The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 3.

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Should Not Neglect to Examine the
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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.
For Circulars and Prices address
BAUGH & SONS,
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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 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, Maryland
March 31, 1881.

A GOOD and cheap Corn Hoe, at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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

BONES! BONES!—Highest cash price paid for raw bones, at KENNARD & CO'S.

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 cost. SPARKS.

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

Brother Bartholomew, working time,
Would fall into musing and drop his tools;
Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
More than for theses of the schools;
For gain or losing, for weal or woe,
God made him a poet, long ago.

At matins he sat, the book on his knees,
And his thoughts were wandering far, I wis;
The brotherhood chanted the litanies,
While he had no praying to do but this:
Watching through arched windows high
The birds that sailed o'er the morning sky.

At complin hour, in the chapel dim,
He went to his stall and knelt with the rest;
And oft, on the wings of the evening hymn,
Would his soul float out on the night's fair breast,
And ever to him the starry host
Flamed bright as the tongue at Pentecost.

"A foolish rhymester, and nothing more;
The idle fellow a cell can hold;"
So judged the worthy Isidor,
Prior of ancient Nithiswold;
Yet, somehow, with dispraise content,
Signed not the culprit's banishment.

Meanwhile Bartholomew went his way,
And patiently wrote in his sunny cell;
His pen fast traveled from day to day,
His books were covered, the walls as well,
"He were better a pious monk instead
Of a listless dawdler," the prior said.

Bartholomew died, as mortals must:
His spirit went from the cowled throng;
And after, they took from the dark and dust
Of shelves and corners many a song,
That cried from Britain to far Cathay
How a bard had risen—and passed away.

Wonderful verses! fair and fine;
Full of the old Greek loveliness;
The seer-like vision, half divine;
Pathos and merriment in excess;
And every careful stanza told
Of love and labor manifold.

The King came out and stood beside
Bartholomew's taper-lighted bier;
And turning to his lords he sighed:
"How worn and wearied doth he appear—
Our noble poet—now is dead!"
"O tireless worker!" the prior said.
—*Boston Courier.*

A Little Gold Owl.

"Do you know what a famous Russian beauty once wrote in her album? No? Let me tell you, then. 'The Frenchman understands best the art of talking love, the Italian of acting it, but the German rocks it to sleep, while the Pole ruins it all.'"

"And the American?" pleaded a musical voice in the ear of the first speaker.

The lady made no immediate reply.

The pair stood in the wings of a tiny amateur theatre in one of our large cities, and the drama of Matrimony, in which they had acted, was over. Both were artists in that intense sentiment of excitement which stirs the ripples of private life when theatricals and charades become the fashion. Augusta Bevan, tall, slender and proud, had resumed her velvet walking dress, and toyed with a tiny muff of pink satin which was suspended about her neck by means of a ribbon. Captain Hornblower, easy, graceful and elegant, bent over her in an attitude of devotion which he had assumed with the facility of a glove for the past fifteen years in the ball-rooms of West Point, Saratoga and Newport.

"Your muff seems to be a sort of fairy casket," pursued Captain Hornblower. "Give me a keepsake from one of the pockets, I beg, in remembrance of the night."

"What shall it be?" retorted Augusta Bevan, gayly.

She sought in the tiny pockets of perfumed and quilted satin, and drew forth a glittering object. This was a little gold owl, beautifully wrought, with ruby eyes and jeweled claws. When a spring was touched, a slender pencil-case slid out of the bird's head.

"Here is my gift," she said, gently, and the gallant captain understood that her words meant capitulation.

Was he glad or sorry?

He received the little gold owl with effusive gratitude, and kissed the hand that bestowed the gift; but it was in the nature of this military butterfly to doubt, at the moment, if he had acted with unwise precipitation, if he had not sold himself too cheaply in the matrimonial market, and if Augusta Bevan was as great an heiress as she was reputed to be.

"My children, remember the Scotch proverb, 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout,'" said Mr. Riddel, behind them.

Mr. Riddle, who invariably enacted the part of benevolent old man, proffered his snuff-box to Captain Hornblower with his quizzical smile.

"We are called out again!" exclaimed Mrs. Trentham.

There was a patter of applause, and the four emerged before the footlights, making their salutations in the most approved professional manner. On the stage stood Mrs. Trentham in a superb toilet, Augusta Bevan, Captain Hornblower and Mr. Riddle. Beyond the circle of foot-lights was a fashionable audience, where blended satin, gold, feathers and lace resembled a parterre of flowers, while the little theatre, built for Mrs. Trentham, made a charming background for smiling faces. Certainly the two actresses looked their best, for Captain Hornblower, deeply versed in such craft, had made up their stage complexion, with the aid of rouge and other cosmetics, moist purple worsted furnishing the requisite shadows beneath the eyes.

Said Mr. Riddle, as he conducted Miss Beven home:

"You will not forget my proverb, Augusta?—'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

The girl glanced askance at him and frowned.

Mr. Riddle, divested of gray wig and paternal bearing, was a dignified gentleman of forty years, lawyer, and manager of the great Bevan property.

"You have always warned me of fortune-hunters and worthless suitors since I left school," she exclaimed, petulantly. "Is a woman never to believe in any one occause she is rich?"

Mr. Riddle remained silent, but the blood mounted to her brow.

Said Mrs. Trentham to Captain Hornblower, at a little supper table in a fashionable restaurant:

"Augusta Bevan really did very well to-night for a novice, except in the awkwardness of her attitudes. Allow me to look at the little gold owl she gave you behind the scenes. Ah! I saw it all. A manager must be everywhere, you know."

Very piquant looked Mrs. Trentham as she spoke, coquette of as many seasons as her companion had posed for beau, an arch sparkle in her eyes, more than a suspicion of malice in her smile; for to see any man admire another woman pierced her vanity, if not her heart, and she could not rest until she had lured him away from his allegiance, or at least sown mischief in the path of possible lovers. Yet Mrs. Trentham was a most popular person and an acknowledged leader of society.—Captain Hornblower resisted; but the enchantress was adroit, witty, flattering, and the supper good, and in the end he yielded. The lady attached the little gold owl to her watch chain, and emerged in the streets at 2 o'clock in the morning. When she reached her own home the little gold owl was gone! She had lost it during the walk.

Next day Mrs. Trentham sailed up to Augusta Bevan, at a crowded kettle-drum, took both of her hands, and explained:

"Oh, my dear, I am so dreadfully sorry! I am always committing some folly. I do not deserve forgiveness. Captain Hornblower gave me—I mean lent me—your little gold owl last night, and I actually lost it in the street.

The Sevres teacup fell from Augusta's fingers on the floor. Mr. Riddle and Captain Hornblower stooped for the fragments simultaneously, thus knocking their heads together.

"She is disillusioned," thought Mr. Riddle.

"The game is lost," reflected the gallant warrior, with unfeigned regret, "Of course no woman ever forgave that."

At 6 o'clock that morning a young Swiss maiden, by name Marie Hetzel, had gone on an errand to the market for her mistress. Maria was sixteen, with a round brown face framed in a crimped cap, and carried a basket on her arm. Her foot struck against a small object; she stooped, and found a little gold owl on the curbstone.

"Himmel!" exclaimed Marie, and sped with the treasure to the larger beer garden where Fritz, her lover, was employed as a waiter.

Fritz happened to be polishing the rows of little tables placed in bowers of evergreen. He was a prudent youth of nineteen, with blonde hair and hard blue eyes. He examined the trinket and put it in his pocket. The gold owl might be very pretty suspended about Marie's throat, even as Roman women rejoice in their hairpins and chains, or the Genoese in their filigree earrings; but money also could be made out of it—money to add to frugal savings wherewith to return to beloved Canton Berne as man and wife and buy a modest little farm.

Marie shed a few tears of feminine vanity while yielding to logical argument, and trudged home with her basket. Fritz sought a little den of a shop in an obscure quarter and sold the gold owl to a Jew after much haggling for five dollars, which sum he consigned to a savings bank. Now indeed was the owl lost, hopelessly lost, for it had disappeared in the black shop of a wretched quarter, instead of reposing in the pocket of Miss Bevan's pink satin muff. It happened that the owl had never met with greater appreciation, however. The ruby eyes glowed like flames, while the golden plumage became luminous as the ornament passed from one dusky hand to another.

Finally the Jew took the trinket to a fashionable jeweler celebrated for skillful workmanship in metals, and sold it for a considerable sum. Mr. Riddle, walking down town one morning, paused suddenly before the jeweler's window. He saw a little gold owl suspended by a hook, and radiant in the sunshine. He fancied the bird of wisdom actually winked at him in recognition. He entered the place, and bought it promptly.

Augusta Bevan, pale, thoughtful and with a new tenderness in her bearing, received back the little gold owl.

"I have been thinking of so many things of late," she said, softly, placing her hand within the arm of this faithful friend. "I even remember your proverb, 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

Mrs. Trentham tapped Captain Hornblower on the arm with her fan at a reception, where the lady was resplendent in a Worth toilet of black satin and old gold.

"Mr. Riddle and Augusta Bevan are engaged," she said. "I always knew it would be a match yet.—Their property joins, you know, and water does flow to water in that way in our wicked world. Besides, he is really the only man worthy of Augusta."

Captain Hornblower went his way, having been ordered to a fort in Montana Territory. His amiability was not increased by the discovery that his hair was growing gray, and that he experienced a twinge of rheumatism in his right knee.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive; "and you'll never cough again."

"Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the patient.

Nice dog to have: Miss Brownstone says if she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernard dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

CROQUETERS ON THE CRISIS.

How the Political Sensation Struck the Feminine Portion of the Community.

From the Utica Observer.

The night before last the Utica Croquet Club—composed entirely of young ladies—held its second meeting for the season of 1881. Two new members were admitted, and proposals for membership were made. The Committee on Resolutions made their expected report. The resolutions were written on scented paper and penned with violet ink. After the business of the evening had been finished, the young lady sitting on the ottoman suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, my! Girls, did you hear about Conkling?"

"No. What is it?" said the four misses sitting on the settee in one breath.

"Why, he's resigned!"

"Resigned to what? Has he been dangerously sick?" said the Secretary.

"No, no. Can't you understand? He has given up his Senatorship," was the reply.

"Goodness gracious! Ain't that too bad?"

"How much did he get for it?" queried the girl with the album in her lap.

"Why, you silly thing; you ought to read the newspapers. Senator Conkling got dissatisfied with something in Washington and resigned his office into the hands of Gov. Cornell. There was a misunderstanding between him and the President about some man named Rob—Robert—Roberts—Let me see. Robinson—No, that ain't it. Oh, yes—Robertson. Dear suz! They say the whole country is in a crisis."

"I read all about that," said the President of the club, knowingly. "Senator Conkling and this Robertson had some kind of a fuss—while they were trying a lawsuit. Come to think, Mr. Conkling wanted to give him some instructions and Robertson wouldn't have it. Then the President appointed Robertson to collect money in some ward in New York city——"

"That wasn't it," interrupted the first speaker. "The President told Mr. Robertson to stand at some lock—a dead-lock, they call it—and see that the canalboat captains paid their tolls. The man who was put out of a job by Mr. Robertson getting the situation used to go to school with Mr. Conkling."

"What I want to know," said a young lady, "is how could the President order these men around so? Didn't I read in a paper the other day that Mr. Conkling was the boss?"

"My sakes! that's funny," ejaculated the Secretary; "I heard my brother say it was a man named Blaine, who came here from Canada, and wanted to run the whole country, who caused the disturbance. The President made this Blaine a present of a cabinet organ, and then he never stopped begging until he had got a whole set of furniture, too. That made the other men who didn't get anything jealous."

"What were the guns firing for to-day?" asked the girls on the settee.

"You see, the Senate helped Robertson to get this job," answered the first speaker, "and the Half Breeds were so glad they borrowed some cannons."

"Who are the Half Breeds? Indians?"

"I am not sure, but I don't think they are. They must have come here when the canal opened."

"Girls," exclaimed the President of the meeting, "do you know I think that firing was a real battle? I read in the paper last week about the 'War on the President.' Isn't it awful?"

"And I saw 'How the bomb struck!'"

"Oh, those horrid Half Breeds!" ejaculated five voices at once.

"Yes," continued the President, "and I believe they are going to be commanded by that Gen. Mahone, who came to Washington with a red shirt on and tried to scare everybody."

"I'm going home," faintly said the Secretary.

"Let us all go," said the girls on the settee.

"Oh, I hope we won't meet any Half Breeds."

RESIGNATION of Jimmy Tuffboy: Jimmy Tuffboy has resigned. The appointment of a new cook by his mother and the chances of her confirmation by the "old man" was about to leave him in the cold. He has long had the run of the cookie jar and distributed its "patronage" to the boys in the neighborhood until he had become the recognized political boss. The new arrangement was intended as a check to his imperial tendencies and he just won't play and that's all there is to it. He will undoubtedly be re-elected by a shingle ballot.—*New Haven Register.*

A disagreeable man: Going home from church she remarked to her husband:

"Did you notice that bald-headed man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before with a bald head."

Then he shut her up by replying:

"My dear, I was bald-headed before I was a year old."

Social distinctions: "There goes that door-bell," said a New Haven housewife yesterday, "and every carpet in the house on the line in the back yard."

"That's all right, ma," said sis.—"You can excuse a bare floor, but what would callers say about an ingrain carpet when you know you associate with Brussels folks?"

Telling the truth: "What beautiful hair that young lady has," remarked Jones, in a half audible tone.

"Yes," replied Pingrey, "but it isn't hers."

"'Tis false!" cried the lady, suddenly facing the rude fellows."

LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;
Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living;
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies;
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged height of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of religion, less profession;
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression,
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial,
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to dissever,
And in whate'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty,
Evermore be firm and true.

A PICTURE OF CONKLING.

Washington Letter of New York Independent.

Roscoe Conkling, the most quarrelsome of Senators, has entered into silence and enmity toward many a public man who has neither the eloquence, the insolence, nor the arrogance of Blaine. He has quarreled with—well, nearly everybody; with everybody, indeed, whom he deemed of sufficient importance, who has not knelt mentally to himself and done his will. No one who witnessed it can ever forget the insulting looks and speech that he poured upon Sumner and Schurz.

A brother Senator may count him a friend; but some unlucky day his friend meets him, stares at him, but does not speak to him.

"Mr. Senator, what *have* I done?"

"You have not done what I wanted you to do. On such a bill you voted contrary to *my* instructions. I am no longer your friend, sir."

A Senator who had been on the most kindly personal terms with Conkling for many years—a man of great urbanity of manner and integrity of nature—called socially upon Conkling.

"I do not like you as I used to do," abruptly declared his host.

"What have I done, Senator?"

"You went against Arthur."

Whereupon Conkling began to stride up and down the room, denouncing in the loudest tone and the fiercest language his unlucky visitor, who, listening as long as he was able to bear it, at last arose in silence and left the room and the New York Senator in the midst of his harangue. Although meeting daily in the Senate, the two gentlemen have never spoken to each other since. Among the Republican Senators whom Conkling barely condescends to notice, on account of some unfortunate shortcoming of theirs toward himself, are Senator Sherman, Senator Hoar, and even that most kindly of mortals, Senator Burnside. To Democratic Senators who seek and serve him he is full of precarious sweetness; but to true men and true orators of the South, like Bayard and Lamar, he never addresses a word.

No one, not the greatest, could count on his personal regard who ventured to cross or to disobey him. His abilities are imperial in character and quality, and in the possession of a certain arrogant integrity he is a man to be trusted. He is a political martinet of the most pronounced caliber; but he is not an ignoble trickster. You can believe in him to a degree, even while you detest him. No fair-minded person would attempt to detract from his superb powers. One can only lament that, with so grand a brain, he has not also a greater character and a better temper.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—Old Mose and another old darkey were standing in front of the News office discussing matters and things, when Jim Webster happened to pass.

"Dar am about forty regular chicken stealers in Galveston, including Jim Webster," remarked the old man.

Jim overheard the remark, so he came right up to Mose and threatened to eliminate him if he didn't take it back.

"Den dar am forty regular chicken stealers in Galveston, not including Jim Webster. Is yer satisfied now?"

Jim said, very much affected:—"Uncle Mose, when a man 'pologizes, he jes disarms me right dar.—Shake, old man. 'Taint often nowadays dat anybody flatters me as you has jest done."—*Galveston News.*

It is related of the late Charles Summer, that, when a difference arose between himself and the Administration, a friend suggested that he should resign his senatorship and appeal to the Massachusetts Legislature for a re-election and consequent endorsement. To this suggestion Mr. Sumner replied, with severity:

"That, sir, would be an act of demagogism unworthy of a Senator."

A darkey who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek didn't notice the peculiar action of a goat just behind; so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered:

"I dunno 'xactly, but 'pears as if the shore kinder h'isted and frowed me."

COURT TENNIS.

The game of court tennis was known to the Greeks as Sphairistike, and to the Romans as Pila. It was the fashionable pastime of French and English kings. Charles V. of France, and Henry V., VII., and VIII. of England, were all expert tennis players. Indeed, it has been justly described as one of the most ancient games in Christendom, and, though never played out in England, became at last the exclusive sport of the wealthy and luxurious, owing to the expense of erecting and maintaining covered courts, and the scientific difficulties of the game itself. In the early spring of 1874 Major Walter Wingfield, late of the First Dragoon Guards, attempted unsuccessfully to obtain a patent for what was virtually a new game. A little pamphlet is in existence which fully establishes the claim of this officer to the rightful title of inventor of lawn tennis. It is called "The Major's Game of Lawn Tennis, dedicated to the party assembled at Nantelywd in December, 1873, by W. C. W., and is illustrated with an elaborate pictorial diagram, containing a sketch of a lawn tennis court erected in a pretty garden. The net is there just as it is used to-day, and the only difference appreciable to the modern player in the appearance of the court is that on one side it is divided into two squares, and that on the other the server stands in a diamond-shaped space. With slight exceptions the game of lawn tennis remains precisely as it was when invented by Major Wingfield in 1873.

THE LAW OF FINDING.—The law of finding is this: The finder has a clear title against all the world but the owner. The proprietor of a railroad car or shop has no right to demand the property which may be found upon his premises. Such proprietors may make regulations in regard to lost property which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public. The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench one hundred years ago, in a case in which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shop-keeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which time the owner did not call for the property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shop-keeper. The latter refused to give them up on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shop-keeper, and it was held as above stated, that against all the world but the owner the title of the finder is perfect. And the finder has been held to stand in the place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found but subsequently lost.

OLD NELL GILES is a negro fortune teller at Augusta, Ga. She lives in a cellar, in the midst of weird things, and is a hideous hag. The negroes believe she is a veritable witch. Joe Stevens went to her from Edgefield to get a cure for his rheumatism. She performed some mummery over him, annointed his rheumatic arm, and the pain ceased. She assured him that he had been "conjured" by some secret enemy, and that he could not be permanently cured until he shed some of that person's blood. Her directions to Joe for discovering the guilty one was to shake hands with all his acquaintances, noting whose hand he held when a twinge came into his arm. Joe went to church, and did a great amount of hand shaking before the services began. His arm gave the warning when Andy Richardson shook it. Joe went home, procured a long knife, hid it in his sleeve, returned to the church, and plunged the weapon into Andy's heart. Whether this would have brought about the cure promised by Old Nell cannot be determined, for the patient has been hanged.

CHARLES F. WILLIAMS, the boy who has been acquitted of murder at Somerville, Mass., was undoubtedly insane when he killed young Walter Smith. While walking in a public park with Smith, a schoolmate and playfellow, he drew a pistol and shot his companion. There could have been no rational motive for the deed, and, besides, he came of a family in which for generations there had been a taint of lunacy. The point in his case which endangered him with the jury, was that immediately after the homicide he said to several friends that he would not be sent to the gallows, but to an insane asylum. It was shown, however, that he had good reason to know of his infirmity, because he had been under medical treatment for it. He had been a bright pupil in a high school, standing third in a class of forty-four, and in court was sane in his demeanor. The only reason he could give for his act was that Smith was of no value to the community, and therefore ought to die.

"But, my deah fellah," said the newly arrived Englishman to the Galveston hack driver who had called him "Colonel," "but my deah fellah, I don't belong to the army, ye know."

"That don't make any difference; here in Galveston we call almost every loafer and dead-beat Colonel or Major. Have a kerridge, General?"

Where ignorance is bliss: Miss Featherfuss, sitting in the frontpew in her gorgeous new hat, was totally oblivious of the innocent little tag that told to the congregation that that stunning spray of flowers cost just "60c."

The iron and steel industries of the United States are 1,005 in number, with a capital of $220,971,884. Pennsylvania leads off with nearly half the product of the country, Ohio taking second rank.

All Sorts of Clippings

A "stop order"—Whoa!

"Sold short"—Pea-jackets.

"Long on stalks"—Sorghum.

The mother of vinegar is sour aversion.

"Western Union" is run by a little click.

A grass widow is anything but green.

Wild oats are the only crop that grow by gas light.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The time has arrived for cream-ate-ing the girls.

You can tell a "duck" of a bonnet by the way it "sets."

The first cotton mill in California is in process of erection.

Young ladies in London now all carry canes.

A goat, like many people, always puts in many "buts."

Kind words are bald-headed: they can never dye.

A man who feels perfectly well never growls at the weather.

The best way to circulate a story is to try to keep it a secret.

The salary of the Emperor of Russia is $10,000,000.

The finger rings of this country are worth $58,000,000.

Canada will send a regiment to the Yorktown celebration.

In Paris a post-office is to be annexed to every telegraph bureau.

The Jews talk of erecting a national synagogue in Washington.

Memphis was built by Mizraim 2,000 years and more before Christ.

1,500 miles of railway are in course of construction in Italy.

In the year 1306 Robert Bruce succeeded to the throne of Scotland.

Siver 3-cent pieces were first coined in 1851.

Our 10-cent piece was first coined in the year 1796.

The first fire engine drawn by horses was used in Cincinnati.

Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, has quit the newspaper business.

In Alaska the ruling price for a good wife is $15 in trade.

The only way to settle a grave doubt is to exhume the corpse.

Maud S. has been clipped, and now looks as attenuated as Bernhardt.

In St. Louis slang a knowing girl is "slick," and a good dancer is "a Johnny boy."

The fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.

Motto of the good collector—Never put off until to-morrow what can be dunned to-day.

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

A girl aged 50 has received $25 for breach of promise from a 90-year-old boy in Peoria.

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

The library of the late Dr. Chapin was sold at auction for $20,000; it cost $50,000.

At Bildah, Algeria, may be seen eucalypti, only five years old, sixty feet high.

Cincinnati is preparing to celebrate, in 1888, the 100th anniversary of its settlement.

There is nothing evil but what is within us; the rest is either natural or accidental.

However things may seem, no evil thing succeeds, and no good thing is a failure.

A Chicago belle threw one of her old shoes after a bride and groom. They escaped.

Well, suppose it don't taste like tea, nor look like tea, it *is* tea; so there.—*Le Duc.*

The factories are now running on double time, turning out large collars of real lace.

If fine feathers don't make fine birds, why isn't a crow as handsome as a peacock?

A young man in pressing his own suit should be careful not to wrinkle that of the girl.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady, he naturally puts his armor round her.

The first iron vessel built in the United States was launched at Pittsburgh in 1839.

It is estimated that there are over 1,300 trotting horses training in the United States.

Lord Derby is childless, of inexpensive habits, and has an income of $750,000 a year.

The Chester (England) Commissioners find 2,000 out of 4,900 electors guilty of bribery.

Paris has 41,000 tobacco shops, ten times as many drinking booths, and a few churches.

On the 3d anniversary of his coronation, Pope Leo XIII. dispensed nearly $3,000 in charity.

There were 124 persons run over and killed in London in 1880, and 2,950 persons injured.

More than 20,000 persons were killed in India, in 1880, by wild beasts and venomous snakes.

The butter, cheese, egg, and milk business of the country are estimated to be worth $840,000,000.

There was in Germany in 188, 540 paper mills which together produced 2,600,000 cwt. of paper.

Elephants have been known to live 400 years, and it is supposed whales may live 1,000 years.

In the last 15 years the State of Louisiana has expended for levees and repairs the sum of $11,665,500.

Silk culture in Louisiana has taken a fresh start within the last few years.

[Harrisburg, (Pa.) Independent.]
For five years, says Mr. J. Echter, this city, I have been afflicted with rheumatism, and for two years have had a sore on my leg the size of a silver dollar, which nothing would heal. St. Jacobs Oil cured the rheumatism and healed the sore.

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