The Chestertown Transcript.

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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. ☜

E. T. COMEGYS,

Locust Grove, Kent county, Md.,

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

1881 *1881*

T. W. WICKES,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

We have in stock and are constantly receiving Fresh Drugs, which we secure from only reliable and first class wholesale dealers

Our PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT cannot be surpassed in this county for reliability or promptness.

We also keep on hand the most reliable Patent Preparations.

In connection with our Drug business we propose this year to push our trade in Stationery, Books and Fancy Articles. Our large sales the past season encourage us in giving special attention in this direction.

We shall continue to give personal attention to every department of our business, and leave no effort untried to give perfect satisfaction to all who favor us with their patronage

T. W. WICKES,

February 3, 1881 DRUGGIST.

1881.

E. W. F. Simpers

(Opposite Stam's Drug Store,)

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

Would call special attention to stock of

GROCERIES

as follows:

MOLASSES, SYRUP, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, RICE, BUCKWHEAT, FLOUR, HOMINY, CHEESE, PRUNES, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW, OAT MEAL, CANNED GOODS, COMPRESSED CORNED BEEF.

Our motto—GOOD GOODS, LOW PRICES.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

Chestertown, Md.

Market price paid for country produce.

Jan. 13, 1881—y. E. W. F. S.

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,

Sept. 9, 1880. President.

CALL and see our good Cigars, 2 for 5.

J. A. PERKINS

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.

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.

7000 BUSHELS

Best Oyster Shell lime,

Of the Steamboat Wharf at Chestertown,

PUT up in 500 and 1000 bushels piles. for sale, by the quantity, or in small lots for building purposes. Now is the time farmers to buy, as they have more time to haul it than in the spring. *WILLIAM PERKINS.*

Dec. 3, 1875—tf.

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

WINGS LIKE A DOVE.

MRS H. W. CHADBORNE.

I watched the western sky at night,
I caught the sunset ray;
I saw it softly fade from sight
Behind the western gray.
I wondered as the sunlight seemed
Beyond the hills to hide,
How long that golden glory gleamed
Upon the other side.

And as I pictured fairy things
Far in the glowing west,
A little dove on lightsome wings
Flew upward to her nest.
"Oh had I wings!" my fancy cried,
I too would fly away,
Above the shadowy mountain side,
And seek the land of day!"

And then like sound of angel voice,
A swift thought came to me—
Oh, longing soul, arise, rejoice!
For Christ will set thee free!
The mountain's walls may circle thee,
Earth's valleys may grow dim,
But deepest shades of night will be
As daylight unto Him!

He knoweth all the sunny ways
Through which his loved ones go;
He counteth all the darksome days
When weary feet move slow,
And in the dark and in the light
He doeth wondrous things;—
He calls to glory out of sight
And gives the christian wings.

Whene'er thy cup is runing o'er,
And gladness fills thy days,
Then shall thy spirit rise and soar
On wings of joy and praise,
When the rich grace He giveth thee
Calls all thy heart above,
The pinions of thy flight shall be
The eager wings of love.

But when the heart is heavy grown,
All weary and oppressed,
On the broad wings of faith alone
In safety thou shalt rest.
And hope will help to bear thee up
Until thy care shall cease,
And thou art sheltered safe beneath
The soft white wings of peace."

"Oh, wondrous miracle!" I cried:
"How shall I find my wings?"
The voice within my heart replied,
"Prayer touches hidden strings,
And blessings more than thou canst know
In joy or pain or care
Shall come to cheer thee here below
On the swift wings of prayer.

"And when at last the Master calls,
If watching thou shalt be,
Soft as the shade at even-fall
Shall this life close on thee;
And far above all earthly things,
Forever safe and blest,
Thou like the dove shall fold thy wings,
And find thy perfect rest."

—*N. Y. Observer.*

HERMA, THE LION TAMER.

It was in the beginning of the year 1859 when the famous Harsberg menagerie came to Bucharest for the first time. All the town was in a state of great excitement about the number and rarity of the animals, the beauty of the lions, and above all about the tamer, who performed some remarkable feats of strength. Herma Dalstrem was her name, she was a young Swede, beautiful, distinguished, bold and inapproachable. She lived at the first hotel in the town, went to the menagerie and returned from it in a carriage, like a lady of high degree, received no visits and was never seen alone either in the street or anywhere else.

One night Prince Maniasko, who had just returned from an excursion to Paris, came to the menagerie. He reviewed the different animals in company with some friends, and at last stopped before the lion's cage awaiting the arrival of the celebrated Swede with a skeptical smile on his lips. Suddenly a little door opened in the back of the cage and Herma appeared in the midst of applause. She threw off with an indescribable movement of pride the large silk cloak that covered her, and advanced into the cage dressed in a costume of white satin bordered with ermine, a whip in her hand, tall, slender, with the noblest face in the world, to which her golden curls and her fresh color imparted an irresistible grace. The Prince was at once fascinated; he followed each of her movements with feverish agitation. His heart beat when she placed her pretty head in the terrible lion's mouth, and he trembled, half for pleasure, and half for fear when she began to harangue the disobedient animals and kick and flog them.

Hardly had Herma left the cage when the Prince Maniasko was bowing down before her while she put on her cloak with the aid of Edgar, Harsberg's son, a young man of remarkable beauty. She fixed her blue eyes, astonished and almost frightened, upon that ideal of a beautiful figure; she did not reply to his questions proudly and coldly, but with embarrassment and with a smile of indescribable sweetness.

The Prince came every night, and Herma received him not only with affability, but she even looked for him with a rapid glance as soon as she entered the cage, and when she left it she stamped her foot if the Prince was not there to help her on with her cloak.

But that was all the Prince could obtain, and the more untractable she showed herself to his prayers, the more he was urged on by a diabolic desire to possess her. An unexpected rival came to his aid. Edgar said to Herma one night with a trembling voice before she entered the cage:

"I love you, and I will never consent to your lowering yourself with that Royard who is already financed to a princess, and who is only making sport of you."

When the Prince came to see her after the performance, she said to him in a whisper:

"Is it true that you have a fiance?"

"It is true," he replied, "but as soon as you please I will put an end to that tiresome romance and prostrate myself at your feet as your slave."

"But you do not love me?"

"How must I prove that I do love you?"

She drew herself up proudly before him.

"Come an hour before midnight to the little door of the menagerie," she said in a low voice and with courageous resolution.

"I will come," was the reply.

And he came; and when he left the menagerie in the midst of the shades of night, two straining arms were round his neck, and two burning lips were pressed against his own.

Soon the talk in the clubs was of nothing but of the strange liaison of Maniasko with the beautiful lion-tamer, and the young Prince's father, anxious for the future of his son, hastened as much as possible his marriage with the Princess Agrafine Slobuda, to whom he had been effianced when a child. A violent scene took place between the father and the son; at last the latter yielded, and one night he did not appear at the menagerie.

Herma passed a night of anguish. Two evenings she again waited in vain for her lover; then she wrote to him and received no answer.

The fourth night, as she was coming out of the cage was wrapping herself in her cloak, Edgar said to her:

"Herma shall I tell you why the wretch comes no longer?"

"Tell me," she said, in a smothered voice, "I am ready for everything."

"He will be marred in just three days."

"You lie."

"Why should I lie?"

"What is the name of his bride?" she asked.

"Princess Agrafine Slobuda," was the reply.

"Is she pretty?"

"Beautiful, young and rich."

A strident and hideous laugh escaped from Herma's lips.

"Will you shed a tear for me, only one, if I die for you," said Edgar, "and if I avenge you and kill him—"

"No, Edgar, you must not sacrifice yourself, not you—"

"Must that villian be left unpunished?"

"Certainly not," she replied, tranquilly and firmly.

"Ten let me kill him," said Edgar, with trembling lips.

"No," said Herma, "leave him to me."

The next day Prince Maniasko was sitting in the charming little boudoir of his bride and rolling a cigarette for her, when the princess, with a mocking smile, expressed her wish to see once the celebrated lion tamer who was so much admired by everybody.

"How can such an idea come into your head," said the Prince, and the cigarette trembled in his hands, and the yellow tobacco slipped from between his white fingers.

"I have heard so many marvels about this person that I have taken it into my head to be present at one of her performances and that, too, this evening, and in your company, Prince."

When Herma entered the cage that evening she saw Maniasko, and at his side a ravishing creature who fixed her opera glass upon her in a provoking manner. She felt it and started, but only for a single moment, and then began her feats with the lions with her accustomed haughty coolness. When after a successful feat, she reclined on the back of one of the big lions, while the others walked round her in procession, the princess cried loudly, "bravo," and threw a purse of gold into the cage. A murmur of disapproval rose from among the spectators. Herma began to tremble, and tears flowed from her beautiful eyes; she lost empire over herself and over the animals that surrounded her; the big lion raised his head, looked at her with astonishment, and suddenly gripped her left arm. A cry of horror sprang from a hundred mouths, but Herma had already recovered herself; a look and a command, and the lion loosened her arm, she sprang up, seized the beast by the mane, placed her foot on him and lashed him until he was completely subjected and lay docile at her feet.

Enthusiastic applause and shouts of approbation rewarded her courage.

"When will the wedding take place?" she asked of Edgar, when she had left the cage.

"The day after to-morrow."

"Will you undertake to give him a letter yourself, and to him in person?"

"If you command me."

"I beg you to do so!" Herma pressed Edgar's hand, but he seized hers and covered it with kisses.

The next morning the lion-tamer wrote to the Prince. She wished to see him only once more, and begged him to come to the menagerie at the usual hour, promising in return to leave Bucharest on the day of his wedding. Edgar gave the letter to the Prince himself, who read it, smiled, and said—

"I will come."

An hour before midnight the Prince appeared at the little back door of the menagerie; it opened noiselessly as usual. Herma appeared, dressed in a short fur jacket, in the pale light of the stars and the snow. She took him by the hand and led him cautiously along the dark passage. As usual a second door grated on its hinges, and Herma, leading the Prince into that completely dark space, put her arms round his neck and kissed him with savage tenderness.

When she suddenly disappeared; the door was shut violently, and the Prince's foot touched something living which moved. What was it? Had she not as usual led him into her little salon?

A moment afterwards a bright red light appeared. Herma fixed a torch in a ring in front of the lions' cage, and in the midst of the lions was the Prince. Herma stood with her arms before the bars, and fixed the Prince coldly with her large blue eyes; a diabolic smile played on her lips.

The Prince, with a rapid movement, tried to open the door, but in vain.

"In heaven's name, Herma, what is your intention?"

"I am celebrating my marriage with you, and my lions are to be the wedding guests."

"Are you mad?"

"I am in full possession of my senses. You have betrayed me. I have condemned you to death. Now to work, my friends! en avant!" And she woke up the sleeping lions and excited them with her whip, while the Prince cried for help. But his cries were drowned by the wintry storms. The lions, irritated and encouraged by Herma's cries, sprang upon him. His blood was already flowing. He supplicated and defended himself desperately, while she, her face leaning against the cold bars, feasted her eyes on his mortal anguish.

Some time passed before the lions had finished their horrible work.—When the Prince lay dead on the floor of the den, the lions slunk away frightened, and began to lick their bloody paws.

That very night the beautiful lion tamer disappeared from Bucharest, and has never been heard of since.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Obstacles and perplexities every man must meet, and he must either promptly conquer them, or they will conquer him.

We are fond of those who have given us pleasure, not that we have anything to say, but because the subject is pleasing.

It is rugged highways that call out one's strength, not the valleys of sensuous ease.

A faith in sympathy is the genius of the heart—more, the kernel of Christ's religion.

There are inscriptions on all human hearts which are never to be seen, except at low, dead tide.

Friendship in some people is cruelty, like feeding a thirsty man with the beaded foam in the wine cup.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in enjoyment and happiness.

If there is anything more poignant, than a body agonizing for want of bread, it is a soul which is dying of hunger for light.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way we do things.

A gentle person is like a river flowing calmly along; while the passionate man is like the sea, casting up mire and dirt continually.

Some people never have a story to tell, because of their quicksand natures from which every new wave washes out the old impression.

Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The greater cause of the frequent quarrels among relatives is their being so much together.

The force, the mass of character, mind, heart, or soul, that a man can put into any work, is the most important factor in that work.

Having a home that is all preaching and no pleasure—all duty and no fun—is a dull old tread mill which will drive the children away sooner or later.

IN ROYAL LIFE. The Emperor and Empress of Germany see each other as little as possible. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on with their wives and the wives with the husbands, for they seldom adore each other. The Empress of Austria is seldom seen in society, and when out riding or driving carries a fan before her face, even when returning the greetings of her royal admirers. She seldom attends the theatre or opera, but when the circus comes to town is then seen in her box every night. She knows only one passion, and that is her love of horses and equestrian ship. She has her own especial riding establishment, and here she reigne supreme. She will drive a tandem team before her at a relentless pace around the ring, having fresh relays of horses every few minutes. She has a place fitted up in the stable of her favorite charger where she can sleep if she feels so disposed, and where she frequently dictates her letters to her private secretary, while her favorite horse, looks over from his stall and is patted fondly by his imperial mistress.

ENTERPRISE IN AFRICA.—Central Africa loses none of its attractions, or scientific, commercial and missionary explorers. Greater progress and more wonderful results are near at hand. The frequent expeditions of international and private associations are daily making that vast region better known, rendering the journey to it quicker and safer, and cultivating a better understanding between natives and foreigners. A company of capitalists has been formed at Zanzibar with the view to a regular service of transport from the coast to the great central lakes, with a sufficient number of negroes enrolled as a permanent staff of porters. This express company, as it really is, guarantees the safe conveyance of merchandise and luggage, with a great depot midway where travelers can obtain supplies. And, not least, a check will be put upon the brigandage of native chiefs, who under pretext of right of way, have compelled caravans to pay an enormous tax, at the peril of their whole outfit and of life itself.

A TEACHER in a Galveston Sunday school wishing to impress his class with the necessity of faith, asked the class:

"Why did Moses lift up the serpent in the wilderness?"

But one in the class knew, and he answered:

"Moses lifted it up because he knew it couldn't bite."

It was the same youth who said the Jews made a golden calf because they didn't have gold enough to make a whole cow.

IF you act with a view to praise only you deserve none.

WAIT TILL TROUBLE COMES.

We sit down, way-worn and weary,
And think of the days to be,
And forget there's a silver lining,
To all the clouds we see.
We fret over care and trouble
Before it is begun,
And think of stormy weather;
We forget the warm bright sun.

It were better to wait, my brother,
Till the trouble and care is here;
Why should we cloud the sunshine
When the day is bright and clear
By dreading what may await us?
Better to laugh and sing,
And bid the bird of foreboding
From these hearts of ours take wing.

What was the sunshine made for,
If not to make us glad?
We are doing wrong to waste it
In repining, idle and sad.
We are doing wrong to squander
The sunshine of to-day
In foreboding that to-morrow
The sky may be cold and gray.

Then I pray be wise, my brother,
As you climb the hill of life,
Enjoy the time to the utmost
That is free from care and strife.
Thinking only of blight and failure
We sow no seed-time grain;
Make use of to-day's glad sunshine,
And for to-morrow's rain.

To-day is ours, but to morrow,
Perhaps, we may never see;
Then why should we borrow trouble
For a time that may not be?
Leave to the future, brother,
The trouble it may bring:
In the sunshine that God gives us
Be glad of heart, and sing.

WINNING BACK A CUSTOMER.

One of the travelers for a New York dry goods house recently arrived in Columbus, Ga., to find that one of his best customers was about to transfer his custom to a Boston house.

"We can't understand why you should leave our house all of a sudden," said the New Yorker, "after buying of us for several years."

"I know that some explanation is due, and I will make one," replied the merchant. "You know that I attend church."

"Yes, and so do I."

"Do you? I didn't know that. I am looked upon as a christian."

"So am I. I've got the date of my baptism right here in my notebook."

"Is that so? Well, our church is in need of repairs. We were talking over it the other day when the Boston drummer was in here, and he at once subscribed $10."

"Ten dollars! Why that's only two kegs of nails! Put me down for $30 cash, a new silk hat for every season, and a full suit of clothes for the minister."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do; and if that two-cent christian from Boston dares give another $5, I'll send you down a $600 church organ and pay a man $500 a year to play it. We are a house which never makes any great display of gospel hymns and religious tracts, but when a Boston drummer bluffs we show our religious hand and rake in the pot every time."

The merchant will still continue to deal with the New York house.

WHY THE PRAIRIES ARE TREELESS.—A curious and interesting explanation of the absence of trees on the great Western prairies was given at the meeting of the Academy of Natural Science of Thomas Meehan. Numberless theories have been advanced by students in natural history why the great feeding grounds of the buffalo should be without arborescent vegetation, the principal one which is supported by distinguished authors being that of climatic influences. Mr. Meehan's theory is that the absence of trees is due to artificial causes altogether. Taught by their necessities the early Indians made it a practice to annually fire the high grass of the prairies, which had the effect of making the growth more luxuriant and consequently more inviting to the vast herds of buffalo, on which the aborigines depended greatly for their sustenance. It has been conclusively settled that no vegetation, save the hardy prairie grass, will appear on ground over which fire has swept until another season, so that the yearly prairie fires extended the area of the plateau until they had become almost measureless.—Mr. Meehan cited several instances where trees had grown where the fire had been discontinued. The hypothesis was both pleasing and plausible, and has excited some discussion among the savants.

A CHINAMAN in Weatherville, Cal., whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company, "Charley half dead, like half money."

THE University of Heidelburg, Germany, founded by the elector, Rupert I. in the 14th century, boasts a library comprising over 200,000 volumes, besides several thousand manuscripts.

Oliver Wendell Homes inaugurated his literary career by contributing to the columns of the 'Collegian,' a journal published by the undergraduates of Harvard University.

AN Indiana editor says: "Coal oil rubbed on the neck and head will cure hog colera; we have tried it." Who can dispute testimony like that?

"DO we eat too much?" asks a Detroit paper, and out of five dozen boarding-house keepers sixty answered in the affirmative.

OPPORTUNITIES are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit you seldom see them again.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

The burg of Maryhill, Scotland, is overrun with rats. They are actually running about by thousands.—One shop-keeper killed 135 in his shop in a fortnight. A dairy keeper says that the rats have killed and eaten fourteen young pigs and forty fowls belonging to him, leaving nothing behind but a few well-picked bones.

Jack was a dog belonging to T. E. Lincoln, of Chicago. He discovered a fire in the house at night, broke his chain, ran to the door where his master and wife were soundly sleeping, and aroused them just in time as their rooms were full of smoke. It was the furious howling of the dog that awoke them, and thereby saved their lives. The dog was also saved.

In Charlottesville, Va., a child was sick and its father sent a dog for the family physician. After reaching the house the dog scratched upon the door, which was opened, but the dog driven off. He returned again and renewed his invitation. The doctor did not understand the actions of the dog, and only on the following morning when the master told him his child was sick was the strange conduct of the dog explained.

A sheep on a British passenger and mail steamship developed a taste for tobacco, which it ate greedily. This habit was a most conservative measure, since the cook was afraid to kill the animal lest the mutton might be flavored with tobacco. Another case mentioned was that of a kitten five months old, which had a liking for salads. Cucumbers dressed with vinegar were eaten with avidity, even though hot with cayenne pepper. It has eaten boiled beef with mustard, and its mother was once seen to eat a slice of cucumber which had upon it salt, pepper, and vinegar.

One evening a lady belonging to the household of H. C. Reid of London, found a "rough-haired collie" dog asleep on a rug, and placing her face close to his head, she blew sharply, with a loud shout, in one of his ears. Tickled and startled, he jumped up and moved off, seemingly somewhat offended. In the course of the evening, the lady happened to be reclining in an easy chair, when the collie was observed by some of the inmates to rise, and making a circuit, to move stealthily towards the chair, put his forepaws on one of the arms, and placing his nose close to the lady's ear, to give a sharp bark and instantly bound off.

A Vermont dog belonging to H. M. Beebe, of Andover, is a wonder in training. It is a throughbred Scotch shepperd, and never makes a mistakes when sent after anything. Mr. Beebe has cattle, which are kept in different stables, and he will open a stable door when the cattle are all in the yard, and say to the dog, "Leo, drive them in;" the dog will pick out such cattle as belong in the stable and drive them in without any mistake. Leo is great on devotional exercises. When told that it is prayer time he takes his position in a corner of the room, with his nose in a chair, and will remain (although they may call him and offer him his dinner) until he hears the final amen. The past summer Mr. Beebe left his vest in the cornfield, where it remained a number of days. Wanting it one day, he said to the dog, "Leo, my vest is down in the cornfield; go get it."—The dog went directly to the cornfield, and soon returned with the vest.

THE BRASS BAND ORATION.—Bob Toombs, as he is familiarly called, had been attending college in Georgia two years, and was within a week of graduating, when in a difficulty, he stabbed one of the students, inflicting a serious but not fatal wound. For this act he was expelled by the faculty, who soon after were petitioned by the graduating class to allow him to finish with them, as he had so nearly completed his course, and had also been given a speaker's place. Toombs himself petitioned them, but both were refused. He apparently submitted, but on commencement day, when the chapel was crowded with visitors, and the seniors vehemently orating preparatory to receiving their diplomas, he stationed a brass band under the spreading limbs of the oak, whose music succeeded in bringing scores of town people, who were not then in the chapel, and also of clearing it of nearly all its audience.

Then, in as cool a manner as possible, he placed himself in a chair and made an oration, such, it is said, as was never spoken by a student here, before or since. He never received his diploma, though after his celebrated Boston speech it was sent to him, but was returned with the answer, "Hang the diploma; when it would have been an honor to me I was refused it; now, when I am an honor to it, it is offered me." He was afterwards reconciled with the faculty, and is now one of the staunchest supporters of the college.

AUSTIN MORIARTY went home to his wife, at Putnam, Conn., and told her that if he was not mistaken he had on the previous day been married to Phœbe Brown, at Providence. He had a dim recollection of going with some friends to a clergyman's house while drunk, and becoming the bridegroom in a marriage ceremony. His memory proved sound, for an officer soon arrived with a warrant to arrest him, but his wife by strategy enabled him to escape to Canada.

THE average seminary girl may possibly make her mother believe that vinegar is the product of sour apples, but when she undertakes to prove that a sour cow is required to produce buttermilk the old lady rebels.

A BANK is a bad place for delicate young clerks and bald-headed cashiers; so much exposed to drafts, you know.

All Sorts of Clippings

Guy Fawkes was executed in 1606.

A celebrated case—Switzer Kase.

Truth is the sun of the intelligence.

Grace Darling died in 1842, aged 27 years.

Tall soft hats supply a long felt want.

Napoleon I. was a great snuff-taker.

The balloonist's home is one flight up.

Cromwell refused the crown of England in 1656.

Help us, Cassius (cash us,) or we sink.

New York was settled in 1613, and New England in 1656.

Be virtuous and you will be—a curiosity.

Picnics were all the rage in the days of James I. of England.

Mixed fancy candies nearly killed an Indiana family,

The active army of France this year will be 498,497 men.

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

New York city drinks 500,000 quarts of milk daily.

Dicky Wagner longs for the American dollars of the future.

Pennsylvania's population is estimated at 4,282,786.

What musician first made overtures of peace?

Queen Victoria made $4,000 on stock farming last year.

No strict vegetarian will eat kidney beans nor marrowfat peas.

The yield of corn in France for 1879 was 234,168,820 bushels.

John Kotz, of Bethlehem, Pa., has a pen-knife that is 121 years old.

One Lung is a Chinese laundryman in Brooklyn.

There are only 24 match factories in the United States.

Mississippi has 479,000 white and 652,000 colored inhabitants.

A veil is a protection against the sun of heaven and the sons of earth.

Mince pie was discovered in 1596. Dispepsia was discovered in 1597.

T is often silent, but a tea party is the noisiest thing on record.

The number of Indians in this country is estimated at 275,000.

Lovin' a cottage is more common than lovin' the cottage's mistress.

A good place to take a loaf—at the baker's.

The men that hope little are the men that go on working.

There is no sanctuary of virtue like home.

The scenes of childhood are the memories of future years.

Idleness wastes a man as sensibly as industry improves him.

For people of skin disease, a carbolic bath should be used.

A warm bath on going to bed is the best aid to sleep.

The State of Wisconsin produced last year 16,000,000 lbs. of tobacco.

How to get fat—don't watch the butcher when he cuts your meat.

Richard III. was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field in the year 1485.

English capitalists are going to build a railway through Syria to India.

The census gives Wyoming territory 467,884 head of cattle and 332,568 sheep.

There are engaged in the Connecticut oyster trade 3,000 men and $2,500,000 capital.

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

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

There are over 22 U. S. Senators who are said to be worth more than $500,000 each.

Some women were evidently born to blush unseen—at least they are never seen to blush.

He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue, is a novice both in the one and the other.

An old tin kettle may not point a moral, but we have often known it to adorn a tail.

Why should a lady's home dress last forever? Because she never wears it out.

Only a ring is necessary to engage a wife, but nothing short of cash will secure a good hired girl.

A New York man calls his sweetheart Kitty, because she gets her back up so often.

It was a Connecticut minister whose salary was $25 a year and half the fish he caught.

It is not possible for three people to keep the same secret unless two of them are dead.

The fool hath said in his heart, "Any one can write for the paper." Try it, O fool, try it.

An apologist for tobacco-smoking holds that the more men fume the less they fret.

A certain grocer calls his scales "ambush," because they lie in weight.

Some men are called muffs because they are used to keep a flirt's hand in.

The best of us are very apt to be mealy-mouthed about three times a day.

The experiment has been tried often enough to prove that a jack-knife is not a night-key.

Rubbing the hands with a slice of raw potato will remove vegetable stains.

The splendid chandelier of rock crystal, in the room where the wedding supper of the Prince of Prussia took place in Berlin the other day is the identical one under which Luther stood at the Diet of Worms.

[Des Moines Iowa State Register.]

We notice the following in an exchange:—Mr. G. B. Haverer, Foreman N. Y. & N. H. S. B. Co., suffered for eight days with terrible pain in the back, almost to distraction, until he heard of and used St. Jacobs Oil, one bottle of which cured him completely.

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