The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 42.

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,

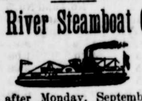
PHILADELPHIA.

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.

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.

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.

Feb. 27, 1879—tf J. E. TAYLOR.

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.

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.

Stov es! 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.

PARIS GREEN

and

LONDON PURPLE

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs,

and other Insects, for sale at the lowest pric

June 17, 1880. T. W. WICKES, Druggis

NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Heater; Golden Sun, and the New Golden Sun —for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

NEW FRUIT, Raisins, Currants, Citron. Nov 11 At SPARKS'S.

STOP! STOP! STOP!

HAVE YOU EXAMINED

the

LARGE STOCK

of

L. K. STAM' ?

If Not You Had Better Do It.

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

AND WILL DELIVER THEM

TO YOUR HOUSES FREE OF CHARGE.

NOTICE A FEW ARTICLES.

Bed Room Suits. Chairs.

Extension Tables. Lounges.

Beadsteads. Mattresses.

Sideboards. Kitchen Safes.

Wardrobes. Bureaus.

The Celebrated

HEYWOOD RATTAN CHAIR.

China Tea Setts. Mustache Cups.

Looking Glasses.

Beautiful Window Shades.

Library and other LAMPS,

and many other articles too numerous to mention

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

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

Dec. 9, 1880.

The LARGEST and Most Varried Assotment 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, opposite Court House.

Dec. 16, 1880.

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.

Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.

The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at

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

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

STOVES CLEANED and REPAIRED, at short notice—at

Sept. 16 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

THE DEAD BIRD.

Found upon the snow, which was stained with its blood from a gun-shot wound.

BY B. F. SHILLABER.

The sportsman's cruel art
Has pierced thy little heart,
Pretty bird;
And on the wintry snow
In death thou'rt lying low,
A spectacle of woe,
Pretty bird.

What harm could'st thou have done—
What wrong to any one,
Pretty bird,
That thou art bleeding there,
In the cold, biting air
With none for thee to care,
Pretty bird?

While other birds have fled,
Thy presence joy hath shed,
Pretty bird;
Amid the season drear
Thy note hath given cheer,
Delighting many an ear,
Pretty bird.

The better, freezing blast
Hath o'er thee harmless passed,
Pretty bird;
But man, more cruel far,
Than frosty tempests are,
Has quenched thy vital star,
Pretty bird.

Perhaps a nesty home
Is waiting thee to come,
Pretty bird;
Perhaps thy loving mate
May sit disconsolate,
Unknowing of thy fate,
Pretty bird.

Thy trust and confidence
Should have been thy defence
Pretty bird;
But manhood is disgraced,
Whose act in this is traced,
Which shows thy trust misplaced,
Pretty bird.

Oh! hateful was the shot
Which closed thy harmless lot,
Pretty bird.
It makes us grieve to see
That, through man's cruelty,
Such misery may be,
Pretty bird.

GEORGE COLTON'S LETTER.

Mr. Colton's Ascent of the Pyramids and Impressions Thereof—When Elevators Would have Come in Handy—Great Cheops, and the Theories About its Construction and Purpose—The Sphinx—Off for Italy.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, Nov., 1880.

I dated my last letter at Cairo, whence we were about to start out on a pilgrimage to the Pyramids. It was a day long to be remembered, alike for the stupendous things I saw and the excessive fatigue which I endured in order to see them.—But then one doesn't expect to find a patent elevator and electric bells on every floor when he ascends a pyramid, and I went prepared to suffer martyrdom and be more or less a hero. A pleasant drive of seven miles along the Gizeh road after crossing the Nile by a drawbridge, took us to the scene. The road is magnificent, and sheltered on both sides by continuous rows of acacia trees. Although driving at the rate of six miles an hour, we were followed by some twenty Arabs all the way from Cairo, running and perspiring. These enterprising gentlemen desired the lucrative job of guiding us up and around the pyramids.

The miracles in stone are three in number at this place, though there are several small ones about them of no great note, and numerous others at distant localities. I think no language—in fact, not even a photograph—can convey any conception of these enormous and unique mountains. At a distance they look like mountains with dizzy peaks, and the illusion does not vanish until you stand at their bases and look upwards. Then your sole conception is that of enormousness. You perceive that they are made by man's hands, but they look more stupendous then any mountain you have ever seen. This visual deception is difficult to eradicate, and the traveler leaves them with only one word on his lips—"enormous."

The Cheops Pyramid is the greatest of them, and is unquestionably the type from which all the others were printed on Egypt's face. It was the only one I examined closely, and what I may say of it applies in degree only, to all the others. I do not know how to give an idea of its vastness, but the reader must shut his eyes and imagine for himself when I tell him that its base covers about fifteen acres of ground, that its was originally 780 feet high, and is now 450 feet and that each side of its base was originally 764 feet long, and is now 746 feet. By way of comparison, imagine a square of ground anywhere in Baltimore of that dimension compactly covered with regular layers of huge and closely fitted stones, rising in gradually diminishing steps to a height nearly four times greater than that of the Washington Monument.

All these stand on a slightly elevated and rocky plateau of the Nile, and around them is an utter desolation of sand. Trees there are none, nor any sort of vegetation. And above this dreary waste tower these hoary monuments of—what? I do not know; but I do know that I felt compelled to essay the formidable task of climbing to the dizzy top of Cheops that being the chief object of my journey thither. Premising that the sides of Cheops are not smooth, as they look in the pictures, but a series of two hundred and three steps from three to five feet high, and twelve to twenty inches broad, I find myself assisted on either hand by a muscular Arab, and in the rear by several others. My right and left bower climb up the first ponderous ledge, and, reaching down, each seizes me by a hand and gives me a jerk that nearly dislocates my elbows, while at the same instant my rear guard gives me an energetic boost, and the combined attack results in my being landed, sore and breathless, on the first stair, helpless, and in the hands of uncompromising Arabs. Resistance is useless; pride is powerful; and, despite my physical pangs and mental protest, I find myself similarly jerked and boosted up the successive steps. Two or three times I implored a moment for breath, and got it only by liberal backsheesh to my diabolical boosters. They were masters of the situation; I was not—and wouldn't have given a shilling just then to be master of all Egypt, with the Pyramids thrown in.

Somewhere on the way up they showed me a big hole in the pyramid's side, and told me to go in there. I meekly obeyed my masters, the Arabs, and they took me, in a helpless and flaccid condition, through divers stony avenues to the King's chamber, and other solemn hollows, that are within the bowels of the place. I am not going to say that I was extravagantly pleased. No doubt I was much impressed, and certainly I was very glad to get out of the dismal stone hole. I even think I was glad I saw what little I saw; but I rather think this was because I knew I should be laughed at if I didn't see it. Yet, it isn't a trip I should care to take frequently.—All this interior arrangement, as I hope all your readers know, is supposed to have been made for the accommodation of the bodies of the dead kings; but even that royal fact failed to stir my democratic pulse, and I was glad to get out, even in the untender hands of my friends, the Arabs, who presently jerked and butted me clear up to the top of the pyramid.

SOME VERY ELEVATED THOUGHTS.

The top floor is about thirty feet square, and here, after getting a little breath, I looked around at the amazing panorama. On all hands was stupendous desolation, or else oriental magnificence. Cairo, with its glittering forest of spires and the melancholy Nile, with a fringe of picturesque villages, were near at hand. Farther off, I caught faint glimpses of the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, Minieh, Beni-Hassan, Stout, Dendevah, Luxor, and other relics of antiquity; at my feet was the Sphinx; on the horison, the great Libyan Desert.

If my thoughts were not elevated in one sense, they were in another; and my giddy brain teemed with the wonderous facts and hazy legends I had read of what lay before me. I pondered over the incontestible greatness of the people who conceived and executed these stupendous monuments—those giant builders and famous wariors. Undoubtedly, here was the very cradle of all we know of civilization—the birthplace of arts and science. Did man first spring into existence here? Was the divine plan of salvation formulated here? I cannot say nay. This huge pile on which I sit attests all these things in some incomprehensible way, and all history—scriptural or other—constantly points to Egypt as the foremost of all lands. The theories as to the purport of this Cheops may all be erroneous.

It is scientifically stated that Cheops stands in the very centre of Egypt, and it is exactly one-third of the distance between the equator and the north pole. The ancient Jews believed it was built before Noah's flood. It was the opinion of the astronomer Herschell that the great Pyramid was built for purely astronomical purposes. He was led to this belief by the fact that it stands exactly on the thirteenth parallel of latitude, and its sides are on the pure meridan, exactly north and south and east and west, and because the slope of the side is exactly tde ratio of the circumference to the diameter of the circle, and for the even stronger reason that the drift through the north slope points toward the Pole, or, rather, exactly where the polar star stood in the heavens 2,178 years before Christ. But Dr. Piazzi Smith called the great Pyramid "a miracle in stone." He found, or thought he found, in its dimensions prophetic indications of the age of the world and other predictions.

Josephus says that Seth and his immediate descendants were skilled astronomers, and that when Adam predicted the flood, "they made two pillars, the one of brick and the other of stone. They inscribed their discoveries on them both, that in case the pillar of brick should be destroyed by the flood, the pillar of stone might remain, and exhibit these discoveries to mankind. * * Now, this pillar remains in the land of Egypt to this day." A similar tradition prevails among the Arabs one of their ancient manuscripts telling us that "the wise men previous to the flood, foreseeing an impending judgment from Heaven, either by submersion or by fire, which would destroy every created thing, built upon the tops of the mountains in Upper Egypt many pyramids of stone, in order to have some refuge against the approaching calamity. * * Two of these buildings exceeded the rest in height being 400 cubits high, as many broad, and as many long. * * They were built with large blocks of marble, and they were so well put together that the joints were scarcelp perceptible. * * Upon the exterior of the building every charm and wonder of physic was inscribed.' And another Arab ancient says that "on the Great Pyramid the heavenly spheres were inscribed; likewise the positions of the stars and their circles, together with the history and chronicles of time past, ot that which is to come, and of every future event."

THAT MYSTERIOUS SPHINX.

I have no very clear recollection of how I got down from Cheops. I think I slid. I suppose the guides did not throw me headlong, but I couldn't have felt more bruised if they had. And, therefore, I took a cursory view of the Sphinx, which stands mysteriously about 200 yards off—"sad eyed, silent and inexplicable." It is a gigantic representation of a monster—part woman, part lion. I have heard the suggestion that it is a monument to the folly of some strong-minded woman, in the very early ages, who attended women's rights conventions instead of attending to the babies at home. I saw nothing corroborative of this conjecture, except that her nose is very badly broken and mashed—possibly in a shindy with her husband when she goes home late from the lodge. For myself, I believe it is a huge idol set up for general worship, to which great multitudes resorted, as the Moslems even now do to Mecca. Recent discoveries give much plausibility to this theory there having been recent excavated near it some superbly constructed buildings that may have served as hotels for the worshipers. During this excavation there was also discovered a well of considerable depth and extraordinarily large diameter. The bottom is curiously paved with mosaics of stone and iron, bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions. Our Arabs reached the bottom of it through subterranean passages. I did not go down, because of the soreness of my bones; and I can say no more of the Sphinx than that it is cut from the solid rock, is 143 feet high, measures 102 feet around the forehead, has a correspondingly wide mouth, and has, or had, an enormous nose—six feet long.

A LAND OF CONTRADICTIONS.

Being about to leave the land of the Pharaohs, I may be permitted to remark that as I knew it was exceedingly old, I did not expect to find anything very new or fresh there. In this I was correct, the only exceptions being fish, vegetables and Goshen butter. But it certainly is a land of puzzles and contradictions. It never rains there, and except for its single river, the Nile, which appears to run uphill through it, there would not be an acre of arable land. Consequently, that river is considered the greatest institution of the country. Many of the people worship it, and all of them guard its flow as carefully as Comptroller Vansant does the Baltimore city treasury. A failure by the Nile to overflow at proper season means a famine throughout the land. And I should suppose that even the regular overflow would leave all the population shivering with ague; but, mercifully, they all seem too lazy to shake. They make fuel—and very good fuel, too—of the mummies of their ancestors, immense quantities of which, like our coal deposits, were stacked away for that purpose thousands of years ago. They have the largest houses in the world, but no one ever lived in them. They think the crocodile is a handsome and holy beast, and the cat is sacred. The farmers are poor, ignorant free and easy *fellahs*, and the rest of the population is composed of soldiers, dancing-girls and jugglers. There are occasional earthquakes; and, from the days of Moses and Aaron, the people have been more or less afflicted with boils cholera, the plague and dysentery. Moses spoke of "other creatures," such as flies, fleas and similar unpleasant insects, and the same prevail there to day, with intolerable capacity for annoyance. I am told that the giraffe, hippopotamus, great serpents and useless but remarkable birds abound. But the only animals I saw was camels, donkeys, small Arab boys, frogs and a vast quantity of dogs. On the whole, I consider Egypt the most wonderful and inexplicable country I have ever seen.

THE HOME OF CLEOPATRA.

Hurrying away from all these strange things, we return to Cairo, take an express train and run to Alexandria in four hours, passing on the way the traditional sycamore tree under which the Holy Family took shelter during the Flight into Egypt, the ruins of Heliopolis and many other famous places too numerous to mention.

Alexandria is a live city of over three hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the great seaport and business place of Egypt. It was founded 332 years B. C. by Alexander the Great, and has now, probably, no commercial superior on the Mediterranean Sea. Its two grand ports are fairly alive with shipping from all parts of the world, and the opening of the Suez Canal makes it one of the most prominent points on the great commercial highway of the world. I regret that time does not permit me to speak at some length of this magnificent city, once the seat of the world's empire, and now on the division line between the splendor of modern civilization and the grandeur of oriental art.—Here science and literature had the palmiest of their ancient days, and hence flowed the stream of learning that made Greece the Kingdom of Letters. Here was born the great school of Christian theology that gave us most of the dogmas of today; and hence spread all over the world that famous doctrine of Arius in regard to the Trinity, which still continues to vex and divide the Christian Church. Here Antony "lost a world" under the fascinations of Cleopatra, his "serpent of old Nile," whose barge,

"Like a burnished throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

Hence, too, came the obelisk, or Cleopatra's Needle, that New York city has obtained for her Central Park after much tribulation.

OFF TO ROME—AND HOME.

But I must close my story of the mysterious land. Presently I shall embark for Brindisi by a British steamer, and take a short ramble through Italy, and then "homeward bound."

G. C.

WHEN you see an old, white-haired man drop a five-dollar note into a church plate, you never imagine that in the misty past he cut his initials on the piano and hammered nails into the cranium of his sister's doll.

THE WASHER AT THE WELL.

A BRETON LEGEND.

Nigh a league to the castle still;
Twelve! booms the bell from the old clock-tower.
Now, brave mare, for the stretch up the hill,
Then just a gallop of half an hour.

Half an hour, and home and rest!
Is she watching for him on the oriel stair,
Or cradling the babe on her silken breast
In the hush of the drowsy chamber there?

Hola! steady, good Bonnibelle!
Scared at the wind, or the owlet's flight?
Ha! what stirs by the Washing Well?
Who goes there at the dead of night?

Over the stream below the slope,
Where the women wash their webs at noon,
A form like a shadow seems to grope,
Doubtful under the doubtful moon.

Good mother, your task is late and lone,
All goes well at the castle? say!
Not a word speaks the withered crone,
Gray as a ghost in the moonlight gray.

Stone-still over the running stream,
Steadily, swiftly, round and round,
Plying her web through gloom and gleam,
Out and in, with never a sound—

Never a sound save the blasted oak
That shakes in the wind, and the bubbling well;
This is no face of the peasant-folk!—
With the sign of the cross he bars the spell.

Slowly, slowly, she turns about;
Oh the creeping horror that chokes his breath
As slowly she draws the linen out,
And fashions its folds in guise of death—

Long and loose, like a winding-sheet!
So sharp he pulls at the bridle-rein
The mare stands straight on her trembling feet
Before she cowers to the ground again.

Now he knows, with a shudder of dread,
The Ghost of the Well he has looked upon
Washing the shroud for some one dead—
Some one dear to him, dead and gone!

Well and washer and funeral-pall
Swim under his sight in the pale eclipse,
The good God send that the shroud be small!
He bites the words in his bloodless lips.

Over the lonely moor alone,
Praying a prayer for the dearest life,
Stifling a cry for the dead unknown,
Child or wife: is it child or wife?

Over the threshold and up the stair,
And into the hush of the deadly room,
To a motionless form in the midnight there
Under the taper's glimmering gloom;

And the babe on her bosom—child and wife!
Child and wife! and his journey done.
Hark! overhead, with a sullen strife,
The bell in the old clock-tower booms—*One!*

CHANGES OF LIFE.

Change is the common feature of society—of all life.

The world is like a magic lantern, or the shifting scenes of a panorama. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one.

Twenty years convert infants into lovers, and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men and women into crawling drivelers, and bury all preceding generations.

Thirty years raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers and grand-mothers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them down to decrepitude and imbecility.

Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names once cherished are forgotten, unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the unexhaustless womb of nature.

And in fifty years—mature, ripe fifty years—a half century—what tremendous changes occur. How Time writes her sublime wrinkles everywhere, in rock, river, forest, cities, hamlets, villages, in the nature of man and the destinies and aspects of all civilized society.

Let us pass on to eighty years—and what do we desire to see to comfort us in the world? Our parents are gone, our children have passed away from us into all parts of the world to fight the grim and desperate battle of life. Our old friends. Where are they? We behold a world of which we know nothing and to which we are unknown. We weep for the generations long since gone by—for lovers, for parents, for children, friends in the grave. We see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune and the absolute despotism of time. In a word, we behold the vanity of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and be gone.

A FEW APT DEFINITIONS.—Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth $5,000. That's genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write a fewer words on a similar sheet and make it worth $50,000,000. That's capital. The mechanic can take the material worth $50 and make it into a watch worth $100. That's skill. The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents and sell it to you for $1.00. That's business. A lady can purchase a comfortable bonnet for $10, but prefers to pay $100 for one because it is more stylish. That's foolishness. The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for $1. That't labor.

UNDER THE SEA.—A number of English coal mines are being worked under the ocean. In Northumberland the net available quantity of coal under the sea is estimated at 403,000,000 tons, and, on the Durham coast under the sea, including a breadth of three and a half miles with an area of seventy-one square miles, 734,500,000 tons. The latter mine is in a vein of an aggregate thickness of thirty feet distributed in six seams. Engineers are considering how it can be worked successfully in the future.

THE RED MEN OF SUSSEX.

There are twenty or thirty families living in Indian River Hundred Sussex county, who claim to be genuine Indians and the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Delaware. It is almost as strange as the herds of wild ponies that roam the inlands of Chincoteague. Indians and wild horses—What next?

These Indians are farmers and fishers; some of them are quite prosperous and well-to-do. They occupy a queer place in Indian River society they will not associate with the negroes, and the white people will not associate with them. They are generally Republicans in their politics, but they define their position by saying to the whites: "We consider ourselves as much above the negroes as you think yourselves above us."

Now, in the collection of school taxes, these Indians have been classed with the negroes, and taxed for the support of the colored schools. But they will not send their children to such schools, and demand the right to be exempted from such tax. They ask no aid from the State, but only to be allowed to expend their money in founding a school of their own, and for their own children exclusively. To accommodate them Mr. Robinson proposes to introduce a bill. He says that they built a church of their own some years ago, but the colored people came into it, got control of it and had it adopted into the conference, and utterly taken out of the management of its Indian founders. These queer red men have forgotten their original tongue, speak English and are growing in numbers.—*Smyrna Times.*

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat the mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong; and above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or to drink; remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.

WALK IN WINTER.—Winter-walking is a sure cure for cold feet. It banishes the "creeping-crawls" from the spinal column, and sends the sluggish blood about its business. As a "nervine" it is a million times better than medicine, and for improving the complexion it is worth a whole harbor-full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in promoting digestion is better than a corner drug-store's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs—and especially your hips—were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies and shoulders—and no wonder they do not like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking, as in other things. If you don't believe it, observe the motion of some splendid woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of a man who has some spring and litheness to him. There ought to be a Professor of Walking in our gymnasiums and high schools. But let those of us who are past that, learn how to walk by walking; and now is a good time to begin.

THERE is a perennial nobleness and ever sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual dispair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will of itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

UTILITY is a prominent characteristic of truth. Whatever is true becomes of some use even when imperfectly developed; whereas error only serves to mislead, however ingeniously it may be propounded.

HE who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand; upon the former he makes on impression, and from the latter he finds no production.

IT is said that sharks will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting you'll be all right.

YOU may write it down as an indisputable fact, that when a man talks a great deal about his religion he is simply exaggerating his capital in order to catch trade.

"ALCOHOL will clean silver." Yes, alcohol well stuck to will clean all the silver you have—out of your pocket.

WHEN the baby cries for "bread" it is the most natural thing in the world for the mother to give it a rock

All Sorts of Clippings

We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man rich, if he'll advertise.

There was no encore when Samson brought down the house.

The beaver increases in numbers in America and Norway.

Many men wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills.

Justice is like a glass, which cannot be bent but is easily broken.

A standing nuisance—the fellow on the curbstone.

It does not improve a potato to have specks on its eyes.

Pitty the poor duck who has to go around barefooted all winter.

Some tombstones would make good stump speakers. They lie so.

Arkansas stands sixth in the list of fruit growing States.

The Crown of England is valued at £134,000 or $670,000.

A large ærolite fell in the suburbs of Erie the other night.

The diving bell was first used in Europe in the year 1500.

The banana ripens in Florida during every month in the year.

The tobacco crop of Pennsylvania last year was worth $8,000,000.

The Princess of Wales has just passed her 36th birthday.

The Roman Emperor Maximus was upwards of 8 feet high.

The population of Missouri is 2,168,804.

On a single ranche in Texas, 1,000 lambs were killed by this winter's cold snap.

Why are our lawmakers never arrested for passing worthless bills?

"Quite a cold snap," as the fox remarked when the steel trap took him in.

The weather is to be continued until further orders from Washington.

Many people who hunt for happiness, are continually finding fault.

When a man has no mind of his own his wife generally gives him a piece of her own.

'Stage struck,' remarked the toad when the wheels of a four-horse 'bus passed over his head.

The butcher complacently smacks his chops as he meats the demands of his customers.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Some people think it an excess of magnanimity to forgive those whom they have injured.

Speak of people's virtues, condone their infirmities; if you can say no good, talk no ill of them.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.

It is asserted that the dairy products of this country have twice the value of the wheat crop.

It is a curious fact that we never hear of a deficiency in the fund out of which congressmen are paid.

There are 35,613,000,000 matches consumed annually in the United States.

Our Indian wars from 1865 to '79 are estimated to have cost at least $22,680,000.

The balance of trade in our favor on last year's business with the world foots up $73,000,000.

A female salmon as a rule carries about nine hundred eggs to every pound of weight.

The 10,000 New York saloonkeepers are said to control 75,000 votes in the city.

The mines of the United States have produced during the past 7 years $280,000,000 in gold.

Gallenga says that the Spanish-Indian races will neither work nor think.

The Christian world is taking an increased interest in the religious and civil affairs of India.

The Pullman Company is said to earn on each of its 474 cars about $180 a month.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

Do what good thou canst unknown; and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profligate, for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.

The oldest monument in the world is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, England.

The wealth of James G. Fair, the new Senator from Nevada, is estimated at $42,000,000.

Eggs received at New York in 1880 amounted to 559,551 barrels against 455,674 in 1879.

The national debt of England is held by about 23,000 persons; that of France by about 4,000,000.

Shanghai Pierce, the cattle king of Jackson county, Texas, lately sold 7,000 cattle for $16 per head.

David Jones, a brewer, died in New York recently. He left an estate valued at 10 million dollars.

Henry Ward Beecher says that he has just declined an offer of $300,000 to lecture for one year.

A young lady is not like a tree. You cannot estimate her age by counting her rings.

The Greeks have for 200 years had a monopoly of the trade in dried currants in the London market.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. His father was a lawyer.

In Missouri last year 482,989 of the children attended school, leaving 240,495 who received no schooling.

[Elgin, (Ill.) Daily Leader.]

The subjoined opinion, we perceive, is by J. A. Daniels, Esq., of Messrs. Stogdill & Daniels, attorneys, La Crosse, Wis., and appears in the La Crosse Chronicle: Some time since, I was attacked with pain in and below one of my knee joints. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil quieted the pain and relieved the inflammation. I regard it as a valuable medicine.

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