The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 49.

SPRING 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 Proo

The attention of Housekeepers, Farmers and others is called to the above Useful and Valuab Preparation for Whitewashing and Sanitary Purposes. It costs less in comparison than Cou mon Whitewash, or the unslacked lime, and its durability and beauty are two-fold greater. never loses its strength. It can be kept for years. When applied, it forms a surface as smoot as calsomine, without glue or plaster. It can be used conveniently and economically in makin Mortar, Finishing Insides, and for all purposes in which sand and lime are employed. We solic a trial. We refer to the Knickerbocker Ice Co., and others. Sold at wholesale, by the ba rel, 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 cut by if desired. March 17, 1881—3m.

SPRING 1881

EVERYTHIN NEW IN SPRING SUIT

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. 1845 1881

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 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.

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.

THE SWEET LONG AGO.

BY MRS. S. A. WACHTER.

Golden memories float before us,
Of the sweet, sweet long ago,
Of a rosy, happy childhood,
Till our fancies are aglow.

When we wandered to the wild-wood,
Gathering flowers of rarest sheen,
Memory yet inhales their fragrance,
Though long years have rolled between.

"John Jump-ups" (thus we called them)
In our pathway grew so bright,
Looked as though they caught their radiance
From the rainbow's blended light.

Graceful ferns in beauty waving,
Kissed by every passing breeze,
Seemed as making their obeisance,
To the foliage of the trees.

While the foliage of the forest
Seemed to rustle as with joy
At the merry, ringing laughter
Of each happy girl and boy.

Moss-clad rocks with honeysuckles,
Overhung most strangely sweet,

[redacted]

As she softly, sweetly sung:
"Jesus ready stands to save you;"
This she sang when I was young.

Since the halcyon days of childhood
Many weary years have fled,
Sisters, brothers, they are scattered—
Father, mother, they are dead.

Hark! I seem to hear the music,
Echoing from the other shore,
"Jesus ready stands to save you
Full of pity, love and power."

If we but accept the Saviour,
On His mercy but rely,
We at last shall meet our loved ones
In the sweet, sweet by-and-by.

MRS. RAFFLES.

BY MAX ADELER.

The Raffles had lived for some time next door to Mr. Cooke before he got acquainted with them. But one day while Mr. Cooke was out in his front yard, Mr. Raffles came out of his house, suddenly, with his face flushed, and when he reached the fence he stopped, placed his elbows upon it and introduced himself to Mr. Cooke with a observation respecting the weather.

When Mr. Cooke joined him at the fence, Mr. Raffles flipped his thumb over his shoulder towards the house, and remarked confidentially to Mr. Cooke:

"That's a most extraordinary woman in there!"

"Mrs. Raffles?"

"Yes. We've just had a little dispute. Last Wednesday she fried the oysters in her pomatum; yesterday she greased the griddle for the buckwheat cakes with simple cerate, and now she will insist upon shortening the pie crust with tetter ointment. Wouldn't listen to reason. Said grease was grease; and what is good for tetter is good enough for pies. I could not coincide with her views, and as she wanted to urge them with the rolling pin, I thought I would come out and get the air, She's a good woman in some respects, but she's peculiar."

"We haven't seen her about very much," said Mr. Cooke.

"No. Well, to tell the truth, she is a little shy about showing herself. You know she use to suffer a good deal from freckles. And one day she bought a bottle of the balm of Venezuela which was warranted to remove freckles and to produce a beautiful complexion. She applied the balm, and to my surprise the freckles began to spread. They crept out on her nose, around on her neck, and the more balm she put on the thicker they got. Before the first bottle was gone she had them all over her; in fact, she was one complete freckle from head to foot. Has a kind of undergone look, something like a mulatto. She was not a good-looking woman before; but, now, well, I really believe she's the homliest—"

"William Hen-r-r-r-y!" bawled a woman's voice from the house just at this juncture.

"Yes, darling, coming!" replied Mr. Raffles. "That's she," said he to Mr. Cooke. "Her voice is rather shrill now. I can remember when she was a right good singer, her voice was soft, and sweet, and low, but she injured it, I think, partly by trying to cut her tonsils with the snuffers. They were too long, and they tickled her throat and made her cough; but instead of sending for the doctor she endeavored to clip them off herself with the snuffers, and crippled her voice for life. Cut off too much in my opinion. When she sings now I always hurry out and go right down to the postoffice or the barber's. Can't possibly stand it, you know."

"Not soothing, is it?"

"No. And I think she keeps herself hoarse by her extraordinary fondness for cold pokers. She is very liable to nose-bleeding, and in order to prevent it she almost always keeps a cold poker pushed down the back of her neck. All summer I have to keep from five to ten pokers on ice, so's to renew them on her neck when the one she is wearing gets warm. I have remonstrated with her about it, but she will wear them, always alarming visitors, for of course, whenever she sits down in a chair the poker pushes out and usually stands about eight inches about the top of her head, presenting a most peculiar appearance which—"

The voice of Mrs. Raffles was heard again calling for William Henry.

"Yes, love, be there directly," said Mr. Raffles, in reply. "She's a persistent woman; never let's go when she makes up her mind to a thing. We never had any children of our own, and sometime ago we adopted a boy. She insisted upon having him named Mackintosh—Mackintosh Raffles; perfectly hideous, you know. The boy's name was Archibald—given to him by his own parents. I said he should not be named Mackintosh. She said he should So we wrangled about it and wrangled; and one day while I was out, she took him around and had him baptized Mackintosh four times by four different ministers; and when I got home she was stenciling the name up and down the small of his back and along his legs with indelible ink. Bound to have it so, you know, although the boy was crying; and so I left her drift along and have her own way until the boy died; and then she put a monument over him with 'Mackintosh Raffles' cut on it in letters a foot long. She beats any woman I ever saw."

"She must have a great deal of determination," observed Mr. Cooke.

"She has. But she's not what you'd call a brave woman. She's dreadfully afraid of mice. Since we came here the mice have run about the room a good deal at night, and do you know what she does? She sets fifteen or twenty mousetraps around in the bed, so's to catch them if they climb up to nibble her. The consequence is that I get a fidgeting around in my sleep and I touch off the trap with my toes. This morning when I got up I had four mousetraps on the toes of my right foot. No man can sleep right under such circumstances."

Again the voice of Mrs. Raffles was heard, shrill and loud, inquiring for William Henry.

"Be along directly, deary," said Mr. Raffles, in reply. "She's the strangest woman! you wouldn't believe I can never get her to look in the almanac. She keeps her record of time by cutting notches in the pie-board. Every now and then she misses a day. My impression is that she is now about two or three months behindhand. Consequence is she often celebrates Washington's birth-day just before Christmas, and I have known her to go out into the yard on the 15th of September and bang off fire crackers and wave the American flag, and fire salutes, and got up a whole lot of patriotic enthusiasm under the impression that it was the Fourth of July."

"She is patriotic, is she?"

"Oh, yes, she had a portrait of her first husband hanging for a while in the parlor. One day she concluded to have it fixed up into a portrait of Benjamin Franklin. I paid a man for doing it, and it looked pretty well. Then she thought she would rather have a likeness of John Paul Jones; so I painted a cocked hat on the picture myself, and removed the spectacles. This didn't suit her exactly, so she had it changed to Martin Van Buren. I was very much interested to see how the artist turned the cocked hat into a bald head. He did it first-rate; but she was not happy. She said something told her that she ought to have a picture of Washington, so the man came and altered it. You wouldn't know it, I think. But it makes no difference. About a month from now she'll want to make it into James K. Polk, or General Taylor, or Santa Anna. It gives us variety, but high art suffers. I remember once when I took her down to get her photograph taken, she insisted upon the man making the picture handsome, although she is as homely as an old—"

Just at this junctute Mrs. Ruffles rushed out, seized Mr. Ruffles by the ear, and walked him into the house. He went like a lamb. Mr. Cooke has had no opportunity to renew the conversation, and Mrs. Cooke has concluded not to call upon Mrs. Ruffles.

THE MISERABLE SOCIETY WOMAN.—The intoxication of society is like the intoxication of alcohol. It grows upon one. No lady likes to see another outdo her; the larger her arch, the greater her social importance. She would gladly escape half her engagements did she not know that her social rivals would be busy in her absence. To maintain her prestige she must be everywhere. Then, too, her depraved appetite refuses healthy mental food. Books, she will have none of; reflection is horrible. She is miserable out of society, she is not happy in it. The society girl is oftentimes no vain silly thing, but a woman with a capacity for something nobler. She must be educated, amiable and brilliant to shine in the social world. She will need to talk in French with members of the foreign legations, to have a little smattering of science or philosophy for the savant, and some political talk for the politician. She should be good at repartee, and it will be well for her if she can sing, play Beethoven's sonatas, and take a hand at whist. All these talents and accomplishments she will need to use in holding her place in the social world, and in capturing a rich husband.—*Washington Letter.*

SHE was a blue-eyed, sweet-faced girl, and when she asked at the country fair, "Where are the beetles that make the beets?" the honest granger in charge stuffed half a pear into his mouth and crawled under a table to get out of sight.

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them, and bring hope to the weary heart.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BOY.

Mr. Rogers, of Third street, has a son Thomas, who was sent off to Lansing on a visit some weeks since, and it seems that the boy put in much of his time around the State House and took a deep interest in the proceedings of the legislative body. He came home chuck-full of parliamentary tactics. At the dinner table he moved to reconsider the vote that boiled ham was placed on the bill of fare, and demanded the ayes and noes on the question of a new pair of rubber boots and a spring velocipede. He hadn't been home two days before he observed to his mother:

"I move the previous question on that hunk of maple sugar in the pantry."

"You can't have it."

"But I must. My motion cuts off all debate, and I shall announce the question as carried in the affirmative."

His father suggested the idea of an hour's exercise with the ax, but the boy called for a general expression of opinion, and succeeded in passing a vote to recommit the question to the Committee on Rules for amendment. Things went on in this way for a week, and the old man finally had enough of it, and felt called upon to administer a caution.

"Don't you know that an amendment takes precedent of the question itself?" replied the boy. "I amend as follows:

"*Resolved*, That this family recognizes Cushing's Manual as standard authority on questions of debate. Are you ready for the question?"

"No, sir!" replied the old man.

"Do you wish for a call of the House?"

"I wish you to understand that your talk displeases me!"

"Well, while I must respect the rights of the minority, I still feel it would be a safer plan to table your motion. It can come up again under the head of 'Unfinished Business.'"

In about ten minutes the old man was ready for him in the wood-shed, and he remarked:

"There is a quorum present, and we will preceed to business."

"I move that we take a recess," replied the boy as his back began to ache.

"Can't do it," said the father as he hung up his coat. "I am now going into Committee of the Whole on the whaling business, and if I can't tan your jacket in ten minutes I shall ask leave to sit again. Stand out here!"

"Please call mother to the chair!" pleaded the youth, but it was no go. The old man had a two-thirds vote on him, and the question was so well settled that the boy was able to buy two bars of soap at a grocery that afternoon without a single allusion to Cushing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FAITHFULNESS.—There is no greater mistake a young man can commit, than that of being indifferent to the interest of his emyloyer. It must be admitted that there are circumstances under which it would seem to be almost impossible to feel an interest in an employer's business; but for all that, it is worth a trial. Be faithful in small things, be attentive to your duties, shirk not employment that is not dishonorable, feel that your employer is fairly entitled to every minute of the time which you have agreed to give him for a stipulated remuneration. The wages may be small—too small; but if you have contracted to work for a dollar a week, when your work is worth ten, stick to your bargain like a man, until your term of service has expired. It may seem very hard, but it will instill the great principle of being true to your word. If you finally take up with a small offer to do a certain piece of work, do it as nicely as though a great price was to be paid. Faithfulness will receive its reward in due time.

IN one of the bazaars, says a letter from India, we saw some fakirs and devotees. One of these remarkable fellows had vowed to lie upon a bed of upright nails for twenty-six years, and of these he had accomplished sixteen when we saw him. His body was attenuated and full of sores resembling leprous spots. We asked him for one of the nails which pierced his miserable body. He took one from the foot of the bed, refusing in every instance to part with any of those that gave him the most exquisite pain. Another miserable devotee was holding a flower pot at arm's length. Judge of my surprise when he told me he had held it there for five years. Another stood with arm uplifted, and no power to lower it or move a muscle, the member being dried, stiff and dead, while the long finger nails, like bird's claws, penetrated the flesh on his wrist. All of these fellows looked mouldy and sad.

THE city of Durango, in Mexico, has a hill in its vicinity that is almost pure iron. It is two miles long, one mile wide, and 700 feet high. On its surface, uncovered and visible, are, according to estimate, two hundred millions of tons of iron ready to be placed in the smelting ovens that it is proposed to put up at the foot of the hill. A large part of the ore yields from 70 to 90 per cent. pure metal, and is easily worked and converted into steel. Wood for fuel in unlimited abundance is to be had near by, and good water is likewise accessable. Altogether, there seems to be no reason why Durango should not be a Pittsburgh or Birmingham in the near future, or even cast those cities of iron and flame entirely in the shade.

SALARIES OF GOVERNORS.—The States of Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont pay their Governors $1,005 a year. New York and Pennsylvania, $10,000. California, Illinois and Nevada, $6,000. Indiana, Missouri, New Jersey, Virginia and Wisconsin, $5,000. Oregon pays $1,500, and the others from $2,000 to $4,000 each.

TWO SONGS.

BY PEARL EYTINGE.

A maid with eyes as blue as heaven,
One golden day in June,
Danced by a meadow brook, and sang,
To olden merry tune,

These happy words: "Oh, love is sweet,
And like a summer day;
The skies are bright, and daisy stars
Will bloom for me alway."

The birds took up the joyous song
And warbled far and near,
"Oh, love is sweet and skies are bright,
No sorrow lingers here."

* * * * * * *

The golden days of June are gone,
The daisies are all dead,
The rippling brook is cold and still,
The tuneful birds are fled.

And wearily the maiden sings,
In winter's sombre light,
"Oh, love is false and skies are dark,
And life is endless night."

The listening trees take up the song,
And moan with icy breath;
"Oh, love is false and skies are dark,
And naught is true but death."

HOW A REBEL MAJOR GOT HIS PARDON.

Springfield Republican.

A few days after the war had been declared at an end, Major Drewry went to Washington, and, without the usual ceremony of sending in his name, lest he should be refused an interview, made his way into the presence of Secretary Stanton. "Mr. Secretary," said he, "I want my pardon as soon as possible. I've fought against you as long as I could, and I've been whipped; and now I want to go home and go to work. I've got hundreds of acres of land that have been lying fallow for the last four years, and I want to get seed into every inch of it this Spring, so I'll thank you to give me my pardon and let me go. He talked so fast that Mr. Stanton couldn't get in a word; but being amused and rather pleased by Major Drewry's bluff manner, he asked at last, "On what graund do you expect to get a pardon, sir?" "On the ground sir, that I showed you how to build a navy. You sent your fleet of old wooden ships up to Drewry's Bluff, and we knocked 'em all to pieces and showed you, sir, that wooden ships weren't worth a d——. And then you went to work and got together a navy that was worth something, and it's on the ground that my men proved your needs to you that I want a pardon. The Secretary laughed, and told the honest rebel to call the next day, as he would like to talk further with him. Next day Major Drewry got his pardon, and, in return, gave Mr. Stanton a great deal of valuable information concerning the South and its prospects. He went back to his pleasant home on the James, and has ever since been a wise, enterprising, prosperous citizen.

WONDERFUL FAITH IN PRAYER.

New York Sun.

It is now more than a week since Miss Addie M. Goodrich, of Narval, in the State of Illinois, decided to stop taking medicine and trust wholly to prayer. Miss Goodrich, who has been bedridden for years, is a devout Methodist, and some days ago a friend read to her from the New Testament the story of a miraculous cure, and then prayed that she, too, might be healed. As the words were uttered, Miss Goodrich affirms that she felt a sudden accession of strength and a desire to rise from the bed, but her friend dissuaded her. Then she redoubled her prayers for health, and got all her pious friends to pray for her. Finally, her doctor told her to pray for strength to get out of bed the next morning, assuring her of his confidence that the prayer would be answered. With this encouragement, she prayed continuously until the morning arrived, and with it the doctor. He prayed, and a sister prayed, and then Miss Goodrich got up, exclaiming, "Saviour, give me strength," and walked to a chair—for the first time in nearly four years. Ever since she has been growing stronger, and the neighbors look at her with awe. Her own firm belief is that she has been supernaturally cured, and the singular feature of the case is that the attendant physician agrees with her.

THE question is asked along the Pacific coast, What is to be the future of Nevada, if, as seems more than likely, the Comstock mines are wholly exhausted? The State has a population of scarcely 50,000, and offers few inducements to new settlers, especially if her mines are used up. Only a few patches and streaks of the land are fit for agriculture, and not much is good for stock raising. Even the small population now possessed by the State is diminishing, many of the miners about the Comstock are migrating to California, Arizona, and Colorado. The expense of conducting a State Government is very burdensome under the circumstances, and it is thought that a return to the conditions of a Territory will be considered an imperative necessity before long.

"I VOULD like to know very much," remarked Schomberg to Gilhooly, "if my brudder Sam vash an honest man."

"I'll tell you how to find out if he is honest," responded Gilhooly.—"Next time you go off on the train take him along the depot, and just before the train leaves give a $10 bill and tell him to change it. If he comes back with the change then he is presumably honest."

"But if he don't come back?"

"Then you lose your $10."

"Shimminy gracious! Tid you suppose for a moment, Mishter Gilhooly, dot I vos completely eaten up mit curiosity?"—*Galveston News.*

A DULL old lady, being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed: My gracious, won't even death stop that man's lying?

POLITICS AND NEWSPAPER MEN.—Secretary Blaine said to a Hartford gentleman: "When I first began my political career in Maine I was a candidate for the Legislature. It was in the Maine law time, when excitement on the temperance question was running high, I had two newspapers and was editing one. In the heat of the canvass a liquor advertisement was handed into the business office and appeared in the paper. Of course I knew nothing of it. But the next day the advertisement was placarded all over the city of Augusta, in large type, and over it in big letters was the heading, 'Jim Blaine's views on temperance!' I concluded that if I was going into politics I could not be a success and still be an editor, and my first step was to sell out the newspaper and be independentof them."

NOT A VERY GREAT LOSS.—The Cleveland Sentinel relates this incident: A young lady went to a drug-store recently, and had a prescription filled. "How much," inquired the lady.

"Fifty cents," said the clerk.

"But I have only forty-five cents with me," replied the customer, "can't you let me have the medicine for that?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, "but you can pay me five cents when you come in again."

"But suppose I were to die," said the lady, jocularly.

"Well, it wouldn't be a great loss," was the smiling response. And immediately the smiling clerk gathered from the indignant flush on the lady's face, that he had been misunderstood.

A PEACE MAKER.—The late Rev. Dr. Neale was once asked by the Rev. A. J. Gordon if he ever had any church difficulties.

"Oh yes," he replied; "once it was pretty serious, and the brethren were getting very warm. I said, 'Let us be dismissed.' They rose, and before they thought of it, the benediction was pronounced and they were dispersing. Ere another meeting they had cooled off."

Dr. Gordon asked Dr. Neale the secret of his long pastorate.

"Well," replied he, "when I got vexed and wanted to go, they wouldn't let me, and when they got vexed and wanted me to go, I wouldn't go. We never both got mad at the same time."

THE imperial family of Germany is quite able to support itself. If the Crown Prince were deprived of his inheritance he could easily win bread and butter by his skill as a turner, while his eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is an excellent amateur artisan. On the Emperor's cabinet are several samples of his dead grand-son Waldemar's proficiency as a book-binder. This acquisition of a trade is a traditionary custom in the royal family, which prescribes that every prince of the blood shall learn some useful handicraft, so as to strengthen his spirit of independence and make him wise through actual contact with the material world.

A VOLUME of smoke rises constantly from the midst of a densely wooded morass in Wakulla county, Florida, and has for at least fifty years been a mystery to the people of that region. The spot is five miles from the nearest point to which any person has ever penetrated. The negroes believe it is an entrance to hell, and regard it with awe. Some of the whites accept the theory of a volcano. Judge Black of Tallahassee lately organized an expedition to explore the swamp but failed to make a way into the tangle of rank growth.

COURTESY.—Courtesy is a powerful aid to him who gives and him who receives. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

A fashionable Galveston woman wanted to impress her husband with her house-keeping abilities; so when the cook left, she went down into the kitchen and cooked breakfast, and she made an awful mess of it. They sat down to the table, and her husband noticed that she had a rag on her finger, so he asked what was the matter.

"I burned it while frying the steak," she replied.

"Any woman who would put such a breakfast as this on the table ought to be burned at the stake," replied the brute.

"DID you make the train?"

"No," was the reply, "it was made in the car shops."

"I mean did you catch the train?"

"Of course not; it's not infectious."

"Well, you fool, did you arrive at the depot in time?"

"No, you idiot, I arrived in an omnibus."

"Great heavens!" shrieked the interlocutor, "did you board the cars?"

"Jumping Jerusalem!" bawled the questioned man, "you know I don't keep a boarding-house."

IT is almost impossible to hire an honest servant in Galveston. A gentleman told his colored servant yesterday:

"Matildy, if you will bring back the right change from market every morning, I'll give you a dollar a month extra."

"Dat ar' won't neah cover it. You hasn't got no idee what a big business dis heah firm is doin'."

WHAT is an old lady in the middle of the river like? Like to be drowned.

All Sorts of Clippings

Every couple is not a pair.

Desert air—wind pudding.

A mouth organ—a Dental journal.

Consider well, then decide positively.

A well-read man—a healthy Indian.

Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill nature.

Slaves of the ring—engaged maidens.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God to respect Time.

The fly is never positive—he always specs so.

Is a mushroom city builded with toads' stools?

Did any of the Canaanites ever carry a cane o' nights?

Hath not a newspaper readness of ii's?

A whisky row is gin-erally a rumpus.

Ghosts must come from gnome man's land.

Prisoner at the bar—the confirmed drunkard.

It was a dealer in zinc who lived within his zinc come.

When a watch runs down its affairs have to be wound up.

The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 pounds.

The product of the still—the deaf and dumb alphabet.

The cream of a joke should never get sour.

Men acquire cuteness, women are born with it.

He that fears you present will hate you absent.

Bored of Trade—the man who does a losing business.

The music of the spheres—the clocking of billiard balls.

A boy of 15 and a girl of 13 were married in Georgia recently.

William Tell escaped killing his son by an arrow chance.

In five years a New Hampshire Judge has divorced 227 couples.

New York contains more Irishmen than the city of Dublin.

He who has nothing to do has no business to live.

He who can plant courage in a human soul is the best physician.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Almost all of us make ourselves unhappy by too much forecast.

The army worm has been known in this country since 1743.

Rev. John Hall has been offered $20,000 to go to Chicago to preach.

The hay crop of New York is worth over $60,000,000 per annum.

Vice President Arthur has a son 16 years old who is 6 ft. 2 inches tall.

Edison has got $300,000 from his telephone in Europe.

"Hail, gentle Spring"—and it hailed.

The mule who is tame in front is often wild behind.

The rulers of the Adventists in Michigan have forbidden life insurance.

A wag likened a girl's disposition to her waist, because it was waspish.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing.

Solomon was the first man who wanted to part his hair in the middle.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

Fortune turns all things to the advantage of those on whom she smiles.

No man ever became great and good except through many and great mistakes.

The farm fences of Pa., cost $179,834,404, and the annual repairs $9,883,018.

About a quarter of the Vermont towns have elected women as superintendents of schools.

The first census of this country was taken in 1790. The population was 3,929,328.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly soon be below his place.

Before you set about asking God's blessing, make sure that you have earned it.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

It is wise to cultivate the heart, to keep the affections in full life; to keep the heart young.

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

Home religion is a thing of the heart—which is the same as saying it is a thing of love.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart where no error grows.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

Ohio has 23,368 pensioners, of whom 2,026 are widows of soldiers of the war of 1812.

The Masonic fraternity, according to the latest figures, has 44,500 members in Germany.

Virginia claims 5 of the 28 new iron furnaces built in the United States last year.

The population of the German Empire according to the last census, is 45,194,172.

The report of the New York saving banks for 1880 shows an increase in savings of $45,194,172.

The total number of German immigrants to this country during the past year was 70,690.

The Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, pays taxes in Augusta, Me., on $45,000 worth of property. He also owns $60,000 worth of Maine State bonds.

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