The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 40.

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 coming 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.

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, *Administrator.*

Jan. 13,1881—4t.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS, STUFFERS, LARD Cans, Cullenders, Butcher Knives, &c., at Nov 25 J. K. ALDRIDGE'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 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.

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.

Enterprise Combined Stuffer, Fruit, Lard and Jelly Press,

For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE

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

BEAU.

(Dedicated to the Modern "Heroic" School of Writers.)

HON. PONDEROUS POLYLOQUENT, LOQUITUR.

That reminds me, dear Sir, of a little occurrence which happened
When I was a lad.
Ah, let me replenish your glass, Sir. And if you'll permit me,
I shall be very glad
To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that
It is other than bad.

You observe, at the side table there, that majestic old darky?
Well, that Sir, is Beau,
The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion
A long time ago,
'Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me,
In the year twenty-fo'.

'Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my father resided
Till the day that he died,
Well off in fine horses and niggers and arable acres
And family pride;
Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian,
Was he known, far and wide.

This digression pray pardon. 'Twas there that he raised us together—
Old Beau there and me.
Thoug Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,
Not a tittle cared we;
We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions,
In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington City,
Came over one year
To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and churlish,
With an arrogant sneer
For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievement
In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-tackey,"
Which he sought not to hide;
While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,
And frequently tried
To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young darky,
Very seldom replied.

One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters—
Inclusive of Beau
And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose
A-swimming to go.
Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely than usual
(If he could have done so.)

Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and fiddles,
Which he made with his knife,
And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond
A marvelous fife,
To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation
Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket, projecting,
In view of us all,
Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched.
In the tussle ensuing
Beau was rather too small;
James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in *his* pocket,
Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river,
Our prime destination;
Our ablutions performed, our habiliaments donned, 'twas suggested
That, for more recreation,
We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion
Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature
In the river hard by,
Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated,
With a sough and a sigh;
And never again had aught swallowed down by its current
Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the white waters,
And with some superstition
When, attempting to cast an unwieldy projectile into them,
James lost his position—
Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues,
In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"
In response to which call
Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father
(Beau after the brawl
Having sulked in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror
Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims,
And none is so rash
As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to rescue
Nor— Hold!—like a flash,
A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant
Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur and then a dead silence.
He can ne'er reappear;
This we know, even though he is one of the finest of divers
To be found far or near.
Thus we wait a full minute—another—*two heads above water!*
And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau, with his burden,
At last is seen dripping,
And the men rear him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,
with a thunderous roar,
And my father for once is profane, as he swears,
"By Jehovah,
He is FREE, evermore!"

When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him,
And assured him James Tottett
Was his friend from that forth, and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it,
And muttered, "Dod rot it!
Do you think it war you I war after?" (his hand on his pocket)—
"'Twar my *fife*, and I got it!"

T. H. ROBERTSON, in *Harper's Magazine.*

THE LAND OF EGYPT,

And the Strange Sights that Mr. Colton saw Therein—The Inventor of Goshen Butter—Joseph's Genius for Strategy—All Aboard for Cairo—On Runners—The Economy of Dress—Mosques and Other Marvels.

CAIRO, EGYPT, November 1880.—Port Said, where I first trod on Egyptian soil, is near where the Suez Canal debouches into the Mediterranean Sea, and is a point where steamers touch en route to and from Palestine. The traffic through the canal has given Port Said a certain importance, although its sand and desert surroundings are not productive of much natural beauty. Its population grows only with commercial needs; but, it seems to me, its corner lots will soon become very valuable. Not being just now much interested in canals, however, I think I do not yearn after a permanent residence in this growing seaport.

IN THE LAND OF GOSHEN.

By a short journey on the canal we reached a considerable town named Ismailia, a veritable and beautiful oasis in a desert, with very handsome streets and houses, and great profusion of Oriental trees and flowering shrubs; while just beyond its suburbs there is nothing but sand and sand. At this point I find the iron horse, after a long and rather painful experience of donkey locomotion. A fine and well equipped railroad runs hence to Alexandra, with branches to Cairo and other places. Our first stopping place was a queer looking village with the queer-looking name of Zagazig—and there is nothing crooked about it either. I do not think I ever saw a more refreshing spot in a hot country. Being within easy reach of the Nile's beneficent overflow, it is beautiful with stately palm trees and fragrant with the perfume of oranges and bright flowers. The neighboring cornfields were of prodigious vegetation, and though late in November, the clover and grass were knee-high, and the laborers were prone to seek shady spots; while my granger friends in Maryland were crowding about cosy firesides and stewing over election returns. In fact, I was in the veritable Land of Goshen, where everything is fat, except the people and the fleas.

A STRATEGIC FAMILY.

Your readers will remember this as the land selected by Joseph to be occupied by his father and the envious brothers who sold him for a few pieces of silver. With all due respect for the memory of that first great institutor of nepotism in political affairs, I am constrained to say that Joseph's selection of Goshen was a scheme worthy of a modern financier. I am afraid he led King Pharoah to believe Jacob's family was very much larger than it really was, in order to get them a large tract of land, which he did, although "all the souls that came with Jacob into Egypt were three-score and six." [Gen. 46th chap., 26th verse.] And with this speculative object in view he warned his brethern what to say when presented to the King: "And it shall come to pass, when Pharoah shall call you and shall say 'What is your occupation?' that ye shall say: 'Thy servant's trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we and also our fathers,'—that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen; for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." [Genesis: 46th chapter, 33d verse.] Which, it seems to me was a very adroit proceeding; for it not only insured Goshen to the brethren, but prevented them from having any unpleasant Egyptians as neighbors. Yet, this genius for strategy was inherited by Joseph from his mother and father, and they in turn from Jacob's grandparents, Abraham and Sarah. For we are told that when the latter pair went down into Egypt on a sort of bridal tour Abraham compelled Sarah to pass herself off as his sister. And all the good little Sunday school boys and girls remember how shamefully Jacob did Esau out of his heritage with a mess of pottage, and afterwards got nearly all the sheep and cattle of his father-in-law, Laban, by means of "peeled" rods. I do not assert that these transactions were not fully up to the commercial style of that day; but, somehow, I am unwilling to believe that all the Hebrews were addicted to such questionable habits. Yet I am sure Jacob was a kind-hearted man, and had his latch-string always hanging out. He was also inventor of the world-renowned Goshen butter.—Evidently, too, he always had a humorously benevolent word for his neighbors on all occasions; for during the famine in Canaan whenever any of them applied for relief, he constantly staved them off with the Horace Greely advice: 'Go West into Egypt, as my sons did, and buy corn."

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH'S HOST.

Believing that here or hereabouts the Israelites started for the Promised Land, when Pharaoh 'let the people go,' many travelers and bookmakers have sought to travel the route from this place. The weather was so warm that I did not undertake to solve the problem.—Your readers are aware that some biblical scholars, after much investigation, are skeptical as to the Red Sea crossing, and think the great event happened at the Isthmus of Suez. I am not prepared to take sides on the question, but I am sure the abominable sands of the Isthmus are deep enough to have swallowed up Pharaoh's host in a very able manner. It is clear to me that the Hebrews did get into Palestine, and that Pharaoh's army did not. My faith is sound, but I consider the occurrence of too remote a date to be accurately authenticated by geological investigations. So far, therefore, as it depends on my antiquarium abilities, this vexed question must remain unsettled. The Red Sea and the Isthmus are both there to this day.

There was a "flight into Egypt" the route of which I would very much like to know. "The angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying: Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word. * * * When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night and departed into Egypt."—Matt., ii., 13. This was for the fulfillment of prophecy: "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt."—Hosea, xi., 4. Now this, i take it, was a far more interesting journey than the other; and although it was made some thousand or more years later, yet we have no other knowledge of it than the few words I have quoted. This last was made by but the three persons of the Holy Family, and the first by 601,730 Hebrews—yet who shall venture to compare the two?

ON TO CAIRO.

But the Zagazig locomotive's whistle and the conductor's shout, "All aboard for Cairo!" brought me back from my reveries of the long ago. Whirling past numerous stations with unpronounceable names, through a mass of stately trees of emerald foliage, with now and then a view of the broad and ugly Nile, and here and there glimpses of strange looking buildings and stranger looking people our train bustled into bustling Cairo, "the City of Mosques." I find it a grand—not at all gloomy—but very peculiar city of nearly half a million people. At first glance the population on the thronged streets seemed to me to be composed chiefly of donkeys and boys both species being unusually small and very cantankerous. After procuring comfortable quarters at the Grand New Hotel, we took measures for the leisurely observation of the city, and of the many wonders that have stood for centuries in its vicinity to astonish the world.

A drive through the streets is attended with a novelty I never witnessed elsewhere. In consequence of the great throngs of people to be found everywhere, there is a strict law requiring every carriage to be preceeded with a "runner," whose sole duty is to keep the crowd from being run over. This he does by prodigious shouts and numerous thwacks with a stout stick. The "runner" serves a long apprenticeship to his singular but useful trade, and acquires astonishing strength of voice and limb. After leaving the runner's occupation is temporarily gone, and he usually rides beside the driver. Wealthy residents have their own "runners," and these are attired in a costume more gorgeous and imposing than that of the most gigantic drum-major.

MILLINERS AND DRESSMAKERS.

I should take this to be an unfavorable locality for milliners and dressmakers. The fashions of feminine garb have not changed since the day when Pharaoh's daughter found little Moses in the bulrushes, which event occurred, I am told somewhere in this neighborhood. The dress is frequently of costly stuff, but the shape never changes; the same long veil mysteriously hitched over the bridge of the nose and falling to the feet; the same ancient headgear—uglier, if possible, than the so-called bonnets of the Baltimore belle—and the same generally draggly appearance to which my eye had been accustomed in pictures of costumes of the country. The reason is obvious, and exceedingly sensible; the man who can afford it has several wives, and the plainness of the female dress helps to keep down family expenses. But the men make up for it in showy and costly dress, lace and embroidered, and altogether stunning—very dandified and brilliant and swaggering, with a gravity of gracefulness that greatly amused me. In consequence of the veil and its concomicants I am unable to say whether the Egyptian ladies are pretty, although I have much critic-ability in that direction; but I think I may venture to say that the Egyptian gentlemen are not of a very high order of beauty—that is, such of them as I saw, though I must give them credit for admirably courteous manners.

SOME MOSQUES.

I am afraid to say how many mosques there are in Cairo. As donkeys and small boys to the population, so are mosques to the other houses. And life is too short to permit me any attempt at a description of them. In fact, I saw so much mosque in Constantinople that I had no great longing to examine many of those at Cairo. But they are certainly a striking feature of the city; some of them of much outward magnificence, and many of much inward squalor; all of them with a forest of spires and minarets and the like. Religious rites of some sort are constantly going on in all of them, while in several there are regular colleges and schools, where is taught the Egyptian language—and the hieroglyphics, for aught I know to the contrary. One of the most dilapidated is said to have been built in the year 377, and I haven't the least doubt of it. The cornices are said to have been made of melted amber, in order to give out a refreshing perfume—and I am willing to admit the necessity of this; that is, if the ancient atmosphere therein was as full of vile odors as the present. In another is the cap and leather belt once worn by Sultan Kaloun. Now, this Sultan was a sort of quack doctor, and medicinal virtures still attach to his belt and old cap. Sick people pay a small sum for the privilege of wearing for a few minutes the cap and belt—and most of them declare themselves cured. I wasn't ill; but I am sure I would have been had I put on that old cap even for a few seconds. In old Cairo one of these mosques—St. George's—contains the remnants of a small hut which, they say, was the dwelling place of the Holy Family while sojourning in Egypt. A chair and some cooking utensils are shown; also a marble font in which, I was gravely told, the infant Jesus was baptized! And I believe this is all I know about mosques.

ON THE STREETS.

Street scenes in Cairo have long been favorite subjects for painters; and I do not wonder at it. The painter's brush fails, however, to give a faithful idea of them, and words would be in vain. It seemed to me that all the nations of the earth had representatives wherever you could turn, and the variety of costume was marvelous—likewise of language. The bazars, or shops, seem constantly thronged with buyers and filled with splendor that would have dazzled Aladdin and extinguished his wonderful lamp. And the strange chatter bewildered me. Every other man seemed to be swearing furiously at somebody or something. Fortunately, I was ignorant of the tongues; but I feel confident that the many persons I heard talking excitedly to camels and donkeys *were* swearing, and very vigorously. I was a little afraid of the street camels. They are no respecters of persons, but push you aside without the least regard to your feelings, and stalk along with their ugly noses aloft and their entirely noiseless tread—ugly beyond description.

And then there are myriads of dogs—vile dogs—viler and far more numerous than even those of Constantinople. And every now and then are seen snake-charmers squatted on the sidewalks or at the entrance of some narrow street, with terrible serpents standing erect on their tails, and unutterably hideous. One of the wretches offered for a trance to swallow a snake as long as himself. The offer so disgusted me that I would cheerfully have closed with a similar offer on the part of the snake.

One evening at the grand square in front of my hotel, I heard some American music for the first time since I left home. A fine band played "Hail Columbia," "Dixie," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the familiar strains quite overcame me. The only other music that had attracted me in Cairo was wrung from a fife by a ragged Arab, who had evidently taken lessons from a Yankee teacher. His single tune was a well known negro melody that accompanies the camp-meeting shout, "Go down, Moses! Let my people go." Quite appropriate to the locality, wasn't it? To-morrow we shall cross the Nile and attack the pyramids. G. C.

A PARTY of nine soldiers left Fort Assiniboine last month to look for some 4,000 pounds of game which a fellow named Biggs said he had collected at Cow Creek, about a hundred miles away. For some unexplained reason, Biggs was merely hoaxing them. He accompanied them for a time, and then slipped away, leaving them without a guide. The mercury, meantime, sank to 40° below zero. It took them six days to make the hundred miles to Cow Creek, and then, being short of food, they had to go out hunting amid the extremest cold. While thus engaged, one of the party, a young soldier who was a great favorite with his comrades, became separated from the rest, and two days later his body was found in the snow, frozen hard. His cartridge belt was empty, and the shells scattered along his trail showed that he had tried to signal the others. After much suffering, and with the aid of two hunters, whom they met, the party succeeded in getting back to Assiniboine, bearing the body of their dead comrade. It is believed that a man named Biggs will do well to shun the region of Assiniboine.

A STONE RIDGE farmer lost a goose. Two weeks afterwards he happened to visit a neighboring saw-mill. While there he heard a goose and started in pursuit. After a long search, still guided by the noise, he came to a hole in the ground and looking down he saw the head and part of the neck of his bird. It appeared the goose had fallen in the hole, which being too small to allow a spread of its wings the poor bird could not fly out. While kept a prisoner thus the snow had melted and ran down the hole. As fast as it reached the bottom of the hole away from the sun it had frozen, and running it had continued to freeze until the entire bird, with the exception of its head and about two inches of its neck, was incased in an armor of ice. The owner procured an ax and cut out a chunk of ice, goose and all, which he deposited on the ground and picked away until the goose was released from its confinement and marched home in search of its first meal in two weeks.

IN old days, when oysters were so much cheaper in England than they are now that they were retailed at four for a penny, green ones were thrown away because it was thought that they got the color from the copper sheathing of ships. It is now discovered that green oysters are a delicacy, and they are specially cultivated, while the color is found to come from small creatures which are eaten and digested by the oyster, and which impart to it the particular color in question. Thus has the microscope come to the aid of the *gourmet.*

THE Rev. Dr. Cuyler in recent reminiscences as to Carlyle mentioned that he heard him say: "I wad like to see America. Ye may talk about your Dimocracy or ony other 'cracy, or any kind of poleetical rubbish, but the secret of happiness in America is that ye have gat a vast deal of land for a very few people."

A PARTY of young fellows the other night made a bet as to who could swim the farthest. They met at the rendezvous, one of them carried a large bundle. "What is that?" asked the others. "Victuals for three days."

COAXING SARAH.

Justice Alley had hardly been opened to legal business yesterday morning when a sleigh containing seven or eight persons from beyond the city limits drove up to the door of a popular Justice and piled out with an air of business. His Honor was poking up the fire, when an old man beckoned him into a corner and whispered:

"Got a job of splicing here for ye. My darter Sarah here is going to hitch to that chap there with the blue comforter, and then we're going out to have some oysters."

"All right—all right," was the reply, and in two minutes the official was all ready.

The young man with the blue comforter peeled his overcoat, laid aside his hat, and extended his hand to Sarah.

"I won't do it—I'll die first," she said, as she shrank away.

"She's a leetle timid—a leetle timid," explained the old man, while the mother rebukingly observed:

"Sarah, don't make a fool of yourself here, William will make you a good husband."

"And don't you forget it!" added William. "Come, Sarah."

"I won't unless we can go to New York on a bridle tower," she snapped.

"You'd look nice bridle towering around New York with no better duds than you've got," said the mother. "Now, Sarah, you stand up and git married."

"Be keerful, mother—don't make 'er mad," warned the old man.—"Now, Sarah, if ye back out everybody will laff at us."

"I don't keer. I want to travel."

"You shall," said William."

"Where?"

"We'll all go up to the House of Correction."

"Taint far 'unff."

The old man beckoned William and Sarah outside and began:

"Now, Sarah, William just dotes on you."

"But I want a bridle tower," replied Sarah.

"Yes; but ye can't have one.—The railroads are all snowed under, and towers have gone out of fashion anyhow."

"Then I want a diamond ring."

"Now, don't say that, Sarah, fur I went to every store last Saturday and they was all out of diamond rings."

"Then I want a set of mink furs."

"Mink furs! William, I know you'd buy 'em for her in a second, but they've gone out of style and can't be had. Sarah, I'm yer father haint I?"

"Yes, dad,"

"And I've allus bin tender of ye?"

"Yes."

"Then be tender of me. I want to see ye married to William. You can't have a tower, nor a diamond ring, nor a set of furs, but I'll buy ye a pair of new gaiters. William will pay for the oysters, and I'll see that mother divides up the dishes and bedding with ye. Sarah, do you want to see my gray hairs bowed down?"

"N-o-o."

"Then don't flunk out."

"Will they be two-dollars gaiters?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And all the oysters we can eat?"

"Yes, all you kin stuk."

"And a tower next fall, if wheat does well?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess I will. Come, Bill, I don't keer two cents for you, but I want to oblige father."—*M. Quad.*

THERE is an agricultural Job in Sibley, Ia., who, speaking of the grasshopper plague, said: "Year after year I sowed my grain and it would come as thick and pretty and fresh, and the grasshoppers would swoop down and take it all. But I never flinched. That wheat was the Lord's before it was mine, and I said to myself: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and I reckon he knows what he's about. It was pretty tough, though, when I got so poor that I couldn't buy seed; but then the State Aid Society sent me some, and when lots of the farmers were selling out their lands to land-sharks I took the seed and sowed it, just as confident-like as though I'd always had good crops, and I said when I got it all done: "I'll trust him though he slay me." My neighbors said I was a fool, but I only smiled and looked to God, and that year I raised six hundred bushels of wheat and soon was well-to-do again. The grasshopper plague was taken away, and I says to my neighbor, says I: "Don't you see it's better to trust in the Lord?" He meant it all right, and it is my opinion we need touching up a little because our lands are rich and raise such splendid crops that if it hadn't been for that drawback we'd have made so much money we'd likely as not got so proud we'd have forgot God. I'll tell you how it is: a farmer in particular has so many things to fight, all the element coming against him at once sometimes, that if he don't just rely on God all the time his temper's pretty apt to get spoilt, and everything goes wrong, and he's the miserablest man in the world; while if he'll do the best he can and leave everything with God he's all right."

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.—When you get chilly all over and away into your bones, and begin to sniffle and almost struggle for your breath just begin in time and your tribulations need not last very long. Get some powdered borax and snuff the dry powder up your nostrils. Get a camphor bottle and smell it frequently, pour some on your handkerchief and wipe your nose with it whenever needed. Your nose will not get sore and you will soon wonder what's become of your cold. Begin this treatment in the afternoon and keep on at intervals until you go to bed, and you will sleep as well as you ever did.

THE eye of love pierces everywhere and sees everything.

All Sorts of Clippings

Humboldt was born in 1769.

A stuck-up thing—a show bill.

Vein effort—the miner's labor.

Always in working order—yeast.

Too many prophets spoil the weather.

It is the moth egg that makes the fur fly.

Signal service—handkerchief flirtation.

A calico wrapper—the dry goods clerk.

Happiness is a bird that owns no cage but the pure bosom.

Epitaph for a cannibal—"one who loved his fellow men."

Bad for authors—only men who can't write make their mark.

Ten cents in the pocket is worth a dollar paid for beer.

Firemen as well as other people, like to talk of their old flames.

No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere.

The best Japanese barbers are women.

Ancient Egyptians played jackstones.

Last year Chicago packed 5,600,000 hogs.

There are 140,000 more women than men in Ireland.

England will expend £20,000,000 on her army this year.

It takes a brass band to fill the air with broken silence.

The police of Baltimore made 1,289 arrests last month.

New York last year imported $514,000,000 worth of goods.

The bonded debt of Frederick city is $548,000.

A white child born in Baltimore last week has seven toes on each foot.

Mrs. Magargle, of Cecil county, died last week, aged 95 years.

Sixteen prisoners in the New York Tombs are awaiting their trials for murder.

The New York savings banks show an increase in deposits of nearly $50,000,000.

A large wheat area in Southern Illinois and Indiana is reported as ruined by the hard winter.

A lady who died in St. Albans, Vt., recently, left five sisters, aged 91, 87, 85, 81 and 76 years.

"Not ded but gone ahed" is the inscription on a Deadwood tombstone.

1881 does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is one at each end.

Alexandria, Virginia, boasts of a negro man who has a horn growing out of the side of his head.

There is no crop which yields so large an amount of food and with so little labor as Indian corn.

As a rule, the most untidy thing about a house is the tidy on the back of a rocking chair.

The man who goes into business with the devil soon finds that his partner is soul proprietor.

The wife bosses the husband until the baby comes along, and then the baby bosses the whole family.

When a friend corrects a fault in you, he does you the greatest act of friendship.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

Often a reserve that hides a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

The average consumption of sugar in France in 1875 was a little over 12 pounds per head.

The American Indians had no temples nor idols when the white man first came hither.

A French woman cannot bring a suit for divorce without the consent of her husband.

Nine brothers from one family, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, have entered the ministry.

More than 20,000 persons were killed in India last year by wild beasts and venomous snakes.

The cultivation of gardens as an art was established in England in the 16th century.

Gov. Hamilton has been elected an honorary member of the Hagerstown Light Infantry.

Cambridge, without any bank at all, until very recently, now proposes to start another.

The value of foreign exports shipped from Baltimore during the month of January, was $3,596,679.

A wag got hold of an editor's whisky bottle and labelled it, "To be continued in our necks."

"Half a loaf is better than none," as the corner loafer said to the policeman when told to move on.

Never try to go to sleep with an old coat for a pillow. There is no such thing as getting a nap on it.

The soldier, the policeman and the horse-car conductor generally look straight to the front.

Somebody says that a mule's hind feet are built on the plan of an emetic—you can't keep 'em down.

Damaged by water—the life insurance company when one of its policy-holders is drowned.

Buckwheat flour is recommended for giving the hair of horses a fine, smooth, brilliant appearance.

The duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, was raised to his present title by Mr. Gladstone.

The Washington banker, Corcoran, has given away $4,000,000 and only about $1,000,000 left for himself.

HAPPY FRIENDS.

(Jackson Daily Patriot.)

Rev. F. M. Winburne, Pastor M. E. Church, Mexia, Texas, writes as follows: Several months since I received a supply of St. Jacobs Oil. Retaining two bottles, I distributed the rest among friends. It is a most excellent remedy for pains and aches of various kinds, especially neuralgia and rheumatic affections.

Says a cute observer: "The man who stops his paper to economize, is like a man who goes barefoot to save his shoes."

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