The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 51.

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Should Not Neglect to Examine the
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LEADING AND POPULAR CLOTHING HOUSE
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Describe what You Want and send for Samples.
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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.
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BAUGH & SONS,
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YOU CAN DEPEND
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WARRANTED PURE
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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,
MANUFACTURED BY
KENNARD & CO.
STERLING $25. P. P. GUANO $18. REDUCTION FOR A SH.
—:O:—
We are now prepared to furnish our Sterling and P. P. Brands of Phosphates for Spring use. Feeling confident that the past has fully demonstrated their value we do not deem it necessary to enlarge herein upon their merits, but can only say that having purchased our material of first hands, we can and do invite comparison of prices with any other goods on the market.
We have on hand a large lot of Kainit, which we imported direct and which, with any other chemicals we are prepared to furnish at reasonable prices.
The following parties can furnish any information relative to our goods:

W. O. SHALLCROSS,	WM. FORD,	W. W. STEPHENS,
ISAAC PARSONS,	I. C. TAYLOR,	R. HYNSON,
Rev. S. S. HEPBRON,	WM. VANNORT,	R. G. NICHOLSON,
G. H. LEAVERTON,	G. R. BECK,	W. B. PLUMMER,
DAN JEWELL,	G. T. WILLIAMS,	T. J. VICKERS,
B. F. CREW,	J. J. MASLIN,	B. F. BECK, Sr.,
Dr. S. BECK,	B. L. LEGG,	FRED. BARKMAN,
T. R. STRONG,	JAMES H. EDES,	T. R. HYNSON,
R. W. CALDER,	G. STARTT,	HYDE BROWN,
FRANK LAMB,	JOHN A. GROVES,	COMEGYS BROWN,

and many in all sections of the county.
Those in upper part of county can call on our Mr. Rivers at Galena, who has located there and to whom we have transferred our machinery business. [April 7—8t.

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 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,
March 31, 1881. Maryland

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

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

NOT wishing to carry a stock of *LAMPS* through the summer, we are selling them very cheap. Call at SPARKS, opposite Court House.
March 24, 1881

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

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

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

THE NEW BIRTH.

God spake in a voice of thunder,
Of old from Sinai's hill;
And the mystic words of wonder
Thrill the believer still;
He sees in the vault above him,
With the eye of Faith alone,
Gemmed round by the souls that love Him,
The great Creator's throne.

He sees—in the day of danger—
The column of cloud that led
From the land of the alien stranger,
His Israel whom He fed;
And knows—tho' his footsteps wander
Astray in a twilight land—
That his home is building yonder,
By the one unerring hand.

He sees—in the night of peril—
The pillar of fire that shone
From the halls of pearl and beryl,
To light God's children on;
And feels that straight from heaven,
When the eye of sense grows dim,
Shall a grander sight be given
To all who trust in Him.

On the page of the mighty Ocean
He reads the Mightier still,
Who curbs its restless motion
By the law of His royal will;
And while in its course diurnal
It murmurs, or sings or raves,
He lists to the voice Eternal,
In the language of the waves.

He marks in the plants around him
The throbs of a life their own,
While the wordless worlds that bound him
Whisper their undertone.
From the hawk and the hound yet clearer
He hears the secret fall
Which nearer to him and nearer
Brings the great God of all.

In the leaves that blow and perish
In the space of a single hour,
As the loves that most we cherish
Die like the frailest flower—
In the living things whose living
Withers or e'er they bloom,
He reads of the great thanksgiving
Which breathes from the open tomb.

The bright Spring leaves returning
To the stem whence Autumn's fell—
And the heart of Summer burning,
To change at the Winter's spell—
The year that again repasses—
The grain that again revives—
Are signs on the darkened glasses
That bar and bound our lives.

I know how the glass must darken
To my vision more and more,
When the weak ear strains to hearken,
When the faint eye glazes o'er;
But the glass shall melt and shiver,
Once kissed by the fleeting breath,
And the light beyond the River
Shine full in the face of Death.

Strong-set in a strong affection,
We look to the golden prime,
When a mightier Resurrection
Shall burst on the doubts of Time;
And the thoughts of all the sages,
Like the waves of a fretful main,
At the base of the Rock of Ages
Shall foam and fume in vain.

—*The Spectator.*

WILD BILL OF MISSISSIPPI.

A DESERTED CHILD WHO LIVED ALONE IN SWAMPS TILL MANHOOD.

Reading of the discovery recently of a wild man in the Antelope range of mountains in this State, recalls to memory the capture of a wild white human being in the swamps bordering the great river of the West below the City of Natchez in the State of Mississippi, in the year 1824, who had grown from childhood up to man's estate without seeing a single person of his own species until he was found by his captors.

Believing that the incidents of the story will prove of interest to the readers of the Examiner, they are herewith given.

In Wilkinson county, in the State above named, just above the old town of Fort Adams, there is a strip of country known as Old River, which was seldom visited by the pioneer settlers of that region, and then only for the purpose of fishing and hunting, as both game and fish were there to be found in abundance. In that year a party of hunters to their astonishment discovered the naked footprints of a human being leading through the mud into the water of the old bed of this river.—Their curiosity was the more excited from the fact that no one resided in the immediate vicinity of that place, and the settled portions were but sparsely populated. To discover who it was that made the footprints they hunted several days in succession with their dogs, and finally brought to bay in a drove of wild hogs a tall, sinewy human being in a state of perfect nudity. He brandished in his hand a stout stick, with which he defended himself against the dogs, the hogs rallying around him, seemingly for his protection. He gave utterance to no intelligible sounds, only yells of rage and screeches. They bound him and carried him to the town of Woodville, the seat of justice of the county, some twenty miles distant.

He was in every respect a veritable human being, with a good coating of hair over his body, which, it is to be inferred, nature furnishes all her creatures, otherwise unprotected, to shield them from the elements. He had lost the power of speech, which indicated that he had been left to himself when very young.

By kind treatment he soon became domesticated, his faculty of speech was restored, and he gave this account of himself:

When quite a boy, supposed some six or seven years, old his father, (presumably) came down the Mississippi River from some of the Western States and Territories it a flat boat with his mother, his elder sister and himself, and landed at the mouth of Old River, near where the town of Fort Adams now stands, where they remained for several days. One day the father killed his mother and sister with an axe. Instigated by fear the boy ran off and concealed himself in a hollow log. His father hunted him, calling him "Billy," but he remained silent in his place of concealment. Being unable to find the boy, he loosened the boat from its fastenings, and floated down the river, as was supposed, to New Orleans.

Left alone at so tender an age, in a wild, uninhabited section, the law of necessity became to him the law of existence. The climate being mild, made it favorable to him. He selected a magnolia, or bay tree, hollow at the base, which, in that section, grew to great size, and made himself a bed of leaves and moss, where he stayed at night and took shelter when it rained. For food, he subsisted on frogs, tadpoles such fish as he could catch, and the wild fruit that grew there in summer. Thus he managed to live until the time of his capture. The habits of this unfortunate being, and the changes which took place in him from the time his intellect began to develop by coming in contact with civilization, is interesting to contemplate. At first the emotions of shame he knew nothing of, and it was difficult to make him wear clothing when the weather was warm. Whenever hunger pinched him, and he could obtain nothing else to satisfy his appetite, he would return to his original diet of frogs, raw fish, etc. An amusing instance of this kind occurred on one occasion. It was the fortune of the writer of this to be in the family who had "Wild Bill" in charge. On one Saturday he, with Bill, each on a horse, with a bag of corn, were sent to mill some miles in the country. Being detained by the miller until evening, Bill became hungry. Returning home, he heard a frog croaking in a lagoon by the wayside. Instantly he sprang from his horse and cautiously waded into the water, stooping until it reached his chin, so as not to alarm the frog. Guided by its croaking on the opposite bank, he moved slowly until he came within reach of it, and darting forth his hand, he seized the frog, and taking it by the legs, tore them asunder and ate it with a relish.—For a long time he was irresponsible, and required to be in charge of some one to keep him out of mischief and trouble. On one notable occasion Mrs. Hammett, his guardian wished to pay a visit to some of her lady friends in the town of Woodville, and her son, who was generally charged with the task of looking after Bill, being absent, she locked him up inside the house.—Her return being delayed until evening, Bill found the atmosphere of the room oppressive, and denuded himself of his clothing. Being hungry, he concluded to do his own cooking and endeavoring to do what he had seen others do in this line, he put into a skillet a little of every kind of food he could find in the house—hog's lard and ground coffee mixed in—and putting it on the fire, stirred it until he thought it was sufficiently cooked. When Mrs. Hammett returned, accompanied by some of her lady neighbors, and unlocked the door, she found Bill seated on the floor near the hearth with the skillet before him, lifting its contents with both hands to his mouth; and expecting chastisement he backed into a corner, licking his lips with his tongue. He was exceedingly fond of sweet things, and particularly of strong drinks if they were sweetened. For a drink of sweetened whiskey he would attempt anything. At one time he was promised a glass of whiskey and sugar if he would whip General Joor, who, in full feather, was mustering the county militia, according to the old manner of doing such things annually. To obtain the promised glass, Bill stealthily came up behind him, took him by the hair of the head and bore him into the dust on the street. Finding himself thus assailed, General Joor drew his sword and pierced Bill through the thigh. From this wound he never fairly recovered.—He was very agile and fast of foot. He could climb a tree with surprising quickness, swim and manage a horse with dexterity. It was with him as with a child. From the time of his capture he knew not right from wrong actions until he was taught, and until his intellect expanded and he began to comprehend his true position in society he sorrowed over the reflection. He sickened and died in New Orleans in the year 1829, while in charge of a gentleman who undertook to exhibit him for money.—*San Francisso Examiner.*

THE KNOUT IN RUSSIA.—When John Howard, the great prison reformer, was in Russia he witnessed sixty strokes of the Knout inflicted on a man and twenty-five on a woman. He saw the woman afterwards, broken and destroyed for life, but could find the man no more. Assured that he was dead, he determined to know it for a fact, so he asked the executioner a couple of days later if he could knout a person so that he would die in a very short time. The man said yes, and he had done so lately. Howard asked how he did it.

"By one or two strokes on the sides which carry off large pieces of flesh," was the reply.

"Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?" asked Howard.

"I do."

This was a century ago, but not a score of years back men and women were knouted to death in just the same way by the butchering commands of Alexander II. in Poland and to this day the knout is not abolished in Russian punishments, though regard for the outer world forces its use in secret, not, as formerly in the form of a public show. "Not until the knout is abolished," once said a great Frenchman, "will Russia take its first real step toward civilization." And the speaker was not far wrong.

"THERE! that explains where my clothes-line went to," exclaimed an Iowa woman, as she found her husband hanging in a stable.

IT takes twenty-one Chinese cash to make a cent, and yet these little coins are counterfeited.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Lord Beaconsfield, who died April 19, was born in London, Dec. 21, 1805. He was the son of Isaac Disraeli, the author of "Curiosities of Literature," and was educated by his father and by private tutors. He was intended for the bar, and studied for a short time in a solicitor's office, but soon abandoned the law, for which he had but little taste. He now began to be a man of fashion, and a pronounced dandy. On his return to England, in 1826, from Germany, where ne had spent two years, he published "Vivian Grey," which at once made him famous. In 1828 he published a satire called "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla." His 'young Duke,' and "Contarini Fleming" were his next works. After a tour in the East, he stood for Parliament in 1831, '34 and '35, and was defeated at each election. Returning to Literature, he published "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy" and "The Rise of Iskander," and contributed a series of letters to the Times under the signature of "Runnymede."—"Henrietta Temple" appeared in 1836 and "Venetia" in 1837. In the latter year he was returned to Parliament for Maidstone, through the interest of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, whose widow he afterwards married. His maiden speech, as is well known was a failure. In 1839 he made his first notable speech, married Mrs. Lewis, and published a tragedy called "Don Alarcos." In 1843 he was returned to Parliament for Shrewsbury, and the next year published "Coningsby." In 1847 he was chosen for Buckinghamshire, and published "Tancred." From being a supporter of Sir Robert Peel he became his bitter opponent, and attacked his free-trade policy with great vigor. Upon the death of Lord George Bentinck in 1848, he assumed the leadership of the Conservatives in the Commons. In 1852 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's cabinet, and he filled the same office in the Derby cabinets of 1858 and 1866. On Lord Derby's resignation in 1868, Disraeli became prime minister, going out of office in 1870. In the latter year he published 'Lothair' He became prime minister once more in 1874, was called to the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield in 1876, and went out of office in 1880. His last novel, 'Endymion,' appeared in the latter year.

SENATOR BOONE'S BIG FEET.

In the early days of Indiana, one of the State Senators was a good-natured giant named George Boone. When he stood up his height attracted attention, for he measured nearly seven feet. If he made a gesture, his hands were noted as the largest ever seen in that State. But it was his feet that amazed his colleagues.

When about 18, young Boone thought he would call on a neighbor who lived a few miles off. Sally, the neighbor's daughter, was large and pretty, and the youthful giant thought she would make a suitable wife.

It was late in the fall, though too early to put on shoes, so that he started barefooted. His best butternut-colored suit had been made some six months before, and was much too small for him. The pantaloons reached just below his knees, while the coat stretched as tight over his body as an eel skin dried on a hoop-pole.

After wading creeks and muddy bottoms the would-be sparker arrived at the neighbor's log hut just as the family were sitting down to supper of milk and mush. Being invited to draw up, he sat down alongside of Sally. The old lady offered him a large bowl, which he stretched forth his hand to take. Not making sufficient allowance for the size of his hands, he struck the big milk pitcher. Out went the milk over the table, and out went Sally from the room roaring with laughter.

The old lady kindly remarked, "It will rub out when it dries;" but the youth knew that he was already rubbed out, so far as Sally was concerned. He saw nothing more of her. The clock struck ten.

"Mr. Boone," asked the old lady, "won't you wash your feet and go to bed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Here's an iron pot; it is the only thing I have that will do."

The pot proved too small for his feet to enter, except by sliding them in side-ways. When in, they swelled so much that he could not get them out. The pain was intense. As the clock struck eleven, the old lady asked:

"Mr. Boone, are you not done washing your feet?"

"What did this pot cost?" he asked; "I must break it."

"A dollar."

"Bring me the axe."

Breaking the pot to pieces, he handed the old lady a dollar, opened the door and started for home. Several years after, he met Sally at a husking. As soon as she saw him she burst out laughing.—*Sketches of Early Indiana.*

LITTLE six-year-old was taking his first lesson in addition, and when the teacher asked him: "If I were to give you two cats and another nice lady gave you two more, how many cats would you have?"

"Why," he quickly replied, "pretty soon I wouldn't have any, for my mamma would break their necks with the broom. She don't like cats."

"LOOK here," said Mr. Spilkins to his wife, "you ought to have some fine brandy in the house to cure my sickness at my stomach."

"That's where you are mistaken," responded the good lady, "you would be sick at your stomach ten times a day if there was an alcoholic remedy for it in the house."

A LITTFE girl being asked on the first day of the school, how she liked her new teacher, replied:

"I don't like her; she is just as saucy to me as my mother."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river, where two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There is a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick or another may take your place
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil with robes as fair
As those which the angels in Heaven might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breast-plate and shield,
And the sword that the frailest arm may wield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod;
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

CURIOUS GROWTHS IN THE OLD NEVADA MINES.

From the Virginia City Enterprise.

A gentleman who recently had occasion to explore the chambers, drifts, and caverns of the old deserted Mexican and Ophir mines says that fungi of every imaginable kind have taken possession of the old levels.

In these old mines, undisturbed for years, is found a fungus world in which are to be seen counterfeits of almost everything seen in our daylight world. Owing to the warmth of the old levels and to the presence in them of a certain amount of moisture, the timbers have been made to grow some curious crops. Some of the fungi in the old chambers are several feet in height, and, being snow white, resemble sheeted ghosts. In places are what at a little distance appear to be white owls, and there are representations of goats with long beards, all as white as though carved in the purest marble. The rank fungus growth has almost closed some of the drifts.

The fungi are of almost every imaginable variety. Some kinds hang down from the timbers like great bunches of snow-white hair, and others are great pulpy masses. These last generally rise from the rocks forming the floor of the drifts, and seem to have grown from something dropped or spilled on the ground at the time when work was in progress many years ago. These growths have in several places raised from the ground rocks weighing from ten to fifty, and even 100 lbs. Some of the rocks have thus been lifted more than three feet.

In the higher levels, where the air is comparatively dry, the fungi are less massive in structure than below, and are much firmer in texture. Some resemble rams' horns, as they grow in a spiral or twisted shape, while others, four or five feet in length and about the thickness of a broom handle, hang from the cap timbers like so many snakes suspended by the tails. One kind, after sending out a stem of the thickness of a pencil to the length of a foot or two, appears to blossom; at least produces at the end a bulbous mass that has some resemblance to a flower.

In all the infinite variety of these underground fungi, it is somewhat strange that not one was seen at all like those growing upon the surface in the light of day. Nothing in the nature of toadstools or mushrooms was found.

THE SAHARA.

Dr. Lenz, in a recent lecture at Paris, on his journey from Morocco to Timbuctoo, has been correcting some of the generally received notions as to the conditions of the Sahara. It really forms a great plateau, abont 1,100 feet above the level of the Atlantic. In no part of this plateau is there to be found that depression below the level of the ocean which is found on the maps of certain geographers, and which has led to wild schemes of converting the Sahara into a great inland sea. Moreover, the Sahara is not one dead sandy level, but is really greatly varied in its aspect. Rocks are succeeded by sandy plains, here and there are oases covered with alfa grass, and stagnant shallow sheets of water. The fresh water fossils, which are met in many parts, show that the Sahara is not the bottom of a dried up sea. Again, the temperature is not nearly so hot as might be expected. In short, the Sahara is not so bad as it has been called; wild beasts are rare, and the most formidable enemies to be met with are the Touraeg tribes, who, according to report, recently massacred the French Trans-Saharan Expedition. As to Timbuctoo, Dr. Lenz found he had to traverse a great space covered with ruins before he could reach the inhabited part. There are now only 20,000 inhabitants, but many schools and rich libraries.

THE wife of Mr. Rice eloped at Charleston, Iowa. He hurriedly looked for his wallet, found it was as full as when he had last seen it, and said that he felt no further concern about the matter; but a few days afterward, when he discovered that it was stuffed with scraps of paper instead of money, his interest was revived.

SPILKER'S TOAST.

Maj. Spilker is a little man, very fat, very genial, and with a head as devoid of hair as a porcelain door-knob. His wife, Mrs. Algitar Spilker, is scrawny, sarcastic and deaf as a sawlog. A person could kick a tin bath tub down the back stairs all night and Mrs. Spilker would snore like a base horn in blissful ignorance of the noise, which proves that she is rather deaf.

There are two things in the world of which Mrs. Spilker is very fond—a dinner party and her husband—she never fails to accept an invitation to one or carry the other with her. For the last twenty years this couple have been in regular attendance at every party given by their friends, and on these occasions Maj. Spilker, when called on for a toast, would always give one to "the babies" in such a happy style that it never failed to create a good deal of mirth. His wife, although she could not hear a word, knew what her husband's toast was, and when he sat down supplemented it by a few appropriate remarks in which she sat forth his fondness for babies.—Not long since they attended a dinner given by a friend up town, and unfortunately for Maj. Spilker and the assembled guests, he changed his toast without warning his wife of the fact, who, of course, thought her husband would confine himself to the regular subject.

"Now, Major Spilker," said Mrs. Barker, the hostess, as the dinner advanced, "it is your turn to give a toast, and pray say something complimentary to our sex."

"When my charming hostess," said the Major, "requests me to do a thing, it is my duty to obey. Therefore I take pleasure in drinking the health of the ladies—God's best gift to man. The ladies who cherish us in prosperity, soothe us in adversity, and by their tender ministerings lighten the burden of life—I drink to the ladies."

When the applause subsided, Mrs. Spilker, ignorant of the true subject of the toast, but glowing with pride and admiration, said:

"Oh, Mrs. Barker, you don't know how fond the Major is of them. I've seen him have two or three on his lap at once, and—"

Algitha!" gasped the Major.

"Just teasing the life out of the poor dear things. He is such a favorite with 'em, and every chance he gets he is sure to have 'em in his arms, or be romping with 'em. He's got the lovingest nature of any man I ever saw, and somehow they come to him when they won't to any one else."

Maj. Spilker fell back in the chair with a groan, and silence fell on the party like a pile driver.

THE BOWERY AT NIGHT.

Perhaps the most characteristic street in New York city is the Bowery. For a short time a rival to Broadway, it soon sank into a secondary position; its broad street was given up to numerous lines of street cars; its stores and cellars were turned into beer saloons, cheap restaurants, clothing stores, etc.; the upper stories into tenements and cigar manufactories, and the side-walks occupied by hucksters. In truth, it seemed that when the elevated roads should be added and confusion be worse confounded, the street would sink into utter obscurity. But, strange to say, it thrives on the noise and confusion, and is now one of the most frequented avenues in the city, especally in the night time. On a mild evening, up to eleven or twelve o'clock, it is a scene of marvelous activity. Almost every beer saloon has a brass band, or at least a piano, violin and cornet, and what the performers lack in finish they make up in vigor.—Through the open doors and from the cellars come outbursts of noise and merriment; the innumerable cars go jangling and rumbling along; every truck and wagon in the city seems to rattle through the streets; dwellers in the upper stories are congregated in the hallways and on the sidewalks, seeking a little fresh air; the street hawkers with gasoline torches are crying their wares; in front of the auction rooms men with throats of brass are inviting the passers-by to enter; every shop is open, and a vast tide of humanity is streaming down the street, met by a still vaster throng going up town, while high above, the trains on the elevated roads thunder along. The discord is simply amazing, but the good citizens, accompanied by Frau or Schatz, do not seem to mind it in the least, but go serenely on their way, and turn into the stores, theatres or beer gardens, intent on an evening's shopping or entertainment.—*Harper's Magazine.*

MEN of rank and title are classified down in Ar-kan-saw. According to the Boston Globe, they call an ordinary man who drinks but little, "captain." A colonel is one who can "stand the racket" pretty well, and "general" is the title given to a man who must have "suthin'" once in so often, or perish, but the pickled old toper is called "jedge."

A LITTLE moral courage would help us out of a great many difficult places. A confirmed flirt said to a gentleman:

"Next Wednesday afternoon I shall be at home, and alone."

It was a great temptation, but the hero quietly saved himself by answering:

"Ah, indeed; why, so shall I."

A STORY is told of a German shoe-maker, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poots is not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

So far as heard from, no North American baby has yet been named after Bjornstjerne Bjornsen, the Norwegian Poet. Probably American parents do not bjfancy the bjname.

All Sorts of Clippings

A striking affair—a prize fight.

Always under the lash—the eye.

A paying business—the cashier's.

A dead failure—a deceased bankrupt.

"Notes of Spring" will mature along in June.

A man often stubs his toe on the threshold of success.

If you happen to print a kiss you need not publish it.

Bad seats to occupy—conceit and deceit.

The life worth living is the life that is least appreciated.

Germany has now 8,000 miles of underground wire.

The Porte has prohibited the importation of American pork.

Senator Hill has distributed 50,000 copies of his Mahone speech.

Rhoda Broughton is writing a novel about Oxford.

How long does a widower mourn for his wife? For a second.

In Spain they make a plesant tea from lemon-verbena leaves.

Some of the country school boys call the school houses tanneries.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.

When a girl writes a love letter she throws her heart into her work.

Lord Beaconsfield never wore any but patent-leather shoes and boots.

Governor General Lorne and his wife have an income of $115,000 a year.

Mr. Carlyle's bust will be placed in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The Prince of Wales has sent two elephants to the Zoological Society of Berlin.

Blind persons are admitted free to musical performances at the Boston Theatre.

Mr. Dana describes Cuba as "one of the finest lands under the light of the sun."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett reads original poems before literary societies.

In one hundred years no three consecutive Januaries in England were so cold as the last three.

London Truth is grieved because Adelina Patti is no longer "kittenish."

Don't judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

It is wonderful to note the number of men who see the value of a thing after it is beyond their reach.

An exchange expresses the opinion that singers "are often the most miserable of God's screechers."

What is that which we wish for, and when obtained never know we have it? Sleep.

Men are like pins—one with a little head may be just as sharp as one with a big head.

Arrowroot culture is a success in Florida, yielding a profit of $1,000 to the acre.

Two barbers in Lawrence, Mass., have been fined $10 and costs for shaving on Sunday.

When a Congressman goes off on a big drunk in Washington it is called an attack of malaria.

A weak man is worse than an insane one—for the latter may be cured or kept harmless.

"Although the Czar never made a will, he left a leg I see. Remit $2 by telegraph."—S. J. Tilden.

"Another one of us has gone. Let us hope Aleck was detonated to a better world."—Roscoe Conkling.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied upon? Because they are always breaking their word.

"What struck you most in the equatorial regions?" asked a gentleman of a traveler. "The sun," was the reply.

Getting up in the morning is like getting up in the world. You can not do either without more or less self denial.

Said a lady of some distinction: "I am quarreling with time; it is so short to do something, and so long to do nothing."

If the yoke and the burden are easy and light, how strong and beautiful must be the centre and the crown and the throne.

Goethe says: "It is better to do the most trifling thing in the world, than to think half an hour on a trifling thing."

A Cleveland Presbyterian pastor has been arraigned before his presbytery for sending his family to theatres and balls.

Paris, in the course of its history, has been besieged ten times. The first time in 50 B. C. and the last in 1870.

The valuation of the United States is $32,000,000,000, the country standing third on the list of all the great nations.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the very person of whom you ought never to speak.

The Baptist Year-Book shows a membership of 2,296,327 in America, an increase of 163,293 during the year.

When a married woman buys a pug dog for a low price she gets a bargain, and her husband gets something to boot.

A young married man whose house rent is paid by his mother-in-law alludes to her as his darling pay-rent.

The Suez Canal shares bought by the Beaconsfield Government at 20 in 1875 are now worth 78, a profit of over fifty millions.

The gross income derived from tobacco by the farmers of the United States is about $22,000,000.

[Fort Wayne, (Ind.) Sentinel.]
When about twelve years old, said Mr. Geisman, of the Globe Chop House to our representative, I met with an accident with a horse, by which my skull was fractured, and ever since I have suffered with the most excruciating rheumatic pains. Of late I applied St. Jacobs Oil, which has given me almost total relief.

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