# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 35.



## Wanted: 500,000 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 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. Staterooms 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 price

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.

**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.

THE Spring-Tooth Harrows, so highly endorsed, are sold by KENNARD & CO.

**SPECIAL OPENING**

OF

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S

**SHOES!**

I HAVE just received from Philadelphia the largest and best selected stock of Shoes I have ever before opened. Our stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is strictly FIRST-CLASS in every department. Prices very low.

We call special attention to our

**Childrens' SOLAR TOP FOR SCHOOL.**

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.

We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.

MRS. KATE GILL,

Sept. 23, 1880. The Ladies' Shoe Store.

**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 July 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.


## LOST.

Lost!
So rang the cry throughout the vale;
A child was missing, and the tale
Spread, like the mountain mists, throughout the place,
And limbs that never yet had failed,
Trembled, and many a strong heart quailed,
And paler grew each face!

Early that morn the little maid
Along the upland paths had strayed,
Climbing far up the rugged brow,
Then smiling in the sun—but now
The snow had fallen, pure and white,
And it was night!

Over the mountain, like a spectre grim,
With sable mantle close enwrapping him,
A huge cloud hung;
And swiftly, silently came down the snow,
And lay in heaped-up drifts where none could know,
The hills among.

The child was lost, and through the night
Strong hearts went forth
To east and west, to south and north,
And everywhere, all pure and bright,
The ground lay white

Lost, lost! far up the mountain-side
The searchers sped
In haste and dread,
Fearing to find the thing they sought,
Dreading the dead!

Lost! lost! the search seemed all in vain;
Their steps must be retraced again,
'Till morning light
No more could well be done; and then
What hope remained?" so said the men,
That wintry night.

But hark!
When hope seemed dead and naught was left to dare,
A dog's loud bark
Re-echoed through the midnight air,
And hope revived! Mayhap the child was there!
Saved! saved! Beneath the cliff in snowy bed,
They found the little maid—thank God, not dead!
For weary hours she sat and wept—
The tears upon her face were wet—
And 'neath the snowy coverlet
She crept
And said her prayers and calmly slept.

Forth from the little vale that night
A song of praise went up on high,
Hoarse in its grand intensity,
To HIM, "OUR FATHER," in whose sight
The little maid had trusting trod,
Safe in the keeping of her God!

## THE STORY OF A YEAR.

Very handsome looked Linda Brent on this brilliant New Year's day, as she moved like a queen through her aunt's handsomely furnished drawing room.

Not one of all the throng whom she welcomed so cordially and who wished her a happy New Year could have imagined the disquieting thoughts pressing on her mind, for to-day she was to give her final answer to Denham Edwards, and—she loved him.

He was poor; she looked down the room; it was a brilliant vista. The bright lights, the marbles, the mirriors, the exquisite blue and silver furnishings, the waving lace curtains, with glimpses of the conservatory beyond—could she give it all up, although she was but here on sufferance, and subside into a life of poverty in narrow apartments with Denham Edwards?

The struggle was hard and bitter, for there was much that was noble in her character, but she was poor and dependent, and she hated poverty, although one would think that the poverty of three thousand a year would not be too hard to bear for the sake of the man she loved. The question had not yet been decided in her mind when she heard a low, musical voice at her side.

"A very happy New Year, Miss Linda;" and raising her eyes, she saw an earnest, look on Denham Edward's face; it was gone the next instant, it was meant but for her.

"A thousand thanks! And shall I wish you many in return, or is it only necessary to wish you one at a time, and wait until next year for a repetition!" she gayly replied.

"If you were to make this one a Happy New Year for me, Linda, it would last for all time," he replied, in low, earnest tones.

"Hush, Denham."

And again there was a short, sharp struggle, which he saw plainly on her face and was prepared for the answer:

"No, it can never be, it can never be."

Her voice sounded far away and dim to herself; was she realy speaking? But looking up, she saw the proud, scornful look on her lover's face, as with a profound bow he left her.

Mechanically he left the home and entered the carriage. The driver said, respectfully, 'Where next, sir?' to which he replied, fiercely: "Anywhere, and drive fast."

"Fool that I was," he thought—"fool and thrice a fool to think that she would be different from the rest! It's all money, money, money. And yet I believe she has noble impulses and that she loved me, but not enough to marry on three thousand a year. Twenty thousand—ah, that would have made a difference. Is it or is it not a fortunate thing for me that no one knows that Uncle Aleck's heirs cannot be found."

But underneath his thoughts was a bitter longing that she had not known—a wish that he had been deceived, and that his eyes had never been opened.

Wrapped in his musings, he never noticed where they were driving, but was disagreeably awakened by feeling a dull thud, then a shout and the carriage suddenly stopping.

Jumping hastilly out, he found that his driver had run over a little blue-coated messenger—that was all.

"He won't be missed; plenty more left," some one said, heartlessly.

Denham stopped not to answer, but picking the little fellow up and asking him where he lived, bade the man drive quickly, and was off before the crowd knew what had happened.

It was a long way they had to go and Denham pitied the little fellow, who was trying to bear the pain so manfully.

He had a pale, thin face, with large, earnest eyes and a confiding manner. It was not very difficult to get him to tell his history.

His name was Henry Winton.—His mother had been dead a long time; his father died two years ago. His oldest sister, Emily, taught school, and there were two little sisters, May and Edna, who were going to school; and he was a messenger-boy, and helped his sister.

And then his eyes shut; but the tears would force their way through and Denham knew that he was thinking that now he could not help.

"Never mind, my little man. I will see that you shall be no loser by this accident. I will pay your wages just the same."

But the kind words were not heard, for the child had fainted.

By this time they had arrived at the house the child had directed them to. Tenderly lifting the boy out, and sending the driver and carriage after his old friend, Dr. Black, Denham carried him in, and, inquiring his way, was directed to the third floor.

The door was open, and three frightened-looking faces were peering out; reassuring them that the child was not killed, but in a faint, he entered, and, placing him on a bed, assisted the eldest sister in restoring him. It was not long till the doctor arrived. He pronounced the wound not at all dangerous; one leg was broken, but all he needed was good care and attention.

Denham's quick ear caught a suppressed sigh, and, turning quickly, saw a very thoughtful look come over the eldest sister's face; and, stepping back into the shadow unobserved, took a close survey of the room and its occupants while the doctor was giving his directions.

With the exquisite neatness and the general air of refinement which the room possessed, he had not noticed the poverty; now, as he looked closely, he saw how threadbare and worn everything was.

He was roused from his observations by the doctor turning to him, as he had given his final directions. Stepping up to the bedside, he said:

"Now, my little man, you must not allow this to worry you too much. I will see that you do not lose anything, and if the situation be lost, why, we'll try if a better one cannot be found; so do not fret, or I shall, too, and I know you would not like that." Then, turning, with his winning grace, he said:

"Miss Winton?" an interrogation in his voice.

She bowed.

"I shall take the liberty of coming to see my little friend again, and I am sorry indeed that I have been the means of giving you such a bad beginning for your new year."

What was there in his voice that moved her so strangely to pity, not for herself, but for him?

Raising her large brown eyes she attempted to say something commonplace; but, failing, she merely bowed, and they parted.

Denham and the doctor made their way down stair, and getting into the carriage, drove off together.

"A rather nice family that, but pretty hard pushed to get along, I should think," said the doctor. "Did you notice the table? Not much there for a festal repast. It will need all your tact to help them, too; for, although Miss Winton has a sweet face, there are some very haughty lines about that mouth.—Did you notice her?"

"I" scornfully replied Denham. "No. I have done with women forever. This day marks an epoch in my life. I won't conceal from you, my oldest and best friend, that Linda has rejected me, and for what?—money! For I know she loves me as she will never love another; and when a woman as noble, as truthful and as high-minded, will deliberately turn against her best affections and noblest impulses, what can you expect from the common lot of petty, gossiping women, whose minds are nothing but a reflection of the last fashion plate?—The sweet-faced Miss Winton would do the same. I warn you, too, before you get too deep, to beware of the charming Miss Elsie, although I know you will not rest until you singe your wings, too. But I must see about sending my little friend some delicacies. I have taken quite a fancy to him. How manfully he bore the pain. I wonder will he bear the wounds of the heart in future years as well? He little knows, poor fellow, that this suffering is light to what he will have to endure some day."

The doctor was pained to see his friend in such a bitter mood. He had known him all his life; they were boys together, were in college together, and never had their friendship been broken. And knowing Denham's deeply affectionate nature, he knew not how to console him. If it had been a more wildly, reckless mood he could have met it better, but this despairing bitterness he knew not how to deal with.

So they rode in silence till, reaching Broadway, Denham drove to fruiterers, confectioners and florists, ordering the most delicious dainties to be sent to his little friend. This over, the doctor said:

"Now, Denham, where next?—Won't you come with me to Mrs. Dale's? You have a card, I know."

"No," said Denham. "I have cut all that now. Prove to me that there is one woman who would not sell her soul for money, and perhaps you may restore my faith in woman nature. I shall spend the evening in another search through Uncle Aleck's papers, in hopes of finding some clew to the name of the man Aunt Alice married. Plague take it! I wish he had not given me quite such a search, but had left the money to some orphan asylum at once."

"But perhaps, after all, you may be the heir. Who knows what may be in the will when opened?" said the doctor, as he turned away.

A great change came over Denham Edwards after that New Year's day. He shunned all society; even his favorite operas grew distasteful to him, as he constantly dreaded seeing Linda Brent; the club-house became his only resort.

He grew sarcastic in his remarks on women, and was altogether in danger of growing into a bitter, misanthropical old bachelor. He himself was not aware what had saved him. It was the influence of Emily Winton.

He had from the first taken a fancy to Henry, and, although he had repelled the idea of Doctor Black, that he could ever look at a woman again, yet he had observed Miss Winton, and took to making a study of her.

He would go there at all hours, at odd hours—early in the morning on his way to the office, with a basket of fruit, with magazines, illustrated papers, always something to cheer and brighten his little friend's imprisonment; and many an evening he spent there in lively, bright talk, for they were all full of gayety and fun, and, with his quick, observant eye, there was but little that escaped him.

He saw how bravely the elder sister bore the burden of the support and support of the family, the education of the two girls and the care of the boy, and how bright and happy she made their lives. Accustomed to wealth and to seeing women in society and surrounded by luxuries, this was a new phase of life to him, and he made it a study.

In the meantime he made every effort to discover his uncle's missing heirs. His uncle had died, leaving him a letter enjoining him to discover a sister who had eloped when quite young with her German music teacher, and had been cast off by the family and never heard of since. The will was not to be opened until a year after his death.

The time was almost up now, and still Denham could come upon no traces of these Duveneckes, for such he fianally discovered to be the name of the man his Aunt Alice had married.

One evening, while at the Wintons, he went up to their book case, and idly picking up an old-looking volume and opening it, he saw there the name "Alice Duveneck." Turning around quickly, he inquired who that was, and was told that it was their mamma's and grandmamma's name. Then, to his astonishment, he was told by Miss Winton that she was but the half-sister of these children—that her father, who was a clergyman, had married for his second wife, an orphan girl, a music teacher, whose name was Alice Duveneck.

After listening carefully to all they could tell him of their mother and grandmother, he gained enough of a clew to clearly establish the fact within a short time that they were the heir of his Aunt Alice.

Then he informed them of the relationship to himself, and their probable good fortune when the will should be opened; and as $10,000 had been left for the benefit of any heirs who should be discovered before the opening of the will, he insisted upon their moving into apartments in one of the best boarding houses in the city.

Denham watched with curiosity this change from poverty to wealth. The children were delighted, but Miss Winton was not happy. Indeed, it was only after long and serious talking with Denham that she consented to give up her teaching and become dependent upon them.

He pointed out to her that they were as much in need of her care now as ever they were in their poverty, and that if, after the will was opened and everything was settled, she was unhappy, he would assist her to a new position.

And so the days fled quickly by to the appointed time for the opening of the will. Denham's time was fully occupied with his young cousins; they enjoyed his attention keenly, and he did everything to promote their enjoyment.

He had gone with them to the seaside during the summer, and had seen that Miss Emily made many friends, and that if she had desired to become independent by marriage she could have done so.

It was a bleak November day when they were assembled in the lawyer's office to hear the reading of the will. The property was something over a million, and was to be divided equally between his nephew, Denham Edwards, and his sister Alice, if living, or her heirs, if they could not be found, then it was all to go to his nephew.

As Denham was sitting before his comfortable fire that evening, thinking over his good fortune, and of the difference it would have made in his life had the will been opened a year before—then Linda would never have refused him—a great longing came over him to see her once more.

While still musing, Doctor Black came in.

"I have come to congratulate you," said the doctor, cheerily. "I don't believe you look much like a man who has just come into half a million. I am not any richer by a red cent, but I am a happier man than you, Denham—Elsie is mine."

The doctor's voice lowered and softened as he grasped his friend's hand.

"You said your faith in woman nature would be restored if you could see one woman raised in wealth marrying a poor man. Now you know of one, Denham."

"I don't believe," said Denham, slowly, "that I ever lost faith but for one day; but I congratulate you most heartily. Your good fortune is better than mine, Arthur. Your Elsie is a winning little woman. I would like her to know Emily."

The doctor looked at him quickly, but, seeing his saddened face, forbore to say what was in his thoughts but merely said:

"Yes, I shall take Elsie to call on her very soon. They would probably like each other."

"When is the wedding to be?" said Denham, finally rousing himself from a long reverie.

"New Year's eve," said the doctor. "I am as well off as I probably will be for some time to come, and we concluded that there was no use for any longer engagement."

And now the wedding night was at hand, and after the excitement of the ceremony was over, the happy couple were receiving the congratulations of their many friends, Denham, stepping aside to one of the windows, could not help taking a retrospective view of the past year—with what pain and suffering it had opened, and all that it had brought him.

Just then he saw Linda Brent, and—did his heart stand still? No, not one throb of feeling wakened at the sight of her. Beautifully and exquisitely dressed as ever, there she stood, and was powerless to affect him. Was love a delusion? he said to himself. Had he never loved her, or what was it?

He had carefully avoided her for a year, and now discovered that he cared no more for her than for a warm image. Then his eyes rested on Emily Winton standing near the bride, and like a lightning-flash it came over him—there was the woman he loved.

And he smiled to think how, for a year now, every day he had thought of her, of what she was doing, of what she was thinking, and how she would act; and that he had never guessed he was in love with her, but had nursed the delusion that he could never more love any woman but Linda Brent.

The next day, New Year's day, he went to see Emily Winton, not that he did not go every day, but to-day he went with an especial purpose, to find if he could ever hope to win her for his wife.

So he began by telling the story of the year; of his love for Linda Brent, and how it had faded away before the brightness of his true love for her.

Emily listened to the outpouring of his true love, and for answer said, softly:

"I loved you, Denham, from that New Year's day."

"I thought so," said the doctor, when told the conclusion, "but I long ago learned never to say all that I think to a man in love."

### THE BEST-NATURED EDITOR ON RECORD.

We were grieved to read, the other day, of the death of one of Michigan's jolliest pioneer editors, almost the last man of a band who published weeklies in the State when a coon-skin would pay for a column 'ad," and three bushels of corn, dumped on the office floor, stood for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax-list and mortgage-sales, and he measured short even on them. One day, in the years gone by, his paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was dozing at his desk when the injured party stalked in and began:

"You are a coward, sir; a —— coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the editor's complacent reply.

"And I can lick you, sir; lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"

"I guess you could," answered Mark, as he busted the wrapper off his only exchange.

"I'm going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, coward, cur, slanderer and body-snatcher, and go over to Ionia and pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Hey?" queried the old man, as he wheeled around.

"Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Say, let me tell you something," replied Mark; "I've got two hundred more circulation than the Banner, and I'll publish your attack on me for two cents a line and take it out in mill-feed or corn-stalks! Don't trot over to Ionia when you can help build up your own town!"

Mark would have published it word for word, just as he said, and thrown in the cut of a horse or a stump-puller free gratis, but the official cooled off.—*Printer's Circular.*

### LOWELL AND "FINE WRITTING."

Mr. Lowell is hard upon fine writers; and, indeed, his own style, although rising to an occasion, never approaches the chronic elevation of the penny dreadful; he prefers "was hanged" to "launched into eternity;" he would have the poor taste to write "when the halter was put round his neck," rather than "when the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions;" he will not even call a "great fire" a "disastrous conflagration," or speak of a "frightened horse" as an "infuriated animal." Instead of rising at a public dinner with "I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations," Mr. Lowell might be so negligent of oratory as to begin, "I shall say a few words." But he never talks the current nonsense about good Saxon English, and he boldly maintains that our language "has gained immensely by the infusion (of Latinism), in richness of synonym, and in power of expressing nice shades of thought and feeling." Perhaps there may be qustion between the English "again rising" and the Latin "resurrection;" but "conscience" is superior to "in-wit," "remorse" to "again-bite;" and what home-bred Englishman could ape the high-Roman fashion of such togated words as "the multitudinous seas incarnadine"? Again, "mariner" is felt to be poetically better than "sailor" for emotional purposes, and most people would prefer to say, "It was an ancient mariner" rather than "It was an elderly seaman."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

☞ The height of fashion and the height of folly reach to about the same altitude.

What should a clergyman preach about?—About a quarter of an hour,

### ONLY A YEAR.

One year ago—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die!

Only a year—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone,—
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

One year—one year—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leafy spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or brush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tell us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt me and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear,
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad, year!

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

### THE CONSUMPTION OF BEER

In this country, as shown by the internal revenue returns, is largely on the increase. During the last fiscal year taxes were paid on 13,347,000 barrels of malt liquor. Each barrel contains 31 gallons, and the consumption was, therefore, 414,000,000 gallons, or 8.28 gallons per capita per annum. This is equal to about 150 mugs of beer each per annum for every man, woman and child in the country, or 600 glasses for each male in the country above the age of 21. In 1870 the consumption was less than half what it is at present, or 6,574,000 barrels, equal to an annual per capita consumption of 5.29 gallons. Moralists like Mr. Gladstone, who has sometimes preached the gospel of beer and light wines, might take some consolation from these figures if the consumption of spirits had diminished alongside the increased guzzling of beer, but the revenue from spirits grows at least *pari passu* with that from malt liquors, if not still more rapidly, the tax of 90 cents a gallon on whisky yielding this year $61,185,508, against $52,570,285 last year. Beer retails at 5 cents per glass, and it follows that at our present ratio of consumption this business of beer-drinking cost $7 50 per capita to every man, woman and child in the country, an aggregate of $375,000,000, or one-fourth more than the total expenses of the United States government. The total annual expenses of public schools in the United States is $80,529,000, so that our beer drinking costs 4½ times as much as our public education.

### ALLIGATOR'S NESTS.

These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed of grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemberg, of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests in a box for the museum of St. Petersburg, but he was recommended before he closed it, to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening it, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like young puppies.

SHE CAME DOWN.—A young lady gave her skating experience as follows:

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the minister, "I'd just got my skates on and made a start, when down I came on my—"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What? O, it was too funny! One skate went one way and the other t'other way, and down I came on my—"

"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father.

"Well, what? They scooted from under me, and down I came on my—"

"Margaret!" yelled both the parents.

"On my little brother, who had me by the hand, and liked to have mashed him. Now what is the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from behind the coffee pot, a sigh of relief escaped from the minister, and the old gentleman turned the conversation to the extreme cold weather.

IN CHINA brass money is used. If that was the case here we could get all the drinks we wanted on our faces.

## All Sorts of Clippings

A tall story—the attic.

The church fair—ten cents.

An off-hand remark—I pass.

The whiskey worm is still at work.

There are few safe robberies.

Jail birds are confined in gilt cages.

Whiskey is going down—in a horn.

In making cheese great cost is in curd.

Uniform excellence—well drilled troops.

Buffalo Bill is spoken of as a shooting star.

Clocked hose should never be bought on tick.

A lawyer always talks in money syllables.

Will Sara bernhardt in the next world?

Simon has almost forgotten the widow Oliver.

12,000,000 bushels is the estimated corn crop of the peninsula this year.

A Harlem sign: "Fresh eggs for sail just lade."

"All flesh is grass," except that which is in clover.

Pulling down the blind—tripping a man that can't see.

Men, like pins, are useless when they lose their heads.

There is a great deal more acting off the stage than on it.

The plumber finds great solace in his pipe—water pipe.

There's many a slip 'twixt the pave and the hip nowadays.

The Canons of Colorado beat any artillery in the world.

Sarah Bernhardt has her life insured for $40,000.

All things here are subject to time and mutability.

He that is master of himself will soon be master of others.

Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone.

The truest end of a life is to know the life that never ends.

To be able to teach others one must first learn for himself.

The sailors have hard times when Zero steps aboard as pilot.

"All the world's a stage," and the newspapers are the footlights.

The latest agony—toothache at midnight.

A good place for bankrupts—the suspension bridge.

A policeman is the only person that can beat his club while on duty.

A slow match—a couple that marries after twenty years' courtship.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

A statistician estimates that our courtships average three tons of coal each.

If twenty grains make one scruple, how many will it take to make one doubt?

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."

"Always room for one more inside," said the fox to the chicken. It was a harmonious fox.

Newspapers don't believe in old issues. They sell them to the rag men.

Wines are like scholars in a class. The best go to the head the quickest.

A woman wears her watch at her girdle because she is used to waist time.

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

Mr. Parnell's brother is a fruit farmer on a very large scale in the South.

Mr. John W. Mackay's fortune is estimated at from $60,000,000 to $80,000,000.

President Diaz, of Mexico, has offered railroad grants to three American companies.

Over six thousand gallons of apple brandy were made in Lehigh county, Pa., in September last.

There were 124 persons run over and killed in London last year, and 2,950 persons injured.

St. Louis has 60 kindergartens, instructivg 5,201 children between the ages of 5 and 7 years.

Coffee has fallen unusually low; in fact, it has got very close to the grounds.

Matches may be made in Heaven, but the other place furnishes the Lucifer.

Michigan has produced a pig with a trunk. This thing should be checked.

Catching the scarlet fever is a rash act, but a thin slice of bacon is a "rasher."

A man may live to extreme old age and then commit the biggest mistake of his life.

Never raise a child on a bottle, or when he grows up he may raise you with one.

A man in a passion resembles coal. The redder he gets the more heat he gives out.

Don't attempt to change the color of your sympathy, for kind words can never dye.

Probably the man who never made a mistake in his life never made anything else.

Winter is a disagreeable bed-fellow. It is too much inclined to indulge in snowering.

Corporal punishment usually has very many more stripes than the ordinary corporal.

An old gentleman in Detroit who is fond of poker, is referred to as "That card party."

In 36 counties in Georgia gold is found, and in 26 diamonds. Whiskey is found, however, in all.

The first question asked respecting a pretty girl in Holland is, How many windmills does she own?

It is difficult for the thrifty housewife to understand why the English aristocracy keep hares in their preserves.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0242