The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 8

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,

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LIME PAINT.

It is good for Frame Houses, outside being Water Proof

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

PRICES.

In Barrels, White,	$2.00	Colors,	$3.00
" "	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 ut 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

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.

NOTICE.

C. F. STAM has just received a large stock of the

NEW METHODIST HYMNALS,

very nicely bound, and which he is selling very cheap, from 50 cts. to $3.00—an examination of stock and prices is solicited. Call at the corner Drug Store. [Jan. 8, 1880

ICE CREAM FREEZERS. The "Crown" Freezer, as sold by Thos. L. Hines & Co., is the best in the market. They are cheap, and every one warranted.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.

FARM BELLS—for sale by T. L. HINES & CO.

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.

LARGE STOCK GLASSWARE, CHINA TEA SETS, China Chamber sets—at SPARKS,' Sept 30 opposite Court House

A LIST OF

MISCELLANEOUS 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*

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.

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.

LOVE AND PAIN.

I.

Love held to me a chalice of red wine
Filled to the very brim;
About the slender stem the clinging vine
Was closely twined and round the jeweled rim
Love held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
And made me drink to him.

Around, the desert of my life lay bare,
A waste of reeds and sand.
Love stood with all the sunlight in his hair,
And yellow crocus blossoms in his hand;
And all around the cruel, scorching glare,
The waste and thirsty land.

To his white feet the loose gray raiment hung,
His flushed lips smiled on me,
Across his pale young brow the bright curls clung,
And bade me drink to thee.

I took the graven cup, my lips I set
Close to the jeweled rim,
And to Love's eyes there stole a faint regret.
Then a bright mist made all the old world dim;
And in the golden cloud our blind lips met,
And I drank deep to him.

II.

O Love, among the orchard trees I lay,
Spring grasses at my feet,
The flickering shadows fell upon the way,
The pale narcissus made the fresh air sweet;
Among the blossoming orchard trees I lay,
Waiting my lord to greet.

Through the green woods the birds sang shrill and gay,
And then a sudden sound
Of coming feet, a glimpse of raiment gray,
And shaken blossoms falling to the ground;
Sweet was my dream of Love and Life and May
And blossoms scattered round.

And swift toward me his light footsteps came;
O Love, I woke to see
Strange eyes upon me, dark with some spent flame,
So like to thine, O Love, and yet not thee;
Thine was his raiment, and he bore the name
Known but to Love and me.

The yellow crocus blossoms in his hand
Were crushed and wan and dead;
Lo, as a wanderer on an unknown strand
He stood beside me with discrowned head;
"Love comes not twice," he cried, "to any land,
But I am in his stead!"

He held to me a chalice of red wine
Filled to the very brim;
The twisted snakes about the tall stem twine
And closely coil around the jeweled rim;
He held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
And bade me drink to him.

"Love came, but never will he come again,
Drink thou to me;
Love did forsake, but I, his brother, Pain,
Will now for evermore abide with thee;
The dark earth mist has gathered round us twain,
Drink thou to me!"

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

SENATOR BECK'S RIDE.

How a Sleepy Old Mare Astonished Him—A Vivid Description of a Fast Horse's Performance.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, told the following story to a Washington correspondent:

"I don't remember just what year it was," Mr. Beck said, "but it was before I came to Congress and when I was quite a young man, that I was in New York city. It was in the days when old Bloomingdale road was a favorite drive for New Yorkers with fast horses.

"Now I like a fast horse myself, and I thought I had ridden behind some. One afternoon I was up town, or what was at that time up town in New York, and a gentleman came along whom I knew. His name was Captain Norris. He was driving a fearfully bony and angular looking mare, and when he asked me if I would take a seat beside him I was almost ashamed to get in behind such a specimen of horseflesh.

"Still, I knew that Captain Norris was something of a lover of horses, and beside I couldn't in courtesy refuse him; so I got in.

"The sleepy-seeming old mare jogged along in the most tiresome way. Head hung down, and it seemed as though it was all she could do to drag her legs along.

"'We'll go out on the Blooming dale road if you don't mind,' the captain said, 'and see some of the steppers.'

"Well, that would be pleasant enough, for I thought I would have a chance to see a brush or two between some of the noted horses of New York of that day.

"I said to the captain that I almost wondered why he wasn't out with a stepper himself, knowing how fond he was of fast driving.

"He said that he sometimes did take a fast horse out, and I remember looking at the dingy, bony mare, and feeling for the captain some of the shame which I thought he ought to have felt for himself.

"I noticed, too, that the people whom we passed, who recognized him, were staring at his mare, and I thought that they were wondering how it was that Captain Norris was out with such a plug as that.

"By-and-by a noble animal passed us. The gentleman who was driving looked, as he passed, around at the captain. I noticed that the captain nodded, and that he took a little firmer grip of the reins. The gentleman slowed up a little, sufficiently to let us pass.

"'Try it, Cap,' he shouted.

The captain nodded.

"I saw that the mare lifted her head a little as the grip on the reins tightened and put some little animation into her feet. By-and-by we heard the clatter of hoofs back of us. I looked around and saw that the gentleman was coming at a splendid pace.

"'See if he passes us,' said the captain, as he made one little chirrup to the mare.

"Gentlemen, I have seen transformation scenes; I have seen the old man in the opera of 'Faust' changed in an instant to the handsome young fellow. I have seen a politician change his coat, but I never saw such a transformation as then happened.

"The mare lifted her head. Her ears no longer hung limp. They were erect and tossed to catch the sound of those approaching hoofs. Her dingy body now seemed to gleam, and her legs looked like the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. She was all fire, all animation, all electricity. I could think of nothing but a locomotive rushing along at the rate of a mile a minute.—Heavens how the wind did cut my face.

"'Look out for your hat, Beck,' said the captain, and I pulled it down over my ears.

"I glanced quickly at the captain; he held the reins firmly and his eyes were fixed ahead.

"We were plunging ahead on a whirlwind. I thought what a beauty that mare now is, and I thought there was only one end of it all—annihilation. I grabbed the seat firmly with both hands, and I pressed my feet against the dashboard. The wind moaned in my ears, although we made the breeze ourselves.

I could hardly breathe, I could not see, except away ahead. I knew we were passing team after team, and I heard the people cheer. I shut my eyes. I thought the crash would come. I would have begged the captain to stop if the speed had not been so great that speech was impossible.

"I said to myself, James Beck, your day has come. When-w-w-w! how we were flying. There was no motion except speed. We were flying over the road, horse and riders, seemingly impelled by an unseen, irresistible power. I opened my eyes once and saw some men away ahead waving their hats. In an instant we had reached and passed them, and as we went by the three men seemed mingled into one.

"When will this end? I wondered. The suspense was awful. I wanted whatever was going to happen to happen at once.

"It seemed as though we had been an hour riding when the speed slackened slower and slower and at last the mare stopped. I opened my eyes and saw that we were standing at a roadside inn.

"'Are you through, captain?' I tremblingly asked.

"'Yes,' he said, laughing, 'let's take a little Santa Cruz.'

"The captain turned the mare over to a hostler and we went inside and I helped myself pretty liberally.

"'Captain, you gave me a great fright,' I said. 'I had no idea that mare could go. Why she's fit to be a racer.'

"Yes, I don't know but she is,' said the captain.

"'How long were we coming down here?' I asked.

"'About eight minutes.'

"'How far is it?'

"'About four miles.'

'Here a man touched me and drew me aside. Don't you know that mare, man?' he asked.

"'No.'

"'That's Lady Suffolk.'

"'The fleetest mare of her day,' said Senator Butler.

"'Yes,' replied Senator Beck.

"By-and-by we started home, and as we trotted leisurely back we met the team that had at first passed us, and which we subsequently passed on the lightning's wings. Then I knew why everybody stared at the mare.'

A BABY GORILLA.

Dr. Chilla gives the following account of his interesting capture of a baby Gorilla:

"When I had the little fellow safely locked in his cage, I ventured a few encouraging words to him. He stood in the furthest corner, but as I approached he bellowed and made a precipitate rush at me. Though I retreated as quickly as I could, he succeeded in catching my trousers, which he grasped with one of his feet and tore, retreating immediately to the corner farthest away. This taught me caution for the present, though I had hopes still of being able to tame him. He sat in his corner looking wickedly out of his grey eyes, and I never saw a more morose or more ill-tempered face than had this little beast. The first thing was, of course, to attend to the wants of my captive. I sent for some of the forest berries, which these animals are known to prefer, and placed these and a cup of water within his reach. He was exceedingly shy, and would neither eat nor drink till I had removed to a considerable distance. The second day found Joe, as I had named him, fiercer than the first. He rushed savagely at any one who stood even for a moment near his cage, and seemed ready to tear us all to pieces. The third day he was still more morose and savage, bellowing when any person approached, and either retiring to a distant corner, or rushing to attack. On the fourth day, while no one was near, the little rascal succeeded in forcing apart two of the bamboo rails of his cage, and made his escape. I came up just as his flight was discovered, and immediately got all the negroes together for pursuit, determining to surround the wood and recapture him. Running into my house to get one of my guns, I was startled by an angry growl issuing from under my low bedstead. It was master Joe, who lay hid there, but anxiously watching my movements. I instantly shut the windows and called to my people to guard the door.—When Joe saw the crowd of black faces, he became furious, and with his eyes glaring, and with every sign of rage in his little face and body, got out from beneath the bed. We shut the door at the same time, and left him master of the premises, preferring to devise some plan for his easy capture rather than to expose ourselves to his terrible teeth. Meantime Joe stood in the middle of the room, examining with some surprise the furniture. Finally, seeing him quite still, I despatched some fellows for a net, and opening the door quickly, threw this over his head. Fortunately we succeeded at the first throw in fatally entangling the young monster, who roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction under the net. I took hold of the back of his neck, two men seized his arm, and another man his legs, and thus held by four men this extraordinary little creature still proved most troublesome. We carried him as quickly as we could to the cage, which had been repaired, and there once more locked him in. I never saw so furious a beast in my life as he was; he darted at every one that came near, bit the bamboos of the house, glared at us with venemous and sullen eyes, and in every motion showed a temper thoroughly wicked and malicious. Daily attention from me for a fortnight more did not bring any further confidence from him than this: he would come up slowly and take some forest berries out of my hand, and immediately retreat to his corner to eat them. At the end of this fortnight I came one day to feed him, and found that he had gnawed a bamboo to pieces slyly, and again made his escape. Luckily he had just gone. As I looked around I caught sight of master Joe making off on all fours, and with great speed, across the little prairie for a clump of trees. I called the men, and we gave chase. He stood defiantly at the border of the wood. About one hundred and fifty of us surrounded him. As we moved up he began to yell, and made a sudden dash at a poor fellow who was in advance, who, as he ran, tumbled down in a fright, and by his fall escaped. This accident detained Joe sufficiently long for the nets to be brought to bear upon him. Four of us again bore him struggling into the village. This time I would not trust him to the cage, but had a light chain fastened around his neck. This operation he resisted with all his might, and it took us quite an hour to securely chain the little fellow, whose strength was something marvellous. To the last he continued utterly untamable; and after his chains were on he added the vice of treachery to his others. He would come some times quite readily to eat out of my hand, but while I stood by him would suddenly—looking me all the time in face, to keep my attention—put out his foot and grasp my leg. Several times he tore my pantaloons in this manner, quick retreat on my part saving my person, till at last I was obliged to be very careful in my approaches. After he was chained I filled a half-barrel with hay, and set it near him for his bed. He recognized its use at once, and it was pretty to see him shake up the hay and creep into his nest when he was tired. At night he always again shook it up, and then took some hay in has hands, with which he would cover himself when he was snug in his barrel. Ten days after he was thus chained he died suddenly. He was in good health, and ate plentifully of his natural food, which was brought every day for him. He did not seem to sicken until two days before his death, and died in some pain."

REV. DR. THOMPSON ON LIES.

The Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New Orleans, recently in that city delivered a lecture oh lies, in the course of which he said many good things. After introducing his subject with an amusing Scotch anecdote, the lecturer said the family of lies was a very extensive one. Lies were found in good books as well as in bad ones, in good company as well as in bad, and in fact everywhere and in every place.

Ladies wore false flowers in their hats and false hair upon their heads. False teeth were also in their mouths and false roses upon their cheeks. Jones builds a model palatial residence, and invites his friends upon its completion; but everything was false about it, from the imitation solid walnut doors and marble columns to the sham stone walls. Dr. Thompson said, on entering a church some time ago and walking up the center aisle toward the chancel, he discovered to his amazement that there was no chancel at all except the imitation of one painted upon the wall. Lies had established thrones, religion, literature and commerce, and formed the keys to many a strong box. They wielded a power almost measureless among men. We would be surprised if we knew the lies that passed for history. Lies were written on tombstones, and were the basis of forged treaties and laws. It was not the same upon the sea in this respect that it is upon the land. The mariner was not deceived by his compass, or by the sun, the moon and the stars. But let a false light be shown from the land and his vessel is dashed to pieces upon the rocks. He who put a lie upon us had joined the diabolic side. A lie imposed upon a generation or a country took an immense amount of truth to offset it. Better to let the lies go and attend to the establishment of the truth. If a man's own character did not refute the lies said against him, it was useless to deny them. The steadfast character of the man himself was the broad denial of all charges or insinuations brought against him. Prove the truth by being true to ourselves and living as we hope to die.

A MARINE MONSTER.—Captain Larsen of the bark Honor, which arrived at Walveston, reports that while about half-way between Madeira at St. Vegas, Canary Islands, he passed one of the most remarkable fish he ever saw. This marine monster is described as being about forty feet in length, with four large fins, or wings, arranged in a row down its back. These fins varied in length, according to the reckoning of Captain Larsen, from eighteen to twenty-two feet, and in width from six to nine feet. At the time of its being sighted the fish was about a quarter of a mile to windward of the vessel, and was lashing the water with its tail and wings, evidently in combat with some other monster.

When you are after a position, young man, don't bother the party you apply to with a long-winded account of your merits. The short-tailed rats get into the hole quickest.

THE CUCKOO.

Amid the sound of picks to day
And shovels rasping on the rail,
A sweet voice came from far away,
From out a gladly greening vale.

My mate looked up in some surprise;
I half stood humming idle rhyme;
Then said—the moisture in my eyes—
"The cuckoo, Jack, for the first time."

How sweet he sang! I could have stood
For hours and heard that simple strain;
An early gladness throng'd my blood,
And brought my boyhood back again.

The primrose took a deeper hue,
The dewy grass a greener look;
The violet wore a deeper blue,
A lighter music led the brook.

Each thing to its own depth was stirred—
Leaf, flower and heaven's moving cloud—
And still he piped that stranger bird,
His mellow May song clear and loud.

Two simple notes were all he sang,
And yet my manhood fled away.
Dear God! the earth is always young,
And I am young with it to-day.

A wonderous realm of early joy
Grew all around as I became
Among my mates a bearded boy
That could have wept but for the shame.

For all my purer life, now dead,
Rose up, fair fashion'd at the call
Of that gray bird, whose voice had shed
The dream of boyhood over all.

O early hopes and sweet spring tears!
That heart has never known its prime
That stands without a tear and hears
The Cuckoo's voice for the first time.

READING SIGNS IN THE SKY.

A very little practice will enable anybody to read the language of the clouds. About eight years ago Luke Howard, an English Quaker, whose business required him to take long walks in the open air, completed a classification of clouds that has ever since been in general use.

One of the most wonderful phenomena ever witnessed in the sky was the great fog of 1783, that over spread the whole of Europe and part of Asia and America, reaching to the summits of the Alps, and lasting from one to three months, according to the locality. The greatest terror prevailed and the end of the world was thought to be at hand.

Howard noticed that there are three principal kinds of clouds, which he called cirrus, cumulus, and stratus. Anybody can see the difference between these clouds at a glance. The cirrus is the highest of all clouds. You must have often seen it in the form of white filaments sometimes called "mares' tails" and "cat's tails."

Stretched across the blue sky like delicate lace work, it is very beautiful. Travelers say that on the summit of lofty mountain peaks, from which they could look down upon the heavier clouds, they have seen these wispy cirri floating overhead, apparently as far away as when seen from the earth. In calm summer evenings, long after sundown, these clouds may be seen reflecting the most delicate tints of color from the last rays of sunlight that illuminate the higher regions of the atmosphere.

The cirri are composed of little crystals of ice. These clouds and their derivatives cause the halos that are sometimes seen about the sun and moon.

Cirrus clouds indicate both storms and clear weather, according to their appearance. If they appear in their most delicate forms after stormy weather, they are a sign that a period of settled weather is at hand.

When they show themselves in parallel streaks after fair weather has lasted for some time, they are the first indication of approaching change.

Cirri, when greatly tangled and knotted, show stormy weather close at hand. If their borders grow faint and indistinct, there is rain coming.

Cumulus clouds are characteristic of summer. The farmers call them thunder heads when they poke their smooth, white, rounded summits, glittering in the sun like silver, above the horizon. In that form they are the forerunners of local thunder storms.

These mountainous-looking clouds sometimes actually exceed the greatest peaks of the Andes or Himalayas in size.

When cumulus clouds appear in a warm, pleasant day, not very large, distinct though soft in outline, and resembling cotton balls, they indicate continued fair, dry weather.—On the other hand, when they grow larger, darker, and more formidable looking they foretell storms. Just before a rain they sometimes seem to throw off little fleecy clouds around their edges.

Goethe, the great German poet, who was fond of studying the clouds said that as long as cumuli have sharply defined borders and a white color a continuance of good weather may be expected.

Cumulus clouds often form soon after sunrise and temper the heat of the summer day. If they gradually disappear toward evening the weather will remain serene, but if as the sun goes down they grow darker and more numerous, then look out for rain.

The stratus is most common at night and in winter. They always appear in the form of stripes or broad, low curtains, covering more or less of the sky. The night stratus is formed of mists from swamps, rivers and moist ground. It generally rises and changes into small cumuli clouds on summer mornings. The other kinds of stratus, appearing at considerable heights in the fall, winter and early spring, is, as I have said, an invariable forerunner of stormy weather.

These three kinds of clouds do not always appear in their simple forms. They are frequently mingled together, and four varieties of these derivative clouds have been distinguished. The cirro-cumulus consists of little roundish white clouds, floating at a high elevation, and often resembling a flock of sheep resting upon the blue background of the sky. In winter these clouds frequently appear before a thaw. Between summer showers they accompany increased heat. They are common in dry weather.

A MENAGERIE.

Do you know what a menagerie is? You do, eh? Oh, you may think you do, but you don't. We'll tell you what a menagerie is, for they had one at the West End a day or two ago.

Mr. Moriarty is the owner of a goat and he keeps that goat in a little dark box stall in a barn. And he uses that box stall to keep a saw horse, a bench and four wooden chairs in as well as the goat. Mr. Moriarty also owns a bull dog with a very savage temper and with a strong aversion to cats. The other day this dog had a disagreement with a brindle feline, and after an interchange of compliments, the cat started to run and the dog pursued. The door of the box stall happened to be slightly ajar, and the cat went in there, the dog pursuing. When they got in there a savage fight commenced, and as they got directly under the goat, it stirred him up fearfully, and, after jumping as high as he could, he took a hand, or rather a head in the fight. The result was a very lively triangular contest, and in about five minutes it was terribly intensified by the goat's jumping clear to the roof, and there hitting a hornet's nest. Down came the nest and out came the hornets. They at once proceeded to relieve their feelings by assaulting the animals. By that time the horrible noise had roused Moriarty and his friend Maguire. They rushed to the stall to see what was the matter.—There was a spring lock on the door that could only be opened from the outside, and Maguire, not knowing this, happened to shut the door. And then a hornet stung Moriarty just as the goat butted him, and the dog got a grip on Maguire's leg while the cat tried to climb him. They both plunged, and one fell over the saw-horse while the other skinned his shins on a chair, and then more hornets began, and the cat got on Moriarty's head and clawed, and the monkey was loose generally. It was full fifteen minutes before anybody came to let them out, and the man who did wished he hadn't, for as he opened the door the goat flew out and took him square in the stomach and sent the breath out of him with a 'yah,' and down he fell, and then the two men and the cat and dog ran over him, and the hornets got at him and he had a fearful experience. The men were bruised and bitten all over, the cat left with wild yells, the goat disappeared down the street, leaving a wake of upset people, and the dog tried to scratch his bites with all four feet at once, and was grieved because he couldn't. And now you know what a menagerie is.

IT CURED HIM.—When I was a boy of about nine, a servant of my father's put a pipe into my mouth, assuring me that to smoke would make a man of me. I puffed away most vigorously, and perservered till I became sick and fell to the floor. I have never smoked since. In much the same way I was cured of hero worship. When I was a college youth I ventured one day to call on a man of some eminence to whom I had been introduced. He received me with smiles and compliments, and as I left his presence I was ready to proclaim him the most gentlemanly man I had ever met with; but after I went out I lingered at the door a moment to determine whether I should call on another great man who lived near, and I overheard the polite gentleman I had left call his servant to administer to him the most terrible scolding I had ever listened to in my life for letting in that stupid, impudent stripling. This cured me of hero worship and of interviewing great men. Since that date I have at times gone to a distinguished man's house with letters of introduction, and turned at the door for fear of what might come.—*N. Y. Observer.*

IN THE BRITISH NAVY officers and men may wear all the face hair they can grow, but in the army, except on foreign service, beards are tabooed. In most of the Continental armies similar restrictions are in force, but in Belgium they are more liberal, and during the present month the Minister of War has issued a general order to the effect that inasmuch as he hears that in some cases beards have been prohibited, he must remind all commanding officers that, by a Ministerial decision of 1870, all men in the army and navy may wear their face hair just as they please. In France waiters are rigorously prohibited from wearing a moustache, and the same rule attains in leading restaurants in New York. A gentleman lately got a young man a place in one of these establishments, but, though very anxious to go, he loved his moustache better than lucre, and declined the place.

EVERY FINE SUNDAY in summer each Roman Catholic Parish in Brussels has its procession on a grand scale. Effigies of Saints are borne aloft surrounded by picturesquely attired girls, and incense fills the air. This seriously interferes with traffic, and the *Independance Belge*, which does not love the priest party, complains that these processions are mainly maintained to show the pomp and importance of the priesthood. "The priests remember well enough," says the writer, "the days when the King of France followed on foot the procession from St. Denis surrounded by ministers and marshals, and was not even the sovereign then playing second fiddle to the priest who bore the chalice under a canopy glittering with gold? What a fine example for the people of the authority and power of the priest representing God on earth!"

All Sorts of Clippings

A crocus—a rooster.

Jefferson Davis has gone to Canada.

Mercy is sometimes an insult to justice.

Is the jelly fish made from ocean currents?

The best press ever made—two loving arms.

Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.

The treasury of Texas contains over $1,000,000 in cash.

The file maker's most finished work is always a rough job.

The best navigator—steering clear of the rocks of contention.

Is the flag nailed to the mast when the ship is making tacks?

He must have a big spoon that will eat ice cream with a young lady.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the mind's bribe.

A Harlem sign: "Fresh egs for sail just lade."

When a cow "kicks the bucket" she usually turns a little pail.

Too many visits to the bar transforms man into a barbarian.

About one half of Kentucky is underlaid by deposits of coal.

The army worm has been known in this country since 1743.

Maine raises about 7,000,000 bushels of potatoes per annum.

The hay crop of New York is worth $60,000,000 per annum.

Counterfeit $20 silver certificates are in circulation.

A son of Stephen A. Douglass is quite a good orator.

The net profits of the Cunard line last year were $965,000.

The colored Baptists in this country number about 800,000.

Mrs. Bell, wife of the inventor of the telephone, is a deaf mute.

The Italian army numbers, including militia, 1,700,000 men.

Ingersoll has made $20,000 from his lecture on the bad place.

Great Britain is said to have $560,000 invested in American railroads.

The best kind of sidewalk: Walking by the side of a lovely girl.

Japan is now supporting six large universities on the European plan.

The State of Massachusetts forbids pigeon-shooting within its borders.

Volusis county, Florida, has the largest orange grove in the world—1,000 acres.

The Eureka, Colorado, postoffice sends off in postal orders $10,000 a month.

Mr. James Russell Lowell is said to be collecting materials for a memoir of Hawthorne.

Lord Beaconfield's late London residence, with its furniture, is advertised for sale by auction.

The man who knows you well may forget all about you when you are ill.

The capital invested in railroads is estimated at twenty milliards of dollars.

It is said that Maggie Mitchell's net profits this season will reach $60,000.

Mexico proposes to make only native Mexicans eligible to seats in Congress.

Another extensive discovery of coal has been made on Vancouver's island.

Connecticut tobacco lands give an average annual yield of 1400 pounds to the acre.

Of 260 cottage hospitals founded of late years in England, eight only have failed.

The world's population of 1,437,000,000 includes 410,900,000 nominal Christians.

The first application to practice of the use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

Brooklyn, N. Y., is down for another elevated railroad, with a capital of $1,000,000.

The Queen has made Lord Rowton, Beaconsfield's private secretary, her own secretary.

The pyramid of Pueblo, in Mexico, is larger than the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt.

There are 42,000 Postmasters appointed by the Postmaster General and 2,000 by the President.

About 5,000 dead bodies are sent to the Morgue in New York every year.

Four million dollars have been spent in improving the Tiber at Rome.

During May the Philadelphia mint coined 4,241,640 pieces worth $7,668,550.

One hundred and one people died last year in London from actual starvation.

The average age at which students enter American colleges is 17; a century ago it was 14.

The American Bible House issued 1,085,696 copies of the Scriptures during the past year.

The Indiana school fund to the amount of $1,036,405 has just been apportioned.

Arkansas is crowded with men buying up timber lands: Thousands of acres are sold weekly.

The daily average gain of an Italian peasant is one franc and twenty-one centimes per day.

Thousands of trees in Northern Wisconsin were destroyed by mice during the snow blockade.

Secretary Blaine is to have the largest private residence in the city of Washington.

According to Secretary Blaine, there are more than 1,000,000 applications for office on file in the various departments at Washington.

[Boston, (Mass.) Cultivator.]

Mr. M. F. Morse, Westboro', Mass., mentions to us the gratifying information, that St. Jacobs Oil relieved him of a very severe attack of Sciatic Rheumatism and is an excellent thing.

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