The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 10.

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

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BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.,

AT LOW PRICES FROM

Samuel Burns & Co.,

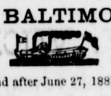
104 LIGHT Street Wharf,

Baltimore, - - - Maryland.

THOMPSON'S

FREIGHT & PASSENGER LINE

For BALTIMORE.



On and after June 27, 1881, the

STEAMER L. G. CANNON,

CAPT. WM. A. THOMPSON,

Will leave Chestertown every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 P. M.; Quaker Neck 4 p. m.; Hooper's Wharf, Centreville, 5.30 p. m.; Emory's Wharf 5.45 p. m.; arriving in Baltimore at 10 p. m.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Wednesday at 3 p. m. and Friday at 6 p. m., stopping at above landings.

Mr. Wm. Coursey will convey freight and passengers to and from Centreville.

☞ Freights received every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at foot of Commerce st., Baltimore.

☞ *Specialty—handling and caring for freight.* Charges moderate.

FARE 75c. Round Trip tickets $1.25. State-rooms extra.

Freight on grain 4c. per bushel.

JOS. W. THOMPSON,
June 30, 1881—tf. Manager.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

WE hereby notify our friends and the public generally, that we have opened a

NEW STORE

at the room recently occupied by Mr. S. Merritt, alongside of Mr. J. K. Aldridge's hardware store.

We hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

NEW ICE CREAM SALOO,

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.

WHITE GOODS.

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

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.

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.

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

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

BONES! BONES!—Highest cash price paid for raw bones, at KENNARD & CO'S.

Spring, 1881.

E. W. F. SIMPERS.

DRY GOODS

MUSLINS, PRINTS, Shirtings, Dress Goods, White Goods, Percales, Lawns, Cottonades. NOTIONS, a full stock. Glassware and Queensware.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

A Specialty,

as follows:

Green and Roasted Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrup, Cheese, Rice, Chow-chow, Oat Meal, Spices, Canned Goods, Corn Starch, Mackerel, Pure Cider Vinegar;

SUGAR CURED HAMS.

FLOUR by the barrel, sack or pound.

TOBACCO and CIGARS.

Call and be convinced that we are selling Goods cheap for CASH.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
May 5 Chestertown.

C. F. STAM,

Druggist & Chemist,

PREPARES MEDICINES

from the choicest

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRUGS

Physicians' Prescriptions

always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.

The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.

NOTICE!

Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.

Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
May 26, 1881. DRUGGIST.

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

THE BEST RAT TRAP—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

TIM JONES'S LAMENT.

BY TITUS TUTTLE.

An ancient hat with a battered rim,
Two watery eyes all bleared and dim,
With a crazy shake in ev'ry limb,
And tattered rags all over him:—
Thus tott'ring on, Tim Jones—poor Tim,
In liquor to the very brim,
Kept mutt'ring forth, as was his whim,
A snatch of song—sometimes a hymn
And while engrossed in earnest thought,
He muttered louder than he ought,

A loafer, am I? Yes, that's so—
I *am* a loafer; but you know
Poor human nature's weak and frail,
And resolutions often fail.
Stop drinking? Well, I wish I could,
I know 'twould do a heap of good;
But when you get to liking it,
It's mighty hard for you to quit.
A wife and babies, did you say?
Well, little Sue's been dead since May;
But I've a wife, sir, good and true,
I wish I could say,—*happy*, too.
I make her happy? No, my friend;
My life is now too near its end.
I've been too long a slave to drink;
Nigh onto fifteen years, I think.
And now for eight long years I've seen
Her wear that same old gown of green,
A patient uncomplaining wife,
With not a joy in all her life.
Her face is pinched and wrinkled now,
An I lines of care are on her brow.
Ah! what a wretch I've proved to be
Since little Bessie married me.

Sometimes I think of years gone by,
And wonder why it was, that I
Of all the others in the town
Should get to marry Bessie Brown.
There's Bobbie Black, why didn't he
Secure poor Bess instead of me?
He's worth his thousands now, they say—
While I—*I'm* only in the way.
Then there's Joe Rush, smart fellow he—
Gone better in the ministry;
While I'm the one to turn out bad,
Of all the beaux poor Bessie had.

It seems a shame, now don't it, friend?
That this should be the bitter end?
And if I had the pow'r to stop,
I'd never drink another drop.
With curses loud I curse the stuff,
For surely I have drank enough;
And once for all I make the vow,
No more shall pass my lips from now!

An ancient hat with a battered rim,
Two watery eyes all bleared and dim,
With a crazy shake in ev'ry limb,
And tattered rags all over him:
Thus tott'ring on, Tim Jones—poor Tim,
In liquor to the very brim,
Kept mutt'ring forth, as was his whim,
And presently he spied an inn,
The starting-point of all his sin—
He wavered, fell again—went in!

MORAL.

Oh wayward ones, oh weak and frail,
Think not reform is no avail;
But let each one renounce his sin,
Or, what is better—*Don't begin!*

—Forney's Progress.

MAJOR THROCKMORTON'S SHADOW.

A Woman Silently Follows for Twenty-three Years the Man who had Wronged Her.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

LOUISVILLE, July 7.—To-day came news of the death, in Mississippi, of Major John R. Throckmorton of Louisville, a man of leisure and of style, a bachelor of 65, a famous beau of a quarter of a century ago, and the lover of the beautiful Sallie Ward at the time when the bewitching Southern girl captured the son of the Puritan Gov. Lawrence of Massachusetts. When the young bride went to her New England home, Throckmorton followed. It is asserted that jealousy of Throckmorton, which Mrs. Lawrence was to proud to resent by explanation, was in reality the cause which led to the separation of Lawrence and his wife.

Sallie Ward came back to her father's house, and a divorce was granted Lawrence on the ground of desertion. The lady gave no explanation.

Throckmorton still hovered around devotedly, but was not rewarded by the lady's hand.

She married Dr. Hunt, and after his death became the wife of a wealthy pork man named Armstrong.

When this gentleman died, it was rumored that at last Major Throckmorton was to be blessed for his lifetime devotion, but the handsome widow drives about in the finest private turnout the city affords, and has paid no more attention to the addresses of the Major than in the days of her girlhood.

The beauty of the Kentucky belle, Sallie Ward, made her fame world-wide, and the persistency with which the Major followed her gave him a certain interest in the eyes of the multitude, but it was another woman that held him up to the gaze of mankind, a woman who shadowed him more constantly than he haunted the path of the famous Kentucky belle.

Throckmorton was a pleasing and frivolous man of the world when he first met the school-girl, Ellen Godwin. He was about 30 years of age; she was 15. Her family was at least the equal of his, and to an older sister he had been paying attention. The girl was impulsive, interesting and innocent,

He deliberately set to work to feign love and to gain her heart. Having gained it, he threw it aside without concern and went his own way.

Soon after a veiled figure appeared on the streets of Louisville—a girlish form that moved silently after the man wherever he went. She never spoke to him, neither upbraided nor reviled. When he entered the hotel she stood at the door; when he emerged from his club house she was waiting. In New York, in New Orleans, she was at his side, phantom-like. He jocularly spoke of her to his friends as his "Hell's Delight."

Ten years passed. Her friends decided her crazy for keeping the thing up.

Fifteen years rolled around, the police knew her, they watched her faithfully, as some harmless, demented thing, and passed her from beat to beat, as she ploughed her way homeward in the wee sma' hours of the stormy night. No human ever offered her harm or insult although she often stood all night before the places where her guilty lover was hidden.

Twenty years were gone; friends had died—father, mother, schoolmates. Her hair had thinned and whitened; her form stooped, a cough sounded hollowly on the air; her step was more feeble; yet none the less it tracked a portly, gray-haired fashionably attired man from mansion to mansion on New Year's Day, from theatre and club room, night after night.

Twenty-three years passed. Even the little children grew to know the plain, shabby, black-robed woman, and tiny fingers pointed at Throckmorton's ghost. Young girls looked wonderingly after her as she passed them silently. Wives sighed or smiled pityingly—they were so secure and sheltered—when her garments brushed their own. Mothers grasped their girls more closely—suppose this woman's wrong should be the fate of their sweet daughters in the days to come.

So, for twenty-three years, the phantom, silent, certain, dogged the betrayer's steps. At last friends of his had her arrested as a lunatic, and, through her misguided precaution, the man and woman were brought face to face in the court room at Louisville.

Then it was that all the city woke up to the knowledge that this woman was neither crazy nor a fool. Her language was eloquent, her manner refined, her face firm. The whole sad story of her life was told—her vow to follow him until the hour of retribution, her persistent watching, her silence and revenge. Before the woman he had wronged Throckmorton quailed, and his bravado was not equal to the cross-questioning to which he was exposed.

At last, one evening as I was walking on Jefferson street, near the court house, a great shout ascended; cheer after cheer went up. The old court house rang with applause.—Men threw up their hats. Ellen Godwin acquitted, and Throckmorton's ghost was laid; for the woman having brought him to the bar and having told the story of his perfidy, said that her work was done, and she would hunt him no more.

Throckmorton, conscious of his guilt, had refrained from arresting her, greatly as she annoyed him, during all the twenty-three years, and the story would have been untold, and she would have lived and died, regarded by the present generation as a monomaniac, had not the gallant Major's friend's interposed their well-meaning blunder. There never was a trial in the city that equalled this in interest. At its close the entire room was filled with shouts, which those outside took up, until the whole city rang with the news of the vindication. The jurors crowded around and shook hands with the accused, and persons who for years had passed her without recognition asked pardon of their old friend.

After the trial, my friends tell me that Ellen Godwin never in any way noticed or spoke of Major Throchmorton.

A time spent in retirement, and then the desire seemed to awaken in this blighted heart to know and feel some of the happy things of life, from which she had debarred herself. Her shabby black was laid aside; plain clothing, but the richest took its place; study, books, and music filled the days.

One day the guests at the Galt House saw an elegantly dressed lady enter the dining room with Mrs. Gen. Preston. This beautiful lady paid her friend every attention, and poor Ellen Godwin awakened wonder afresh by her ease in the new position. She boarded some time at the Galt House, and then traveled for a while.

But the purpose which had kept up so long was now lacking, and she sank gradually from earth, until a few years after her arraignment, she quietly passed away.

It has been a mystery how she tracked Throckmorton on his frequent tours. Some persons say she possessed clairvoyant power, or could read the mind of her lover; others supposed that the Major's body servant, who always accompanied him, gave the information. I am told in her last days she regretted having neglected the beauty of the body for so long.

It was her desire that at death she should be handsomely robed.—The directions for her funeral were left with her lawyers, and she went to her last sleep dressed like a queen in a black velvet burial robe, with rich laces, silken hose, and dainty slippers.

It is unlawful in Massachusetts to keep a drinking bar in any place not visible from a public street, and screens or other obstruction to the view are prohibited, as well as any arrangement of bottles and casks to effect the same purpose. This law is now strictly forced in Boston, where, in many instances, the bars have to be removed to front rooms, and windows cut through the walls. The Retailer, speaking for the liquor trade, says that the law has not lessened the sales at all. At first there was a slight hesitancy on the part of some drinkers, but that quickly passed away, and the general result is to make the traffic more open, and respectable.

The St. James' Gazette says:—"Considerable anxiety was caused in many quarters when it was announced the other day that a member of Parliament had been severely bitten by a mosquito in London, and fears were entertained that we were about to be invaded by an army of mosquitoes who might permanently settle in this country. The British-fed mosquitoes would undoubtedly grow to an enormous size, and would develop a fierceness and energy of which the ablest Jersey mosquito is incapable."

Reports from the Northwest indicate very heavy crops of cereals.

PRICE OF A BONNET.

She had mildly hinted that she didn't care to go to church again until she had her summer bonnet, but at the mention of bonnet he turned around and belched out:

"Bonnet! 'Nother new bonnet! Why don't you go down and buy out every infernal bonnet foundry on Woodward avenue and done with it!"

"I haven't had one this spring," she meekly protested."

"One! Why, you've had forty."

"Only one, my dear, and I can show you the bill."

"Well, that cost forty or fifty dollars."

"Oh, no! The bill is only nineteen dollars."

"Nineteen dollars! Well, that's an outrageous swindle."

"It was a very plain bonnet," she remarked, "and it was only for spring."

"How much will a summer hat cost?" he asked after reading down to the end of a column.

"Well, I'll try to get along with ten or twelve dollars, but you—"

"Ten or twelve demons," he yelled as he half rose up. "I tell you it's an outrageous swindle, and no one but an idiot would submit! They tack the price on because they think you don't know bran from broomsticks."

"Then you go down with me and make the purchase."

"Egad! I will. I'll go this very day, and if I don't buy a better bonnet for $4 than you have ever had for $10 I'll eat shingles."

That afternoon they entered a millinery store in company, and the old gent had the look of a man who was bound to win if he broke a leg in the attempt.

"My wife wants a bonnet," he began, as he got settled down on a stool.

"Very well, sir. About what price?"

"Say from $4 to $6."

"Yes, sir. Here is one for $4. It is for a kitchen girl on Sixteenth street, and I call it an elegant thing for the money."

"I—I guess we don't want one for four dollars," he muttered, as a chill flew up his spine.

"It's very cheap, I assure, you, and the colors are very popular with kitchen girls, but here is one for $6."

"Ah! that is more like it! Now I call that handsome."

"So it is, sir. That is for a servant-girl on Winder street, and she certainly has good taste. It is the cheapest bonnet I have made for a year."

"Yes—ahem—no doubt!" gasped the old gent as red streaks began to color his neck and chin. "And what's the price of this one?"

"That? That is sold to a barber's wife for eight dollars, but I could get you up the mate to it if you want."

"Barber's wife—ahem—eight dollars—and this one?"

"Well, I made the price very low on that one, as it is for a seamstress who always buys of me. I only charged her $12 for it."

"Seamstress, eh?"

"Yes. She goes out for seventy-five cents per day, and of course she can't afford any better than this."

Old Whetstone was as red as a strawberry by this time, and it was only by a tremendous effort of will that he could repress a "gosh darn it."

"You wouldn't care to look at this sixteen dollar bonnet, as it is for a mechanic's wife," softly remarked the milliner.

"No—ahem—perhaps not," he grunted.

"But this one at $20 might possibly do," she went on, "although your wife's position in society would only permit her to wear it for second best. Just wait and I'll show you something for $25 which will charm you."

"I won't! I'll be hanged if I wait a minute," he exclaimed, as he rose up. "I don't feel very well, and I've also agreed to meet a man at the City Hall at 3 o'clock. You go ahead and pick out a bonnet."

"One for—for—for four dollars," she whispered.

"Four be-hangs! Who said anything about four dollars? If you can make one for $20 do you, I'd take it, but if you look better in one for $25, you can have it sent up. What I was scolding about this morning was the shape of your bonnet—not the cost. I still hold that the shapes are outrageous; but you've got to have one all the same."

And when he got out doors and around the corner, he struck the air with his cane and yelled:

"If a man had played that on me, I'd hunt him to his narrow grave."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANNA DICKINSON has revealed her stage aspirations and plans to the Boston *Herald*. She has determined never to return to the lecture platform, because if she did her audiences would say: "We told her she would come back from the theatre, and our prophecy has come true." She has long believed that she could become a successful actress, and all her ambition lies in that direction. She made a great deal of money by lecturing, at one time as much as $75,000 in a year, but was not careful in hoarding it, and lost heavily in stock speculation. One venture in Philadelphia and Reading cost her $100,000. She is now in moderately comfortable circumstances. Her first attempt on the stage, she thinks, failed on account of the unfavorable conditions, and it was to guard against a second experience of that kind that she broke her engagement last winter. She will begin her next tour in November, with a fine company, appearing in plays of her own authorship, and in female parts only. She expects to appear in London next spring. "I have set myself to the task of succeeding on the stage," she says, "and I mean to accomplish it before I do anything else."

Lawn is only eight cents per yard, and lawn parties ought to be plenty.

DEPARTING DAY.

Come away to the western windows,
Where bright at the day's decline,
The hills all clothed in splendor,
Drink the sunset's rosy wine!

The valley lies in shadow,
And "silence reigns supreme;"
The echoes all are sleeping
Where only echoes dream.

In far-off rocky caverns
Where sprites and fairies dwell
With mysteries around them,
That man can never tell.

The circling silver river,
That girdles all the scene,
Reflects the sunset's glory,
In gems of "ray serene."

The breezes hush their murmur,
The flowers bow their heads,
The birdlings 'neath the branches
Nestle softly in their beds.

A picture from the windows
Of peace and tranquil rest;
As if God's smile had blended
With the beauty of the west.

I wish *I* had been there!
This thirsty soul of mine
Would drink in the glory,
As the hills the sunset's wine.

But fast the flush is fading,
The evening's gray appears,
It falls around my saddened heart
And leaves it full of tears.

SUNNY SIDE OF THE PRESENT.

From an Address by A. K. McClure.

Take the sunny side of the present. We are all prone to belittle the greatness and cloud the grandeur of the times in which we live. We throw nothing but sunshine on the achievements of the past. We are forgetful that the infirmities of the heroes of past ages, which were visible to their people, have perished, and only their virtues and triumphs survive. The standard by which men and events of the present are judged is wholly different from the standards of the past. This age of universal schools, and churches, and newspapers, and railways, and telegraphs, brings greatness face to face with its judges, while the past worshipped its heroes at enchanting distance and seldom came in personal contact with its idols. I regard the generation in which I have lived as the grandest of the world's history. It has created great heroes and statesmen, given a mightier impetus to enlighten progress, done more for the elevation and happiness of mankind, than any generation of all the many which have gone before. Turn to the sunny side of the present people of the world, and where, in all the progress of our forefathers, or of Europe, have they been surpassed or even equalled? Alexander conquered the world, died in a debauch, and his achievements perished; Hannibal's Carthaginians shook the gates of Rome in the zenith of her power, but Carthage is effaced from the earth; Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, vanquished Pompey, mastered Rome and ripened for the dagger of Brutus; Napoleon's eagles swept from Spain to the Pyramids and to Moscow, and the end was a fretted death in captivity. He brought France glory, luxury and decay. Washington won liberty for the Colonies, and knew not what "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" was when he had gained it. It required a Jefferson to teach him that freedom was not a tempered form of kingly rule. In the generous sunlight we throw back upon the past, we declare Washington as our examplar as soldier, statesman, patroit; but if he lived to-day, and attempted to govern as he governed nearly a century ago, he would be execrated as an imperious despot. Do not shudder at the venture of criticising the immaculate Washington. I am simply throwing the same sunlight upon the greatness of the present, and I find a stern patroit, a stern statesman, a stern chieftain; a man who never laughed and seldom smiled; one who believed in religion, in severe devotion to duty, disbelieved in the equality of men, and deformed republican power with awkward shreds of royalty. Washington filled the great want of the oppressed Colonies a century ago, but we have greater warriors, abler statesmen, and as true patriots to-day, as the Revolution produced.

I crossed the Father of Waters a generation ago, and there was not a State west or north of Missouri.—Now a great empire of States and Territories extend to the golden States of the Pacific and north to the British possessions. The iron horse sings his rude song over thousands of miles of western lines where the buffalo and the savage reigned in undisputed possession within the memory of the present. Universal education, the greatest boon from man to man, is the creation of those who are yet among the living. The newspaper, the school, the railway, as blessings in common to all, are among the achievements of our own generation. The greatest war of human history has its visible scars yet among us on every side, and Grecian and Roman story does not equal the actual heroism of the blue and the gray in our late civil conflict. The armies of Washington, Jackson and Scott, our idolized heroes of the past, never exceeded a full divisions in the armies of Grant, and their battles would have been recorded as affairs of outposts in Virginia or the Southwest. A Phil Sheridan or a Stonewall Jackson would have defeated Washington on equal terms, as a morning's diversion, and Scott bowed, broken-hearted, to the younger and greater warriors of to-day. We lisp the names of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun with a reverence that is denied to the statesmen of our time; but compare the achievements of statesmanship during the present generation of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, and with all the sunlight we kindly throw upon the past, the triumphs of its greatness pale before the triumphs of the last two decades. Where are the monuments of Clay, Webster and Calhoun's master statesmanship? They have perished, while the monuments of Lincoln as Emancipator, of Stevens as Commoner, of Chase as Minister of Finance, of Stanton as War Minister, of Grant as Chieftian in war and Reconstructor in peace, will endure until the Republic shall be no more. There are many sincere men who are ready to answer that Lincoln was a rude jester, that Stevens was a red-handed revolutionist, that Chase was an ambitious dreamer, that Stanton was a cruel despot, and that Grant aimed at imperialism, but when the passions which grapple with the infirmities of the present shall have run their course, and the generations of the future shall view the sunny side of the greatness of the past, as we view it now, these accusations will have perished. It was my fortune to come in personal contact with most of the great actors in the field and cabinet during the late war, and I wish now that I could look upon them as past generations looked upon their idols. They were only men, with all of men's infirmities, as were the men of the Revolution and all the great heroes and statesmen of every land and time; but the newspaper, the railway, the school, the telegraph, have brought hero and worshipper face to face, and greatness is dwarfed by the nearness that exposes its blemishes to common inspection.—You have read of the multitude that scoffed at the rude statue, chiseled to gain symmetry and beauty by distance, and how the scoffers cheered when the statue rose to its pinnacle. We saw our heroes and statesmen of to-day face to face, read of their daily achievements and failures, had their infirmities pictured before us as party or faction struggled in the conflicts of ambition, and we are slow to understand that our generation is single from all others of the world's history, in the grandeur of human achievement. If the triumphs, in both war and peace, of our own people of to-day had been attained half a century ago, we would now a have galaxy of national idols such as no other nation of the earth could boast of, made up of just such men as we belittle by the contact and criticism of the present. Our statesmanship of the first decade of the war was the broadest, the ablest and the noblest of a century of independence, and the impartial historian, who is yet to do his work, will so record it. Our herosim in long fraternal strife, stands alone in the annals of human courage and sacrifice, and the commander of our armies is recoginzed throughout the world as the great Captain of the age. When our illustrious men of the present generation shall sleep with the illustrious men of the past, and those who come after us shall see only the sunny side of greatness, ours will stand in history as the generation that was noblest in its men and in its attainments. And our great free people have stamped their inapress upon every civilization of the world with greater emphasis during the present generation than ever before. England has liberalized her government until it is a monarchy only in name and loyalty. The wail of the bondman has been silenced in Spain and Brazil, and the sad song of the serf is no longer heard in Russia. The scattered people of the Fatherland have regained German unity; Italy, long tossed by every wind and wave, has gathered its long dissevered provinces and a powerful nation again receives its law from the Eternal City; France has become a Republic in fact as well as in name, and the distant peoples of the East have broken the crust of the their darkness and are gradually receiving the sunlight of our advanced civilization. We have consecrated a continent to unsullied freedom, and the matchless progress of the people of our generation has advanced and elevated every nation of the earth with a rapidity that has no parallel in all the ages of the past.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE, of the name of Zysset, have just been sentenced in the Canton Berne, to penal servitude for life for having murdered all their children, numbering either five or seven. They admit having put five to death, and there is reason to believe that they killed two others whose deaths they concealed. Their motive was simply to save themselves the trouble and expense of bringing their children up, though they seem to have been far from poor, a considerable sum of money having been found in their house when they were arrested. The plan they adopted to get rid of the children was to deprive them of food, and when the process of starvation did not appear quick enough, or the little ones cried too much, it was accelerated by strangling or knocking them on the head. The jury expressed regret that, under the present law of Berne, the Zyssets could not be sentenced to some severer punishment than perpetual imprisonment.

An exchange says that of the 600 young ladies attending Vassar College no two can agree as to what they would do in case they saw a bear. We may be sure of one thing, however—they wouldn't permit themselves to be hugged unless the bear brought good references.

A woman lately appeared before the St. Pancras guardians and demanded an increase in the amount of her out-relief—three shillings a week—because she kept nine cats. An extra loaf was accorded her, the usual allowance for each child of an out-door pauper.

"Begorrah, Mary, how do ye suppose the egg got that color?" remarked the new chambermaid to the cook who was admiring a large yellow Easter egg. "Perhaps," returned Mary, glancing at her slyly, "the auld hin had the ja'ndice."

Graduated bands of Rhine pebbles are worn for Greek fillets.

All Sorts of Clippings

The candle-wick is up to snuff.

Camphor drives away mosquitos.

Moths will not work in the light.

He conquers who endures.

Read instruments—spectacles.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

Two may keep counsel, putting one away.

Much learning shows how little mortals know.

Every person has something about him to spoil him.

Self-deception—the art which has arrived the nearest to perfection.

Strength is born in the deep silence of long-suffering hearts.

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—contentment in a cotton night-cap.

They talk most who have the least to say.

"Finger nails beautified" is an Asbury Park sign.

The tallest Saratoga waiter is 6½ feet in his stockings.

Japanese kite-flying is a late seaside amusement.

Bustle is not industry, nor is impudence courage.

Never write the word "finis" backwards. It will be "sin if" you do.

One-fourth of Montana's sheep crop perished last winter.

Gold and silver cords lace the new low shoes.

In Germany the ladies take their knitting to the beer garden.

An old couple in Maine have been married 75 years.

The thunder is about the most reliable weather report.

A bald-headed architect remarked that he liked a wig warm.

Even if a man has two lawns he wants a lawn mower.

Kerosene lamps which are trimmed daily rarely explode.

The friction of a belt is double as much on wood as it is on cast iron.

In refraining from being mean to others you are good to yourself.

Boston refines about 5000 barrels of sugar a day.

Lancaster county, Pa., calculates on a $3,000,000 tobacco crop.

Judge Hilton is to have a $300,000 residence in New York.

The value of the Erie canal tonnage in 1880, was $300,000,000.

The Cooper Art Union, New York, has 1,622 pupils this year.

During May 117,482 emigrants arrived in New York.

Judas never got any peace with his thirty pieces.

Darkness, solitude and remorse are grim and hateful company.

Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution.

A cigarette in the mouth shows which way the money goes.

The man who saves five cents by walking gives ten to the shoemaker.

Over 600 tourists left New York for Europe in one day recently.

Geo. O. Hensel, of Lancaster, Pa., has 10,000 silk worms at work.

A race of kings reigned in India 2300 B. C.

Queen Victoria was born May 24th, 1819.

Duluth talks of a new hotel to cost $75,000.

Key West shipped 900,000 cigars in one day.

The British troops in Ireland number 30,000 men.

The census of 1860 gave 18 slaves to New Jersey.

Chinese physicians receive no fee until the patient is cured.

The cost of Solomon's Temple is estimated at $77,831,693.

The Whittaker court-martial cost the government $100,000.

St. Louis has 202 miles of public sewers, costing $5,000,000.

The wheel factories at Altoona, Pa., are making 350 wheels a day.

$15,000 is Bismarck's salary as Chancellor of the German Empire.

Emile Girardin, the late Parisian editor, left an estate of $10,000,000 francs.

Suicides have increased annually, in Italy, from 1864 to 1878, from 30 to 37.

In Massachusetts during 1654 dry fish was taken as cash, and boards also in 1657.

Canada was surveyed in 1842 under Sir William Logan and Alexander Murray.

A turtle dated 1821 was recently discovered waddling across Franklin county, Pa.

From China and Japan last year this country imported 68,775,143 pounds of tea.

The deepest known worked mine is in Australia, a shaft having been sunk 3,200 feet.

Journalists of Paris propose to erect a statue to the veteran poet journalist, Victor Hugo.

The profits of the bank of Montreal during 1880 were $400,000 more than in 1879.

The Secretary of War has prohibited the use of tobacco by the cadets at West Point.

The Rothschild family and house was founded by Anselm, at Frankfort, in 1743 to 1772.

Progle pictures, it is stated, originated with Philip of Macedon, who had but one eye.

The passage of 56 bills comprised the work of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Gibsonius McPustle says it's the cocktail and not the cockerow that fetches him out so early in the morning.

Gold can buy pretty nearly everything in this world except that which a man most wants—viz., happiness.

(Rural Yew Norker.)

The best people will vote for the best man every time. And we judge by the number of the St. Jacobs Oil constituency, that it is the best remedy for the rheumatism known. Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, among others, says so.

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