The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 36.

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

THE

"Mark Down"

—AT—

YATES & CO'S.

GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE,

Sixth and Chestuut,

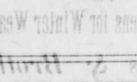
PHILADELPHIA.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE LATENESS OF THE SEASON WE Have Reduced Our Entire Stock 15 to 20 per cent.

BUY AT ONCE.

FALL & WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Chester River Steamboat Company



On and after Monday, September 13, the steamer **B. S. FORD** will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn Creek, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., stopping at the above named Landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.
Sept. 9, 1880.

WANTED TO BUY OR FREIGHT

50,000 OR MORE BUSHELS OF CORN.

WE are daily in communication with the Baltimore market, and are before the farmers competing with any and all buyers for the

PURCHASE OF GRAIN,

offering the highest market price—less charges or handling—and paying for same when delivered at our granary or on board vessel.

We are still Soliciting Freights o GRAIN AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Charges moderate—prompt and personal attention given to any business entrusted to our care.

Mr. Wm. H. Palmer is still at the wharf where he or I can always be found to attend to any business in our line.

Give us a trial. J. E. TAYLOR.
Feb. 27, 1879—tf

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.

FINE SALT,

IN LARGE WELL FILLED SACKS, and for sale at very close figures, by

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, November 16, 1880.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD & BOYER.

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1880.

C. F. Stam,

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST

COMPOUNDS Physicians' Prescriptions with accuracy and despatch, from the purest Foreign and Domestic Drugs, and according to the improved methods of Pharmacy. Night bell promptly answered.

July 31, 1879. C. F. STAM.

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

PARIS GREEN and *LONDON PURPLE*

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs. and other Insects, for sale at the lowest pric
June 17, 1880. T. W. WICKES, 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.

KEEBLER'S Pound, Fruit, and Sponge Cake—at SPARKS'S.

STOP! STOP! STOP!

HAVE YOU EXAMINED the

LARGE STOCK of

L. K. STAM'?

If Not You Had Better Do It.

HE SELLS HIS GOODS AS CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY,

AND WILL DELIVER THEM TO YOUR HOUSES FREE OF CHARGE.

NOTICE A FEW ARTICLES.

Bed Room Suits.	Chairs.
Extension Tables.	Lounges.
Beadsteads.	Mattresses.
Sideboards.	Kitchen Safes.
Wardrobes.	Bureaus.

The Celebrated

HEYWOOD RATTAN CHAIR.

China Tea Setts.	Mustache Cups.

Looking Glasses.

Beautiful Window Shades.

Library and other LAMPS,

and many other articles too numerous to mention

Do not fail to call and examine his Stock even if you do not buy—you will be politely received.

Remember the place—just below C. F. Stam's drug store, and adjoining Mrs. Melvins'.

Dec. 9, 1880.

RAMBO LIME.

LAST year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this Quarry that the Limestone came which gave this Lime its high reputation.

This, and this only, is the

GENUINE RAMBO LIME.

I OWN ALL of the land on which this stone lies. This Quarry was discontinued only because a vein of earth cut off the face. I have cut through this and re-opened these Quarries upon the original stone which old Nathan Rambo quarried as long as he could find it.

WE CHALLENGE ALL TESTS.

R. McCOY & CO.

Robert McCoy bought of me my Blue Quarry—I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the blue stone worked by my father in his lifetime.

NATHAN RAMBO.

This Lime will be shipped by railroad or water to all stations and landings in Maryland and Delaware. For Prices and Terms apply to

B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown.
Office Under Voshell House.
April 1, 1880—1y

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 nly 31, 1879. STAM'S CORNER

Accordions and Musical Instruments.

Dec. 2, 1880—tf HUDGINS' BAKERY

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

HELIOTROPE.

Amid the chapel's chequered gloom
She laughed with Dora and with Flora,
And chattered in the lecture room—
The saucy little sophomora!
Yet while (as in her other schools)
She was a privileged transgressor,
She never broke the simple rules
Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore,
Paroxytones and modes potential,
She listened with a face that wore
A look half fond, half reverential.
To her, that honest voice was sweet;
And, though her love had no confessor,
Her girlish heart lay at the feet
Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books
That held the lore of ages olden,
To watch those ever-changing looks,
The wistful eyes and tresses golden,
That stirred his pulse with passion's pain
And thrilled his soul with soft desire
Longing for youth to come again,
Crowned with its coronet of fire.

Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,
Were more to him than all his knowledge,
And she preferred his words of praise
To all the honors of the college.
Yet "What am foolish I to him?"
She whispered to her one confessor,
"She thinks me old, and gray, and grim,"
In silence pondered the professor.

Yet, once when Christmas bells were rung
Above ten thousand solemn churches
And swelling anthems, grandly sung,
Pealed through the dim cathedral arches—
Ere home returning, filled with hope,
Softly she stole by gate and gable,
And a sweet spray of heliotrope
Left on his littered study table.

Nor came she more from day to day,
Like sunshine through the shadows rifting;
Above her grave, far, far away,
The ever silent snows were drifting.
And those who mourned her winsome face
Found in its stead a swift successor
And loved another in her place—
All, save the silent, old professor.

But, in the tender twilight grey,
Shut from the sight of carping critic,
His lonely thoughts would often stray
From Verdic verse and tongues Semitic—
Bidding the ghost of perished hope
Mock with its past the sad possessor
Of the dead spray of heliotrope
That once she gave the old professor.

—*Acta Chtumbiana.*

BIANCA CORRENI.

'Go away instantly, I say! Leave the place at once! We don't allow tramps around here!'

The speaker was a kindly, good-natured farmer's wife. She stood before the door of her little white cottage, nestled among the New Hampshire hills, and with a gesture of impatience ordered the old organ grinder and the little tambourine girl to leave her door. They turned to obey, when little Harry Thorne spoke up:

"Oh, mother, see the little girl!—How thin and hungry she looks! And, mother, she looks like our little Lillie."

Mrs. Thorne turned quickly. How strange that she had not noticed it before. The little girl did look like her dead daughter. With tears in her eyes she drew the little girl toward her.

'What is your name, my child?' she asked.

'Bianca Correni, madam.'

'Is she your child?' Mrs. Thorne next inquired of the organ-grinder, who was evidently in the last stages of consumption.

'No,' he said feebly. 'She is just a nobody, without kith or kin, that I found in New York, and took her along for convenience.'

The old man had hardly finished this sentence when he fell to the ground. Farmer Thorne arrived on the scene, iifted him up, but it was found that life was extinct.

Wild was Bianca's grief on being told that Guido was dead. He had been her only friend and protector from earliest remembrance.

The old man was buried by the town authorities, and then the question arose as to what was to be done with the child.

'She must be sent to the poorhouse,' they said.

'Must she go to the poorhouse, mother,' asked Harry.

'I am afraid so, my boy.'

'Oh, mother, don't send her there! Keep her in Lillie's place.'

Good Mrs. Thorne turned to the little girl, whose large, beautiful eyes pleaded so eloquently for love and protection. She thought of her own little child in the cold and silent tomb, and the thought flashed across her mind that Providence had sent this one in her place. Harry seemed to read her thoughts.

'Perhaps God sent her, mother,' he said. 'The poor little girl hasn't any father nor mother, and you haven't any little girl. Keep her, and let her be my little sister.'

Farmer Thorne entered at this moment and Harry turned to him. The farmer's large heart had already gone out to the little wanderer, and he decided at once to adopt her; and thus "in little Lillie's place" she was installed in the Thorne family.

Years passed quietly away, and Bianca grew into a winsome maiden. Admirers she had many, but none were more devoted than her adopted brother.

One winter a fair was given in the village, and Bianca had in charge the flower table. A regular customer each night was a tall dark gentleman, about 40 years old, who watched her every motion with an intense gaze. The village folks were puzzled at this stranger. No one knew his name, nor anything concerning him. Every night found him at the fair. At times he would start impulsively toward Bianca's table, hesitate, then purchase a bouquet and leave the hall. The village girls jested with Bianca about her unknown, and the young men vieded him with jealous eyes.

The last night of the fair was to be the gala night, and a play was to be performed. Now it happened that the leading character of the play was an Italian dancing girl, and the part was given to Bianca. The dark stranger was there as usual. He watched the play with undisguised disgust until Bianca entered with her tambourine in her hand. He started forward in great surprise. She sang a wild, plaintive melody, and began a fantastic dance. At this the stranger leaped to his feet with a low cry. All eyes were immediately turned in that direction, and he fell back in his seat as white as marble.

Early the next morning the Thornes were surprised by a visit from the stranger. His words were abrupt and to the point.

'Pardon my intrusion, sir and madam. I am an Italian composer, traveling for my health. At the fair last night I saw your daughter perform a wonderful song and dance; will you tell me where she learned it?'

The farmer stared at his wife, but neither spoke a word for a moment.

'Well, really, sir,' he at length replied, 'I can hardly tell you that.—Bianca danced that way and sang that song when she first came to us, which is nigh onto nine years ago.'

'Then she is not your own child?' cried the dark stranger in great excitement.

'Oh, no! She is an adopted child, although we love her as if she had been born to us.'

'For Heaven's sake, tell me all you know concerning her.'

Thus entreated, the farmer related the story. When he had finished, the man grasped his hand, while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

'Mr. Thorne,' he said, 'the girl is my daughter. I can prove it,' he said, noticing the look of incredulity on the faces of his hearers. 'Fifteen years ago, my little daughter, then a child of three years, was stolen from me. The song which she sang last night was a composition of my own, and I taught her the accompanying dance. When I arrived in this village, a few days ago, I was struck with the resemblance of this girl to my wife, who has been dead many years. When I saw her performance I was satisfied that she was my child, as no one else in this world knows that song but myself. The name, too, is the same, Bianca Correni. Thank God, my daughter is found at last!'

Great was the excitement in the village when it was known that Farmer Thorne's adopted daughter had found her father, and that he was a gentleman of wealth and distinction.

It was a severe blow to the Thornes, however, for they had really learned to love this girl as if she were their own darling. Harry suffered the most; he knew that in losing Bianca he had lost all he had to live for.

The day of parting came. Signor Correni and his daughter were to sail for sunny Italy, and perhaps never to return. Harry stood with his mother and father on the piazza taking leave of the travellers. The poor boy's eyes were filled with tears as Bianca took his hand to bid him farewell.

'Don't look so gloomy, Harry dear!' she sobbed. 'I shall surely come back some time—indeed I will—so don't weep, my dear brother.'

The manly fellow brushed away his tears and tried to smile. Then slipping a slender ring on her finger, said:

'Keep it dear, until you find another that loves you more than I do; then throw it away.'

A few more words he said which brought the deep blushes to her cheeks; then the stage driver sounded his horn; Mrs. Thorne clasped her in her arms for a last farewell, her father lifted her into the vehicle and it rolled away. The farmer's family watched it out of sight, and when they returned to the house it seemed as though the last ray of sunlight had departed.

Four years passed, and brought continued misfortune to the Thornes. First their house was burned to the ground, the farmer lost his health, and finally died. It was found, on settling up his estate, that scarcely anything was left for the widow; and they finally went to New York, where they took apartments in a tenement house, and Harry found a clerkship in a dry goods house on a small salary.

For a while letters came regularly from Bianca; they spoke in glowing terms of her beautiful home, and of her father's great love for her.—'And yet I am not happy, dear mother,' she wrote. 'I miss you all so much! Papa gave me a magnificent diamond necklace yesterday, but I would willingly give it for one day at the dear old farm again.'

After a time the letters came less frequently, till now it was nearly a year since they had heard a word from her.

It was Christmas eve, and Harry was hurrying home to spend the long evening with his beloved mother, when he was overtaken by his friend, Fred Crosby.

'Just the fellow I want to see!' said the latter. 'I have a couple of tickets to the opera to-night; you must come with me.'

'No, Fred, I cannot. I promised my dear old mother I'd be home early to-night,' replied Harry, firmly.

'My dear boy, you must come with me! It may be your only chance to hear the new prima donna. They say she's divine. Everybody is raving about her. Surely you would not miss a chance to see Bianca Correni!'

'Bianca Correni!' cried Harry in amazement.

'Yes, the new prima donna, you know. And here we are now. Come on, you shall see her!'

Without a word more Harry suffered himself to be led into the opera house. As one in a dream he took his seat. Bianca Correni a prima donna! What could it mean?

He had not long to wait. The curtain arose, and revealed to his startled gaze, Bianca—his Bianca—on the stage, and fairly ablaze with jewels. The house shook with the thunder of applause which greeted her. Harry devoured her features. Yes, it was his own adopted sister, the little tambourine-girl, now the idle of the public. 'And the poor farmer's son forgotten, forever!' he thought, bitterly.

But his heart gave a great throb as he noticed on one slender finger a plain circlet of gold; it was the ring he had given her when they parted; he knew it at once.

'She wears it, although she has forgotten me,' he thought.

'Magnificent creature, eh?' said his friend, noticing his admiration. 'Not at all like the rest of them—all paint and powder on the stage, and frightful to behold when you approach near enough to see through the disguise.'

At that moment Harry thought he caught the singer's eye. For a moment he thought he saw her start and grasp convulsively, but only for a moment; then she went right on with her delightful music.

He was right; she had seen and recognized him.

Just before the curtain fell on the last act Harry felt a light touch on his shoulder. Turning quick, he saw a boy, who passed him a card, on which was written in a delicate hand, which he at once recognized—

'Will Mr. Thorne please follow this little boy for the sake of an interview with Bianca?'

Fred Crosby must have thought his friend insane, for he seized his hat, and started after the boy without a word of explanation or excuse.

Arriving behind the scenes, he was ushed into a pretty room and found himself face to face with Bianca.

'Harry, my dear brother!' she cried, rushing toward him joyously. 'Have you forgotten your little sister!'

'Forgotten you, Bianca? I think it is you have forgotten me. It is a year since we have received a line from you,' replied Harry, reproachfully.

'A year! Why, Harry, I wrote by every mail until we left Europe, and since arriving in America papa has visited the old village home, but he could learn nothing of you. Oh, Harry, why did you hide yourself fsom me? But do tell me of my darling mother; is she well? Does she ever think of me?' she rattled on, not waiting for a reply. 'Will she be glad to see me? Say, Harry, would she like me for a Christmas guest?'

Poor Harry's face flushed. How could he tell this beautiful creature that they lived in three rooms in a tenement house?

'We occupy small and humble quarters now, Bianca—mademoiselle,' he stammered. 'If you could put up with us, I—that is—she—'

Bianca's merry voice interrupted the confused speech.

'I'm well used to a humble life, Harry. I have not forgotten the life your good parents rescued me from. I am Bianca Thorne and a tambourine-girl still. See!' and she caught up a tambourine which belonged to a ballet girl and beginning one of her wild dances which Harry admired when she was a child, danced into the arms of her father, who was just entering the room.

'Oh, papa,' she cried, 'I have found Harry, and we are going to his house to spend Christmas, and it will be just such a dear old Christmas, as we used to have at the old farm!'

She had her way, and the great prima donna spent her Christmas in the humble tenement house, and assisted her hostess in her domestic duties.

The two weeks that Bianca remained in the city she was a constant visitor at the Thornes' house, and the day before she was to leave for Europe again, she placed in Mrs. Thorne's hands a deed of their lost farm. She would hear no objection nor receive any thanks.

'It is only a slight recompense for your great kindness to me, mother dear,' she said. 'I shudder now, when I think what might have happened to me had it not been for you. You will be glad to have the dear old home again, and when Harry marries it will be a pretty place for his wife,' she murmured, in a scarcely audible voice.

'My child, Harry will never marry now,' was the reply.

'Never marry, mother! Why not?'

'Because he loves a lady so far above him in life that he has not the courage to ask her hand in marriage.'

Bianca made no reply, though she knew by the mother's tell-tale face who the lady was.

That night Harry attended their guest back to her hotel.

'Why don't you get married, Harry?' she asked him bluntly.

The poor fellow flushed and then paled.

'Your mother told me you loved a lady above you in the social scale,' she continued, not noticing his embarrassment. 'Why don't you tell her of your love? 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' you know.'

Still no reply.

'Harry,' she whispered, slipping her hand in his, 'I wear your ring still. Do you remember what you said when you put it on my finger? O you stupid boy. Can't you see that I love you?' And she turned to hide her face.

But he caught her in his arms, and the sweet blushing face found a resting-place on his broad shoulder.

'Bianca, my darling, precious one, is it true? Can you love me? Oh, say those sweet words once more!'

She was sobbing now.

'It is true. Oh, Harry, I know it was bold and unmaidenly, but I couldn't think of losing you forever.'

'Heaven bless you, my darling little—wife!' he murmured, pressing her yet closer to his heart, and kissing her passionately.

And here let us leave them in the fullness of their love.

☞ A San Francisco paper excuses a certain mis-statement by saying that it was a typographical error in the manuscript.

BIRTHDAY MOTTOES FOR 1881.

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save Garnets should be worn:
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyrst will wear.

MARCH.

Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise:
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery Month of May,
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

JULY.

The glowing Ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August born, without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those words to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow
Should prize the Topaz' amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth—
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue;
Success will bless whate'er you do.

HOW PROVIDENCE IS SLANDERED.—Take, for example, a young girl who has been bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in childhood, in a boarding school through youth, never accustomed to either air or exercise—two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her beauty fades early, and her friends lamentingly exclaim:

"What a strange Providence that a mother should be taken in the midst of life, from her children."

Was it Providence? No! Providence had assigned her three score years and ten—a term long enough to rear children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and, of course, she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of 'What a striking Providence!' The man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and the courts, of eating luxurious dinners and drinking wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends.

Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted, and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary for some of our young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of heaven's law, pays the penalty—a checked circulation, cold, fever and death.

"What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends.

TRAVELING IN THE OLD DAYS.—People who are accustomed to travel by rail nowadays will read with interest the following diary of a journey from New York to New Orleans in the year 1800: In 1800—April 3. Left New York in the ferry boat for Jersey City. Took a two-horse coach and got to Philadelphia the fourth day at 4 p. m. Left Philadelphia next morning in a one-horse chaise, with the mail bag behind, for Lancaster, where we arrived the third day. At Lancaster bought a horse, and after nine days journey through the forests, reached Pittsburg. Here, with some others, I bought for eighteen dollars a flat-boat, in which we took our departure for New Orleans, floating with the current. After divers adventures and escapes from great peril by land and water, we reached Natchez, the fifty-seventh day after leaving Pittsburg, and New Orleans city in thirteen days thereafter, having been from New York on the journey eighty-four days, which our friends in New Orleans say was an expeditious voyage. My own personal cost on the way was, in sum total, £27, 11s., 4½d.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

☞ A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: "Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute.—Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup.—Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every severe case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle always on hand."

HE KNEW SHE DID.

As the morning train over the Detroit, Lansing & Northern pulled up at Howell the other day, a nice-looking old grandma got aboard with her satchel and settled down for a comfortable ride. A Detroiter was of some assistance to her in getting seated, and he presently asked:

"Going on a visit?'

"Yes, I'm going down to Plymouth to see my darter," she answered.—"They've writ and writ for me to come, but I thought I should never get started."

"Left the old man at home I suppose."

"Yes, William thought he'd better stay and see to the things at home."

"Did you have plenty of time to get ready?"

"Oh, yes. i've been gettin' ready for two weeks."

"Sure you didn't forget anything?"

"I know I didn't. I packed things up one at a time, and I know they are all here."

"And you left everything all right around the house?"

"Yes."

"Your old man knows where to find the tea and sugar and salt does he?"

"Yes. I took him through the buttery the very last thing and pinted out to him where everything was.'

"Well, now," continued the man, 'I'm certain that you overlooked something."

"Marcy on me! but what do you mean!" she gasped.

"Did you bring along your spectacles?"

"Yes—here they are."

"Did you hang up a clean towel for him?"

"Yes."

"And put the dish-cloth where he can find it?"

"Yes."

"And rolled up his night shirt and put it under the pillow?"

"Yes."

"And was everything all right about the cook-stove?"

"Marcy! marcy on me! Stop these kyars this blessed minute!" she exclaimed, as she tried to reach her feet, "I just remember now that I put the knives and forks in the oven to dry out and shut the door on 'em! He'll never think to look in there, and he'll build up a big fire and roast every handle off before I git to Plymouth."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOUND EDUCATION.

John Ruskin has said that the basis of a sound education lies in a knowledge of three things. "It is advisable that a man entering into life should accurately know—

First, Where he is. Secondly Where he is going. Thirdly, What he had better do under those circumstances.

The first, where he is, involves a knowledge of the world we live in—its size, the creatures that inhabit it, and their mode of living, what this world is made of, and what can be made of it.

The second, where he is going, will lead him to a study of other worlds than ours; and particularly that other world for which we are all destined.

The third, what he will do under those circumstances, will open to him the possibilities of his own nature. He will seek to know himself, his relations to society, and the best means of securing happiness for himself and his fellow man.

The aim of a teacher should be, then, to give to his pupils such a knowledge of self and the surroundings of this present life, and then so to lead the mind out to know what is before, that each one may become, as far as it is possible, a happy and a useful member of society. Parents, as well as teachers, have much to do in the matter.

PUT ON THE BRAKES.—A party of men were talking about heavy railroad grades, when one of the men said:

"I know of a grade so steep that the train gets such a start in going down that it is not necessary to use steam for two hundred miles."

"How about stopping at the station?" asked one of the party.

"Oh, they just stop the train, and when they get ready to start again they just turn loose the brakes and she whizzes on."

"That was a very light grade compared to the one I once went over," said a man whose word is a long way below par.

"How steep was it?"

"Why, it was so steep that you'd have to use a step-ladder to go up to the front end of the car."

A NEW FLUTE.—An English musician has invented a new flute. He asserts that by doubling the last four holes he has improved the tones of the lower notes, while giving increased power, ease and brilliancy to the instrument generally, and there is nothing more to pay for these improvements. The material chiefly used by the patentee for the head and body is ebonite, a preparation of indiarubber, which possesses extraordinary sound producing properties. One of the great difficulties of the flute has always been the third octave, the fingering for which differs entirely from that of the first or second octave, and the new flutes are constructed in such a manner that the third octave can be easily played with the same fingering as that employed for the two lower octaves.

☞ A prudent man had his portrait painted recently. His friends complained to him that it was much too old. "That's what I ordered," said he. "It will save the expense of another one ten years from now."

☞ The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find how sadly mistaken he is.

All Sorts of Clippings

Bed time—shut-eye time.

Fins—A fish's wings.

Snoring—letting off sleep.

Snow—rain all popped out white.

Inconstancy, thy name is Weather.

Fan—a thing to brush the warm off with.

Dust—mud with the juice all squeezed out.

The literary earnings of George Eliot are estimated at $250,000.

Mary had a little lam, and no doubt she deserved it.

One hundred to one that the world won't come to an end this year.

A man may be like a piano—upright yet not grand.

Said he: "Let us be one." And she was won.

Bald men are the coolest headed men in the world.

Can a man intoxicated by music be said to be air-tight.

He is a wise man who always knows what to do next.

A man's collective dispositions constitute his character.

He must be a strong man who can conceal his inclination.

It is noticed that seal-skin softens all complexions.

An epitaph for a faithful car conductor—He took his last fare well.

Waiters are not tipped in this country; it is the dishes they carry.

1881 will probably be known as the year of the great business boom. It looks that way now.

A prophet is always honored in his own country—after he has been dead a hundred years or so.

Lazy men cannot break the Sabbath. When they work at all it is always a labor of necessity.

The Congressional Record for the past year cost $130,000. It comes high, but the people must have it.

A Chicago restaurant keeper advertises "roast turkey and cram bury sauc."

Rome has not been for ten years so gay and brilliant with foreign visitors as at present.

Perseverance, prudence and printer's ink will prove efficient aids in making a successful year.

More than 1,000 emigrants a day, omitting Sundays, arrived at Castle Garden last year.

Vennor, the weather prophet, used to be a workman in an ax factory at Ballston, New York.

The more we study human nature the less we think of men—the more of man.

No man ever became great and good, except through many and great mistakes.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he isn't apt to be talkative.

A man ought to know what an attempt to bribe is. If he does not he is no judge.

If you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you, don't do one.

The proverb says, "Mark the upright man!" The crooked man can mark himself.

People do not need to know more virtue, but rather to practice what they already know.

Big feet may be laughed at all the rest of the year, but their stockings hold most at Christmas.

A Meridan man has a Bible 142 years old. Strange how long a Bible may be made to last by temperate usage!

It is always better to keep out of a quarrel than to make it up ever so amicably after you have got into one.

Don't be anxious until you are compelled to be. Many a man worries about a ghost that never appears to him.

The money spent for tobacco in this country, according to statistics, exceeds in amount the expenditure for bread.

Mr. Nordhoff says the Southern negro is undoubtedly the most docile, and, on the whole, the best peasant laborer in the world.

When a Congressman gets sick the doctors sometimes are at a loss to know whether to call it malaria or rhumatism.

The average man will believe a ten cent thermometer which he owns in preference to a ten dollar one owned by some one else.

Chicago ladies who have got divorces from three or four husbands need not expect Sara Bernhardt to associate with them.

Bliffers says that the most comfortable hat a man can wear this cold weather is one that is a little stove.

Ladies who don't have big fur capes console themselves by remarking how ugly they make the finest figure look.

A Kentucky man was drowned while attempting to save a book agent. This is unfortunate. He should have been hanged.

It takes a butcher only thirty days to learn how to sell bones with the meat, while it takes a husband a lifetime to learn how to buy 'em separately.

Eve was the first and only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

The barber sends his children to the carpenter's for shavings and the shoemaker sends his to school for whacks.

The best remedy for cold feet is to call at a house where they keep a big dog and don't feed him very high.

Better is a bowl of charity soup with powers of assimilation than wearisome days filled with rhubarb and magnesia.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come a new crop of rank weeds.

It is alleged that no American cat can make so hideous a noise as a Chinese tom-tom.

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