The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 9.

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 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 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,
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.

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.

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.

WHITE GOODS.

NANSOOKS, Plaids, Lace Stripes, Figured Lace Stripes, India Lawns, Madras Linens, Piques, Marseilles, Basket Goods. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

BLATCHLEY'S B. and G. PUMPS—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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.

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.

DOOR MATS—very cheap—at THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

TRUE CHIVALRY.

The following lines, headed "A Soldier's Story," are taken from a volume of poetry by Rev. C. D. BELL, D. D., of the Church of England. The story describes how a body of English soldiery, which had been forced to retreat before overwhelming numbers, discovered that the wife of a wounded comrade had been left behind. Her pleading cry for help was heard by them, and immediately the word of command was given, "Halt!"

"Halt!" As they hear the stern command,
Silently turn our men, and stand.

"What man will go on foot or horse,
And save a woman from death, or worse?"

Our captain sprang from out the rank,
Stuck spurs into his horse's flank—

The snorting steed, in mettled might,
Started, and dashed right down the height.

We saw them in the current's tide,
Cleaving the waves to the other side.

Rifle and rifle sent forth its ball,
Bullets like raindrops round them fall.

And the waters hiss, and flash, and steam,
Under the shot that ruffles the stream.

Our captain, caring not, rode on,
'Til at length the other side was won.

He reached the shore without a wound,
And climbed the bank near the Frenchmen's ground.

Then pricked his horse, and gained the place
Where the woman stood, with awe-struck face,

And terror in her straining eye,
Lest he had only come to die.

He bent an instant, stooping low,
He swung her up to his saddle bow,

He turned in haste his horse's head,
And plunged again in the river's bed.

Our hearts beat fast as we saw him come;
We hardly breathed, stood still and dumb;

But he rode not now a ride of death,
There was no need to hold our breath!

The French had dropped their muskets all;
No bullet's whiz, no ring of ball,

Came whirring on our captain's ear—
No cause he had for care or fear;

For the cheer from the British lines that rose
Was echoed back from our gallant foes,

Whose hearts were stirred by that brave deed,
When our captain bore on panting steed

Back to our camp the soldier's wife,
Rescued at risk of limb and life.

IN A SHANTY.

'Mr. Alwade, this is Melth, the cook.'

As old Mrs. Watson spoke thus briefly, Wallace Alwade turned partly around, facing the small, delicate woman who stood but partially revealed in the shadows of the long, low-roof shanty.

For one instant he stood gazing intently into the pale face of the timid retiring creature before him, then he extended his hand, with a polite bow and pleasant word of greeting.

'Melth, the cook.'

What a thrill shot through his heart at the mention of the name. As their hands clasped in the dim firelight, and he gazed down into the pale face of the shrinking figure before him. Wallace Alwade's mind grew troubled.

That face, so thin and pale, with longing, regretful shadows lurking in the violet eyes, touched a half-forgotten chord in his bachelor heart. It was but a dreamy reflection of the past, however.

He remembered where he was, and turned away without thinking deeply. It was not likely that an almost forgotten dream would meet with fruition in a place like this, a dingy lumber shanty in the heart of the great pine woods.

A minute later and the merry jingle of sleigh-bells cut the frosty night air.

'Well, Mrs. Watson, I must be going,' said the lumber dealer, turning toward the door.

'Won't you stay all night, Mr. Alwade?'

'Impossible, my good woman. I have some very important business to attend to in town. I find that your husband is managing affairs very well in the woods. I think I can safely trust him to go on with the job.'

'Tattlers tongues to the contrary, eh?' returned the rosy-faced matron with a rippling laugh.

'Yes, the stories I have heard are all false, Mrs. Watson, I shan't trouble myself, about these flying stories again, rest assured.'

'Thank you, Mr. Alwade. My husband shall know of your generosity.'

'Facts are stubborn things,' returned Alwade. 'The job is progressing very well under Mr. Watson's management, and I am only too glad to place the credit where it belongs.'

Thus speaking the rich lumberman left the room and entered the sleigh that stood waiting at the door.

Speeding over the glistening snow, under the tall pines, with the keen winter air cutting like a knife, Wallace Alwade felt strangely invigorated at the contact with the close air of lumber shanty.

That evening, after reaching his room, Alwade found time for reflection.

'Melth, the cook,' pale worn, and timid, haunted him once more, like the dim memory of a half-forgotten dream. Why did he give the pale-faced shanty cook a second thought? Simply because this was not the first time he had seen that face. In pondering over the subject, Alwade came suddenly into full knowledge why he had been strangely affected at meeting Melth.

A vision of the long ago was before him. He stood under the gas-light pleading for the love of as beautiful a girl as the sun ever shone on. He could see the haughty curl of the full red lips, see the scornful flash of those violet eyes, and even feel the sting of the words that fell from the maiden lips, refusing him, laughing to scorn all his passionate pleadings; and all because he was but a poor law student without name or fortune in the world. His hopes were crushed forever.

He went out into the world with a bitter pain in his heart, yet unable even to conquer the love that had mastered him so utterly.

That was twelve years ago; twelve painful years to Wallace Alward. Out West, under the shadows of the Michigan pines, he had built up a fortune, and stood one of the foremost men in the strong, vigorous young State where our story is located.

For twelve years he had heard nothing of Meltha Bayne. Was it wonderful, then, that he did not recognize in 'Melth, the cook,' the self willed, imperious beauty, who had scorned him in his youth.

After hours of thought he was fully satisfied. It could not be that Meltha Bayne had fallen so low as this, a cook in one of his logging shanties!

That night the face of Meltha haunted the rich lumberman, and at earliest dawn he was once more seated behind the magnificent bays speeding rapidly into the great woods.

* * * * * * * *

'Gone!' exclaimed the lumberman seemingly staggered at a sudden revelation.

'Yes. She must have slipped off in the night some time,' said Mrs. Watson, looking her surprise at the strange interest her employer took in the faded cook. 'It don't matter a great deal, though,' continued Mrs. Watson. 'My husband can soon hunt up another woman right quick.'

Wallace Alwade stood warming his hands by the fire.

'She went in the night, you say?'

'Yes, or early this morning.'

'Why did she go?'

'Can't say.'

'Perhaps she left some word, a note or something?'

'Not a thing.'

'She must have been brave to dare a cold winter's night for the sake of leaving here unseen.'

'It's queer, very queer,' muttered the woman. 'Melth and I agreed perfectly. I can't see what cause she had for leaving."

Alwade turned hurriedly to depart. As he did so his eyes caught sight of white edge of paper peering from the inner side of the door casing. Drawing it forth, he found a few lines hastily written thereon:

'MR. ALWADE—When I met you to-night I knew that you were the one who once knew Meltha Bayne under far different circumstances. I knew that you recognized me, and doubtless felt gratified in your heart for the revenge time has wrought you. Of course I cannot remain another day under this roof.

"MELTHA."

There was not the slightest clue in this brief note to guide his steps. There were but few settlers in the woods, however, and he felt that it would be an easy matter to discover the where abouts of the missing woman.

Once more outside, the winter air touched his cheeks with icy fingers, and a shudder convulsed his frame as he thought of poor, little helpless Meltha, exposed to the cold under a pitiless winter sky, with no home, no place to lay her head.

It was his duty to find her before night and offer her a better situation than the one she had lately occupied.

A sudden snow-storm came up, which soon filled the road so, that Alwade's swift bays found it difficult to make anything but the slowest headway.

Down the fleecy billows the snow sifted, filling the air and covering the ground completely.

The wind rose, whirling the snow upon the pines in huge drifts. The track was no longer visible.

Huge banks of snow blocked the way, and the lumberman came suddenly to a full knowlsdge of the fact that it would soon be impossible for him to proceed.

'Ugh! what a fearful night we're having!' muttered the lumberman, as he buttoned his great coat more closely, and strove to peer ahead through the blinding storm. 'Suppose she has not found a shelter?' The thought sent a chill to his very heart.

On and on the horses floundered, the drifts growing deeper, the storm fiercer, meantime.

The wind rose to a gale, hurling the snow in sheeted masses through the air, while the gloom of approaching night settled down upon the forest.

'So late?' he muttered. 'I did not think that I was going at such a snail's pace. Now I'm in a fix, to be sure.'

His horses, struggling in a deeper drift than usual, came suddenly to a halt.

He peered about him. The forest looked strange and new to him.—The truth suddenly flashed upon his brain,

'I see; I've lost the main road, somehow, and this is some one of the many logging tracks,' mused the lumberman, forgetting Meltha for the time under the difficulties of his own situation.

Night was setting in rapidly. The storm raged furiously. There was no chance of finding the right road to-night. If this was a log road, there must be an end to it somewhere, and then he would find shanties.

He touched his horses with the whip.

After several attempts, the noble animals cleared the drift and moved slowly on.

The storm seemed to increase in fury every minute.

If he found no shelter soon, he feared the consequences.

Peering anxiously ahead, a dark snow-capped pile met his straining vision. The next minute his horses stood steaming beside a half-ruined log shanty.

It was almost dark now, but he quietly unhitched from the cutter, and drove his team under the friendly shelter. This had once been used for a barn. Across the way, some rods ahead, was the cook's shanty.

Alwade found the door hanging on one hinge, a portion of the shanty roof fallen in, but this shelter was better than the snow and storm outside.

He had matches in his pocket, and one of those was quickly ignited. An old bunk stood next the wall. Quickly demolishing this, the lumberman soon had a brisk fire in the long unused fire-place.

Removing his great coat, he stood over the fire and warmed his hands thankful for his lucky escape from death at the hands of the frost king.

The fire blazed up brightly, lighting the room throughout.

'Good heaven! what's this?'

Wallace Alwade stood staring into the corner of the room, where a human form lay coiled upon the frozen ground.

Approaching, the lumberman stood over the dark-robed figure, stood and gazed for a minute, spell-bound, into the pale face of a woman.

"Meltha!"

Bending down quickly, the stout man gathered the light form in his arms and bore it to the fire.

"Dead!" he groaned, as he gazed into the rigid face.

To his great delight he was soon rewarded with a groan, followed shortly after by a sight of two great frightened violet eyes,

'Meltha Bayne,' he whispered softly.

'Where am I?' she feebly answered.

'Safe, Meltha. Thank heaven for sending me out of my road to night,' he said, fervently.

An hour later Meltha Bayne was able to sit up.

In a few brief words she related her adventures of the past twenty-four hours.

She had wandered off from the main road and had traveled on many by-roads through snow and storm, finally coming to the knowledge of the fact that she was lost. Two hours before she had found this shanty, and tired and cold, she had sunk down to slumber, from which she would never have waked, but for the coming of Alwade.

'Why did you leave Mrs. Watson, Meltha?'

'After meeting you, I could not remain,' she said simply.

'After meeting me! Can it be that you still hate me, Meltha?'

Her violet eyes sought his face wonderingly.

'Hate you, Mr. Alwade, I could never do that. I could not bear to see you and know that you were gloating over the revenge that time has wrought. I have hated myself many times for the past in my life,' she replied.

He seized her hand and bent a searching look into her thin, faded face.

'Meltha, I am content to let the past lie buried. I am a lone bachelor, rich and crusty, but I want a wife.'

'Well?'

'Will you be that wife to me, Meltha?'

'After my treatment of you, when—'

'Yes, after that.'

'For pity's sake, Wallace?' tears filling her eyes.

'For love's sake. Meltha.'

Tears fell from her eyes. He drew her head to his broad breast, and sealed the compact with a kiss.

The wealthy lumberman found the wife, who presides over his house with exquisite grace, in a shanty.

HOW WEBSTER TOOK A DRINK.

What follows is from "Quincy's Anecdotes:" The route between Boston and New York by way of New Haven had just been opened, and I was occupying a seat with Mr. Webster when the cars stopped at the latter city. Mr. Webster was not quite well, and saying that he thought it would be prudent to take some brandy, asked me to accompany him in search of it. We accordingly entered a bar-room near the station, and the order was given. The attendant without looking at the customer, mechanically took a decanter from a shelf behind him and placed it near some glasses on the counter. Just as Webster was about to help himself, the bartender happening to look up started as if he had seen a spirit, and cried 'stop!' with great vehemence.

He then took the decanter from Webster's hand, replaced it on the shelf from whence it came, and disappeared beneath the counter. Rising from these depths he bore to the surface an old-fashioned black bottle, which he substituted for the decanter. Webster poured a small quantity into a glass, drank it off with great relish and threw down a half dollar in payment. The barkeeper began to fumble in a drawer of silver, as if selecting some smaller pieces for change; whereupon Webster waved his hand with dignity, and with rich and authoritative tones pronounced these words:

"My good friend, let me offer you a piece of advice. Whenever you give that good brandy from under the counter, never take the trouble to make change."

As we turned to go out the dealer placed one hand upon the bar, threw himself over it, and caught me by the arm.

"Tell me who that man is!" he cried, with genuine emotion.

"He is Daniel Webster," I answered.

The man paused as if to find words adequate to convey the impression made upon him, and then exclaimed in a fervent half whisper:

"By Heaven, sir, that man should be President of the United States."

The adjuration was stronger than I have written it; but it was not uttered profanely—it was simply the emphasis of an overpowering conviction.

An average of two thousand postal cards are daily mailed in this country without the address on the face. We are becoming an absent-minded nation.

A SUMMER DAY IDYL.

MORNING.

Morn on the mountains wide and far
His drowsy wealth is flinging,
And drowsy mists from gorse and brier
Their upward flight are winging.

Come, friend, the lark is in the sky,
The golden hours are fleeing;
The cloudless eyes of youth and hope
Are surely best for seeing.

There is a glamor in the glens,
Where rustic bells are chiming;
The glowing hills beyond the fens
May yield a prize in climbing.

We'll journey on by flood and field,
We'll run and laugh together;
And love and truth will be our stay
Through clear and cloudy weather.

NOON.

Here let us linger for a while—
The green leaves clustering o'er us
The lay of life is soft and sweet,
When bird-throats swell the chorus.

The zephyr woos the pensive brook
That steals by broomy cover,
The mated finch on blossom'd spray
Pipes to his nested lover.

Ambition seeks the upland path;
Wealth care-born fancies follows;
But love is found in humbler ways,
'Mid green and peaceful hollows.

Oh eyes that droop with tender grace!
Oh lips that bloom for kissing!
If love wears truth upon her face,
This is her hour of blessing.

EVENING.

'Tis sweet to stray by violet nooks
When birds their mates are calling,
And sweet, sweet is the voice of love
When evening dews are falling.

Oh hopeful hands that fain would rest,
Rest sweet, nor dream of sorrow;
Think you the heart that loved to-day
Will love you less to-morrow?

The flowers that shine about our feet
Slept safe in winter's keeping,
And woke to-day to fragrant life
More sweetly for their sleeping.

What though we find the changeful sun
His weary charge forsaking,
We'll lay us down in hopeful rest,
And dream of brighter waking.

CELEBRATED MEN OF HUMBLE ORIGIN.

John Adams was the son of a farmer, and Benjamin Franklin was the son of a tallow-chandler. Pope, one of the greatest of English poets, was the son of a linen-draper. Bloomfield wrote his best poem, "The Farmer's Boy," while working in the garret as a shoemaker. Gifford, the first editor of the Quarterly Review, began life as a sailor boy, and afterward served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker. Ben. Johnson, the dramatic poet, worked for some time as a bricklayer. Shakspeare was the son of a poor man, who could not write his name. Burns was the son of a small farmer; Allen Cunningham, of a gardner; Hogg was a shepherd; Ebenezer Elliott worked in an iron foundry; Falconer was a sailor boy; Thomas Moore was the son of a grocer; Gerald Massey is the son of a canal boatman, and began life as an errand-boy, and was next an operative in a silk mill; Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," began life as a hosler, and was almost wholly self-taught; Cobbett was in early life a farmer's boy, and afterward a private soldier; Isaac Walton, the angler, was a linen-draper; Dr. Isaac Miller, Dean of Carlisle, and his brother Joseph, author of a "History of the Church," began life as weavers; Dr. John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, got his education at Oxford by entering the University as a kitchen-boy; John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," was a tinker, and entirely self-taught; James Ames, the antiquary, was an iron-monger; Hugh Miller, the geologist and journalist, was a quarryman; Camden, the great historian, was the son of a house-painter; Caxton, who was the first to set up a printing press in England, was apprenticed to a weaver; the dramatist Holcroft was a groom; Sam Pepys was the son of a tailor; Richardson, the novelist, was the son of a joiner. Among scientific men, Simpson, the mathematician, was a weaver; Capt. Cook was the son of a peasant, who at 70 years of age learned to read that he might peruse the narrative of his son's voyages; Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the cotton-spinning machine, commenced life as a barber; Brindley, the engineer, commenced life as a mechanic; Sir William Herschel, the illustrious astronomer, was a musician in the band of a regiment; Faraday, the chemist and natural philosopher, was a book binder; Ferguson, the astronomer, was a shepherd; John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, and his brother William, the eminent physician, were the sons of a farmer; Chantry, the sculptor, was a milk-boy; and Flaxman, another great sculptor, was the son of a plaster cast maker; Sir Thomas Lawrence, the painter, was the son of an innkeeper; Opie, the painter, worked in a saw-pit, and Hogarth was apprenticed to a working engraver; Sir John Hawkins, the famous admiral, began life as a house-builder.

THE USE OF SPICES.

Spices make up the æsthetics of eating; they are the finest and most exquisite product of Nature, for they contain the condensed aroma of essential oils, produced by the intense rays of the sun. Also all spices grow on islands, that is the East Indian Islands, Madagascar, Mauritius the Bandu Islands, the Malincas, Samatra, Java, Ceylon, Japan, and the West India Islands; the coasts of tropical countries are also productive of spices.

Spices certainly have a peculiar effect upon the human system, promote a flow of saliva, and of the gastric system; If taken wisely and in moderation, they have a a pleasant action upon the nerves of the tongue and palate, they communicate a certain warmth to the blood, and stimulate the system very beneficially.

The peculiar source of the aroma is not always in the same part of the plant, but may be contained in the fruit, the leaves, the bark, or the root, according to where the treasure has been deposited.

Of fruits, none is more useful than the pepper, mostly grown in East India and Ceylon, and through the east. When the berry of this shru is ground with its dark cuticle it makes the black pepper; when it is ground without it, it forms white pepper.

Pepper is a most useful condiment, if used sparingly, and enhances the natural aroma of many foods. It is a preventive of indigestion, stimulating the digestive organs.

Allspice is the mild West India or Jamaica pepper, also called pimento.

Nutmeg is the fruit of the Eastern trees and shrubs, and exceedingly grateful to the palate, in fact so exquisite and mild a flavor that it suits well with farinacious substances,

Mace is the cuticle of nutmeg, and with some people a greater favorite still. It suits well for delicate stews.

The clove is the flower bud of a tree and becomes of a dark hue, when it has been dried in the sun.

Mustard is a seed of a plant which grows in temperate and tropical climates. Its pungency is so great that when ground fine it has to be mixed with starch to moderate it. It is a very useful and healthy condiment.

Vanilla, the fruit of the vanilla plant, indigenous to Mexico, Brazil, Peru, etc., and cultivated in the West Indies. Gathered before ripe, dried in the shade, and steeped in the oil of Cashew nut. This spice is the most aromatic of all spices, and of exquisite flavor as an essence.

Of the Barks, Cinnamon is esteemed most; it is a very valuable assistant to digestion and can be safely given to children now and then. The young shoots of the trees are used for the pipes, and when dried they are ground into powder.

Of Roots and Bulbs, Ginger is the most useful, either as a preserve or used whole in a dried state, or also ground into powder. Both with ginger and cinnamon better results are obtained by blending various grades than by putting it up perfectly pure.

Curry powder is the combination of many spices, and has come to us from the East. Unfortunately our clumsy ways often spoil the mixture by not preserving that delicacy of combination which alone can produce the true flavor it ought to possess. Curry is far more useful in food economy than we understand as yet, and deserves out best attention.—*Food and Health.*

A NOBLE GIRL.—A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer.—The wine was poured out, and would have been drunk, but the young lady asked:

"Did you call upon me, or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer:

"We called on you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers.'

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided.

The young lady added:

"Remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case, I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents untasted.

After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed:

"That is the most effectual temperence lecture I have ever heard."

The young man from whom these facts were obtained broke off at once from the use of strong drink, and holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully and resolutely gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.

Some remarkable statistics with reference to New Zealand have been contributed to an English contemporary. In the single province of Canterbury agriculture has developed in a truly marvellous manner during a brief period. In 1876 the production of wheat there was 1,770,363 bushels; of oats, 2,888,683 bushels; of barley, 620,699 bushels; and of potatoes, 17,895 tons, the total acreage under cultivation being 152,982. Last year the acreage had increased to 389,729, the product being 5,461,400 bushels of wheat, 7,776,275 of oats, 1,124,281 of barley, and 37,466 tons of potatoes. Similarly with regard to sheep raising. It is said that there are in New Zealand at this moment 12,000,000 sheep; a hundred years ago there were twenty-nine.

"How do you like the Episcopalian service?" asked Jones.

"Never heard it," replied Fogg; I dropped in at one of the churches last Sunday. I was quite early, so I began reading the service. I did not read far though before I found that it would never do for me. So I came out."

"What was the trouble?"

"Too many collections."

"Too many collections?"

"Yes, on almost every page it said collect. One collection is all I can afford to respond to. Must be awfully expensive to be an Episcopalain."—*Boston Transcript.*

ONE of the grand mansions once again thrown open this year in London is Hertford House, famous for its hospitalities in the days of the regency, but after that, for a quarter of a century, merely a repository for purchases of art made by the late Mrquis of Hertford. It is the Gaunt House of Vanity Fair, Sir Richard Wallace now has it.

All Sorts of Clippings

Vennor is 41.

The Empress Augusta, of Germany, is seriously ill.

Report is a quick traveler but an uncertain guide.

Our charities and indulgencies should be mutual.

Whoever learns to stand alone must learn to fall alone.

The heart ought to give charity when the hand cannot.

Youth should be patient, because the future lies before it.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

The drum major is the "display head" of a brass band.

North Carolina has 96,500 colored voters.

There are no horses in Greenland and Lapland.

Mrs. John Mackay pays her cook $6,000 a year.

The Government is now feeding 12,000 Indians.

Senator John Sherman is worth about $300,000.

A little girl asked if the guinea hen laid the golden egg.

Drawing from nature—pulling a tooth.

It is the flighty girl who tumbles down stairs.

The only thing the hat will leave to the hairs is a crown.

Adam never dared to use the silly slang, "some other Eve."

The man who buys a farm may be said to be gaining ground.

An old salt christened his anchor Sigh, because it was heaved so often.

Many complain of their memory, but none complain of their judgement.

Is it the proper thing for a girl at an archery party to lean on her beau?

The man who had an elephant on his hands has had them amputated.

She cooed; he wooed; the old man said they could if they would. No cards.

Strange that a man should contract his brows when gazing in the field of thought.

"Hoe for the seashore," as the youth said who did garden work for his vacation money.

Some of the new bonnets are called "snipes." This must be on account of the length of the bill.

What is love? It is a feeling that you don't want any other fellow going around with her.

Some women wear number 6 feet on the clothesline and number 2 feet on the shoes.

Henry Ward Beecher says Hades is not a place but a State. Does he allude to Ohio?

Between 600 and 700 different forms have been distinguished in snow crystals.

Pure water may be obtained from that which is impure, or from brine, by distillation.

Food which would soon decay if exposed to the air may be long preserved in a vacuum.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

Two gentlemen while shooting in Kansas killed a hundred turkeys in one night.

In New Orleans are shooting matches, in which bats are thrown from the traps.

Some men are very timid. The sight of a few gray hairs scares them into dyeing.

Josh Billings says he has never known a second wife that was'nt boss of the situation.

The desert interior of Australia probably affords the hottest climate in the world.

The population of Prussia is in the proportion of 11 Protestants to 7 Catholics.

More than 38,000,000 pounds of honey are produced and sold in this country annually.

Nebraska has a school population of 142,348 and an enrolment of 92,594, with 4,100 teachers.

Since 1866 9,000 divorces have been granted in Italy, Milan being set down for no less than 3,000.

The first normal school in this country was established at Lexington Mass., in 1789.

In the whole State of Massachusetts, only 4,258 women have voted in the last two years.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians have given $25,000 to the Irish land league.

"Six into four once, you can't make it," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

When some politicians are weighed, they are found wanting every vacant office.

There wasn't much money in "stocks" when they were employed in the form of punishment.

A clock is very much like a man. When it raises its hand, look out for it. It is going to strike.

When a woman turns laundress late in life she may be said to have reached the iron age.

A young man deeply in love with a pretty girl, finds squeezing her hand is a pressing necessity.

The grocer sets a good egg sample in the window. Those in the basket are often not so good.

The Thames river, England, discharges from 35,000 to 45,000 cubic feet of water per minute.

The railroads of the old world now cover 200,000 miles, and are steadily being extended.

12,000 steamers, and over 100,000 sailing vessels, are engaged in the commerce of the seas.

[Fall River, (Mass.) Daily Herald.]

Barnard Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Isaac L. Hart, Superintendent, No. 3 Ashton street, says: I have used that superior remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in a severe case of rheumatism in my arm, and its effect was wonderful, having banished, after a thorough trial, all pain, leaving my arm as well as ever.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0354