The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 32.

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.

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, Doors, 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. 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 c

T. W. WICKES,

June 17, 1880. Druggis

PORCELAIN PRESERVING KETTLES at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

VENDUE Notes and Notes of Hand for sale at this office.

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, 83 Balls and Mallets, cheap, at Ba SPARKS

Bargains for Farmers.

MONTGOMERY [illegible] EKA GRAIN FANS, [illegible] the original cost. Call an[illegible] NES & CO.

Sept 30

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 Yoshell 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'.

STOVES CLEANED and REPAIRED, at short notice—at

Sept. 16 THOS. L. H[illegible]

The Exelsior Cook with For [illegible] J. K. AL[illegible]

Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.

The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at

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

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

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.

FRESH MINCE PIES DAILY.

HUDGINS' BAKERY.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

Ha! here you come to make us wheeze,
I s your fingers on the trees,
And hear you shouting on the breeze
The storm clan's slogan.

You'll soon be here to nip my toes,
And paint my cheeks with sunset glows,
And fresco this old chin and nose
With blue and purple.

I hear you've been, you roving fellow,
Among the Australasians yellow,
And scaring with your blatant bellow
The Polynesians.

Touch them kindly. Kindly deal
With those who most thy rigors feel;
In trembling suppliance they kneel
And crave thy mercy.

Bluster around the rich man's door;
Make him unlock his golden store,
Each year increasing more and more
His deeds of kindness.

You're getting rough; I fear you pass
Your time too much with Boreas,
And that star-mantled gypsy lass,
The summer Solstice.

Old friend, together many a year
We've journeyed on through foul and clear,
And now old comrade, lend an ear
To my petition.

This year, I pray thee, leave thy snows
In cold Arcturus with thy blows;
Oh! Winter, gently come to those
Who have no shelter.

Roar 'round the mis till he quakes;
Nip him and strip hi till he shakes;
Freeze him and squee him till he makes
A big donat n.

And in the cause of science, pray
Keep out the ice from Baffin's bay,
So that Polar "savants" win their way
To frozen glory.

Let those we love, though they abide
Far from us now, come to our side,
Happy and well at Christmastide,
And we will bless thee.

TWO ELOPEMENTS.

In a large, square, old-fashioned house—such as our fathers used to build when solidity was more sought after than utility—lived Philip Mason and his sister Esther. Philip had reached the mature age of 40, and Esther was close behind him.—Still, each had pursued a solitary pathway through life, seeking no companionship save that of the other till there was reason to believe that they would continue to follow the same course till in the fulness of time they were gathered into the family tomb—the receptacle of many generations of the Mason family. There was reason to think so, since they took care to commend an unmarried life, not only by example but by precept.

"No," said Philip, when assailed on this subject by a match-making lady; "marrying may be very good for some people, but I could not bear to have my habits broken in upon, and my whole house turned topsy-turvy by the introduction of a wife."

"But by-and-by, when you grow older, you will feel the need of a wife more than at present," replied the lady.

"No," said Philip, conclusively, "I have a sister who is devoted to me, and while she lives I shall need no other."

As for Miss Esther, she often declared that she would never make a slave of herself for any man living. If other women were foolish enough to give up their independence, and tie themselves to a man, for no other earthly purpose than to burden themselves with cares and toils from morning till night, she was sure she had no objection. For her own part she was wiser. Her brother and she had always lived together peaceably and happily, and she did not think she could make any change for the better.

Of course, it was insinuated by those whose opinion differed widely from Miss Esther's, that in adopting this opinion she was only making a virtue of necessity, and that it was best to be contented with one's lot, provided there were no chance of improving it. But Esther did not hear these remarks, and so was not disturbed by them. She continued to live in the old house with her brother. They kept no domestic, since Esther rather plumed herself on her housekeeping qualities, and there was really but little to do. So, as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionship of her own thoughts, unless some neighbor chanced to call in—a thing, by the way, of rather rare occurrence, since most of the neighbors had large families of their own, which necessarily confined them at home.

Early one afternoon just after Esther Mason had completed her task of clearing away the dinner dishes, and storing them away in the cupboard after a thorough washing, she was startled by a rap at the door.

Somewhat surprised by a caller at this unusual hour, she answered the summons. She was a little apprehensive that it was a neighbor who had of late proved very troublesome from her habit of borrowing articles, and owing, it is to be presumed to a habitual forgetfulness, neglecting to return them.

"I hope," she mused, "that if it is Mrs. Bailey, she will be wanting to borrow something that I have not got."

She opened the door; but no Mrs. Bailey presented herself to her expecting gaze—a gentleman of forty-five, carefully, nay, elegantly dressed, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madame," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the house of the late Mr. Wellfleet? I have heard it was for sale, and from the description I have heard of it, judge it will suit me."

"It is the next house on the left, sir," answered Esther, who had had time, while the gentleman was speaking, to examine his appearance which did not fail to impress her favorably.

"Thank you for the information. I trust you will pardon me for the trouble I have occasioned you," replied the gentleman, bowing.

"Not the least trouble in the world," replied Esther, a little fluttered by a deference to which she had been unaccustomed.

Two days afterward Esther heard that Mr. Wellfleet's estate had been purchased by a stranger named Bigelow. She at once conjectured, and rightly, that this was her visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther Mason received another visit from the gentleman.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Miss Mason," he began (it seems he had ascertained her name.) "I am aware that our slight acquaintance will hardly justify it, but I trust in time will remove this objection. You must know," he added, smiling, "that I am a bachelor, dependent in many respects upon my housekeeper, who though a good woman in her way, I am afraid is not reliable in matters of taste. As my furniture has arrived, but has not yet been arranged, I would esteem it a real service if you would give me your opinion in some little matters respecting its proper disposition. My carriage is at the door ready to carry you over."

"But," said Esther, a little hesitatingly, "I do not claim to have much taste. I fear I shall prove no more reliable in that respect than your housekeeper."

"I have but to look around me," replied the gentleman, politely, "to be fully satisfied upon that point, Miss Mason."

Esther's cheek flushed with pleasure at this compliment, and she made preparations to comply with her new visitor's request.

It was not without a little consciousness of the singularity of her position that Esther found herself riding by the side of a gentleman with whom she had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words in the course of her life. The distance, however, was but short, and she had little time for reflection. On arriving at her place of destination she found the chief part of the business accomplished.

The furniture, which, by the way, was new and handsome, had been arranged in the room after a fashion, but Esther was able to point out several changes for the better, with all of which Mr. Bigelow professed himself delighted; he, moreover, asked her advice as to the proper place in which to hang several fine pictures that he had picked up in course of his European travels.—This was accorded with some hesitation.

Mr. Bigelow would not be satisfied without showing his new-found acquaintance all over the house, from kitchen to garret. When all was completed he overpowered her with protestations of gratitude for her kind service, and landed her at her own door just five minutes before her brother came in. Esther was rather glad of this, as she was a little suspicious that her brother would conside her adventure rather a Quixotic one.

To avoid comment, she did not even inform Philip that she had ever met Mr. Bigelow. He took frequent opportunities to call upon her, on some slight pretext or another, but it always chanced to be when her brother was absent.

"I wonder," said Philip, carelessly as he sat by the fire one evening, "whether Mr. Bigelow will not be looking out for a wife before long?"

"I don't know," said Esther, and in her embarrassment dropped half a dozen stitches from the stocking she held in her hand.

"Not that I approve of marriage—at least in my own case," said Philip, not noticing this demonstration, "but it may be difficult with Bigelow. He has no sister to superintend his establishment. I don't know, however, whether there is anybody likely to suit him in this village. Let me see—there is Miss Preston; she might do."

"No, I don't think she would suit him at all," said Esther with a spirit which considerably surprised her brother. "She knows very little about housekeeping."

"Why, I thought you and Miss Preston were friends," said Philip, a little puzzled.

"Well, so we are," she returned in her usual tone; "but I—I hardly think she would suit him."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, and so the conversation ended.

From the conversation we have recorded above the reader will obtain some insight into the character of Esther's feelings toward Mr. Bigelow. She would hardly confess it to herself; but, as a matter of fact, her ideas of marriage had suffered a material change within a brief period.

Meanwhile the gentleman continued his visits. Oftentimes he would ask to see the bed of flowers, on which she rather prided herself, and sometimes he would petition for seeds, being very fond of flowers, as he said, and being anxious to introduce them in his own garden.

On one of these occasions Mr. Bigelow, after a little visible embarrassment, said, hesitatingly:

"I would like to ask your advice, Miss Esther, on rather a delicate subject, and one of great importance to myself. There is one thing I wish to secure to make my establishment complete; but I hardly know in what manner to ask for it."

"What is it you refer to?" asked Esther, unsuspiciously.

"A wife," was the significant reply.

Instantly a deep crimson flushed Esther's cheeks. She did not trust herself to speak.

"Need I say that you are the one whom, of all others, I would seek to place in that position?"

He took her unresisting hand and kissed it with all the gallantry of a young lover.

"But what will my brother say?" inquired Esther, when she had found voice to speak.

"What should he say? You are your own mistress, surely."

"Yes, but he is always ridiculing the idea of marriage, and I couldn't venture to tell him."

"No need of it. Let's run away to New York and get married. You know," he added gaily, "we are both young and romantic, and it would be quite in character."

Esther at first objected, but when she came to consider that in this way she would be relieved of a great portion of the embarrassment with it, she consented, and that day week was appointed for the departure.—She required this time to make preparations.

Meanwhile, if Esther had not been so exclusively occupied with her own affairs, she might have noticed that a change had come over Philip. He was often absent evenings, and when at home was more silent and abstracted than his wont. The former she readily attributed to the cause which he assigned—namely, a pressure of business. The latter she did not observe, her mind being preoccupied. We, who are in the secret, may take the liberty of following him on one of his business calls. It was a neat cottage, from whose front door dangled an immense knocker, that Philip Mason knocked. The door was opened by the same Miss Preston, who, some months before, he thought "might do" for Mr. Bigelow.

"Good evening, Maria," was his salutation as he entered. After a brief conversation about the weather the crops, and other standard topics, which, however trival they may seem, could hardly be dispensed with, he began to show signs of embarrassment, and finally ejaculated:

"Maria—Miss Preston—I mean Maria, what are your opinions about marriage?"

"Why," said she, "I hardly know. I don't think I have given much consideration to the matter."

"Because," continued Philip, "I find my opinions have suffered a great change on this point. There was a time when I thought it unwise; but now, if I could get a good wife, such as you, for example, I should be inclined to try it."

"Oh, Mr. Mason," said Miss Preston, in some perturbation, "how you talk."

Five minutes afterward Miss Preston had accepted the proposal of Philip, and the two were, to all intents and purposes, engaged.

"The only thing I think of," said the gentleman, after a brief pause, "is that my sister Esther is a decided enemy to marriage, and I hardly dare to tell her I am about to marry. If we could only get away and have the ceremony performed it would be pleasanter.

"Suppose we go to New York," suggested the bride elect.

"A good idea. We'll go. When can you be ready?"

"Next Monday morning," replied Miss Preston.

So next Monday morning was agreed upon. It so happened that Esther was to start on Monday afternoon for the same place, with the same purpose in view—but of this coincidence neither party were aware.

The reader will please go forward a week. By this time the respective parties have reached New York, been united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and are now legally husband and wife. They were located at hotels situated on the same street, and even on the same side of the way, but were far from being aware of the propinquity.

On the morning succeeding the two marriages—for by a singular chance they happened on the same day—Mr. Bigelow and Esther started out for a walk down the street.—It so happened that Philip and his wife were at the same moment walking up the street. The natural consequences was that the two parties met.

"Heavens! my sister!" exclaimed Philip.

"Merciful goodness! my brother!" returned Esther.

"What brings you here with Mr. Bigelow?"

"Nay, how happens it that you are here with Miss Preston?"

"Miss Preston is now my wife."

"And Mr. Bigelow is now my husband!"

"But I thought you were opposed to matrimony?"

"And I supposed you were equally so."

"My friends," interposed Mr. Bigelow, "this is a day of surprise, but I trust of such a nature that we shall all be made the happier thereby.—My regret, Mr. Mason, at robbing you of your housekeeper is quite dissipated by the knowledge that you have so soon supplied her place."

It gives us pleasure to state that neither Philip nor his sister ever had occasion to regret the double elopement.

☞ The laws of nature were not given by the Lawgiver to baffle his creatures in the sphere of conduct, still less to confound them in the region or belief. As part of an order of things too vast to be more than partly understood, they present, indeed, some difficulties which perplex the intellect, and a few, also, it cannot be denied, which wring the heart. But, on the whole, they stand in harmonious relations with the human spirit. They come visibly from one pervading mind, and express the authority of one enduring kingdom.—*Argyll.*

☞ It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a certain stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.

☞ At a private fair in New York a young lady sold five kisses for five dollars each. How fortunate it is that this is not the regular market price.

☞ We owe one half of our success in this world to some circumstance, and the other half to taking the circumstance on the wing.

BUYING AND SELLING BUTTER.

MR. NIPPER BUYING BUTTER.

"Here comes Mr. Robby, from Sleepy Hollow, with a load of butter; we're short, aren't we, Jones?"

"Yes, all gone but the bad lot, and they are crying for something good."

Robby (from his wagon)—"Mr. Nipper, I've got some butter for ye!"

Nipper is busy and does not hear.

"Hello, there, Nipper! Come and see this butter!"

Nipper slowly closes his order-book, directs the delivery boy to hop round with the codfish, shifts a yellow ham near the door from one peg to another, cocks his stovepipe hat on his head, thrusts his thumbs in each armhole of his vest and shffles slowly toward the street, as though about to squint at the state of the weather. "Why, Robby, what ye got there?"

"Butter, Mr. Nipper."

"Butter, eh? Now if you had eggs I might buy. Butter's dull, Robby; the town's full of butter."

"Is that so? Daisy heard as it had gone up."

"Gone up!—well, yes; gone up the spout. Dick, take them turnips to Richfinger," he said, turning away.

"Won't ye look at this lot, Mr. Nipper?"

"Robby, we're full. Jones was just saying he couldn't store another tub. The town's glutted—glutted, Robby; and heaps of it spoiling in New York, and no buyers."

"But this is an extra fine lot from the best feed of the pasture with the spring brook in it, where ye used to catch trout, Mr. Nipper; and Daisy made it with her own hands."

"Yes, yes, but it looks salvy like—worked too much—no texture, you see, and full of milk; won't keep, Robby, won't keep. Then it lacks the gilt-edged flavor. What do you ask for it?"

"Well, Daisy thought as how she orter have fifteen cents."

"Too high; can't buy; good morning."

"See here, Nipper, what'll ye give?"

"Robby, if I give yer ten cents for that butter Jones will be mad as a boiled lobster—Jones will swear and make things lively. But you're an old friend, and I'm going to do it and take the consequences."

MR. NIPPER SELLING BUTTER.

"Richfinger, come this way; I can show you an awful nice lot of butter; there it is. That's what I call elegant; made by Daisy Buttercup, the neatest and prettiest girl in the country. I used to spark her mother before she married. She's dead, now; old friends, ye see, and can't help dealin'. Look at the color—there's dandelions and buttercups; look at the texture—as free from salve as snowflakes, and if ye find a hair or bug I'll make ye a present of it. Smell of it—I dare say you can scent the clover-blossoms. Taste of it; notice the tone, the mellowness, the aroma—equal to cream candy any time."

"What is the price, Nipper?"

"Twenty-five cents to an old customer."

"Pretty high, isn't it?"

"That depends on what ye're buying. Grease is grease, an' butter is butter. If ye want grease, I can sell it for less; but if ye want to lay in the best grade, the gilt-edge, the gold-leaf, as it were, June butter that'll keep, mind ye, ye might go further and fare worse. Let me tell you that butter is on the rise; the town is cleared out and them New York chaps is lookin' round lots.—That means a foreign demand and great scarcity, sir—great scarcity."

THE YAK.

To the Kirghiz the yak, or kashgow, is as invaluable as the reindeer to the Laplander, or, in another way, as the camel to the Arab. Its milk is richer than that of the cow, and its hair is woven into clothes and other fabrics. Where a man can walk a yak can be ridden. It is remarkably sure-footed; like the elephant, it has a wonderful sagacity in knowing what will bear its weight and in avoiding hidden depths and chasms; and when a pass or gorge becomes blocked by snow (provided it be not frozen) a score of yaks driven in front will make a highway. This strange creature frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits; it needs no tending, and finds its foot at all seasons. If the snow on the heights lies too deep for him to find the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes and eats his way up again, displacing the snow as he ascends. When arrived at the top he performs a second somersault down the slope, and displaces a second groove of snow as he eats his way to the top again. The yak cannot bear a temperature above freezing, and in summer it leaves the haunts of men and ascends far up the mountains to the "old ice," above the limit of perpetual snow, its calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's return, in which she never fails.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SOUND ADVICE.—We advise all young people to acquire early in life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and also to abandon the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of good language becomes. If many of one's early years be passed in abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to secure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has only to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears, to form tastes from the best speakers and poets of the country, to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time the pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

IMPURITY IN ICE.

The popular delusion that water in the process of freezing somehow eliminates any impurity it may contain, or that the vitality of animal or vegetable germs is destroyed by the cold, is now very generally exploded.

Now, however, that the season for gathering ice has arrived, it will be just as well that attention should be drawn to the dangerous nature of the fallacy alluded to.

An experienced naturalist has been microscopically examining fragments of ice taken from various canals and ponds. He took only such specimens as appeared clean, and were quite transparent to the eye. On melting them and subjecting them to magnifying powers, varying up to 900 diameters, he says that vegetable tissue and confervoid growth were in most cases observable at once.

He found no instance in which animalculæ were present in an active state after freezing, but after being allowed to stand for a while in a moderate temperature, the water presented monads whose movements were easily distinguished with a magnifying power of from 200 to 400 diameters. After a while confervæ were observed growing and taking form similar to the nests occupied by the young of the Paramecium, common in stagnant water.

The result of the observations is to prove beyond question that freezing does not in any way eliminate impurity or prevent the subsequent development of animal or vegetable germ.

This is merely a confirmation of what has already been asserted and proved before, but the matter is of such importance that it is not likely to be urged with unnecessary frequency. Many persons who will look askance at a glass of unfiltered water will not hesitate to cool their drink by dropping a knob of ice into it. That from ponds and canals is, of course, ostensibly gathered for non-dietetic purposes, but it is to be feared that in hot weather ice is ice, and that much risk of mischief is often incurred. It may be questioned whether this industry should not be looked after a little.

THE DOMESTIC OPERA.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera he has been, as Mrs. Partington says, crazy, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become "non pompous mentus, through his attempt at imitating the operatics." The morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike handed over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang:

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?"

The old lady looked at him in surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated.—He continued in a far more impassioned strain:

"Do not, do not, keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating,
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking,"

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonsful of sugar. At last he sang again:

"Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread and active jaws, sirs,
Tea—gunpowder and souchong—
Sweet enough, but not too strong."

"What do you mean, my boy?" said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.

"All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer,
I'm not bound by witch or wizard,
So don't fret you precious gizzard."

"But, Isaac——" persisted the dame. Ike struck his left hand on the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing—

"What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quickly,
Ne'er again that fish shall kick—
Ne'er again, though thrice as large—
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to "conscientiousness." It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he did not sing any more at the table, though the opera fever follows him elsewhere.

MARK TWAIN having been asked to contribute to the newspaper issued at the fair in aid of abused children in Boston, wrote:

"Why should I want a 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children' to prosper, when I have a baby down stairs that kept me awake several hours last night with no pretext for it but a desire to make trouble? This occurs every night, and it embitters me, because I see now how needless it was to put in the other burglar alarm, a costly and complicated contrivance, which cannot be depended upon, because it's always getting out of order and won't 'go;' whereas, although the baby is always getting out of order, too, it can nevertheless be depended on, for the reason that the more it gets out of order the more it does go. Yes, I am bitter against your society, for I think the idea of it is all wrong; but if you will start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fathers I will write you a whole book."

☞ Elopements seem to cause very little mental disquiet in Mount Vernon, Ohio. A miller, who had two children, recently ran away with another man's wife, who had four. They went to Rosstown, but being too late for a train procured a conveyance and drove across the country to Loudonville, and then took a Western bound train. The deserted couple, seeing the turn affairs had taken, resolved to make the best of a bad situation. The miller's wife, with her two children, moved her household effects into the other man's house and began to look after his four children.

☞ A domestic named Angelica Jordan has passed over her last name and become a portion of her first name. Coal oil did it.

All Sorts of Clippings

He who works and waits, wins.

Bound to succeed—a new book.

Bear and for bear—Bruin and his dinner.

There is no Christmas in Ingersoll's calendar.

Marriage is a life sentence. The Pardon Board is the divorce court.

Director of the mint—the individual who flavors that kind of candy.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

How does a stove feel when full of coals? Gratefull.

When is a literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.

"Many are called but few are chosen"—to occupy a political office.

When trains are telescoped the poor passengers see stars.

"Keep to the write," said the lawyer to his lazy clerk.

A thoroughly neat woman is never an unchaste one.

If there were no listeners, there would be no flatterers.

Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.

The old boys in blue are growing gray.

What this country wants is a patent automatic telephone answerer.

Politeness is the just medium between form and rudeness.

Ministers believe in marrying for money.

Beats awl—the patent shoe stitching machine.

To make a dog drunk—steep its bark in liquor.

The man who died game was never known to quail.

A single hair in the hash doesn't make a game breakfast.

Even the strongest orators among our clergy have their week days.

England imports bacon to the value of $50,000,000 per annum.

There are 40,000 American books in the British Museum.

It costs $40,000,000 to pick the cotton crop of this country.

The South Carolina state library contains 28,000 volumes.

There are 14,652 more females than males in South Carolina.

It is 30 years since Queen Victoria was last in Ireland.

During 1879 the valuation of the state of Georgia has increased $14,000,000.

Durham, N. C., expects to handle 18,000,000 pounds of this year's tobacco crop.

There are 1,000 pupils in the missionary Sunday schools of Lucknow, India.

The population of the world, according to Dr. Behm and Prof. Wagner, is 1,455,923,500.

W. W. Corcoran, the aged banker of Washington, has, it is stated, given away more than $3,000,000.

"Come! come! rest on this bosom," as the shirt said to the flat-iron.

The picture on the back of a $10 bill would make an excellent Christmas chromo for a poor family.

Remember the poor, and, if possible, do something to make them remember you.

There are some men so mean they will not give others the benefit of a doubt.

When a lady asks you to guess her age, it is best to guess she is quite young.

Small dishes are decorated so handsomely now that pickles look unhappy in them.

You can deceive your guileless little wife, young man, but her father's wife—never.

A gambler says: "The only hand in this world which blesses those who grasp it is a full hand."

"I would like to die to-night," pens a poet, for once coming into sympathy with the people.

Good breeding is so natural and easy that it can be taken for mere simplicity.

Crime is the outgrowth of vice; to stop the former you must weed out the latter.

Making apologies is a mean business, but the necessity of making them is still meaner.

If contentment is happiness, it is better to be contented with a good deal than a little.

The ambitions and vanities of an old man are too weak and ridiculous to be dangerous.

The man who has no foolishness in his nature probably has something worse in place of it.

There is a kind of honesty that is nothing but fear, and a sort of patience which is nothing but laziness.

No man can keep a stiff upper lip and at the same time eat soup gracefully.

There is a little difference between hens and pugilists. Hens set, and pugilists set to.

A nation doesn't want too many heroes and great men. Monuments cost like blazes.

A friend asks us what a whale says when he spouts. He tells some fish story, probably.

The irate father who failed to catch up to the flying lover went on a bootless errand.

The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

The bobtailed horse spends his whole existence in lamenting his lack of terminal facilities.

The early bird catches the worm. Later in the day the leisurely sportsman gathers in the bird.

The man who is satisfied that he got full weight on that last ton of coal is yet to be found.

"I've got a bawl ticket," said a neighbor; ruefully. It turned out there was a baby in the family.

"Oh, you be darned," as the Christmas present said when it slipped through the hole in the heel of the hung-up stocking.

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