The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 50.

BUYERS OF CLOTHING
Should Not Neglect to Examine the
Stock Displayed on the Tables of the
LEADING AND POPULAR CLOTHING HOUSE
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Describe what You Want and send for Samples.
A. C. YATES & CO.,
Ledger Building, Chestnut & Sixth.

B. F. FLEMING,
Dealer in Grain.

SCHUYLKILL LIME, quick and slaked, delivered by cars or vessel. Frequently pays for itself in the first crop. I refer to a few who have used my Lime: Richard Hynson, Esq., J. A. Pearce, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Round Top; Isaac Parsons, George R. Reed, Major B. T. Biggs, Robert Nicholson, H. W. Vickers, Major T. B. Hynson, John T. Mier, Jas. Beck of Geo., Bartus P. Hatcherson, Samuel Hurlock, Rev. E. B. Newnam, Rev. S. W. Thomas, Thomas Gale, David Hurlock, William Hurlock.
BITUMINOUS and ANTHRACITE COAL.
OAK and PINE WOOD, sawed and split if desired. Apr 14, 1881—y

NO BETTER FERTILIZERS
CAN BE USED THAN
BAUGH'S
DOUBLE EAGLE PHOSPHATE.
BAUGH'S
Economical Fertilizer for POTATOES.
HAVE BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED.
For Circulars and Prices address
BAUGH & SONS,
20 South Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
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YOU CAN DEPEND
ON THE ACTION OF
WARRANTED PURE
Dissolved Raw Bone
BUY IT!
of the Manufacturers, who warrant **absolute purity and standard.**
Lowest Prices.
BAUGH & SONS,
20 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia.
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Factory established over twenty five years.
April 14, 1881—2m.

LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT,
SYMMETRY OF PROPORTION,
STHENGTH AND BEAUTY
ARE ALL COMBINED IN THE
OHIO CHILLED PLOW.

Farmers, in the past year this plow has proven *ALL* we claimed for it. It is the *lightest* draft Plow, without a doubt, and the strongest. Take one home and try it in competition with any chilled or good plow made. We also sell the greatly celebrated
PERRY SPRING TOOTH HARROW.
This we claim, and are willing to prove, is the best Harrow made. Those that have tried them are delighted. We respectfully refer you to Robert Comly, Locust Grove; G. H. Leaverton, Lankford; Joseph Massey, Chestertown; George S. Biddle, Chestertown.
Kennard & Co., Chestertown,

SUPERIOR
SPRING PHOSPHATES
—FOR—
CORN and VEGETABLES,
RED BY
D & CO.
. REDUCTION FOR CASH.
l P. P. Brands of Phosphates for Spring use. l their value we do not deem it necessary to hat having purchased our material of first h any other goods on the market. e imported direct and which, with any other ices.
n relative to our goods:
RD, W. W. STEPHENS,
LOR, R. HYNSON,
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CK, W. B. PLUMMER,
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H. EDES, T. R. HYNSON,
RTT, HYDE BROWN,
. GROVES, COMEGYS BROWN,
r. Rivers at Galena, who has located there siness. [April 7—8t.

AINT.
utside being Water Proof
ers is called to the above Useful and Valuable es. It costs less in comparison than Com- ability and beauty are two-fold greater. It When applied, it forms a surface as smooth d conveniently and economically in making ich sand and lime are employed. We solicit nd others. Sold at wholesale, by the bar-
ES:
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& CO.,
ER MERCHANTS,
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es and quick sales. Bill for Lumber sent to March 17, 1881—3m.

SUMMER
ING.

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,
March 31, 1881. Maryland

THE BEST RAT TRAP—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

KEEBLER'S Pound, Fruit, and Sponge Cake—at SPARKS'S.

Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.
The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at
Oct 21 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

WM. LEA & SONS and C. A. Gambrill & Co's. Best Grades of Flour. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Said Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.

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

THE FAIREST.

I.

Upon a lofty mountain,
Alone, at ease, lay I,
And gazed at heaven's serene and clear
Cerulean vault on high.

In the whole wide world naught fairer,
Mused I, may greet my sight,
Than is this gorgeous canopy,
Ethereal, endless, bright;

Where, golden, proudly soaring,
The sun lights land and main;
Where floats the tender moon at night,
Amid the starry train.

In blissful awe down sinking,
At lost, my spirit lay;
Through limitless expanse, desire
Then bore it far away.

II.

And when I to the valley
Went down the mountain side,
In a dark clique of fir trees tall
A hidden lake I spied.

At rest, by winds and thunders
Unvexed, at sleep it seemed,
And fathomless and dreamily
Its watery mirror gleamed.

With Alpine roses girded,
Ah, what a lovely show!
Air, wood and mountain, glimmering, swam
In the waves of light below.

Then saw I, to my vision
Thus fairer sight was given:
The earth, which bears the glorified
And glorifying heaven.

III.

When, slow, I turned to wander
Still onward through the wild,
I marked before her father's hut
A herdsman's little child.

She stood with flowing ringlets,
Cheeks round, and soft, and red,
And sipped her bowl of milk, and ate
Her bit of coarse, brown bread.

And I felt on me resting
Anon a pair of eyes,
As deep and dark as was the lake,
And clear as were the skies.

How into my heart's chambers
Those full, warm glances beamed!
To me, the great, wide world, at once,
How small—how poor it seemed!

O innocence of childhood,
Thy glances are most fair,
For in themselves both heaven and earth
And all their joys they bear.

AN ONLY OFFER.

'Aunt Phœbe, were you ever pretty?'

'When I was sixteen I was considered so. I was very like you then, Julia. I am forty-three now, remember.'

'Did you ever have an offer—an offer of marriage, I mean, aunt?'

'No. Well, that is not true; I did have one offer.'

'And you refused it?'

'No.'

'Then he died, or went away?'

'No.'

'Or deserted you?'

'No.'

'Then you deceived him, I suppose?'

'I did not.'

'What ever happened, then? Was he poor, or crippled, or something dreadful?'

'He was rich and handsome," replied her aunt.

'Suppose you tell me about him, aunt.'

'But I never talk about him to any one.'

'Did it all happen at the old place?'

'Yes, Julia. I never left Ryelands until I was thirty. This happened when I was sixteen.'

'Was he a farmer's son in the neighborhood?'

'He was a fine city gentleman."

'Oh, aunt, how interesting! Put down your embroidery and tell me about it; you cannot see to work longer.'

Perhaps after so many years of silence a sudden longing for sympathy and confidence seized the elder lady, for she let her work fall from her trembling hands, and smiling sadly, said:

'Twenty-seven years ago I was standing one afternoon by the gate at Ryelands. All the work had been finished early, and my mother and two elder sisters had gone to the village to see a friend. I had watched them a little way down the hill-side, and was turning to go into the house when I saw a stranger on horseback coming up the road. He stopped and spoke to mother, and this roused my curiosity; so I lingered at the gate. He stopped when he reached, fastened his horse, and asked, is Mr. Wakefield in?'

'I said 'father was in the barn, and I could fetch him,' which I immediately did.

'He was a dark, unpleasant-looking man, and had a masterful way with him, even to father, that I disliked; but after a short, business-like talk, apparently satisfactory to both, he went away without entering the house. Father put his hands in his pockets and watched him out of sight; then, looking at me, he said:—'Put the spare rooms in order, Phœbe.'

'They are in order, father; but is that man to occupy them?'

'Yes, he and his patient, a young gentleman of fine family, who is in bad health.'

'Do you know the young gentleman, father?'

'I know that it is young Alfred Compton, that is enough for me to know.'

'And the dark man who has just left here? I don't like his looks, father.'

'Nobody wants thee to like his looks. He is Mr. Alfred's physician—a Dr. Orman, of Boston. Neither of them are any of thy business, so ask no more questions;' and with that he went back to the barn.

'Mother was not at all astonished. She said there had been letters on the subject already, and that she had been rather expecting the company. 'But,' she added, 'they will pay well, and as Melissa is to be married at Christmas, ready money will be very needful.'

'About dark a carriage arrived. It contained two gentlemen and several large trunks. I had been watching for it behind the lilac-trees and I saw that our afternoon visitor was now accompanied by a slight, very fair man, dressed with extreme care in the very highest fashion. I saw also that he was handsome, and I was quite sure he must be rich, or no doctor would wait upon him so subserviently.

'This doctor I had disliked at first sight, and I soon began to imagine that I had good cause to hate him. His conduct to his patient I believed to be tyranical and unkind.—Some days he insisted that Mr. Compton was too ill to go out, though the poor gentleman begged for a walk; and again, mother said, he would take from him all his books, though he would plead urgently for them.

'One afternoon the postman brought Dr. Orman a letter, which seemed to be important, for he asked father to drive him to the next town, and requested mother to see that Mr. Compton did not leave the house. I suppose it was not the right thing to do, but this handsome sick stranger, so hardly used, and so surrounded with mystery, had roused in me a sincere sympathy for his loneliness and suffering, and I walked through that part of the garden into which his window looked. We had been politely requested to avoid it, 'because the sight of strangers increased Mr. Compton's nervous condition.' I did not believe this, and I determined to try the experiment.

'He was leaning out of the window, and a sadder face I never saw. I smiled and courtesied, and he immediately leaped the low sill, and came toward me. I stooped and began to tie up some fallen carnations; he stooped and helped me, saying all the while I know not what, only that it seemed to me the most beautiful language I ever heard. Then we walked up and down the long beach walk until I heard the rattle of father's wagon.

'After this we became quietly, almost secretly as far as Dr. Orman was concerned, very great friends. Mother so thoroughly pitied Alfred that she not only pretended oblivion of our friendship, but even promoted it in many ways; and in the course of time Dr. Orman began to recognize its value. I was requested to walk past Mr. Compton's windows and say 'Good morning,' or offer him a flower or some ripe peaches, and finally to accompany the gentlemen in their short rambles in the neighborhood.

'I need not tell you how all this restricted intercourse ended. We were soon deeply in love with each other, and love ever finds out the way to make himself understood. We had many a five minutes meeting no one knew of, and when this was impossible a rosebush near his window hid for me the tenderest little love-letter. In fact, Julia, I found him irresistible; he was so handsome and gentle, and though he must have been thirty-five years old, yet, to my thinking, he looked handsomer than any man could have done.

'As the weeks passed on, the doctor seemed to have more confidence in us, or else his patient was completely under control. They had much fewer quarrels, and Alfred and I walked in the garden, and even a little way up the hill, without opposition or remark. I do not know how I received the idea, but I certainly did believe that Dr. Orman was keeping Alfred sick for some purpose of his own, and I determined to take the first opportunity of arousing Alfred's suspicions. So one evening, when we were walking along, I asked him if he did not wish to see his relatives.

'He trembled violently, and seemed in the greatest distress, and only by the tenderest words could I soothe him, as half sobbing, he declared that they were his bitterest enemies, and that Dr. Orman was the only friend he had in the world. Any further efforts I made to get at the secret of his life were fruitless, and only threw him into paroxysms of distress. During the month of August he was very ill or at least Dr. Orman said so. I scarcely saw him, there were no letters in the rose-bush, and frequently the dispute between the two men rose to a pitch which father seriously disliked.

'One hot day in September every one was in the fields or orchard; only the doctor and Alfred and I were in the house. Early in the afternoon a boy came from the village with a letter to Dr. Orman, and he seemed very much perplexed and at a loss how to act. At length he said:

'Miss Phœbe, I must go the village for a couple of hours; I think that Mr. Alfred will sleep until my return, but if not, will you try and amuse him?'

'I promised gladly, and Dr. Orman went back to the village with the messenger. No sooner was he out of sight than Alfred appeared, and we rambled about the garden as happy as two lovers could be.—But the day was extremely hot, and as the afternoon advanced the heat increased. I proposed then that we should walk up the hill, where there was generally a breeze, and Alfred was delighted at the larger freedom it promised us.

'But in another hour the sky grew dark and lurid, and I noticed that Alfred grew strangely restless. His cheek flushed, his eyes had a wild look of terror in them, he trembled and started, and in spite of all my efforts to soothe him, grew irritable and gloomy. Yet he had just asked me to marry him, and I had promised I would. He had called me 'his wife,' and I had told him again my suspicions about Dr. Orman, and vowed to nurse him myself back to perfect health. We had talked, too, of going to Europe, and in the eagerness and delight of our new plans, had wandered quite up to the little pine forest at the top of the hill.

'Then I noticed Alfred's excited condition, and saw also that we were going to have a thunder storm. There was an empty log hut not far away, and I urged Alfred to try and reach it before the storm broke.—But he became suddenly like a child in his terror, and it was only with the greatest difficulty I got him within its shelter.

'As peal after peal of thunder crashed above us, Alfred seemed to lose all control of himself, and, seriously offended, I left him, nearly sobbing in a corner, and went and stood by myself in the open door. In the very height of the storm I saw my father, Dr. Orman and three of our workmen coming through the wood. They evidently suspected our sheltering place, for they came directly toward it.

'Alfred!' shouted Dr. Orman, in the tone of an angry master, 'where are you, sir? Come here instantly.'

'My pettedness instantly vanished, and I said:

'Doctor, you have no right to speak to Alfred in that way. He is going to be my husband, and I shall not permit it any more.'

'Miss Wakefield,' he immediately answered; 'this is sheer folly. Look there!'

'I turned and saw Alfred crouching in a corner completely paralyzed with terror; and yet, when Dr. Orman spoke to him, he rose mechanically, as a dog might follow his master's call.

'I am sorry, Miss Wakefield, to destroy your fine romance. Mr. Alfred Compton is, as you perceive, not fit to marry any lady. In fact, I am his keeper.'

'Oh, Aunt Phœbe! Surely he was not a lunatic?'

'So they said, Julia. His frantic terror was the only sign I ever saw of it; but Dr. Orman told my father that he was at all times really dangerous, and that he was annually paid a large sum to take charge of him, as he became uncontrollable in an asylum.'

'Did you see him again?'

'No. I found a little note in the rose-bush, saying that he was not mad; that he remembered my promise to be his wife, and would surely come some day and claim me. But they left in three days, and Melissa, whose wedding outfit was curtailed in consequence, twitted me very unkindly about my fine crazy lover. It was a little hard on me, for he was the only lover I ever had.—Melissa and Jane both married and went West with their husbands; I lived on at Ryelands, a faded little old maid, until my uncle Joshua sent for me to come to New York and keep his fine house for him.—You know that he left me all he had when he died, nearly two years ago. Then I sent for you. I remembered my own lonely youth, and thought I would give you a fairer chance, dear.'

'Did you ever hear of him again, aunt?'

'Of him never. His eldest brother died more than a year ago. I suppose Alfred died many years since; he was very frail and delicate. I thought it was refinement and beauty then; I know now it was ill health.'

"Poor aunt!'

'Nay, child, I was very happy while my dream lasted; and I never will believe but that Alfred in his love for me was quite sane, and perhaps more sincere than many wiser men.'

After this confidence, Miss Phœbe seemed to take a great pleasure in speaking of the little romance of her youth. Often the old and the young maidens sat in the twilight discussing the probabilities of poor Alfred Compton's life and death, and every discussion left them more and more positive that he had been the victim of some cruel plot. The subject never tired Miss Phœbe, and Julia, in the absence of a lover of her own, found in it a charm quite in keeping with her own youthful dreams.

One cold night in the middle of January they had talked over the old subject until both felt it to be exhausted—at least for that night. Julia drew aside the heavy satin curtains, and looking out, she exclaimed:

'It is snowing heavily, aunt; to-morrow we can have a sleigh ride. Why there is a sleigh at our door! Who can it be? A gentleman, aunt, and he is coming here?'

'Close the curtains, child. It is my lawyer, Mr. Howard. He promised to call to-night.'

'Oh, dear! I was hoping it was some nice strange person.'

Miss Phœbe did not answer; her thoughts were far away. In fact, she had talked about her old lover until there had spung up anew in her heart a very strong sentimental affection for his memory; and when the servant announced a visitor on business, she rose with a sigh from her reflections, and went into the reception-room.

In a few minutes Julia heard her voice in rapid, excited tones, and ere she could decide to go to her or not, Aunt Phœbe entered the room, holding by the hand a gentleman whom she announced as Mr. Alfred Compton. Julia was disappointed, to say the least, but she met him with enthusiasm. Perhaps Aunt Phœbe had quite unconsciously magnified the beauty of the youthful Alfred; certainly this one was not handsome. He was sixty at least, his fair, curling locks had vanished, and his fine figure was slightly bent. But the clear, sensitive face remained, and he was dressed with scrupulous care.

The two women made much of him. In half an hour Delmonico had furnished a delicious little banquet, and Alfred drank "to his promised wife, Miss Phœbe Wakefield, best and loveliest of women."

Miss Phœbe laughed, but she dearly liked it; and hand in hand the two old lovers sat, while Alfred told his sad little story of life long wrong and suffering; of an intensely nervous, self-conscious nature driven to extremity by cruel usage and many wrongs. At the mention of Dr. Orman Miss Phœbe expressed herself a little bitterly.

'Nay, Phœbe,' said Alfred; whatever he was when my brother put me in his care, he became my true friend. To his skill and patience I owe my restoration to perfect health; and to his firm advocacy of my right and ability to manage my own estate I owe the position I now hold, and my ability to come and ask Phœbe to redeem her never-forgotten promise.'

Perhaps Julia got a little tired of these old-fashioned lovers, but they never tired of each other. Miss Phœbe was not the least abashed by any contrast between her ideal and her real Alfred, and Alfred was never weary of assuring her that he found her infinitely more delightful and womanly than in the days of their first courtship.

She cannot even call them a silly or foolish couple, or use any other relieving phrase of that order, for Miss Phœbe—or rather Mrs. Compton—resents any word as applied to Mr. Alfred Compton that would imply less than supernatural wisdom and intelligence.

'No one but those who have known him as long as I have,' she continually avers, "can possibly estimate the superior information and infallible judgment of my husband."

WHITE HOUSE CALLERS.—The expedients resorted to by the people who visit the White House to get a chance to speak to the President are amusing and ingenious, says a Washington correspondent. As the congressional visitors are given the preference the unknown have to wait until there is a lull in the stream of callers. But as they are apprehensive that their names will not be the open sesame to the President they write little messages on the cards beneath their names. One anxious writer sent in his card with the following message: "General, can you spare me five minutes?" Another, in addition to his name and address, adds: "Formerly of Hiram college." The most ordinary message is the word "Respects" written in one corner.

If the President was asked to give a difinition of this word, it would be found to be one of the most comprehensive words in the English language. It means a shake of the hand, a request for an office from a consulateship to a clerkship, a good word for a friend, a request for a temporary loan of money, for an autograph or photograph, and the thousand and one things which a President is supposed to have at his disposal. The main point is to get at the President. One ingenious visitor wrote as follows on his card: "Called to pay his respects. Doesn't want any office. If the statement was a correct one he no doubt received a warm reception. When the visitor happens to be from the President's State the word Ohio appears in very legible characters on the card.

HE LOST BY IT.—A Griswold street lawyer was looking out of his window yesterday when he recognized a familiar figure and made hurried preparations to vacate his room, leaving on the desk a card bearing the legend:

"Gone over to circuit court—be back in two hours."

He was scarcely out of sight when the individual seen from the window entered the room, read the card, and at once planted himself in a chair with the look of a man who meant to sit right there for twice two hours if necessary. But it wasn't necessary. He left the room in about half an hour, and the owner hurried back to find a note-reading as follows:

"DEAR SIR—I came up this morning to borrow $5 of you to help me out on my board. You were not in, but one of your clients has called and left $10. I have receipted for the money in your name, and will consider it as a loan until I see you again- Ta-ta."

The lawyer wasn't over ten seconds realizing that he could have saved $5 by staying there and lending as much, and he wasn't any good the rest of the day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NIHILISM AND SOCIALISM.—The difference between Socialism and Nihilism was explained the other day to a reporter of the Louisville Courier-Journal by Mr. Louis Viereck, a Socialist editor from Leipsic, Germany. He said: "In Russia there are three factions of so-called Nihilists. One of these aims at a constitutional monarchy and free suffrage. The second aims at a Socialistic republic, and corresponds to the Socialists of Germany. The other faction is composed of Anarchists, who are against all government and would destroy everything. The Anarchists are the assassins. There are Anarchists in Germany, but they are excluded from the Socialistic party. Justus Schwab and Hasselmann, of New York, and Most, whose paper was suppressed recently, are Anarchists, and have been excluded from the Socialistic party. The Socialists believe that they can accomplish their objects peaceably, and are opposed to violence."

CONTINUALLY PRUNING.—A judicious wife will prune her husband's character to its great advantage. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots pared away—in married men. Wive have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

AN Arkansas girl refused to marry her admirer unless he performed some heroic deed, and he eloped with her mother.

ADORATION.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."
PSALM CXLV: 10.

God hath his solitudes, unpeopled yet,
Save by the peaceful life of bird and flower,
Where, since the world's foundation, he hath set
The hiding of his power.

Year after year his rains make fresh and green
Lone wastes of prairie, where, as daylight goes,
Legions of bright-hued flowers, all unseen
Their carven petals close.

Year after year unnumbered forest leaves
Expand and darken to their perfect prime;
Each smallest growth its destiny achieves
In his appointed time.

Amid the strong recesses of the hills,
Fixed by his word, immutable and calm,
The murmuring river all the silence fills
With its unheeded psalm.

From deep to deep the floods lift up their voice,
Because his hand hath measured them of old;
The far outgoings of the morn rejoice
His wonders to unfold.

The smallest cloudlet wrecked in distant storms
That wanders homeless through the summer skies,
Is reckoned in his purposes, and forms
One of his argosies.

Where the perpetual mountains patient wait,
Girded with purity, before the throne,
Keeping from age to age inviolate
Their everlasting crown;

Where the long gathering waves of ocean break,
With ceaseless music o'er untrodden strands,
From isles that day by day in silence wake
Faom earth's remotest lands,

The anthem of his praise shall uttered be:
All works created on his name shall call,
And laud and bless his holy name, for he
Hath pleasure in them all.

—*Mary Rowles.*

SWAPPED WIVES.

From the New York Sun.

The case of the two Indianapolis husbands, who agreed to swap wives by means of divorce, is curious. The couples were intimate friends, and the trade has been amicably carried out. Dr. Baumuller went to St. Louis on his honeymoon tour. "Mr. Richter and I," he said to a *Republican* reporter, "are like brothers. Not very long ago I discovered that I loved Mrs. Richter better than I did my own wife, and that she preferred me to her husband. I also discovered that Mr. Richter and my wife stood in exactly the same relation to each other. What were we to do? Quarrel? It was useless. It was so, and could not be helped. I had tried to suppress my feelings, and I would have done so if I had not found that Lena, my wife, loved Richter and that Richter loved Lena. We did not quarrel; we arranged everything. We met, all four, Richter, Mrs. Richter, my wife, and myself, at Richter's house, and there we talked the matter over until we concluded that the best thing to be done was to seek divorce." Richter has been a Street Commissioner, and is wealthy. In one respect he seems to get the best of the bargain, for his new wife is 29, while his old wife is 50 and he is 60. Baumuller is 39.

SOME OF THE NIHILISTS, who are known as 'Federalists,' have drawn up a scheme of reorganization which they propose to bring forward after the destruction of the present political regime. According to this scheme, Russia would be split up into a number of small free States, which would only be connected with each other by a Congress and a President, like the United States of North America. Small and self-governing communal states, they say, are the primitive forms of Russian life; it was only Ivan the Terrible and his successors who, with the help of the Tartars, created the present centralized and autocratic empire. Such a scheme would, it is believed, find favor with many members of the constitutional party who feel the difficulty of governing a nation of 80,000,000 of people by a single central Parliament, and also with some of the "old Russians," who dream of establishing, in opposition, to the civilization of the West, an improved civilization based on the institutions of ancient Russia.

DR. OSCAR LENZ, the Austrian explorer, has returned to Europe after an expedition in Central Africa which few Christians have ever rivalled. He prenetrated the Sahara Desert, from Morocco to Timbuctoo, the Mecca of Ethiopia. This is a feat attended with as much danger as the well known journeys of Capts. Burton and Palgrave to the sacred city of Arabia. The adventurous Austrian passed for a Turkish doctor in his travels in North Africa. Dr. Lenz saw enough to convince him that the mystery which enshrouds Timbuctoo is maintained for other than spiritual reasons. He found that the slave trade is carried on there upon a very large scale. There are groups of immense huts, which form whole quarters of the town, and in these the slaves are lodged, while they are also used as warehouses for ivory, gold dust, ostrich feathers, and wares.

HAPPINESS between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The woman who forgets to provide for her husband tastes and wishes renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever present, and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

[New York Union.]
DID HIM GOOD.
Mr. Charles H. Bauer, editor of the above paper and Notary Public, in a late issue mentions the following: Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago, suffered from rheumatism and tried almost every means to rid himself of this painful evil, but in vain. He was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which he did so successfully, that all pain has left him and he is as healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacobs Oil, and it has done him good.

Chicago has 5,420 factories.

All Sorts of Clippings

Roll call—the baker's visit.

The sailor's pet—his "Kit."

The neatest thing in silks—pretty women.

Lord Derby has an income of $750,000 a year.

Yale College funds are now $1,830,000.

Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes as it smites.

Disengaged lovers may be described as express companies.

A modern mosaic—three gilt balls in a triangle.

No poor man can afford to have a silver wedding.

An old hulk of a husband is the wreck of a courtship.

No one knows how many lightning rods make a mile.

Things hoped for and not seen—nickels in a blind man's hat.

It is said that paragraphers are the end men of newspapers.

A match safe—one put up where the small boy can't get at it.

Marriage keeps men out of mischief; so does a ball and chain.

Never put off until to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.

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

There is a "tied" in the affairs of men that leads on to baby carriages.

Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" paid him ebout 50 cents a word.

A Chicago bank president bought a brass brick for gold.

Millais has just completed a capital portrait of Lord Beaconsfield.

The Princess Louise will visit Saratoga the coming summer.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is writing a biography of her father.

Opium kills 3,000,000 Chinese every year.

Weston has walked 55,000 miles since 1866.

There are 70,000 Catholic schools in France.

Louisiana's rice crop is estimated at 230,000 barrels.

Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, is in delicate health.

Half the population of the United States is in nine States.

The winter pork-packing at Milwaukee was 325,585.

Alexander III. is 35 years old, and has four children.

Last year the government sold 293,000,000 postal cards.

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

During the packing season St. Louis put up 474,159 hogs.

There are 3,500 grocers in Philadelphia who employ 6,000 hands.

The weight of the circulating blood is about 28 pounds.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The public schools of the United States cost $83,529,000 a year.

Lawyer's motto—"Be truthful and multiply and replevin the earth."

The Empress of Russia is honorary colonel of the Chevalier Guard Regiment.

A doctor's degree has been conferred by Strasburg University on a Japanese.

The mother of Tom Hughes, now 83, is coming over to join the Rugby colony.

No wonder Mahone is a Readjuster. His wife weighs 200 pounds to his 90.

It is thought that gentle spring will hail no more, nor snow, at present.

The exact population of New York State by the census of 1880 is 5,028,982.

The famous destructive earthquake which occurred at Lisbon was in the year 1472.

Of 257 women in Burlington, Vt., entitled to vote at the recent election only 16 did so.

A site has been selected on Georgetown heights for a naval observatory, to cost $63,000.

The crown prince of Sweden is to marry the eldest daughter of the grand duke of Baden.

The cost of cremation at the celebrated Washington, Pa., furnace is now placed at $45.

Mount Ararat, on which Noah's ark found a resting place, is 17,112 feet high.

Boys make the best kites with fly paper, or with newspapers about to go up.

"'Tis the early fish that gets the worm." And the hook too it may be added.

Supervisors think they will be able to make a straight case out of crooked whisky.

When a man bestows his love on a widow, it is certainly not a case of miss-placed affection.

Where was she when he spider? and where will she beetle he sees her again?

Many a man who thinks himself a great gun is nothing more than a big bore.

Mr. Edison is now perfecting an invention to draw cold water from a watch spring.

The early bird catches the worm; so the early advertiser catches the spring trade.

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.

The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions.

The aveage consumption of sugar in France in 1874 was 12.12 per head.

In Paris alone 178,000 females earn their livelihood in some department of trade.

[Kansas City Mail.]
Member of this Department relieved of Rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, says Geo. W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police New York, in one of our exchanges,

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