The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 6.

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 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. 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
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 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.

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 FREEZERS—for sale by THOS. L. HINES & CO.

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

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

SUNLIGHT.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

The sunlight flows from sapphire skies
And over field and river lies,
It streams upon me warm and white
Through the glad hours that follow night.

It thrills the bursting buds and leaves,
And with creative magic weaves
Fresh bloom and color in the air
And wild enchantment everywhere.

Men deem it but a common thing,
As common as the flowers which spring
From soil and dew, and vaguely see
Its beauty—bright as dawn to me.

The wonder of its life is clear
To those who fathom far and near,
Its radiant mystery burns alone
For hearts that look into its own.

Oh! I have watched it till I seem
To lose my senses in a dream;
And yet its splendor is, I know,
A part of things that thrive and grow.

As though with some divining eye
I trace it through the ambient sky,
And strive in fancy to outrun
Its flight beyond the central sun.

I note its subtle waves which move
As silent waters in a groove,
Each separate, yet together bound
Like a sweet harmony of sound;

I see them borne with airy grace
Across the million leagues of space,
Borne with an equal speed and blent
With power that is omnipotent;

A strange and solemn order guides
Their infinite motion; and the tides
That lift the universal sea,
Or the spring leafing of a tree,

Are not more governed by a force
Which holds the earth within its course,
Which makes of every man a part
Of the wide world's immortal heart.

COUNTRY BOYS IN NEW YORK.—While foreign emigrants are landed here in daily crowds, there is also a vast rush to this city from all parts of the Union. A large element in this is composed of country boys, some of whom are seeking employment, while others have run away from home and come hither to spend their money. It is estimated that the number of these runaways averages 300 per week. Theatrical managers are continually beset with applications from this class, many of whom are stage struck as soon as they attend such places of amusement. A few days ago, for instance, a youth was arrested, while trying to make an engagement. He was only fifteen, and had absconded after robbing his parents, who live in the West. Such youth generally go to ruin with fearful rapidity. They become the pals of pickpockets and other thieves, who "give them away" in order to save themselves, and this explains the great proportion of youth among our criminal classes. New York is at best a poor place for young people, but under such circumstances the dangers of the city are fearfully increased.

THE MOTHER RULES THE WORLD.—It is hard for a young mother who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her own little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators, who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children is blessed with an intelligent mother, who is delicate and refined in her manner, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in a drawing-room, and an entirely different person in every-day life, but who is a true mother, and always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men and noisy, busy boys will always tone down their voices and step lightly and try to be more mannerly when she stops to give them a kind word or a pleasant smile, for a true mother will never fail to say or do all the pleasant things that she can that will in any way help or lift up or cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow.

GRANTS TO SUCCESSFUL WARRIORS have generally been made in England, varying in manner and amount according to circumstances, and the more or less imposing services of the recipients. Thus Marlborough got manors and broad estates, a sumptuous palace, and a perpetual pension. Wellington received marks of the national munificence in various installments: a peerage and a pension after Talavera; increased rank and a double pension after Ciudad Rodrigo; a hundred thousand pounds after Salamanca; half a million more, to purchase an estate, at the close of the Peninsular war; after Waterloo an additional two hundred thousand pounds, to help build and furnish Apsley House and keep up Strathfieldsave. Nelson got a couple of pensions for three lives; Rodney a couple of thousand a year for himself and his heirs forever. Lord Lake, the hero of Laswaree, received a peerage and a pension; Lord Keane, the same after Ghuznee and the Afghan campaign of 1839. Lords Hardinge and Gough were very liberally treated after the Sikh war, the first with a pension of eight, and the latter with one of four, thousand a year. More recently Sir Henry Havelock was granted a baronetcy, with a pension for three lives, after the relief of Lucknow. Sir Garnet Wolseley got a lump sum of five-and-twanty thousand pounds, and refused a baronetcy, for his "courage, energy and perseverance" in the Ashantee war; and now Sir Donald Stewart and Sir Frederick Roberts are to have a similar sum divided equally between them.

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the spring fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins.

From the Maryland Journal.

A NEW WAY TO BECOME WEALTHY.

Ma hates to lose anything more'n anybody you ever did see. Now th'other day about ten o'clock, she lost her apple-corer, and if she didn't root the house up about that old piece of tin, I'am another Ananias.

"Eliza, have you seen my apple-corer?"

"No'm."

"Tom, you've seen it?"

"No'm, I haven't."

"Jo," that's me, "haven't you seen it, Sonny?"

"No, ma'am!"

"Evelina, I'm sure I saw you with it this very morning."

"No ma, you didn't neither."

"Well, I never! I had that apple-corer in my hand a minute ago, and it's gone. The way things disappear in this house is perfectly scandalous. I never can keep anything half a second. I've only had that corer half a year, and I want you children to understand it's got to be found. Why we are not in the poor-house, losing everything this way, is an everlasting mystery to me. Oh, you needn't sit staring at me so—I mean what I say. Now you'd better stir around some, and the first one of you that finds that apple-corer shall have a cent.'

Pa said he reckoned he'd business down town, and off he goes; and Tom, he's my big brother, was suddenly took with an awful bad toothache, and had to run to the store for camphire.

Well, times is sort of hard with me, so I got up and hopped about pretty lively, and bye an' bye the girls began to look, too—but that old tin stick wasn't to be found nowhere.

Ma she got more and more worried every minute, and by eleven o'clock the first of us found it was to get five cents.

To have seen the old lady go on you'd have s'posed we'd lost the piano.

First she took down all the dishes off the kitchen dresser—but it wasn't there. Then she raked through every table drawer—but she couldn't find it. Next she had the clothes pulled out of the boiler, just to see if it hadn't dropped in by mistake but it haun't. Then she felt in her own pocket, and in Eliza's pocket, and in Evelina's pocket—but it was no use, and last of all she came to mine.

She took out a piece of awful dirty string, and my three-bladed knife, and six snail shells, and two hickory nuts, and a willow whistle, and four marbles, and some peacock coal, and part of my handkerchief—th'other half I'd used up washing and a picture of our teacher which Billy Brown did, and a more hideous thing you never saw, with a cross-eye and a curly nose.

There was nothing left after that except a box of fishing worms and two doughnuts, which I'd just hooked out of the closet, and ma gave me a look when she came to those and put 'em in the fire. I didn't have that apple-corer, though, you bet.

Twelve o'clock I had to go down in the cellar after coal, and, bless your soul! there was pa a-sitting chewing his toothpick.

"Have things settled down yet, Joey?"

"No, sir."

"What's to find?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Jerusalem crickets! it only cost her five. Your mother must be wild."

"Well, sir, she is pretty much worked up. You see she's had the carpet taken up, and the stove cleaned out, and the bed's all shaken, and the ash-barrel emptied, and the well dragged, but we can't find it nowhere."

"Joey!"

"Sir."

"You needn't mention you saw me down here."

"No, sir."

"Can't be home before night—understand?"

"Yes, sir."

One o'clock the first of us found that apple-corer got a quarter. We were awful hungry, all of us children, but the old lady said she hadn't time to think about dinner, and then I felt dreadful bad about them two wasted doughnuts.

Two o'clock we had everything in the house turned upside down, and if any of the neighbors had come in just then they'd have said an earthquake had gotten lost around our place instead of an apple-corer.

The first of us was lucky enough to find it got a half dollar, but we were all sort of low-spirited and hopeless by this time, and I was pretty near starved besides.

Three o'clock ma said she was going to search the cellar, so I thought I ought to tell pa.

"Recken you'd better get out of here, sir."

"What for?"

"She's coming down."

"Oh, is she? S'pose I'll go and buy something to eat. What's to find?"

"Dollar."

"Wh-e-e-e-ew! What did you say?"

"Dollar."

"Joey!"

"Sir."

"I'll be back in about an hour or so."

"Yes, sir."

He went as far as the door, but turned around again.

"Joey."

"Sir."

"You shall have that dollar."

"Thanky, sir."

"Things is getting desperate," said pa, chewing his toothpick hungerly.

"Yes, sir, they is," says I thinking of my dinner.

He went off in a hurry, for just then we heard ma's voice, and five minutes afterwards the cellar would not have known itself.

Well, that apple-corer wasn't in the kindling-wood, nor in the coal-box, nor in the potatoes. It wasn't in the turnips, neither, nor in the carrots, though we looked most careful.

Four o'clock she went up stairs pretty near worn out, and the first of us as found that contemptible old thing was to have a dolla-n'-a-half.

Five o'clock pa came sneaking in, and he looked so kind of pleased and tickled like. I though he must have got it.

"What's this, Joey?" and he pulled something out of his pocket.

"It is—no, it isn't—why pa, its *another* apple-corer."

"No, Joey," said he, with a very big twinkle in his little eye, "it's that very identical, blamed old piece of rusty tin—and look here, sonny, don't you forget it."

I didn't say anything, but I wondered if he thought he could cheat ma with that shiny, new corer, and I felt pretty sure, that unless she'd changed a mighty lot since the morning, a whole regiment of persons couldn't do it.

"Now, Joey," said pa, chuckling a little to himself, "just keep your eyes open, sonny, for there's no telling but all this may be useful to you one of these days, when you get as old as your father."

Well, as a general thing, I've seen folks try to make old things new, except when a tumbler gets broken, and then they stick it together, and put it over the fireplace and tell you it belonged to their great-grandmother's uncle. But I reckon it's mighty seldom you'll find anbody go to work to make an old apple-corer out of a brand new one.

"That's just what pa did, or I'm another Sapphira.

First, he took that corer and he worked it up and down in a flower pot. The old lady's best fish geranium was growing in it, and I don't believe this new way of fertilizing suited it, but pa didn't seem to think about that.

Then he cored a dozen potatoes with it. Potatoes is harder than apples I reckon, and had to hammer it through with his heel. By the time he got done with 'em the newness was wearing off most beautiful.

Next he took out his knife, opened the biggest blade, and scraped it for a while, and bent up all the edges. Then he put it in the flower pot again, and after that he got a stick and whacked it several times, so that it had six very handsome dents. Last of all he found a rusty nail, with which he rubbed it all over, and then you couldn't have told it from the old apple-corer to save your soul.

"Well, sonny," said pa, taking some money from his pocket, "I 'spose you 'wouldn't mind having that dollar I promised you?"

"No, sir."

"Then take it, my boy, and now I'm going to lose this here miserable-looking article. I'm going to lose it in the wood pile, sonny, and I reckon you'd better find it soon if you want any supper to-night."

He patted me on the head, and pinched my ears, and gave me a tremendous knowing wink, and then he walked away, and I went up stairs.

Tom wasn't to be seen nowhere, Evelina had gone to sleep, Eliza looked mad as a turkey gobbler, and ma was crying.

"To think that I've offered you each two dollars," said she as I opened the door. "Two *whole* dollars, and it isn't found yet," and then she sobbed louder than ever.

I went out of the house in a hurry and right to the wood pile.

Pa was standing near it, and when he saw me coming he turned his back around and stared at the moon.

I poked about among the wood, and soon found it.

"Pa, I've found it," I shouted,

He came up and looked at it, and we were going off together when I saw something queer sticking out from between two logs.

Jerusalem crickets! it was another apple-corer. I say *another* apple-corer, because pa and I couldn't tell which was the right one and which wasn't.

"Joey," said he, "there's but one thing to be done. We'll have to bury this one," and he dug a hole and put it in.

Well, ma was that pleased when I gave her the corer she never even wondered how she lost it, and she forked out them two two dollars as if they was one cent.

"It's got another dent, though," she said when she put it away.

Then I looked at pa, and he laughed, and I knew he had buried the real one, and that he had whacked the imitation one once too often.

Next morning I heard the old lady tell him to buy some arsenic, for the rats were dreadful bad in the cellar. They had eaten the best part of a dozen potatoes, and killed her finest fish geranium.

SIDNEY KANE.

A CHINESE HOUSE.—"Chang," the Chinese giant, says: "After show season is over I have a most magnificent idea. I will seek an introduction into New York society and buy a mansion on the Fifth avenue. Then I will turn it from top to bottom into a Chinese palace. Everything shall be Chinese and in the most perfect taste. I will give then Chinese meals served by Chinese maidens and boys, to the best people of New York. I have never been married, and my brother's wife, a lovely lady with very small feet, will be the matron, while I exercise a general superintendence.—It shall all be very fine, and I will have only the best people at my tables."

A Wisconsin girl's innate modesty caused her to ask a clerk in a store for a pair of limbings when she wanted leggings. The struggle for the cake now lies between her and the Missouri girl who tells strangers that during the war the enemy threw up bust works on her father's farm.

The silk industries in the United States last year gave employment to 34,440 operatives, who were paid an aggregate of $9,107,835 in wages.

CHRIST'S SENTENCE OF DEATH.

An Alleged Copy of the most Memorable Judicial Sentence ever Pronounced.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world, namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the *Journal Le Droit* has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. It is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the twenty-fourth day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Praetors, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove.

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the law.
4. He calls himself the son of God.
5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.
6. He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands,

Orders from the first centurion Quirrillis Cornelius to bring him to the place of execution, forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are,

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorababel.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gates of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words:

"A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquilia, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commission of arts in the French army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Casert. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Dennon had a fac-simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890 francs.

There seems to be no historical doubt, as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the gospel.

MARRIAGE.

Happy unions are always voluntary, not only at the beginning, but as long as life lasts. Love cannot be made free by a change of statutes. It cannot be found or lost under any circumstances. If the state should listen to the petitions of those who ask that sex relations be exempt from control, the experience of a quarter of a century would convince the world that the old, long-tried monogamic solution of the sex question is the wise one. There are evident reasons why such a result would come. In all the past emotional experience of the race, it has been found impossible to create an intense idealization of more than one subject at one time; and it has been found, too, that when such an idealization has been tested by knowledge and time, it does not diminish, but deepens; and that the effect of this long-continued idealization is to create the best conditions of development, both for those who exercise it, and for those toward whom it is directed. Now, if the best conditions of happiness are once secured they should be maintained. It is not possible to bring out all the results of this mutual sex idealization in any short period of association. The fact that the association is a permanent one gives it earnestness and dignity. It would not be possible to extract from a half-dozen associations, extending over a period of 25 years, the same amount of fine character development as would come from one fortunate association lasting for the same time. When we are once sure of the wisdom, integrity and affection of some friend through long experience, we spend no more brain activity in learning his peculiarities of character and in adapting ourselves to them. The association of man and wife is rather moral and affectional than intellectual. It is a rest, a certainty, a point of departure for other activities. Once settled and safely settled, we waste no power in readjusting the relations, but take the fruit as it ripens, without the need of uprooting the old and planting new trees.

TASTE.—An expensively furnished room is not always attractive. A lady of refined instinct and training, by means of a few cheap but of their kind good pictures, book engravings, or cartoons, and such like, a bundle of strips and straws, some pretty Japanese or Chinese decorations, the judicious appliance and arrangement of such pretty things as artistic taste will suggest—will do more toward making a little parlor charming, homelike and artistic than thousands of dollars spent on vulgar and inartistic arrangement.

'Tis easier to do something that some one else is doing, than to do what you are doing yourself.

FAIR PLAY OUT WEST.

They give a man a chance out West. In Deadwood, Custer, or any of those new western towns, the spirit of fair play crops to the surface even in judicial proceedings. In March last, a Michigan man who keeps an eating house at Gunnison, was over-particular about taking a counterfeit half-dollar, and in the row which resulted he was considerably battered. He therefore called upon the Justice of the Peace and stated his case and asked for a warrant.

"I guesss I wouldn't make a fuss over it," replied the official.

"But he meant to kill me," was the reply.

"Yes, I presume so, but he'll leave town and that will end it."

"But he's a dangerous man."

"Yes, they say so; but no one is afraid of him."

"Judge, do you known what he said about you when I said I'd have him arrested?"

"No."

"Well, he said you were a blamed grasshopper eater!"

"Yes, but he didn't mean it."

"And called you reptile."

"Well, he was mad I suppose."

"Yes, and he was mad when he said you didn't know enough to write your own name, and therefore couldn't issue a warrant!"

"Did he say that?"

"He did."

"Then I will issue on him like a ten ton avalanche on a yeller mule! The man who sneezes at my larnin' must have a contempt for the judiciary."

The warrant was issued, the party arrested and tried, and the verdict of the court was:

Gunnison William, the verdict of this court is that you are guilty, and that the sentence is a fine of twenty five dollars in cash. This court can't get over the fact that you vilified its mental calibre. It is also aware of the fact that you haven't a red to pay your fine with. Now, then, if you will meet this court back of this building on the level it will either git away with you in six and a-half minutes or remit the fine. I want to prove to the citizens of Gunnison that in electing me to the judiciary they have cast their votes for a man who can spit on his hands in six different languages and git away with a hog-pen full of roughs without having an ear scratched. Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say?"

The prisoner had. He said he would rather go to jail, and to jail he went.

THEOLOGY AS APPLIED BY A TRAMP.—The following incident was related by Farmer Allen, of Wakefield, at the recent meeting of the Woburn conference:

On Saturday morning, while a certain deacon was preparing for church, a wandering wayfarer, or, in modern parlance, a tramp, appeared at his door, pleading his hunger and begged for something to eat.

The deacon looked solemn and frowningly, but reluctantly got a loaf of bread and began to cut it; but, while doing so, took occasion to admonish the beggar concerning the error of his ways. After reminding him that it was the holy Sabbath which he was desecrating, he asked him if he knew how to pray.

"No," was the reply.

"Then," said the deacon, "I'll learn you," and he commenced to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

But just as he uttered the words, "Our Father," the beggar interrupted him with the question:

"What, is he your father, and mine, too?"

"Yes," the deacon replied.

"Why," exclaimed the beggar, "we are brothers, then, ain't we? can't you cut that slice a little thicker?"

'It is a great thing to see the spiritual truth that all nature symbolizes' said she.

'So it is,' said he.

'And yet enjoyment is darkened by a terrible shadow,' said she.

'Hey?' he inquired.

'A terrible shadow,' she repeated, 'that casts a depressing reflection upon the most exuberant soul.

'Yes,' replied he, 'I have felt it when I've been short on spare-ribs.

'On what?' she anxiously inquired.

'On spare-ribs.'

'But you should be philosophical; you should imitate Pythagoras,' she said.

'Who was he?'

'He was a philosopher, and an Epicurean, but he did not go as far as the Stoics.'

'Where did they go?' asked the board of Trade man, and gazing at him in amazement, his wild western way began to dawn upon the culchawed mind of the Boston girl, and she said:

'Take me to ma-ma.'

Amiable husband (who has just finished moving. 'Where are my slippers, dear?'

Wife.—'They came along with the third load and that load went to the garret.'

Husband.—'And where is my pipe?'

Wife.—'You will find it in one of the barrels of crockery in the cellar.'

Husband.—'And where is my comb and hair-brush?'

Wife.—'Jane packed them in the kitchen stove with the children's shoes.'

Husband (mentally soliloquizing). 'What a woman my wife is! She never went to college and yet she knows everything.'

'Mabel, why, you dear little girl,' exclaimed her grandpa, seeing his little grand-daughter with her head tied up, 'have you got the headache?'

"No, I's dot a spit turl."

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

A 'stop order'—Whoa!

All Sorts of Clippings

The true riches of life is health.

Look out for weeds just now.

Silence does not always mark wisdom.

Apply elbow grease to the hoe-handle.

The best style of ties for business men—Advertise.

One drinker will keep a family poor and in trouble.

Always keep the room of the sick well ventilated.

No man was ever glorious, that was not laborious.

He who has not his hand open, has his heart shut.

Hope, as deceitful as it is, carries us agreeably through life.

A bad habit indulged, is to the character, what a leak is to the ship.

A simple diet contributes to the prolongation of health.

We enjoy thoroughly only the pleasure that we give.

I prefer a knave to a fool—sometimes he takes a rest.

The true soldier must have a killing look.

A new shade of yellow is called the "mustard."

He that sips of many arts drinks of none.

Literature is the immortality of speech.

A man must become wise at his own expense.

Money bet on cattle may be called beef steaks.

A revenue cutter—the shears we use to cut off the coupons.

The bad oyster plays a dead open and shut game.

Striking near home—knocking a tramp off your front steps.

It was a zinc dealer who lived within his zinc come.

The value of the mushrooms sold daily in Paris is $400.

Boston's area has increased from 778 to 23,661 acres.

Victor Hugo has a $380,000 interest in a Brussels bank.

The bee hive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on.

Locusts have devoured the rice and corn crops of Bolivia.

A steak-stretcher is now called a restauratem.

"A little earning is a dangerous thing," says the tramp.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

In Chicago they call death from strong drink whiskycide.

"Cut and come again," said the dried beef to the lunch fiend.

The purest treasure is a spotless reputation.

Every man has as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Moderation is the silken string running through all virtues.

Butter-milk drinkers are on the increase.

He who makes light of everything is not necessarily brilliant.

Mrs. Mackey is known in Paris as "the Arizona mine."

To steal a ride on an elevated railway would be highway robbery.

It is necessary to be almost a genius to make a good husband.

Secretary Windom is building a $25,000 residence in Washington.

It is bad when a man is possessed by an idea bigger than himself.

Senator Fair is going to erect a $1,000,000 building in San Francisco.

As a fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.

Washington died at the very end of the 18th century, at midnight, December 31, 1799.

A counterfeiter finds it impossible to make an honest penny at his business.

The Duke of Wellington has returned to his Hampshire tenants their half year's rents.

The English Admiralty has ordered a huge ironclad after the pattern of Italy's monsters.

The wires which carry the electric light at Salem, Mass., are the same which convey fire alarms.

Resolutions are great sticklers for ceremony. They all have to be introduced.

The French railroad returns showed an increase of nearly 9½ per cent. last year over 1879.

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, and rivers run to sea.

A wag suggests that Conkling is out doors in the wet without his umbrella.

Judicious advertising pays far better than sitting upon the counter and waiting for customers.

The popular man with the laundress is the one who wears white vests all through the summer.

A parrot can be taught to utter 250 words—just the length of one of Don Cameron's speeches.

We are acquainted with the justice of God, but know nothing about his jurisprudence.

A man looks at a woman from head to foot—a woman looks at a man from foot to head.

A mixture of bone dust and ashes is said to be the best fertilizer for strawberries.

Every cloud has a silver lining. The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.

Jones asked his landlady how old an egg had to be before it became a chicken.

Those whom we have loved and lost are no longer where they used to be, but, ever and everywhere, where we are.

[Gouverneur, (N. Y.) Herald.]

With great pleasure we can recommend as a radical cure for rheumatism, St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful remedy has been extensively used by a large number of people who daily testify to its marvelous effects.

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