The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 39.

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 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. Staterooms 25 cents extra.

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

JOS. W. THOMPSON,

Sept 30, 1880—tf MANAGER.

1845 1881

WICKES & BROTHER,

GENERAL STORE,

High street above Cross street,

CHESTERTOWN, Md.

WICKES & BROTHER have now in stock a general and well assorted line of

Dry Goods and General Merchandise

to meet the wants of the season, and which is being constantly replenished with cash purchases made with care. They will at all times be offered to reliable and prompt paying buyers at most satisfactory prices.

Chestertown, January 1st, 1881.

LIME! LIME! LIME! LIME!

Shells! Shells! Shells! Shells 30,000 bushels of each for sale.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish LIME and SHELLS to the citizens of Kent, Queen Anne's and Cecil counties; and will land the same on the Chester and Sassafras rivers, or any of their creeks where there is a depth of five feet of water, of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

WILLIAM PERKINS,

Rising Sun Saloon.

Chestertown, Md., Oct. 22, 1878—tf.

Special Notice!

SOMETHING LONG NEEDED SUPPLIED AT LAST!

WM PERKINS has fitted up his Lady's Parlor, for the Winter; and ladies from the country, or elsewhere, will find a warm room, when they come to town with their husbands or friends, and do not wish to wait in the stores, or to call on friends, while their gentlemen companions are attending to business matters, in which they can sit, and read, and pass away their time; free of charge.

Lunches Served at All Hours.

He also has an upper room, properly fitted up, in which dinner and supper can be privately furnished at all times, at short notice, and moderate prices.

P. S.—All meals served in the upper saloon will be at an extra charge.

Dec. 18, 1879.

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 of 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 TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

THOMAS BAKER,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 24th day of July, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 11th day of December, 1881.

CHAS. H. BAKER,

Jan. 13, 1881—4t. *Administrator.*

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.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

A New Song, by Lord Neaves.

Have you heard of this question the doctors among,
Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?
This has lately been said, and now shall be sung
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
It required a few millions the change to complete;
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
Which nobody can deny.

The Monad becoming a father or mother,
By budding or bursting, produced such another,
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer designates them well—
They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell;
But which of the two, doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot;
Some put out a finger, some put out a foot;
Some set up a mouth, and some sent out a root,
Which nobody can deny.

A Deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of his family (try not to laugh!)
By stretching and stretching became a Giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall Pig, with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,
And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,
Which nobody will deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a Whale,
Held its hind legs so close that it grew to a tail,
Which it uses for thrashing the sea like a flail,
Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, tumblers and fantails are from the same source;
The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse;
So men were developed from Monkeys of course,
Which nobody can deny.

An Ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a lord of creation established his reign.
Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
A relapse to low life may our prospects impair;
So of beastly propensities let us beware,
Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,
And, reduced to all-fours, must then narrow their views,
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebrae next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to an oyster or insect some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play.
Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return to the Monad, from which we all came,
Which nobody can deny.

My Tramp of the Cyprus Swamp.

I am Kate.

Of course I can tell my own adventures a deal better than any one can tell them for me. That stands to reason. I am not a practical writer, and I don't know how to produce what the fashionable authors call "grand pen effects," but I believe I can make you understand how it was, and that is all that is necessary.

Leeman had sprained his ankle, that's my brother, and he could not go to town with the load of russet apples that was piled into barrels and stood waiting under the big red shed.

"It's too bad," said he. "Those apples are worth a deal at this time of year, and we shall miss the market to-day."

"Can't you ask neighbor Hutton to take them?" said my mother.

"Neighbor Hutton is a deal too sharp practitioner for me," said Leeman. "It's a hard thing to say about a neighbor, but I can't trust his honesty."

"Mr. Hall?"

"Hall would be casting it up in my face for the next six months that I had asked a favor of him," said Leeman. "No, I'd rather lose the apples than my independence; but it is too provoking that I must needs have slipped on that piece of orange peel, now of all times in the world. I have been saving up those apples with a special eye to this particular market day."

"Leeman," said I, "I'll go."

'Nonsense,' said he.

'But why not?' said I. 'Old Pomp is as gentle as a kitten and I know every inch of the way.'

'But there are the Red Swamp woods, that desolate stretch of three miles, with never a house on either side of the way, except the deserted cabin where the old negro hung himself twenty years ago," argued my mother.

'Who cares for the Red Swamp woods?" said I valiantly. "I never was afraid of frogs and whippoorwills, and I am not going to begin now. Lil, will you go out and help me harness early in the morning and—"

'Oh, I wish I was going too! Can't I go, Kate,' cried my hoyden young sister, with her blue eyes glistening with delight at the idea of anything unusual.

'Stuff!' cried I, impetiously. 'Of course you can't. Hasn't Pomp a heavy load enough without your ninety pounds of mischief loaded on? Besides you must stay at home and take care of mother and Leeman and finish the chintz curtains for the big west chamber, for Colonel Hay may come home at any time now."

Colonel Hay was our city boarder—a gentleman who had been recommended by his physician to try the fresh, pine breezes of the Shauwaugeenta mountains, and whom our rector had recommended to the Icy Spring farm.

We were not rich, although mother and Leeman had managed the farm economically and well since father's death, and the weekly addition to our income would be something worth considering.

The idea of a city boarder was very pleasant, too, and Icy Spring farm was a very lonely spot, although we seldom allowed ourselves to think of that.

So, after a little, I coaxed mother and Leeman to consent, and the next morning Lil and I were up long before day-break, harnessing old Pomp and getting ready for the day's journey.

By the time the red, level light of the rising sun touched old Pomp's gray mane with radiance, I was driving through the Red Swamp, where the maple trees, from which it took its name, were all aglow with crimson blossoms, and the thrushes and robins called on one another with flute-like notes.

Well, I managed splendidly. I knew where I was going when I started. I sold the russets to the man who kept the Park hotel, for $4 a barrel, and that was more than Leeman himself anticipated.

'Be careful you don't get robbed, now,' said the man, as he watched me put the bills into my little portmonnaie.

'Robbed,' said I with a laugh.—'Why who should rob me?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said the landlord. 'There's always tramps and burglars around. They're a crop that don't belong to any particular season of the year.'

As I turned away—I did not notice it at the time, but it came back to me afterward, as things do come back like a sudden flash across the dark shield of memory—a man lounging on the steps looked hard at me.

I colored a little and thought to myself, 'He will know me the next time he sees me," and then forgot all about it, for I had mother's black bombazine to match and Lil's spring hat to buy, and some dinner china to select, and the doctor's prescription for Leeman to fill out at the druggist's, so it was well on to seven when I turned old Pomp's head homeward in the suburbs of the town, with a feeling of elation which was quite pardonable, when one considers my experience in the marketing line and my exceptionally good success.

The sunshine was warm, and still on the highroad, and I was rather glad at first when we came to the cool shadows of the Red Swamp, where birds were all silent in the noon heats and the sweetest odors came floating up from the tangled recesses of fern and cowslip, on either side of the railed-in-road.

All at once old Pomp gave a sidewise start, his ancient idea of shying, and then I saw a man, pale, dusty and tired-looking sitting on a fallen log, just out-side of the road. I felt sorry for him; I was like mother, who never would let the shabbiest or meanest looking vagabond go past our house without a draught of milk, or a piece of fresh baked pie, or a slice of her famous home made cake, and without stopping to think I drew in old Pomp's rein.

'Are you going toward Lenox Cross Roads?' said I.

'Yes.'

'Then jump in; I'm going in that direction too, and will give you a lift.'

He thanked me in a silent, drooping sort of way and seated himself on the board at the back of the wagon, toward which I pointed with the handle of my whip.

'You look ill,' said I.

'I am not ill,' he said with a smothered cough. 'Only tired with my long walk. I didn't know it was so far to Lennox.'

'I suppose you are going for work?' said I. 'Deacon Brierly has a good many hands now in his tobacco factory.'

'No,' said he, 'I am not going to work.'

I asked no more questions. I did not like the idea of a man's shrouding himself in mistery in that sort of way and, as I glanced around once more a sudden revelation came across me like a blaze of light.

It was the same man who had eyed me so keenly on the steps of the Park hotel.

Then I remembered my mother's words of caution, Leeman's reiterated exhortations, and the landlord's friendly words of warning.

And in spite of it all, I had deliberately thrust my silly head in the jaws of danger. There was only one thing for me to do—to get out of the scrape as well as I could.

I cast about in my mind how to do this; and presently, with beating heart I dropped a parcel of blue ribbon into the road.

'O!' I cried, checking up Pomp, 'I've dropped my parcel. Would you mind getting out after it?'

'Not in the least,' said the stranger; and he climbed laboriously out of the wagon.

He had scarcely set his feet on the ground before I laid the whip on old Pomp with a will, and rattled away over the long, straight road at a pace that seemed positively marvelous to me and Pomp both.

So we left our passenger behind in the middle of the Red Swamp.

I could see him standing there, blank and astonished, the sold picture in the long perspective; I ventured to look back; but I only whipped Pomp the harder, and never let him once stop his pace till we were out of the Red Swamp.

'I've outgeneraled him,' said I to myself, 'and I've saved Leeman $24 but I'm sorry about the blue ribbon; but it was only a yard and a quarter after all, and I can trim Lil's hat with something else.'

They were deligthed at my prowess when I related my adventure at home. Leeman declared I was a capital little market woman; mother shuddered at the desperate tramp alone with me in the swamp; Lil declared I was a hero.

'Wasn't it a good idea for Kate to drop the blue ribbon and send him after it?' said she.

'Kate was a goose ever to let him get into the wagon,' said Leeman knitting his brow.

'Kate must not go by herself any more such a long distance,' said mother.

And I drank my cup of tea and rested myself, and went out afterward to see the new brood of darling little yellow chicks which Old Speckle had brought off the nest during my absence.

I was on my knees in the hen-house feeding them from the palm of my hand, when I heard mother calling me from the house.

'Kate! Kate! come up at once! Col. Hay has arrived"

'Col. Hay!'

I started up, looking with blank dismay at my calico dress, and the meal stains on my hands.

However, there was nothing for it but to obey the summons; so I went up to the house.

A sort of blurr seemed to come before my eyes as I entered the sitting room and heard mother saying:

'Col. Hay, this is my eldest daughter, Kate.'

And then the blurr cleared away, and I knew the man I had twice before seen that day—the pale, tired traveler whom I had so recklessly abandoned in the middle of the Red Swamp.

'I beg your pardon, Col. Hay!' I cried impulsively. 'I thought you were a thief.'

The burst of laughter that followed from every inmate of the room effectually scattered all embarrassment.

'That was my adventure.'

Col. Hay has long since forgiven me that unkind desertion of him. In fact, this is quite private and confidential, mind, we are to be married soon, and I am going with him to Florida, to try the effects of a Southern climate on his health. That is all. Isn't that enough?

A WICKED VILLAGE.

I write this from a country village containing about 1000 inhabitants. It is a lovely little town, nestled on a sidehill to break off the raw winds of winter and the hurricanes of summer. When I arrived this morning it seemed to me as if there could not be a bad man or a scolding woman in the village, but the morning has passed, and I am a wiser man. I came here to see old Mrs. Brown about a pension she wants from the government, and when we had finished our business said:

"I see you have four churches here."

"Yes; but we never have any sermons worth listening to."

"The men look intelligent and smart."

"Humph! They are regular pokes! There isn't a man in Farmville who knows enough to ask boot in a horse trade."

"But the women look happy," I protested.

"Then they look what they ain't," she answered. "I don't believe there is a happy woman in the whole village. If you knew of the awful carryings on here you wouldn't look for happy wives."

"What awful things do the men do?"

"You'd better ask what they don't do! Its a wonder to me that Farmville hasn't shared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrow."

"Do they drink?"

"Do they? Didn't I even see old Deacon Harris weaving this way and that as he climbed the hill last evening? Its a slippery path, of course, but sober men don't climb a hill sideways."

"Do they gamble?"

"Gamble! What did Mrs. Potts tell me that her brother's wife told Mrs. Davis not a month ago? Four of the leading men in the place were caught playing checkers for soda water. That's a nice example, isn't it.

"Is Mrs. Potts nice?"

"Nice! Why she's the worst gossip in town! Its a wonder the men don't duck her in the mill pond."

"And Mrs. Davis?"

"She's a hypocrite! She'll talk sweet to your face, and abuse you behind your back."

"Mrs. Gore is well spoken of."

"By whom? I've known her fifteen years, and I never heard a human being speak well of her! She eats opium and lies like a trollop!"

"Isn't Mrs. McHenry all right?"

"All right? Why, no one can live in the house next to her."

"The postmaster seems like a good man," I ventured to remark.

"Good man! Why, my husband always believed he was the very man who threw a yellow dog down our well! I don't say that he steals letters, but I know that when I sent two three-cent stamps in a letter to my daughter out West, she never got it."

"But there must be one good man here?"

"There must, eh! Well, I wish you'd pint him out to me. I'd like to polish up my spectacles and take a good look at him."

"And isn't there one faultless woman?"

"Well, I don't want to seem vain and conceited, because none of us are long for this world, but I expect I'm the faultless one you are inquiring after!"

I think I shall go out on the evening train. Mrs. Brown says that every house and lot is mortgaged, every business man is ready to bust, and every family has at least one scandal among them. On my way over to the post-office an hour ago I asked a grocer if he knew old Mrs. Brown.

"Know her! Why, she's a gossip, a liar, a hypocrite and a dead-beat, and too lazy to change her stockings more than twice a year. —*M. Quad.*

SANTA FE is now full of enterprising men from the East, intent on mining. It is the great centre of the rich mining country of New Mexico. Until a comparatively recent date the gold and silver has been too inaccessible to warrant large operations, but now the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road is transporting thousands of travellers down the rich valley of the Rio Grande to the border of old Mexico, and will soon carry them into that country. Freight trains heavily loaded with ore and silver bricks are rumbling along the Rio Grande, where two years ago the silence of nature was undisturbed. Towns are springing up in a night, easy of access to mountains full of precious metals, awaiting the muscle and pick of the proprietor.

THE ERRAND.

Do me a courtesy,
Thou tall white rose;
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

Now, in my mind, I see
A deep-eyed girl
Watching the whirl
From her window-pane
Of the rain.

Slender as thou, is she,
All ways as pure,
As white, be sure,
With thy perfect grace
In her face.

Do me a courtesy,
Thou artless rose;
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

Knowing her value, she
Has still no art,
Opening her heart
From the common eye
To espy.

All know, as well as we,
The secret troth
Binding us both—
Or they would surmise—
From her eyes.

Go thou, and, secretly,
In thine own way,
Tell her, this day,
Though so dark, is white
By her light.

Do me this courtesy,
Thou silent rose;
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

—JAMES H. MORSE, *in Harper's Magazine.*

MESSRS. EDITORS.—We see and hear so much of materialism of late that the following conservatism from the *New York Observer* I am sure will be interesting to many of your readers. P.

DR. M'COSH ON DEVELOPMENT.

It is encouraging to find in the *Independent* a lecture delivered on the 3d inst., in Boston, by Dr. M'Cosh. The Monday lecture is now sustained by various gentlemen specially invited. The lecture by the President of Princeton College was on the "Nature of Development," and the prelude contains this significant passage. After sharp criticism of atheistic teachings he said:

"Mankind have, after all, a deep, underlying belief in something supernatural, which seems to be pervading and surrounding the whole of natural operation. Some one said that when men cease to believe in God they begin to believe in ghosts; and there are numbers who, in the felt want of anything better, have lent a favorable ear to Spiritualists. Those who could not believe in Moses and the prophets, in Christ and his apostles, have listened eagerly to audible scribbling on concealed slates, which show, by their imbecility, that the spirits which return from the other world have lost there the high ability which some of them possessed in this world. Those who could not believe that God sent his Son into the world to solve the enigma of the universe, and to show how man the sinner is to be reconciled to God the Holy Governor, and how to be delivered from the bonds of iniquity, resolutely maintain that he sends spirits to untie the ropes which weak or cunning men and women have tied around themselves."

When it is remembered that Mr. Joseph Cook gave a written certificate that he could not see how this "scribbling on slates" could be explained, "unless the slate pencil was moved without contact," Dr. M'Cosh's contemptuous characterization of its nonsense will be appreciated. When he came to the subject in hand the President proceeded to say:

"When we lay down for ourselves and abide by the principle that in the discussion we explain beforehand what we mean, we are in the better position to require the same on the part of our opponent and to insist on knowing what he means by the evolution which he is defending. An evolution out of nothing? An evolution without a God to set it agoing or to guide it? An evolution of life from the lifeless? Of mind from the mindless? Of man from the monkey? Of the monkey from the mollusc? Of the mollusc from the monad, and all from senseless molecules?"

This gentle ridicule of the doctrine that man is "developed from irrational animals," is followed up by the following lucid and conclusive statement, which leaves no room for doubt as to the President's views of the origin of Man. It is in point-blank contradiction of the infidel theory of development from lower animals, and is in perfect harmony with the revelation of Him who knows how and when he made what he did make. The passage is worthy of being preluded:

"The account of the progressive work of creation in Genesis is in accordance with geology. This has been shown satisfactorily by the three men on this continent best entitled to speak on the scientific question—Professor Dana, of Yale; Professor Dawson, of Montreal; and Professor Guyot, of Princeton. It can be shown that it is equally consistent with development, as revealed by recent science. I believe that in the beginning, or origin, God created the heavens and gave the original constituents their provincies, which began to act by the command of God, and there was light. But neither religion nor reason requires me to believe that he gave to these life, or sensation, or reason, or love. I believe that when these were added, whether by law or without law, it was according to the will and by the power of God. There were days or epochs in the same procedure, and at the opening of each was a special act of God. The earth was without form and void. When the evolution began, there was first the development of light; then the elevation of the expanse of heaven; thirdly, there was the separation of land and water, and the earth is ready for plants. On the fourth day the sun and moon appeared as distinct bodies, all in accordance with the theory of Laplace. On the fifth day animals appear; lower creatures *tanninim*, or swarmers, then fishes and fowls. On the sixth day the higher animals and, as the crown of the whole, man. Man's creation must have been a special act, and is so represented in Scripture. When man appeared, there was something which was not there before; and this Godlike, after the image of God. In all this Genesis and geology are in thorough accordance. There are two accounts of the creation of man. One is in chap. 1. There is council and decision. 'Let us make man in our image.' This applies to his soul or higher nature. The other account is in chap. ii, 7: 'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.' This is man's organic body. We have a supplement to this in Ps. CXXXIX, 15, 16: "My substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance being yet imperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them.' This passage used to be quoted by Agasiz. This is my creed as to man's bodily organism. I so far understand what is said.—Man is made of the earth. There is a curious preparatory process hinted at, a process and a progression going on i know not how long; and all is the work of God and written in God's Book. I understand this, and yet I do not understand it.—Socrates said of the philosophy of Heraclitus that what he understood was so good that he was sure the rest would also be good if he understood it. So I say of this passage. I so far understand it, and get glorious glimpses of a divinely ordained process; and yet I do not understand it, for it carries me into the secret things which belong unto the Lord our God. I affirm with confidence that there is not in the geological or biological science any truth even apparently inconsistent with this statement."

NEURALGIA AS A "WARNING."

The great prevalence of "neuralgia"—or what commonly goes by that name—should be regarded as a warning indicative of a low condition of health, which must necessarily render those who are affected with this painful malady especially susceptible to the invasion of diseases of an aggressive type. This is the season at which it is particularly desirable to be strong and well furnished with the sort of strength that affords a natural protection against disease. There will presently be need of all the internal heat which the organism can command, and a good sort of fat for use as fuel is not to be despised. It is no less essential that the vital forces should be vigorous, and the nerve power, especially, in full development. Neuraliga indicates a low or depressed state of vitality, and nothing so rapidly exhausts the system as pain that prevents sleep and agonizes both body and mind. It is, therefore, of the first moment that attacks of this affection, incidental to and indicative of a poor and weak state, should be promptly placed under treatment, and as rapidly as may be controlled. It is worth while to note this fact, because, while the spirit of manliness incites the "strong-minded" to patient endurance of suffering, it is not wise to suffer the distress caused by this malady, as many are now suffering it, without seeking relief, forgetful of the condition it bespeaks, and the constitutional danger of which it is a warning sign.—*Lancet.*

SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING LONG LIFE.

If any one could furnish the world with a medicine which would insure a long life, there is no end to the demand he would have for his drug. The Herald of Health thinks he would need many factories to make it, and many banks to hold the money he would receive. Fortunately there is no such medicine, and so the world will have to get along in some other way.

Some time ago the French Government sent a circular letter to all the districts of that country to collect information as to those conditions of life which seemed to favor longevity. The replies were very interesting, but on the whole rather monotonous; and the general result was that longevity is promoted by great sobriety, regular labor, especially in the open air, short of excessive fatigue, easy hours, a well-off condition, a philosophical mind in meeting troubles, not too much intellect, and a domestic life. The value of marriage was universally admitted, and long lived parents were also found an important factor. A healthy climate and good water were mentioned. All this agrees with common sense, unless the idea that the intellect is a hinderance to longevity be considered unreasonable, and we know that some of the most intellectnal men have lived to great age.

☞ In a North Carolina town lately two men were disputing about the relative merits of the salve they had for sale. One of the men, in order to demonstrate that his salve was better than any other, cut off a dog's tail and applied a little of the salve to the stump, and in the presence of the spectators, a new tail grew out. But the other man, who also had salve for sale, took up the piece of tail that had been cast away, put a little salve at the end of that, a new dog grew out, and the last heard of those parties they were quarreling as to who owned the second dog.

☞ 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 Clippir

All the year round—the earth.

Well posted—a telegraph line.

Taken on the spot—the measles.

The next World's Fair—angels.

A woman's fitness comes by fits.

Truth is the sun of the intelligence.

The sweetest chamber music is a mother's low lullaby.

Cannibals sometimes have their neighbors at dinner.

There are 3,000 miles of canals in France.

Something you will never find out—an inn.

Best place for the blind—the sea side.

It is natural to avoid a clock when it is about to strike one.

The beehive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on.

There are two peaceful powers—justice and fitness.

A young man with his first goatee may be said to have a tuft time of it.

Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence.

Persons who fret more than they work can never be happy.

What is joy? A sunbeam between two clouds.

It costs more to avenge than to forgive.

Beware of the man who hates the laugh of a child.

Novelties please less than they impress.

We are near waking when we dream that we dream.

There is nothing so sad as happiness to the sight of the unhappy.

Poetry has been the guardian angel of humanity in all ages.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

There are men whose friends are more to be pitied than their enemies.

If slander be a snake it is a winged one; it flies as well as creeps.

Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.

We are sure to be the losers when we quarrel with ourselves.

Violence in the voice is often the death-rattle of reason in the throat.

No woman likes to think of her empire as anything less than eternal.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.

A weak man will say more than he does; a strong one will do more than he says.

That man hath the most friends who needeth not a friend's assistance.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

A weak man is worse than an insane one, for the latter may be cured or kept harmless.

A man cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

The faith which looks forward is far richer than the experience that looks backward.

There is a past which is gone forever; but there is a future which is still our own.

Gerster gets $4,000 a month and her expenses for striking high F a few times a week.

Bangs are still fashionable for young ladies, domestic doors and boarding-house butter.

"Fine sleighing," remarked the young man who paid $10 and costs for fast driving.

In the heart of woman is so deep a well of love that no age can freeze it.

Many receive their creed as they do their money, because they find it in circulation.

The dreamer is a madman, quiescent; the madman is a dreamer in action.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

When God endowed human beings with brains he did not intend to guarantee them.

What is defeat? Nothing but education—nothing but the first step to something better.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation.

He who reigns within himself, and rules his passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.

A Christian is like a locomotive. A fire must be kindled in the heart of it before it will go.

A man is great in proportion to his superiority to the condition of life in which he is placed.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience.

Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

There is no error so crooked but it has in it some lines of truth. This is why it is so unsuccessful.

The sympathy of one weaker than ourselves, the sympathy even of a little child, will aid the most resolute.

(La Crosse Republican Leader.)

Having been cured by St. Jacobs Oil, I recommend the same to all sufferers with Rheumatism, says Mr. L. Shiffman, 2804 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In our youth our souls are great and our bodies slender; in old age our bodies are often great and our souls slender.

Mind may act upon mind though bodies be far divided; for the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen.

We often ask advice, but are we always willing to receive it? Is it not more frequently approbation that we mean?

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