The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHETESRTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 48

SRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

We beg leave to ask your kind inspection of Our New Stock, completely assorted in all Departments. In no previous season have we shown such a Variety of Styles and Fabrics, which we offer at Lowest Prices, based upon our well known principles---"One Price" to all: garments cheerfully Exchanged or Money Refunded if goods do not suit.

B. R. Hillman & Co.

166 W. BALTIMORE Street, Baltimore, Maryland

March 31, 1881.

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
" "	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. ☜

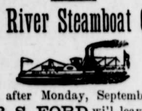
E. T. COMEGYS,

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.

READ AND REMEMBER.

SPARKS'

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,

Is the place where you can always find a large stock of

CONFECTIONERY

French Candies 25, 30 and 40 cents per lb.; Fine candy, in 1lb. boxes, 45 cents per pound. Plain candies of all kinds. Oranges 30 to 35c. per dozen; Lemons 25 cents a dozen.

Cakes and Crackers.

Nuts, Figs, Raisins, Prunes, Chow-Chow, Pickles, Sauces, Extracts, Chocolate.

SPARKS'.

COAL HODS, SHOVELS and POKERS, At J. K. ALDRIDGE'S

1845 **WICKES & BROTHER,** 1881

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.

LIVERY

AND

EXCHANGE STABLES,

Cannon Street, Chestertown.

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

CHAS. H. DAVIS.

Aug. 5. 1880—tf.

OLD GRIMES' DAUGHTER.

Old Grimes' daughter lives in town;
Her neighbors know her well,
Her hair is dark, her eyes are brown;
Her age I cannot tell.

Full many a simple toy and sham
Her infant hours beguiled;
For then she was a little lamb-
like, tender, laughing child.

She spent her time in healthful sleep,
Or rolled upon the grass,
Until she grew into a sheep-
ish, tittering hoyden lass.

She grew up rosy, fair and fat;
But fits she had they said;
Her fits soon changed her to a cat-
aleptic, drooping maid.

They gave her bark and wine and nogg,
To heal her and sustain her;
But quickly she became a dog-
ged mourner and complainer.

Upon her case a jury sat,
And for her health they prayed;
And then she turned into a rat-
tle headed, boisterous jade.

With wonder all the neighbors ran
To learn the doctor's views;
But now behold! she stood a man-
ufacturer of news!

The children laugh, the women stare;
Was she a witch or hag?
All shunned her when she stalked—a bear-
er of the scandal bag.

She, alas! "upset her dish,"
And lost her wonted glee;
And she was transformed to a fish-
er woman by the sea.

She grew so fat all heard her pant;
Her size none could surpass!
For she was now an elephant-
ine, fleshy, breathing mass.

Ere many days the flesh she had
Was lost for want of pelf;
At last she dwindled to a shad-
ow of her former self.

Just then a man—God bless them both!
On Grimes' daughter smiled
And married her. She's now a moth-
er of an infant child.

She has retired, among her kin,
(May she be safe and sound!)
To private life, and keeps an in-
convenient gadding round.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE CONDEMNED CUBAN.

It was a fearful night on the coast of Cuba, for a tornado had swept along the sea and shore with relentless fury, leaving death and destruction all along in its merciless path.

And yet, though sheltered by the forest-clad point of land jutting out from the mainland, a very small vessel was getting ready to leave the quiet inland waters and put to sea.

The cause of thus daring death by the commander of the small vessel was because at the peak the lone star flag of the struggling Cubans was fluttering in the breeze, and sentence most severe beneath its folds.

The little vessel, once a New York yacht, run into the Cuban coast after dark, bearing arms, ammunition stores, and a few good men and true for the patriot army of Cespedes in the mountains.

Having safely delivered her cargo into the charge of the unfortunate General Ryan, her American commander determined to put to sea in the face of the storm, for he knew that Spanish gunboats were watching for him, and that capture meant certain death by the garrote or rifle.

'Stand ready all to make sail! The storm will be more merciful than the Spaniards,' called out the yacht's captain; and the crew of half a dozen men and two junior officers sprang to obey, when to their ears came the deep boom of a gun.

All paused, for what could it all mean?

Certainly it was not the roar of thunder, for its mutterings were heard far away to landward.

Could another Cuban craft be running in and the gun come from a Spaniard in chase?

No, it was the deep boom of a heavy gun, and those on the yacht looked at each other in awe as it was repeated, for they knew that the brazen throat was pleading piteously for help, and that a hundred lives—perhaps many more—hung on the answer to that appeal.

'They are minnte guns, and they are calling for a pilot," said Enrique Delmonte, a handsome Cuban, who was second in command of the yatch.

'Will any go to their aid?' asked the American commander.

'No, they are Cuban pilots, and it must be a Spanish man-of-war that needs them.'

'It seems a pity to see them wrecked even if they are our enemies.—Hark! How pleading are those guns!' answered the American.

'Enemies though they be, they shall not die, for I will save them!'

'You, Enrique Delmonte?"

"Yes, my Captain; for, as you know, my boyhood's home is near by, and I know these waters well. Will you put me on board, before going to sea?' said the noble young Cuban.

"It is a fearful risk for you to run, Delmonte; you are already under sentence of death, and—'

'I will die in a good cause. Come, let us lose no time, for from the sound of those guns, the vessel is drifting in rapidly.'

The American captain offered no argument further, and the anchor was raised, the sails, reefed down, were set, and the little yacht sped like a huge, white bird away from its nest to battle with the wild waters and winds beyond.

It took the united strength of the Captain and Enrique Delmonte, who acted as a pilot, to hold the yatch on her course, for the seas washed over her decks in torrents, and she staggered fearfully beneath the rude shocks of the waves.

At length the channel was safely passed through, and the open waters reached, when, not half a mile away, came the vivid red flash of a gun, and the deep boom rolled across the waters.

'It is a large vessel, and evidently a steamer from the light rig the gun's flash showed," said the Captain.

'I know that vessel well, Captain; for three years of my service in the Spanish Navy was passed on her decks, and I would rather lose my life than see her go down."

Enrique Delmonte spoke with great earnestness, and the American felt that he had some deep cause for wishing to save the vessel. He knew that his father was a Spaniard and his mother a Cuban, and that he had been reared in the Navy of Spain, which he had left to serve his native land.

Shaping their course so as to head the drifting vessel off, a lantern was shown to tell of coming succor, and the cheer that broke from the crew at sight of it, was heard on board the yacht.

'Delmonte, again I must remind you of the risk you run,' said the captain.

'I know all, and I will take my chances; as I board the Alamada, you had better stand seaward, so as not to be in this neighborhood at daylight.'

'And you, Delmonte?'

'Oh! I will run the vessel into the harbor we left, and then go ashore and hasten on after Ryan, for I can overtake him, and when you again come to the Island I will join you, unless I can do more good by staying ashore; but here we are, and I will hail.'

In a ringing voice, and in Spanish, Enrique Delmonte hailed the large vessel, which was now plainly seen to be a large steamer and war vessel, whose light sails would not work her off shore.

'Ho, the Alamada!'

'Ay, ay, are you a pilot?' came the answer back from the vessel of war.

'Yes; I will run under your lee and come on board.'

'All right, for our machinery has broken down, we have lost our anchors, and are drifting rapidly,' said an officer in earnest tones.

'I know that voice; it is Captain Verona himself. Now, good bye, Captain, and if harm befall Enrique Delmonte tell my friends how I died,' and the young Cuban grasped the American's hand, and stood ready to seize the ropes to be thrown to him.

Though plunging fearfully, the American held the yacht firmly in hand, and ran close in under the stern of the steamer, from which ropes were skillfully thrown, and adroitly grasped by the Cuban, who, with a good-bye on his lips to his shipmates, clambered over the sides of the Spanish vessel, while the yacht bounded away from the enemy those on board had so much cause to dread, and started on her return voyage to the United States.

Upon reaching the deck, Enrique Delmonte found himself in the presence of a score of officers, while a crowd of seamen stood not far away gazing upon the daring pilot that had come out to their aid; but, with his collar muffling his face, his hat drawn down over his eyes, and in the darkness he was not recognized, though he looked upon a dozen men who had been his comrades in the Navy of Spain.

'Are you a Cuban pilot?' asked Captain Verona, a haughty, stern-faced man of forty-five.

'I am a Cuban, and have come to keep you off yonder rocks,' was the quiet reply, while he pointed shoreward to the line of breakers.

'Our rig is too light for us to work off shore and our machinery is broken down and anchors gone, so, if you cannot save us, we are doomed,' said the Spaniard.

'I know that well, Senor, and I will take the helm,' was the reply, and going to his post of duty he assumed control, and no longer struggling to beat out to sea, the steamer was put before the gale, and rushing landward with fearful speed.

Calm and firm Enrique Delmonte stood at the wheel, his eyes watching every move of the vessel, and penetrating the gloom ahead, to catch sight of some well known object by which he could get his course.

And on rushed the Spanish vessel in the channel, and though apparently surrounded by breakers, holding her course unswervingly, until she glided around the point of land that formed the harbor, and was in safety.

'You can move alongside of yonder rocks, Senor, for there is depth enough,' said the Cuban, when the cheers of the Spaniards at their rescue died away.

'You are a daring and skillful pilot, Senor, and you have saved myself and crew, so name your reward,' said captain Verona.

'The reward I ask, Senor Captain is mercy for any poor Cubans that may fall into your hands,' was the brusque reply.

'Ha! this rings like the words of a traitor to Spain! Are you such, sir?'

'I am a Cuban patriot, Senor," was the calm reply.

'Ah, and seem proud of it. By Neptune! but we have been saved by a foe; your love of gold must be great indeed, for you risk your life aboard this vessel.'

'I told you Senor Captain, the only reward I ask. I have saved you from wreck, so will now say farewell.'

'Hold! Quartermaster, hold that battle-lantern here that I may now catch a glimpse of this fine fellow's face.'

The lantern flashed upon the dark, handsome, and fearless countenance, and a dozen voices called his name:

'Enrique Delmonte!'

'Aye, Enrique I am; once an officer aboard this vessel, but now a Cuban Patriot, for I would not fight against my native land.'

He stood before them unflinchingly now, and for a moment there was dead silence; then Captain Verona spoke:

'Enrique Delmonte, your resignation of your lieutenant's commission was never accepted; but, on the contrary, you were tried as a deserter, and comdemned to death as such, besides coming under the sentence of those who call themselves patriots. Under these circumstances, notwithstanding your noble deed this night, it is my duty to arrest you and place you in irons.'

'What! would you be guilty of a deed so vile, Senor?' asked the Cuban, indignantly.

'My duty, sir, compels me. Senor, put this man in irons!'

A defiant smile crossed the handsome face of Enrique Delmonte as the officer approached and ironed his wrists; but he made no resistance, and was led away between decks and placed in a state-room, a guard being stationed on the outside of his door.

Throwing himself down upon a seat, he murmured:

'Ah! Senor Verona, I know well your hatred towards me; it is because your daughter was my promised wife, and you would have me die rather than see her one day marry a Cuban who was the enemy of Spain.'

The door softly opened, and looking up, by the dim light from the ward-room lamp, Enrique Delmonte saw a slender form before him—a maiden with a face of exquisite beauty.

'Enrique!'

'Consuelo!'

It was all they said, and springing forward, she threw her arms a round his neck.

'Oh, Enrique, I know all, and how cruel has been my father!' she said, after a while.

'He says he does his duty, Consuelo.'

'Bah! he panders to his hate. I knew you, Enrique, when I saw you come aboard, but I held myself aloof and I heard all that passed.—Once, four years ago, when I was a girl of fourteen, you sprang into the sea and saved my life when a wave carried me from the deck, and to-night you have saved it again—aye and the lives of two hundred men, your enemies. Now I shall save yours!'

'Consuelo, what mean you?' asked the Cuban, in surprise.

'I mean that though your duty called you to war against Spain, I never severed our engagement and loving you still, Enrique, I will not see you die, for already you are condemned and the garrote will end your life. No! I have arranged my plan. Come!'

'But think of your father's anger when he discovers—'

'What is his anger to your life? Here, throw this cloak around you and put on this officer's cap,' and she picked up a bundle she had dropped, while, with a key she held in her white hand, she quickly and quietly unlocked the irons that bound him.

He did as she told him, and then drew her to his heart, saying feelingly:

'Consuelo, will you be true to me until peace shall reign between your land and mine?'

'Forever, Enrique! I can live only with you. But come; I sent the guard off on a message, and he will soon return.

She led him from the state room, up the companion-way and to the deck.

The wind still howled mournfully through the trees, and the roar of the sea was terrific to hear, and the steamer was calmly resting upon the waters moored to a large rock, and with heavy branches overhanging the decks.

Against the poop deck an officer shrunk from the blast, and forward was the watch on duty; but no one noticed the form of the Cuban, as with a nod of farewell he sprang over the side of the ship upon the foliage-clad rock, and disappeared from view—his life saved by the woman he loved, and who idolized him.

Waiting until her lover had time to reach the forest, Consuelo Verona entered the cabin where her father sat writing letters, and looking up, he said:

'Why, daugther, I thought you had retired.'

'No, father, I remained up to prevent you bringing a stain upon your proud name,' she answered calmly.

'What mean you, child?'

'Simply, that had Enrique Delmonte died at your hand, after his noble conduct to-night in saving his foes, it would have been a foul blot upon your honor!'

'But he is candemned to die and—'

'And I set him free.'

The Spaniard sprang to his feet in a rage, hissing forth:

'Girl, how dare you brave me this way? Ho! On deck there!'

'Hold, father, he has escaped, for this is his own land near by and he knows it well; and, more, I alone am to blame, for the guard over him I ordered away, and as I often carry orders for you, he obeyed. In the place of Enrique Delmonte, father, make me your prisoner.'

Captain Verona stormed like a madman, and roused the whole ship; but it did no good, for the Cuban had escaped, and in safety gained the mountains, where he joined the command of General Jordan, and won distinction as a gallant officer of cavalry; but through all the weary struggle in Cuba there are two hearts longing for peace, for, though one is a soldier in the patriot ranks and the other a daugher of Spain, their hearts are bound together by ties of love which death alone can sever.

SINGING cats, roof perambulators o' nights, are common enough; in fact, too numerous for comfort; but who ever heard of a singing dog? John Webb, of Jeffersonville, Pa., has a common cur which has actually been taught to know one key in music from another, and will sit by a piano and sing in his peculiar language and never make a discord. Eminent musicians say it is wonderful.

CHICAGO drug stores aim to make 400 per cent. profit.

THE BUGLE IN BERKSHIRE HILLS.

Up in the glen, as closed the day,
I thought I heard a bugle's lay;
Anon its echoes died away.

A boy once more, I saw a train
Of boys and girls, and on the plain
Men plowed, and sowed, and reaped the grain.

For many, many years ago,
A man there was, as white as snow,
His bugle blew as few can blow.

On fire within, his heart and brain
All sang of Washington and Wayne,
For forty years the same old strain.

Of Plymouth rock—pure granite still—
An honest head, an iron will,
Baptized in blood at Bunker Hill.

He never bowed to king or throne,
Himself the owner of his own,
He worshipped God, and God alone.

Tired at last, he sunk to rest
Among the daisies he loved best,
The mountain shadow on his breast.

That bugle blast, so wild and strong,
That stirred so many hearts so long,
So eloquent of right and wrong,

Still lives, 'tis said, up in the glen—
Still echoes in the hearts of men,
And plays the same old tunes again.

Anthems till live, almost unknown:
There's many an ancient trumpet tone
Still heard, although no longer blown.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE CABINET.

Mary Clemmer, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Independent*, gives the following pen picture of Garfield's cabinet:

Here is Blaine, with whose face the country is familiar—a powerful face, in which craft and kindness, force and petulance, passion and will are strangely commingled. His temperament is one of great vitality; one of nerve rather than of muscle, of fluent electricity rather than of iron. This temperament makes him a man of moods, of impressions, of prejudices, of passionate power, quick to kindle the emotions rather than the judgment of his fellows. His head is both symmetrical and strong, his brow is intellectual, his ears are large, as the ears of powerful men needs be. In addition, Blaine's are well shaped. His nose is sensual; his mouth is petulant like a fitful boy's; his eyes are dark, bold, keen and fine; his hair is prematurely gray. A man of oak-like form, he bears on his crest the marks of the storms that have swept over him. Barely fifty, at first glance he looks over sixty; but another will show you that the fire of youth still flashes from his eyes, vibrates in his voice, and flames from his will.

William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, some three years older than Blaine, looks many years younger. You seem to see in his wake his long line of Quaker ancestry: placid women, in close caps, who loved the Lord and served him; and devout men, whose countenances shed a benign commingling of shrewdness and unworldliness.—Nothing else seems to explain the atmosphere which surrounds Mr. Windom, compounded at once of worldly wisdom and unworldly grace. A man eminently successful in all the undertakings of his life, he yet has not the face or bearing of a mere man of the world. Of powerful frame and full habit, his countenance is most remarkable for the clearness and purity of its expression. His chin is clean shaven, but he wears moderate side whiskers. His hair is dark, waving, and luxuriant; is brushed back from brow and ears. His forehead is high, round and full. His nose is not small, but delicately cut. His mouth is firm, with an expression of latent kindness lurking in its corners.—His eyes, of dark blue, are clear, thoughtful, and ever benign in expression. His complexion is fair and slightly ruddy. An atmosphere of real benignity, as well as of great intelligence and of perfect health, surrounds him.

Thomas L. James comes of the unadulterated Welsh stock that settled so largely Central New York the same that sent forth that true man and accomplished gentleman, Ellis H. Roberts, of Utica. The same city sends forth the new Postmaster-General, as it has sent forth before Roscoe Conkling and other well-known persons. Like the President, the Postmaster-General is a shining proof of what an American boy of muscle, will, and brain can make of himself. In the long, patient endeavor and in every result of success and honor he is "self-made." He came to the post-office of New York unknown, and, where so many who stepped from a higher place fell, he, yielding to no temptation, went on working, till he made the New York post-office service one of the best in the world, and his reward came when he was called higher. To the place where he now stands he worked his way up from a printer's office in Utica, N. Y. He has an executive face. Studying it one sees how he did it all. Fifty years old, he looks at least ten years younger. Every feature is full, fine, clear-cut, with nothing to spare.—His eyes are full of insight. His nose is bold, but not aggressive.—His moustache is assertive, his chin clean, his jaw the one that rules and executes.

Samuel J. Kirkwood, Secretary of the Interior, has one of the most benignant of faces. Nothing could be truer or kinder than the expression of his eyes or more serene without weakness than the expression of his mouth. One looks, and takes heart for the future of the Apaches, the Poncas, and all outcast Indian tribes. Born in Maryland, in 1813, he was educated in Washington, so in his present responsible place stands really on his native heath. Three times governor of Iowa and twice elected Senator of the United States from the same State, he has the respect and confidence of all who know him. He is a large man, slightly bent, with broad shoulders, full head of iron-gray hair, side whiskers, a rugged nose, with a countenance full of thoughfulness, wisdom, sincerity, and human kindness.

Robert T. Lincoln, in growing older, has grown in expression more like his illustrious father. There is a look in his eyes very like the immortal sadness that looked forth from the eyes of Abraham Lincoln, and there is the same expression about the nostrils of the nose. To-day he is "bearded like a pard," with a military moustache and beard that seem at war somehow with the gentle eye-beams above.—He has a most interesting face, that is the true exponent of what he is—modest, gentle, thoughtful, patient, and true. That he is the right man in the right place is in one way shown by the hosts of colored people pressing in upon him, in his new office, just to shake the hand of "their Father Abraham," as all Washington negroes call President Lincoln.

William H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, though an older man in personality, bears a certain resemblance to Secretary Blaine. He has the same strong features, but a more serene presence. A native of South Carolina, when a boy he went to Louisiana, and through the entire war he was (what it cost any Southern man so much to be) a staunch Union man. He is one of the most eloquent speakers of the South and in manners a most gentle gentleman.

Wayne MacVeagh, born in 1833, looks even younger. He comes of vigorous Scotch stock and was graduated from Yale College, at the age of twenty. He married the daughter of Simon Cameron; but by his brother-in-law, at least, is not deemed one of the "Cameron clan." Indeed, the politics of himself and brother-in-law are constantly opposed to each other, though both are Republicans. Wayne MacVeagh is a gentleman of elegant bearing and address. Even the parting of his hair in the middle cannot invade the intellectuality of his head and countenance. His forehead is high and wide, with very full perceptive faculties. His eyes are set wide apart, a fact that tells of excellent things in any face, especially when the eyes are wide and long, as are his. His nose is long, high and straight. He wears a moustache, with neither whiskers nor beard. His chin is pronounced, with marked length from his ears to its tips. His expression is that of a clear, far-seeing-man. His manners are suave, as well as elegant. His temperament is that of a man of high, finely-strung nerves, rather than of muscle.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY,

By Which We May Yet Hear the Sounds of the Fires Raging in the Sun.

The Youths' Companion.

Prof. Tyndall of London has just invented a new scientific apparatus that, when properly used, gives most singular results, and shows that the wonders of the photophone have only just begun.

The photophone has already been described in the *Companion*, and you may remember it is an instrument invented by Prof. Bell for causing a beam of light to convey a telephonic message to a distance.

In the new apparatus, a beam of light from a lime light, or even a candle, is thrown upon a common glass flask having a long neck. To this is fastened a rubber speaking tube that may be placed to the ear, so that any sounds in the flask may be heard through the tube.

Between the flash and the light is placed a circular disk of metal, having narrow slots, or openings, placed like the spokes of a wheel round the edge. When the disk is at rest, the beam of light may pass through one of the slots and fall on the flask.

If, now, the disk is made to turn rapidly on its axis, the light will reach the flask in a series of flashes, as it shines through the slots one after the other. Here the curious discovery comes in. When the flask is filled with a gas, or a vapor, say the vapor of sulphuric ether, common street gas, oxygen, perfumes like patchouli or cassia, or even smoke, and the beam of light is made to fall on the flask in a series of alternate flashes, the operator, listening with the speaking tube at his ear, will hear strange musical sounds inside the flask.

The pitch of these tones will correspond exactly with the speed with which the disk is made to turn, and each kind of gas, or vapor, in the flask will give a different kind of note, some soft, some loud, and some very sweet and musical.

This is certainly the most remarkable discovery since the photophone, and it shows that light may be made the means of making sounds audible at a distance, even when the eye can see no difference in the light. It even suggests the idea that we may yet be able to hear the the sounds of the fires raging in the sun. It may, indeed, be only a hint to yet more wonderful and unthought-of relationships between light and sound, which may be utilized as a medium of communication.

TOOK A SNEEZE TOGETHER.—Somebody put pepper in Mr. Grouty's cologne bottle, and when he took a smell at it he got about two spoonfuls up his nose, and the way he sneezed was a circumstance.—About the time he had sneezed ten minutes, and was sheding tears copiously, and felt sure that he should loosen his hair at the roots, and perhaps his teeth would come out, a friend entered.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked the friend.

"N-n-a ca-chor-ooo-ooo—no!" answered Grouty, and then, when he finally got a little quiet, he gave the bottle to his friend and said:

"Smell of this."

And while the friend was tearing himself all to pieces, Grouty asked:

"Is anything the matter, or are you just doing it to kill time?"

They are foes now.—*Boston Post.*

THE public debt of the United States is $68 per head; of Spain, $154; of France, $136; of England, $136; of Holland, $114; of Canada, $28; of Mexico, $9; of Switzerland, $2.

All Sorts of Clippings

The best end—the dividend.

A land league—three miles.

Work is the great Spring remedy.

Vermont has 475,700 sheep.

Idleness is a vice—but it can't be screwed up.

Carried off the palm—the shot that deprived the soldier of a hand.

Strange as it may appear, every seaworthy ship is for sail.

We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves.

Said he, "Let us be one." And she was won.

The woman who dyes her hair wants to keep it dark.

When the trees begin to leave in the spring the flowers begin to come.

The watch repairer is often engaged in spring cleaning.

Michigan has the only uniformed female brass band in the world.

A Marathon, N. Y., tannery has two Turkish workmen.

Cheeves Cutts Bristles is the name of a veteran barber in Aiken, S. C.

At a milkmen's ball, all the dancers wore pumps.

There are 489 churches in New York.

Over 50,000 immigrants to Minnesota last year.

Chicago has 300 churches and 3,300 liquor saloons.

Harvard has graduated 14,6[illegible] students; Yale, 11,900.

It is now illegal in Arkansas to sell a dirk or Bowie knife.

The corn crop of Illinois for the past year was 251,000,000 bushels.

Carlyle called the Darwinian theory of evolution "the new gospel of dirt."

If the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.

The valuation of Maine has increased over $11,000,000 in ten years.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is sixty-nine years old and her husband seventy-one.

There are 1,700,000 Baptists in the United States, and only 260,000 in England.

The colored population of Arkansas has increased from 122,669 in 1870 to 210,622 in 1880.

Opportunity has hair in front, but is bald behind: so catch on when you can.

Manufacturers put down the rent of water-power under the head of current expenses.

"Ruler ruin," as the boy said when he threw the teacher's ferule into the stove.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

The reason people are afraid of lightning is because it makes such a thundering noise.

'Tis easier to do something that some one else is doing, than to do what you are doing yourself.

A suspicion is a feeling that impels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know.

Prove yourself honest, industrious, persevering and faithful, and have no fear of your final success.

An attractive but uncultivated woman is very like brown sugar—sweet but unrefined.

A Denver editor hasn't kissed any lady except his wife for ten years. He has missed a heap of fun.

The police of St. Joe, Mo., are required to attend church on Sunday afternoon or evening.

A Southern paper suggests that David Davis be hired to sit on Mahone instead of on the fence.

"He a doctor!" said old Chawbacon, speaking of a young practitioner, "Why, he couldn't cure a ham."

Poverty is no disgrace, but most folks would rather endure something that is.

We breathe freely again. Mr. Anthony Trollope approves of Mr. Longfellow!

Over 2,500 children on roller skates daily scoot around Washington's asphalt walks.

Gustave Dore says: "Life is so short that it is the worst of stupidities to waste an hour of it."

Kansas now rivals Maine as a prohibition State. The new law goes into effect on the first of May.

There are 38 agricultural colleges in the United States, 389 teachers and 3,917 students.

President Eliot says that in the near future Harvard will have need of £3,000,000.

In a Boston Sunday School there is a class which contains fifty Chinese youths.

The dividends paid by the Lake Superior mines during 1880 foot up to $3,055,000.

Minnesota has appropriated $4,500 in the last five years to encourage tree planting.

Sixteen steamers and two hundred and three sailing vessels were lost in December.

Dead cattle by thousands, frozen to death, are seen along the line of the Union Pacific.

A statue of Beethoven is to be erected in Central Park, New York, by the Philharmonic Society.

The consumption of coffee in this country last year was 300,000 bags less than the preceding year.

A man has been offered $20,000 for a lot in Minneapolis, Minnesota, that he purchased for $11.

The thread for glass cloth is spun from a bar of molten glass at the rate of 2000 yards in a minute.

The best way to apologize is to do such a great act of kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever attempted to injure him.

[Chambersburgh, (Pa.) Herald.]

After vainly spending five hundred dollars for other remedies to relieve my wife, I have no hesitation in declaring, that St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia, says M. V. B. Hersom, Esq., (of Pinkham & Hersom,) Boston, Mass., an enthusiastic indorser of its merits.

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