The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 2.

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.
103 South St., Baltimore.

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.
103 South St., Baltimore.
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 CASH
—: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.

POCKET BOOKS; Combs; Brushes; Notions; Paper and Envelopes, we are selling out at cost. SPARKS.

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.

STAM'S
Drug Store
LANDRETH'S
Garden Seed!
Fresh and Genuine.
Purchased directly from the Seed Farms of Messrs. Landreth & Sons.
PEAS, BEANS, SUGAR CORN, CABBAGE, LETTUCE, RADISH, MELON, BEET, CUCUMBER, OSAGE ORANGE, and numerous other varieties.
Seed Growers can depend upon the reliability of these Seed. Our large experience in the Seed Trade enables us to buy at close figures and sell at the same.
We respectfully beg you to call and examine our stock.
COLIN F. STAM,
March 17, 1881. DRUGGIST.

Examiners' Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice that under and by virtue of a Commission issued to them, by the Hon. County Commissioners of Kent County, to view and determine whether the public convenience requires that a
PUBLIC ROAD SHALL BE OPENED,
as set forth in a petition of sundry citizens of said county, as follows: Beginning at or near School-house No. 6, and running the division line between E. J. Watson's (formerly the Worrell) farm, and Thomas S. Wickes's (formerly the Whaland) farm, and the division line between William H. Stewart's and Mary J. Dood's lands, to the Worton road; thence down the Thomas' (now Lecates's) lane, and through the land of Stephen Lecates—thence with the division line between Josiah Lusby's and the land of the heirs of John Lusby, to School-house No. 4: Hereby give notice that they will meet at School-house No. 6, on
WEDNESDAY,
The 15th day of June next,
at 10 o'clock A. M., to discharge their duties under said commission.
JAMES W. HURTT,
WILLIAM S. WALKER,
SAMUEL H. CRAWFORD,
May 12, 1881—tdm [N] EXAMINERS.

Auditor's Notice.

BIANS AND BANNON,
vs.
JEREMIAH NICOLS ET UX.
No. 288 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court For Kent County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all lien creditors of Jeremiah Nicols, junior to a mortgage from the said Jeremiah Nicols and wife to William H. Bians and M. Bannon, dated the 27th day of April, 1868, and now of record in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for Kent county, or others interested in the proceeds of the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in the said cause, to file their claims, properly authenticated, before the undersigned, within two months from the date hereof.
EBEN F. PERKINS,
May 5, 1881—4t AUDITOR.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

WE hereby notify our friends and the public generally, that we have opened a
NEW STORE
at the room recently occupied by Mr. S. Merritt, alongside of Mr. J. K. Aldridge's hardware store.
We hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

GARDEN SEED.
A VERY LARGE STOCK OF
LANDRETH'S
CELEBRATED
Garden Seed
Of the finest quality, all FRESH. Also,
ONION SETS.
For sale at Lowest Prices, by
T. W. WICKES,
March 17 DRUGGIST.

Auditor's Notice.

CHARLES ROLPH
vs.
JOHN W. STARTT ET UX.
No. 594 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court For Kent County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the creditors of the said John W. Startt interested in the proceeds of the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in the foregoing cause, to file their claims, properly authenticated, before the undersigned, within two months from the date hereof.
EBEN F. PERKINS,
April 28, 1881—4t AUDITOR.

Spring and Summer Millinery.

MRS. C. R. FIDDIS has all the latest and most fashionable styles of Millinery and Fancy Goods, in great variety, and at very reasonable prices. She invites the ladies to call and look at them. STAMPING done as usual.
May 12, 1881—3t.

THE FAMILY RECORD.

Grandma sat in the quaint old porch,
The little one sat near her,
Duly waiting for chapter and psalm,
With the bright little face demure and calm,
And reverent aspect to hear her.

Grandmother sat in her elbow chair,
With the good book open before her;
Her hands were folded as if for prayer,
But her eyes were fixed with an absent air,
A reverie had stolen over her.

It was not on psalms or on proverbs wise,
Nor on grand prophetic thunders,
Nor yet on the Gospel's gentle words,
Nor where St. John's eagle-pen records
The Apocaliptic wonders—

Yet the page was sacred on which she gazed,
And raised her thoughts to heaven;
In faded ink was written there,
The names of the sons and daughters fair,
That the Lord to her had given,

Six lonely names 'neath the head of "Births";
But, alas! on the opposite column,
With fresher ink, but with trembling pen,
Each lonely name was written again,
'Neath "Deaths" heading, sad and solemn.

One by one of the Bible names,
Grandmamma told them over;
While the tears were filling her dim old eyes,
A thanksgiving mingled with her sighs
For the darling yet left to love her:

"Reuben! my bravest and eldest born,
Who first taught me a mother's pleasure;
The first to come and last to go,
A parent's joys twice to you I owe,
For you left me my one sole treasure.

"Miriam and Ruth! it is twenty years
Since that spring when the Lord bereft me,
And the two little graves on the churchyard hill
We planted with daisies and violets—but still
One little spring blossom is left me.

"Samuel! like Samuel's mother of old,
I vowed him to serve his Maker,
And in taking him, God took but his own;
I dared not murmur—now one alone
Is left, may the Lord not take her.

"Peter! not on the green hill-side,
Where the others are quietly sleeping;
But the coral grows, far beneath the whirl
Of the surging waves—but one precious pearl
Is left to comfort my weeping.

"Esther; she was just sixteen,
Graceful, and tall and slender;
My darling has just her soft brown hair,
And her pensive face, so sweet and fair,
And her spirit, meek and tender."

Gradmamma wakes from her reverie,
And wipes away the water
That was flowing over her wrinkled cheeks,
And then read the darling the chapter that speaks
Of Jairus's little daughter.

MANNERS.

There are two extremes into which people are apt to fall with regard to the subject of manners.—Some are utterly indifferent to them and deem them unworthy of attention. Look beneath the surface, they say, to the roots of character; pay no attention to outward appearance, to voice or gesture, tone or manners; they *may* be all deceptive, and they must be all superficial; it is *what* is said or done, not how it is said or done, that is alone deserving of notice. On the other hand, there are some to whom manner is everything. Each new acquaintance has to pass the ordeal of their criticism. Is he polished, courteous, graceful, dignified?—then they are ready to receive him with open arms. Is he rough, crude, awkward or shy? Then they care not to examine the kernel that may be hidden under so unattractive a shell. Both these views are imperfect and mistaken, though each contains enough truth to make it plausible. To depreciate or ignore fine manners is essentially absurd. Their charm is irresistible, even to those who fancy themselves proof against them. Yet it is not so much in themselves, or for their own sake, that they do delight us, as in the promise of something better and deeper. They are signs or symbols of character, feelings, affections, thoughts, and it is to this that they owe their value and their charm.

Perhaps there is nothing further removed from a superficial idea of manners than *force* or *power*. It is true it cannot be counterfeited, and any attempt to do so is a transparent absurdity. Yet the first sign of a truly powerful nature is noticeable in the demeanor. Performance comes later, and does not surprise us, for it has already been pledged by the behavior. This man of force may be gentle, modest and unassuming, never pressing himself into notice, and yet we do notice him, for we cannot help it; and he has an air of self-command and self-poise, an absence of heat, or passion, or strain, or exaggeration, a courteous hospitality to another's thought, a firm and decisive utterance of his own, an individuality which surrounds him, protecting him from assault by enforcing respect—all of which combine to assure us of a power in reserve that cannot fail to make itself known and felt, though in what direction we may not be able to foretell. A weak nature, on the other hand, cannot hide itself under any apparent violence or energy of manner. It may "tear a passion to tatters," or struggle wildly for expression, or be fierce in arment, or vehement in zeal, without giving us a single impression of real power. Indeed, the very effort to produce in us any such conviction is of itself a sufficient confession of conscious feebleness. True power is calm, self-contained, seeking not for recognition, but willing patiently to bide its time, and anxious only to meet the demands that may be made upon it.

Manners are also valuable as a symbol of human sympathy and affection. All tender and generous emotions are first discoverable in the behavior, afterwards in action. Respect, esteem, love, compassion cannot wait for an opportunity of *doing* something for their object; they beam on the countenance; they express themselves in motions and attitudes and tones of voice; they give birth to countless trifling tokens of their presence; they shine forth in the cordial grasp of the hand, in the warm embrace, in the responsive smile or tear, in the glad offer of the warmest corner or the softest seat, or the most desirable position. All those myriad little acts which we include under the name of politeness or courtesy are the natural fruits of a loving and benevolent spirit, and a delicate appreciation. It is true that they are continually simulated, and with something more of success than attends the effort to counterfeit strength of character; yet the careful observer learns at length to distinguish the true coin from the false the real blossoms that spring from the tree of human sympathy from the artificial flowers that are tied upon a barren stem.

It is surprising to notice what pains are taken to disguise reality when all such disguises are necessarily so thin. Not only do people feign virtues they do not possess, but occasionally we find some who strive to hide what is really admirable. A man of benevolent impulses will seem to be ashamed of them, and assume a hard tone and a cold manner when his heart is warm and loving. He will perform kind and generous actions in so rough and harsh a manner as to strip them of all their grace and close up the founts of gratitude. He will grant requests in so austere a manner, and do favors so morosely, that we almost wish he had refused the one and withheld the other. It is a pity that this kind of insincerity is so often successful. There seems a strange perversity in it, however, for the very success does not please, but rather vexes, and embitters him who practices it. He inwardly rails at those of his neighbors who have not sufficient insight to penetrate his veil of coldness and ill-nature, and discover the warm heart that he feels throbbing in his bosom.—Yet if he justly despises those who are hypocrites in favor of goodness, how can he justify himself for being a hypocrite in favor of badness. Surely there is not so much of beauty and love and excellence in the world that we can afford to bury it out of sight, or to deny to it its natural and joy-giving expression.

In truth all efforts to hide our real characters are injurious, whether successful or unsuccessful. Manners are not a vail to conceal, but an aperture to show our real selves, and the sooner we put ourselves into harmony with this truth, the better for all of us. The very endeavor to appear graceful produces awkwardness, and the effort to feign what we do not possess only reflects dishonor upon us. Shall we, then, make an attempt to attain manners, of which every one acknowledges the influence and the charm? Shall we not cultivate that which gives so much pleasure? Yes, but only as the gardener cultivates the rose, which by its simple presence gives delight to all who approach it. He digs about the roots, he removes the weeds, he supports the stems, he puts it under the influence of sun and rain, but he never handles the buds, he never tries to arrange the leaves in symmetry; he never tries to unfold them by artificial means; he is satisfied to let them bloom naturally, and to show, by their brilliancy, delicacy, or fragrance, the strength and vigor of the plant for which he has labored. So if we would have fine manners, let us cherish the plant which alone can yield them, but avoid handling the buds or forcing them to open. Let us make healthy and wholesome the roots of character, removing the weeds of selfishness and evil disposition, supporting the will-power by firm principles, welcoming every genial and life-giving influence, giving sincere expression to all that is good and honorable, and the blossom of good manners will open into beauty and shed delight upon those around us, as surely as will the buds of the strong, healthy and well-trained rosebush.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TEACHING HIM THE BUSINESS.

New Orleans Times.

"Herman," said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ve sold all of dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?"

"No, sir; dere vas tree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ve must sell 'em right avay, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one uf de goats und I vill show you something about de pisness. I vill tell you how ve vill sell dem oud, und you must learn de pisness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, und ve hav had dose goats in de store more as seex years."

An eight-dollar overcaat was handed him by his clerk, and smoothing it out, he took a buckskin money purse from the show case, and, stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"Now, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dat goat. I haf sold over dirty-fife of dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de nexd gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de way Rube Hoffenstine, mine broder in Detroit, sells his cloding und udder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a suitable pair of cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprietor advanced and inquired:

"Vat is it you wish?"

"Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

"Blenty ut dem, my frent, blenty, at any price you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, und soon his pedal extremities were encased in them and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't gwine ter buy nuffin else. I's got all I want," said the negro, sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It was de pure Russian vool, and dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for dwenty-fife dollars. Mine gracious, clothing vas gone down to noding and dere vas no money in de pisness any longer.—You vant something dot vill keep you from de vedder, und make you feel warm as summer dime. De gonsumption vos going round, und de doctors dell me it vas de vedder. More den nine beobles died round vere I lif last week. Dink of dot. Mine frent, dot goat vas Russian vool, dick and hevy. Vy, Misder Jones, who owns de pank on Canal streed, took dat goat home mit him yesterday, und vore it all day; but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders und he brought it pack shust a while ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vos all right.—Misder Jones vas a rich man and he liked dot goat. How deep de pockets vas, but it was a leedle dight agross de shoulders."

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy, Misder Jones vot owns de pank on Canal streed."

"What yer gwine to ax fur this coat?"

"Dwenty dollars."

"Dat's pow'ful high price fur dis coat, but I'll take it."

"Herman, here, wrap up dis goat fur de schentleman and drow in a cravat: it will make him look nice mit de ladies."

"Nebber mind; I'll keep de coat on," replied the negro, and pulling out a roll of money, he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk:

"Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, und doan forgot to dell dem dot Misder Jones, vot runs de pank on Canal street, vore it yesterday."

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

It isn't all roses and languors to be king or king's keeper. The old Emperor of Germany has been reduced almost to the state of George III. by the assassination of his nephew, the Czar. Added to this, the constant hot water in which Bismarck keeps the aged monarch. His own disposition is of the mildest and most placable sort if let alone. He was never known to have more than one incorrigible detestation, and that, singularly enough, was and is for his wife, the Empress Augusia. There are innumerable scandalous stories as to the origin of this state of things in the imperial closet, none to the credit of the venerable William, who, up to very lately, shared the traditions of his family for light reckoning with the seventh commandment. For years the imperial couple have taken their pleasures apart.

Bismarck encouraged this family feud, as it divided the court influences, which, if they had ever pulled together long enough, would have been powerful enough to set him aside. They have come very near it several times, notably in the case of Count Van Arnim, whom the Empress' party had counted upon as Bismarck's successor. The force of the intrigue was the greater that the Emperor himself was very fond of Von Arnim and desired his promotion. But Bismarck meant that there should be no rival near the throne, metaphorically or otherwise. He set his sinister agencies at work and entrapped Von Arnim in an apparent intrigue with the Clericals and brought about his recall from the Ambassadorship to Paris and pushed his final disgrace and exile. Von Arnim is now a ghost of his former greatness; broken down physically and mentally, his family have been making strong and piteous appeals to the Emperor, but Bismarck has set his face like a flint against any reconciliation. He insists on the law running its course which would see one of the proudest and most ancient families in Prussia reduced almost to beggary and the head of the house in prison.

Bismarck himself has innumerable heart-burnings. His sons have both been thorns in his flesh. Since the days of Frederick the Great—indeed, as much further back as there are records—the Prussian nobility have been preeminent for the grossness of their excesses; but it seems the Bismarck boys have carried the peculiar licentiousness of the race to a more brutal eclat, until Berlin itself, which is not thin-skinned, has given unmistakable evidences of disgust and a disposition of no longer tolerating these lofty reprobates. The hatred of his countrymen, which used to be the joy and yoke of Bismarck's life—he loved to talk about it on all occasions—has come to wound him grievously. He has become restive and petulant, as his ill-considered threat of moving the Capital of the Empire from Berlin attests.

He has much to worry him beside his two unruly boys. His system of absolute personal government received a stunning shock or a series of shocks, beginning with the untimely—for him—death of the Czar; his law for the obliteration of Parliament—that is, making the sssion every four years, has been defeated at the moment he felt surest of its success; he sees France proportionately stronger in resources and relatively stronger in arms than Germany, and he has a lifework of the most arduous sort to keep up the coalition without which the dreaded Republic would be more than a match for even the German veterans.

AN Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan bride because her husband of three days swore at her.

A MOVING POEM.

It was in the long ago,
When I moved;
And no one can ever know
All the suffering and woe
He must bear, yet undergo,
'Till he moves.

I was young and far from gay,
When I moved;
And I thought 'twould be but play
To load goods upon the dray
On that well remembered day
When I moved.

The house was very new,
T' which I moved;
And the one unto me true,
Said she never could be blue,
As 'twould be cleaned all through and through,
Where I moved.

There was paint upon the wall,
When I moved;
There was lime in every hall,
There were tracks both great and small,
There was dirt spread over all,
When I moved.

And the furnace wouldn't draw,
When I moved;
And the stove pipe was all yaw,
While the more I did it claw
The less sand was in my craw,
When I moved.

There were chairs without the backs,
When I moved;
There were pieces of hatracks,
There were remnants of knick knacks,
And mirrors full of cracks,
When I moved.

Yet night drew on once more,
When I moved;
And, with mattress on the floor,
When I moved;
Now I am three score and ten,
The allotted years of men,
But if e'er I move again,
It will be out of the front door feet first, and don't you forget it.

A BROKER'S MISTAKE.

Shortly after the close of the war with Mexico many Spanish and Mexican silver dollars found their way into the United States, and were bought up by bankers and money dealers all over the country. The price paid for them varied greatly, according to the demand and supply and the condition of the pieces themselves, those in perfect preservation, of full weight and without holes or other defacement bringing more than those not so well preserved. The persons having these coins for sale carried them about in all kinds of parcels, using in their transportation handkerchiefs, paper packages, old stockings tin cans, kettles and boxes of all sizes and descriptions.

At the close of a rainy day, during which Mr. Drexel—then doing a very modest business on Third street as a money and exchange broker—had been a large buyer of Mexican silver, and while he was engaged in recounting his purchases preparatory to settling his cash account, the door of his banking house was suddenly opened by a plainly dressed man, who exclaimed: "I only have one hundred left; do you want them?"

Mr. Drexel, without raising his head, replied: "I'll give you fifty cents for them!"

"No," said the man. "I've sold all the others at seventy-five cents and only have a hundred left."

Mr. Drexel replied: "I have bought them all day for sixty cents, and if yours have no holes in them I will take them at the same price, and that is the most you can get for them."

"I never saw any with holes in them," said the man.

"Didn't you?" said Mr. Drexel.—"Half of what we get are full of holes, where they have been used for buttons."

The man scratched his head a moment and then said:

"Very well; I'll bring them in right away."

Five minutes afterward he appeared with a small tin kettle and walking up to the counter said: "Where shall I put them?"

"Pour them out here," said Mr. Drexel, indicating a particular spot on the counter.

"I can't," said the seller, "they will all slip off on the floor!"

Mr. Drexel, without withdrawing his attention from the counting of his purchases of the day, called to his son Frank to "bring a tray." When a tray was brought it was found to have a large crack across it, to which the man strenuously objected, saying:

"They will all fall through."

This nettled old Mr. Drexel, who, in rather sharp words, told him "that tray has held thousands and thousands of them every day, and furthermore in peremptory terms, bade him "pour them out quick!"

Accordingly the kettle was raised to the level of the counter and one hundred fat, raw oysters were poured into the cracked tray, much to the chagrin and disgust of the banker and his son—the former of whom exclaimed:

"Why, those are oysters!"

"Well," said the oysterman (who knew nothing about Mexican silver) what the —— did you think they were?"

DR. THOMAS, a dentist of Vienna, was summoned recently to Kirwin, in Russian Poland, to peform a dental operation upon the Countess Waleskr. At the border station of Radjwilow he was stopped, required to show his passport and have his baggage searched. His name at once awakened suspicion, from its resemblance to that sf Thomassen, the infernal machine man of Bremerhaven; and when the officials found a mysterious apparatus in his baggage this suspicion became fixed and positive, and the unfortunate dentist narrowly escaped faring roughly. He tried to explain the working of the apparatus, but without much avail: and when he was finally allowed to go on his way a detective accompanied him until he met the servants and carriage of the Countess. The machine, however, had been previously confiscated. Such is traveling in Russia.

All Sorts of Clippings

A bad omen—to owe money.

Nature unadorned—a leafless tree.

One bad pun can spoil a good joke.

A capital business—lending money.

One shower of rain will ruin a new hat.

One balky horse can rout a whole procession.

One squealing child will spoil an entire evening.

One swallow of hot coffee breeds repentant tears.

One little word might make many a man miserable.

One over a dozen can make 12 diners out nervous.

One bad boy can spoil a young man's Sunday evening.

One little flirt can make dozens of men uncomfortable.

One new bonnet will make a woman temporarily happy.

One fit of indigestion causes a man to wish he was an ostrich.

One aching tooth will reduce a human being to utter misery.

One wife has been known to set a man wondering why he was born.

Not a plain picture—a view of the Alps.

Musical execution—hanging upon a note.

The young ladies' question—Is he married?

A miner's lamentation—"Vein! vein! give ore."

Difficult man to divorce—one wedded to his own ideas.

The most patient objects in the shape of humanity—statues.

Why is a palm tree like a chronologer?—because it furnishes dates.

When is a man a four-handed animal?—when he doubles his fists.

Prefer truth before the maintaining of an opinion.

The word piety occurs but once in the Bible.

The strength of an elephant is reckoned at that of 47 men.

Water is called hard when it holds lime in solution.

Melted snow produces about one-eighth of its bulk of water.

The greatest natural cold absolutely known is 50° below zero.

It is a cold spring when a frog jumps into a well.

What man calls accident is God's own part.

A man gives himself away when he sells out his principles.

Highest approbation—applause from the gallery.

The rain is a poor thing to have in wet weather.

The deadhead system is the you-pass tree of the American railroads.

Russian soldiers are taught a trade, and allowed, when off duty, to earn money at it.

A fasting girl in England has stopped fasting on being threatened with a lunatic asylum.

How to prevent your hair from turning gray—make up your mind to dye.

When is a dog most like a human being?—when he is between a man and a boy.

The persons who most frequently visit the watering-places in summer are milkmen.

The London Times admits the superiority of American wood engraving.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.

Agitation is the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mold its laws.

The land speculator is always ready to show the sites to his customers.

Bradstreet estimates the total yield of the cotton crop of 1881 at 6,283,403 bales.

The gold coinage at the Philadelphia mint amounted to over $1,250,000 in March, 1881.

A granite monument is to be erected on the spot in Mexico where Maximilian was shot.

Between 300 and 400 Hindoo families in Belasore, India, have recently abjured heathenism.

No more five cent nickels will be coined at present, the country having absorbed all it will bear.

A French engineer proposes the construction of a railway viaduct across the English Channel.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has made a contract to sing 20 nights in Paris, and receive $12,000.

In London there are said to be 100,000 householders of Scotch blood, or a Scotch population of 400,000.

New York lights 402 miles of streets, two and a half miles of piers and 61 acres of parks.

The beautiful city of Florence, Italy, was founded about a century before Christ's time on earth.

Plato was born April 5, 429 B. C., and died peacefully among friends at a wedding feast April 5, 348 B. C.

The conscience money sent to the chancellor of the English exchequer last year amounted to $30,000.

A Minneapolis thief stole the pans displayed in front of a tin shop and sold them to the proprietor inside.

The State of Ohio has in its capitol 195 flags, 137 banners, and 65 markers, all prized relics to the Union soldiers.

Egbert was the first King of all England, and William the Conqueror was the first Norman King of England.

James A. Hedden, convicted of misapplying the funds of the First National Bank of Newark, Ohio, has been sentenced to seven years in the State prison.

[Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.]
The spirit of mortal may not be very proud, but we notice it waxes overly profane in some cases where rheumatism is the moving cause. We use St. Jacobs Oil for ours and are happy.

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