The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 7.

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.

LIME PAINT.

It is good for Frame Houses, outside being Water Proof

The attention of Housekeepers, Farmers and others is called to the above Useful and Valuable Preparation for Whitewashing and Sanitary Purposes. It costs less in comparison than Common Whitewash, or the unslacked lime, and its durability and beauty are two-fold greater. It never loses its strength. It can be kept for years. When applied, it forms a surface as smooth as calsomine, without glue or plaster. It can be used conveniently and economically in making Mortar, Finishing Insides, and for all purposes in which sand and lime are employed. We solicit a trial. We refer to the Knickerbocker Ice Co., and others. Sold at wholesale, by the barrel, and in smaller packages, at the Manufactory.

PRICES:

In Barrels, White,	$2.00	Colors, $3.00
" "	1.00	" 1.50
In Good Buckets (2½ Gallons,) White,	50 Cts.	Colors, 75 Cts.

CARLES & CO.,
LIME AND LUMBER MERCHANTS,
S. E. COR., FRONT & RACE STS., PHILADELPHIA.

Advances made on consignments of Lumber, Ties and quick sales. Bill for Lumber sent to suit 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

Something Nice.

Cold, Sparkling SODA WATER!

A Most Refreshing and Delightful Beverage for Warm Weather!

We are sure we can please you from our great variety of Syrups.

ALSO, ON DRAUGHT—

VICHY WATER,

which is refreshing at all times. We sell both these waters at 5 cents per glass.

COLIN F. STAM,
May 26, 1881. Druggist.

NEW ICE CREAM SALOON,

Corner of Main and Queen Streets,

Will be open every day on and after Thursday June 2d.

Cream, Water Ices and Custard, 10 cents per plate; furnished to families at following prices: One pint, 20 cents; one quart, 35; one-half gallon, 60 cents; one gallon $1.15.

Picnics and festivals supplied at reduced rates.

All the best flavors will be used in manufacturing.

Plain and fancy cake. Foreign and domestic fruits in season.

A Saloon fitted up especially for ladies.

Store will be open from 7:30 A. M., till 11 P. M.

D. B. STEWART.
June 2, 1881.

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

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

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

FARMERS' HARDWARE—for sale by THOS. L. HINES & 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.

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.

WAITING.

Will the slow weeks never go?
Hark! the curfew ringeth low;
Into twilight soft and gray
Melts at last the weary day;
Once again the night is here,
Are you thinking of me, Dear?

All day long my heart has heard
Just one softly whispered word;
All day long your name has come
To me through the busy hum;
Everywhere in hall and street
You have tarried with me, Sweet.

In the faces of the crowd,
In the cries that echo loud,
All throughout the hurrying throngs,
All amid the strife of tongues,
Nothing have I heard or seen
Save your voice, your face, my Queen.

Other women come and go,
Other voices whisper low,
Other eyes grow dim or bright,
Shed or veil their changeful light;
But I stand apart, alone,
Waiting still for you, my own.

Ah! that waiting. Do you feel,
Darling, as the slow days steal
Silent, one by one, away,
How my heart must yearn and pray
For the touch of lips and hand?
Darling, do you understand?

In the daily strife and stress,
Do you see the foes that press
Close and hard within, without?
All the dread and all the doubt,
All the fears that clash and cling,
All the bitter questioning?

Fast, though with no clash of swords,
Gather all those phantom hordes;
And my soul, as falls the night,
Seems to lose her wonted might,
Shrinks before that dusky crew,
Prays and longs and yearns for you.

Must I always watch and wait,
Exiled, famished, at your gate?
Will you not be brave and come
Ere the pleading lips be dumb?
Ere within the weary eyes
Hope's last glimmer fades and dies?

Ah! dear heart, be strong, be true!
See, a kingdom waits for you!
High above all stain or scathe
Floats Love's banner, shines Love's faith.
Enter on your reign serene!
Come! my own! my love! my queen!

—*Barton Grey.*

Contributed Story.

EFFIE'S INGRATITUDE.

BY ALICE LIGHTON.

"Dear me, Charlotte, to hear you talk, one would suppose that Effie had been most terribly abused, and that her ignominious flight was but the natural outgrowth of a life of misery. For my part I think her one of the most ungrateful girls I ever knew. After all the years of trouble that we have had with her, to think she should treat us with such contempt. I don't see why you should shed tears on her account, as she will deserve any evil that may befall her. But I dare say the history of the mother will repeat itself in the child, and when she is deserted by her worthless lover, we shall be expected to take her back, and kill the fatted calf by way of rejoicing over her return," and Priscilla Westcote gave her cork-screw curls an extra toss, and closed her thin lips tight, as she settled herself firmly in her rocking chair, thereby assuring her sister that she had delivered her edict and had no more to say on the subject.

Charlotte, or Lottie, as every one called her except her sister, could have borne in silence all that was said of Effie by her sharp elder sister, if she had not inadvertently alluded to the child's mother. But at the mention of her name, all the fire of the usually gentle Lottie was aroused, and jumping to her feet, she retorted:

"Well, yes, I do consider that in a great measure, the poor child has been abused. Here she has been shut up all her life with two old maids, and seldom allowed to go beyond the smoke of her own chimney. With such a nature as her's, what was there here to make life desirable. I am sure Mr. Winters made honorable proposals, and how was he repulsed. If he had been a tramp he could not have received more peremptory orders to march on.—Then is it any wonder that poor Effie, with her ignorance of the world, could be easily induced to go out with one she loved, to taste the pleasures that have always been denied her? Whatever of evil befalls her, we may blame ourselves." As Lottie could no longer keep back the tears, she hastily retreated to her own room, where, throwing herself on the bed, she sobbed out, "Oh, Effie, Effie, my darling, where are you? And how could you leave me in such distress! All the sunshine of our home has gone out with you, but if I were only sure that you were happy, I would try and bear it."

From her abandonment of grief, Lottie was aroused by the sharp voice of her sister at the door, saying that Thomas (the man of all work) had returned from the village and brought a letter for her.

Hastily tearing it open, she read as follows:

"Dear, good, best Aunt Lottie that ever lived, can you forgive me long enough to read these lines, hastily penned. I know you must be angry with me for what seems my ingratitude, after all your years of loving kindness to me. And yet when I remember your kind, forbearing nature, I know that in spite of your anger you are anxious on my account.

"We arrived in New York early this morning. Went directly to the Rev. Thomas Allen, No. — East Twenty-second street, and were married. Then to Alfred's aunt's, who has been his mother, just as you have been mine, where we shall remain until Alfred can provide a home of our own.

"Alfred telegraphed to his aunt, Mrs. Hardley, that we were coming and she received me very kindly, and if I only knew that you and Aunt Priscilla had forgiven us, and that you loved me with just a little of the old love, I should be supremely happy, although I do so miss your dear, sweet face, as I go in and out.

"Alfred begs that I will ask pardon for him, for stealing what he is pleased to call his treasure. But as Aunt Priscilla would not listen to his plea, neither allow him to see me, he says he had no means left but strategy.

"Dear Aunt Lottie, please send just one little line of love to your little EFFIE."

Lottie read the letter over twice, while tears of thankfulness rained down her cheeks, to know that no evil had overtaken her darling so far, and sitting down she immediately penned the following:

"DEAR EFFIE: Should you ever need a friend, know that Aunt Lottie is still, and always the same, but my heart is too sore just now to write. Let me hear from you often. Ever loving by your AUNT LOTTIE."

* * * * * * *

Seventeen years previous to the event just narrated, Owen Westcote was a prosperous merchant, doing business and residing in New York city.

He had started when young on the lower round of the ladder, but by fair dealing and close application to business, he had gained an enviable reputation, and a sufficiency of this world's goods to enable his two daughters, Priscilla and Lottie, to move in what is called good society.

One other child he had, Bessie, the idol of his heart, and the pet and plaything of the household. Beautiful as a picture, half child, half maiden, all vied with each other in contributing to her happiness.

During her summer flittings in search of pleasure at fashionable resorts, Priscilla, the elder daughter, had made the acquaintance of Hart Branson, a young man from Georgia, very wealthy in prospect, from the fact of his only brother's dissipated habits, thereby causing their father, after repeated efforts to reclaim the erring one without success, to cut him off from all inheritance, and will his entire wealth to his son Hart, with a proviso that he should marry his cousin, Belle Hastings, who was the orphan daughter of old Mr. Branson's sister.

To say that Priscilla was in love with Hart Branson is conveying but a faint idea of the passion he had awakened. And as his attentions were quite marked, and she knew nothing of the cousin that was in the way, a hope born of the wish, sprung up in her heart that in due time all would be well.

Whether or not Hart Branson was aware of the passion he had inspired, who can tell. At all events he spent some weeks in New York at the close of the season, and nearly every evening found him at the home of the Westcotes, where he made himself particularly agreeable to all the family.

He spoke often, not boastfully, but entertainingly of his southern home, and many were the congratulations that Priscilla received on the conquest she had made.

On the eve of his departure for Georgia, he asked and obtained audience of Mr. Westcote, asking him for the hand of his daughter, assuring him that from the moment he had first beheld her, he had loved her with all the intenseness of his warm southern nature, and had reason to suppose that his affection was returned, only needing his sanction to render them both supremely happy.

Mr. Westcote made reply, that if upon inquiry all things should prove as he had represented them, he had no wish to stand in the way of Priscilla's happiness.

"Priscilla," interrupted Hart, "you mistake me, Mr. Westcote, it is Bessie I would make my wife."

"Bessie!" cried Mr. Westcote, while a sickly hue oer'spread his countenance. "My baby! my darling! Why she is but a child! Oh, no! A thousand times no! You cannot have my Bessie! While I live I hope to keep her with me."

"But think for a moment of her happiness, I pray you," said Hart.

"I say no!" thundered Mr. Westcote, pointing to the door. And the conference ended.

Two days later Bessie was missing, and on search being made for her, it was found she had married Hart Branson, and gone with him to Georgia.

Could she have foreseen the consequences of her rash act, in the home where she had been the cherished idol, surely she would have hesitated before taking such a step.

Her mother never rallied from the shock, and in a few days was borne to her last resting place. Her father, overwhelmed by his double loss, took no heed of what transpired around him, and Priscilla lay moaning in delirium with little hope that she would recover.

Lottie was left to minister to the stricken family, and she was grief-stricken at the loss of her darling sister.

On arriving at his journey's end with his child-bride, Hart Branson left her at the hotel, and proceeded immediately to lay the facts before his father, begging permission to bring Bessie into his presence, thereby hoping to disarm him of anger on account of his marriage.

But old Mr. Branson, who was a man of strong passions, utterly refused to see Bessie, or hear anything his son had to say in extenuation of his act, and immediately drew up a new will, dividing his entire estate between his dissipated son and his niece, Belle Hastings, leaving Hart without a dollar.

Thrown upon his own resources, Hart obtained a situation among some of his friends, but close application to business, and regret that he was unable to bestow on his beloved Bessie all that he had promised, soon told on his health.

His father, too proud to call back the son that he had built all his hopes upon, secretly grieved as he watched him day by day, and when he could no longer endure the separation, sent for Hart to come to him and bring his wife, inwardly resolving to take him back into his favor.

But alas, for human calculations. Before he could make any change in his affairs, he was suddenly called to another life, and all that Hart received was his father's forgiveness.

This new trial was more than he was prepared for, and in a few weeks Bessie was left entirely alone among strangers.

As soon as Mr. Westcote was made aware of his daughter's situation, Lottie hastened to Georgia, to bring her sister home. But Bessie begged that she might remain where she was the little time she had to live, that she might be laid beside her beloved husband.

In vain Lottie endeavored to win her sister back to life, but her only answer was, I could not live without him.

And so, when Lottie Westcote returned North, she only brought back a little orphan babe, the Effie with which our story opens.

After the flight of Bessie, and the death of his wife, Mr. Westcott had again taken up the burden of life. But disaster in his business followed close on the heels of misfortune in his household, and he found that, out of a once prosperous business, he could barely save enough to buy a small home for himself and his two remaining daughters. After looking around for some time, he decided on a place some thirty miles above New York, owned by one Hiram Skinner, who also owned and occupied the adjoining farm.

The location was healthful, the neighborhood good, and the price suited him. He was tired of the turmoil of city life.

Priscilla had entirely given up society, and Lottie devoted all her spare time from household duties to the care of little Effie, and this place was sufficient for all their wants.

Here, surrounded by the beauties of nature he passed his remaining years, thankful that he was able to leave a comfortable home for his daughters, and gladly answering the summons that called him to his loved and lost ones.

* * * * * * * *

"Charlotte, is that Mr. Skinner coming?" asked Priscilla Westcote of her sister, shading her eyes with her hand as she stood in the door way, looking out.

"I do believe it is," answered Lottie, "what in the world does that old skin-flint want here?"

"I suppose a neighbor can call and see us without being criticized," said Priscilla. "I was talking to Mr. Skinner on Sunday at church, and he said he had been intending to call on us for some time. I think I will just step up stairs and change my dress, Charlotte, and you can receive him and say I will be down immediately."

"Well, hasten your toilet if you please, Priscilla, for if I have to stay two minutes in his company, I shall be tempted to call in Rover for protection," laughed Lottie.

"'Tis very strange that you can never treat my company with politeness," said Priscilla, and the hot blood surged up in her face, and the little curls fairly trembled. But there was no time for further parley, as the visitor would soon be in hearing distance.

"Can it be matrimony," meatally ejaculated Lottie, and she could scarce suppress her risibilities, as she showed the visitor into the best room and demurely awaited his pleasure.

"Is Miss Westcote at home?" asked Mr. Skinner in his blandest tone, as he nervously fumbled for his pocket-handkerchief, nearly falling off the chair as he sat down on the edge of it.

"She is," answered Lottie, bowing low. "I will inform her of your visit, and she will be with you immediately."

Priscilla was too polite to keep her guest waiting, and also something fearful that Lottie might express her surprise at his visit. So she very soon sat in conference with Mr. Skinner, doing her best to place him at his ease, which was by no means easily accomplished.

After clearing his throat several times, he at last proceeded to business by saying:

"I suppose, Miss Westcote, you will be surprised when I make known the reason of my visit, and reasonably so when we remember how long your father has been dead.—But I am a backward man, and only that I feel that I cannot get along any longer without your aid have I made bold to call on you. I suppose your father left you in pretty comfortable circumstances?"

"Oh, yes, quite comfortable," smilingly answered Priscilla. "I have nothing to complain of but loneliness."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say that, for I should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience. I suppose you have become so much attached to the place, scarcely anything would induce you to leave it."

"Oh, dear no," hastily interrupted Priscilla, "I should not so much regret to leave it, for there are many pleasant associations connected with it. And I am sure sister Lottie would be really glad of an opportunity to go to the city to join Effie."

"Oh," said Mr. Skinner, "I should never forgive myself if I should be the means of parting you and your sister. But I suppose under the circumstances there will be no occasion for that, and that it will be quite convenient for you to pay this note I hold of your father's for one thousand dollars. I should never have presented it," he went on, "if I did not really need the money, but things have not been prosperous with me of late."

"A note of a thousand dollars!" fairly screamed Priscilla. "Why, Mr. Skinner, you astonish me. You know father paid that money before he died, and took your receipt for it."

"Excuse me, Miss Westcote, but here is your father's note which you cannot deny.

"Did you not tell father that you had lost the note, but that your receipt would be all that was sufficient?"

"Perhaps you can produce the receipt, Miss Westcote, which will end all dispute. I had hoped to have no trouble about it."

"I will look over father's papers and give you an answer," said Priscilla stiffly.

"How soon can I hear from you," said Mr. Skinner, taking his hat up carefully, that had done service for at least twenty years.

"I cannot say precisely," said she loftily, as she left him to find his way to the door.

"Charlotte, we are ruined," said Priscilla, as she entered the kitchen where Lottie was busy. "What do you suppose brought old Skinner here?"

"I should have supposed matrimony, if I did not see that troubled look on your face," answered her sister.

"Pray don't be so foolish, Charlotte," said Priscilla. "He came to present that note of a thousand dollars that father paid a year before he died. You remember he said he had lost the note, and gave father a receipt for the money."

"Yes, I remember it very well. Does he think we are foolish enough to pay it again, even if we were able," said Lottie.

"Perhaps you also remember," said Priscilla, with a troubled look on her face, that some months ago, when we came down stairs one morning, we found that some one had been in the house during the night, and had broken open father's desk, and that all his papers were scattered in confusion over the floor. We did not miss any valuables, and wondered who could have done it. Suppose we cannot find the receipt?"

In a moment the two sisters took in the situation, for Hiram Skinner was known to be a close man, almost too close to be honest, some said.

After diligent search the receipt could not be found.

* * * * * * * *

"What, Effie, in tears!" said Alfred Winters, "and I have such good news for you. Now, my darling, we can secure our home. My pictures were sold yesterday, and I have the check in my pocket for one thousand dollars, with a good prospect of paying patronage. No more home sickness, Effie, dear. We will have one all our own, and Aunt Lottie can often come and add to our happiness."

"Dear Aunt Lottie," sobbed Effie. "Oh, Alfred, I am so glad of your success, but just read Aunt Lottie's letter."

It ran thus:

"DEAR EFFIE: I know you are expecting a letter, but to-day I am unequal to the task. A few lines will explain.

"We cannot find the receipt, no doubt it was stolen. Old Skinner is inexorable, and we shall have to sell the place to pay it. When you went away I thought I did not care to stay, but now I realize how dear are the associations. I should not so much mind for myself, but Priscilla will keenly feel the loss of her home.

"Let me hear from you, it will lighten the burden to know that you are happy.

Affectionately,
AUNT LOTTIE."

"Effie, dear, could you run up to-morrow and see Aunt Lottie," said Alfred, laying down the letter. I shall be busy, and they would rather have you come than me. I know what you would do if you could, so we will wait awhile longer, darling, for our home."

Placing in her hand the check, he said:

"Take this with the two hundred dollars we have saved and place your aunts in security."

"Oh, Alfred," exclaimed Effie, "how could I, and it the first fruit of your labor, I should——"

"'Twas for you, Effie, I labored, and I know it will make you happy to help your aunts in their time of trouble. Besides, Effie, dear, if aunt Lottie had not cared for you so tenderly, I should not have you to day, and after all it is but a poor return for all they have done for us."

Two days later, Lottie Westcote folded her darling Effie in an affectionate embrace, and her Aunt Priscilla never again accused her of ingratitude.

GEN. LORIS MELIKOFF, ex-Dictator of Russia, has been accused of being the illegitimate son of the late Czar. The fact is that he was born in the household of a wealthy family in Tiflis, when the Czar was a small boy only seven years old. Apart from the question of the years the story was improbable, for Loris Melikoff in no feature bears the slightest resemblance to the late Czar. He is an Armenian of the Armenians, with the strongly marked national type. He differs widely from Gen. Ignatieff. The fallen Minister is a soldier; his successor is a diplomat. Melikoff was born at Tiflis, Ignatieff in St. Petersburg. The Armenian spent his life in the field; Gen. Ignatieff never went into action. Gen. Ignatieff is a suble intriguer, full of ambition, full of ostentation and display. Gen. Melikoff is an honest soldier, only anxious to serve his country, who led a life of the utmost simplicity when he wielded all the delegated powers of the Emperor. In appearance as in character Gen. Melikoff bears little resemblance to his successor. Stature, complexion, contour, all are different. But both are men of singular fascination of manner, and both unite to a charm which won for them the friendship and confidence of sovereigns a power of sustained application and of weariless industry in the discharge of whatever duty is intrusted to them. Both are men of great coolness, self-possession, and courage.

THE new hosiery matches the dress goods and men will now begin to notice what women wear.

REFLECTIONS.

At church I sat within her pew,
O Pew!
But there I heard
No pious word—
I saw alone her eyes of blue!

I saw her bow her head so gracious,
O Gracious!
The choir sang,
The organ rang—
And seemed to fill the building spacious.

I could not hear the gospel law—
O Law!
My future bride
Was by my side—
Without a single fault or flaw.

And when pealed forth the organ's thunder—
O Thunder!
I fixed my eyes
In mute surprise
On her whose beauty was a wonder.

To me that maiden was most dear,
O Dear!
And she was mine,
Joy too divine
For human words to picture here.

Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me—
O Bless me!
Before she came
My life was tame,
My rarest joys could but oppress me.

The service done we sought the shore—
O Shore!
And there we walked,
And sadly talked—
More sadly talked than e'er before.

I thought she was the type of goodness—
O Goodness!
But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words whose very tone was rudeness.

We strayed beyond the tide-mill's dam—
O Dam!
She jilted me
And now I see
That woman's love is all a sham!

A MIGHTY STRUGGLE.

Young men, what are you living for? Have you an object dear to you as life and without the attainment of which you feel that your life will have been a wide, shoreless waste of shadow peopled by spectres of the dead ambitions? You can take your choice in the great battle of life, whether you will bristle up and win a deathless name and owe almost everybody, or be satisfied with scabs and mediocrity. Many of those who now stand at the head of the nation as statesmen and logicians were once unknown, unhonored and unsung. Now they saw the air in the halls of Congress, and their names are plastered on the temple of fame. You can win some laurels, too, if you will brace up and secure them when they are ripe.—Daniel Webster, and President Garfield and Dr. Tanner, and George Eliot were all at one time, poor boys. They had to start at the foot of the ladder and toil upward.—They struggled against poverty and public opinion bravely on till they won a name in the annals of history and secured to their loved ones palatial homes, with lightning rods and mortgages on them. So may you if you make the effort. All these things are within your reach. Live temperately on $6 per month. That's the way we got our start.—Burn the midnight oil if necessary. Get some true noble-minded young lady of your acquaintance to assist you. Tell her your troubles and she will tell you what to do. She will gladly advise you. Then you can marry her, and she will advise you some more. After that she will lay aside her work any time to advise you. You needn't be out of advice at all unless you want to. She too, will tell you when you have made a mistake. She will come to you frankly and acknowledge that you have made a jackass of yourself. As she gets more acquainted with you she will be more candid with you, and in her unstudied, girlish way, she will point out your errors, and gradually convince you, with an old chair leg and other arguments, that your past life will come up before you like a panorama, and you will tell her so, and she will let you up again. Life is indeed a mighty struggle.

Some time ago the Paris Municipal Council founded a laboratory where articles of food could be sent for analysis. The idea has been caught up, and provisions of every kind are tested daily. The May report is most instructive. Of 231 samples of wine, 184 were ruthlessly condemned, only 6 being returned as "good," and of milk, 83 out of 105 samples proved worthless. On the other hand, 5 out of 7 specimens of coffee and tea were approved, and out of 26 samples of bread and pastry 19 bore the test. A further examination of painted toys shows this branch of commerce to be lamentably wanting in wholesomeness, unless, indeed, the specimens offered were the worst of their kind, as out of 38 as many as 34 were registered as "bad."

VALUABLE TABLE.—The following table will show the number of checks or hills contained in an acre of ground at certain distances:

1 foot apart each way,	43,560
2 feet apart each way,	10,890
3 feet apart each way,	4,845
4 feet apart each way,	2,722
5 feet apart each way,	1,740
6 feet apart each way,	1,210
9 feet apart each way,	597
10 feet apart each way,	435
12 feet apart each way,	302
15 feet apart each way,	193
20 feet apart each way,	108
25 feet apart each way,	69
30 feet apart each way,	48
40 feet apart each way,	27

As an illustration of the depression in farming lands in England, the *London Truth* announces that a farm in Mid Kent, which sold within the last twenty years for $112,500 was put up the other day at a reserve of $45,000, but there was not a single bid.

Hint in punctuation—exclamation points are always placed at the active end of a bee's sting.

All Sorts of Clippings

A shell race—Mollusks.

A scrub race—Floor-washers.

Important, if true—Your wife.

Are not all ladies' dresses sat-in?

Men usually go to grass after their hey-day.

An enchanting smile—the mint julep.

Cure for bald heads—Change of 'air.

The fountain of youth—the soda fountain.

Lime your cellars; whitewash your fences.

Bunting remains the favorite seaside dress fabric.

All men are not born equal—some are born twins.

He that giveth to the tramp, lendeth to the saloonist.

To owe is human—to pay up is another thing entirely.

There were 122 birth reported in Baltimore last week.

Never cry over spilt milk; there is watet enough in it already.

There are 15,000 dentists in the United States.

Wrinkles disfigure women less than ill-nature.

Persons of abandoned habits—dealers in old clothes.

No man has any time to form any definite idea of eternity.

This is an age of dead issues, dead beats and dead locks.

Philadelphia has 100 new factories in course of erection.

Prides itself upon its rank—the onion.

A collection of stamps—applause in the gallery.

Belief is not in our power, but truthfulness is.

Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features.

Cambric was originally manufactured in Cambrey—hence its name.

Carbonic acid forms about 1-1000 of the entire atmosphere.

Chemical action is always accompanied by increas of temperature.

Does a girl cudgel her brains every time she bangs her hair?

Dice was invented and used in gambling 1500 B. C.

There are now 40 lady students in the Harvard Annex.

Incendiarism is a capital offense in South Carolina.

The Bank of England was founded in 1694.

3,000,000 copies of the revised Testament have been.

National bank circulation now amounts to $352,700,000.

The capital of the Bank of England is £14,533,000.

There are 23,600 feminine farmers in Great Britain.

Germany has put 2,500 miles of her telegraph system under ground.

The Prince of Wales stakes, won by Iroquois, were worth $14,000.

Among the Gauls cutting off the hair was inflicted as a punishment.

"When taken to be well shaken"—the boy who upset your ash-barrel.

Bob Ingersoll says it was drinking hotel coffee that made him an infidel.

To be short in his accounts is, in a cashier, a crime; in a reporter it is a virtue.

The fellow who "laid" a wager is supposed to be a descendent of the feathered race.

Aconite is said to be named from Acone, a place in the Crimea, famous for its poisonous herbs.

When would a volunteer corps most need a cook? When they have pot a range.

In Ohio there is a decrease in the number of hogs, but an increase in sheep.

Of all things known, farmers agree that a mortgage is easiest to plant and hardest to raise.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but strikes with hands of iron.

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love.

When two young persons fall in love the only way to get out is to fall out.

A Georgia newspaper calls one of its rivals the repository of belated information.

Adam established the "pioneer press" when he first hugged Eve in the garden.

People who really pick their teeth are those who buy sets at dentists' shops.

A bunghole is a very necessary thing in a barrel, but, after all, it is nothing.

The hair-dresser hopes his heirs will never be able to say, "He dyed poor."

A sand-papered head is a thing of not much beauty, but a joy for—the flies.

The bride is generally given away, but ever thinks of giving away the groom.

The first volume of General Beauregard's history of the war is completed.

The number of miles of telegraph wires in the world is placed at 492,000.

The mileage of telephone wires in the United States is estimated at 60,000 miles.

England manages to keep up her spirits on $50,000,000 worth of liquor annually.

The new Texas Capital will cost $1,500,000, and will be built by a Detroit architect.

(Philadelphia Times.)

Philadelphia Police Department.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* of December 29, 1880, mentions among many others, the case of Chief of Police of that city, Samuel H. Given, Esq., who says he has used St. Jacobs Oil in his family, for various painful ailments, with excellent results. He has also heard from many who have used it for rheumatism, that it alon of all remedies did them good.

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