The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 30.

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.

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.

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
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.

Centennial 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
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.
Sept. 23, 1880. MRS. KATE GILL, The Ladies' Shoe Store.

LARGE STOCK GLASSWARE, CHINA TEA SETS, China Chamber sets—at SPARKS,
Sept 30 opposite Court House.

KEEBLER'S Pound, Fruit, and Sponge Cake—at SPARKS'S.

THE largest and cheapest stock of Confectionery and Fruits in town at SPARKS'.

For Rent
FOR the year 1881, TWO STORE ROOMS in the Masonic Hall Building; one occupied by Joseph H. Thompson, and the other by T. R. Hubbard.
Apply to G. W. T. PERKINS,
Agent for Masonic Hall Company.
July 8, 1880.

STOVES CLEANED and REPAIRED, at short notice—at
Sept. 16 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

The Excelsior Cook with Reservoir, For sale by
Sept 23 J. K. ALDRIDG

FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN!!
We think the best and cheapest in this market—only 7 cts. a pound. Call and examine.
Sept. 23 J. K. ALDRIDGE.

LOVE IN ALL.

Name the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of Love;
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gayly bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song, sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west, mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth:
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love, creation first
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her.
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

Contributed Story.

ALONE WITH A BURGLAR.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"You will not be afraid, Lucetta?" said my husband, as he kissed me good-bye on the porch, and I imagined a shade of anxiety rested on his countenance.

"Afraid! no," I answered, "why should I be. You will stop at the office and tell Fred to come early.—Until then I shall have Jane for company, and Sancho for protection, and at the mention of Sancho's name a large Newfoundland dog got up and came toward us, wagging his tail and looking up in our faces, as if he would say, 'were you talking of me'"

"See," I said playfully, "Sanc is coming for his orders."

"Well, Sanc," said my husband, "take good care of your mistress, and don't let any one hurt her until I get back."

And patting him on the head, and kissing me again he hurried down the path, and was soon seated in his carriage. As the horse was turned toward the road, my husband looked back and said:

"Lucetta, I have left one of my pistols in my dressing-case, if you shall need it."

"All right," I laughed, but I think I shall hardly have occasion to use it."

I stood and watched the carriage until it was out of sight, then turned and walked back into the house, and busied myself with my usual morning occupation. But I was conscious of a feeling of loneliness that I had never experienced before. Then I recalled my husband's unusual reluctance to leave me, and I found myself drifting away into superstitious forebodings that something would happen to my idolized husband before his return.—"How foolish I am," thought I, "to indulge such feelings," and snatching up my hat and calling Sancho, I started out for a walk. As I passed through the kitchen I remarked to Jane the house-maid, that I had a fit of the blues, and was going to walk it off.

"The blues is it, ma'am, sure an' I niver knew you to have that same before. It must be ailing that ye are, to be low-spirited at all, and you should have told the doctor before he left you."

"Oh, it is nothing, Jane," said I, "I shall be all right when I come back," and passing out at the back of the house I took my way through the orchard and down to the old mill, about a quarter of a mile distant.

It had not been in use for several years and had fallen to decay. But the picturesqueness of the scene made it attractive to me, and had been one of the inducements for me to add my influence to my husband's inclination to buy the property we occupied.

Our home was to my mind all that any one could desire. Although it was distant half a mile from the village, and equally as far from the nearest habitation, if I may except the humble dwelling of an old colored woman that was close by the old mill, and whom we called Aunt Phillis. Still, I so much enjoyed looking out upon nature, and roaming at my will, unrestrained by the criticisms of the public, that with my dog for protection I was perfectly happy.

I had been married but one short year, and our family all told numbered but five. My husband's duties as a physician necessitated his being absent a greater part of the time, and my brother Fred transacted business in the city three miles distant, which usually kept him away during the day. Jane, our maid-of-all-work, and Freeman, a colored boy, (the grand-son of Aunt Phillis above mentioned) who was stable boy and the doctor's right-hand-man, completed the list, and although I was left very much to myself for entertainment, I never thought of being lonesome, and passed my time with much satisfaction.

As I have said, on this particular morning I wandered down to the mill; and visited my old haunts, but could not shake off a certain sense of loneliness to which I was a stranger. And after stopping in to see Aunt Phillis, and telling her that Freeman had gone with the doctor to attend to his horse, and would probably not be back until the next day I returned to the house and amused myself as best I could until my brother should return.

My husband had been called on to hold a consultation in a critical case several miles from home, and as he had many patients, to visit that would occupy a greater part of the day, he had concluded not to return that night, but had promised to stop at the office and tell my brother to return early, as for some unaccountable reason he had hesitated about leaving me.

Recently my grandmother had died, leaving to my brother and I quite a large estate and among the bequests to me was all the family silver. Some of it dated back many generations, and was held by my grandmother with great pride. Its value amounted to many thousands of dollars. But as the rage for antiquities had not yet set in, a great part of it was useless for display, but still valuable in dollars and cents.—Within the last month the chest containing this silver had been brought home, and the two men that handled it had great difficulty in bringing it into the house. One of the men remarked that it must be full of iron.

"Oh, no," answered I, "it is my grandmother's silver chest." A remark from one of the men concerning its value caused me to look at him more closely, and I thought I had never seen a more repulsive face; but the circumstance soon passed out of my mind, and I thought no more about it.

In the afternoon of the day of which I write, a messenger came to Jane to say that her mother, who lived some ten miles distant, was very ill. Indeed if she would see her alive she must hasten to her in the conveyance he had brought for that purpose.

With my assistance she was soon ready, and with many wishes that her mother would be better by the time she got home, I saw her depart and I was alone.

I now began to look for Fred, as it was drawing on toward evening, (the month being October) and I at last became so impatient that I went out to watch for him. Still the time wore on and he did not put in an appearance. I missed Sancho and called aloud for him but he did not come. Where could he be? I was getting nervous.

Just as I turned to go into the house I saw a wagon driving up the lane, and two men alighted and lifted out a long box, not unlike a coffin.

My heart stood still. They approached the house with their burden, and I mustered courage to ask what it meant.

"The doctor has sent this subject for dissection, ma'am," answered one of the men, still nearing the house with it.

"Impossible," I said, "there is some mistake, and you must not bring it in."

"There is no mistake, ma'am. The doctor told us to bring it here and leave it in the hall until he returned."

What could I do, I was alone and so permitted the men to deposit the box in the hall, when they immediately jumped into the wagon and drove off.

I was not afraid of the corpse, but I could not understand why my husband had sent a subject to the house; and while passing into the sitting room I was paralyzed by seeing the lid of the box move. Was the dead returning to life, or worse yet was it a live subject in the box.

In a moment the occurrences of the last few hours flashed through my mind. Jane's sudden summons to her mother, the absence of Sancho, the nonarrival of my brother, and last but not least the unaccountable circumstance of my husband sending home a subject for dissection. Was I the victim of a wicked conspiracy, and if so what was I to do, alone.

It was now nearly dark enough to have lights, and in my dilemma, I bethought me of a gift I possessed that might not save me, but I knew not what else to do but try it. In my school girl days, and as I grew to womanhood, I had afforded my friends much amusement by my powers of ventriloquism, but from being called on so frequently, I had somehow become possessed of the idea that my company was sought solely on that account, and I had discontinued the practice until it was almost forgotten.

Keeping my eye on the box I went to the foot of the stairs and called up:

"Harry, what in the world are you doing up there, that you are so quiet?"

"Reading," answered a coarse voice from above.

"And what are Susie and Clara doing?" again I asked.

"Reading also," answered a girlish voice. "Do you want us?"

"Oh no," I answered, "but I will come up and give you a light." And I ascended the stairs with what power I knew not, but once up there, I felt more secure as I seized my husband's pistol and resolved to sell my life dearly.

I hastily slipped my feet into my husband's boots and walked heavily across the floor, the while asking questions and answering in the different voices.

As I lighted the lamp, I remembered that I had often noticed the shadow of my husband reflected on the carriage house which was near the dwelling, as he sat at the table reading. So hastily drawing his dentist's chair up to the table, I threw his dressing-gown around the back of it, and on the head-rest I placed his smoking cap. I then raised the blind and looked out, and there sure enough was the reflection against the carriage house, as though a man was sitting at the table. If any one is outside I thought, they will see that and think I am not alone.

A little more talking and laughing, all of which consumed but a few moments. I mustered courage to go down stairs.

You may be sure I did not linger long in the hall, but hastily passing to the kitchen I made a light, and rattled the cooking utensils on the stove as though preparing supper.

I once more went to the stairs, and looking to see if the box was still covered, I called out:

"Harry, I wish you would come down and keep house for me while I run down for Aunt Phillis. I don't like cooking and I will get her to come up until Jane returns."

"All right, in a moment," came from up stairs.

And I added, "if anything disturbs you, there is the doctor's pistol on his dressing case."

I threw a light shawl over my head and went out the back door. As I did so I fancied I saw a man step behind the carriage house, but I tightened my hold on the pistol in my hand and walked quickly on.—As I entered the orchard at the back of the house I had nearly fallen over the dead body of my faithful Sancho before I perceived it.—But I did not cry out, and a little farther on I got behind the hedge that ran down to the main road, and turning I flew as fast as my limbs would carry me toward the village.

I had gone but a short distance when I passed the wagon and horses that had brought the box, tied to the fence. But I did not slacken my speed, and in a few moments more I had the satisfaction of hearing horse's hoofs on the road, and they were coming toward me. Did my eyes deceive me? Was it my husband's carriage? It certainly was and Fred was with him, but in my fright I thought of nothing, only that I was safe.

"Oh, Walter," I cried, "there are robbers at the house and I am alone."

"My poor child," answered he, "I feared there was something wrong," and in a moment I was in may husband's arms.

In my security all courage forsook me, and I could only sob out answers to the multitude of questions from husband and brother. I was quickly placed in the carriage, while Freeman was told to run on to the house, and we started in the same direction as fast as the horse could carry us, and in less time than it takes me to write it I found myself lifted out and carried into the house, just in time to see the lid of the box fly off and a man scramble out and make toward the back door.

My brother Fred had taken the precaution to run around to the back of the house, and so met the desperado as he was making his exit, where there is little doubt he would have lost his life by the knife the villian flourished, had it not been for the timely assistance of the doctor, who with the pistol that he had taken from my hand when he met me on the road, shot him through both legs, thus securing him alive; without the power of doing harm.

As soon as it was ascertained that no more robbers were in the house, Fred and Freeman went to look for the horses and wagon, but they were gone, and the men also that were to help do the job.

My brother went to the village for the purpose of having the wounded man placed under arrest.

Humanity prompted my husband to attend to the wounds temporarily, and in so doing he recognized the man who had brought the silver chest home, and whose countenance had made such a bad impression upon me at the time.

Being assured that his wounds would likely prove fatal, the miserable man confessed to being one of a gang of house-breakers from the city. His occupation enabled him to gain access to many houses containing valuables, and our silver chest had proved too great a temptation to be resisted.

There scheme had been a well concocted one, which was to call the different members of the family away while they should intimidate me and so carry out their purpose.

My husband on reaching his destination found there was no consultation to be held; and my brother just as he was preparing to leave the office received a dispatch to hasten to a certain place in an opposite direction from home, to attend to the wants of his brother-in-law, who had met with an accident by his horse running away. And it was while hunting for the place where the accident was said to have occurred that he was met by my husband returning from his fruitless errand, and hence their fears that something was wrong at home.

Jane had found on reaching her home that her mother was perfectly well, and surprised to see her. The man that had brought the message had taken the precaution to leave her to walk the last mile, saying he had not time to take her further.—And poor faithful Sancho lost his life in trying to protect me.

When the coast was clear the box was brought in, thinking that I was alone and dare not refuse to have it left. The man in the box was to suddenly come upon me and keep me quiet by threats, while his companions at a signal that all was right, were to remove the valuables in the wagon which was at hand.

My ruse with the supposed party up stairs, surprised the man in the box, and my made-up shadow on the carriage-house, assured the outside confederates that I was not alone. The momentary expectation of the supposed Harry coming down stairs pistol in hand, had deterred the man in the box from making his escape until he heard the voices of my husband and brother outside.

All three of the burglars were brought to justice, and we still retain our grandmother's antique silver, which we display with pardonable pride on many occasions. But I have never gotten over a fear of being left alone, nor ceased to be thankful for the gift of ventriloquism.

"Your son is getting worse and worse every day," said the teacher.

"I don't think he can be quite that bad," remonstrated the partial parent.

"Well, then, he is at least getting worse and worse every other day—say three times a week."

THE HUNTER'S VISION.

Upon a rock that, high and sheer,
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared to the soft Summer air
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between;
And rivers glimmered on their way,
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound,
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A strain so soft and low
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
"Thou faint with toil and heat,
The pleasure land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank,
He saw the glittering streams; he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right toward his resting place,
And stretched her hand and called his name,
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise.

Forward he leaned—and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern and brown,
An instant, in his fall—
A frightful instant, and no more;
The dream and life at once were o'er.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A DYING CHILD'S LAST REQUEST.

At one of the public schools in the north-western part of the city, the pupils are spurred to good behavior and study by cards of merit, a day of perfect behavior and study being recognized by a fanciful small card, and the winning of twenty-four of these cards entitling the pupil to one larger and more ornamental card.

Among the pupils was a sweet little girl 7 years of age, whose pretty ways and devotion to her lessons had won for her the love and admiration of all her school associates, and at the close of each day her name was certain to be read from the roll of honor.

A few days since her seat at school was noticed to be vacant and regrets were expressed on all sides, as it was the first "absent" made against her. The next day one of her little school mates brought word that she was detained at home by illness.

On the third day the teacher received the following note: "My darling little girl is very sick and, as I fear, is dying. She has received twenty-two of the small cards of merit and has asked me to send to you to see if you will not send her one of the larger cards, as she is sure she would have been awarded the two cards necessary to receive the larger one, had she been able to attend school."

The note was read to the pupils and for a time the scene presented in that school room was most affecting. Not only was one large card sent to the dying pupil, but eight of them were taken to her by her teacher, and those cards—the full complement possible for the term—were with the child, and seemed a source of infinite comfort to her up to the time of her death. The child was buried on Thursday, and prominent among the many decorations upon the little casket, were the cards of merit, pathetically of the buried hopes, joys and ambitions of the little one, whose last dreams were of success.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DON'T JUDGE.—Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears for God made one and the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by his family connection, for Cain belonged to a very good family.

Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

Don't judge him for his activity in church, for that is not unfrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives.

Don't judge him by his like of display, for the long eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold.

Don't take it for granted because he carries the contribution he is liberal; he often pays the Lord in that way and keeps the currency.

☞ At Newburyport, the other day, an Englishman and a Yankee engaged in a game of brag.

"Well," said John Bull, "we can beat you on guns. We have a gun at the Woolwich harsenal that when it is fired the report is 'erd in Australia."

"Guns," said the Yankee, becoming excited and jumping to his feet, "guns; we have a gun in America that was fired off in 1776, and you Englishmen hain't heard the last of it yet."

☞ A boy will go swimming and fool around the water for hours together; but when told to wash his face, he will have almost an hydrophobia dread of a half pint of water in a basin.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Gen. Swift, of Boston, in a recent address, said: "I never left my mother in my life but that she said to me, 'I want to live long enough to see you come to your Lord and to your Savior.' It was the conclusion of every separation, it was the burden of every letter she wrote to me." After witnessing one of his triumphs of popular eloquence during the war, she only said, "If I could see you stand here and talk for your Savior, I would ask nothing more on this earth." During one of his terms in the Legislature in those days, the liquor question was up. Gen. Swift's constituency was opposed to the bill—restrictive, if not prohibitory—and expected him to vote accordingly. He had no scruples on the subject at that time, and expected to do so. But his mother was deeply interested in the success of the measure, but still more that her son would vote on the right side. When the vote was taken, she was in the gallery in full view of him. Up to the moment of answering to his name, his intention was to vote in the negative. But at that instant his eyes caught hers, and to the surprise of all, and even of himself, his sonorous voice rang out in aye! He could not look that mother in the eyes though all the world were with him, and vote for what she regarded an unrighteous side. And she was the only one who was not surprised, but said, "My son, I had prayed the Lord not to let you vote wrong, and I knew you could not." At last, during the Boston Revival 1876-7, he was converted. He says: "I went home directly to that mother. I don't know as I can get on with this part of the story, but you will all understand the difficulty. The stars in the skies scarcely out-number the prayers she has given to her Father on my behalf, and I was going home, the last one in her band of children, resolved to tell her that her Savior was my Savior and her God my God. We were all there, an unbroken and a redeemed family. She gathered me in her arms as tenderly as when I was a helpless child."

TWO ECCENTRIC MEN.—One day last week as a Griswold street lawyer had just finished tacking up a sign of "Shut the door" where he thought it would do the most good, an oldish man, having a sour expression on his face, came upstairs. The instant he saw the sign he said:

"All bosh, sir—all bosh. I never pay any attention to such signs."

"But other people do," replied the lawyer.

"Let 'em do so, then. I am just eccentric enough to leave your door open when I go out."

And so he did. He walked once or twice around the room, made a few inquiries, and left the door wide open as he walked out. When he had reached the street a boy overtook him and asked him to return to the room on important business.—He climbed back the stairs, and the lawyer asked him:

"Did you leave your gold-headed cane here?"

"No, sir—here it is," replied the caller as he held it up.

"Ah! so it is. I was just eccentric enough to think that this stove poker was your gold-headed cane. All right—no harm done—good bye!"

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—The capitol of Washington stands almost in the center of the plan of the city. The corner-stone was laid in 1793 by Washington. The building was of free-stone from Acquia creek painted white, and was originally much smaller and more symmetrical. It was burned by the British in the war of 1812, and was only rebuilt after a stormy debate in Congress, which was assembled somewhere else. But with the growth of the country it was found much too small; the extensions were ordered, their corner-stone was laid with Daniel Webster as the orator of the day, and they were completed in 1863. The structure has cost, in all, about $3,000,000.

One would gather little idea of the size of this building by being told that it is 750 feet long 325 broad; one might better comprehend it, perhaps, on learning that its ground plan occupies three and a half acres.

☞ "The Associated Press is a great boon, is it not?" said the cigarette-smoking scion of a South Side sire to a beautiful Boston girl, full of sentiment and oysters, as they were returning from the theatre.

"It is, indeed," she replied, in soft tones; "George and I had one all last winter, but papa came in one night before George could take his arm away and acted dreadfully. Do they have them in Chicago?"

"I should blush and murmur," responded the untutored Chicagoan, as he measured her surcingle belt with his strong right arm—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ Two girls in an Illinois boarding school had a contest to see which would dress quickest on a wager.—Three other girls acted as judges and the air seemed full of lingerie, pictorial stockings and lots of things that no fellow even knows the names of, for seven minutes and thirteen seconds, when the winner smilingly emerged faultlessly attired, even to bonnet and gloves.

☞ When old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the morning paper an account of the last fire, she turned her spectacles from her eyes to the top of her head and then remarked:

"If the city firemen would wear the generwine humnit stockints, such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a bustin' of their hose at every fire."

☞ An inquisitive man, who was fond of "getting to the bottom of things," looked down at the bottom of a gun-barrel to see what was at the bottom of it, and soon had his head full of the contents.

All Sorts of Clippings

Men of taste—judges of tea.
Great qualities make great men.
A spark may raise an awful blaze.
Want of variety leads to satiety.
Despise school, and remain a fool.
Hunger is the best sauce.
The hasty angler loses the fish.
The toad, though ugly, is useful.
The healthiest food costs the least.
Muddle at home makes the husband roam.

A scraper at the door keeps dirt from the floor.

For the light of day we have nothing to pay.

Who never tries cannot win the prize.

Gathering rents—Mending torn clothing.

Mind that your seeds are not of weeds.

The final gobble of a turkey comes after his death.

It is one thing to be tempted; another to fall.

Some hours we should find for the pleasure of the mind.

A clothes comparison—matching silks.

The bee that does the most buzzing makes the least honey.

Eating and drinking shouldn't keep us from thinking.

If there were no clouds, we should not enjoy the sun.

Hope and strive is the way to thrive.

If you are in debt, somebody owns part of you.

Contentment will both clothe and feed.

A cup must be bitter that a smile will not sweeten.

Knowledge makes humble; ignorance makes proud.

Knowledge talks lowly, ignorance talks loud.

If people don't want a change why not keep in Hayes's Cabinet?

The road that leads to destruction is the route of all evil.

To step on a man's corn goes against his grain.

It don't take a very fast horse to catch the epizootic.

"Well," whispered daybreak, "I'll be dawned if I ain't broke!"

The song of the bricklayer: "Still there's mortar to follow."

Avoid making an enemy of a miser—he will give no quarter.

"Ah!" said she to her diamonds, "you dear little things!"

An orator is like an umbrella only when he proceeds to spread himself.

Dealers in patent stove lining are doing a grate business at present.

A physician, like a glazier, gains fame from the number of pains he sets right.

What is an artist to do when he is out of canvas? He should draw on his imagination.

When a man is climbing up the ladder of fame, he likes rounds of applause.

Cattle earn their daily bread, in the summer, by the sweat of their browse.

Nine men and the Bernhardt make up what is called a society dinner party for Sarah.

The warmest man this winter will be the one who is most completely coaled.

The hunter for venison could be happy with the other deer charmers away.

Weaver thought his country called him, but it appears to have been shouting for some one else.

If evil be said of thee, and it is true, correct it; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

Shame is worse than death. He who weeps from the heart will draw tears from the blind.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but custom sticks to bullets in the West.

"The shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb," has been observed by many.

The lover makes a virtue of knee-cessity when he drops at his sweetheart's feet.

A horse-car conductor is expected to punch a fare, but not to knock it down.

The great throbbing heart of divine love is felt in the spiritual pulse of all God's children.

Mr. Bergh has been informed that potato bugs in the [illegible] suffering greatly on account of [illegible] weather.

The lady who runs the employment office, counts herself as belonging to the hire class of the community.

When a coroner wishes to get at the inside facts concerning a person's death, he orders an autopsy of the body.

A coal dealer who has become rich, and retired from business, is about to enter the prize ring as the champion of light weights.

Mrs. Langtry is so beautiful that she is more than head and shoulders above any adornments of dress.

It is very dangerous for a man to find any spot on this broad globe that is sweeter to him than his home.

"Hands wanted on boys' pants," is the daily advertisement in the newspapers. 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour.

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.

"Did you ever see my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the reply.

Lenny, you're a pig, said a fond father to his little son. Now, do you know what a pig is, Lenny? Yes sir; a hog's little boy.

Wise men talk because they have something to say; fools talk because they want to say something.

A man may know more than his wife, but it is best for him to avoid suggesting such a possibility when she is present.

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