The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 37.

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 Cou[illegible]ail 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.,

AGENT FOR CHRISTIAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Nov. 25, 1880—tf.

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.

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 whar 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. State-rooms 25 cents extra.

Freights handled carefully and with despatch.

Goods purchased if cash is advanced.

JOS. W. THOMPSON, MANAGER.

Sept 30, 1880—tf

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.

PARIS GREEN and LONDON PURPLE

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs.

and other Insects, for sale at the lowest pric

T. W. WICKES,

June 17, 1880. Druggis

FINE SALT,

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

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, November 16, 1880.

The Largest lot of New Fruits Ever offered to the citizens of Chestertown: cheap At HUDGINS' BAKERY.

LARGE STOCK GLASSWARE, CHINA TEA SETS, China Chamber sets—at SPARKS,' Sept 30 opposite Court House.

Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.

The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at

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

A FULL stock of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco, constantly on hand—at SPARKS'.

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

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

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

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.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS, STUFFERS, LARD Cans, Cullenders, Butcher Knives, &c., at

Nov 25 J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

CALLING.

BY JAMES BUCHANAN READ.

With wing-ed sail
Of swallow tail,
I float upon the social gale.
My toilet pat
And plug-ed hat
Bespeak me of *le grand eclat.*

Mid lovely skirts
Of fairest flirts
My soul its energies exerts.
I talk and wink,
And eat and drink,
And swell out like a skating rink.

Here Annie smiles,
And soft beguiles
To ruddy wine from tropic isles;
While Mabel's eye,
Of Summer sky,
Exhilarates like Southern rye.

In waving rings
My mem'ry clings
To turkey legs and chicken wings;
To orange ice,
Croquettes of rice,
And oysters fried in Paradise.

In realms of pie
My senses lie
Steeped in the fragrant *boeuf roti,*
While nectarines
And boned sardines
Commingle with the soulful beans.

Now seas of wine
My soul entwine
With purple clustered, laughing vine,
While maidens rare
Throng round my chair
Upsetting custard in my hair.

The Southern breeze
Bears to my knees
A coffee cup from Afric's seas,
And as I eat
A torrid heat
Shies down my leg and scalds my feet.

And so I sail
Upon the gale
Till wine and grub and damsels fail,
And then I spread
Above my head
The sheet that bears me off to bed.

And as I lie
And watch the sky,
I think of morning's by and by.
My New Year's bat
Was cut too fat,
A shoe horn won't pull on my hat.

What John Harding Thought.

A STORY FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

'In some things women are so silly and ridiculous!'

Here John Harding laid down the magazine article he had been reading, and which had for its theme the apparently inexhaustible one—the follies and shortcomings of the sex to which he had alluded.

Mrs. Harding glanced from the bow she was fashioning to the solemn face of the speaker.

'In *some* things? That is encouraging surely! I've known such quantities of men that were silly and ridiculous in so many. What is it now, I wonder?'

Loftily oblivious to the quiet sarcasm in these words, Mr. Harding continued:

'Just look at the way they dress, for instance.'

'Oh!'

'Not only devoid of common sense but of all artistic elegance and beauty.'

'Really, John,' retorted Mrs. Harding, drawing her needle through her work with so much energy as to snap the thread, 'however silly a woman may be in your estimation, I think they might at least know how and in what style to dress.'

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cool res[illegible]
is very
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Mrs.
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'John
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dress,
artistic
broken
it is cut up and
dozen places?'

'Have you ever seen me in a dress whose skirt is entirely plain, or, as you term it, with the line unbroken from waist to feet?'

"No; but I should be glad to do so.'

'You would? Have you any further complaint to make? If you have I beg that you won't be backward about stating it.'

'I don't mean to be. There's the hat you wear. That is what you call it, I suppose, though for any use it performs it might as well be called most anything else; a mass of ribbons, feathers and flowers, piled up as high as possible, and worn upon the back of the head.'

'Anything further?'

'Yes. Look at the way the hair is worn by nine-tenths of the ladies—yours among 'em, part of it in a snar! on the forehead and the rest braided and festooned at the back of the head.'

'How would you have me arrange it?'

'Why simply drawn back from the forehead and coiled low at the back of the head so as to preserve its classic outline. Something the way it is in that picture. See?'

Mrs. Harding glanced at the picture to which her husband pointed, that of a very lovely girl, with small regular features and whose wavy hair was loosely knotted at the back.

'Yes, I see. But I don't think you ever saw my hair dressed in that style.'

'It would be an immense improvement if you would dress it so you would look like quite another person.'

'I think I should. But have you no further suggestions to make? Your ideas are so original that they interest me.'

'Not at present,' returned Mr. Harding, biting off the end of a cigar he intended to light as soon as he got out on the steps.

A few minutes later he put his head back into the room where his wife was sitting.

'I shall be around with the ponies at three, Mary. Don't keep me waiting.'

Mrs. Harding belonged to that large class of ladies whose attractions depend more or less on style of dress, and no one understood this more clearly than she. She knew her strong and weak points, and how to bring out the one and conceal the other. For instance, she had fine eyes, hair and complexion, but her features were rather irregular, her forehead especially being out of proportion with the rest of the face, and the form wanting in roundness of outline. But so skillfully were these defects remedied by the adjustment of the hair and dress that they were scarcely noticed, and she was considered by all who knew her—her husband not excepted—to be an attractive and very charming woman.

Mrs. Harding spent the greater part of the morning in the attic overhauling a chest that had belonged to her husband's aunt; apparently well repaid for her trouble by the garments fished up out of its dark depths, and which she carried to her own room. Out of one of these she fashioned a dress very similar in style to the one for which her husband had expressed so much admiration.

'I hate to disfigure myself so!' she thought, as the straight folds fell lankly around the tall, thin form, making it look still more tall and thin; 'but nothing else will cure John; and if he keeps on he'll drive me frantic.'

Then she proceeded to take down the heavy braids of hair, and combing it smoothly from the forehead over the ear arranged it in a pug low at the back of her head.

'Good gracious! I didn't suppose anything could make me look so much like a fool!' ejaculated Mrs. Harding, as she noted the change that it made in her appearance. 'But no matter; it's only for once, and I can stand it, if he can!'

Taking a round, flat hat, very much in vogue a few years ago, and whose only ornament was a ribbon around the crown, she went down into the parlor.

She did not have long to wait. Ten minutes later John came up to the door, in an open phæton, drawn by the well-matched grays that were the pride of his heart.

Running up the steps, he opened the door of the room where his wife sat.

He stared at her, for a moment, in dumb amazement.

'Heavens and earth! Mary, is that you? What have you been doing to yourself?'

'I have been trying to carry out the hints you gave me this morning in regard to dress. I hope it suits you and that you admire its effects?'

'Well, no,' responded Mr. Harding, taking a critical survey of the odd-looking figure before him. 'I can't say that I do. To speak plainly, you look like a fright!'

'I must say, John,' retorted his wife with an injured air, 'that you are very difficult to suit. I have [illegible]e most of the morning in [illegible]g the suggestions you gave [illegible]reakfast and still you find [illegible]What is it now I'd like to [illegible]Here is the unbroken sweep [illegible]; the classic outline of the [illegible] think that is what you call [illegible]d you surely cannot say that [illegible]t is too high, or that its [illegible] simplicity—I quote your [illegible]rds—is destroyed by any su[illegible]ndance of flowers, feathers [illegible]bons.'

Harding turned very red.

[illegible]t is all nonsense, Mary. I [illegible]y three hours at my disposal [illegible]its now half past three. I [illegible]t that I should find you all

[illegible]all be ready in half a minute,' [illegible]plied his wife, tying on her

Harding looked at her in horror [illegible]astonishment.

[illegible] you think that I am going to [illegible]you out in such a dress as [illegible] Why you look like an escaped [illegible]e!'

[illegible] here the door-bell rang.

'Its Judge Howe,' said Mr. Harding as he listened to the voice, in reply to the servant who answered it. 'He's come expressly to see you. For pity's sake go up stairs and put on something decent. I wouldn't have him see you in that dowdy thing for any consideration!'

'Will you promise—'

'I'll promise anything!' interposed Mr. Harding, drawing his wife towards the door which opened into the back parlor, and through which she disappeared just as their visitor was announced.

In an almost incredible short space of time Mrs. Harding entered the parlor where her husband and their guest were seated, looking so different that no one not intimately acquainted with her would have recognized her.

Mr. Harding drew a long sigh of relief as he looked at the pretty, tastily-attired woman of whom he had spoken to his friend, Judge Howe, and to whom he was so proud to present her.

In the gay and animated conversation that followed, and all the pleasant thoughts to which it gave rise, he forgot everything else; not so with Mrs. Harding. As soon as the door closed after their visitor, she turned her laughing eyes full upon her husband's face.

'Now, John, let us have a fair and clear understanding; I want to suit you if it is a possible thing. Which of these two styles of dressing do you wish me to adopt?'

'I shouldn't suppose you'd ask such a question, Mary. Seeing you once in the peculiar costume you assumed is quite enough for me, I assure you.'

'I assumed it to please you—don't forget that.'

'You failed in your object, then. To speak frankly, I didn't suppose it possible for you to look so downright ugly in anything.'

'You are not over complimentary,' laughed Mrs. Harding. 'But no matter; if you're satisfied, I am. Don't look so crestfallen, John; you are not a bit more inconsistent than the rest of your sex who give ours so much sage advice in regard to matters they know nothing about. If the wives and daughters of these modern Solomons should dress as they advise other people's wives and daughters to do they wouldn't be seen in the street with them.'

SWORD-WEARING IN JAPAN.

In Japan, the sword, until a recent date, has been considered a badge of the aristocracy. The etiquette which regulated the wearing of the long and short sword was expressed in a number of minute rules. Since the contest of the Japanese with Europeans and Americans these weapons are not so generally worn, and the rules have fallen into disuse. But the following narrative shows what was their character:

The most trivial breach of these minute observations was often the cause of murderous brawls and dreadful reprisals. To touch another's weapon, or to come into collision with the sheath, was a dire offense, and to enter a friend's house without leaving the sword outside was a breach of friendship.

Those whose position justified the accompaniment of an attendant invariably left the sword in his charge at the entrance, or, if alone, it was usually laid down at the entrance.

If removed inside it was invariably done by the host's servants, and then not touched by the bare hand, but with a silk napkin kept for the purpose.

The sword was placed upon a sword-rack in the place of honor near the guest and treated with all the politeness due to an honored visitor who would resent a discourtesy.

To exhibit a naked weapon was a gross insult, unless when a gentleman wished to show his friends his collection.

To express a wish to see a sword was not usual, unless when a blade of great value was in question, when a request to be shown it would be a compliment the happy possessor appreciated.

The sword would then be handed with the back toward the guest, the owner and the hilt to the left, the guest wrapping the hilt either in the little silk napkin always carried by gentlemen in their pockets, or in a sheet of clean paper.

The weapon was drawn from the scabbard and admired inch by inch, but not to the full length unless the owner pressed his guest to do so, when, with much apology, the sword was entirely drawn and held away from the other persons present.

After being admired it would, if apparently necessary, be carefully wiped with a special cloth, sheathed and returned to the owner as before.

The short sword was retained in the girdle, but at a long visit both host and guest laid it aside.

ANOTHER GOOD BOY.

A Detroit grocer was the other day hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner and give him a chance at his own poonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from this door and run, and I run after him and made him give it up.'

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs.—You may take them home to your mother and keep the basket.

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckeled a little chuck as he walked homewards.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs, as he entered the store, and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of them from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.

PEOPLE have been led to commit suicide by various causes. Many a young man has killed himself in dispair because a girl has jilted him. Not long ago a Texas man put a bullet through his brain because he thought he had killed his mother-in-law; he did not propose to be hanged for that offense. In the same State a grown-up girl shot herself because her mother whipped her; and a boy of thirteen killed himself because his cruel parents refused to allow him to marry the girl he loved. A North Carolina young lady drowned herself because her father failed of an election to the Legislature; a twenty-year-old youth of the same State shot himself because his father would not allow him to lie abed in the morning, and a woman took a fatal dose of Paris green because her neighbors gossiped about her.

MUSIC on the brain—A "singing in the ears."

VENUS OF THE NEEDLE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

O, Maryanne, you pretty girl,
Intent on silky labor,
Of seamstresses the pink and pearl,
Excuse a peeping neighbor!

Those eyes, forever drooping, give
The long brown lashes rarely;
But violets in the shadows live—
For once unveil them fairly.

Hast thou not lent that flounce enough
Of looks so long and earnest?
Lo, here's more "penetrable stuff,"
To which thou never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped!
How slender and how nimble!
O might I wind their skeins of thread,
Or but pick up their thimble!

How blest the youth whom love shall bring
And happy stars embolden,
To change the dome into a ring,
The silver into golden!

Who'll steal some morning to her side
To take her finger's measure,
While Maryanne pretends to chide,
And blushes deep with pleasure!

Who'll watch her sew her wedding gown,
Well conscious that it is hers;
Who'll gleam a tress without a frown,
With those so ready scissors?

Who'll taste those ripenings of the South,
The fragrant and delicious?—
Don't put the pins into your mouth,
O Maryanne, my precious!

I almost wish it were my trust
To teach how shocking that is;
I wish I had not, as I must,
To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,
Across a street so narrow!
A thread of silk to bend his bow,
A needle for his arrow!

THE POOR MAN'S LOVE BEAUTIFUL.

Dickens on an Emigrant Ship—A Simple Lesson in the Book of Life.

"They were nearly all English—from Gloucestershire the greater part—and had a long winter passage out; but it was wonderful to see how clean the children had been kept, and how untiring in their love and selfdenial all the poor parents were."

"Cant as we may, and as we shall to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it. In many a noble mansion lives a man, the best of husbands and of fathers, whose private worth in both capacities is lauded to the skies. Strip from his young wife her silken dresses and jewels, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her pale cheek with care and much privation, array her faded form in closely patched attire, let there be nothing but his love to set her forth or deck her out, and you shall put it to the proof indeed. So change his station in the world that he shall see in those young things who climb about his knee, not records of his wealth and name, but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread, so many poachers on his scanty meal, so many units to divide his every sum of comfort, and further to reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood in its sweetest aspect, heap upon him all its pains and wants, its sickness and ills, its fretfulness, caprice and querulous endurance; let its prattle be, not of engaging infant fancies, but of cold and thirst and hunger; and if his fatherly affection outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender, careful of his children's lives, and mindful of their joys and sorrows, then send him back to Parliament, and Pulpit, and to Quarter Sessions, and when he hears fine talk of the depravity of those who live from hand to mouth, and labor hard to do it, let him speak up as one who knows, and tell these holders forth that they by parallel with such a class, should be High Angels in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to Heaven at last.

"Which of us shall say what he would be, if such realities, with small relief, were his! Looking round upon these people, far from home, houseless, indigent, wandering, weary with travel and hard living and seeing how patiently they nursed and tended their young children; how they consulted over their wants first, then half supplied their own, what gentle ministers of hope and of faith the women were; how the men profited by their example; and how very, very seldom even a moment's petulance or harsh complaint broke out among them,—I felt a stronger love and honor of my kind come glowing in my heart, and wished to God there had been many Atheists in the better part of human nature, there to read the simple lesson in the book of Life."

IN Mr. Gladstone's household, at Howarden, was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last the mother, in her desperation, caught the idea that if she could persude the premier to take him in hand, perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the striking point"—for what will a mother not do for her child?—she approached her master, and, in trembling tones, preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once, and though the affairs of the greatest kinghom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and eventually knelt down and prayed a higher power to help in the work of redemption. This kindly action was effectual, and the lad became a reformed character.

"WHERE are you going?" asked Jack of an acquaintance.

"To see a friend."

"Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

To the coal dealer—Learn to labor and to weigh it.

PERUVIAN WOMEN.

Lima is called the paradise of women. They are called beautiful; so they are, if you admire black eyes and ebony tresses; not the dreamy black eyes of the Harems, nor the sparkling black eyes of the Syrians, nor the liquid black eyes of the Egyptians, but the black eyes that easily reveal the different types of character. Peruvian ladies have character, and are not afraid to show it; yet we hear nothing of equal rights and privileges among them. For them to lay claim to a right is but to possess it, for they can easily win over the priesthood, and thus have the most powerful class of Peru on their side. They are generally occupied but do not work; they look upon labor as degrading. They rise early, take a cup of tea and go to mass. Their toilet requires but a few moments. Their walking suits are neat and pretty; in this respect they surpass us. The dress is black and never touches the ground; there is no fussing or fumbling with trains. A white skirt is something seen a little below the dress, with a deep hem and two tucks, and always white and clean. Prunella gaiters are generally worn; the hands are bare; the manta is thrown over the head, falling gracefully down almost to the bottom of the skirt. The subject of dress claims most of their time and attention; their ball dresses and soiree suits are magnificent. Their boots, especially, are beautiful. No people have naturally as small feet as the Peruvians. The Peruvian-made boots are too small for foreigners. Peruvian ladies are not very intelligent; as soon as they pass beyond the school-girl period they care little for books or literature. Many learn to play the piano when young, but do not care to continue when married. They are excessively courteous in their manners, but we are not to be misled by appearances. Their mode of salutation is more of an embrace than anything else, and they always say, "My house and all that I have is entirely at your disposal, and we are to be as one family." They are always wealthy in imagination—at least they never speak of poverty. They love to smoke. Although handsome when young, they scarcely turn 20 when they begin to fade. One thing always lasts with them, and that is their gait. Their movements are gliding and graceful; the same is true of the men. The ladies are good at shopping and making bargains; they never tire or find a thing too trivial to occupy their time; they are never in haste; there is always a manana (to-morrow) and then another. Call a laundress, and she promises to return your clothes in eight days, never sooner, except at the steam laundries, where the price is about one-third the value of an ordinary garment. Eight days pass—the laundress does not appear. She must then be looked after. The things are not ready, she says, but come to-morrow—and to-morrow means another weak. By the time that she fully understands that you are in a hurry for the clothes, she says you can have them sure *estes noche* (this evening), but she raises her price about threefold. Take your clothes and pay the price agreed upon, no more. The same delays may be expected in all business transactions with the Peruvians. In making any purchase everything must either be bargained for or two or three times the value will be demanded.

THE ORIGIN OF WHIST.—Whist is a well-known game at cards, which requires great attention and silence; hence the name. To be a good whist player requires not only very high mental and intellectual power, but considerable study and long practice. This fine game has always commanded the attention of men of the first order of mind.—Whist is unquestionably of English origin, though to the time and place of its birth we do not possess any precise evidence. Whist is not mentioned by Shakespeare, nor by any writer of the Elizabethan era, from which we may infer that the game was then scarcely in existence. The game seems to have manifested seductive powers in 1630, for Taylor, the water poet, mentions whist as inducing the prodigal to "fling his money free with carelessness." It is probable that at this period the character and friends of whist were decidedly low. Whist even appears in the 'lock-up' in the questionable company of Jonathan Wild. Fielding records that when the ingenious Count la Russe was domiciled with Geoffery Snap (who enjoyed office under the Sheriff of London), his countship sought to beguile the tedium of his in-door existence by recourse to the amusements of the day.

MISS MUNFORD has an elderly admirer, who, the other day, presented her with a handsome lace collar.

"Now do not," he said, with a sort of elephantine playfulness, "do not let any one else rumple it."

"No, dear," answered Lavina, "I will be very careful to take it off."

WITH the exception of the road to ruin Jay Gould seems to be reaching out for all the roads in the country. As there is the most money in the above-mentioned through line we may soon expect to hear that he has gathered it in among the rest.

AN exuberant youth hails a supposed acquaintance with "Hello, Joe!" but, finding his mistake, adds, "O, excuse me; I thought you were another man!" Laconic stranger answers: "I am!"

"In an angry instant a man may do what a lifetime of repentance cannot undo," says Henry Ward Beecher. True, Mr. Beecher—he may break an egg.—*Boston Post.*

MUCH as the monkey surpasses man in agility, he cannot run up bills as easily.

All Sorts of Clippings

A teen aity won.

Lent begins this year March 2.

Tom and Jerry are warm friends.

A land league—three miles.

The whole country is full of weather.

A study in oil—the attempt to get a sardine out whole.

Prejudice is like a fog—it blinds its victim.

Electric belles—female telegraph operators.

Bonds tha are hard to redeem—vagabonds.

Man wants but little here below, and he gets it.

A ladies' conundrum—Who is our favorite hero? Marius.

In a war of words the dictionary gets the best of it.

Present time and past time are pleasantly joined at Christmas time.

An ape is ridiculous by nature, but men become so by art and study.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

Trouble is easy borne when every body gives it a lift for you.

It is easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.

As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality of the liquor.

Apples boiled with meal are good for pigs.

Asparagus thrives best on a deep sandy loam.

Ayrshire cattle were first imported into this country in 1835.

Water filtered through charcoal becomes perfectly pure.

Different coals vary 30 per cent. in their power as to producing steam.

The man who works with a will—the probate judge.

Can a ship with two owners be called a partner-ship.

The contribution box is a kind of catch-penny affair.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

The only kind of cake children don't cry for—a cake of soap.

Many pastors would rather preach to empty heads than to empty pews.

The best shelter for a girl is her mother's wing.

There are 250,000 head of cattle in Nevada.

Austin, Texas, is to have a capital costing $1,500,000.

The State of South Carolina has 2,973 public schools.

There are at least 100,000 idle young men in New York city.

There are about 3,000 Indians in southern California.

The way for a bad boy to go on a bender, is over his mother's knee.

He sued for her hand before marriage, and her hand sewed for him after.

What Edison's electric lamp wants is to have Keely's motor hitched to it.

A ship is always called "she," though we have often heard of mail steamers.

A woman who goes to church to show her sealskin sacque is sacque religious.

A gang of commercial travelers call themselves the drum corps. They beat the world.

Elopements are becoming quite fashionable. A horse ran away with an old maid in Philadelphia.

To get the truth by telephone it is necessary to have a good man at the end of the line.

A very small addition of glycerine to common glue prevents brittleness.

The experiment of growing ginger is likely to be tried in the Southern States.

Cows were first brought to this country by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493.

It is calculated that one gallon of white paint will cover about forty-four yards of surface.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid; wit is a form of force that leaves the limbs at rest.

There is no greater sorrow than to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet fail.

A California young man of 26 years has recently married a widow of 72.

The woman we love most, is often the one to whom we express it the least.

Petroleum is an excellent preservative of exposed woodwork and tools.

A beggar set up business the other day with a small sign reading: "Help wanted."

A light weight—waiting with the gas turned on full for the old folks to go to bed.

Form of telegram to your shoemaker: Make me another pair exactly like my last.

A London paper recently announced "a Sunday evening discourse for advanced thinkers."

A dog which won't run for an elephant will break his neck trying to get away from a fruit can.

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

Every man's work pursued steadily tends to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.

Nature seldom makes a fool: she simply furnishes the raw materials, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

A man who is continually sticking his nose into other people's business can be said to possess a roamin' nose.

If a young man is in a great hurry to settle down he should locate himself on swamp lands where the mud is soft.

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