the adoption of any one principle in political economy, we may safely conclude that it is a sound and enduring principle that has withstood the test of the ages and resisted all attempts to its overthrow. Such has been the experience of the world in relation to money, and the universal verdict is that gold and silver are the only true foundations to base a circulating medium upon. We have had in the long centuries many inventions, but not one to supplant the use of the precious metals. From Abraham down to this hour these two metals have resisted all innovations or new fangled notions and remain commanding the approval of the wisest of statesmen, as they have often in the ages gone by confounded the more foolish. During the long war, and its attendant results we were in a fluctuating and uncertain condition, until our "promises to pay" reached par with the money of the world, and then every artery and vein in our business centres felt the new and invigorating impulse of an irresistible and healthful current throbbing within them, which is now sweeping us on to a great prosperity.

The last thought I will present as a hindrance to healthy trade, and as depressing and injurious in its results, is unnatural competition. Competition in business has been said to be and is the "life of trade." A healthy competition is where our own people invest their energies and money in all kinds of productive industries, and while contending with each other for business advantages are enabled to reap fair returns to the capital and labor invested and employed. This competition is one of the most healthful and conservative elements in all business. What I mean by unnatural competition is when, by the folly or madness of government, the capital and labor of our people is made to compete with the cheap capital and pauper labor of the Old World. This I characterize as unnatural competition. Ours is a young country and needs care and protection in the development of all her mighty resources, and while protection should be so guarded as not to foster monopolies, it should be sufficient to develop our resources—make us self-supporting as a nation, and should make our labor the best paid, the best fed, housed and educated in all the world. By this means we will promote national and individual prosperity, and prepare all our people for a proper exercise of the great privileges and duties that devolve upon us as American citizens. Under any conditions occasional business storms will arise, but with judicious production, conservative management, short credits, wholesome laws, mercantile honor, stable government, a sound currency and protection to American capital and labor you need have no great fears for the future.

COL. A. K. MCCLURE'S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Shoe and Leather Trade:—My first experience as a shoe and leather man was not a success. I was informed by my master when I first entered upon that trade that if I could curry a horsehide I would do well, I spoiled every horsehide that came in for six months afterward. Personally, I have not found that I have been an entire success since, and I find in everything, especially in politics, a good many men are engaged in spoiling horse hides. For the press there is very little to say; it is simply a reflex of the community, neither better nor worse, and you have as much to do with the sentiments of the paper as the gentlemen of the press have themselves. You have heard from the distinguished orator from a neighboring State that this is a nation. We all know that it was so decided on every battle-field of every war, and is inscribed on every monument in the North and in the South, and it will be a nation as long as freedom endures. This is a part of the duty of the press also, and they have aided to write the word on the escutcheon of the Government. But to turn to another theme in connection with this, my friend General Woodford must be kept in the office of the United States District Attorney in New York or Garfield won't be re-elected, and as for my friend Kelley, I regret that he was placed in a false position, to be compelled to speak of a retiring administration, for it is hard to praise the setting sun. [Laughter.] Had it been the reverse and the new-comer was to be greeted, there were four years before him to contemplate; and there is my friend Colonel Snowden—he must be kept in the Mint, for the civil service reform rules must be enforced. These things, gentlemen, you will notice I mention to you in the strictest confidence, and in compliance with a rule strictly observed in all well-regulated newspaper offices, "*cut it short*," I will bid you good night.

WITTY AND TRUE.

Some of the sayings of that pious but witty English clergyman, Rev. Rowland Hill, were remarkable for hitting the nail on the head. Not another blow was needed to drive it home.

Being very much grieved at the conduct of some of his congregation, who were frequently unpunctual, he once offered the following prayer:

"O Lord, bless those who are in their places, have mercy on those who are on the road, and save those who are getting ready to come."

He once said of a man who knew the truth, but seemed afraid to preach it in its fullness:

"He preaches the truth as a donkey mumbles a thistle—very cautiously."

On a wet day a number of persons took shelter in his chapel, during a heavy shower, while he was preaching; he remarked:

"Many people are greatly blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

Entering the house of one of his congregation, he saw a child on a rocking horse:

"Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians! there is motion, but no progress."

A professed Christian, who was addicted to drinking, asked him impertinently:

"Now, do you think Mr. Hill, that a glass of spirits would drive religion out of my heart?"

"No," he answered, "for there is none in it."

A lady who professed religion, but whose daily practice was not in harmony with it, once said to him:

"I am afraid lest after all, I shall not be saved."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Mr. Hill, "for I have been long afraid for you, I assure you."

☞ The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph of recent date says: "If you are looking for downright intellect, call on the pointer dog. He is far more human than the monkey, and we cheerfully acknowledge far worthier of the relationship. Look at 'Jeff,' Dr. Mattauer's liver-colored pointer. That dog carries notes, goes for the horse and buggy, goes for beef, and fetches ice regularly. Would anybody deny 'Jeff's' intellect? Hardly. Last week 'Jeff' was sent for ice.—He started with a towel, in one corner of which the nickel was tied up. 'Jeff' saw that nickel put in, and immediately temptation assailed him. He could buy ice on credit, but beef was always cash. He labored under that temptation until he reached Huff's corner, near the ice house, and then he yielded. Down in the dirt he crouched, and after a tussel got the knot untied. He buried the nickel, carried the towel in, received the ice and came out; but not for the nickel. Oh no! The doctor must be left under the impression that that nickel had gone for ice.—The ice was carried to the office, and Jeff came back like a flash, secured his cash, galloped to the beef stand and in a few minutes was observed homeward-bound with his dinner.—He was not afraid to carry it home. He reasoned that the doctor would suppose some one had given it to him."

☞ "I assure you, gentlemen," said the convict upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interest, I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

MONEY.

Oh, money! what a power is thine!
Thou mak'st this weary life divine,
And where thou art heaven's light doth shine
With cheering ray.

Without thee our existence here
Hath naught our rugged path to cheer,
Then all around is dark and drear
On life's highway.

Some may, unwisely, call thee trash,
Unlike them, I'll not be rash;
I honor thee, thou sainted cash,
With all my heart.

Both rich and poor hath ever found
That plenty doth thy path surround,
While sweet content and smiles abound
Where'er thou art.

The poor thy power oft hath blest,
Though seldom with thy gifts possessed,
They welcome thee, a pleasant guest
Around their hearth;

While in the rich man's gilded hall,
Where comfort holds its festival,
Thou spread'st thy cheerful light o'er all
With smiles and mirth.

Not like the miser counting o'er
With gloating eye his shining store
And driving from his darkened door
The light of day;

Nor like the rich with pompous pride,
Who oft with scorn the poor deride,
While they in gilded chariots ride
With bright array—

I'd seek thee, money, but to spend;
Sometimes to cheer a worthy friend,
For pleasant 'tis to have to lend
To one who's scant;

I'd seek thee that I oft might feed
Some hungry fellow in his need,
Or for some kindly neighbor-deed
To those in want.

New York Evening Post.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SARA.

How She Came Over on a "Sheep" and was Seasick Only Once.

New York Star.

I am, as you well know, the most sympathetic, volatile and affectionate of men. And it is precisely because I am so that I sought the pleasure of an interview with the accomplished Sara Bernhardt yesterday. Fortune smiled on me, and I procured the coveted introduction. When we met, Sara's eyes betokened recent weeping, and I at first supposed that she had tired of life. An attendant informed me that such was not the case, however, I was about to speak, but being embarrassed, the lady kindly took the initiative.

"I no speck ze English lenkvitch," said the lovely Sara.

"Bones yours," said I, pointing to the assets of a chicken reposing somnambulistically on a tray. (I will not be certain whether it was a tray or dence.)

"Bong jour, monsieur," responded the devine Sara, with a thrilling smile. Then she trembled dramatically, and to ascertain if she were cold and if I would close the window, I asked:

"Demi semi quiver?"

"Vat a funny mans!" she answered politely.

She still trembled violently, and it was, of course, my duty to ascertain why. Any body who has studied French remembers the first exercises in the book.

"Avvy vous le pain?"

"I am not ze suffishiong Hungary," she answered.

This was probably a joke, and we both laughed heartily; and the laughing was increased when I remarked, "No French."

Then Sara turned sidewise and gave me a profile view. I had to look twice to see her. She is rather tall, and thin almost to nothingness. She has black eyes, which caused a friendly feeling between us at once, as I have often one (and sometimes two) myself. Her hair is the color of what I suppose is known in France as *bric*. Noticing a piano in the room, I asked:

"Pianissimo spell?"

The lady excused herself on the plea of being tired, and shrugging her dainty shoulders she said:

"I am so weariness."

Mlle. Bernhardt then suggested that as the visitor spoke some English the further conversation should be carried on in that language.

"You speaka ze Eenglish lenkvitch almost so good like I do myself. Shall we continuance?"

"Si, signora," was my delighted assenting answer.

Sara proved to be very witty. She evidently wished to guy me, for she said she came over on a "sheep—a big, nice sheep."

"Were you seasick?"

"We, we, Monsieur. Wance; I was sea-sickness wance. It last all ze voyage," and she laughed.

"You do not appear to have suffered much."

"Zat is a vera funny," she answered with a smile.

"Does the American style of cooking agree with you?"

She shook her head doubtingly.

Being asked how long her engagement would continue, she replied with warmth:

"Sh! so many. Ze nice gentlemens of Amerique. Zay all want to engage me for zemselves, but I cannot marry joost alretty. I am too young," and she heaved a sigh, which I heaved back again. It awoke the slender little greyhound that reclined on a pearl-inlaid cushion in a 33,000f, bonnet. He yawned.

"I must really leave," I said.—"But I would caution you before I go. The dog law in the city is exceedingly stringent. Be very careful of your pet, Mademoiselle. Do not let him out of your sight, or he may get pounded. Good day, Mlle. Sara."

A procession approaching the house at this moment, and I remarked, quite mechanically:

"An election procession?"

"No," Mademoiselle responded; "my drunks, my costumes, my clothes. *Au revoir*, monsieur." And the interview closed.

That woman who neglects her husband's short front is no longer the wife of his bosom.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

The Witty, Wise and Wondrous Sayings of Obituary Forts.

Chamber's Journal ir a very interesting article on epit hs gives the following:

ON JOHN W ITE.

"Here lies John, a shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all were White."

The following was rather epigrammatic than epitaphic in regard to Rev. John Chest:

"Beneath this spot lies buried
One Chest within another;
The outer chest was all that's good:
Who says so much of the other?"

William Wilton, buried in Lambeth, certainly did not write the epitaph which bears relation to him:

"Here lyeth W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

Nor, we may safely assert did Owen Moore himself pen the following:

"Owen Moore is gone away,
Owin' more than he could pay."

More likely to be genuine are those epitaphs which involve a bit of bad logic, syntax, or grammar in their composition. In a grave yard at Montrose is said to be the following:

"Here lyes the bodies of George
Young and all their posterity
For fifty years backwards,"

And in Wrexham church yard as follows:

"Here lies five babes and children dear,
Three at Oswestry, and two here."

Akin to this logical blundering is:

"Here lies the remains of
Thomas Milsom, who died in
Philadelphia, March, 1753;
Had he lived he would have
Been buried here."

And another at Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire:

"Here lies father and mother and sister and I;
We all died within the space of one short year;
We all be buried at Wimble, except I;
And I be buried here."

"Here lies John Adams, who received a thump,
Right on the forehead, from the parish pump."

"Here lies John, with Mary his bride—
They lived and they laughed while they were able,
And at last was obliged to knock under the table."

"Here lies, wrapped in clay,
The body of William Wray:
I have no more to say."

Sarcastic epitaphs not necessarily involving a pun on the name are, we suspect, seldom to be found really engraved on tombstones; and only in some cases written by relations of the deceased. If Dryden really wrote the epitaph on his wife, attributed to him, and which he intended for her tombstone, and he out-lived her, he must indeed have felt and owed her but very little affection:

"Here lies my wife; here let her lie,
She's now at rest, and so am I."

One Mrs. Shute gave occasion, we are told, for the following:

"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute:
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty."

John Wyatt, of course, took no part in the concoction of this effusion:

"At rest beneath this church-yard stone
Lies stingy Jemmy Wyatt;
He died one morning just at ten
And saved a dinner by it."

The occupation of a dyer has suggested many epitaphs of an obvious character, such as:

"He dyed to live, and lived to dye."

Also:

"He died himself, and dyed no more."

So many jokes were fired off at the late Sir William Curtis—an Alderman distinguished for defective education and bad grammar—that we need not feel surprised at an epitaph couched thus:

"Here lies William Curtis,
Our late Lord Mayor,
Who has left this here world,
And gone to that there."

A useful hint is wrapped up in the following:

"Died of thin shoes. January, 1839."

☞ The quarantine in Texas: There was quite a scene in the Galveston Court House the ether day. A young lawyer had just finished an impassioned appeal and dropped, as he thought, into his chair, but missed the chair. As he struck the floor there was an explosion, as if a young cannon had exploded, creating much excitement. The prevailing opinion was that a pistol had exploded in his hip pocket, but, upon raising him up, it was found he had flattened out a beautiful silk hat. It seems that an old but reckless member of the bar was to blame for the explosion. When the younger lawyer was about to sit down the elder pulled the chair away, but he had forgotten that his own silk hat was under that very chair. The elder lawyer laughed boisterously until he identified the mutilated hat as his own, and then he smiled such a sickly smile that, had it been photographed and sent to the Houston Board of Health, they would have been fully justified in quarantining at once.—*Galveston News.*

ALL OUT.—"I want to see the villain who wrote this article.—Where's the proprietor of this paper?"

"He's out."

"Where's the managing editor?"

"He's out."

"Where's the city editor?"

"He's out."

"Where's the reporter?"

"He's out."

"Where're 'm I?"

(Ricketty-slam-bank-jam! Two panes of glass broken.)

"You're out."

Man found on sidewalk and carried to hospital. Verdict—Struck by lightning. Still, they will do it!—*New York Dispatch.*

It's about an even thing between a man and orange-peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange-peel into the gutter, and sometimes the orange-peel throws the man into the gutter.

Labouchere says that there is little difference between the crossing-sweeper who wants a penny and a politician who wants a place.

All Sorts of Clippings

Played out—croquet.

A bad thing never dies.

A night-gown is a nap-sack.

A bad lock invites a burglar.

President-elect Garfield is 49.

Always keep a clear conscience.

A clean hand wants no washing.

A bad day never has a good night.

A black hen will lay a white egg.

Bernhardt carries New York by a large majority.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

Nearly 500,000 residents of New York are foreign born.

A careless watch invites the vigilant foe.

'A word to the wise'—don't make a fool of yourself.

Champagne is made out of tomatoes.

A charitable man is the true lover of God.

Even the laziest boy can catch a licking.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

A noise that can be felt—the brooms-tick.

A strain of music—tighten the strings of a violin.

A boaster and a liar are cousin-germans.

The iron horse has but one ear—the engineer.

A book that remains shut is but a block.

"Rest assured," said the life insurance agent to his victim.

A clear conscience laughs at false accusations.

Every harness-maker leaves traces of his work behind.

A common jeerer may have wit but no wisdom.

There are thirty-three flour mills in St. Louis.

A courageous foe is better than a cowardly friend.

The French oyster is ready to be eaten when it is 3 years old.

A bird is known by its note, and man by his talk.

A favorite word with women—the last one.

A civil denial is better than a rude compliance.

A Chinese adage—Love 'oo little, love 'oolong.

A broad hat does not always cover a venerable head.

'Tis easier to set an example than a speckled hen.

A bird may be caught with a snare that will not be shot.

The actor who cannot draw is worse than a blister.

A broken friendship may be soldered, but will never be sound.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

London has instituted Sunday music in her public parks.

A man cannot smoke a cigar too short unless he smokes it too long.

There are 82 Mormon churches in England and Ireland.

Making vegetable parchment is a large industry in Europe.

Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

The man who threw up his employment must have been sick of it.

What is a rivulet? A small stream. What is an inlet? A small tavern.

When a man is shot out in Utah the saints call it getting "cartridgeised."

What is that which shows others what it cannot itself see? A looking-glass.

It is believed that the United States will produce 6,000,000 bales of cotton this year.

Raw silk and even armure is to be made up into handkerchief costumes next winter.

Over 33,000 buffalo hides have been shipped from Custer City, Montana, this season.

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

It is rumored that Paris and London are each to have elevated railroads on the American plan.

Many a man slips a three-cent piece into the contribution box with a ten-cent air.

"I catch the queue," as the miner remarked when he reached for a Chinaman.

They were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dupli Kate.

Much as the monkey surpasses man in agility, he can't run up bills as easily.

What mode of eating oysters reminds you of a New Jersey town? The Rahway, to be sure.

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

A Tanner club, to be composed entirely of fast young men, is to be established in Cheyenne.

The young man who was kicked out of his girl's house very properly styled her father a freebooter.

The multiplication table is a good old bit of furniture. It is 2,000 years old. Everybody don't know it.

"Do fish sing?" asks an exchange. Certainly, and many of them have been known to reach the high seas.

It is probably true that the church is the pew rest place on earth, since so many of the congregation sleep.

There are some men so talkative that nothing but the toothache can make one of them hold his jaw.

Speaking of the different ages of this world, to what age do pedlers belong? The pack age.

The dealer in salt must have a precurious time of it. The salt cellar, you know, is always getting overturned.

A handsome young lady being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied very sweetly and modestly: "Yours truly."

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