The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 17.

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.

SUMMER

Announcement

—OF—

Louis K. Stam.

Please Read Carefully.

In painting your buildings it is always to your advantage to select the Best and Purest of materials.

I have house and carriage Paint and Varnishes, all kinds, of the best quality that can be obtained, viz:—John W. Masury & Sons, and John Lucas & Co's. It is guaranteed neither to CRACK, PEEL nor BLISTER, and to last in any weather. It has stood the test here for eight years.

My Spring designs of WALL PAPER are most beautiful and have been selected with great care from the largest Houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Garnet, Cherry, Dark Brown, Light Brown Drab, Pearl, and many other colors of Window Shadings. Shades made to order to fit your window.

Protect your Barns and other Buildings by using Washes. I have all the different earth Paints for such work and will give direction s to mix the wash.

Paint Brushes, White Wash Brushes, Kalsomine, &c. Full Stock. VERY LOW PRICES.

Full assortment of FURNITURE. Goods delivered to your houses free of charge, and satisfaction guaranteed. Don't fail to call when you visit town. You will be received politely.

Just below C. F. Stam's Drug Store, and adjoining Mrs. Ellen Melvin's.

Louis K. Stam,

April 28, 1881. Chestertown.

THE

Standard Sewing Machine

—:o:—

This new machine is offered at about one-half the price of the old style Machines, and is warranted for three years.

It is an exact copy of the Singer Family Machine, and we will send to any person the $50.-00 style for $20.00, with the privilege of a full examination before buying. We also keep in Store all the best makes of Sewing Machines, with a full assortment of Needles, Parts and Oil, and Repair and Improve all kinds of Machines in the best manner and at the lowest prices for good work.

Persons wanting Agencies or Circulars will please address,

BYLES & SMITH,

No. 638 Arch Street

PHILADELPHIA.

June 24, 1881.

The Florence Sewing Machine Company's New Machine,

"THE CROWN."

is now ready for Agents and Dealers.

—:o:—

Old Style Florence Machines taken in exchange, or thoroughty repaired on reasonable terms. Also, the

FLORENCE

OIL STOVES.

Agents wanted in every county. Address

BYLES & SMITH

No. 638 Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Jude 24, 1881.

Handsome

NEW AND ORIGINAL

ILLUSTRATED PICTURE CARDS

GIVEN TO EVERY PURCHASER OF

Higgins's German Laundry Soap.

Ask your Grocer for them. [July 7—4t

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

OARS AND OARLOCKS—for sale by T. L. HINES & 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.

FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, RAKES, Hoes, Spading Forks, Rope and Chain Traces, Plow Lines, Rope Halters, Back Bands and Hooks, &c., at

Mach 19 J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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.

Tolchester Beach!

ON AND AFTER MAY 18, 1881, steamers

Nellie White and Pilot Boy

Will leave Tolchester at 10:15 A.M. and 5:30 P.M., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

After May 24th daily, except Sunday, will leave Baltimore, Pier 9½, at 8:15 A.M. & 2:30 P.M.

The *NELLIE W HIE* for beauty is second to no other.

Excursion Tickets, good until used, 75 cts.
" " " good only on day issued, 50c
Fare each way 40 cents.

This is the shortest and cheapest line to Baltimore, giving the people of Kent county near ly three hours, and return the same day.

WM. C. ELIASON,

May 12, 1881—tf MANAGER.

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.

Fruit will be landed at Pier 9½ Light St.

☞ 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.

TRY OUR ROYAL 5ct. Cigar, as good as At SPARKS'S.

WE are still in in good cheap *CLOCKS* SPARKS.

WE keep as large and fine a stock of Cigar as there is in town. SPARKS

A FULL stock of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco, constantly on hand—at SPARKS'.

KEEBLER'S Pound, Fruit, and Sponge Cake—at SPARKS'S.

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

IN THE FATHER'S KEEPING.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"My Times are in Thy Hands."

I am not strong, my Father,
And the battle must be fought,
The foes are round about me,
And the hours with peril fraught.
Even my best endeavor
Is weakness, and must fail;
It needs a Power Almighty,
In the contest, to prevail.

I am not wise, my Father,
I cannot see the way,
My spirit walks in darkness
While longing for the day;
And there is work before me,
Which my feeble hands must do,
But I need a higher wisdom
Than my own to help me through.

I am not brave, my Father,
Filled with a hindering fear,
I start away in terror
When the shaded scenes appear;
Yet have I need for courage
To fight and to endure,
Till the conflict shall be ended
And the victory is sure.

I am not good, my Father;
Sin leaves its stains on all,
The world is full of evil,
And I have felt its thrall;
Yet have I need of goodness
And purity and grace,
And I fain would have the beauty
That shines in Jesus' face.

But what I want, my Father,
Can all be found in Thee;
My times are in Thy keeping,
And naught can injure me;
Thou art the Good and Holy;
The Strong, the Brave, the Wise,
And I in all my weakness
Lift unto Thee mine eyes.

Whatever is before me
Of fighting or of pain,
Of ways that are intricate,
Of labor without gain,
Of pleasure or of sorrow,
'Tis not for me tell,
But all is of Thy seeding
And all Thou dost is well.

Oh, bless Thee, oh, my Father,
For all Thou art to me,
For strength, and light, and courage,
Which I have found in Thee;
I bless Thee for Thy mercy,
For the lights that round me shine,
And that because I know Thee
My will is lost in Thine.

Oh, love me still, my Father,
Lay on me Thy commands,
And be my life forever
In the keeping of Thy hands;
No richer, greater blessing
Hast ever Thou to give;
Oh, Father, guide and bless me
Until with Thee I live.

WEEK-DAY SERMONS.

Written for the Transcript,

BY DEACON JOLLYMAN.

NO. 1.

Beloved, my text for this occasion may be found in the book of unwritter Proverbs:

"The world owes me a living."

Not so fast my brother; you with the shiny hat and tiny cane; with the expensive cigar in your mouth and not an idea in your head. With your body overburdened with bastard jewelry and your heart as empty as a deserted bee hive. What have you done for the world that it should owe you a nickel? Do you suppose that the world is a conglomerated fool to hire you to strut about twirling that varnished twig, and exhibiting your consummate vanity? No, sir! The bridle and saddle is on the other horse. When you have paid your tailor and washwoman, by a few weeks or months of honest labor, you may talk about the world and its indebtedness to you. As it is, if there is one man too many in the world, you are that one. You are now good for crab-bait. So you are.

And you, sweet sister, do you say the world owes you a living? I am really sorry to be compelled to deny it. What have *you* done, what are you doing now to make the world your debtor? While your feeble old mother is tied to the cook-stove and wash-tub you are flirting with him of the glossy hat and slender cane; and seem to be blissfully unconscious that he is, in all respects, as slender and weak as the little stick he flourishes with such consequential importance. And he, poor bag o' wind, little dreams that you are as false as the frizzes you wear, and as hollow as the bracelets on your wrists.

The world doesn't owe you anything yet, dear girl. It may be in debt to Florence Nightingale, but not to you.

Beloved, sit down quietly, and calmly examine this account current. If the world owes you, it is able to pay. If you owe the world pay up at once. The world has given you a place among its inhabitants; it has nourished and protected you from your peeling, helpless infancy up to this moment, it has given you free access to unlimited sources of enjoyment; it has presented to you every opportunity to make for yourselves not only a living, but an honorable manhood and a true and useful womanhood. How have you repaid this debt? You say the world owes you a living. So say the pirate and highway robber. So argue the keepers of faro banks, and dram shops. So claim the shylocks, the stock-gamblers and speculators of Wall street, State street and Lombard street. So say all the drones, cormorants and human sponges throughout the broad earth.

Good company, do you say? You may think so, but in the end the world will pay all it owes to such, in scorn and comtempt in this life, and for the next give them a cheque, on his Satanic Majesty, payable daily at the bank of Eternal Destiny, where the thermometer never falls below 212 in the shade!

Therefore, beloved, pay the world, pay as you go. Amen.

Extra writing is now the only punishment inflicted on scholars in French schools.

THE HARD-BACK BUG.

"Lor, yes I have had a offer, and I suppose I might have been married like other folks if it hadn't been for a hard-back bug. That's what I always called 'em—hard-back bugs. That kind with a shell and wings and whiskers and bottle eyes and ever so many legs, that make a noise like a clock a-running down. A scientific boarder we had one summer gave me a new name for 'em, but that's mine—hard-back bugs. Ever had one down your own back? Yes? Then you know how it feels.

"I warn't one of those marry kind of folks ever. I always sed I'd hev any one that was congenial and made an offer, but I'd got to be thirty before there seemed to be any likelihood of such a thing happening, and then who should take a liking to me but Major Miller.

"He was a very fine man and owned a nice farm and was major of militia. He was just the stiffest man you ever saw; swallowing the ramrod wouldn't explain it, and what he expected when he talked was attention. If you didn't sit and listen to every mortal word he uttered as you would to the minister of a Sunday, off he'd go in a temper; but I didn't mind listening, and the major was quite intellectable, and the stories he used to tell about himself and his company were real interesting; and I was sort o' tired o' keeping house for Uncle Perkins. So when he asked me if I had any objections to his calling of Thursday evenings, I said I'd be pleased to see him.

"So every Thursday I had the best parlor and he came at eight and went away at eleven, and folks began to tease me considerable, and I didn't mind it much. And I went I went over to the major's house on the sly once—he was a widower—and got the black help to show me the furnitoor. There was lots of it—proper good, too—and blankets and counterpanes. The first Mrs. Miller had been forehand of 'em; and there was plenty of silver there, too.

"And I shall be glad to hev a lady over the house," said black Sally. "For working for a man isn't all it's cracked up to be. They have lots of whims and notions, and don't know what is needed to make anything. So long as I suited I'd be glad to stay, if master should marry again.

"So you see, even black Sally knew. Well, after I had seen all the things and knowed how good they were I made up my mind for sartain.

"And one August evening after I had righted up the parlor and opened the windows to let in a little cool air—a goose I was to do it, too—I said to myself, I reckon the major will ask me to hev him to-night, and I reckon I'll say yes, if he does. And just then I heard his knock at the door. In he walked, and down I sat, with the worst luck, as you'll see, with my back to the window, and down sat the major on another chair. And after we'd had a little talk about the crops and the weather, and such polite subjects, he hitches his chair a little nearer and says he:

"'Miss Samanthy, I've got something very particular to say to you, and I hope you'll give me your most particular attention.'

"And says I: 'Yes, major, I'll do so,' and folded my hands in my lap and sat bolt up-right and waited.

"'Miss Samanthy,' began the major, 'you know I've been comin' to see you purty regular for nigh about three months. Now a man of my

[redacted]

back bug walked over me. A girl that hasn't had an offer before, and get's one at thirty, will bear a good deal for it. I sat like a post and looked right at the major, and he went on:

"'A man should be the head of his family, I calkerlate. When a woman's voice is heard continool, I say disciplin' is not observed in that house as it should be. I've always thought a wife that knowed her duty was hard to find, but since I've noticed that you seem to have some judgment, and I've made up my mind to ask you—'

"'Oh, mighty me!' screeched I just then. You see that pesty hard back bug had took hold. He'd fastened his claws in me and was a nipping away.

"'You did remark something then, Miss Samanthy,' says the major, but by this time I couldn't say anything. Nobody that has had a hard-back bug run down their back can ever understand my feeling. I gave one awful shriek and jumped up and overset the glass shade over the wax flowers and trod on the major's toes, and ran out of the room.

"I rather guessed he'd never forgive me, but a hard-back bug down your back, beginning to bite, makes everything else seem insignificant.

"I ran up to my room and assassinated that bug, short metre; but when I came back the major was sitting holding his hat, and I saw that he would not go on with his proposition that evening. When I sat down he riz up, and says he:

"'Well, Miss Samanthy, as I see you have something of importance on your mind, I won't detain you any longer, but take my leave.'

"'Oh, it's off now," says I.

"'I't a pity,' says he, severely, 'that it didn't go before. It quite prevented me from making the remarks I desired to make. However, no doubt, it's for the best. So I'll take my leave as I said before.'

"Then he went marching off as if he was at the head of a regiment, and next week he proposed to a widow in the village and married her in less than a month.

"I've no doubt if I'd had him I should have been sorry long ago, but sometimes when I think of that nice, old oak furnitoor, and them goose-chase counterpanes, and all that nice silver, I get riled at the thought of hard-back bugs. If it had not been for one of them I should have been able to sit still until I was proposed to, and I should have been head of my own house and Mrs. Maj. Miller instead of Miss Samanthy, going out a-tailoring.

"Of course there's no picking up spilt milk, but I always kill every hard-back bug I see, reg'lar."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

There was a railroad excursion from Jackson county yesterday, and among the crowd was a man who called at the office of the Chief of Police to make a statement. When the Chief was ready to hear the details the man began:

'I was just coming out of the depot when I met a fellow with a squint in his left eye. Got that down?'

'Yes.'

'Well, he held out his hand and said, 'How do you do, Judge Perkins?' I kinder held out my hand and said I was purty well, thank you. I'm no more Judge Perkins than you are, but I thought I'd draw the fellow out a little. Got that down?'

'Yes."

'Well, we shook hands and walked for the corner, and he asked me if I ever absorbed. I said I did, and we went over to a saloon and surrounded some beer. Are you following?'

'Yes.'

'My friend said his name was Collins and that he was in the mule business. Then we absorbed some more.'

'Yes.'

'He asked me if I didn't remem- of loaning him $2 in Toledo in and hang my buttons if I 't fool enough to remember! I 't in Toledo in '66, or anywhere it; but I saw a purty good ce to make $2. Hang me if I 't think I'd found one Detroit- ood enough to fly right to hea- Then we absorbed some e.'

es.'

es, the chap wanted to pay me k the $2, and I also wanted to hold of it. He hands out this bill for me to change, and I gave back $14 and was to hand him nore at the depot to-night. Then absorbed some more.'

t's a counterfeit bill.'

ou bet! and I'm a gone-up ! Farewell, old Jackson coun-

What do you mean?'

mean that $7 of that $14 was y school-books, and the other as to buy porous plasters and a dress for a school teacher out e. I have been done for and low. Do I return to face the ic? I do not. Do I jump into river and sleep in the arms of h? I do, and don't you forget it. ant a chew of tobacco, a few inctions as to the best place to p, and I'll trouble earth no re.'

But he didn't jump. He had 22 ts, and this sum was enough to drunk on. He was picked off walk in the evening and taken he station, and when asked his e, he replied:

No use, ole f'ller—no use. If I you two dozzers in Chicago in you can't pay it back nohow—n't have it—won't take it.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN Benjamin Franklin was an or he was in the habit of writ- to the young ladies who sent in try, saying in honeyed language t owing to the crowded state of columns, etc., but he would enavor to circulate their productions manuscript; and then he tied the ms to the tail of his kite for obs."

In a collection of books recently sold in London was a prayer book translated into the Mohawk language for the Indians and published in New York in 1715.

Of the 1,000,000,000 acres of cultivated land in the United States, only eleven and a half per centum are used.

DRIFTED APART.

We had a little quarrel,
She and I;
We thought to mend our quarrel
By-and-by;
But we made such long delay
The forgiving word to say,
That we drifted far away,
She and I.

We had been friends together,
She and I;
Through clear and cloudy weather,
She and I;
Our friendship we'd declared,
Our cares and comforts shared,
And most pleasantly had fared,
She and I.

No evil genius dreading,
She and I,
Spoke freely of our wedding,
By-and-by;
And talked as lovers do,
Of a cosy nest for two;
Such a home we had in view,
She and I.

We met and were light-hearted,
She and I;
But sorrowfully parted,
She and I;
And enough bitter the regret
At the broken amulet,
We have never spoken yet,
She or I.

They say I'm rather mulish;
That may be;
And I was young and foolish—
So was she;
'Twas a quarrel most absurd,
And I can't recall a word,
And just how the breach occurred
Puzzles me.

We had a foolish quarrel,
She and I,
That furnishes a moral—
Who'll deny?
So if any one offends,
Let him haste to make amends;
If he waits he'll have no friends
By-and-by.

CHRISTIANITY AS SOCIALLY PRACTICED.

'How d'ye like the new pa'son?" asked Mrs. Bartleben, as she rested her chin on the fence and eyed the wash that Mrs. Specklewiggin was busy hanging out.

'He is very gifted, 'specially in pra'r,' replied Mrs. Specklewiggin, taking a clothes-pin out of her mouth. 'We are settin' great deal ot store by him. Have you heerd that he was very attentive to my Minervy?"

'I heerd that Minervy said so,' giggled Mrs. Bartleben, 'but the fact is he's droppin' in every night to see how my Sophanisby's soul is gettin' on. She's a likely gal and if he's gospelin' around here for a spar rib he can't do better than Sophanisby.'

'I guess that's so,' retorted Mother Specklewiggin. 'She's thin enough and you can git along without her. If the pa'son is in want o' that kind o' goods, you 'm on draught. Minervy is makin' some lamb'kins for his parlor winders.—Come in some time when yer hands are clean and look at 'em.'

'Don't believe I'll have time this week. He comes to tea every night, and me and Sophanisby is gittin' up some new shirts and a book mark for the pulpit.'

'Now, that's a good idee,' said Mrs. Specklewiggin, with a grin.—'I don't know about the book mark, but that pulpit needs some new shirts. For gracious sake make a long flap so's to cover the communion table, cause—'

'The shirts are for the pa'son,' explained Mrs. Bartleben, with flashing eyes. 'The book mark is for the pulpit. But of course folks who only goes to church to marry their darter would only consider the part that wears shirts. Besides that, we're makin' up some bed quilts for him.'

'Then, for goodness sake, don't line 'em with paper. If there's anything that Minervy can't stand it's paper lined quilts, and you know she'll hev to sleep under anything you make for the pa'son. She said yesterday, 'Ma, everything I do for the dear pa'son will be in blue, because that suits my complexion.'—And so it does. She's getting up some lamp mats in blue this very minute.'

'You don't tell!' snorted Mother Bartleben; 'my Sophanisby was going to make some lamp mats, but the pa'son said, 'Bisby, dear,' he calls her Bisby, said he, 'Bisby, dear, no lamp mats, please. If you must do somethin' for the church make me some underclothing of red flannel.' You know Sophanisby is very dark. That's why he wanted 'em red. Then she is makin' a yellow footstool for him, and he says he will always prize it 'cause it will remind him o' the sunsets in which he has set around with her.'

'How beautiful his idees flows!' murmured Mrs. Specklewiggin, casting up her eyes. 'That sunset is so poetical, and the yeller is so apt to remind him of Sophanisby! Always said he was masterful in expressing things. Minervy is making a green cushion for his cane-bottom chair, and some time when we ain't busy you might come to the winder and see it.'

'If you expect him to sit on it you had better send it inter our house, and tell her to make it wide enough for two or it's never be used,' quoted Madame Bartleben. 'Green is a good idee as representing how Minervy will look when the keerds come out for the wedding. Sophanisby is spinnin' a red fish line for him now.'

'Wall, isn't that luck? I knowed she'd do most anythin' to catch him, and I told my Minervy so, and she's embroidering some clams for bait.'

'That's just like her!' exclaimed Mrs. Bartleben, in admiration.—'She knows what she's accustomed to bite at and she thinks he'll land her. Isn't it a pity she's so old and fat?'

'That's a story!' howled Mrs. Specklewiggin. 'Cause she don't look like a bent hair pin, as Sopnanisby does, you think she's fat. Minervy has lost five pounds this week.'

'Oh, goodness, gracious me! Oh, the brazen huzzy! No wonder we haven't seen her around! I always thought—oh, and she's been trying to associate with my Sophanisby! When is it going to be baptized?'

But a shower of clothespins broke off the theological discussion, and the whothy Christians separated, neither understanding that the parson was engaged to a widow up town.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE WHITE HOUSE.

Its corner stone was laid on the 13th of October, 1792, under the superintendence of Captain James Hobon, an Irish architect, direct from Dublin, who accepted the award of $500 (then thought to be a large amount) for the design.

He is buried in the Catholic cemetery at Washington, and his descendants still live in that city.

The British destroyed the building in the year 1814, but it was rebuilt by Capt. Hobon, and was first opened for the reception of visitors on January 1, 1818.

The portico of four lofty columns on the north side, was added in 1829, during the administration of President Jackson.

It is a lofty building, two stories in height, with a frontage of 108 feet, and a depth of 85 feet. The vestibule within the front door is 50 feet long by 40 wide. The famous East Room, which was finished fifty years ago, is eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-two feet high.

Eight large mirrors and three chandeliers, of crystal and silver, adorn the room. The walls are covered with gray rep and maroon velvet. With the exception of our public halls, it is the largest in the country; and, for its size, is certainly the handsomest.

The President's office, which is on the second story, and which is the Cabinet room also, is not very large. It is thirty-five or forty feet long, and thirty or thirty-five feet wide, with a ceiling about twenty feet high. In the middle of the floor is a long table, surrounded by leather seated chairs; long lambrequin curtains, of a dark bluish gray color, adorn the windows, and the carpet is of red tint, with large figures, and a large map of the United States is on the wall.

Washington is a government creation, and the White House is chiefly memorable on account of the men who have lived in it. Every one of our Presidents, except Washington, has resided in this famous house.

The original cost of this building, in 1792, was about $335,000, and the total cost, up to this time, is about $1,800,000.

NEW YORK PAPERS.—The power of the press is a frequent subject of comment, but the wealth of the press, as well as its circulation, affords figures of startling amount. In 1845 the senior Bennett, for the purpose of creating a sensation, advertised the Herald for sale. In order to display the immense value of his establishment he placed the terms at what then appeared to be an extravagant rate, the price named being $125,000. This offer I read in the Herald of that day; but at present the same establishment would be cheap at $2,000,000. The Times, which was started on $100,000, is now worth $1,250,000; the Tribune and the World are now each worth $500,000, while the Journal of Commerce is valued at double that sum. Hugh Hastings, when approached with a proposal for the sale of the Commercial Advertiser, mentioned $500,000; but as the terms were not accepted, he felt released by the delay and withdrew from the proposed transaction. The amount of capital invested in the daily papers of New York city is probably not less than $8,000,000. In Bennett's early days, however, they could have all been bought for one-sixteenth of that sum. Their real value was probably as follows: Herald, $25,000; Tribune, $10,000; Journal of Commerce, $25,000; Courier and Enquirer, $20,000; Sun, $20,000; Evening Post and Commercial Advertiser, each $10,000.—*Troy Times.*

THE old employees in a Chicago iron foundry had quit work on a strike, and their places were filled by new men, who were making ready for a large casting. The clay mould had been clamped in its iron frame the day before, and all that remained to do was to pour in the molten iron. The liquid mass was brought by the men in long-handled ladles, and in another moment would have been emptied in, when a slight displacement of the mould attracted attention, and it was opened. The cavity was full of gunpowder. One drop of the melted metal would have caused an awful explosion, probably killing everybody in the building. That the strikers were guilty of the plot was shown by the fact that, instead of crowding about the doors and windows to jeer at the new men, as they had done on previous days, they remained at a considerable distance. A detective claims to have discovered that the powder was deposited by a committee of three men, to whom the task of wreaking vengeance had been given by their companions. Several arrests have been made.

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA depict a sad condition of things as regards the Jews. It is no rare occurrence, especially in the south, for rich Jews to be falsely accused of some imaginary crime and their property confiscated. The victims are glad to escape with their lives, and if they venture to return they are seized as vagabonds or as bearing an assumed name, and banished to Siberia or removed to distant parts of the empire. Their condition is a very pitiable one.

James G. Fair heads the personal assessment roll just filed in San Francisco with $42,000,000. Mr. J. C. Flood is assessed at $36,500,000, for himself, and $20,500,000 as trustee for J. W. Mackey. Mr. Charles Crocker is assessed at $20,000,000.

All Sorts of Clippings

Beware of bosom sins.
Brevity is the soul of wit.
Business is the soul of life.
As you sow, so shall you reap.
Be always at leisure to do good.
At a great bargain pause awhile.
Cork trees are raised in Georgia.
Perpetual motion—scandal.
Well drilled—the oil regions.
How wide is broad daylight.
Nevada has 15 daily newspapers.
A star performer—the policeman.
A bark mill—a dog fight.
A great singer—the tea kettle.
Plato died at 81—pen in hand.
The coin for soldiers—quarters.
Duplicate men are not to be found.
The comet is now on the go it.
Of course a bass solo is a him tune.
Shakspeare's first poem was published in 1592.
Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.
The proper place for undressed kids is in the bath tub.
Preferred creditors—those who do not dun.
Longfellow has in his time declined three embassies.
"Embers from which the sparks have fled"—old maids.
Rev. Jesse Way of Wabash, Ind., eloped with his daughter-in-law.
A rival of Vennor has set up in Alabama.
Gen. Grant has bought a residence in New York for $90,000.
The latest fashionable wrinkle is to perfume gloves.
Europe's standing armies number over 2,100,000 men.
A man is known by the company he keeps out of.
Too much corn whisky makes the voice husky.
The bluff game of society is said to be flirtation.
53,000,000 forest trees have been planted in Nebraska.
A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.
A brother, aged 88, of President Buchanan is living.
Holland is not pleasant during the summer months.
Vandalia was the capital of Illinois from 1813 until 1836.
In England and Wales there are 440 persons to the square mile.
An autograph letter of Mozart has been sold in Paris for $400.
An inebriate asylum for women has been established in Chicago.
Marion, Ga., has been for twenty years without a school house.
On Cape Cod there are about 1500 Portuguese fishermen.
The number of vertebrated animals is estimated at 20,000.
A codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs.
A mackerel 454,860.
A pair of scissors were found in an ox killed in Pennsylvania.
A locomotive weighs 80,000 lbs., and a pair of car wheels 5000.
The Delaware Paraffine Works is a new industry at Chester.
The tobacco crop is very poor in Connecticut.
Germany has now 8,000 miles of underground wire.
Hats were first made in England by Spaniards in 1510.
A signature in lead pencil is as legal as any other.
The rose gardens of Adrianople cover 14,000 acres.
Watch spring temper in steel is obtained at 554 deg., F.
Luray Cave, in Virginia, is to be lighted with electricity.
There is one mad man in France out of every 400 inhabitants.
Pure silver is the best conductor of heat and electricity known.
The first pharmacopœia was published in Nuremburg in 1542.
There were no horses on this continent at the time of its discovery.
The floating population of New York city is estimated at 200,000.
The oldest note in the possession of the Bank of England is dated 1698.
Rhododendrons have been planted in St. Paul's churchyard, London.
Among the Gauls cutting off the hair was inflicted as a punishment.
Photography was known to Leonardo de Vinci in the 15th century.
A stroke of lightning generally spares the rod and spoils the house.
"You're an immense swell," as the small boy said to the balloon.
The man who spoke under his breath got on his knees to do it.
"Sleeping out loud" is the latest definition for snoring.
The telephone has developed an entirely new school of hello cution.
The dumb waiter is a success; can't somebody invent a dumb barber.
We are constantly hearing of ocean piers. As if the ocean ever had a peer!
We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do.
A farmer counts his cattle by the head. The men he employs are only hands.
A Louisville mother advertises in a newspaper for prayers for the recovery of her sick child.
Lahure's printing office, in France, has 800 tons of type and employs 500 workmen.
There are 1500 hands employed in the John Roach shipyard at Chester.
New Zealand has a $50 poll tax on Chinese, and New South Wales is going to imitate her.

[Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle.]

Dangers to Iron Workers.

Messrs. R. Esterbrook & Sons, City Iron Foundry, Boston, Mass., speak on this point as follows: Two or three of our men were badly burnt in working They were, however, immediately cured by using that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. All our men are highly pleased with it, and we shall always recommend it to those afflicted with pains or rheumatism.

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