# The Chestertown Transcript

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1881. VO



## 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

## 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.**

THE

## "Mark Down"

—AT—

**YATES & CO'S.**

**GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE,**

**Sixth and Chestuut,**

**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. Staterooms 25 cents extra.

Freights handled carefully and with despatch. Goods purchased if cash is advanced.

JOS. W. THOMPSON, MANAGER.

Sept 30, 1880—tf

**PARIS GREEN**

and

***LONDON PURPLE***

*For the Destruction of Potato Bugs,* and other Insects, for sale at the lowest pri 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.

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

**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.

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.

**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.

**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, Cullenders, Butcher Knives, &c., at Nov 25 J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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

**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.

**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.


### MY LITTLE WOMAN.

A homely cottage, quaint and old,
Thatch grown thick with green and gold
And wind-sown grasses;
Unchanged it stands in sun and rain,
And seldom through the quiet lane
A footstep passes.

Yet here my little woman dwelt,
And saw the shroud of winter melt
From meads and fallows;
And heard the yellow-hammer sing
A tiny welcome to the spring
From budding sallows.

She saw the early morning sky
Blush with a tender wild-rose dye
Above the larches;
And watched the crimson sunset burn
Behind the summer plumes of fern
In woodland arches.

My little woman, gone away
To that far land which knows, they say,
No more sun-setting!
I wonder if her gentle soul,
Securely resting at the goal,
Has learnt forgetting!

My heart wakes up and cries in vain;
She gave me love, I gave her pain
While she was living;
I knew not when her spirit fled,
But those who stood beside her said
She died forgiving.

My dove has found a better rest,
And yet I love the empty nest
She left neglected;
I tread the very path she trod,
And ask in her new home with God
Am I expected?

If it were but the Father's will
To let me know she loves me still,
This aching sorrow
Would turn to hope, and I could say,
Perchance she whispers day by day,
"He comes to-morrow."

I linger in the silent lane,
And high above the clover plain
The clouds are riven;
Across the fields she used to know
The light breaks, and the wind sighs low,
"Loved and forgiven."

### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A STORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

'Didn't he make you a present of anything, Maude?' asked Margaret Granger of her cousin Maude Green.

'No, not even a strawberry cushion,' spoke up Maude's sister Jane, 'that he might have bought for a sixpence. I think he is a right down mean, selfish fellow, so I do; and if he doesn't keep Maude on bread and water when he get's her, my name's not Jane Green.'

'I wouldn't have him,' said Margaret, jesting, yet half in earnest.—'Let Christmas go by and not make his sweetheart or sister a present of the most trifling value! He must have a penny soul. Why Harry Lee sent me the 'Leaflet of Memory' and a pair of the sweetest vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And Cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of 'Mrs. Hall's Sketches.' Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents.'

'You have been quite fortunate,' said Maude, in a quiet voice, 'much more so than Jane and I, if to receave a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate.'

'But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good will and affection in this holiday season, when everyone is giving or receiving presents?' asked Margaret.

'Nothing of the kind was needed, Cousin Maggie, as an expression of his feelings toward me,' replied Maude. 'He knew that I understood their true quality, and felt any present would have been a useless formality.'

'You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season.'

'Certainly he might,' said Jane. 'Maude needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion. Of course there is no excuse for the omission but meanness—that's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly.'

'It isn't right to say that, sister,' remarked Maude. 'Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season—and good reasons, I am well assured.—As the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it.'

'Well, I do, then,' said Cousin Margaret. 'Why, if I were a young man and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present.'

'Yes—or borrow or beg the money,' chimed in Jane.

'Every one must do as he or she thinks best,' replied Maude. 'As for me, I am content to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it.'

But notwithstanding, Maude said this, she could not help feeling a little disappointed—more, perhaps, on account of the appearance of the thing than from any suspicion that meanness, as alleged by Jane, had anything at all to do with the omission.

'I wish Edward had made Maude some kind of a present,' said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holiday had passed; 'if it had only been for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I'm afraid he's a little close.'

'Better that he should be so than too free,' replied Mr. Green; 'though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars, spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly.'

'He is doing very well.'

'He gets a salary of eight hundred dollars, and I suppose it doesn't cost him over four hundred dollars to live—at least it ought not to do so.'

'He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told.'

'If he has done that he has done very well,' said Mr. Green; 'and I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put his wife in than see him loading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another.'

'True. But it wouldn't have hurt him to have given the girl something if it had only been a book, a purse, or some such trifle.'

'For which trifles he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct.'

Thus Mr. Green and Maude defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about his meanness to their heart's content. At this holiday season, Edward had intended to make both Maude and her sister a handsome present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to what it should be.

A day or two before Christmas he sat thinking about the matter when something or other gave a new turn to his reflections.

'They don't really need anything,' he said to himself, and yet I propose to myself to spend twenty dollars in presents merely for appearance sake. Is this right?'

'Right if you choose to do it,' he replied to himself.

'I am not sure of that,' he added, after a pause. And then he sat in quite a musing mood for some minutes.

'That's better,' he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. 'That would be money and good feelings spent to a better purpose.'

'But they'll expect something,' he argued with himself, 'the family will think so strange of it. Perhaps I'd better spend half the amount in elegant books for Maude and Jane, and let the other go in the way I propose.'

This suggestion, however, did not satisfy him.

'Better let all go in the other direction,' he said, after thinking a while longer; 'it will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter if necessary, and do away with any little false impression that may have been formed.'

To the conclusion at which Edward arrived he remained firm. No present of any kind was made to his betrothed or her sister, and the reader has seen in what light an omission was viewed.

* * * * * * *

Christmas Eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing office all day, stood near the desk of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give food to her little household.

'You needn't come to-morrow, John,' said the printer, as he handed the lad the two dollars that were due him for the week's work; 'to-morrow is Christmas.'

The boy took the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked toward the door. He evidently expected something and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this, and at once comprehended its meaning.

'John,' he said kindly.

The boy stopped and turned around; as he did so the printer took up a half-dollar from the desk, and holding it between his fingers, said—

'You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half-a-dollar for you.'

John's countenance was lit up in an instant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes and he said—

'Which would you rather have, John, this half-dollar or a pair of new shoes?'

'I'd rather have the new shoes, sir,' replied John without hesitation.

'Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself,' and the printer turned to his desk and wrote the order.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, and then said with strongly-marked hesitation—

'I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending. Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?'

The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too far. The printer looked at him for a moment or two, and then said—

'Does your mother want shoes badly?'

'Oh, yes, sir. She doesn't earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasen't been able to do anything but work a little about the house since.'

'And are your wages all she has to live upon?'

'They are now.'

'You have a little sister, I believe?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Does she wan't shoes, also?'

'She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for a month.'

'Indeed!'

The printer turned to his desk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations.

'Give me that order,' the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up and then took his pen and wrote a new order.

'Take this,' he said, presenting it to John. 'I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair of shoes for your mother, yourself and your sister; and here is the half-dollar, my boy—you must have that also.'

John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his lips moved as if he were trying to speak; but no sound came therefrom. Then he turned away and left the office without uttering a word.

'John is very late to-night, said the poor Widow Elliot, as she got up and went to the door to look out in the hope of seeing her boy. As Mrs. Elliot open the door, the cold air pressed in upon her, bearing its heavy burden of snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door, quickly murmured—

'My poor boy—it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late?'

The mother had hardly uttered these words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms, all covered with snow.

'There's your Christmas gift, mother,' said he, in a delighted voice; 'and here is mine, and there is Netty's!' displaying at the same time three pairs of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice.

Mrs. Elliot looked bewildered.

'Where did all these come from, John? she asked in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked, and added—

'I knew what number you wore, and I thought I would guess at Netty's size. If they don't fit, the man says that he will change them; and I'll go clear back to the store to-night but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't the be glad! I wish she were awake.'

'And the tea, sugar and rice you got with the half dollar he gave you?' said the mother.

'Yes,' replied John; 'I bought the tea and sugar for you. They're your Christmas gift from me. And the rice we will all have to-morrow.—Won't you make a rice pudding for our dinner?'

'You are a good boy, John—a very good boy,' said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son had displayed. 'Yes, you shall have a rice pudding. But take off your wet shoes, my son, they are all wet, and dry your feet by the fire.'

'No, not till you put Netty's shoes on to see if they fit her,' replied John. 'If they don't fit, I'm going back to the store for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And, mother, try your shoes on, too,—maybe they won't do.'

To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's shoes, although the child was sleeping.

'Just the thing,' she said.

'Now, mother, try on yours,' urged John.

'They couldn't fit me better,' said the mother, as she slipped on one of the shoes. 'Now you must take off your wet ones and dry your feet before the fire, while I put supper on the table.'

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready for their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have had very keen appetites. As they were about rising from the the table, after finishing their meal, some one knocked at the door. John opened it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarly—

'How do you do Mrs. Elliot?'

'Oh—how do you do, Mr. Mayfield? Take a seat;' and she handed her visitor a chair.

'How has your wrist got, Mrs. Elliot? Are you most ready to take my washing again?'

'It's better, I thank you, but not well enough for that; and I can't tell when it will be. A sprain is so long in getting well.'

'How do you get along?' asked Mr. Mayfield. 'Can you now do any kind of work?'

'Nothing more than a little about the house.'

'Then you do not earn anything at all?'

'No sir—nothing.'

'How do you manage then to live, Mrs. Elliott?'

'We have to get along the best we can on John's two dollars a week,'

'Two dollars a week! You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliot; that is impossible.'

'That is all we have,' replied the widow.'

Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions, and showed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affairs. When he arose to go away, he said—

'I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in all directions. I think I can not do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send, you will know that it is for you. Good-night, I will drop in to see you again before very long, Mrs. Elliot.'

And ere Mrs. Elliot could express her thanks, Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time passed before the voice of a man, speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered street that its approach had not been observed. The loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her sonto start. John immediately opened the door.

'Is this Mrs. Elliot's?' asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

'Yes, sir,' replied John.

'Very well; I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather so hold open the door until I it in.'

John had been trying on shoes and had got them laced up bout his ankles just as the carm came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store-room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything.

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day which was Christmas, he got a stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with a half a ton of coal.

* * * * * * *

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Maude and Jane, as they sat sewing—

'I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot. It is some weeks since she sent up word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go out and see her this morning. I shouldn't wonder if she stood in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything—and even he can only bring home a very small sum. We have done very wrong to forget her.'

'You go and see her, Maude,' said Jane. 'I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel bad.'

'To relieve their wants, Jane, ought to make you feel good,' said her mother.

'I know it ought; but I had rather not go.'

'Oh, yes, Jane,' said Maude; 'you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliot! who knows how much she may have suffered?'

'Yes, Jane, go with Maude; I want you to go.'

When Maude and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found everything comfortable, neat and clean. Maude inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied—

'I should have wanted almost everything to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me this nice little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't tell you what all—besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him!'

'Then you do not need anything?' said Maude.

'No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance.'

'Forgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward,' Jane said, after she and Maude had left the widow's house. He is generous and noble-hearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the most costly remembrancer he could find, for it stamps his character. Maude, you may well be proud of him.'

Maude did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings. When Jane told her father about the widow—Maude was modestly silent on the subject. Mr. green said:

'That was nobly done! There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!'

Tears came into Maude's eyes, as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

### CITY AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

The difference between "city" and their country cousins is more marked than most people believe. The first impression which a man has on finding himself for the first time in a great city is of vague excitement, accompanied by a sense of danger. The multiplicity of objects appear fantastic to an eye accustomed to rural scenery; the unintermitant noises, the entangled yet purposeful movements, and, above all, the shifting panorama of unfamiliar human faces, combine to throw the visitor into a state of mind totally strange to him. And amid so much tumultuous life he sees death everywhere on the lookout for a victim. But if the visitor to these strange regions looks at the faces of those he meets in search of some reflection of his own purturbation, he looks in vain. The countenance of the city man, as he treads his way along the street, is curiously impassive. At a first glance it appears also to be unobservant; but this it is not. For although he seems to look at nothing, it soon becomes evident that he sees everything. He mechanically informs himself, out of the corner of his eye, of everything that might tend to obstruct or threaten him; and though he passes through a thousand people without encountering the gaze or treading on the toes of any one of them he will recognize an acquaintance or calculate to an inch the rate of speed at which he must make the crossing in order to escape the omnibus from one direction and the truck from the other. Doubtless custom and memory will account for a large part of it; yet the impassive face would probably appear far less impassive than it does had not the contraction of the facial muscles brought about by the constant assaults of innumerable impressions and the impossibility of responding to them all, become in a manner fixed. The houses and the pavements, the vehicles and the hubbub, produce an effect on these muscles just the reverse of that exercised by the hills and dales of the country. They press them in instead of drawing them out—in other words, the mind resists them instead of sympathizing with them.

☞ A man never realises, remarks a commercial traveler, how beautiful mustaches is, and how scarce they are, until he tackles a moustachment sa[illegible] sand-

### MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

He said, "Good-by," and he took her hand,
And thought, "After all I was wrong;
I dreamt that she loved me, and wake to find
I have dropped away from her fanciful mind
To the level where I belong."

He said "Good-by," and he loosed her hand,
And she laughed as she said, "Farewell;"
And she thought, "I was wrong for once, I see;
But I somehow fancied he cared for me—
But perhaps it is just as well."

He said, "I shall never forget the days
That the Summer has brought this year.
When shall I see you?" "Ah, when?" she said.
"While you are earning your daily bread
I shall be waiting here."

He thought, "She is cruel, and hard, and cold,
I will take back my heart again;
For she will not stoop as she passes by,
But carries her proud head far too high
To be touched by a word of pain."

He said, "I am wasting my time, I fear,
You have always so much to do.
Do you think you could think, just once in a way?
I half forgot what I meant to say.
Good-by! for my train is due."

She said, "I have wished you good-by before,
And I think that the grass is wet;
And as to wasting our time," she said,
"One wastes it dreaming of days that are dead,
So I think I will just forget."

She thought, "To the last he has played his part,
But I am his equal still,
I think that my heart has gone to sleep,
Or, perhaps, I have buried it safe and deep,
To come back to life at will."

He said "There are tears in your eyes, I swear."
And she answered, "You cannot see."
"At least, I may look," he laughed and said,
"For I fancy that something I thought was dead
Has come back to life and me."

He said, "Sweet eyes, may I read your tears—
Would you rather I went away?"
And she said, "Since the train—your train, you know,
Was due, at the least, an hour ago,
I think you had better stay."

### THE LARGEST COTTON PLANTER IN THE WORLD.

A correspondent of the Louisville (Ky.) Courier Journal gives an interesting description of a visit to Cresson, a new cotton manufacturing town in Mississippi, on the New Orleans and Chicago railroad, 125 miles due north of New Orleans, and in the centre of a fine cotton-growing country. In 1867 the site of Cresson was a dense pine forest; now are seen a magnificent pile of buildings, three or four stories high, capped with Mansard roofs and modern windows, a commodious warehouse, a dozen stores, elegant modern villas, and a fine hotel building. The cotton factory buildings and machinery, which cost $600,000, are owned by Messrs. Edward Richardson and William Oliver. Mr. Richardson is a member of the firm of Richardson & May, cotton factors, of New Orleans, owns ten or twelve cotton plantations, and makes on them annually 15,000 to 18,000 bales of cotton. Mr. Richardson is the largest cotton planter in the world, and is the cotton king of America. He has worked hard all his life, and is still working. He is popular with the masses, and especially so with his colored laborers. He is generally believed to have accumulated from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, all made in the South, the poor South. Eight hundred hands are employed in the factories, three-fourths of whom are women gathered from the surrounding country, good, faithful, industrious and intelligent.

The remaining fourth are men and boys, gathered from various places, a few from the North and a few from England and Scotland, who work 400 looms and 18,000 spindles.

### WHO WAS BLUEBEARD.

Bluebeard was the Sieur Gilles de Retz, of Brittany, a great feudal lord, who possessed vast estates and great power in his neighborhood in the latter part of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, and was besides a marshal of France.

This castle was his stronghold, and he ruled it and the Loire country around with a hand of iron and a sword of fire.

Gifted in youth with physical strength and beauty, and an enormous fortune, he impaired both by all sorts of indulgence.

When too late, with a defiled and bloated body, he found himself lashed by the scorpion whip that is always sure to follow sin.

Instead of growing penitent, he only became more bloody and relentless.

Seduced by a wicked and cunning alchemist to believe that by bathing in human blood he could claim back his vanished health, beauty, and spirits, he entrapped children and young persons of both sexes, murdered them in the dungeons of the castle with his own hand, and bathed in their warm blood.

It was believed that more than a hundred were thus murdered.

After many years of impunity the matter became so notorious and spread so much fear through the country that the people rose in a mass against him, made him a prisoner, and carried him to Nantes.

There he was tried by his suzerain lord, the Duke of Brittany, and condemned to be burnt alive at the stake, a judgment carried into execution in 1440 on what is now the Chaussee de la Madeleine, on the Gloriette Island, in front of where the great hospital now stands.

☞ A correspondent writes that he would like to become an editor. You would, son. You would, eh!—Well, after you become an editor and write "I kissed her under the silent stars," and the compositor sets it up, "I kicked her under cellar stairs," you will [illegible] grow bow-legged following oxen along a crooked fu[illegible] a forty acre lot.—*Hawke*[illegible]

☞ Blessed is [illegible] good joke.

### All Sort[illegible]

Silence is a ha[illegible]

An apt quotati[illegible] original remark.

Good breeding is [illegible] all over the world.

A good wh[illegible] bottle out of [illegible]

Youth, mumps; m[illegible] old age, dumps.

The man who [illegible] usually carries a l[illegible]

A man may be [illegible] oak and still be wood[illegible]

Many a character h[illegible] laid to enable it to sho[illegible]

How would it do a[illegible] spell it ire-land?

Every man makes his [illegible] tation; the world only [illegible] stamp.

"I pass," as the railroad [illegible] said when the conductor [illegible] his ticket.

"I feel very much set up [illegible] the manuscript when it loo[illegible] itself in type.

Poverty often deprives a [illegible] spirit and virtue. It is ha[illegible] empty bag to stand upright.

Next to silence comes bre[illegible] the wise man's strength an[illegible] fool's refuge.

Trying to admire that which [illegible] do not like accumulates failure [illegible] exhibits weakness.

Some one inquires, "Where [illegible] all the ladies' belts gone?" Gon[illegible] waste long, long ago.

Chicago girls never find it hard [illegible] elope. They make rope ladders [illegible] their shoestrings.

The world should give us ou[illegible] daily bread for the world doughs n[illegible] a living.

For a street cleaner that will d[illegible] its work thoroughly we suggest [illegible] mad dog.

To check is to stop, except in cas[illegible] of a traveler's baggage, which i[illegible] checked to make it go.

Never put a bib on a child who has a poor appetite. It will be sure to go against his stomach.

Burglars never wait for an opening in their business. They go to work at once and make an opening.

It is sad to reflect that Sara Bernhardt's visit will not bring a large fee to any American divorce lawyer.

Mr. McArthur, the new Lord Mayor of London, is said to be the first Irishman that has filled the office.

Six poets who have passed three score and ten: Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Whittier, Browning and Holmes.

There are sixty-three stallions that have a record of 2:25 or better, and of these nineteen were bred in Kentucky.

The sale of the Penny testament, the cheapest edition ever published, has already reached nearly 400,000 copies.

For the first ten months of the past year 117,000,000 bushels wheat was shipped from New York for Europe.

William Sharon appears on the assessment roll of San Francisco for $4,470,000; James G. Fair for $4,200,000.

The fourth centennial of Raphael's birth will be celebrated with great splendor in Urbino, Italy, his birthplace.

Miss Susan M. Holland, of Agency Ford, Mo., likes to have men swear before her. She is a notary public.

"We sat by the river, you and I," sang he. "Oh, John, you lie," said she. "It was only a small brook."

"Love," says Balzac, "is the poetry of the senses." But Balzac is wrong. Love is blind and don't smell.

A little girl who was much petted said:—"I like sitting on gentlemen's knees better than on ladies, don't you, ma?"

There are peculiar ways in men which discover what they are through the most subtle feints and close disguises.

Trust him with little who, without proofs, trusts you with every thing; or, when he has proved you, with nothing.

Mr. Edison is now said to be at work inventing a smoothing iron that will take the wrinkles out of an old countenace.

Earth is our workhouse, and heaven is, or should be, our storehouse. Our chief business here is to lay up treasure there.

The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoestrings.

Gail Hamilton says: "The very fact that a man invented the flat iron is *prima facie* evidence that he ought to do the ironing.

As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady, so the highest joy touches us less than the smallest sorrow.

A philosopher says: "You require in marriage precisely the same quality that you would in sausage—absolute confidence."

In one respect Cleopatra's needle has the advantage of most emigrants. It brings plenty of characters from its last place.

The Furnish Diet has voted [illegible] nual subsidy of 3900 rubles f[illegible] years to establish a [illegible] at Helsingfors.

Chicago has [illegible] requiring the [illegible] ashes, unde[illegible] ery violat[illegible]

When [illegible] home to d[illegible] cious to[illegible] m[illegible]

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