The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 31.

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

THE
"Mark Down"
—AT—
YATES & CO'S.
GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE,
Sixth and Chestnut,
PHILADELPHIA.
ON ACCOUNT OF THE LATENESS OF THE SEASON WE Have Reduced Our Entire Stock 15 to 20 per cent.
BUY AT ONCE.

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 wh. (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.

NOTICE.
C. F. STAM has just received a large stock of the
NEW METHODIST HYMNALS,
very nicely bound, and which he is selling very cheap, from 50 cts. to $3.00—an examination of stock and prices is solicited. Call at the corner Drug Store. [Jan. 8, 1880

CANNING WAX, Bottle Cement, and Rubbers for Jars, are sold very cheap—at
July 31, 1879. STAM'S CORNER

CROQUET SETS, 80 Balls and Bats, cheap, at Ba SPARK'S

Bargains for Farmers.
MONTGOMERY AND EUREKA GRAIN FANS, at less than half the original cost. Call and examine them.
Sept 30 THOS. L. HINES & CO.

SPECIAL OPENING
OF
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
SHOES!
I HAVE just received from Philadelphia the largest and best selected stock of Shoes I have ever before opened. Our stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is strictly FIRST-CLASS in every department. Prices very low.
We call special attention to our
Childrens' SOLAR TOP FOR SCHOOL.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.
We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.
MRS. KATE GILL,
Sept. 23, 1880. The Ladies' Shoe Store.

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

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

Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.
The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at
Oct 21 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

PLATED WARE.
Look around and price elsewhere; then give us a call, and we will sell you good goods at small profits. SPARKS,
Opposite Court House.

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

EVERY-DAY INDICATIONS.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

The weather will be rainy, clear,
Or just a little mix'd,
Just as the cycle of the year
Shall for the day be fix'd

The clouds may melt in mist or showers,
Or fall in solid sheets,
To freshen grass and leaves and flowers
And sweeten city streets.

The mercury will not go up
Unless the day grow hot;
The clouds be but an empty cup
Save in some local spot.

No barometric fall we'll see
Unless a fierce cyclone
Whirl in potential energy
Up from the torrid zone.

The sky will don its robe of blue,
Envail'd in cloudlets rare;
And birds will sail the ether through,
Like winged ships of air.

And man another step will take
Along the way of life:
Some hearts with sudden grief will break,
Some nobly bear the strife.

The helplessness of babyhood
Will be its strong defence;
The mother-heart God hath endued
With love's omnipotence.

The maiden fair will list to speech
Wherein love's witcheries run;
Affection's depths the words will reach,
And two hearts fuse in one.

From whom the grave has taken most
That he had loved the best,
That man will walk amid a host
In loneliest unrest.

Oft will he speak in lightsome tones
The while his thoughts arise
And reach out for the absent ones
That live beyond the skies.

For 'neath a quiet smile may lie
A sorrow of the soul
That needs a daily victory
To hold it in control.

A few may run an easy pace
With self-reliant boast;
But God e'er gives to those his grace
Who seek and need it most.

And they who bear the battle's brunt,
And temper'd weapons wield,
Will stand up grandly in the front
And hold the conquer'd field.

God's rank and file, in battle line
And truth's divine array,
Will set their camp at day's decline
Along the King's highway

To that good land, by sense unknown,—
That land whose name is Heaven,—
Where Christ doth gather all his own,
And crowns of life are given.

OUR COW.

It was agreed, as we lived in the country that a cow was necessary. What is home without a bovine, especially if no milkman's morning bell resounds in the neighborhood? It was also agreed that our cow should be a genuine country cow, one that had not the deceitful ways of the city animal who generally gives skim milk; so our cow was bought sixty miles away and appropriately enough she took steerage passage in a steamer to get here. The wharf is about a quarter of a mile from the house and I stood there with two or three of my neighbors who had kindly offered to help me home with the cow. As the steamer rounded too, I noticed that the cow had the whole lower deck to herself and that there were guy ropes from every tie-table portion of her to stationary articles on board.

The passengers on the upper deck had a pleased expectant look on their faces as if there was something enjoyable ahead. When the gangway plank was run out the deck-hands seemed reluctant to interfere with the cow. The captain came down the for'ard stairs and shouted:

"Let go her head line; slack up aft."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the sailors, and the command was obeyed.

"Get a line out in front."

One of the sailors took the original farm rope that was around her horns and got out on the dock.

All the other lines were now removed, and as the cow began to look steadily at the fellow out on the wharf, pulling on the rope, he began to tremble.

"Port her a little, and send her for'ard," said the captain.

"Port it is, sir," answered one of the hands, as he approached the animal with a club, to induce her to port.

Our cow stood like a statue all the while, glaring at the man on the wharf. Now she made one wild wave of her horns in the direction of the club person. He rapidly tumbled over two barrels, and sprang on a dry goods box, while the cow stood triumphant over the club.

A murmur of approbation came from the passengers, who were peering down the stair-ways, while the boldest were perched up on inaccessible articles of freight.

"Can I be of any service?" I mildly asked the captain.

"Well, yes," said he; "if you could go and get a good serviceable coroner, you would do us a favor. I think we'll need one."

Meanwhile the passengers were showing how the cow could easily get out, but none of them came down to put their theories into practice.

"Make fast your head line," called the captain to the man on the wharf. He gave the rope a couple of rapid turns around a projecting timber.

"Now all hands aft was the next command, and the boys gathered around in the rear of the cow.

"Altogether now," was the cry, and a dozen men gently shoved the reluctant cow shorewards, while the wharf man shortened the rope around the timber.

Our cow reluctantly planted her four hoofs down and hung back, but the combined force of the crew was too much for her, and she slid along down the plank amid the cheers of the passengers. Suddenly she changed her mind and made a spring to the end of the rope. The wild grappling of the pushers as they went down with the most astonishing unanimity brought forth the heartfelt applause of the discriminating audience.

By this time the captain was on the upper deck ringing the boat ahead, and I could see the passengers around him coaxing him to stay and let them watch the cow sacrifice those of us that were left on the dock.

One of my near neighbors, a big, powerful young man, said that he would take home the cow for me, that steamboat men did not understand how to treat cattle anyhow, and he proceeded to unwind the rope from the timber. The wharf, however, seemed to suit the cow exactly, and she refused to budge.—We tried to shove her along as the steamboat men had done, but it was too big a contract. At last one of the men brought a pitchfork, and while the rope man got ready for a tornado, he touched up the cow. It was a brilliant success. Man and cow disappeared up the road in a whirlwind of dust. Everybody along the route thought it was a runaway; the women shrieked and the men climbed fences. We never expected to see either cow or man again. He, however, understood his business. He let the infuriated animal drag him along until he reached the open gate, and then with one wild bound he sprang ahead and gave the rope a turn around the starboard gate post. The way that cow came around was amazing. She described a semi-circle very much quicker than Euclid could have done it. She lay there in a heap panting, and evidently wondering how it all came about.

"There's your cow," said my friend, covered with dust and triumph, as he closed the gate and flung the rope over her prostrate form; "she may be somewhat out of repair, but she's there."

The neighbors leaned over the fence and told me what they would do if they had a cow like that. The cow suddenly sprang to her feet again and we all scattered a little.—Then she run up and down like a roaring lion seeking a part of the fence to get over, and in less than five minutes tried to jump the fence a dozen times, all the while the rope trailed behind like a comet's tail.

We didn't milk her that evening. Next morning I suggested that we might get one of the neighbors to come and milk the cow, but my wife laughed at me and said that the cow would be quiet enough by this time, and that any cow was all right if you knew how to treat her.

I said I was willing to stand treat in any way, but I preferred to have somebody else milk the cow.

Again I was laughed down, and was just simpleton enough to take a pail and sally forth. Our cow stood at the very remotest corner of the field. I cried "co'boss, co'boss, co'boss," but she wouldn't "co'." She didn't seem to understand the phrase which I had been taught to believe that all cows comprehended. Finding that I was making myself ridiculous without bringing the cow any nearer, I started towards her. I will do her the justice to say that she met me half way; but luckily I had got over the fence in the meantime. I tried to explain to her that it was utterly senseless to act in this manner. The process of milking had to be done though, however disagreeable it was to both of us. It seemed as if I had convinced the animal, but the moment I went to get on her side of the fence her convictions appeared to set the other way. I oozed along my side of the fence as quietly as I could, conversing all the while in a conciliatory tone with the cow, but she steadily faced me until we were nearly opposite the house, and I began to realize that I was about to be cut off from home and family if I couldn't get rid of this cow. A brilliant idea struck me. I would get hold off the long rope that trailed behind. I climbed the fence with as little ostentation as I could and made a dash for the rope and got it. I then appreciated the conundrum, "If you had hold of a tiger's tail would you hold on or let go?" After the waltz had lasted a few minutes I concluded to let go, and make a break for the house, the cow made a very good second. If the kitchen door had not been open I suppose I would be looking after my insurance money instead of writing this. As it was I went clear through the kitchen into the dining room and fell over three chairs and a part of a table. My wife was excessively annoyed. She said she had been trying to get the baby asleep for the last half hour and that if I thought that way of acting was anyway funny I might take the furniture out doors and play circus out there.

"My dear," said I pathetically, "if you knew that I have just escaped from the jaws—or rather the horns—of death, you would not talk in that unfeeling manner."

Then she told me to put the pail of milk in the cellar and she would attend to it in a few moments. This was the unkindest cut of all.

"It would take," said I severely, "a man in complete triple plate steel armor to milk that cow."

"And have you been out all this time and never milked that cow?"

"It is not a question of time, Mrs. Sharp; it is a question of whether garments are strong enough to resist those horns."

And then she made the same remark that had previously been given, that anybody could manage a cow, and I invited her out to give a practical illustration of the truth thereof. The cow was quietly standing a few rods away, and while I provided myself with an ax handle my wife calmly approached the statuesque cow, saying soothingly, "So bossy; poor bossy; so-o-o-o bossy."

The cow gazed in astonishment at the new element in the problem, and it struck me that the brute would just be deceitful enough to act kind of civilized like. But my fears were unfounded.

"See how docile she is," said my wife.

"Don't 'holler' before you are out of the woods," said I.

"What's that?"

"I said it might perhaps be preferable to postpone all congratulatory remarks until we had emerged from the forest primeval."

"Oh, I understand."

Just then the docile animal gave one short bellow and made one short jump forward.

When I entered the house my wife breathlessly remarked that it was perhaps better to get a neighbor, and I rather self-complacently replied that I said all along that the sacrifice of a neighbor would be necessary.

So I went and told a neighbor that it was some time since I had milked a cow, and that I was somewhat out of practice, and if he would kindly come over, etc., etc. And he kindly came.

I went into the house and congratulated myself on getting that cow milked. In a few minutes my wife said a man wanted to speak to me outside. I went out and found it was our neighbor—he was on the other side of the fence.

"The pail," said he, "is at the other side of the field. The cow is taking care of it. You can never milk that cow until the rope is taken off her horns. It hurts her and it makes her wild." And then after reflecting for a few moments, he added slowly, "I suppose you can get some one to take off the rope for $15 or $20." I shall always be proud of the fact that I took off that rope myself. I consider the feat a triumph of modern engineering. This is how it was done:

There is an ancient pear tree on the place that came originally from France, or at least the seed did, and it has stood the storms of a century and cares no more for a modern cow than it does for the idle wind that it regards not. As the cow was grazing in the grateful shade of the tree, I stole up discreetly, keeping the trunk of the tree between myself and the quadruped. I secured the rope and unobtrusively tied it around the trunk of the tree. I then made myself visible, and the cow at once took after me. She wound the rope around and around the tree, and each time her circle of travel narrowed until the side of her face was close up against the rough bark of the tree. She pressed eagerly forward, but the more she pressed the tighter fix she found herself in.—With a sharp knife I cut the rope above her forehead and then ran for all I was worth. I escaped, although her nigh horn took off part of the door jam.

The rope was the secret of the trouble, however, and since then you could not wish for a milder animal than our cow.—Luke Sharp in *Detroit Free Press.*

A HORSE'S GRATITUDE.

A lady, remarkable for her benevolence to the brute creation, observed from her garden gate one day a miserble horse, with the shoulder raw and bleeding, attempting to graze on an open spot adjacent; having, by means of some bread, coaxed the poor animal to the gate, she then managed, with some assistance, to cover the wound with adhesive plaster spread on a piece of soft leather. The man to whom the animal belonged (one of those ignorant and careless beings who are indifferent to the sufferings of any but themselves) shortly afterward led the horse away. The next day, however, the horse made his appearance again at the gate, over which he put his head and gently neighed. On looking at him it was found that the plaster was removed, either by the animal's master, or by the rubbing of the ill-made collar in which he worked.—The plaster was renewed. The third day he appeared again, requiring the same attention, which he solicited in a similar manner. After this the plaster was allowed to remain and the horse recovered; but ever after, whenever it saw its benefactress, it would immediately approach her and by voice and action testify its sense of her kindness and notice. This anecdote, for the truth of which we can personally testify, prove how sensible the horse is of humane treatment, and how grateful for benefits bestowed. Considerate treatment and every care are due to an animal from whose services man derives such important benefits; but too often does man forget that he has a duty to perform, not only toward his fellow-man, but toward those domestic animals which Providence has intrusted to him for his welfare.

WISDOM FOR BOYS.—Do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:

Hold integrity sacred.
Observe good manners.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make few acquaintances.
Yield not to discouragements.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Use all your leisure time for improvement.
Attend carefully to the details of your business.

☞ A gentleman on Main street, seeing his pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on, kissed her, supposing it to be the "real one." He discovered his error through the assistance of his wife.

WHEN it is announced that a politician is in the hands of his friends, it is understood that they will take him home all right.

☞ Money is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience, and truth, may be drowned.

"HORNETS."

There is an old woman on Catharine street who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things and try to effect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and she offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelly fifty cents to go to the woods and bring her a hornet's nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden road, and yesterday morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached the Central Market he had a few little purchases to make, and after getting some tea at a grocery he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove, and went out to look for a beef bone.

It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk balancing accounts, and three or four men lounged around talking about the new party that is to be founded on the ruins of the Democracy. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs, and said it was the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy, and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive, and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broadside of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming bird or an elephant.

The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped two feet high, and came down to roll over a job lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and made a rush for the door. One of the other men who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he collided with the clerk, and they rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in that store to move on. They couldn't tarry, to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that they must vacate the premises. A yell over by the cheese-box was answered by a war-whoop from the show case. A howl from the kerosene barrel near the back door was answered by wild gestures around the show-window.

The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef-bone. When a larger body meets a smaller one the larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man laid around in the slush until everybody had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he sat up and asked:

"Has dey got all de fiah put out yit?"

Some of the hornets sailed out doors to fall by the wayside, and others waited around on top of barrels and baskets and jars to be slaughtered. It was half an hour before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said:

"Mebbe dis will cure de stiffness in dat gal's neck, jist de same, but I tell you I'se got banged, an' bumped, an' sot down on, till it will take a hull medical college all winter long to git me so I kin jump off a street kyar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COMING AGAIN.

The ascension of Christ is interwoven with an angelic promise that he will come again. No words could possibly be plainer than the message which angels brought to those grieving hearts of the little group on Olivet. "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." And this message is in perfect harmony with the repeated utterances of the Lord before his crucifixion. I have no theory upon the subject. I am satisfied with the simple work of God and am willing to leave the theorizing to others; more than satisfied with the stupendous, glorious fact that he is coming to crush Satan and death under his feet; coming to claim his own, who will be caught up to meet him in the air; coming to reign on earth as in heaven; coming to make earth a heaven below. Do you ask when he is coming? He has expressly told us we are not to know this, but we are to expect him every day and hour, and this is to be the inspiration of earnest toil and patient waiting. He is coming and may come to-day. Do you ask How is he coming? I only know so far as the angels have told us, "In like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. The cloud of glory will form his stairway earthward as it once was his stairway heavenward. —*E. A. Kitteredge.*

THE Milwaukee *News* wishes to warn publishers against these "riding saws" that are being offered for advertising. It says: "You have all seen pictures of them. A man sits straddle of something and works his feet and hands, and the saw; which stands upright, cuts a log. An editor up north took one on advertising, and in trying to sell it to a lumberman the editor got on to show how it worked, but he got on the wrong side and the saw ripped him up from Genesis to Revelations, so that all he is fit for now is to ride a bicycle. It came near making twins of the editor. Beware!"

Wisdom is not found with those who dwell at their ease; Nature, where she adds brains, adds difficulty.

THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

The *Nautical Gazette* makes the following announcement in regard to the use of petroleum as fuel: We shall be soon able to announce a wonderful stride in the mechanical appliances for using liquid fuel for generating steam in both marine and land boilers. The matter is in the hands of practical men, who will soon demonstrate they can make from twenty-eight to thirty gallons of crude petroleum, costing from eighty-five to ninety-five cents, do work of a ton of coal, costing from four dollars to four dollars and twenty-five cents, without dirt or smoke, and when, as in the case of a large steamer carrying from forty to forty-five men in the fire-room, one man in each will be abundantly able to keep up a uniform pressure of steam at all times. Liquid fuel is the intervening step between coal and electricity, which will in due season furnish motion for the world. But until we arrive at a thorough knowledge of this subject and of motive power, liquid fuel will have had its day and generation, wiping out the last remnant of barbarism, coal. The fireman of the future can wear broadcloth in the fire-room, while the coal-passer will have laid down his "shovel and hoe," to become one of the memories of the past. This condition of things is near at hand.

GLADSTONE'S READINESS AS AN ORATOR.

Of the many anecdotes that are current illustrating his amazing power of rising to an occasion, one of many may be given which has the merit of being true. On the afternoon when he was to make an important motion in the house of commons, a friend, happening to call on him between two and three o'clock, found him just sitting down to make some notes of the coming speech.—He laid aside his pen and talked for a while, then jotted down a few heads on paper, went down to the house before four o'clock, found himself drawn into a preliminary controversy of a very trying nature, in which he had to repel so many questions and attacks that it was past six before he rose to make the great speech. He then discovered that he had left his eyeglasses at home, his notes were practically useless, put them quietly back into his coat pocket, and delivered with no aid to his memory, and upon that one hour's preparation, a powerful argument interspersed with passages of wonderful passion and pathos, which lasted for three hours, and will always rank among his finest efforts.—*Scribner.*

☞ A few days since an old gentleman and wife presented themselves before a Salem notary for the purpose of making a deed of land which they had sold. The notary produced the requisite blank and asked the old gentleman his name. That was written down, and the notary then inquired the wife's name.

"We call her mother," said the old man.

"Has she no other name?" demanded the scribe.

The old man scratched his head, thought a few minutes and then turned to the old woman:

"What was it they called you when you was a young gal, old woman?"

She took her pipe from her mouth, puckered up her lips and sent a stream of tobacco juice straight at the cat, composedly reclining beneath the stove, and tersely replied:

"Mandy."

"Yes, yes," said the old man turning to the notary, "I believe they did use to call her Mandy."—*St. Louis Republican.*

A LONG DIVE.—Sacramento is exulting in a new Natatorium, and "good sassiety" at the capital is going in for a "heavy wet" all round. They tried to establish an institution of that kind in this city a few years ago. The first week it opened a Savings Bank cashier, who was a good swimmer, put a set of false whiskers in the pocket of his bathing suit and dived off at the deep end. Under the water he put on said facial disguise, and emerged at the other end unrecognized by the anxious spectators who were watching for his reappearance. He dressed himself, repaired to the bank, filled his valise with gold notes, boarded a steamer and was half way to Madrid before they got through jabbing round in the water for him with clothes props and things.—*San Francisco Post.*

A LADY was entertaining the Bishop of the State at her house, as he was an old and valued friend of the family, and was always their guest on the occasions of his visitations to the parish.

On Sunday morning after his arrival the lady's little son sidled up to him just after breakfast.

"Bishop," said he, "would you like to look at my picture book?"

"Why, yes," replied the church dignitary, anxious to please the little fellow.

"Well," whispered the child, "I'll show it to you, but you'll have to look at it on the sly, 'cause it's Sunday."

☞ A six-year old boy, living near Bridgeport, was questioned by his school teacher the other day as to his name. The boy said "he hadn't got none."

"But you must have some name," insisted the questioner; "what do they call you around home?"

"They call me a genuine jackass," replied the little fellow with sincerity.

☞ I am a sceptic!" said an immature person of the masculine gender in a vainglorious strain.

"An epileptic?" asked the old lady, somewhat hard of hearing.—"Poor boy! you look like it, so you do." While the smile went round the youth went out.

All Sorts of Clippings

To live long—grow tall.
Think before you speak.
Twisted hemp cures felons.
Sweet strains—clear honey.
Dead beats—muffled drums.
They take life easy in Mississippi.
Pittsburgh has 475 manufactories.
Go not in the society of the vicious.
Conduct and courage lead to honor.
Germany has nineteen female editors.
Coaches were first used in Boston in 1669.
Collectors know when their work is dun.
What is home without a piano? Very quiet.
What is the form of an escaped parrot? A polly gone.
If you don't bridle your tongue, saddle be your fate.
A man may not be long in a city and belong there.
"Going through the rye" is what a red nose indicates.
Miss Issippi is the belle of the west; she has jet-eyes.
When it comes to a point of lace, all women can see the point.
Philadelphia has 160 citizen millionaires.
The man who is dead in love should be affectionately embalmed.
It takes two to make a bargain and one must pay for the drinks.
What better time to be buried in sleep than at the dead of night.
In Germany the grass widow goes back to her fodder.
Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.
A jail bird is one whose wings have been clipped by legal process.
An industrious hen will not lay aside her business on any pretext.
The fellow who rang the bell for a false alarm of fire tolled a lie.
Don't attempt to read volumes of smoke—they are sure to blind you.
The hen knows the man who robs her nest. She is always laying for him.
The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.
Form of telegram to your shoemaker—Make me another pair exactly like my last.
An exchange has an article on "Breadstuff." Well, it may be. Now give us an article on "Meat's tuff."
We are most paradoxical creatures. We use blotting-paper to keep from blotting paper.
When does a blacksmith raise a row in the alphabet? When he make *a* poke *r* and shove *l*.
Reading, Pa., boasts of a centenarian in the person of a Mrs. Merritt, who is now 109 years of age.
A young man named Turn married a cousin of the same name, because "One good turn deserves another."
A man with a pot of green paint can stand where he pleases on a ferry boat.
Why is the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.
The doctor is one of the individuals who don't believe in letting well enough alone.
Why is it easy to enter an old man's habitation? Because his *gait* is broken and his *locks* are few.
"Still so gently o'er me stealing," murmured the patient, as the chloroform began to take effect.
"Oh, my cold, bear feet!" said Bruin, as he stepped out in the snow to hunt up his morning lunch.
"How sad!" exclaimed one blade of a pair of scissors to the other; "how sad! we only meet to sever!"
"I am satisfied with my lot," said a real estate owner who held a piece of city ground worth $5,000 a foot.
"This is too sudden," as the man said when he stepped on a piece of soap and fell headlong into the wash tub.
A steam bicycle has been invented. This will fill a long felt want. A steam bicycle may explode and kill its rider.
It is as natural as life that women should like ribbons. Because, you see, the first woman was made from a rib-bone.
One of Time's bitterest revenges is when the mother finds herself decked out in her daughter's last years' bonnet.
A tea kettle spouts steam, but man being superior to any inanimate object, has been known to spout his wife's false teeth.
The editor, when he was told that his article was as clear as mud, replied promptly: "Well, that covers the ground anyhow."
"We old maids," remarked Miss Stibbens, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."
"What do we owe to woman?" rhapsodises an unmarried essaist. Most of us owe her fifty cents for our last week's washing.
"I rise for information," said a member of a Legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander; "no man needs it more."
She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but woman-like, she strove to catch him. He was a flea.
Mrs. Partington said that a gentleman laughed so heartily that she feared he would have burst his jocular vein.
It is labor which makes known the true worth of a person, as fire makes the perfume of the incense evaporate.
A North Carolinian has seen and heard the phonograph, and describes it as a sausage-mill with a voice like a woman's-rights convention.
Near Reading, the other night, a college student was mistaken for a burglar and shot dead. It was a mistake that might happen anywhere.

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