The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 47

Notice to Farmers.

HUBBARD'S

Standard Bone Super Phosphate.

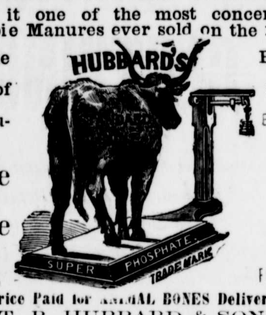
A LEADING FERTILIZER FOR ALL CROPS.

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 SUPPLIES

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.

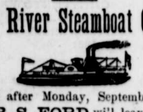
I shall be glad to have the Farmers to come and see me in person or by postal, as it may be to their interest to do so before selling their grain.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove, Kent county, Md.,
AGENT FOR CHRISTIAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Nov. 25, 1880—tf.

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.

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

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

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.

RIDING DOWN.

O, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells were mad with glee?

O, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face—

My face, uplifted red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

O, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, with sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
O, all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him, riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim;

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see!

THAT BOY.

'There he is again!' said old Miss Betsy Perkins looking over her spectacles at her two sisters, as a loud chorus of squawks and crawks from the barn broke in upon the peace and silence of their "keeping room."

'Lavalette, you're the spryest, you step out an' see to 't, do!'

'I told you so!' said Miss Chimera her queer face relaxing from its intentness on the stocking-heel she was binding off, into a broad smile that was half-amusement, half-triumph.

'Well, boys will be boys,' mildly remarked Miss Lavalette, as she put down the mate to that stocking and rose to go out of doors.

'That's the wust on't!' said Chimera; 'ef they could be anything else under the canopy, 'twouldn't be nigh so wearin' to get along with 'em.'

Here entered Miss Letty, out of breath. 'My sakes! he was a-tying up them hens in couples by the legs and a-swingin' of 'em all over the old hay-pole, a-playin' Fulton Market, he said.'

'Say! Gimme a pail o' hot water, Miss Letty, will you?' shouted Tom Perkins, as he bounced in at the door, with the aforesaid bantams up under one arm.

'What for?' sharply asked Miss Betsy.

'Want to give these fellers a hot bath; they act jest like Sis when she's got croup.'

'My senses!' ejaculated Chimera, as she rescued the cock and hen from the pressure of his elbow; 'they're as nigh dead as they can be, without scaldin' on 'em!'

As she spoke, the hen gave a little gasp. Its head dropped and it was dead.

Tom turned and fled out the door. If he had any remorse he did not express it.

An hour after, just as the tiny spangled cock, after much gentle handling and cosseting, revived and stirred, a commotion in the street called the three old ladies to the window, and there was Tom careering down the road on Deacon Cone's best Alderney cow, the boy clinging on to her back, holding on to her horns, and shouting at the top of his voice; a big, black dog at her heels barking with all his might, and the cow herself plunging and prancing in frantic fashion.

She made straight for the barn door, the great bar across which was down, though half the door was open, and consequently Tom was scraped off her back on to a heap of loose hay. He scrambled to his feet as good as new, and ran home as fast as he could to escape Mr. Cone's just wrath.

'Where's that boy?' the deacon sternly demanded, as he walked into the three Miss Perkins' sitting room when the chores were done that night.

'He's gone to bed,' answered Miss Letty.

'Well, he's nigh about spiled my Jarsey heifer; he ought to have a tannin'. The crittur lost her milk, and she's a-blowin' and a trembling and her eyes a-glarin' now. I've a mind to get him up, now I tell ye, if he did come from York.'

'I dunno as that make no difference,' retorted Chimera.

'We kind of expected he wouldn't be jest as robustious as boys gener'lly, ourselves; but they 'pear to be all cut out o' one cloth. Boys is boys the hull world over, I guess; they 'change the place but they keep the pain, as the hymn-book says.'

'I dunno what possessed you to take him any way!' growled the deacon.

'Well, we kind o' had to,' answered Miss Betsey, laying down her silver-bowed spectacles with a sigh, and looking at Mr. Cone with deprecating eyes.

'You see, Thomas—that's his pa—is some related to us, and brother Zephaniah he fetched him up; and when he got well-to-do down there in York, he was dreadful good to Zephy, and used ter send him an' us lots of things that was pleasant and helpful. So you see, he up an' writ a letter to say his wife was awful sick—well, you may say dangerous—and he hadn't got any place to send the boy without we would take him to board a spell; so he came, and here he is.'

'Well, if that there heifer's spiled I shall send the bill to his pa, seein' he's got means,' grimly remarked the deacon, shoving his hat on his head and leaving without a word of adieu.

Tom, who had gone to bed because a cow-ride had made even those young bones remonstrate, heard all this conversation through the stove-pipe hole in the floor, and burned with rage at Deacen Cone. Why shouldn't he ride cows if he wanted to? and why should that stingy old man bother his father and perhaps have him sent somwhere else.

Tom liked Bolton; he wasn't a bit afraid of the three ladies. He had unlimited pie, and the longer he stayed out doors the better they were suited; in fact, his only letter home, a letter to his mother, kindly intercepted by his father—and also opened—ran thus:

'DEAR MA.—Ime having a bully tyme. I have pi three tymes a day. I go out dores all day. They have got lots of chickens, and a Barn. I like them, they don't bother. I want some Fire-works for the 4th. I luv you. TOMMY."

Mr. Perkins could not resist this appeal. He loved his boy absurdly; and foolishly thought whatever he wanted he must have. So in due season he filled Tom's order; the letter reached him the very day after that cow ride.

But now Tom only lay and thought what he could do to the man who would not let him spoil the cow.

Now in this short week he had already made friends with the most mischievous boy in all Bolton Corners, Si Plummer, a curly-headed, ragged fellow, ready to risk his neck anywhere and do anything any boy could, would or shouldn't do.

To him Tommy Perkins betook himself next day as soon as his early breakfast was swallowed. The dear old ladies quite too glad to get rid of him to ask any questions, and sitting down happily to their knittings in that neat, back sitting-room which was their daily dwelling place.

But Tom and Si were chuckling under the eaves of the barn half the day, tucked away on some old hay, and ducking under the hay when Miss Chimera came out to the hens' nests, full of anxiety to think neither Cropple-crown nor Creeper had done their duty about laying. Deacon Cone's cow, luckily for Tom, recovered, only losing the night's milk; she was a little more unmanageable than usual to be sure, and lowered her horns and shook her head at people, but the Deacon could hardly ask compensation for this freak, so he said nothing.

But awful was his horror the next day but one, when he went out in the dawn twilight to feed his pigs—two handsome Chester Whites, as round as apples already, and tame as cats—to find them both turned a deep blue. He rushed back into the house and screamed out to his wife:

'Marthy! Marthy! Don't ye hurry the vittles! I'm a-goin' over to Hollister's to git him here right off. Them pigs is a-dyin', and a mortifyin' as sure as you're born. Cholery, hog cholery! I ha'n't a doubt on't!' and he hurried into the stable to get up his sorrel horse.

However, when John Hollister got there, the first sunbeams showed conclusively that cholera was only blue paint.

Full of determination the Deacon strode down to Miss Perkin's door. 'Where's that boy?' said the Deacon, grimly.

The sisters looked at one another. They perceived a tempest.

'I duno,' piped Miss Betsey feebly. But the question was better answered. A shrill, cherry whistle came from the barn, where Tommy was tinkering with hammer and nails.

The Deacon made a straight course across the garden, and before Tommy knew where he was, a sturdy hand clutched him by the collar, and dragged him out of doors.

The Deacon had brought along a stout switch, and it fell fast and sharp on Tommy's back and legs, with a sting his clothes did very little to soften.

Miss Betsey heard the swish of the rod, but was too afraid of the Deacon to interfere. Her two sisters came down the stair just as Tommy entered, red, angry and sobbing.

'Folks has got to pay for their play, Thomas, all the world over.—You didn't ride Deacon Cone's cow free of charge, now I tell ye. And what else hev ye ben a-doin'?'

But his smarting back could not quite destroy the delight with which he welcomed a big box that a friendly neighbor brought over a few days after from Bolton Centre, where was an express office. He was not at home when it came, so Mr. Bond carried it up to his room.

'Hello!' yelled Tom, bursting the door open, 'I killed your banty, and here's another!' wherewith he set down two of the lovlies, little golden pheasant bantams that ever delighted the eyes of a poultry fancier.

'For mercy's sakes, where did you get them leetle fowls?' inquired Miss Chimera.

'Why, I got 'em over to Charley Maxwire's hennery, over'n Bolton Centre. Me'n another feller.'

'Did he give 'em to ye?' queried Miss Lavalette, rather severely.

'No, sir! they're bought'n paid for and I got 'em cause I killed yours playin' with it.'

Tom dashed out of the door to escape thanks; the three old ladies looked at each other.

'Beats all!' exclaimed Miss Betsey.

Chimera put her head out of the window and screamed to the retreating youngster.

'Tom! Tom! come back a minute; there's a box up in your chamber for ye, come by express.'

Tom turned back with a shout, and went up to his bedroom three stairs at a jump. He had already conveyed a screw driver and hatchet up there which he found in the barn, and it took him but a moment to open the box of treasures.

He whistled loud and long as he saw the layers of fireworks.

Then he went down stairs with a bound and a slide to tell Si of the arrival.

It was quickly arranged that Si should come up at night, and get into Tom's window by the shed roof, to inspect these treasures, for both the boys well knew Si was not an object of favor with the old ladies.

So about ten o'clock, after they had handled over and admired the preposterous provision which Tom's father had made, they began to ask themselves where they should be secreted.

'Put them out on the roof,' said Si.

'What if it should happen to rain?' queried Tommy.

'Why, you've got two boxes, haven't ye? Anyway you can put the rockets in yer trunk,—they don't go there, I expect—an' set the rest of 'em out with t'other box a-top, so's to keep dry.'

They had both forgot that Miss Chimera's window was next to Tommy's, and Miss Betsey's just below, though the flat roof of the dining-room and kitchen, which had been put on to the old house, was only below Tom's chamber.

The two boys lifted the box out softly, and Tom went back for the other box to cover it. Si whispered after him:

'Fetch a light, there's suthin' makes it tottle.'

But as Tom held the tallow dip outside a sudden wind banged the shutter to, knocked the light out of his hand into the fire-works, and then a cataclasm began.

Si's only idea was to run; but as he slipped down the trellis to the ground, a Roman candle dropped one red star into his curly hair, and it blazed.

Head first he went into the tub of water under the spout with a wild yell of pain and terror, while Tom stared aghast at the fizzing wheels and the popping candles sending their many colored stars about the premises like a meteoric shower.

Within the house Miss Chimera was the first to be aroused.

She boasted that she always slept with one eye open, and now she bounded out of bed and shrieked to Lavalette.

'Oh the mercy! Letty, wake up! The world's a comin' to an end. Oh, land! oh! ho! what shall we do? Oh, my!'

Miss Letty, the quiet one of the house, ran for her water pitcher. If it was the general conflagration, she meant to do her level best towards putting it out! Poor Miss Betsey, crying and groaning, called in vain on her sisters; while Tommy half scared out of his wits, stood at his window, listening to the sharp explosions, watching the gay stars, and never thinking of danger till Miss Letty rushed by him with her pitcher and blanket; she had used her senses, and discovered that the fire was on the shed roof, and she acted accordingly.

Tom, aroused to the situation, went to her aid. Luckily the roof was tinned, and they managed to float what few candles were left in the box, and then smother with the blanket; but in helping her Tommy burned both hands sorely; paying this price for his secret interview with Si.

'It was that boy,' said Chimera, as Miss Letty came back to her room.

'Well, yes. 'Twas fireworks in that box, an' he'd gone an' smuggled Si Plummer in to see 'em an' betwixt 'em they up an' dropped the candle into 'em. But Thomas is burnt some, an' I heerd Si a-screechin' an' a squawkin' down below. I've done up Thomas' hand in sody, but I sha'nt hunt none for Si Plummer; nought's never in danger.'

'Are you sure 'tis all out?' asked Miss Betsey, half way up the stair stepts.

'Yes, certain sure. You go to bed, Betsey. We can take him to do in mornin'.'

'We can send him hum!' snapped Chimera.

But when Thommy came down in the morning, pale with pain, the old ladies' hearts relented, especially as his first words sounded penitent to their expecting ears.

'I'm sorry! Isn't it mean to lose all my best fireworks, and burn me too?'

The old ladies looked at each other; could they believe their ears? Lavalette recovered herself first, and thought to improve the occasion.

'You're a-payin for your tricks agin this time, young man. Ef you'd have said out open that them was fireworks, we'd ha' put 'em into the oven, and they'd have kep' safe; but you must have that limb, Si Plummer, come into the window to inspect 'em, and ye know, Thomas, we don't want him around.'

Tommy hung his head. He had paid dear for his whistle, and Si never dared to show his singed head and blistered ears within sight of Miss Perkins' house again.

But though Tommy did not quite get over his pranks in his short stay at Bolton, he was, after all, so honest, so cheerful, so kind-hearted, that when he was recalled to New York, the three old ladies hugged and kissed him as if he had been a domestic cherub, and looking at him with dim eyes, wondered secretly what they should do without that boy.

'He was real company,' moaned Miss Betsey.

'Well, he had good streaks into him,' said Miss Letty.

'He was suthin' lively to hev a-round; he stirred up the dry bones, now I tell ye!' concluded Miss Chimera, adding thoughtfully, 'but I never'd ha' thought I could ha' fellow-shipped a boy.'

Mr. Sassoon, an Indian millionaire has put his stables on top his house in Belgrave Square, London. The horses are carried up by an elevator.

GONE.

BY MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY.

[*From the Boston Home Journal.*]

Over the time-worn threshold
My thoughts have gone to-day;
Back through the years that are vanished—
Back through the shadowed way.

Over the time-worn threshold,
Into the silence and gloom,
How the ghosts of the past flit by me,
In each deserted room.

I stand with them all about me,
And think, with a weary pain,
Of the feet that have crossed that threshold,
To come not back again.

O! the voices low and tender,
Which greeted my childish ear;
O! the forms so loved and cherished,
Which gathered around me there.

Gone! some in the glow of life's morning,
And some when their bloom had fled,
And some in their fresh, young childhood,
To rest with the peaceful dead.

And some, away in other lands,
Are truant wanderers still,
Though years have fled since last they crossed
That sacred, time-worn sill.

Within the dear old home nest,
Where oft in thought I roam,
Not one, of all that little band,
Is left to bid me come.

I stand by the silent hearthstone,
And think of the cheerful glow,
Which lighted a pleasing picture,
Away in the long ago.

Till back through the halls of my fancy
I hear their footsteps come,
As they gather again around me,
There in the early home.

Loved forms of strength and beauty;
Dear faces marked with care;
And the sweet, glad laugh of childhood,
All come to meet me there.

While the firelight flames and flickers,
Casting on wall and floor
Its streaks of light and shadow
As in the days of yore.

Thank God for this picture of memory—
A shadow, yet real still—
Which gives me in thought to wander
Back o'er the time-worn sill.

Thank God for the home of my childhood,
And lessons taught me there,
Which follow along life's way,
Like holy breath of prayer.

AN ASTRONOMER'S OPINION.

The celebrated English astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, has been giving an opinion, which, if based on correct conclusions, is a startling one in reference to the comet of 1860. In his view, trouble of a serious character to our earth impends. It is alleged that the comet's return has been reduced from 175 to 37 years, and that it will appear again in about 17 years, with unprobability of being absorbed by the sun. It is intimated that Sir Isaac Newton entertained the same opinion, and predicted future trouble from this source. As the comet nears the sun its velocity is increased. Its present velocity is estimated at 800 miles a second, and it is thought the danger lies, "not from absorption of so much matter as may exist in that comet's head and nucleus, but from the conversion of the momentum of the swiftly revolving mass of the comet into heat, the thermal equivalent of its mechanical energy."

Mr. Proctor says: "I have for my own part been long of opinion that the periodical increase of such stars as Mira (the wonderful star) in the Whale, and Eta of the ship Argo, is due to the motion of some large comet followed by a meteoric train about these two stars. If ever the day is to come when the heavens shall dissolve with fervent heat, the cause of the catastrophe will be the downfall of some great comet on the sun." He asserts it as his opinion that the comet referred to will certainly be absorbed by the sun, and claims that "as its period is diminishing rapidly it may fall into the sun "at an early date," with the alarming immediate result that "all the higher forms of life at least, both animal and vegetable, will be destroyed off the surface of the earth. And though in a few days the sun might resume his ordinary lustre, and no longer glow with abnormal heat, he would pour his rays on a family of worlds in which not one of the higher forms of either vegetable or animal life would remain in existence." It remains for some other astronomers of equal ability to confirm or dispute the theories of Mr. Proctor. He may be more scientific though no more reliable than the bogus "Mother Shipton," whose world renowned prognostication

"The world to an end will come,
In eighteen hundred eighty-one."

has driven some weak-minded persons of slender, enfeebled faith, crazy.

WE read in a London paper:—"A gentleman who devotes much of the working of a powerful mind to the subject mentions with horror the Premier's disregard of the times and seasons of a dinner when a particular wine shall be drunk. Mr. Gladstone (unlike Lord Beaconsfield) is a ready and eager talker at a well-filled dinner table. While he is holding forth the attentive butler fills in succession the numerous glasses at his right hand. When in the course of dinner the Premier feels inclined to drink, he takes the glass nearest to his hand and sips, regardless of its particular contents. Embarking once more in conversation, and again returning to the wine glasses, he will take up another—any one that looks full and is at all handy—and thus he proceeds throughout the dinner, mixing his liquors in a way that would be dangerous to an ordinary man, and is horrifying to the well-regulated mind. But Mr. Gladstone is never a penny the worse or the better for his refreshment. If the glasses were filled with plain water of different hues he would sip them with equal content."

THE new czar gets $10,000,000 a year with bombshells thrown in.

THE AMAZON.

Dr. Fletcher recently delivered an interesting lecture on the Amazon river and its valley. He said, perhaps, all things considered, the valley of the Amazon, with its virgin forests, its mighty rivers, and its happy clime 'where eternal summer dwells,' is the most interesting portion of our globe betwixt 'Cancer' and 'Capricorn.' Dr. Fletcher took his audience up the majestic stream which the Tamoyo Indians called the 'king of waters,' and to which the civilized world gives the misnomer of the 'Amazon,' or, as in the Portuguese and Spanish languages, 'the river of the Amazons.' Dr. Fletcher gave a rapid sketch of the discovery of the river in 1542, by Orellana, an officer under Gonzalo Pizarro, who descended the river from Peru to the Atlantic, and encountered the Indians dressed in full war costume thought they were women-worriors, hence the misnomer. The fabled story of the city of the El Dorado, or gilded king, was narrated along with other incidents of history. Dr. Fletcher gave much information concerning the physical features of the great valley, how the trade winds give a constant supply of water which fills the vast system of rivers. There are more than 20,000 miles of steamboat navigation below and above all falls. The building of a railroad around the rapids of the river Madeira gives steam navigation into the heart of Bolivia. The gentle declivity of the main stream is remarkable, only an inch to the mile, which, the lecturer, remarked, 'makes it the finest steamboat river in the world.'

The size of the valley is astonishing. It covers two-thirds of Bolivia, two-thirds of Peru; three fourths of Ecquador, and one-third of the States of Columbia. Its area is more than twice that of the valley of the Mississippi, and is equal to that of the United States minus the States of California and Oregon, and Washington Territory. Alfred R. Wallace, the English traveler, says that more people can be supported in the valley of the Amazon than in any other equal space upon our globe. The climate is not extreme. In three visits to the Amazon Dr. Fletcher never found the thermometer indicating higher than 87 dedrees Fahrenheit. Everything that can be cultivated in the tropics can be produced there, while the spontaneous productions of this region, in the shape of Indian rubber, sassaparilla, ipecacuana, copaiva, vanilla, Brazil nuts, cabinet and dye woods, are inexhaustible. Only the narrow spirit of the Portuguese, which excluded all other than their own subjects until within the first quarter of this century, kept this region uninhabited. Even now that vast valley has not a half million inhabitants, but it is waking up under the broad policy of the present emperor.

THE SINGING VALLEY.—In an essay on "The Singing Valley of Thronecken," Herr H. Releax has described an enduring sound like the ringing of bells, which he heard while engaged in a deer-hunt in an elevated wooded valley in the Rhine province. He had before heard sounds in the valley resembling those which might come from a church in some town hidden in its recesses; but there was no such town in the neighborhood. On the occasion which he especially describes he took his place as one of the hunters in a wood of large beech trees lying against the slope of the mountain, and was treated all the time he stood there to a succession of peals as of bells, coming upon one another, swelling up and dying away, and sounding together in many varieties of modulation and in all the different stages of progress. At times the impression of the music was so strong as to hold him almost breathless; then a new wave would sweep up, beginning like the soft breathing of an organ pipe, rising to the swell of a harp, and closing with the overture of the octave, as if it were drawn out by some master of the violin. When the hunter returned to the same place toward evening he heard the same sounds. One other of the hunters remarked them, but the rest were absorbed in their sport. A forester blew the tune of C on his horn and it was repeated in the bell-peels. The tones evidently originated in the mouth of the valley and died away in its upper part. They were produced by the passage of the wind through the valley, and modified by its configuration, the character of the rocks, and, probably, by the wood.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

SPEAK ENGLISH, PRAY!—There was severity in the words, and in the sound of them, as they were turned upon the proprietor of the London Telegraph by the editor of the London Truth, in court, a few days ago. Mr. Labouchere, when cross-examining Mr. Lawson in the libel suit that has been amusing Englishmen during the past fortnight, had put a question, in the answer to which Mr. Lawson spoke of "his father and his *entourage*.'—"Speak English, pray!" cried Mr. Labouchere as the French word struck his ear.

The words of the London editor have a Shakespearean ring about them. It is good advice. The speakers and writers of English should keep within the English lines. There are words in our language for all the thoughts of every man who is intellectually sane. It is rich in words of thinking, feeling and description. What notion ever grew in your head, what thing have you ever seen with your eye, that you could not tell of in English?—*N. Y. Sun.*

IT is said that Vennor keeps one secretary at work writing out his weather predictions and another explains why they were not fulfilled.

"OF the six hundred young ladies attending Vassar no two can agree as to what they would do in case they saw a bear.'

All Sorts of Clippings

Talleyrand died in 1838.

Cincinnati has 8,000 Jews.

A large party—David Davis.

Truth gives wings to strength.

Philosophy is the science of realities.

Nature is never found barking up the wrong tree.

How poor are they who have not patience!

Report is a quick traveler but an unsafe guide.

Our charities and indulgences should be mutual.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

A real spirit should neither court neglect nor dread to bear it.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Let every man strive to add a good name to his other capital.

The revised New Testament is to be issued within a few weeks.

Fowls are gluttonous; they take a peck at every mouthful.

The waist of time—the middle of an hour glass.

A letter should always be carried write side up.

A girl with $50,000 has a very good figure if she isn't handsome.

It is on foot to settle New Mexico with negroes.

The Prohibition movement has extended to Canada.

Army officers may drink light wines, cider and beer.

Vanderbilt is not to start a new telegraph company.

Do fishermen castanet for Spanish mackerel?

Nine billion pins were sold in this country last year.

Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, says that religion is a song.

Nebuchadnezzar earned his bread by the sweat of his browse.

Manatee county, Fla., is now shipping snap beans and tomatoes.

Thirty thousand Grangers live in Pennsylvania.

The highest average for London magazines is $5 a page.

The railroad bridge at St. Louis earns about $40,000 per month.

Philadelphia consumes 1,000,000 tons of ice annually.

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

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

In Atlanta, Ga., a coffee house earned 10 per cent. the first year.

Thiers was 65 when he completed his "Consulate and Empire."

The strongest part of our religion to day is the unconscious poetry.

A gentleman whose wife was cremated says her rest was well urned.

The soapmaker's watchword—"Where there's lye there's soap."

Disagreeable acquaintances and bright exchanges are universally cut.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

Lose not thine own for want of asking for it; 'twill give thee no thanks.

An Illinois butter factory uses up two hundred thousand pounds of milk a day.

Advice to business men: Keep your good name without a single spec.

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

There are in this country 739 Universalist churches, with 32,947 members.

Japanese authorities allow native but not foreign missionaries to preach in the prisons.

A Detroiter thought Salvini an Irishman because of his strong brogue on the stage.

The female fondness for dress is what causes many of the young men to remain bachelors.

P. T. Barnum has recovered nearly all the flesh he lost. It pays to advertise.

The average editor can sympathize with England in her trouble with the Boers.

"All the world's a stage," and the "flats" often make the best show on it.

The estimate of fire losses in the United States last year is $100,000,000.

The nail mills of the United States produce every year about 4,000,000 kegs.

At Napa City, Cal., a single firm last fall made 180,000 gallons of wine.

The organized and unorganized militia in the United States number 6,393,395.

How to make two children happy: whip one and he is happy it is over; the other is happy that he escaped.

Three years ago there was no bicycle club in the United States, today there are 100.

St. Paul's, in London, is to have a new bell which is to be the best, or the second best in England.

A new gun invented by a German can be loaded and discharged with four movements of the hands.

George Eliot left a personal estate valued at $200,000, exclusive of the property in her copyrights.

A woman utilizes a wrap when it is presented to her, but a man always gives it back.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Because it is continually light'ning.

A young lady at a ball called her beau an Indian, because he was on her trail all the time.

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it is not the jaw-bone.

(South Bend Evening Register.)

When certain powers are claimed for an article, and everybody testifies that it does more than is claimed for it, to gainsay its worth is useless. This is the substance of the St. Jacobs Oil record.

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