The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 4.

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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.
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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,
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YOU CAN DEPEND
ON THE ACTION OF
WARRANTED PURE
Dissoved Raw Bone
BUY IT!
of the Manufacturers, who warrant absolute purity and standard.
Lowest Prices.
BAUGH & SONS,
20 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia.
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Factory established over twenty five years.
April 14, 1881—2m.

BUY YOUR
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS,
Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.,
AT LOW PRICES FROM
Samuel Burns & Co.,
104 LIGHT Street Wharf,
Baltimore, - - - Maryland.

Wanted: 500,000 bushles of Corn
—AND—
50,000 *BUSHELS OF WHEAT,*
For which the Highest Market Price will be paid, deivered at any Station on the Kent County Rail Road.
☞ I shall be glad to have the Farmers to come and see me in person or by postal, as it may be to their interest to do so before selling their grain. ☜
E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove, Kent county, Md.,
Nov. 25, 1880—tf. AGENT FOR CHRISTIAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA

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 Valuabl 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. I 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
½ " " - - - - 1.00 - - - - " 1.50
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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 out 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

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.

THE SCULPTOR.

I saw a sculptor all intent
Upon his marble white;
And all his energies were bent
To mould it day and night.

With mallet hard and tools of strength,
And many strokes severe,
The block was made to feel at length
That skillful hands were near.

And I beheld a child look on
And gaze with wondering eye;
She saw the splinters, one by one,
In all directions fly.

The doubts that fill'd that simple mind
Were hard to understand,
Like curious things that children find
Upon the ocean's strand.

The marble chips at every stroke
Were scattered one by one,
When childish doubt broke out and spoke:
"Father, why waste the stone?"

"It is," he said, in accents mild,
"By strokes and heavy blows
That as the marble wastes, my child,
The more the statue grows."

Are we not all but children small,
In doubt and want of sight?
And like the little child we call
In darkness, for the light.

How many curious questions still
Are asked by children here?
As we behold a father's skill
Excite our childish fear.

We see our dear ones pass away,
Whom we have loved so long;
Our little ones who could not stay,
Whose life was rich in song.

We see our loved possessions fly,
And leave us with such haste;
Then ask in our simplicity:
"Oh, why is all this waste?"

And then, amidst our trembling fears
A Father's voice is heard;
Who wipes away our falling tears,
By His most gentle word:

"It is," He says, in accents mild,
"By strokes and heavy blows,
That as the marble wastes, my child,
The more the statue grows."

Sal Layton's Apple Cut.

They don't have apple-cuts now-a days like they did twenty years or so ago," said the sheriff, as he peeled a big greening with his jack-knife and threw the peeling on the stove.

"Apple-cuts," said Uncle Ira.—"They don't have apple-cuts nor anything else sensible these days. If the young fellows that runs things now can only cock a fur cap on their heads and get a plaid suit of clothes they're happy, and don't care for such things as apple-cuts. Unless its the juice of the apple," continued Uncle Ira after a pause. "And that cuts some of 'em up pretty bad, oftener than's good for 'em."

"We usty hev bully good times to them apple-cuts, sheriff," said the old 'Squire. "Dance all night, sure, and half the next if the fiddler held out."

"I guess I never told you about Sal Layton's apple-cut, did I?" asked the sheriff, as he dropped the core of his apple in the sleepy dog Ceasar's ear.

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Ira.—"Heard you tell it more than a hundred times, and you have told it so much that I'm blamed if I don't think you believe it yourself," he continued.

"That story's a cast iron fact," said the sheiriff, "and too good to be lost. I'll tell it again."

"If there wasn't snap in the boys of twenty-five years ago, this court don't know itself," the sheriff went on. "We never calculated to get left when there was any fun going on, and if we did you can make up your mind that on that day the thermometer was very low. We were always ready for a night or a dance or a singing school, and came out particularly strong on protracted meetings. There was a dance about every night from the time cold weather set in until the canal was opened in the spring, and we used to make the Pike county woods just howl. There was a family named Layton lived up in the hills back o' Lackawack. The old man had pried a piece of ground out from under the stones that protected the soil in that garden spot of the township, and stuck a shanty in one corner of it. The house was founded on a rock. That rock I believe as much as can be, had an out-cropping in China. Owing to this rock, Layton had to build his cellar about forty rods away, by scooping a hole in a side hill and putting a door of hemlock slabs to it.

"Sal Layton was a nice girl. She was the old man's only daughter, and could cook a slapjack or butcher a pig with skill and grace. She had a big hawk of a fellow by the name of Rube Calkins. He was terrible mussy—one of these lick-my-weight-in-wild-cats sort of fellows who always want to clean out barrooms whenever they get outside of three drinks of court-week whiskey. I had a side partner named Reeves—Sid Reeves. He was a team. He never walked his shoes off to get where there was a fight, but if he thought one would be likely to come his way he would wait all day for it.

"There was a ball at the Narrows one night. Sal was there with Rube and Sid and I had our girls. Rube primed himself with the best the bar afforded, and, as usual, swore he never would be happy until he had 'cleared out' every man in the barroom. Well, the upshot of it was that Sid had to drop him out of the window. This made a little hard feeling between Rube and Sid, and when Sal made up her mind to give an apple-cut, a few weeks afterward Sid didn't get any invite, and neither did I.

"Sal had been dying to give an apple-cut for a long time, but the trouble was, the only orchard on the old man's place was a wild gooseberry bush, and there were no apples in the old man's cellar. He raised some potatoes and a little buckwheat and managed to fatten a pig every fall, but how they could give an apple-cut on such products of the soil was something that neither Sal nor the old folks could wrestle with and get the upper holt. But one lucky day Sal's dad was over to the falls, and who should be there but some Jerseyman who had a bag of apples that he was willing to trade off for buckwheat. If Bobby Layton didn't freeze to that bag, then a snapping turtle won't snap. He took it home and put it in his side-hill cellar, and the invitations were given for the apple cut. As I remarked, Sid and I got the grand go-by. But we kept mum.

"About three miles from Sal's there lived a couple of girls that Sid and I used to go and see once in awhile. About a week before Sal's dad got the apples these girls had a quilting bee and didn't invite Sal. So Sal got back at them by slighting them in the apple-cut. Sid and I went up to see the girls one night, and we made it up to have a little apple-cut of our own. Their old man didn't have any apples, either. Apples were scarcer that winter than scales on a catfish, anyhow.—So we fellows agreed to skirmish around and get the fruit for our rival festivity. We concluded to have our party on the same night that Sal had hers, and, the night before the apple-cut Sid and I hitched up to a sled and took a ride. We didn't have much trouble in getting all the apples we wanted, and we had a roaring old time at our apple-cut.

"The next day I met one of the fellows who had been to Sal's apple cut.

"Well," says I, "how'd you enjoy yourself last night?"

"We busted up in a big fight," he says.

"Fight!" I says. "Why how's that?"

"Well," says he, "after we all got to Sal's and had sot there a spell, talkin' and laughin', Sal says to the old man:

"Pap," says she, "I guess ye better go an' fetch in the apples an' we'll git to business. Oh, wait till you see them pippins," says she.—"They'r good uns, an' they's plenty on 'em," says she.

"So Bobby goes out and fetches in the bag. She had got a big tub an' sot in the middle of the floor to put the apples in. Bobby came alluggin' the bag in on his shoulder and we all piled around the tub to see the pippins. The old man ontied the bag an' dumped her. May I hope to die ef Bobby didn't dump that tub ful' of turnips! Two bushels o' thunderin' big flat turnips, and not the smell of a pippin apple!"

"I had to lay down in the road an' laugh," said the sheriff.

"Turnips!" I says, after a spell.—"Not turnips?"

"Y-a-a-s, turnips!" snorted the fellow. "And that wasn't the fun of the thing. You know Staub Wagner was there, an' its only a month ago that he was ketched comin' out o' Decker's paster with one o' Decker's sheep. Well when the turnips was tumbled into the tub, Sal looked at her old man, an' the old man looked at Sal. If an earthquake had fell in that place they couldn't a looked scareter. Nobody said a word for about a minute. Then Bobby woke up.

"I kin lick the hide out'n any sheep-thief as has gone an' busted this apple-cut!" he hollered.

"The old man didn't have no more reference to Staub Wagner than he did to the man in the moon, but Staub peeled hisself and howled:

"I wouldn't let my own father call me a sheep-thief! An' no bush-whacker as tries to put turnips off on me for pippins kin do it an' not fight!"

"He swep' the old man around that kitchen like a house a fire before we could get him loose. Rube Calkins chucked Staub through the back door and clum on the fence.—In less than two minutes the party was filin' out o' that shanty and makin' for hum. Sal's apple-cut were busted, and if I ever find out the fellow that done it I'll make him sweat!"

"Well, sir," said the sheriff, "do you know that Sal always kind o' thought that Sid and I played that on her? But nobody ever found out who did take the apples, and I believe my mother is wondering to this day who in the world ever carried off that bag of nice white turnips she had sitting out in the woodshed."

Traveling in Olden Times.

A careful inspection of the vehicles of former times leads us to the conclusion that our forefathers were lined with zinc and copper-fastened—for nothing short of it could have withstood the joltings and jarrings, the bouncings and bumpings entailed upon those who used any other method of locomotion except that which nature provides. The chariot which General and Mrs. Washington went to Philadelphia upon his election to the Presidency was no doubt an instrument of torture. To the discomforts of this rambling old carriage may be added, for the General, the incessant wagging of Mrs. Washington's tongue, for it is a well-known fact, that she was of a shrewdish nature, and made no bones of giving the General her views in a very forcible manner. The method of traveling which they pursued gave publicity to the fact that the General had a curtain lecture every night for a night cap. In the course of their journey they arranged to spend the nights at the house of the gentry scattered along between Mount Vernon and Philadelphia—and Martha was often heard to nag her lord and master until a loud snore announced that the General was safe in the land of dream from all worldly annoyances.

The chariot was the acknowledged mark of aristocracy. A journey in these days entailed a retinue, somewhat after the following order:

1. Marster and Missis in a carriage.

2. Marster's "boy" on horseback, with a led horse for Marster to ride when he wished to stretch his legs.

3. A wagon containing two hair trunks and Missis's maid.

The rate of progression was about four miles an hour.

The habit of carrying servants even on neighborly visits, obtained in Virginia and Maryland until the abolition of slavery. A form of entertaining, called "spending the day," was in fashion. This consisted in going to a friend's house early in the morning, and staying until late in the evening, consuming the interval in a succession of meals.—Besides the visitors, the coachman and horses, there was usually a "maid," who sat on the rack behind the carriage, swinging her legs in ecstatic delight at the prospect of "going abroad."

Chaises were the only two-seated vehicles in use, and were something like a modern top buggy, except that it had but two wheels. Consequently, going up hill, occupants were being spilled out behind, and going down hill they were spilled out before.

FANNY FERN ON MARRIAGE.

It seems to me that there is a great deal of unnecessary worry, about those men and women, who are trying to break up the family state, and who by precept and example are introducing the broadest individual license. There always have been, and probably always will be, restless, uneasy spirits, who build their castles of this description, as does the spider his shining web, and then lie in wait for foolish flies to be caught in it. And there are, always have been, and always will be, plenty of foolish flies, who spite of the spectacle of the skeletons of their forerunners dangling from this silky web, will still "go and do likewise." You cannot persuade them that this is not "smart" or wise. Nothing but adding their own skeleton to the heap will suffice them.

Well, what then? We are not all spiders or flies. There are happy, virtuous homes all through the length and breadth of the land, and always will be; and little children whose twining arms can defy these human spiders, and brush away all their fine-spun cobwebs with one velvet touch. God be thanked. He has ordered it so. Therefore let those who give unnecessary prominence to these things take courage. There are thousands of men and women left, with the good old hymns and prayers of their childhood's happy home, so indelibly engraven on their soul, that no *sham* of home could ever have power to deceive them. Right minded men and women consider always the children God has given them. And here lies one great point of divergence between them and these selfish agitators, to whom children are as nothing when in the way of their fickleness.

I hold that parents—*both* parents—should never slacken their hold on a child for good, no matter what may come. Is not that the way "our Father" does with us? Else what would become of us? To cast them adrift for "an affinity" is monstrous! Even the brute creation could teach them a better lesson. Happiness never yet came of dodging such sacred duties.

Besides, is happiness the first and only thing in life? To "him that overcometh" is the victory given. No condition in life is free from trials, else how should we ever grow strong? It is ignoble and cowardly to accept life, *any* life, *only till a cloud overshadows or a storm comes.* More cowardly, more ignoble still are they who leave those uncared for, whom they have solemnly promised to cherish, to follow some fleeting ray of sunshine for the brief, selfish enjoyment of the moment.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—The Chinese physician receives no fee until the patient is cured.

Profile pictures, it is stated, originated with Philip of Macedon, who had but one eye.

White alligators found in Brazil travel far and well on land. Their skull and bones are frequently seen in the forests, and they deposit their eggs in the woods.

In the year 1900 February will have but twenty-eight days, although a leap year. This phenomenon occurs once only in two hundred years, and always in the odd one hundred.

By the introduction of the telephone into water containing fish utter singular vocal sounds. There is even said to be a large bivalve in the East which "sings loudly in concert.

The grave of Emanuel Seigel, an old and respected farmer of the village of Donovan, Ill., who died three years ago, was opened on Saturday. The body was gone, and the coffin occupied by sixteen torpid bull snakes.

A piece of linen has been found at Memphis containing 540 picks to the inch, and it is recorded that one of the Pharaohs sent to the Lydian king, Crœsus, a corselet made of linen and wrought with gold, each fine thread of which was composed of 360 smaller threads twisted together.

A woman at Cape Girardeau, Mo., who had suffered from a husband's neglect, traced him to a barroom, where he was playing cards with several companions. Setting a covered dish she held in her hands down upon the table, she said:

"Presuming, husband that you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed.

With a forced laugh he invited his friends to dine with him, but on removing the cover from the dish found only a slip of paper, on which was written: "I hope you will enjoy your meal; it is the same your family have at home."

"There is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added: "I'm glad there isn't.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

How the Routine Work of the Presidential Office is Performed.

The routine office work of the White House constantly increases. The early Presidents were not even allowed a private secretary by law. They had to pay for all clerical assistance out of their own salary. Afterward one secretary was provided for; then an assistant was added, From administration to administration the working force grew by the addition of clerks, or the detail of army officers, until what is practically a bureau of appointments has grown up. Including the private secretary, there are now seven persons attached to this bureau, and their positions are no sinecures. Often they are busy until late at night bringing up the day's work. If they allow it to get behind it is next to impossible to deal with it satisfactorily.

Perhaps a description of the current office duties of the President's personal staff may interest some readers.

An enormous mail is received every day. The private secretary, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Headley, the executive clerk, open and classify them. Of course it is impossible for the President to read all the letters addressed to him. If he should undertake the job he would have little time for anything else. But it is important that he should be able to select from the mass such letters as he wants to read. So there is a system of briefing the correspondence, letter by letter, on broad sheets of paper and making a sort of unbound volume of the sheets each day. By glancing over these abstracts the President can see in a few minutes what letters there are requiring his attention among the hundreds that daily arrive. Such of the letters as are applications for office, and more than nine-tenths are of this class, are each put into a long envelope, which has a printed form on its back for indorsement, with name, date, office applied for and remarks. Most of these letters are distributed each day to the several departments and go on their files. There are, however, several files in the White House—one of official letters, to which the President may wish to refer, another of applications and recommendations in cases pending for his decision, one of personal letters and one which would furnish curious reading to students of human nature, called the eccentric file. An hour spent in looking over the contents of this file would make the least misanthropic man believe that half the world had gone crazy, or cause him to apply to America the bitter remark of Carlyle, who said that England was inhabited by 30,000,000 of people, principally fools.

I must not forget to mention in connection with the office work of the White House, the fact that there is a post similar to that of an exchange reader in a daily newspaper office. The place is filled by Mr. Morton, who served under President Hayes. He goes through two or three hundred papers a day, cuts out everything he thinks the President ought to see, arranges his clippings in topical scrap-books and takes the books in once a day for the President's inspection. By this system a President can, if he gives sufficient time to the matter, keep almost as well posted on public opinion as the chief editor of a great daily. In length of service the oldest member of the White House staff is W. L. Crook, the executive agent and disbursing clerk, who dates back to the end of President Lincoln's administration; but there is among the servants of the house a man who was appointed by President Fillmore. He is the fireman, and his name is Herbert; and the principal door-keeper, Mr. Loeffler, was put in his place by President Grant in 1869.

The exchange reader does his work behind a big screen in the general reception room. The private secretaries, Mr. Brown and Mr. Headley, have a room to themselves, with two bay windows looking out on the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and a door leading to the President's room. Adjoining is a smaller room, where Mr. Prudon, the assistant private secretary keeps, with the aid of two clerks, the records of appointments and removals in formidable leather-bound volumes like the ledgers in a counting-house. Besides the staff of secretaries and clerks, there is what might be called an official staff of servants, who are appointed by the President, and whose salaries are provided for by Congress in the annual appropriations. It consists of a steward, door-keeper, four assistant door-keepers, a messenger, four assistant messengers, two of whom are mounted, a watchman and a fireman. There is also a telegraph operator detailed from the signal service corps. The other servants of the household, such as the coachman, the cooks and the waiters, are paid by the President. The repairs and the general good order of the house, its furniture and its conservatory and grounds, are attended to by the Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds.

The sale of the celebrated Sunderland Library in London, which was postponed for a time, has been fixed definitely for Dec. 1 of this year. The library was formed during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., and consists of some 30,000 volumes. It is celebrated for its large collection of early editions of the Greek and Latin classics, and includes also rare editions of the great Italian authors, a superb collection of early printed Bibles in various languages, including a copy on velium of the first Latin Bible with a date; a number of early printed and rare French chronicles and memoirs, books of prints, and a few ancient manuscripts. Some of the books are printed on vellum, and many are extremely fine large-paper copies. They are chiefly in fine old morocco bindings.

People are always ready to assist those who need no assistance.

THE VICTIM OF A LEADVILLE REVIVAL.

He was on his way home from Leadville, says an exchange. He had on a ragged old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals about thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery fine, and some of the people are honest as needs be. The trouble is in knowing just how to take the bad ones."

"I should think that would be easy."

"Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original diskiverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you wouldn't think it to see these old clothes of mine."

"Then you don't own it now?" was the inquiry.

"Not a bit of it. I'll explain. I was poking around on the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay; staked off a claim and went off to the assayer's. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"How?"

"Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spec and built up a pole shanty, and hung out a sign of First Baptist Church over the door. True as shooting they had, and the law out there is no man can sink a shaft within 230 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there, were holding a revival. There were six of them, and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and—would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me.—Three days after the verdict the First Baptist Church burned down and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth over a million of dollars. You see, I didn't know how to take them."

"Was there any particular way to take them?"

"You bet there was! I ought to have opened on that revival with a Winchester rifle and given the coroner fifty dollars for a virdict that they came to their death from too much religion."

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs that we have of the soul's independence of the body, is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animals, creatures doomed to perish after a few brief years of life in this world, that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it, would be enough. As it is, we may have all these things, and health to enjoy them, and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love" is our heart's cry. When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us, we rejoice; when people are harsh and unkind, we suffer. We begin life, wishing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but, as long as reason lasts, we must love some one, we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters, and brothers, that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us, these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterward come the little children, frail, helpless babies, who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us.

Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their emptyheartedness; for kindness will win love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps, on which they lavish caresses which, better spent would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride, or morbid sensitiveness, may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every heart responds; the bond which will bind us all together in that other world where mourners shall be comforted and Love shall reign forever.

A gentleman who accompanied the sons of the Prince of Wales on their recent visit to Cetywayo, the captive Zulu King, writes: "With the two young Princes he was more direct. After the usual formal courtesies and change of photographs, the two boys rose and expressed a wish to see Cetywayo's wives. 'Stay, my children,' said the ex-King, with a dignified wave of the hand, 'I have a word to say. Do you see that picture?' pointing to a print of the Queen. 'I think much when I look on that. You are the grandsons of that lady. I wish you to give her a message from me. I have been long down here; no one has yet told me what wrong I have committed, nor given me an opportunity of answering for my conduct. I do not know that I ever committed any wrong against the English. Yet they have taken me prisoner, and keep me here, and give no reasons. Tell your grandmother this, and say that when this war is over (the war in the Transvaal) I would ask her to let me visit England.'"

"Julius, whar did you get that coat?"

"Down here to Pull's."

"Whar's dat?"

"Little ways down in Brattle street, whar it says "Pull on de door." I pulled dis coat and run out."

Colonel Thomas A. Scott lately bought, at a sale in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, a clock made by his uncle in 1790.

All Sorts of Clippings

Preserved pairs—the animals in the ark.

The girl in the apron is always tired.

A pressing necessity—the tailor's goose.

A sound investment—hiring a brass band.

A man stung is often the result of a woman's tongue.

A poor fool is just as well off as a rich one—in his mind.

They're still on the hunt for oleomargarine. Tallow ho!

A pair of stock-kings—Gould and Vanderbilt.

Coal scuttles are now manufactured of rubber.

An elephant drinks about 45 gallons of water a day.

Roscoe Conkling is said to be worth over $200,000.

Queen Victoria has just passed her 62d year.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is to publish her husband's biography.

Women who have bad teeth laugh only with their eyes.

Song of the lark—"We won't go home till morning."

A clerical error—a minister kissing a parishioner's wife.

Do spiritualists receive their written messages on rapping paper?

A scolding wife is not a "joy forever"—she's only a temer-ary affair.

"Papa," what is a divorce?" "It is a hus-bandoned woman."

Character resembles real turtle soup, while reputation is only mock turtle.

When is a man, like friendship, most seriously tried? When he stands alone.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

Although the clocks are always striking, their hours of labor are never reduced.

The life of a man should be like his watch—constantly on the go and full of good works.

Some women are like shot-guns. They would attract no attention without their bangs.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

An old tin kettle may not point a moral, but we have often known it to adorn a tail.

A lady at a ball called her beau an Indian, because he was on her trail all the time.

New York women now wear tea gowns made in the style of the First Empire.

Fashionable ladies like balls and assemblies as a hunter likes a place where game abounds.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one and the tailor the other.

Many an officeholder resembles a point, inasmuch as he has position without magnitude.

There were 480 births, 222 marriages and 693 deaths in New York city last week.

The national bank circulation recently reached $362,900,000, the highest ever attained.

Nearly 500 Catholic bishops have petitioned for the canonization of Christopher Columbus.

There are 3 Ohioans now in the Supreme Court—Waite, Woods and Matthews.

Indigestion has comically been defined as "the ingratitude of the stomach."

Singular that when some men are feeling a little nervous they fly to a stimulant to nerve us.

When a man regards himself as all sufficient the world is apt to think of him as insufficient.

The man who can't be angry is a fool; the man who will not allow himself to be is wise.

Every man's house is his castle, but every man can't be king of Ashantee.

Everything has to pay up sometimes; even the little chickens have to shell out.

Bobbs thinks that instead of giving credit where credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

A boy does not always get much comfort out of his first cigar, but he gets a heap of experience.

1881 does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is one at each end.

The Chicago Packing and Provision House kills 10,000 hogs every day.

Of the cities of Holland Amsterdam has a population of 280,000; Rotterdam, 129,000. and the Hague 80,000.

A great many persons are like the circus poster. It is only because they are stuck up that they attract attention.

Saratoga belles must be getting very lazy. We learn from an exchange that they will only dress four times a day this season.

Substituting hades for the other word in the New Testament looks like an underhanded attempt to ruin Bob Ingersoll.

When you see a beardless youth smoking a cigarette don't threaten to tell his mother; it might hurt his manly pride.

A fashion item avows that bustles are not used if the drapery of the dress makes the back sufficiently bouffant without.

Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has several times been shot at. He plays the piano.

The London Religious Tract Society has circulated nearly 80,000,000 books and tracts in 130 different languages.

[Evansville Daily Courier.]
A comforting conclusion is that which leads us always to choose the best. Mr. Andrew Ulmer, Bluffton, Ind., says: I have thoroughly tested St. Jacobs Oil, and find for rheumatism and neuralgia it has no equal.

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