The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 44.

SPRING 1881

EVERYTHING NEW IN SPRING SUITS

A. C. YATES & CO.

LEDGER BUILDING **Philadelphia.** SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

THE LATEST FASHIONS IN SPRING OVERCOATS **SPRING 1881**

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.,

AT LOW PRICES FROM

Samuel Burns & Co.,

104 LIGHT Street Wharf,

Baltimore, - - - Maryland.

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. ☜

H. T. COMEGYS,

Locust Grove, Kent county, Md.,

Nov. 25, 1880—tf. AGENT FOR CHRISTIAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA

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.

AT PRIVATE SALE,



A convenient and comfortable Dwelling House, on S. E. side of Main street, in Chestertown, second door from Water street, with good dry cellar; containing 4 rooms on 1st floor; 4 rooms (all private) and passage on second floor, and two attic rooms. A desirable location. For particulars apply at the house to HESTER A. RUSSELL, or

Sept. 16—tf. T. W. RUSSELL.

NOTICE.

C. F. STAM has just received a large stock of the

NEW METHODIST HYMNALS,

very nicely bound, and which he is selling very cheap, from 50 cts. to $3.00—an examination of stock and prices is solicited. Call at the corner Drug Store. [Jan. 8, 1880

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

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.

EVERY Farmer should have Hoosier Corn Drill—sold by KENNARD & CO.

GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Said Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.

Covered Glass Bowls,

Setts, Individual Butter Plates, Butter Dishes Bread Plates, Goblets, Mugs, and everything you need in the Glassware line, you can find at

Jy 15 SPARKS'S, opp. court house

PLATED WARE. Look around and price elsewhere; then give us a call, and we will sell you good goods at small profits. SPARKS, Opposite Court House.

ATMORS Mince Meat for 10 cts. per lb. at J. A. PERKINS

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'S?

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.

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.

LIVERY

AND

EXCHANGE STABLES,

Cannon Street, Chestertown.

THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.

CHAS. H. DAVIS.

Aug. 5. 1880—tf.

TRY OUR ROYAL 5ct. Cigar, as good as At SPARKS'S.

THE finest assortment of Glassware in town is at SPARKS'.

FARMERS' HARDWARE—for sale by THOS. L. HINES & CO.

BE AS THOROUGH AS YOU CAN.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck that surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me;
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it—
Never doubt it—
Are the worlds without a sun!

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you,
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain:
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right;
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

KATE'S PRINCE.

[From Cassell's Magazine.]

"There now, you're banging that door again, Miss Jenny. I declare to goodness you children would worrit the patience out of a saint."

"Oh, never mind, Sally," I said panting, after a race to get into the house first—a race I had won, for Lil and Cissy were yards behind.

"Never mind, indeed!" cried Sally, "and there's your fine cousin coming down to-day from London. I wonder what she will say when she sees you racing about the meadows like so many wild colts, and your arms all brown and scratched, and the hooks off your dress. I never seen such children, never."

"But you like us, Sally," I said, getting hold of her rough, fat, red arm, and laying my cheek against it.

"I don't, I declare I don't," she cried impetuously; and to show her dislike she threw her big arms round me, and squeezed my nose nearly flat against the piece of hard wood she used to wear inside her dress.

Sally was our house-maid, parlor-maid, and nurse-maid all in one; and it used to seem to me that she spent all her leisure time in quarrelling with the cook and snubbing us; but for all that, one of my principal recollections, during the fever I had so long, was waking at all times to see Sally's red face watching by my bedside; and I know that she did all cook's work for six weeks as well as her own, when poor cook had such a sad accident and cut her hand.

We three—Lil, Cissy and I—had a long discussion about Cousin Kate and her visit; and we all felt what dreadful little ragmuffins we should seem to her, for I'm afraid we had been running wild; though papa only used to laugh about it, and would come into the schoolroom when mamma was busy with us over our lessons, whenever it was a fine morning, and cry:

"Now, then, girls, the sun shines and the little birds are calling you. Out with you! Learn lessons when it rains."

I knew afterwards why this was. Papa had a horrible nervous dread of our growing up weak and sickly, for his was a delicate family; and I had heard that our cousins were often very ill.

"I can guess why cousin Kate is coming to stay with us," exclaimed Lil.

"I *know* why she is coming," I said.

"It's because she's ill," shouted Lil, for fear I should show my knowledge first.

"Sally will take her up new warm milk and an egg in it before she gets out of bed in the morning," said Cissy solemnly, "that will soon make her well."

"She shall have all the eggs Speckle lays," said Lil, "and Jenny will take her every morning to the old garden-seat undee the trees.—She's sure to get well there."

And so we did, for Cousin Kate came that afternoon—a tall, pale girl, with a sad, weary look in her face, as she gazed wistfully from one to the other.

We three girls stood back, quite in awe of the well-dressed, fashionable-looking body, who was so different from what we had expected, while mamma went up to welcome her, and took her in her arms in a tender, affectionate way, saying, "My dear child, we are all so glad to see you."

Cousin Kate threw her arms around mamma's neck and burst into a fit of sobbing, hiding her face from our sight. We did not see any more of Cousin Kate that day; but our young interest was deeply excited, and somehow, perhaps fostered by dark hints dropped by Sally, who was a blighted flower, having been crossed in a love affair with the housekeeper at a neighboring farm, we girls got to think of our cousin's illness as a kind of mystery connected in some way, how we did not know, with the heart.

Our awe of the sweet gentle cousin fell off the very next day when we took possession of her, and led her around our dear old country home, with its wilderness of an orchard, great garden shrubberies, and pleasant meadows.

Her coming seemed to mark an epoch in our young lives, for, seeing how weak and delicate she was, we used to vie one with the other in being quiet and gentle, waiting upon her in the most unnecessary way, like slaves, and always ready to rush off most willing messengers to forestall any little wants she expressed.

This came natural to us; but on my part it was increased by a few words which I heard pass between papa and mamma, mamma saying that she did not think poor Kate would ever grow strong again, but slowly wither away. I gave a great gulp as I heard those words, and then burst out sobbing very violently.

"You here, Jenny!" said mamma. "Well, my dear, as you have heard what we said, it must be your secret too. Never let your poor cousin know what we think, and never behave to her as if you thought she could not recover."

I promised readily, and at fourteen the possession of that secret seemed to make me more womanly than my sisters, as I redoubled my tenderness to the suffering girl.

The invalid was nineteen—a great age in our estimation—and I used to look up to her with veneration, gazing at her soft sweet face and wistful eyes, wondering why she was so ill, and what was the great sorrow that had come upon her like a blight upon one of the roses round our porch.

Cousin Kate came to us in the spring, and the months flew by till it was the height of summer; and many and many a night had I turned my face to the wall, so that Lil should not know, and cried silently till my pillow was wet. For I knew so well that Kate was weaker, much weaker than when she came, a walk across the lawn to the old garden-seat in the shade being as much now as she could bear.

"Cousin Kate," I said, one day, when we were alone, Lil and Cissy having rushed off to get some flowers, "couldn't any doctor make you well?"

She looked at me with a wild, strange gaze which almost startled me, before she replied, and then in a way that made my heart beat, she sobbed out—

"Only one—only one!" and then as if to herself, in a low whisper, she udded, "and before he can come I shall be dead—dead!"

She did not know I heard her last words, and I sat chilled and frightened, gazing at her till my sisters came back, when, as we frequently did, we sat down about her; Lil got upon the seat, Cissy sat upon the grass with her head against one of Kate's hands, which hung listlessly from the corner where she leaned, and I threw myself on the grass at her feet, so as to look up in her gentle face which had now become calm, with its old weary look.

"Cousin Kate," said Lil, "tell us another story."

"No, no," I said, "don't ask; she isn't so well to-day."

"Yes," she said quietly, raising her head and looking at me, "I am better to-day."

"Tell us one, then," cried Cissy eagerly; "one you've never told us before."

There was silence then for a few minutes, and as I gazed up into Kate's face I saw her eyes close and a sort of spasm twitch her lips; but the next minute she was quite calm, and then with the leaves whispering round us, and the twittering of the birds coming now and again from the distance, she said in a low, sweet, musical voice—

"Once upon a time in the days of long ago, when people were very, very happy on this earth, there lived a prince who was young, and handsome and true. Nearly every one loved him, he was so manly, and yet so gentle."

"And he loved a beautiful princess," put in Cissy.

I saw the spasm cross Cousin Kate's face again, but it was calm directly after, and she went on.

"No, dear," she said, "he did not love a beautiful princess, but a poor simple girl, who loved him, too, with all her heart, and they were so, so happy. When the flowers blossomed they seemed to blossom only for them, and the birds sang their sweetest songs for them in the sunshine."

"Yes, and they were married, and lived happy ever after," cried Cissy. "Go on."

There was once more that piteous look upon Cousin Kate's face, seen only by me; but it passed off, and she went on.

"No, Cissy, they were not; for the poor, handsome young prince had enemies—cruel, bitter enemies—who slandered him, and said that he had made false keys, and opened the treasure-chests of a great man, and stolen away his gold and precious stones."

"Oh!" whispered Cissy, now deeply interested.

"And," continued Kate, "they took the poor prince, and there was a great trial, and though he declared he was innocent the wicked people who slandered him and bore false witness against him prevailed; and the great judge said that he was to be cast into prison, and wear heavy chains, and be kept there for twenty-one long years."

"Oh!" cried Lil.

"Yes," said Cissy, "I know; and then the simple young girl who loved him went and unlocked the prison gates, and struck off his chains and set him free."

"No—no," cried Cousin Kate, and her voice altered terribly, so that I was alarmed, though I could do nothing but gaze up in the wild face before me, for now a change came over it. "No," she cried, "the poor girl could do nothing but sit and weep, and feel her broken heart beat—beat—beat, in its own prison wearing itself out till—till she died, and—O, Frank! Frank! what have we done that we should suffer this?"

I leaped up to throw my arms round her, while my sisters shrank away alarmed; for Cousin Kate turned from us with a bitter wail, buried her face in her hands, and threw herself half over the arm of the old garden-seat, sobbing in a wild, hysterical way, such as I had never seen.

"Kate, dear Cousin Kate," I sobbed; but even as I spoke there was a hasty step on the gravel, the bushes were dashed aside, and the shadow of a tall man was cast over us.

"Kate—darling!" he cried, catching her in his arms, as I was thrust rudely aside, "I am innocent and free."

She did not hear him, for she gave a faint gasp and sant back insensible.

We three girls were almost stunned; but we saw the tall, thin, pale-looking stranger hastily lift poor Kate from the seat, and literally run with her to the house, while we followed more slowly.

As we reached the porch it was to meet papa running out, and in a short time he returned with the doctor. But this doctor was the wrong one; the right one had come to us at the garden-seat, and it was his words that brought dear Cousin Kate back to life, and in the course of a few months to health.

For Frank Roberts was reinstated in the government office from which he fell—in a higher post, one which gave him the confidence of the higher officials; while the man through whose treachery poor Frank had suffered a year and a half before, died, confessing that he had been the guilty party alone.

Oh! those happy days when the roses were coming back day by day into Cousin Kate's cheek, and when Frank, who was down at the old place every Saturday to stay till Monday, used to be sent to play and romp with us girls. I can hardly believe that thirty years have glided by since then, but so it is; and to this day we call dear old gray-whiskered Frank "Kate's Prince."

WAITING.

With waiting and wishing our courses we pave;
We wait for the port as we battle the wave;
'Tis waiting forever from cradle to grave.

Waiting for morn, so serene in its light;
Waiting for noonday, so brilliantly bright;
Waiting at eve for repose in the night.

Waiting for zephyrs in springtime that blow;
Waiting for summer and flowers that grow;
Waiting for winter and swift-falling snow.

Waiting is ever the bosom's refrain,
In moments of pleasure and moments of pain;
Waiting, though stricken again and again.

Waiting in childhood for youth's joyous time.
"I'm waiting," says Youth, "but I'll certainly climb
The top of the ladder on reaching my prime."

In manhood awaiting the time when he may
Find rest on a calmer, a happier day,
When age shall relieve from the worrying fray.

Waiting when Fortune sheds brightly her smile;
When choice are the pleasures the pathway beguile,
There is always something to wait for the while.

Waiting in poverty, anguish and grief;
Waiting for heaven to send us relief,
Telling the heart that the trial is brief.

Aye, waiting for joys that will never appear;
Waiting for voices we never shall hear;
Waiting for moments that never are near.

Waiting when sinning and worn in the strife,
With penitent throbbing the bosom is rife,
Waiting the dawn of a holier life.

Waiting at last for the spirit's release;
Waiting a rest in the Dwelling of Peace,
Where waiting and longing forever will cease.

JAY GOULD'S MOUSE TRAP.

From an Interview with Gould in the Herald.

"I am not an old man to-day," said Mr. Gould, "but New York, even within my recollection, has expanded in the most marvellous degree. My first visit to New York was during the Crystal Palace Exhibition. I was a mere boy. I was full of ambition, and I brought a little thing with me from my country home that I thought was going to make my fortune and revolutionize the world. What do you suppose it was?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"It was," laughing heartily, "a mouse trap. That mouse trap was to me the greatest thing in New York. It was not very big, but I took so much pride in it—it was so precious to me—that I had a very handsome mahogany box made in which to carry it. I remember very well getting on one of the street cars—I think it was on the Sixth avenue line. I was a little more unsophisticated in the ways of New York then than I am now. I was anxious to see the city. It was a wonder to me, and I stepped out on the platform to look at its blocks of houses. In my innocence I left the mouse trap on the seat. When I got to the street where I wished to get off, I stepped inside to get it, and, to my horror, found that my mouse trap had disappeared. Turning to the conductor I said:

"What has become of my box?"

"That box that was on the seat?"

"Yes."

"Was it yours?"

"Yes."

"Why, a man who got out and turned down the street above carried it off. If you run you will probably catch him."

I ran and caught him. He was a great, strong fellow, but I collared him. I really regretted that I had done so and tried to get away, but the fact is one of my fingers accidentally got caught in one of the buttonholes of his coat, and before I could get off there was a crowd around us and a policeman, who took both of us off to an adjoining station house. The statements of the policeman and of the thief and of myself were all heard. The magistrate drew some nice legal and technical distinctions which came very near costing me my liberty. While the thief who stole my mouse trap was committed for trial, I was given to understand that owing to my inability to give bail—for I knew no one in New York then—I should be detained as a witness until the trial came off. It was not a pleasant introduction to New York; but I have never forgotten it, and its recollection has often afforded me a good deal of amusement. Fortunately for me, there was a detective in the place who had been hunting my mouse-trap thief for years, and who had a requisition from, I think, the Governor of Pennsylvania or New Jeasey. He saved me. I forgot to say that when, in the course of the examination, the box was opened to verify the truth of my statement, and the purloiner of my great invention found it was only a mouse trap, his face assumed such an expression of disgust that I really could not help laughing at him, although I was at the time in one of the most uncomfortable positions I had certainly up to that time been placed in. That mouse-trap incident got, of course, into next day's *Herald*. I remember the title of the article very well—'How a Mouse Trap Caught a Thief.' It was the first appearance of Jay Gould in the pages of the *Herald*.

"I have been studying this city," continued Mr. Gould, "ever since that mouse trap exploit, and great as has been its growth in the past I predict a still greater development in the future."

QUALIFICATIONS.

An old lady walked into a lawyer's office, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—Squire I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him.

Lawyer—The boy appears to be rather young, madam, how old is he?

Lady—Seven years.

Lawyer—He is rather young, decidedly too young; have you no older boys?

Lady—Oh yes; I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him.

Lawyer—Oh, madam; he is too young to commence the study of the profession; but why do you think this boy is better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?

Lady—Why, you see, sir, he is just 7 years old to-day. When he was only 5 he'd lie like all nature; when he got to be 6 he was saucy and impudent as any critter could be, and now he'll steal anything he can get his hands on.

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled.

Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wastful manner, and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and become wormy.

Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for the want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold pudding are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new.

PEOPLE'S intentions can only be decided from their conduct.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to get thither alone.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

It is with you as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and sham that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.

The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimages are prestiges of our future glory, and shadows indicate the sun.

Be courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.

ABOUT 400 acres of land, with a beach nearly a mile long, not far from the Nevada Park, has been purchased by the "Atlanta Highlands Association" for a seaside resort, to be controlled by the Methodist Episcopal Church. The capital of the association is $250,000, divided into 5,000 shares. The price paid for the land is about $120,000. Other denominations are to be asked to join in the enterprise.

NEAPOLITAN SOCIETY has lately been much exercised by a terrible tragedy in high life. For some time past the Countess del Cigno, a lady of extraordinary beauty, had been notoriously at odds with her husband, a gentleman to whom she had, at the urgent instance of her family, most unwillingly given her hand, her heart having been already bestowed upon a young Austrian artist, who quitted Europe for America on the day of her marriage, only returning thence to Naples a few weeks ago. He became a frequent guest at the Countess's evening receptions—a fact which reached the ears of Count del Cigno at his club, where he spent the most of his time by night as well as by day. One evening, just as the painter was issuing from the doorway of the Palazzo del Cigno, the Count drove up to the chief entrance, and, while alighting from his carriage, noticed his wife on the first floor balcony waving her hand in farewell to her old lover as he descended the stone steps leading to the street. Without a moment's hesitation the Count drew a stiletto from the breast pocket of his coat and buried it to the hilt in the bosom of his rival, who fell, mortally wounded, to the ground. As Del Cigno was getting into his carriage, however, a bullet from the Austrian's revolver, fired, as it were, in extremis, passed through his head, killing him on the spot. Five minutes later the artist also breathed his last. This horrible encounter took place under the very eyes of the Countess, upon whom the spectacle of her husband's and lover's violent death inflicted so overwhelming a shock that she became a raving maniac, and is now under restraint in a lunatic asylum near Naples.

LETTERS FROM TUNIS report that the sudden death of the greatest saint in that city, Sheik el Mochson, has caused universal regret. Sheik el Mochsen belonged to a family sacred to Mussulmans, and was a direct descendant of the Prophet. During his lifetime he scarcely ever left the quarter in which he lived. He slept on the roof of his house, and refused the gifts constantly sent him by the neighboring Arabs, contenting himself with the simplest fare. He wore nothing but a woolen shirt, and always went bareheaded. He spoke rarely. His mania was to demolish houses. Every now and then he broke into some house in his quarter, using a piece of iron, and the house he touched was immediately abandoned by its inhabitants, the Bey indemnifying the proprietor. When he visited the Bey the latter went to meet him, and kissed him on his face—a favor the Bey never bestowed even on his own relations. Directly he was dead the Arabs sent his woolen shirt to the sovereign, who, however, did not keep it for himself, but divided it, and sent part to the First Minister, retaining a portion for himself, and dividing the remainder among persons entitled to receive the precious relic.

TANNING.—The process of tanning in China is thus described:—The skins are put into tubs containing water, saltpetre and salt, after thirty days they are taken out, hair is shaved off, and the skins are well washed in spring water. Each hide is then cut into three pieces and well steamed, which is done by passing them several times backward and forward over a steaming oven. Further, each piece is stretched out separately over a flat board and secured with nails, in order that it may dry gradually and thoroughly in the sun. The smoke of the oven makes the leather black, and if it is required to give it a yellow apperance, it is rubbed over with water in which the fruit of the so-called wongohee has been soaked. Of the offal, glue is made by heating it in pans for twelve hours over a slow fire. The glue so obtained is poured into rough earthern vessels, where it remains three days, in order to coagulate. The solid mass is then cut in pieces with sharp knives and carefully laid upon grating, like trays, to dry, which are placed in open spaces resembling the Dutch threshing floors.

A BIRD'S WIT.—Some time since while riding slowly along a dusty macadamized road, I was startled by the hurried flight close by my side of a small bird which dropped in the road a few paces ahead, and after a flutter in the dust sat perfectly motionless. I drew up my horse to watch events, when a moment later a hawk swooped by, but missed its prey, and went off into an adjoining field. The sparrow remained still in its place, and all covered with dust, looked for all the world like one of the many loose stones in the road—so much so, that no wonder it should have escaped the sharp sight even of the hawk.

But one explanation of such a freak seemed possible; and when we reflect that these birds generally take to the bushes or to the lichen-spotted rail fences, when pursued by hawks, and that dust is not a constant factor of the environment, we stop to admire so bright a spark of intelligence kindled under such trying circumstances.

THE lucidity of modern science is illustrated by Herbert Spencer's famous "Formula of Evolution," which runs: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent, homogeneity, to a difinite, coherent, heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations."

PROFESSOR TAIT has translated into simple English Mr. Spencer's formula of Evolution. It reads thus: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-alikeness to a somehowish and in general talkaboutable not-all-a-likeness, by continuous something-elseifications and stick-togetherations."

A LOVER who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a yound lady, if she would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy: I did not mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I can't go anywhereise."

A WRITER in the Cincinnati Enquirer, after a critical inspection of New York women, says that the higher you go in the social scale the further you get from beauty, and that the Bowery shop girls are, in that respect, far superior to the "swell" young ladies.

All Sorts of Clippings

Very taking—colds.

Unmerited honors never wear well.

To make an ox lie down—ax him.

The road to wealth is paved with self-denials.

The man who "keeps" his word never speaks.

All belles wait for the wedding rings.

A man who knows a good deal about the ills of life—the doctor.

We can't stand much cheek in man, but any quantity in a woman.

A game of seven-up—getting up at 7 o'clock every morning.

No use of crying over spilt milk. It only makes it more water.

"Pool your issues" is vulgar; say "form a syndicate."

The greatest mashers usually turn out the smallest potatoes.

A matchless story—one in which there are no weddings.

Editors are a long-lived class; they have no time to get sick.

Jealousy is simply another name for self-love.

There is hope for a man as long as he can blush.

The man who feels certain he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

Faults are the things that make us all brothers and sisters.

Talk is cheap, but a good example costs something.

Canada has an active militia force of 37,726 men.

A true Republic should be like a custard pie—no upper crust.

When a pretty Irish girl is stolen away they suspect some Boycotter.

Book-keeping may be taught in a lesson of three words—never lend one.

A wicked man is one whose ideas of right and wrong differ from yours.

The members of the New Jersey Cranberry Association indulge in tart debates.

You may call the late Mr. Bartlett and his wife silly Coutts, but poor coots, never.

Trifles light as hair sometimes turns the whole course of a man's appetite.

Darwin must be right. Half the people of the present day are tale-bearers.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

How to prevent new boots from squeaking in church—stand in the ile.

A lady friend says that bachelors are like a batch of biscuits, good enough after they are mixed.

This is my stump speech said a veteran as he pointed to his wooden leg.

Printers consider every letter a capital one which contains a remittance.

Nothing is sure in this world. Even he who marries at leisure may repent in haste.

A game of base ball is like a buckwheat cake—a great deal depends on the batter.

Solomon had seven hundred wives. That's the way the wisest man of his time Utah-lized women.

A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay $3 a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

The two greatest smokers on this continent are said to be Pittsburgh and Mark Twain.

The greatest organ in the world—the organ of speech in women; an organ, too, without a stop.

Man proposes, and woman often wishes that he wouldn't be so long making up his mind to do it.

If a man can hold more shad bones in his mouth than a woman, the latter can beat him on pins.

He that his watch would keep, this must he do; pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

He who is ashamed of his poverty will surely be arrogant of his wealth.

He who has filled the measure of his days has only learned how to begin to live.

How can we expect to know our neighbor's character when he does not know it himself.

The boy whose highest ambition it is to equal his father, seldom amounts to anything.

The value of last year's cranberry crop on Cape Cod is estimated at $300,000 to $350,000.

In Lisbon, in 1755, 60,000 people perished by an earthquake in the space of six minutes.

There are over twenty-two Senators who are said to be worth more than $500,000 each:

The amount of revenue raised last year by the protective tariff on steel rails, was $21,700,000.

There was shipped from the Black Hills during the year just closed $5,788,300 worth of bullion.

The total number of Methodists in the United States is 3,485,999. The number of ministers is 24,304.

It takes 75,000 acres growth of 20 years old wood to supply the annual demand for railroad ties.

"Get thee behind me, satin," as the actress said when she kicked the train of her dress out of the way.

A barrel factory at Seymour, Wis., employs about 800 men, and pays out $75,000 a year for raw material.

The first railroad locomotive ran on the fifth of October, 1829, between Liverpool and Manchester, England.

In 1860 the number of lunatics in England was 38,058. Now it is 71,191, an increase of no less than 87 per cent.

[Attleboro Chronicle.]

CARRY THE NEWS.

Mr. John Etzensperger, manufacturing Jeweler of North Attleboro', Mass., lately communicated to us the following: I suffered so much with pains in my arm, that at times I was completely helpless. I used that incomparable remedy St. Jacobs Oil and was completely cured as if by magic.

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