The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 5.

OUR SUMMER STOCK OF

FINE READYMADE CLOTHING

Is the Most Complete and Varied Assortment ever shown in the Ledger building. Send for samples. Money refunded if we can't please.

A. C. YATES & CO.,
Chestnut & Sixth, Philadelphia.

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

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 Use ful and Valuabl Preparation for Whitewashing and Sanitary Purposes. It costs less in comparison than Com mon 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
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 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 LIST OF

MISCLELANEOUS ARTICLES

FOR SALE AT

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Hair Brushes, Combs, Tooth Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Perfumery, Colognes, Extracts, Soaps Clothes-Brushes, Gold Pens, Pencils, Boxes of Fancy Paper, Fine Stationery.

BOOKS.—Seaside Libraries, Franklin Square Libraries, Book Bags, Pens, Inks, Copying Pencils, Prayer Books, Hymn Books and Bibles. Also, the Revised Edition of the New Testament, which will be in stock in a few days.

The above are all fine goods, selected with the greatest care, and are now offered for sale at the lowest possible prices, by
COLIN F. STAM,
May 26, 1881. Druggist.

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

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

Dr. T. H. Cooper & Bro.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

Office between C. F. Stam's Drug Store and L. K. Stam's Furniture store,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

ALL CALLS attended to promptly.
March 10, 1881—3m*

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 at cost. SPARKS.

The finest assortment of Water Coolers and CREAM FEEZERS—for sale by THOS. L. HINES & CO.

EVERY Farmer should have Hoosier Corn Drill—sold by KENNARD & CO.

MY LADY DOCTOR.

She never comes with pompous stride,
Strong of cigars, head to one side,
A brief call makes, a question asks,
And lofty talks of mighty tasks:
Not so my lady doctor.

She feels your pulse, looks at your tongue,
Discerns the very nerve unstrung,
Then holds your hand with kindly look,
And reads you through like open book,
Thus does my lady doctor.

With gentle voice, quite calm and still,
She then doles out the little pill,
The while she notes with hasty glance
The air, the food, the nurse, perchance
Aught 'scape the lady doctor.

And then she knows what she's about;
Has piles of books, all read throughout,
She studied with a learned man,
And practiced twenty years his plan,
She's wise, my lady doctor.

Should sickness seize this nursery elf,
Whose life is but your truer self,
She's such a woman's coaxing way,
The child will soon from day to day
Cry for the "yady docca."

If danger come to man or wife,
She'll watch and nurse the flickering life,
Until by patient care and skill,
She'll bid each anxious fear be still,
As could no other doctor.

When comes your time to convalesce,
She'll even deign to talk of dress
And cheer you up with bits of news,
And so keep off the dolorous blues,
My cheery lady doctor.

But if no human skill avail,
And death o'er life at last prevail,
With honest tear and honest heart,
Comfort and strength she will impart,
God bless my lady doctor!

And should your sick soul cry in grief,
To which no potion gives relief,
She'll speak such sympathetic word
As surely never can be heard
But from a lady doctor.

I know there be good, true M. Ds.;
Who blessings strew and patients please;
But I am sure no one could be
In all respects the same to me
As my dear lady doctor.

And think how brave she must have been
To dare to study medicine,
In these old days when doctors wise
Made no attempt to scorn disguise
Of any lady doctor.

But now through years of patient toil,
She's reached a place that won't recoil.
Doctors of standing her advise,
Nor shake their heads, nor roll their eyes,
To meet my lady doctor.

In office hours, if you should call,
You'd find the room full to the hall.
She visits now in coupe,
Then sends her bill the usual way,
Like any other doctor.

So then, whoever you may be,
Strong man, loved wife, or sweet baby,
If you feel bad or weak or ill,
Send, send at once and pay the bill—
Send for my lady doctor.

—JESSIE SCOTT.

LEMONS FOR SMALL POX.

An Ironton, Ohio, physician treated himself for small-pox with lemon juice, and reports the process and results as follows: I squeezed all the juice I possibly could out of one lemon into a glass, to which I added about two tablespoons of water and drank it. I then opened the rind and sucked the balance of the juice. In about twenty minutes I took another lemon, and used it in the same manner. In a short time I felt very cold, as if I were lying in close proximity to a large mass of snow or ice. My pulse had dropped to sixty. I shut my eyes to see if the unpleasant visions were gone. I not only found that they were gone, but by placing my hand upon my head, I found the pox on my head had gone also. My head was bathed with a gum-like fluid which had exuded from the pox. It stained the napkin I had applied to wipe it off. It seemed as if each had given up its contents and wilted down to a level with the surface. The same had taken place with those upon my face. My beard was glued together with the same kind of fluid. Those upon my neck had not bursted, but had shrunk away and diminished in size considerably. I laid down and slept two hours comfortably. I awoke, I presume, from cold, although I had plenty of cover over me and the fire was still burning in the grate. I felt so well pleased that I took a little more lemon juice. I kept my pulse at from sixty to sixty-seven for thirty-six hours, when all eruptions and elevations had disappeared from my skin. I then bid good-bye to lemon juice and small-pox. So strongly am I convinced in the power of lemon juice to abort any and every case of small-pox, if administered as I administered it to myself, that I look upon it as a specific of as much certainty and power in small-pox as quinine is in intermittent fever. I therefore publish my experiment, hoping every physician having a case of small-pox will give it a fair trial and publish the result in the newspapers.

THE BABY which was born aboard the steamer Germanic on the way over from England and was christened Mary Germanica Vanderbilt Phillips, has arrived at Youngstown, Ohio, with its mother. The following account of the event on shipboard was given to the Youngstown *Register* by the girl's father-in-law: "In a spirit of banter one of the passengers laid a wager of $25 with Mr. Vanderbilt that he daren't bring the baby up and exhibit it to the cabin passengers. The wager was taken and Mr. Vanderbilt vanished into the hospital, borrowed the diminutive arrival for a few moments, carried it out and showed it. He won the wager, and when he returned the baby to its mother he gave with it $50, the amount of the bet. A purse was made up amounting to $300 for the mother, and upon the arrival of the steamer at New York Mr. Vanderbilt made arrangements for her to receive the best of care in the New York Hospital at his expense."

Forty Years in Love.

"It won't do," said old Tibbetts, shaking his head furiously. 'I always have hated those Partridges, and I say again you shan't marry Fanny."

"A man's affections"—began Horatio.

"Nonsense!" cried old Tibbetts. "You talk like a boarding-school girl. You are of age, I know; but I give you warning, if you persist, I'll take that clever little Johnson into partnership instead of you and you may beg or starve as you please for the sake of a red-haired girl like Fanny Partridge."

Off trotted old Tibbetts as he uttered these last words.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Partridge and Fanny were hard at it—Fanny was in tears; Mrs. Partridge in a fury.

"I'd rather see you in your grave, Fanny," cried Mrs. Partridge. "Old Tibbets's son. Why didn't you choose a chimney sweep? It was Tibbets that cheated your pa's brother out of that piece of property. A bigger rascal never walked! No, Fanny, you shall walk over my dead body before you go to church with him."

Fanny was seventeen and very submissive. Horatio, although five and twenty, submissive likewise.—Parental authority prevailed. One meeting was allowed in which the two might bid good-bye to each other. Fanny wept. Horatio held her hands in both of his, and kissed them very fondly.

"They may yield in time," said Horatio, "or something may happen to alter things. Be true to me for a little while. I shall never love any one but you."

"My heart is broken," said Fanny," believing it sincerely. "But I shall be true to you all my life, Horatio."

Immediately he kissed her. He never forgot how hard it was to take his lips from hers; and their arms encircled each other. And it was really a wonder the two young lovers did not die then and there.

Old Tibbets rewarded his son by making him partner in the prosperous firm of Tibbets & Co., forthwith, while Mamma Partridge hurried Fanny away to the north of France.

Horatio did not forget easily. It had been a cherished plan of his to marry Fanny Partridge. He had a mind that was prone to dwell upon detail. All his fancies about the future had been perfectly-finished pictures.

It was hard to believe that the little round tea-table would never be set with painted china; that Fanny as Mrs. Tibbets, would not sit beside him in the third pew from the front on Sunday mornings; he would not go with her to choose the color for the drawing-room furniture; that they would not have their portraits painted to hang one on each side of the parlor mantle-piece.

Fanny was his practical or general idea; that they might have walked together forever in the moonlight was perhaps, strongest with her. But had he been the most perfect hero of romance she could not have placed him on a higher pedestal.

The match certainly would have been a happy one had fate willed it to be a match at all. They loved each other too well to seek comfort in new lovers.

Horatio seemed very steady, and shunned ladies' society; and Fanny after refusing an English baronet and a German baron, declined to go into society any more, and settled down with her mother in a little town upon the Continent, where four or five English families there exchanged whist parties, and there were no young English people whatever.

There, at thirty, she was still living, and then it was that there came to the place an English traveler who called upon her. He was a friend of Mr. Horatio Tibbets, and had been commissioned to hand her a small parcel, and he was to tell Mr. Tibbets how she looked and was; and that he was very well, quite bald for his years and unmarried. And then the traveler went away.

The gift was a dainty work-box, worth a great deal of money, and in the little box where the thimble lay was also a ring. Its motto was "Dinna forget."

Fanny never showed this gift to her mother, but she wore that ring against her heart under her dress.

New hope crept into her soul; and when a few years after a good-looking, wealthy widower offered his hand, with a genuine love in the bargain, she refused without hesitation.

Forget? never! He had not forgotten.

But more years passed, ten of them at least, and themory of the old family feud still dwelt in the bosom of the two old people.

At last, at the age of eighty, Mrs. Partridge died; and Fanny, all alone in what had always remained a strange land, felt miserably desolate. Youth had departed—friends were few. It had been her mother's wish to remain in Franc; now her heart dictated a return home. The first morning paper she opened there told her of the death of Mr. Tibbets, aged ninety.

The paper dropped from Fanny's hand, and she sat quite motionless for more than twenty minutes.—Then she began to cry very softly, and took her ring from her pocket and looked at it.

"Dinna forget," she sobbed. "I am sure he has not forgotten."

And she began to wonder what he looked like now. He must have altered. Perhaps he was portly, like his father. Well, she was rather stout herself.

One could not be a slender youth forever; and he had probably a streak of gray in his dark hair.—Nothing could alter his eyes, however. Or, if he was altogether altered, she would love him still. Why not, since it was heart that loved, and not the flesh and blood.

And she so managed that the news should reach him in a few days' time that she was there. He had heard it, as she had meant he should. He had been all alone and very lonely.

He had been an obedient son and affectionate one, and had loved the testy old man dearly. But now he thought it would harm no one if he should try to realize his youthful dreams.

He sighed and looked out of the window; walked to the fire-place and stood there unrelenting; brightening up and began to make one of his fancy pictures of Fanny at the other side of the fire.

"She'll be the older, of course," he said. "Thin—perhaps fragile and worn; pale, too. No matter to him it's Fanny, and she'll be beautiful to me."

And he sat down and wrote her a letter on the spot, in which, however, he only told her he was coming to see her.

An elderly lady was walking in a green lane near Honsey, with two children, and a poodle which was her own, the children her landlady's. She was a very stout lady, with four chins and a red face, and no waist whatever.

As she walked there came up the lane a weary old gentleman, with a large green umbrella under his arm. His nose and chin met. His head was as smooth as an egg, except just at the nape of the neck, where six hairs still clung. His ears stood out on each side of his face, large, yellow, and with frosty pinches on them. He had watery blue eyes, and a wart on his forehead.

Just the kind of old man the stout lady hated.

For his part, he disliked fat women.

"A frizzly old creature," he thought; and just then poodle and children, all tied together with blue ribbon, tangled themselves about his legs and nearly overset him.

"Come here, my dears; don't run against the gentleman in that way," said the fat lady in a faint voice.

"People should teach their grandchildren and their dogs better manners," said the old gentleman, testily.

"My grandchildren?" panted the old lady; "what impudence! I beg you'll not kick that dog, sir. Cruelty to animals is forbidden by law, thank heaven!"

"If this dog is mad, as he seems to be, I will have him shot," said the gentleman.

"Come here, Fido, darling," cried the lady. "My dears, run home to your ma."

And just then out stepped the landlady. To her the old gentleman addressed himself.

"I beg pardon, ma'am. Can you tell me in which of these houses I can find a lady of the name of Partridge—Miss Fanny Partridge?"

"Why, this is the house, sir," said the landlady; "and here is Miss Partridge herself."

"Will you hand her this?" said the thin old gentleman, looking eagerly around for Miss Partridge, and never once thinking of the stout lady.

"Here, ma'am," said the landlady, presenting the card to that individual. "That lady, sir, is Miss Partridge."

The name upon the card was "Horatio Tibbets.

That hideous little old man, like a weasel, with green cotton umbrella, and no hair, Horatio?

That overgrown woman, like a lobster, Fanny?

Neither would believe it; but it was true—as true as age is, and time, and change, and all the rest of it.

They sat on the horse-hair sofa, in the parlor, and tried to talk; and as they did so, they discovered that Fanny and Horatio who loved each other, were both dead—as if the sods were over their poor hearts!

Had they married years before, probably they would have been still dear to each other, still pleasant to look upon with affection, but meeting as strangers they repulsed each other.

"If he should presume on our old affection!" thought Miss Panny Partridge, such a very disadreeable old man!

"If she should expect me to remember the past, this dreadful mountain of flesh!" thought Horatio, and then he told her he was glad to see her looking so well and hoped they would be neighbors.

She thought that unlikely; the place did not agree with her.

Each dodged the past, not guessing how the other was to dodge it also, and they parted forever, politely hoping to meet very soon.

That night two pillows were wet with tears.

Fanny wept for the youthful lover of whose death she seemed to have heard that day, and Horatio for a lost Fanny, now only a memory.

But there was not thought of any present liking, of any firing up old flames. They did not even wish to meet again.

There was a certain horror in that meeting not to be forgotten.

They never met more; but when Fanny died, years after, the ring with its motto of "Diana forget"—the ring which no power could have placed over her fat finger—hung by its ribbon over her heart, and Horatio had buried with him a lock of hair severed from Fanny's head in the long ago, when it was golden.

Each heart was young and true; but forty years of comfortable, well-to-do life had been very cruel to their bodies—to their voices—to their manners.

"Do you suppose that somewhere beyond the stars they have met and are lovers again?"

I hope so; for in their own way they suffered greatly here for no fault of their own.

"And did your late husband die in the hope of a blessed immortality, Sister Wiggins?" inquired the new minister, who was making his first call on a fair widow of his congregation. "Bless you, no!" was the mournful response, "he died in Chicago."

Promises made in affliction require a better memory than many possess.

THE LAWYER'S BOY.

Anybody who thinks that the boy employed around a lawyer's office has nothing to do but empty the paper basket, run to the postoffice, sweep the room and read the jokes of Blackstone, is grandly mistaken. A boy—that is a prize of a boy, and one who will eventually become a great lawyer himself—has a heap on his mind, and no time for slingshots or tops.

Yesterday while a Detroit lawyer was in court, with his boy in charge of the office, a newspaper man who was hunting through the Moffat block stumbled upon the young attorney and was received with:

"Come right in, sir. The papers in your case are to ready to be signed."

"What case?"

"Application for divorce."

"But I'm not the man."

"Ain't you? Well, you look like him. Let's see? Are you the defendant in the Jones vs. Brown case of trespass? If so, I am to tell you that the case is put over until next Saturday, at the same hour in the afternoon."

"No, I am not Brown."

"Well, that's all right. Let's see again? I was to tell Ryan that his case against Peters for slander would not come on during this term, and to suggest to him that he amend his declaration. You have not given the dates whereon, the defendant called you a 'reptile' and a 'sneak.'"

"But I am not Ryan."

"Is that so? That's too bad, but perhaps you can't help it. Was it your wife who eloped with a man named Blake?"

"No."

"Then you are not Mr. Clem. I was to tell him that he forgot to state the particular time at which he first noticed a coldness in her demeanor. Let's see? Oh! there's that bigamy case. I was to say to the defendant that the prosecution appear to have hunted up and got hold of the testimony of a third female who claims to have married you in Toledo in 1864, and that your case looks shaky. We will, however, do our best to pull you through as we do our own clients."

"You are off again; I am not the man."

"Dear me, that's another. Well, all right, I was to say to any new client that Mr. —— would be back in an hour. Come in and sit down and look over the city directory. We will take your case at the lowest cash price and do our level best to win it. Consult no other firm until you have given us a trial."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HANDLES TO OUR NAMES.—The French love titles with all the power of their frivolous hearts. And so a shrewd statesman, well aware of this weakness, has introduced a bill providing that any man who agrees to pay the government four thousand dollars a year shall have the right to dub himself a duke; for half that sum a man may call himself a marquis, and for half that again one may become a count. Those who cannot afford these figures can buy some of the minor titles according to a regular sliding scale. In this way M. Jourbert thinks that twenty millions of dollars a year could easily be raised and a large number of idiots be made unspeakably happy. Don't laugh at this idea—we are not sure that such a plan would not find favor in the sight of many of our title-worshippers, who are as anxious to add "handles" to their names as the French; and if they are willing to pay for them there are no very great objections why they should not not be indulged in their folly. As it is, we have more "honorables," "generals," "judges," "colonels" and "esquires" than any country in the world. The distinctions, however, have become so common that they are scarcely prized, any more. The only American title of any value now is that of "boss," and even that has fallen into such disrepute of late years that it is no longer very much coveted. But to be genuine marquis, count or baron—what happiness!

USE OF THE EYES.—The man who avoids excesses of every description has a fair chance of retaining his eyesight until old age sets in. A time comes to every one when the physical powers begin to decay, and then unless the brain has been kept active and recipient by exercise, there is nothing left to live and the man perishes. We say that he dies of gout, or over-eating, or of heart disease, or of the failure of the particular organ which was the first to exhibit symptoms of the approaching end. In reality he has died of stupidity, artificially produced by neglect of the talents with which he was endowed. That which is true of the organism as a whole is true also of its parts; and the eyes, among others, are best treated by an amount of systematic use which preserves the tone of their muscles and the regularity of their blood supply. Acuteness of sight is aided by the attention bestowed upon objects within the range of vision. In people who cannot read, the sight is far from acute. I have even had reason to think that the wives of such men are indebted to their household needlework for the maintenance of a higher standard of vision than that of their husbands; and I have no doubt that idleness of the eyes, if I may use such an expression, is in every way hurtful to them, and that proper and varied employment is eminently conducive to their preservation in both beauty and efficiency.

He was making a call and they were talking of literature. "The Pilgrim's Progress," she remarked, "always seems to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?" He said he had one on each foot and they bothered him a good deal.

The reason people are afraid of lightning is because it makes such a thundering noise.

HOW LONG MAN MAY LIVE.

It was Prof. Hufeland's opinion that the limit of possible human life might be set at 200 years. This is on the general principle that the life of a creature is eight times the years of its period of growth. That which is quickly formed quickly perishes, and the earlier complete development is reached the sooner bodily decay ensues. More women reach old age than men, but more men attain remarkable longevity than women. Some animals grow to be very old. Horned animals live shorter lives than those without horns, fierce longer than timid, and amphibious longer than those which inhabit the air. The voracious pike exists, it is said, to an age of 150 years; the turtle is good for a hundred years or more; and among birds the golden eagle is known to have lived nearly 200 years, while the sly and somber crow reaches the venerable age of a century.

Passing up in the scale of life to man and skipping the patriarchs, we find many recorded instances of longevity among the classic Greeks and Romans. Pliny notes that in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian in the year 76, there were 124 men living in the limited area between the Apennines and the Po of 100 years and upward, three of whom were 140 and four over 135. Cicero's wife lived to the age of 103, and the Roman actress Luceja played in public as late as her 112 year.

Coming down to more recent times the most notable authentic instance of great age is that of Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, Eng., who died in 1876, 169 years old. He was a fisherman, and at the age of 100 easily swam across rapid rivers.—Another historic case is that of Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, a day-laborer, who lived to the age of 152 years. When more than 120 he married his second wife, and till 130 he could swing the scythe and wield the flail with the best of his fellow laborers. In his 152d year Parr went up to London to exhibit himself to the King. It proved an unlucky visit, for violating the abstemious habit of a century and a half the old man feasted so freely on the royal victuals that he soon died merely of a plethora. On examination of his internal organs they proved to be in excellent condition, and there was no reason why he should not have lived much longer save for his unfortunate taste of royal hospitality. Prof. Hufeland's roll of centenarians includes many more remarkable cases, among them that of Mittlestedt, a Prussian soldier, who served 67 years under both Fredericks, fighting many battles and enduring much hard campaigning, and who after all this married successively three wives, the last when he was 110, only two years before his death.

ANOTHER OCEAN TRIP.—Even the most sensible people keep their ears open for tales of adventure and foolhardiness which they would never think of imitating, and a considerable amount of enthusiasm will be aroused by John Troyner, recently in the Government service on the gunboat Tennessee, and a Swede named Ivan Olsen, who are preparing for a voyage from Bath, Me., to Havre, France, in a dory only fourteen feet long, which is now building at Georgetown. She is to be a common fishing dory of 14 feet bottom, 5 feet wide and 21 inches deep, and is to be decked over with the exception of a small place for standing-room aft. She will be sloop-rigged, carry two jibs, a mainsail and squaresail, and will spread to the wind sixty yards of canvas, and will make ten knots an hour. She will be the smallest boat that ever attempted anything of the kind, and compares with the Great Eastern as follows: Great Eastern, 22,500 tons, 680 feet long, 80 feet wide, carries 4,090 people; this craft, 14 feet long, carries two men and a kitten.

Some people can invent awful mean slurs. When the Jenkins girl was whaling away at the piano and pestered the next door neighbor, the next door neighbor came out on the steps, listened to the noise a minute, looked up to the Jenkins girl's mother who was at the window, and said:

"Got plumbers, at work in your house haven't you?"

No wonder those two families don't speak now.

"I can't think that all sinners will be lost," said Mrs. Nimbletung.—"There's my husband, now. He's a bad man, a very bad man, but I trust he will be saved at last. I believe he has suffered his due share in this life."

"Amen!" shouted Nimbletung from the back seat. Mrs. N. gave her husband such a look, but said nothing.

When Jay Gould was on the witness stand, the other day, he was asked about an investment and replied:

"I invested either $5,000,000 or $10,000,000, I don't remember which."

Of course not. It's unreasonable to expect a man to remember about such a small transaction as that.—*Boston Post.*

A countryman from New Hampshire, who had never heard of a bicycle, came to Boston, and when he beheld a youth whirling along on one of those airy vehicles, he broke out in soliloquy thus:

"Golly; hain't that queer. Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoopskirt."

"Are sisters Sally and Nancy resources, pa?"

"No, my boy; why do you ask that question?"

"Because I heard Uncle Joe say that if you would only husband your resources you would get along a great deal better than you do."

A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

All Sorts of Clippings

The Suez canal is again open.

Buenos Ayres has 45,000,000 head of sheep.

Dr. Talmadge made 500 converts in his revival.

The new census of Indiana has a colored population of 38,998.

The Hudson river was discovered in 1609.

All Europe has 81,541 miles of railway.

Hibernia is the Latin name for Ireland.

Iowa has 500 butter and cheese factories.

Spurgeon has 5,284 members in his church.

Cotton Mather wrote 382 works of all kinds.

Melikoff has accepted the Premiership of Russia.

Atlanta, Georgia, holds a cotton fair in October.

Detroit collects $300,000 annually from liquor shops.

There are 15,000 families in Alabama without a Bible.

Bulgaria wants Servia to buy the town of Pirot for $1,000,000.

Queen Victoria's gold and plate is valued at $15,000,000.

North Carolina has 95,500 colored voters.

Jefferson county, Tenn., is rich in zinc ore.

There are 500 Sunday-schools in Mississippi.

No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere.

The root of wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself.

Base natures joy to see sorrows come to those who seem happy.

The man who was stage-struck, had the driver arrested.

A ton of cast iron contains about five cubit feet.

Christians in China increase 14 per cent. annually.

There are reported to be 10,000 Americans in Rome.

The very best of steel is improved by a slight alloy of silver.

The only remedy for short stature is to get spliced.

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

The first great work is that yourself may to yourself be true.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

To him that lives well every form of life is good.

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

Craftiness is a quality in the mind and a vice in the character.

A good character shines by its own light.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

Close quarters—those held by a miser.

Fishes have been taught to come when called by their names.

Out of season—an empty spice-box.

The retired theatre star is always an ex-acting creature.

One of New York's Broadway milliners nets $30,000 a year.

President Garfield's life is insured for $35,000 for the benefit of his wife.

Hon. Jefferson Davis was 73 years old the 3d of June.

Queen Victoria will summer at Lake Como, Italy.

A mint for coining silver was established in Boston in 1752.

Those who complain the most are most to be complained of.

The son of an Ohio Supreme Court Judge has gone to the State prison for forgery.

Genuine politeness is the first-born offspring of generosity and modesty.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves a beast in his room.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

Pride is a vice which inclines men to find it in others, and overlook it themselves.

In the Salt Lake City flats appears this sign—"Ring the top bell for the oldest wife."

Sometimes it is well enough not to speak your mind, but to mind your speak.

He who puts a bad construction on a good act reveals his own wickedness of heart.

A mind that is conscious of its integrity, scorns to say more than it means to perform.

"There is plenty of room at the top," as the bald-headed man said to his full beard.

A fellow who had been to the circus spoke of his girl's cheek as a splendid side show.

Some of the sheep-raisers of Australia own over 500,000 head of sheep.

Three or four ounces of oil can be extracted from one hundred pounds of water.

Queen Victoria received last year $205,000 clear cash from her duchy of Lancaster.

A dealer in Vermont has an order from the West for 2,000,000 pounds of maple sugar.

It is asserted that Krupp cannot meet his big gun orders, viz: Roumania, 100; Greece, 700; Sweden, 50; Holland, 120; Italy, 400. Such are Europe's peace prospects.

(St. Louis Chronicle.)

Advice is cheap,—dreadfully cheap. But we must be true to our instincts of humanity and tell our suffering friends to use St. Jacobs Oil, and surprise their rheumatism and themselves also at the result. J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., of Chicago, says: I would be recreant to my duty to those afflicted, did I not raise my voice in its praise.

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