The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 33.

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, 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

DOOR MATS—very cheap—at THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS, STUFFERS, LARD Cans, Guilenders, Butcher Knives, &c., at Nov 25 J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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

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'.

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

CLOCKS, CLOCKS.
NEW STOCK JUST RECEIVED AT
Sparks'
Opposite the Court House.
We are selling very low, and warrant for one year. Call before buying elsewhere; it will be to your own interest.
Sept 30 Opposite Court House.

25,000 Bushels of Shells
To be burned, the Lime from which will be sold cheap, if delivered within the next sixty days.
This lot will close out the stock of one of the firms for which I am agent. As the next will not be so cheap, now is the time to buy.
Delivered anywhere on the Chester or Sassafras rivers.
Aug 5—3m WM. PERKINS, Agent.

FIRE PLACE HEATER
That has been used but a short time, put up complete, for less than half the cost of a new one.
Sept 30 THOS. L. HINES & CO.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

A farmer traveling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That Luck might down upon him pour,
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs;
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the hooping cough,
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined:
In short it was no use to try
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,
To whom he told, with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe,
The farmer brought it into view;
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright, and quickly said
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among his grain,
And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could barely hold,
His cattle did as they were told;
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling hills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins—
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marvelled more and more
To see the increase in his store.
And now the merry farmer sings
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Nail up your horseshoe the *right* way."

—*Harper's Monthly.*

AN EXTRACT FROM DeQUINCEY.

In one of the letters (III) written by DeQuincey to a young man whose education had been neglected we find the following advice which, though written many years ago, appears to be directing the active educational spirit of this progressive age:

"To a professed philologist, I say, the natural advice would be this:—Examine the structure of as many languages as possible. • • • But to you, who have no such purposes, and whom I suppose to wish for languages as avenues to literature *not otherwise accessible*, I will frankly say, start from this principle—that the act of learning a language is in itself an evil; and so frame your selection of languages, that the largest possible body of literature available for your purposes shall be laid open to you at the least possible price of time and mental energy *squandered in this direction*. I say this with some earnestness. For I will not conceal from you, that one of the habits most unfavorable to the growth and sincere culture of the intellect in our day (1823) is the facility with which men surrender themselves to the barren and ungenial labor of language learning. Unless balanced by studies that give more exercise, more excitement and more aliment to the faculties, I am convinced, by all I have observed, that this practice is the *dry rot* of the human mind. How should it be otherwise? The act of learning a *science* is good, not only for the knowledge which results, but for the exercise which attends it: the energies which the learner is obliged to put forth are true intellectual energies: and his very errors are full of instruction. • • • But in the study of language (with an exception, however, to a *certain extent*, in favor of Latin and Greek, which I shall notice hereafter), nothing of all this can take place and for the simple reason—that all is arbitrary. Wherever there is law and system—wherever there is relation and correspondence of parts, the intellect will make its way; will interfere amongst the dry bones, the blood and pulses of life, and create "a soul under the ribs of death." But whatever is arbitrary and conventional, which yields no reason why it should be this way rather than that, obeying no theory or law, must, by its lifeless forms, kill and mortify the action of the intellect. If this be true, it becomes every student to keep watch upon himself, that he does not upon any light temptation allow himself an overbalance of study in this direction. • • • Of all the weapons in the armory of the scholar, none is so strong or so captivating to common-place minds as skill in languages. *Vanity* is, therefore, one cause of the undue application to languages. A second is—the national *fashion*. • • • But a third cause, which I believe has more efficacy than either of the former, is mere *levity*."

☞ A young girl left Dubuque for New Zealand over a year ago, on the summons of her sweetheart, who was to marry her on her arrival there. She has returned alone and unmarried. Finding the man evidently disappointed because she was not as handsome as when he had last seen her, she promptly released him.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE EX-SOUTHERN CHIEF AT HOME.

A VISIT TO THE EX-CONFEDERATE EXECUTIVE—HIS APPEARANCE AND PHILOSOPHICAL TEMPERAMENT—HE DISCUSSES SUMTER AND GETTYSBURG—THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY—HIS HOPEFUL VIEW.

A. K. McClure's letter to the Philadelphia Times.

MISSISSIPPI CITY, Miss., Dec. 16.

I write on the open veranda of the dilapidated summer hotel that constitutes the most of the city.—Beyond the bar-room across the way bearing the inviting title of the "Dew-drop," and the little warehouse and station, the hotel is guiltless of tenement associates; but the air is balmy as a Northern summer morning; the roses we welcome in June are in full bloom along the broken fence that once made an enclosure about this resort of fugitives from Yellow Jack when he sways his deadly sceptre in the Crescent City, and the laziest content prevails among man and beast without regard to race or previous condition of servitude. I have learned to look with contempt upon my thick traveling blanket and the well-lined overshoes buckeled within. They seemed to be quite superfluous luggage last night when, after a long, hot evening, the lightning and the tempest danced the racquet with a running accompaniment of young earthquakes; but they may grow in favor as I journey back toward the Pennsylvania mountains.

VISITING JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A journey through the South for the study of the currents of opinion and the present condition and probable progress of the reconstructed States, would be incomplete without a visit to the one man who must stand in history as the front of the overthrown Confederacy. A drive of five miles through the sand and straggling pines which skirt the Gulf bay, exhibits the same general dilapidation among the old-time summer homes, which were once the favorite retreats of the elite of New Orleans in the sickly season. The shore of the bay has a number of palatial plantation houses, but they have fallen into the sweeping decay that marks them as relics of an age that has gone. In a forest of green live-oaks, richly laden orange trees and a profusion of vines and flowers, a large frame plantation house is presented. It is a single story in height and has the regulation pillars and broad verandas of the aristocratic Southern mansion. There the ex-Confederate President lives with his nephew, General Davis, and their joint families. The ex-Queen of the Confederate Court is a stout, motherly, cultured and genial woman, and a daughter, a strongly marked copy of the mother, possesses unusual attractions of both person and intellect. The house is furnished with every regard for comfort, as the well-worn easy chairs and lounges and the hall and parlor divans faithfully attest, and the walls are decorated with ancient paintings and modern bric-a-brac, while the wide chimney-place and capacious mantel tell how the cheerful fire sparkles when a chill or a stray frost silences the song of the mocking-bird and the bloodthirsty serenade of the mosquito. Soon after I had been politely bowed into the parlor Jefferson Davis entered alone, and his greeting was the cordial welcome of the proverbial hospitality of the South. I confess to disappointment in the general appearance of the man who stands in history to-day as the soldier-statesman without a country. I expected to find the strongly-marked traces of a greviously-disappointed life, and severe civilty and studied reticence in discussing all things of the past; but those who believe Jefferson Davis to be misanthropic in temperament and imbittered against the nation and the world greatly misjudge him. Nor is he the broken invalid that he is generally regarded.

DAVIS IN CONVERSATION.

His yet abundant locks and full beard are deeply silvered, and his face and frame are spare as they always have been, but his step is elastic and steady and the hard lines of his brow which are so conspicuous in his pictures, are at once effaced when he enters into conversation.—Instead of impressing the visitor as a political recluse who has no interest in the land to whose citizenship he will live and die a stranger, he at once invites the freedom of the planter's home by chatting without reserve, save when his contemporaries are likely to be criticised, when he adroitly and pleasantly turns the discussion into inoffensive channels. He is yet the same positive man in all his convictions and purposes that made him the leader of a causeless rebellion. He well understands that he cast the die for empire or for failure that must make him alien to the country and to the world, and that he lost; and he knows that he is to-day the most powerless of all men in the land to retrieve the fortunes of those who followed him to bereavement and sacrifice. He reads aright the inexorable judgement that makes him execrated for the Confederacy, while his equally guilty subordinates have been welcomed to the fatted calf. His Vice-President who followed the slave empire afar off when doubt and darkness gatherd about it, made haste to scramble over the ruins of the Confederacy and regain the seat in Washington from which he seceded with Davis to aid in guiding rebellion. Two of his unnoted warriors have sat in Republican Cabinets; Lee's ablest lieutenant is the Republican Minister to Turkey; the man who marched the first regiment of volunteers to Charleston and who served as Confederate Senator until Appomattox became historic, died as the Republican Minister to Russia, and Senate, House and the Washington departments swarm with men who were abreast with Jefferson Davis in every effort to dismember the Republic, but Davis is the embodiment of humiliation while his fellows go in and out without displeasure. I heard no allusion to or complaint of this injustice, but it is plainly evident that Davis entirely appreciates it and that he believes he would not be consistent with himself and the grave responsibilities he assumed, however mistaken he may have been in assuming them, if he did not deliberately remain an alien to the government that he more conspicuously than all others struggled to overthrow. He could not help the South or himself by seeking or accepting restoration to citizenship, and he is wisely content with stubborn faith in the rectitude of his lost cause.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

I have long desired to know the exact truth from the fountain of Southern knowledge on the subject, in regard to several important events of the war, and I was agreeably surprised at the freedom with which Mr. Davis met my inquiries. Why Beauregard was ordered to fire upon Anderson in Fort Sumter, after his surrender was inevitable at a specified time without assaulting the flag, has never been entirely understood. It was the act of madness, as it made division in the North impossible, and I have always believed that the real cause of the order to open fire was to unify the South and end the threatening movements for reunion on terms.—Mr. Davis answered promptly and emphatically that the order was given solely because faith had been broken by the Lincoln administration in attempting to reinforce Anderson, and that the South needed no war to solidify its people. I think he errs in underestimating the probable power of the movement in the South for reconstruction before the war, but it is evident that in deciding to issue the fatal order for the assault upon Sumter, he believed the Confederacy invincible and defiantly resented what he regarded as a violation of the pledge of the Federal government. That act practically consolidated the North, and henceforth the Confederacy was a fearfully hopeless venture.—On another important point he answered with the same freedom.—When asked whether the aggressive movement of Lee that culminated at Gettysburg was adopted as purely military strategy or the offspring of political necessity inside the Confederacy, he answered that it was the wisest of both military and political strategy, but that it was not dictated at all by political considerations. He said that the wisdom of the military movement was proven in the recall of Meade from Virginia and the transfer of both armies to Northern soil; but, he soberly added, the battle was a misfortune. The chances were equal, as he regarded it, for military success, and that would have deranged the whole plan of the government and impaired its resources for the campaign of that year. As a military movement, Mr. Davis says, the Gettysburg campaign had the entire approval of Lee, and there were no political divisions in the South to dictate any departure from the wisest military laws. I desired, also, to know whether, at the time of the Hampton Roads conference between Lincoln, Seward, Stephens and others, Mr. Davis had received any intimation from any credible source, that Mr. Lincoln would assent to the payment of four hundred millions as compensation for slaves, if the South would accept emancipation and return to the Union. He answered that he had no such intimation from any source, but that if such proposition had been made, he could not have entertained it as the Executive of the Confederacy. He said he was the sworn Executive of a government founded on the rights of the States; that slavery was distinctly declared to be exclusively a State institution, and that such an issue could have been decided only by the independent assent of each State. Some of them, he added, would have accepted such terms at that time, but others would have declined it, and peace was, therefore, impossible on that basis.

DAVIS HOPEFUL OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. Davis discussed the present attitude and future prospects of the South with manifest interest and great candor. While he is not and cannot be a factor in attaining any desired political results for the South, he shares the hopes expressed by the great mass of the more intelligent Southern people, that all the difficult problems will yet be wisely solved by gradual advancement and final harmony of races and sections. He was unreserved in expressing the belief that a civil service in the South that would insure fidelity to government and people, could not fail to end partisan or sectional issues between the South and the Garfield administration, and unite both North and South in the promotion of the material interests of the whole country. His discussion of the relations of the two sections under the present political aspect, was thoroughly philosophical and statesmanlike, and while he will remain the one adjudged stranger to the Republic, he hopes yet to see the South prosperous in common with a prosperous North, and the scars of war and the bitterness of sectional dispute healed forever. Next to a Southern Slave Confederacy, he believes a free Union the best goverament for the Republic.

A. K. M.

The Scientific American reports that portions of a mastodon of gigantic size were discovered recently in Wicker's Park, Chicago. The indications are that the huge animal perished in an ancient marsh, and there is hope of the recovery of the rest of the skeleton. The curved tusks are seven feet long.

☞ "Do you love this girl better than you do her sister?" was what a Kansas clergyman asked the young man who stood before him to be made a husband.

LONG AGO.

Long ago, when life was younger, and life's
burden cast no shadow,
When the gladness of existence had a summer
fountain's flow,
Side by side we trod dim woodland, river-bank
or haunted meadow,
Long ago.

Long ago faint odors held us to the purple fields
of clover—
Subtler in its sweet suggestions than all other
blooms ablow;
Hand and hand we sat together where the clover
heads hung over,
Long ago.

Long ago, in magic distance, there were silver
voices singing;
And the cow-bells sweetly tinkled where the
cows came home a-row;
Waist-deep in purple blossoms did we listen to
that ringing,
Long ago.

Long ago old joys possessed us with an undefined, strange yearning;
Loving and beloved, we recked not, in love's
golden afterglow,
How love passed us like a dream to the dreamer
unreturning,
Long ago.

Long ago the hand I clasped there had its loving hand-clasp broken;
And the voices ceased from singing; and the
cow bells, faint and low,
Died away, as died the echo of the words that
we had spoken—
Long ago.

HE COULDN'T HELP IT.

There was a case yesterday of a boy who couldn't help it. A prominent and dignified citizen was looking through the third story window of a block on Jefferson avenue, which he had thought of renting, when the idea suddenly struck him to look into the alley in the rear.—He raised the sash of a window and peered out upon ash boxes, coal scuttles and barrels of straw without number, and was about to close his observations when the sash came down with a thud and struck him behind his shoulders. In his fright he fell to his knees, and while the solid half of his body was all right, the lighter was over the window-sill. In addition to the weight of sash any movement of the body was accompanied by pain.—The sash could not be reached with his hands freely enough to lift it, and it soon occurred to the prominent citizen that he ought to have help. He could not expect it from behind, for he was alone in the building, but as he looked down into the alley a boy came stumping along to find something worth lugging away.

"Hello! boy, hello!" called the citizen.

"Hello yourself!" replied the boy as he looked up.

"Say, boy, come under the window here; I want to speak to you."

"Not much yer don't," chuckled the gamin. "You can't drop no coal scuttles on my head."

"But I don't mean to."

"Mebbe not, but you've got a bad face on you for all that. When did you get out of the jug?"

"Boy, I want your help."

"So does your aunt. Don't get me to stand in with no such duffer as you are!"

"I am caught in this window and want to get out."

"So would I! Been prospecting for old junk, eh? You'll get six months for that!"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

We should do many more things if we believed in impossibilities.

After all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working.

The firefly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken.

You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them.

The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at it and admire.

To achieve the greatest results the man must die to himself, must cease to exist in his own thoughts. Not until he has done this will he begin to do aught that is great.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keen as the courtesy that polishes it; no reproach is like that we clothe with a smile, and present with a bow.

The only way to shine, even in this fair world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all; but simplicity and straighforwardness are.

☞ Elder Cannon, the Mormon delegate at Washington, says that the sole reliance of his church is in the Lord, who will surely protcet them against the proposed attack on polygamy. "Our wonderful deliverances in the past," he adds, "notwithstanding the numberless schemes to injure us, give our people immense confidence in the Almighty. I think it is the most remarkable thing in the history of the past fifty years, the manner in which we have escaped oppressive laws, and the many schemes devised for our destruction. Our folks throughout the entire Territory every night and morning pray earnestly and constantly, feeling that there is a crisis in our affairs. We are all prepared to suffer any penalty rather than yield."

☞ Mr. D. Whiting of Riverside, Cal., is enclosing 1,500 acres of land with a stockade, and proposes importing one hundred pairs of ostriches from South Africa, worth from $250 to $500 a bird. Ostriches breed at four years of age, and will produce four broods a year each averaging twenty chicks. At eight months the feathers of a bird become worth $5, and as it grows older, attain a value of over $100. It is said that it costs no more to keep an ostrich than a sheep.

NO BUSINESS OUT THERE.

Somewhere between Leadville and Gunnison City wanders a Detroiter, who is penniless, ragged, hungry and discouraged. Four weeks ago he met a Michigan man out there and sent his love to all inquiring friends at home, and also explained why he was in that hard-up condition. He was too honest and too particular for that country. He reached Gunnison City without a dollar in his pocket, but with lots of ambition in his soul, and soon met a man who explained:

"I can give you the softest kind of a snap at four dollars a day. I want you to run one of my faro tables."

"But I don't know the game."

"You don't say, stranger? You must have had a queer bringing up. Out here, and don't know faro!—Pass on! No time to bother with you."

The second man applied to for a situation squinted his eyes and took a long look at the Detroiter, and quietly asked:

"Whar from?"

"Detroit."

"No use. That's too far East.—My pard ran off with the company funds last night, and I calkerlated on payin' somebody about a hundred dollars to overtake him and bring me back his skulp. You'd look sweet takin' his trail, you would! You'd better inquire on the next corner."

The next corner was the site of a saloon about to be opened. The proprietor was a six-footer with a revolver on each hip, and in response to the inquiry he said:

"I 'spose you know how to pour whisky and weigh dust;"

"Yes."

"Suppose that one of the tough ones comes in after his nip and refuses to hand over?"

"I'll call the police."

"Police be hanged. Every man's his own policeman out here. You must open on him with a shooter, and keep pulling the trigger until he falls. The sit's open at $3 a day and found."

"I—I guess I won't take it."

"Then git. No place for milksops around here. Might a-knowed you hadn't any nerve by looking at you."

The Detroiter made one more effort. This time it was a man who explained:

"Glad to see you—sot down a bit. Ye see, there's bad blood between me an' a feller called Sandy Tom.—We've agreed to drop each other on sight, and we mean business. I want to get the bulge on him, and bein' you're a stranger you can help me. Put this Derringer in your pocket and go and shoot Sandy Tom and I've got $200 for ye."

"Why, that would be murder."

"What of it? Do you expect to hang out around here over a day without doin' any shootin'? Whar was ye raised?"

"In Detroit."

"Git! You haven't any spinal column! You'd better run home to your ma, you had! Out ye go—so long."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HOME FOR MOTHER.

It is delightful to turn from the too frequent sad example of dime novel-bitten runaway boys bringing themselves and their parents to grief, to a pure picture of filial love and duty like this: Says a letter written from a Western city:

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age came in and presented a certificate for 40 acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered, I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked about himself and parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative:

"I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often would return home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe, went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and i have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land out there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when it is all ready, will bring father, mother, brothers, and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father, if he continues to drink?"

"O, sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and I hope become a sober man."

"Young man, may God's blessing attend you in your efforts to help and to honor your father and mother."

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said:

"At last I have a home for my mother."

☞ A Galveston man went to a doctor and complained that he suffered from loss of appetite and drowsiness. The doctor examined his tongue, and said:

"You should walk two hours every day."

"Two whole hours! When, then, am I to find time to eat and sleep?"

☞ Two young men were passing a farm house where a farmer was trying to harness a mule."

"Won't he draw?" said one of the horsemen.

"Of course he will," said the farmer. "He draws the attention of every fool that passes."

☞ The annual crop of flax seed in this country is estimated at 3,000,000.

All Sorts of Clippings

Industry need not wish.

Time is full of new wrinkles.

A head waiter—an idle barber.

Always in working order—yeast.

A place for everything—baby's mouth.

To quibble at trifles is a sign of a small mind.

A woman who never had a ma—mother Eve.

Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.

Beauty—divinity taking outlines and color.

"Great guns"—the mountainous canons.

The school question—"Know your lessons?"

The man who drinks 'alf and 'alf gets of'en off.

"A faint pocket never won fair lady."

The tower of Babel is the first continued story on record.

A street-car driver may consider himself a railroad horse director.

The divorce lawyer's favorite fruit—a tart pair.

If you cannot speak good of a person, do not speak of him at all.

Bustle is not industry any more than imprudence is courage.

Theories are very thin and unsubstantial; experience only is tangible.

The glory of the fair sex is in a woman's hat, not in a widow-hood.

"This is scold weather," as the hen-pecked husband remarked.

Wisdom is a pedestal from which envy or malice cannot hurl the occupant.

Men make the laws, women make the customs; and customs are stronger than laws.

What is home without a majolica butter dish and a gilt dado in the dining room?

The first American city to light its streets wholly by electricity is Ogden, Utah.

The composer who was at work on a polka said he was composing a hopera.

"The Bernhardt Pudding" is the latest. A sort of dessert of Sa'rah, as it were.

Receive the collector cordially, and kindly invite him to call again. He'll do it.

A life devoted to self is a life lost; a life expended for God and for men is a life found.

Grown up people love their sweethearts, and little boys are also fond of their sweet tarts.

The man who makes loud claims to good character ought always to be sure and have it with him.

A good question to ask a policeman. Does your mother know your route?

"Do unto others as you would be done by," but take care that you are not "done by others."

Actors have to face the music—that is, the music of the orchestra—and some of it is very bad.

"Marriage," says an exchange, "is a knotty question." It is, indeed, but it's nice.

He who is most slow in making a promise is most faithful in its performance.

If you want to appreciate the genius of Shakespeare put yourself in his plays.

Purity, faith and perseverance are the eternal conditions of successful prayer.

The military reserve of the United States reaches 5,500,000 able-bodied men.

The province of Quebec is sending numbers of laborers into the United States.

It is said there are 500 Chinamen who have become Roman Catholic priests.

Our four great timber States are Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Twenty mills to make paper out of palmetto are to be erected in Florida shortly.

The Holyoke manufactory delivered 15,000,000 postal cards in one week recently.

The Moravians have sixty-five churches in America, and about 150,000 members.

An aged female servant at Windermere, England, has fallen heir to $1,500,000.

The foreign trade of the United States has increased thirty per cent. since 1879.

The trotting horse St. Julien has made a profit of $28,000 for his owner this season.

Louis Napoleon was the ruler of France from December, 1848, to September, 1870.

The territory of China is nearly six times greater than that of the United States.

The American Union telegraph company has contracted for two new Atlantic cables.

The Philadelphia mint has been ordered to coin $10,000,000 monthly in $5 and $10 pieces.

San Francisco has newspapers printed in ten foreign languages, including Chinese.

The first bankrupt law enacted by an American Congress was in 1800; it was repealed in 1803.

To the census bureau from Idaho are reported 60,000 sheep, 60,000 horses and 450,000 head of cattle.

On the 6th of August 1760, 300 of Frederick the Great's soldiers died of sunstroke in one day.

Two hundred and fifty different kinds of tacks are manufactured from brass, copper, zinc, iron and steel.

The total value of the property occupied by the religious orders in Paris amounts in all to 116,500,000 francs.

Girls who bang their hair seem to be trying to wear chin-whiskers on their foreheads.

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