The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 41.

Wanted: 500,000 Bushels of Corn,

—AND—

50,000 *BUSHELS OF WHEAT,*

For which the Highest Market Price will be paid, deliver 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

The LARGEST and Most Varied Assortment SEASONABLE GOODS IN TOWN can be found at

SPARKS',

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Consisting in part of

Fine Plated Ware.

Bohemia Glass-ware, Vases, Toilet Setts, Jewelry Cases, Work Boxes, Writing Desks Work Stands, Dressing Cases, &c.

A Splendid Line of LAMPS,

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Fine Glass Ware.

Goblets, Setts, Celery Glasses, Covered Bowls, Pickel Dishes, Bread Plates, Cake Stands, and anything you may need in that line.

TOYS! TOYS!

To suit all ages. Wagons, Sleds, Tin Toys in abundance and the largest stock o. DOLLS ever seen in Chestertown. and the Cheapest.

CONFECTIONERY

of all kinds. Nuts, Figs, Raisins, Lemons, Oranges, Cocoa-nuts, Chow-Chow, Pickles, Sauces French Mustard, Conserved Fruits, Malaga Grapes, and everything at lowest prices.

Cigars and Tobacco,

A fine line, try them.

CLOCKS. CLOCKS.

We still sell good Clocks at small profit.

☞ Come one and all, and look at our stock before buying. It will pay you.

SPARKS,

Dec. 16, 1880. opposite Court House.

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.

Stoves! Stoves!!

Cook Stoves,

RANGES,

Heating Stoves and Fire-Place Heaters, a large assortment, and selling at small advance on first cost. Call and examine before purchasing.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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.

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.

THE CELEBRATED

Highland Corn Shellers and Powers

—ALSO—

THE KEYSTONE CUCUMBER PUMPS

For sale by JOHN BELL, Ag't.

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 pri c

T. W. WICKES,

June 17, 1880. Druggis

ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS.

I am pleased you see the traces
In these sweet "Sir Joshua" faces
Of my features and my eyes;
Fair they are, that girl and brother,
With their young and smiling mother,
Beautiful beyond disguise.

For observe their dress how simple,
Muslin with embroidered wimple,
Yet I think the effect is good;
Scant, perchance, yet freely flowing;
Nothing to impede the growing
Into graceful womanhood.

And their houses were not cumbered
With the rarities unnumbered
Wherewith now we deck our rooms;
Wainscot walls, and plainly tinted;
Nothing vivid, save where glinted
Sunshine on a bowl of blooms.

And their gardens differed greatly
From all those we have seen lately,
Where the flowers in strange device
Grow as in a broidered cushion,
Holding all that art can push in,
Without leave to spread or rise.

There flowers grew in natural order,
In the wide old-fashioned border,
Bright with pink and peony;
With tall hollyhocks in posies,
Stocks, and lavender, and roses,
Purple larkspur, and sweet pea.

And I liked their yew-cut alleys,
Framing vistas of the valleys,
And the church-tower and the lea,
And the stately trees whose shadow
Fell at eve o'er park and meadow,
Century after century.

Their amusements—well, for certain,
If on them I lift the curtain,
You'll pronounce them tame and few;
And a yellow page you're turning—
You would scrutinize their learning;
Ah it would seem small to you

Who have sat for hours in classes,
Making notes of all that passes;
But you see their sphere was *home;*
There they reigned supreme and thrifty,
And the matron long past fifty
Kept her dignity and bloom.

And they had their Christmas dances,
Summer junketings and fancies,
And the daintiest, cheriest teas;
Sometimes, too, a little scandal;
But a strain from Boyce or Handel
Cleared the air like summer breeze,

And although they might work blindly,
Yet their aims were good and kindly;
In their quiet neighborhood
Not a child but knew and loved them,
Old and middle-aged approved them,
And took pattern as they could.

So they lived, my ancestresses,
Simple, unperplexed by guesses
At God's secrets veiled for aye;
Books were fewer, knowledge rarer;
But none nobler, sweeter, fairer,
Grace the England of to-day.

—Chambers's Journal.

Contributed Story.

WAS IT DESTINY?

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

Some years ago the community was horrified at reading the following item in a morning paper:

"*Buried Alive*—On Thursday last, Mrs. Harris, wife of Capt. Harris, of Capes line of Liverpool packets, was taken suddenly ill at her boarding house, No. —— Pine street, and notwithstanding the best medical aid was procured, she rapidly grew worse and died on Friday morning. As her husband's vessel was slightly overdue, and hourly expected, it seemed proper to her friends to postpone the funeral services until he should come. But three days having elapsed without bringing any tidings of the vessel, and it being inconvenient to keep the corpse longer in a boarding-house, it was deemed advisable to place the body in a receiving vault, thus affording her husband when he should arrive, the mournful satisfaction of gazing once more on the loved features.

"Capt. Harris did not arrive until Wednesday, and on Friday, one week after the death of his wife, preparations were made for the final interment. On removing the lid of the coffin that her husband might view the body, judge of their horror to find it nearly turned over on the face, the clothing disarranged, and every evidence that there had been a severe struggle to free herself from her horrible position.

"Whatever may have been the nature of the disease that had seemingly produced death, there can be no doubt that the unfortunate lady was buried alive."

The fact of anybody having been buried alive is sufficient to cause a thrill of horror to any one the least bit sensitive, but why it should have affected me so thoroughly, I could never tell. I could neither eat nor sleep after reading the above. If I shut my eyes I was sure to see the poor woman struggling for her liberty. And to add to my discomfort I remembered that all of our family on the paternal side died very suddenly.

Within the past year my father had died while sitting in his chair, apparently occupied in reading a paper, and I had no rest until I had his body exhumed to assure myself that he had not moved his position.

Then the fear began to haunt me that I might be buried alive, and I underwent the most extreme torture by day and by night. Perhaps if I had been forced to labor for my daily bread, I should not have dwelt on this torturing thought, but as I was possessed of ample means, I was ridden almost to death by this horrible night-mare.

My sister, (my only near relative) became solicitous on account of my health, which was evidently failing, and I at last revealed to her the state of my mind. She at first endeavored to laugh me out of my folly, as she termed it, but failing in this, she (unknown to me) consulted our family physician, and he prescribed for me (as I afterward learned) for a diseased mind, which was I suppose, really the true state of the case.

I at last offered a considerable premium to any person who would so construct a coffin with springs, that the least motion of a body inside would remove the lid instantly. And after receiving many models, I at last had the satisfaction of obtaining one that seemed all that I could desire.

I then had my coffin made after this model, and after trying it several times to assure myself there was no defect in its workings, I had it placed in an upper room of my dwelling, and hoped now I should have peace.

But now I began to think: suppose I should get out of my coffin and should be shut up in the vault, would I not be just about as bad off as ever? For should I not in all probability starve to death before I could make myself heard, unless, indeed, I could feel assured that my friends would visit the cemetery every day until there could be no doubt of death.

But on this point I was doubtful, and so set about improving the receptacle of the dead of our family in various ways.

South Laurel Hill Cemetery at the present time contains some vaults that present a very inviting appearance, compared to the charnel-houses of the year which I write. Perhaps other people after hearing of my lamentable condition, were set to thinking also. Or perhaps it is only in consequence of a spirit of rivalry inherent in human nature to out-do each other in everything.—But be the cause what it may, the fact remains, that since I erected an improved vault, scores have sprung up around it. I caused to have erected a building that was pleasing to the eye, and the surroundings were of such an attractive nature, that any one not morbidly sensitive in regard to graveyards, could spend pleasant hours there.

But the interior received my most careful attention, being so constructed that each occupant had a seperate apartment, all opening into a common vestibule, but enclosed by a glass door.

When all was complete I had the remains of my parents removed from the old vault and placed in the new, leaving two empty apartments for my sister and myself.

To the glass doors of these latter were attached patent locks, opening as easily on the inside as on the outside, and also to the main door of the vault was a similar lock, so that any one from the inside could get out without trouble.

I had now done all that a human could do to prevent being buried alive, and at last I gained a measure of repose, if not of absolute rest.

The matter had ceased to be a topic of conversation among my acquaintances, and if my sister ever thought of it she kept her own counsel.

Of my early acquaintances there was no one that had shown such fidelity as Tom Lower. Two years previous to the time of which I am going to write, he had married and removed with his wife to Richmond, Va., for the purpose of conducting a branch-house for the Philadelphia firm that he had been associated with for several years.

We had always kept up a correspondence, and Tom had been north some two or three times. But my promised visit to Richmond had been deferred from time to time, until one day upon receiving an unusually pressing invitation, I made up my mind to accept it.

"Come without fail," he wrote. "We are going to have a big time. The Washington statue is to be unveiled in the Capitol square. Gen. Scott, the hero of Mexico, is to participate in the ceremonies, and the whole is to conclude with a dinner to which I have invitations; and there will be an illumination in the evening of the Seven Hills."

My preparations were soon made and I bade my sister good-bye, telling her I should be absent a week, and took the midnight train for Washington.

The next morning while steaming down the Potomac, and when opposite Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, which can be plainly seen from the deck of the steamer, I fell into conversation with a gentleman, a resident of Richmond, the Rev. Joseph Cooper (as I afterward learned) and pastor of the Monumental church. The edifice was erected over the ruins of the burned theatre, and took its name from the monument that was placed in the foreground which covered the remains of the burned victims.

Finding him a very agreeable and entertaining companion, we chatted pleasantly until we reached Acquia creek, where we again took the train, making our last change, until we should reach Richmond.

When crossing the Rappahannock, and while my companion was pointing out to me the spot where had stood the house in which Gen. Washington was born, I became conscious of a dimness of vision. This was succeeded in a few moments by a sound in my ears like the rush of waters. Then all was a blank.

When next I recovered consciousness I felt strangely oppressed, and for an instant could remember nothing. Then I made an effort to raise my hand to my head. Great God! I was in a coffin! Instantly I thought of the contrivances to let myself out, but to my dismay they were not there. One despairing effort, a crash, then all was still again.

How long it was before I again recovered consciousness I shall never know. It may have been hours. It may have been only moments. But when it came I was able to extricate myself. But with great difficulty. All around me it was dark as Egypt. Not a single ray of light could I discern. I put out my hands, but they touched nothing but empty space. Cautiously I reached a little farther, and this time I came in contact with some hard substance. A little closer, and I was running my hand over a coffin. Like Job, what I had most feared had come upon me, I was buried alive.

I was weak and faint, but I groped on and found what appeared to be steps, but for some time I feared to put my weight on them, lest I might fall I knew not where. And, oh, the sickening odor of the air I breathed! In my despair I clutched at my hair, and screamed aloud. The sound of my voice nearly paralyzed me. Then I climbed the steps. Anything would be better than inaction. They led to a door. I could feel the heavy panels. I groped for the lock, and when I found it I wrenched at it with all the energy of despair. But it might as well have been a rock. Then I pounded on the door and screamed again and again, but no answering sound came back to me. Should I go mad?

Ages, it seemed to me, and I was so weak and hoarse that I could cry out no longer. I imagined I heard footsteps above me. One more frantic pounding on the door, one more agonized cry, and I fell to the bottom of the steps. But I did not this time lose consciousness, although I was too much exhausted to move. After laying what seemed to me a long time, I was sure I heard hurried steps above me, but I was unable to stir. A key was inserted in the lock, and instantly a flood of light poured in on me. Then I heard a voice, which I recognized as that of my travelling acquaintance, exclaim, "merciful heaven."

For a few moments my deliverer seemed too much overcome to move; as who would not have been at the sight presented to him. Soon, however, he descended the steps and was beside me, and seeing that I still lived, he said:

"Courage, my friend. I am here to succour you."

With the help of a man that he called to his assistance, I was lifted up and carried out of my prison, and I found myself in the body of a church; but being too much exhausted to help myseld, or to show but little signs of life, I was placed on a lounge and carried to the parsonage, which was close by. Here I received every attention from the minister's family, and the physician that was immediately summoned.

After awakening from a deep sleep of several hours duration, I was able to give some account of myself, and also to learn something from Mr. Cooper of what had happened, which I will give you in the Rev. gentleman's own words.

"While in conversation with you," said he, "I noticed a sudden pallor overspread your countenance, and immediately I perceived that you had fainted. All the restoratives that were at hand we resorted to; which failed to have any effect.—After vainly trying for a long time to restore consciousness, we were forced to the perplexing conclusion that you were dead. Immediately upon the arrival of the train at Richmond, the proper authorities were informed, and the body removed to the coroner's office, where an inquest was held as soon as practicable, and a verdict rendered of death from heart disease.

"As you had not informed me who the gentleman was that you were intending to visit, I had no means of communicating with him, and as there was nothing on your person, or in the hand-valise that you carried to indicate who you were, we were utterly at a loss to communicate with your friends. I distinctly remembered your saying that you were from Philadelphia, and the only course left was for the authorities here to communicate the facts to the Philadelphia authorities, and await results.

"I had gained permission to place the body in the vault attached to the church of which I am the pastor, and in which the remains of two people had been previously placed. One Col. Tolcott, a venerable member of the church, and the other a Reverned gentleman—a former pastor.

"My idea for so doing was, that your friends when they should come to recognize you, could more easily gain access to you than if you were in the ground. And for the same reason I ordered a glass in the top of the coffin; and to this circumstance you probably owe your life."

I was not urged to speak of my terrible experience for obvious reasons; and after gaining my name and residence, and also the name of my friend, Tom Lower, I was induced to remain perfectly quiet and so, soon sank into a peaceful slumber. When I awoke it was late in the afternoon, and by my couch sat Tom. He had been found and had hastened to me; and insisted on my being removed to his home. But by the physician's advice, and the apparently heart-felt welcome of my new-found friends, I concluded to remain where I was.

There is little more to tell. The coffin in which I was placed was laid upon the highest shelf in the vault, and my first frantic effort to free myself had caused it to fal! to the floor. The glass in the top was shattered, and so I obtained air to breathe, and room to extricate myself. The sexton coming into the church to attend to his duties, had heard my cries and pounding on the door, and had fled terrified beyond expression to inform Mr. Cooper of the circumstance. That gentleman, being a practical man, hastened to convince him, as he supposed, of his superstition, with the results already related.

Two days later my sister joined me in Richmond, and from her I learned that my hair, which had been as black as a raven's wing, was now as white as snow. Is it any wonder?

I still keep my coffin, provided with patent springs, but strange to say, with returning health, all fear of having occasion to use it vanished. Perhaps for the reason that lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place. But of one thing I am fully persuaded, and that is, "That the best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft aglee."

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

AN expert skater possesses an ice accomplishment.

MARRY A GENTLEMAN.

Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can
Minded and built
On the generous plan,
Though he may neither
Have silver or gold,
Title or fortune,
"To have or to hold."

Though he may labor
With spade or with hoe,
Though he may not
But his mother tongue know.
Though he may live under
Society's ban,
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can,
Gentle and tender
Though no less a man
One who will treasure
His child or his wife,
Scorning to rob them
Of sweetness in life.

One who will never
The brute's part assume,
Filling his household
With sorrow and gloom.
If on love's altar,
The flame you would fan,
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

You will be happy,
And you will be glad,
Though he only
Be commonly clad.
Pleasure is fleeting,
And life but a span—
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

MARK TWAIN ON ENCORES.

I am told that in a German concert or opera they hardly ever encore a song, that, though they may be dying to hear it again, their good breeding usually preserves them against requiring the repetition.—Kings may encore; that is quite another matter; it delights everybody to see that the King is pleased; and as to the actor encored, his pride and gratification are simply boundless. Still, there are circumstances in which even a royal encore—but it is better to illustrate. The King of Bavaria is a poet, and has a poet's eccentricities, with the advantage over all poet's of being able to gratify them, no matter what form they may take. He is fond of opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of an audience; therefore, it has sometimes occurred in Munich that, when an opera has been concluded and the players are getting off their paint and finery, a command has come to get their paint and finery on again. Presently the King would arrive solitary and alone, and the players would begin at the beginning, and do the entire opera over again, with only the one individual in that vast solemn theatre for audience. Once he took an odd freak in his head. High up and out of sight, over the prodigious stage of the Court theatre, in a maze of interlacing water-pipes, so pierced that in case of fire innumerable thread-like streams of water can be caused to descend, and in case of need this discharge can be augmented to a pouring flood. The King was the sole audience. The opera proceeded. It was a piece with a storm in it, the mimic rain began to patter. The King's interest rose higher and higher; it developed into enthusiasm. He cried:

"It is good, very good indeed!" But I will have real rain. Turn on the water."

The manager; pleaded for a reversal of the command, said it would ruin the costly costumes, but the King cried:

"No matter, no matter, I will have real rain! Turn on the water!"

So the real rain was turned and began to descend in gossamer lances to the mimic flower-beds and gravel-walks of the stage. The richly dressed actresses and actors tripped about singing bravely and pretending not to mind it. The King was delighted; his enthusiasm grew higher. He cried out:

"Bravo, bravo! More thunder! more lightning! Turn on more water!"

The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the storm-wind raged, the deluge poured down. The mimic royalty of the stage, with their soaked satins clinging to their bodies, slopped around ankle deep in water, warbling their sweetest and best; the fiddlers under the eaves of the stage sawed away for dear life, with the cold overflow spouting down the back of their necks; and the dry and happy king sat in his box and wore his gloves to ribbons applauding.

"More yet!" cried the King; "more yet, let loose all the thunder, turn on all the water. I will hang the man that raises an umbrella!"

When the most tremendous and effective storm that had ever been produced in any theatre was at last over, the King's approbation, was measureless. He cried:

Magnificent, magnificent! Encore! Do it again.

But the management succeeded in persuading him to recall the encore; and said the company would feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in the mere fact that the encore was demanded by his Majesty without fatiguing him with a repetition to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act the lucky performers were those whose parts required changes of dress; the others were a soaked, bedraggied, and, uncomfortable lot, but in the last degree picturesque. The stage scenery was ruined, trap-doors were so swollen that they couldn't work for a week afterwards, the fine costumes were spoiled, and no end of minor damage was done by that remarkable storm.

It was a royal idea—that storm—and royaly carried out. But observe the moderation of the King; he did not insist upon his encore. If he had been a gladsome unreflecting American opera audience, he probably would have had his storm repeated until he drowned all those people.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

1. Write upon one side of the sheet only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

2. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names, and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste his time puzzling out the results of your selfishness.

3. Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case, at a distance of nearly two feet; also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.

4. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because if you have written a head for your article, the editor will probably want to change it; and if you have not, which is the better way, he must write one. Besides, he wants room in which to write his instructions to the printer as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, &c.

5. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it—editor, compositor, and proof-reader.

6. Be brief. Why? Because people don't read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the square of their respective length. That is, a half column article is read by four times as many people as one of double that length.

8. Have the fear or the waste-basket constantly and steadily before your eyes. Why? Because it will save you a vast amount of useless labor, to say nothing of paper and postage.

8. Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it; it will never be divulged.

9. "These precepts in thy memory keep," and for fear you might forget them cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink.

CHANGED HER MIND.

George Bovard is the name of a young Methodist minister who attended the annual conference of the M. E. church at Mercer a couple of years ago. While there he and a young lady teacher of the Soldiers' Orphan school, located in Mercer, fell in love with each other. Her name was Clara Shaffer. He was about to start for India to Christianize the heathen. A correspondence was kept up between the two, and he wanted her to come to him, be married, and assist him in his labors. He had no money to pay her expenses, and she had none. In this emergency a few months ago she made a confidante of "Dick" Wright, a heavy clothing merchant of Mercer, and he being a big-hearted man with generous impulses offered to supply her with what money she needed to reach her far-off lover. She gladly accepted his offer, and at once began her preparations for a long journey. "Dick" and Miss Shaffer were thrown much together for a while, and about the time she was ready to start he was deeply in love with her himself. But he said nothing, and she started for New York with enough of "Dick's" money in her pocket to take her to India.

Two or three days after her departure he grew despondent, and chided himself for having given away his chance for marrying Miss Shaffer himself. A thought struck him, and that was to follaw her, and, if possible, overtake her before she boarded a steamer in New York for distant India. He acted promptly on the thought, took the cars, reached New York, and found the vessel on which she was to sail. Miss Shaffer was already on board; he made known his affection, asked her for her hand for himself, was accepted, and the two returned to Mercer a few days ago as man and wife.

The outcome is a little roughh on the young minister who is wrestling with superstition and idolatry in the jungles of India.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial.*

A $1,000 FOR A SIGHT OF HER.—The other night Bickels went home and found his wife particularly retrospective. She talked of the past with a tear and looked to the future with a sigh.

"Oh, by the way," said Bickels, as he sat on the side of the bed pulling off his boots. "I saw a gentleman down town to-day who would give a thousand dollars to see you."

"Who was he? Does he live in Little Rock?"

"I don't know his name."

"I'll warrant that it was Oliver Gregg."

"No."

"Then he must be George Weatherton."

"Guess again. I might know his name if I were to hear it."

"Oh, I do wish I knew!" said the lady, exhibiting excitement. "Was it Oscar Peoples?"

"Guess again. I remember his name now."

"Harvey Glenkins."

"No; his name is Lucas Wentwing."

"I don't know a man by that name. Why would he give a thousand dollars to see me?"

"Because he's blind."

THERE is a painful rumor afloat that the ice crop has been touched by the frost and that high prices may consequently be expected next summer.

A SMALL boy declined to eat soup at dinner the other day, on the ground that he "hadn't any teeth that were small enough for soup."

All Sorts of Clippings

Tennyson's hat is shockingly bad.
Huxley smokes a black clay pipe.
Firm friends—partners.
Old gold is still put in stockings.
A miss is as good as a smile.
A prickly pair—needles and pins.
A taking person—a policeman.
Features of Congress—ayes and noes.

Where are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

How easy it is to see the sins of other people.

Why is 'yes' like a mountain? Because it implies assent.

Chicago has 300 churches and 3,300 saloons.

What is the best cure for drinking? The water cure.

How to raise the wind—use a pair of bellows.

What is a lawyer's favorite dish? Suet pudding.

A novelty in needle work—setting up the obelisk.

When are brokers happy? When they meet a loan.

Courtship is a draw game; marriage is a tie.

What loses its flavor when we borrow it? Wit.

A runaway team—an eloping couple.

When is a ship like a railroad track? When the cargo's on.

A judicious silence is better than truth spoken without charity.

What fruit is the most visionary? The apple of the eye.

Austrian ladies can cut a dress or make a salad.

The venerable Peter Cooper is 90 years old.

Gen'l. Sherman reached his 61st birthday last week.

Sound money—the organist's salary.

It is better to give than to receive—a bill.

A hard thing to sharpen—the water's edge.

One form of common sense—reticence.

How hungry that man must have been who bolted his door.

The rule which works both ways is no rule at all.

Photographers take the world just as it comes.

Joy is the feeling that you are better off than your neighbor.

"Will you love me when I mold?" as the cheese said to the grocer.

A man born at sea cannot be proud of his native land.

There is no vegetable that can ketchup with the tomato.

Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

Hush money—the money paid a baby's nurse.

A lumber dealer failed last week—could not pay his board bill.

A rooted sorrow—ask that man with a toothache what it is.

A man of courage never lacks weapons.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

Short calls are the best, as the fly said when he lit on a hot stove.

Night dresses, with a good nap, are the best.

Birds are used for bonnets, and the bills are very large.

Figures are much sought after; $100,000 is a very pretty one.

Stripes are much worn at the penitentiary and House of Correction.

When riches take to themselves wings, friends fly away.

Whittaker's ears have cost the government $6,000 each.

In New Yawk the dropped "R" is a passport into good society.

Without the company of fools a man of wit would often be embarrassed.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with the king's.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

Shad are sharpening and multiplying their bones for the spring market.

A syndicate is being formed for the purchase of the first plate of strawberries.

If you want to have a high old time buy a grandfather's clock at modern craze prices.

Susan B. Anthony says the new poke bonnets are exactly the shape of those worn in 1790.

To teach children to lie—promise them something to keep them quiet and then don't give it to them.

There is no profit in keeping blooded cows in a country where railroads are fenced in.

Sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen in adversity.

[Ypsilanti (Mich) Commercial.]

Our representative lately learned the following from Mr. Carl Siegmund, Cor. Congress and Washington Sts.: My daughter suffered from Rheumatism to such an extent that it crippled her, rendering her unable to walk at all. We consulted many physicians and used all kinds of medicines, but in vain. At last St. Jacobs Oil effected the happiest results. It cured my daughter.

Some of the Southerners call Simon Cameron the Duke of Pennsylvania.

Simon Cameron will accompany Grant on his proposed journey to Mexico next month.

Mr. Robert Bonner will sell from 15 to 20 of his horses in New York on the 15th of March.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence never betray it.

There is a dearth of "smart sayings" of children in the newspapers. Is the man who used to manufacture them dead?

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