The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 46

Notice to Farmers.

HUBBARD'S
Standard Bone Super Phosphate.

A LEADING FERTILIZER FOR ALL CROPS.

MANUFACTURED OF

Pure Dissolved Bones, Nitrogen, Potash and Peruvian Guano,

Rendering it one of the most concentrated and Valuable Manures ever sold on the market.

We have for sale at our Works, of our own Manufacture, Pure Bone Meal, Pure GROUND BONE,



Pure Dissolved South Carolina PHOSPHATE. ALSO, POTASH, KAINIT AND FERTILIZING SUPPEIES

☞ Highest Price Paid for ANIMAL BONES Delivered at our Factory.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

March 24—10t.

LIME PAINT.

It is good for Frame Houses, outside being Water Proof

The attention of Housekeepers, Farmers and others is called to the above Useful and Valuable Preparation for Whitewashing and Sanitary Purposes. It costs less in comparison than Common Whitewash, or the unslacked lime, and its durability and beauty are two-fold greater. It never loses its strength. It can be kept for years. When applied, it forms a surface as smooth as calsomine, without glue or plaster. It can be used conveniently and economically in making Mortar, Finishing Insides, and for all purposes in which sand and lime are employed. We solicit a trial. We refer to the Knickerbocker Ice Co., and others. Sold at wholesale, by the barrel, and in smaller packages, at the Manufactory.

PRICES:

In Barrels, White,	$2.00	Colors,	$3.00
½ " "	1.00	"	1.50
In Good Buckets, (2½ Gallons,) White,	50 Cts.	Colors,	75 Cts.

CARLES & CO.,
LIME AND LUMBER MERCHANTS,
S. E. COR., FRONT & RACE STS., PHILADELPHIA.

Advances made on consignments of Lumber, Ties and quick sales. Bill for Lumber sent to cut by if desired. March 17, 1881—3m.

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,*

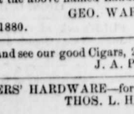
For which the Highest Market Price will be paid, delivered at any Station on the Kent County Rail Road.

☞ 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

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.

CALL and see our good Cigars, 2 for 5. J. A. PERKINS

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

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.

THE LOSS.

BY MRS. J. R. LOWELL.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst
A little rill of memory welled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay.

And friends came round with us to weep,
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

"They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare
The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And thro the mists the sunbeams slide.

"But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Tho' sweet the shepherd calls and sings
And seared below the pastures lie.

"Till in his arms these lambs he takes
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the drifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

"And in those pastures lifted fair
More dewy soft than woodland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable by Nature breathed
Blew on me as the south-wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, thro' the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height
Or climbing up the stony way.

Holding our little lamb asleep,
And like the burthen of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Everybody loves romance, especially if there is truth at the bottom of it. So I take it for granted my readers would like the story of a tragic affair that was either a suicide or a murder—nobody knows exactly which—but which was town talk long, long ago, when neither murder nor suicide was so common as it is to-day.

The story is as follows:

A young man named Fairbanks, lived up in Massachusetts, near Dedham. He was respectably connected, and had some relatives in New York who thought the world of him. He was engaged to be married to a nice young woman called Fales, and he visited New York to make some purchases and presents for the wedding.

Miss Fales was very fond of Jason Fairbanks and he was very fond of her. They were always together. Fairbanks had a rival, a fellow in the village who worshiped this Fales girl, and kept on worshiping her. But Fairbanks, having a sure thing of it, could afford to pity rather than hate or fear his defeated rival, and he kept on sparking this pretty Miss Fales both day and night.

One morning Fairbanks and his old aunt, with whom he lived, had a long talk together, and from that morning the young man was never his former self again. He had been light-hearted; he now became as gloomy as a thunder cloud. He neglected his work, and, the worst of all, he neglected his pretty sweetheart.

Now, a man may neglect his business some time before it gets him into trouble, but if he neglects his sweetheart he will hear of it in less than twenty-four hours. So Miss Fales brought him to task and reproached him, and then he took her out for a walk into a secluded corner of the farm her father owned. They were seen walking arm in arm to this corner, and among others who saw them was Fairbanks's rival who was, as usual, prowling round the farm.

Some hours passed and it was now dinner time—noon—and Miss Fales hadn't been seen since about nine o'clock that morning, when she went with her lover to the grove at the corner of the farm. She didn't come to her dinner, and so search was made for her. She was found easily enough—found in the grove—but found dead, stabbed several times with some sharp instrument, her pretty body all disfigured and bleeding from the stabs.

In a very little while a penknife was found near the body and was identified as Jason Fairbanks's penknife by the young man who had been Jason Fairbanks's rival. All this looked very bad for Fairbanks, but pretty soon he came along, looking distracted, and rushed right into midst of the people gathered round the body. He looked like a wild man; he seemed nearly crazy with grief, and he told his story to the crowd with such simplicity and truth that everybody believed him—everybody but his rival. "I loved her," said Fairbanks, stooping down and kissing the dead body of his sweetheart, "and never did I love her more than when I asked her to take a walk with me this morning. But I had received bad news lately—news from my old aunt that prevented me from marrying her for two years to come at least. So I told her when we reached the grove that we must postpone our wedding. She reproached me, accused me of coldness, and said I had ceased to love her. I denied her charges.—God knows they were not true; but she insisted on my marrying her, as we had originally agreed, next week. I could not grant the request although my heart bled when I refused it. All of a sudden she snatched from my waistcoat pocket my penknife and stabbed herself several times, although I strove with all my force to restrain her. But she was as strong as she was desperate. She fell down bleeding and dying at my feet, and then I saw no more, I knew no more, I thought not of appearances, or of consequences. I ran away, and now I don't care to live when she is gone." And once more he kissed his dead sweetheart on her cold, still face.

In many respects Fairbanks's story was improbable, and in many points Fairbanks's conduct had been suspicious. But innocence is often more suspicious looking than guilt, and truth is more improbable than falsehood. And the poor young fellow's grief seemed so genuine that the country people around all began to pity him rather than to accuse him. But the other young man who had been Fairbanks's rival examined the places where the body of the girl had been stabbed, and then he turned to the crowd and said, pointing to some of the wounds: "Those cuts there, and there, could never have been inflicted upon the body by the woman herself. Let anybody try if he or she could easily and quickly, in a moment of excitement, without taking a good deal of time and trouble, stab themselves as that young woman is stabbed." Well, people began to examine the location of these stabs, and then they began to shake their heads and look very grave, and when at last Fairbanks's rival said, pointing to the body: "This is a murder," and then, pointing to Fairbanks, "and there stands the murderer," several in the crowd exclaimed, "He speaks the truth," and Jason Fairbanks was taken into custody.

If this man Fairbanks really killed that girl, what a nerve he must have had to have kissed the body he had just hacked at and killed. That kiss must have been more difficult and more devilish than the killing.

He was tried for murder, and although his friends came to his aid with money and influence, and although he had mighty good lawyers such men as Fisher Ames and Samuel Dexter, he was found guilty of murder and was condemned to be hung.

The trial and conviction made a great excitement throughout the country, and made a special sensation in New York a while. Petitions were signed for his pardon, and it was even made a political matter of, in the absence of anything more important to have a political row about.

But the authorities were not to be bulldozed. He had been tried and condemned, and they were determined he should be executed.

The young man who had been Fairbanks's rival was particularly prominent in securing his conviction, and in insisting on his execution. "If I couldn't marry her, I can at least hang him," he said.

But one night, one cold, dark night, Jason Fairbanks' jailer mysteriously put a note in his hand.—The note had some money and some instructions in it. A few hours later Jason Fairbanks found his cell door open, and walked out, like a cat, without putting his boots on, though the stone floor of the jail was freezing cold. He found the jail door open, too, and out he walked into the darkness, barefooted, but free.

He then crawled along and crept away on his hands and knees for fear some one might spy his form, if erect, even in the darkness; and he never stopped to put on his shoes till he was about a half mile from the jail.

Then he ran for his life, and ere morning he was twelve miles or so from Dedham jail, on his way to Canada. There was no extradition treaty then between Great Britain and this country; and if a criminal once got from this country into Canada he was safe.

Fairbanks was free, but far less comfortable than if he had been in jail. It was piercing cold, but he had no overcoat; he was tired, but he dared not rest; he was hungry, but he was afraid to stop anywhere to get anything to eat, for fear he might be tracked. His money did him no good just then, for he wanted every dollar of it to hire a boat to take him across Lake Champlain, when he should get there, into Canada, and to keep him alive in Canada till he could get some more money from the friends who had planned and arranged his escape. So he trudged on, footsore, hungry, faint, cold, up hill, down hill, wading through ice-cold streams; keeping as far as possible out of sight of human habitation—a shivering, starving, sleepless tramp, with no company, but his conscience and the fear of the gallows. If there is a hell for every poor sinner, Fairbanks got his between Dedham and Lake Champlain.

But he reached the lake at last, two or three days later than he had calulated on, however, having been taken sick in some bushes one day, and being unable to move out of them for over two days and nights. But he reached the lake at last, and his heart bounded within him. He forgot all about his hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, for his clothes were torn into rags by this time by his having to tramp through woods and bushes. He forgot all about the chills and fever that had seized on him from exposure. He forgot that he had been enduring the torments of the lost ones. He saw only the water that lay between him and Canada, where he would be safe. Life, even to the hunted-down victim of circumstances, the guilty murderer, is sweet, and I haven't any doubt in the world that the first time Jason Fairbanks set eyes on Lake Champlain he laughed aloud, for I know I would have laughed and then cried for joy if I had been in his place.

But he sobered down in a minute, and looked about him for a man to row him across the lake. He had plenty of money to pay for the boat, it is true, but then he had to avoid exciting suspicion, and that was a hard thing to do in a man fixed as he was, looking so like a hunted beast.

He arranged in his mind a story to tell the first boatman he should meet, but he didn't have half the trouble he expected with the boatman, on the contrary, the first man with a boat he met asked no questions at all, but only seemed anxious to get hold of the fugitive's money, which, of course, the fugitive was only too glad to give him.

If Fairbanks had had time to think, this conduct on the part of the boatman would have looked very queer, but of course he didn't think, but was only too anxious to get across the lake.

He gave the boatman liberal money to row him over; he stepped on the boat and stood at its bow with his back to the boatman; his heart was beating on the double quick; he felt repaid for all his trouble and tramp; he had his eyes fixed on the Canada shore, and he didn't notice the boatman fooling with the oars as if he were dilly-dallying with them on purpose; nor did he notice five or six men coming out of the woods at a signal from the boatman.

He didn't notice anything or anybody in his trance, while looking at the Canada shore, till somebody stepped up to him and put his hand upon his shoulder. Thinking it was the boatman, he turned around and saw a Dedham constable, whom he knew quite well, who told him he was his prisoner, and then looking at the other men on the shore, Jason Fairbanks saw among them the man who had been his rival.

His doom was sealed. All his unheard of sufferings had been in vain; he was arrested at the moment he imagined he was at last safe from arrest. He was taken back to Dedham prison and was hung by the neck till he was dead.

THE PULSE.

Many erroneous impressions prevail about the pulse as indicative of health or disease, a common notion being that its beating are much more uniform than they really are. Frequency varies with age. In the new-born infant the beatings are from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty per minute; in the second year, from one hundred to one hundred and fifteen; from the seventh to the fourteenth year, eighty to ninety; from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, from seventy-five to eighty-five; from the twenty-first to the sixtieth year, from seventy to eighty-five. After that period the pulse is generally thought to decline, but medical authorities differ radically on the point, having expressed the most contradictory opinions. Young persons are often found whose pulses are below sixty, and there have been many instances of pulses habitually reaching one hundred and ninety, or not exceeding fifty without apparent disease. Sex, especially in adults, influences the pulse, and in women it beats more rapidly than in men. Muscular exertion, even position, materially affects the pulse. Its average frequency in healthy men is, when standing, eighty-one; when sitting, seventy-one; when lying, sixty-six per minute; in women of the same age and in the same positions, ninety-one; eighty-four and seventy-nine. In sleep the pulse is considerably slower than in wakefulness. In certain diseases, such as acute dropsy, for instance, there may be no more than twenty or thirty per minute. Thus, one of the commonest diagonistic signs is liable to deceive the most experienced practitioner.

THE RIGHT TIME TO GET MARRIED.

One of the things young people seem most anxious to know, is "the right time to get married," as some put it.

The great majority of young people are poor, and get comparatively small wages. They naturally suppose that if they get married, it will cost them more to live than it costs them while they are single. So the question with them is, "shall we marry while we are young and poor, or wait until we get older and better off? And that is the real question in their minds when they enquire as to "the right time to get married."

There can be no rule laid down on this subject which will fit all cases. Some people are naturally so industrious and thrifty that they will get along under almost any circumstances. The right time for the first class to get married is whenever they choose to do so, while the right time for the other class to get married seldom ever comes at all.

A young couple who truly love each other, and are willing to work hard and live economically, and patiently build up their fortune little by little, may safely send for the clergyman as soon as it may be convenient. But young people who are lazy and extravagant, and care more for shows than for solid welfare, should wait till they acquire correct notions of life and thrifty habits before marrying.

A WISE ANSWER.—It is said that once, in a company of literary gentlemen, Mr. Webster was asked if he could comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man. "No, sir," he replied, and added: "I should be ashamed to acknowledge Him as my Saviour, if I could comprehend Him—He would be no greater than myself. Such is my sense of sin and consciousness of my inability to save myself, that I feel I need a superhuman Saviour—one so great and glorious that I cannot comprehend Him."

PEOPLE may laugh at diaries as they please, but it is an interesting thing to sit down on a winter's night before a jolly good fire and read about what one use to think of and do ten or twenty years ago. It may cause him to reflect upon what an eternal idiot he has been generally in the past, but that will do him no harm and may do him good.

"BRIDGET," I cannot allow you to receive your lover in the kitchen any longer."

"It's very kind of you, ma'am, but he's almost too bashful to come into the parlor."

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The land beyond the sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?

The land beyond the sea!
How close it often seems
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes distinct and near,
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a thread-like mere;
We seem half-way to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
O how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmissive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Home-sick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen toward night?
Dear land, look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest!
But sweeter far that Father's breast,
Upon thy shores eternally possessed;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

—*Faber.*

SIXTY YEARS A COMPOSITOR.—Leonard Field is one of the oldest printers in New York. Nearly sixty years ago he began work as a typesetter upon a book, "Roman Antiquities," published about that time. Afterward he set type on the *Commercial Advertiser*, where he remained for eleven years. After that he worked on various morning newspapers for a few years, and thirty-five years ago he became a compositor in the office of the Sun, where he has remained steadily ever since, working every day at his case, and never losing a day by sickness. On Tuesday he celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, but did not, even on so auspicious an anniversary, neglect his case. In 1840 he visited New Orleans, remaining away from New York not over seven months, and two months of that time was spent in the journey by sea. While in New Orleans Mr. Field was ill with yellow fever. Excepting that time he does not recollect that he was ever sick.

Mr. Field lives with his son in cosey and home-like apartments in Fourth avenue. His wife is some seven years his junior, and is a white-haired lady with a handsome face and pleasing manners, who regards with evident pride and affection the partner to whom for nearly sixty years she has been married. The sturdy old gentleman clings to his stick and case with a devotion born of long and faithful service, and would be broken in spirit if he could not each day present himself at the copy-hook, ready for work.—*New York Sun.*

THE most notorious of women blackmailers is again in custody.—She is the wife of Ned Lyons, a burglar now in State prison, and is known to the police of many cities as Sophie Lyons, though she assumes a new name for every fresh exploit. She is the Louise Sylvan who threw a wealthy Boston man's clothing from a hotel window into a back yard, and got a check of $1,000 to recover them. She repeated this trick in Chicago, Jackson, and Milwaukee. She owns a considerable amount of real estate, all gained by blackmailing. A few days ago she undertook to victimize George Hendrie, one of the wealthiest men in Detroit. After trying in vain to get a lawyer to sue him for trifling with her affections, she went boldly to his office and demanded money, under pain of public denunciation. He coolly replied that he would save her the trouble of making the matter known by doing it himself, and sent for the police. This exasperated her so much that she shot at him but he quickly disarmed her.

A MYSTERY.—Two darkies had bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his in, intrusted the whole to Julius' keeping. Next morning they met, when Julius said:

"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam—all a mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, dis mornin' I went down into de cellar to get a piece ob pork for breakfast, and I put my hand down into the brine, and felt all around, but no pork dere; all gone, couldn't tell what become ob it; so I turned up the barrel, and, Sam—sure as preachin', de rats eat a hole clear fru de bottom ob de barrel, and dragged de pork all out."

"Why didn't de brine run out de hole, Julius?"

"Ah, Sam, dat is de mystery."

HOW many know that the average railway speed in Great Britain is much faster than that of America?

SOME DIFFICULTY ABOUT A DOG.

"Look here, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he led a huge and shaggy dog into his wife's room, "I have got a dog a friend of mine gave me. What do you think of him?"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, mounting a chair in dismay. "Is he mad?"

"No, Mrs. Spoopendyke," retorted her husband, "he not only isn't mad, but he isn't a stepladder either, nor a bird's-eye view. He's a dog, and if you don't get out of that chair, Mrs. Spoopendyke, he'll probably bite your legs off."

Mrs. Spoopendyke sat down on her feet and eyed the brute with some trepidation.

'Maybe he's got the hydrophobia,' she suggested by way of a hearty welcome.

"P'raps he has," agreed Mr. Spoopendyke, "but if he has he's got it in his pocket. Come here, doggee, doggee, doggee!" and Mr. Spoopendyke snapped his fingers persuasively.

"Why don't he come when you call him?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke who was deeply interested in the proceedings.

"Because you make such a dod gasted noise you scare him!" explained Mr. Spoopendyke. "Come doggee! doggee!"

"I don't quite like the way his tongue hangs out," objected Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It don't look natural."

"Maybe you don't like the way his tail hangs out either. P'raps you think that's artificial, too. With your information about dogs you only need a slat bottom and a broken hinge to be a dog pound. Just you keep quiet now while I teach him some tricks. Come here, doggee! Sit up, sir!"

The dog stretched out his fore legs, opened a mouth like a folding bedstead and growled.

"What makes him do that?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, sitting on the back of the chair with her feet in the seat.

"Dod gast it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who do you s'pose made him do it? Think he works with a wire? Got a notion he goes by steam? He don't. I tell ye he's alive, and he does it because that's the bent of his measly mind. What are ye sitting up there for? Can't ye see he don't like it? Now, you sit still. Here, doggee, doggee, good doggee, sit up and beg!" and Mr. Spoopendyke held up an admonitory finger.

The dog eyed Mr. Spoopendyke with anything but an assuring glance.

"He's hungry," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Dogs look like that when then want to be taken down in the yard and fed."

"Of course you know," grumbled Mr. Spoopendyke. "All you want is perfect ignorance on the part of the police to be a dog fight. Got anything in the house for him to eat?"

"There's some cold oyster stew and a piece of custard pie—"

"That's it!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "That's what's the matter with the dog. He wants pie. You've got it! You only need a committee and a fight over the proceeds to be a bench show. Where's the oysters? Don't ye see that the dog's pining for oysters? Haven't ye got some cold coffee for him? Give him a lemon to stay his stomach!" and Mr. Spoopendyke jumped straight up in the air and landed on the dog.

The dog made for the open air with a howl, and Mr. Spoopendyke gathered up twelve baskets of himself and then looked around after his prize.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke soothingly, "he'll come back."

"If he does I'll kill him!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "See what you've done? You made me lose my dog and tear my trousers. Anything more about dogs you don't know? Got any more intelligence to impart about dogs? All you want is a bucket of brandy around your neck and a snow storm to be a monk of St. Bernard," with which logical conclusion Mr. Spoopendyke began exploring his outlying districts for possible bites, while his wife speculated upon the salvation of the cold oysters and the custard pie by the sudden and eminently satisfactory disaffection of the dog.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.—They tell on the streets of a handsome fortune that has fallen to Mr. W. H. Augur, and the story goes that while in the army he met three Virginia ladies who were in great distress for lack of money, and he gave them $100. They had been very wealthy, but found themselves in money difficulties. The money was afterwards returned, but they kept up a correspondence until three years ago, when the last of the three sisters died, leaving a will that their property was to be kept in trust for certain missing heirs for a certain term of years, and that at the expiration of that time it was to go to Mr. Augur. The time has now expired, and it is said that Mr. Augur finds himself in possession of the hadsome sum of $100,000, and that he goes South to take possession of it in a few days. Meanwhile he has bought the large lot on the corner of Maple and West Main streets, and has contracted with A. D. Cook for the foundation to a house, and with C. L. Little for the house itself the whole to cost about $10,000.—The plans for the house were drawn by a New Haven architect, and work on the foundation is to begun immediately.—*Meriden Republican.*

THE editor of the Syracuse Times has given up a proposed trip to Europe owing to the sloppy walking reported on the Atlantic. Why don't he take a street car?—*Peck's Sun.*

"I NEVER waste any time listening to the blue birds when the dinner gong is winding its mellow hum.

All Sorts of Clippings

Small talk—baby's prattle.

Breed from the best.

Wheat is king in California.

The best stuff for slippers—ashes.

Soft solders do not make malleable joints.

A great wag—the dog's caudal appendage.

Corn does not succeed well after buckwheat.

A good name is better than precious ointment.

Dark stables are injurious to the eyes of horses.

Barren mountains are not worth as-cent.

England imports $20,000,000 worth of fertilizers annually.

It was too much Siberia that killed the Czar.

Oak is stronger than iron, both pieces being of equal weight.

How far does a watch run when it runs down?

It is not safe to lie when there is a chance of discovery.

What is everybody doing at the same time?—growing old.

Is the printer who sets up an ode an odor.

Fine Canada balsam will make a transparent cement for glass.

The cheerful giver—he that gives three cheers.

New spring bonnets resemble small nasturtium beds.

There are seven Jewish Deputies in the Italian Parliament.

Gen. Longstreet will be retained in the civil service.

Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin, is said to be worth $7,000,000.

Bismarck says he will hold office until the day of his death.

It is curious that the pig must be killed before he can be cured.

"A new way to pay old debts" is to take the cash and pay them.

The kettled rum is fashionable in cold weather.

"Be composed" as the type-setter said to the compositor.

The barber's apprentice is certainly a strapping fellow.

The dog with the longest tail is the biggest wag of the pack.

The machinery of a steamboat is often a mere screw driver.

"You will love only me, George, darling?" Sometimes, he says.

An oculist is always in an eye rate mood when making out his bill.

The color of the telegraph stock certificates will be Old Gould.

It's harder to break an old horse-chestnut than it is to break a young chestnut horse.

The thermometer is one of the few things that can fall without hurting itself.

A man's character is like a fence—it cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

There is no sure cure for laziness—but I have known a second wife to hurry it up some.

Some men are good because goodness pays best; some are good for nothing.

A piece of Brussels lace for Princess Stephanie's wedding dress cost $2,200.

The Chinese of Denver have a large school, in which the English branches are taught,

Apply glue as nearly boiling hot as possible, especially upon large joints.

If we should leave out of conversation scandal, gossip, commonplaces, fatuity—what silence.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience.

A race horse, when galloping, clears about twenty-four feet at a bound.

The bulbs of the tuberose never bloom but once. They require a sandy soil.

If life's but a dream at the best, we presume that it is a nightmare at the worst.

The last charm has been added to artificial flowers by tangling them together as if just plucked.

The son of a Baptist minister has married the daughter of a Jewish rabbi at Mount Gilead, Ohio.

Keep files as clean as possible. Just as you keep other tools well sharpened.

Shipwrecked sailors need never starve while there is a bight of rope left.

Powdered chalk added to glue in small quantities makes it hold the stronger.

"I've just got out of a horrible scrape," as the man said when he came out of a five cent barber shop.

When it is so hard for a woman to keep a secret, it is a wonder that she can keep from telling her age.

The newest flower-pot is of bright burnished brass and lined with zinc, so as not to become tarnished.

Mrs. Livermore is lecturing on "How Shall we Reach the Boys?" Let her ask the girls.

Only the most intimate friends of Postmaster General James are allowed to call him Tom Jim.

The "Ironclad Oath" is when a fellow reclines on the zenith end of a tack with his bare foot.

En exchange declares that "it was a far-seeing chap who invented the telescope."

There is no denying the fact that there is a great future for everybody who can live long enough to see it.

Farewell is a sad word, but if we could only contrive to say it to some of our bad habits we should be much happier.

A small reward will be given for the production of a young lady that has eloped who is not beautiful and accomplished.

(Louisville Home and Farm.)

Frank O. Herring, Esq., of the Champion Safe Works, 215 and 225 Broadway, New York, reports the use of St. Jacobs Oil for a stiffness and soreness of the shoulder, with most pleasant and efficacious results.

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