The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 19.

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 directions 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.

To Parents,

TEACHERS

And Scholars.

YOUR attention is now called to our very superior stock of

School Books and School Supplies

generally, which we have ready for the opening of the schools.

OUR PRICES ARE THE VERY LOWEST.

We know we can sell you these goods cheaper than you can get them elsewhere. We request a comparison of prices for the truth of this statement.

SLATES, STATIONERY, PENS, INK, CHALK, SPONGES, COMPOSITION BOOKS, PENCILS,

In fact everything required by the pupil, purchased by us in large quantities and sold very cheap.

Give us a call at THE CORNER DRUG STORE, and look over our stock.

Colin F. Stam

Aug. 25, 1881. DRUGGIST.

CALL AND EXAMINE

C. M. LUCAS'S

LOT OF KEY AND STEM-WINDING

WALTHAM WATCHES,

Just received from New York.

For correct time and beauty of finish these Watches have no superiors, and have in every case given perfect satisfaction.

Also, a new assortment of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, &c.,

OF LATEST STYLE.

April 21, 1881.

WHITE GOODS

NANSOOKS, Plaids, Lace Stripes, India Linens, Lace Stripes, India Lawns, 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 10 J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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

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.

R. W. F. SIMPERS,

Dry Goods,

NOTIONS,

QUEENSWARE,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

WOULD call special attention to our stock of Plain and Fancy Groceries, which is full and complete, all at BOTTOM PRICES.

Flour by the sack or barrel.

BEST SUGAR CURED HAMS,
DRIED BEEF;

TOBACCO and CIGARS.

MASON'S IMPROVED FRUIT JARS,

As good as any in the market.

Don't fail to call and see us!

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
August 4 Chestertown.

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 [illegible] ROYAL 5ct. Cigar, as good as [illegible] At SPARKS'S.

[illegible] ead 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.

WHAT WOULD I DO.

If, far from cultivated bower,
I came across a lonely flower
By mortal hands untended,
Where one but seldom turns aside
The leaves where it was wont to hide,
Alone and unbefriended;

Though fair as any jewel set
In Flora's radiant coronet—
Her roses, lilies, daisies—
If there in solitude had grown,
With none to make its duties known
And none to speak its praises;

How make amends for all its loss,
If I should chance to come across
This little floral beauty,
That, near a path but seldom trod,
Looked calmly in the face of God
And smiled as was its duty?

I would not let its face amid
More showy buds and blooms be hid,
Which would with sweets o'erpower
The timid thing, or in their pride
With lofty insolence deride
The lonely little flower.

No, no, indeed: 'twould not be fair
Its dainty graces to compare
With roses, lilies, daisies,
Or other blossoms that appear
In public places every year
And win their share of praises.

But if I came across this flower,
Far, far removed from cultured bower,
I would—you need not doubt it—
First kiss its pretty leaves apart,
Then pin it close beside my heart
And write a song about it.

WEEK-DAY SERMONS.

Written for the Transcript.

BY DEACON JOLLYMAN.

NO. 2.

Beloved, you may find my text, if you choose to look for it, in that neglected old Book called the Bible. It reads thus:

"*What will you give me?*"

These were the words of the scalawag Judas.

He intended to do the meanest thing ever done on earth. A thing the scabbiest dog was never known to do, he was about to betray his friend.

You are not to suppose, my brethren, that he meant to sell his principles. Oh, no! They would not have bought a rotten watermelon or a five-year-old goose egg. He had no such marketable articles.

When I am made to believe that the hypocritical traitor had any principles you may expect me to believe that eels are feathered songsters, and oysters travel on the wing.

What motive had he? you ask. It was not that he was so wretchedly poor. He was no poorer than Peter, and John and his brother disciples. He was not in want of a decent suit of clothes, for if his coat had been shabby, if his hat had been a shocking bad one, and his sandals like those of a begger he could never have had access to those dignified high priests with whom he made his infamous bargain.

He was not hungry, for he had just left the table. Besides had he not twice seen his divine friend feed multitudes on rations insufficient for one hearty, hungry man? He knew he could feed him.

What could have been his motive? Observe the text, "What will ye give me?" Oh! the mercenary wretch! It would have been all the same had Jesus been his own mother or father. Filthy Lucre. Thirty piecee of silver! He was honestly paid. The purchasers were honorable men and paid the claim in full and promptly. What good did the money do him? Every shining piece became a red hot ingot pressing into his mean and guilty soul, till driven to insanity, he went and hanged himself.

Was that the last of Judas? Oh, no! my brethren. He left a large family; his relations are numerous and widely scattered over the earth. One B. Arnold was one of his descendants in a direct line. One of his cousins may now be in my large congregation. How may you know them?

An election will be held in this State on the 8th day of November. The chief priests of both parties, of all parties—will be on hand with the thirty pieces of silver. Beware of them my brethren. Give them a wide berth. Recollect the chief priests didn't make any proposition to Judas. It was he himself who asked "what will ye give me?"

Now my brethren let me warn you that if I hear or know of any member of this congregation going round asking "what will ye give me?" I shall surely excommunicate him, until he repents enough to live a month on sour kraut, butter-milk and limberger cheese—so be it.

A TORONTO wife was shot by her husband, and the doctors told her that she probably would die; but she refused to make any statement unless they would declare that she would die beyond a shadow of doubt.

"If this hurt is going to kill me," she said, "I don't mind if my husband gets hanged for it, and I will furnish all the evidence I can. If I get well I shan't want him sent to prison, for I'd be pretty sure to want to live with him again."

A BOAT RACE lately rowed by two crews of girls is described in the Cincinnati Enquirer as funny. "Now and then a fair rower 'caught a crab'—that is, in other than boating English, she didn't get the blade of her oar out of the water promptly at the conclusion of the stroke—then the handle end flew back to whack her in her dear little stomach and she tumbled backward off her seat, while her light heels twinkled blithesomely above the gunwale of the boat."

"WHAT'S the matter with little Johnny this morning?"

"Sure, mam the bye's sick; he tumbled off wan thim wheels without a carrlage to it.'

LEARNING A LESSON.

'I can't get along with him, I'm very sure," said Joscelind Darkridge.

'Nobody could get along with him!' chorused the three other Miss Darkridges in union.

Uncle Black was the personage of whom they spoke—a crabbed, ill-tempered, little old man—who lived in a superb old country seat among the Catskills.

He had money to leave, but his nieces and nephews secretly believed that it would be a deal easier to go to California or Golconda, or some of those fabulous places, and dig fortunes out, than to stay at home and earn them by making themselves acceptable to an old gentleman who had as many angles as a rose diamond, and as many prickly spikes of temper and disposition as a porcupine.

Naomi Darkridge had tried it first. Naomi was a soft-voiced, slender girl, with a head which reminded one of a drooping lily.

'No one can help loving Naomi,' said Mrs. Darkridge, as she kissed her daughter good-bye.

But in three weeks Naomi came back, half frightened out of her wits.

'He scolds so dreadfully,' said Naomi. 'And he looks at me as the wolf must have looked at Little Red Riding Hood. Oh, mamma, I could not stay there, not if I was to be made richer than Miss Burdett herself.'

Magdalen Darkridge went next; but Magdalen, although a fine, tall girl, with a spirit of her own, was cowed by Uncle Black's savage eyes in less than a week.

'I'd sooner sweep crossings for a living,' said she, 'than to be his heiress.'

And so she came home without loss of time.

Rhoda Darkridge, in no wise abashed by the successive failures of her sisters, was the third one to try Black Grange and its possibilities. But she also succumbed before the terrible scourge of Uncle Black's tongue.

'It's scold, snarl, snarl, scold, from morning till night!' said Rhoda, as in three days' time she tearfully related her experience to her parents. 'Oh, you don't know—nobody can know—what a dreadful man Uncle Black is!'

'Oh, hang the old scamp!' said Mr. Darkridge, who was of a free-and-easy nature, and thought his girl a great deal too sweet and nice to be snarled at by any rich old miser. 'Let him alone. My daughter needn't go begging for any man's money.'

But here Joscelind, the youngest, tallest and prettiest of the four girls, spoke up:

'I'll go!' said she.

'You don't know what you are undertaking,' said Naomi, with a shudder.

'He'd wear out a stone,' said Magdalen.

'He's a ghoul!' shuddered poor Rhoda.

'I can get along with him, I am very sure,' said Joscelind, brightly.

And she packed up her trunk and went to Black Grange.

It was sunset—a red, flaming sunset, like one of Gilfford's pictures—when she came up the terraced flight of steps that led to the old house.

Everything blushed blood red in the deep light, and Joscelind could see how lovely was the scenery; how substantial this old gray house, with its square towers and semi-circular, colonnaded porch.

Uncle Black stood on the steps, in a wig and black silk stockings, surmounted by huge silver knee-buckles.

'So you are Joscelind?' said Uncle Black, surveying her with little twinkling eyes, like black beads.

'Yes, I am Joscelind,' said the bright-cheeked girl, giving him a kiss.

'You are late!' said he.

'I am late,' said Joscelind. 'I thought the old beast of a stage never would have got here. The horses fairly crept and the roads are horrid.'

'It's a dreadfully warm day,' growled Uncle Black.

'I'm almost roasted,' sighed Joscelind.

'The whole summer has been intolerably warm,' said the old gentleman.

'We might as well be in the tropics and done with it,' retorted Joscelind, flinging off her shawl and fanning herself vehemently.

Uncle Black gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her sisters.

'I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment,' said Uncle Black. 'The servants are miserable—'

'No more than one might expect,' interrupted Joscelind, with a deprecatory motion of the hand. 'Servants are mere frauds, nowadays!'

'And nothing goes right about the place.'

'Nothing *ever* does!' said Joscelind.

Uncle Black eyed her queerly. This was quite different from the determined cheerfulness and systematic good spirits of her three sisters.

At breakfast, the next morning, Uncle Black began to scold, as usual.

'Fish again!' said he. 'This makes four mornings in the week we've had fish.'

'I detest fish!' said Joscelind, pushing away her plate with a grimace.

'And the rolls heavy again!' growled Uncle Black, breaking one open.

'Please give me the plate, Uncle Black,' said Joscelind; and she rang the table-bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, a stout, good-humored Irishwoman, made her appearance.

'Betty,' said Miss Darkridge. 'Be so good as to throw these rolls out of the window.'

Betty stared.

'Do you hear what I tell you?' said Miss Darkridge, with emphasis.

And Betty flung the rolls among the rosebushes, where they were speedily devoured by Cato, the Newfoundland dog, and Rob and Roy, the two setters.

'But what am I to eat for breakfast?' bewailed Uncle Black,

'Crackers, of course,' said Joscelind. 'Anything is better than imperiling one's digestion with such stuff as this! And, Betty, if you send up any more fish in a month, you may consider yourself discharged—do you hear?'

'But, my dear, I am rather fond of fish,' put in the old gentleman.

'One can't eat fish the *whole* time,' said Joscelind, imperiously. 'Here, Betty, this coffee isn't fit to drink! and the toast is burned! and you must have put the cooking butter on the table by mistake! Let these errors be rectified at once.'

Betty retired with ominous rustle of her stiffly-starched apron.

'My dear,' said Uncle Black, rather apprehensively, "Betty is a very old servant, and—'

'I don't care if she is the age of Methuselah,' said Joscelind; 'nobody can be expected to put up with such wretched cookery as this!'

'I really think she is not so bad, if—'

'Oh, pray don't apologize for her, Uncle Black!' said Joscelind. 'They are all shiftless, lazy creatures, who must be discharged promptly if they don't do their duties.'

Uncle Black began to look frightened. He had kept Betty, Sylvia and old John for ten years. Was it possible that he had scolded at them for ten years, only to have Joscelind Darkridge outscold him now?'

'I wouldn't be too short with 'em, my dear, if I were you!' he remonstrated.

'Then let them do their duty!' said Joscelind, with the air of an empress.

'We are all mortal,' pleaded Uncle Black.

'I expect every one around me to live up to their conditions,' said Joscelind.

Uncle Black ate the rest of his breakfast with but little appetite. Sylvia, the housemaid, was finishing dusting his library as he entered it.

'Not through yet?' growled Uncle Black, the fretwork of wrinkles once more coming into his brow.

'Sylvia,' said Miss Darkridge, severely,' if this happens again, I shall dispense with yous services! Look at that clock! Is this the time of day to be dawdling about the rooms with a broom and duster? Remember that Mr. Black don't pay you exorbitant wages to lie in bed until noon!'

'My dear,' said Uncle Black, Sylvia is generally a very good girl, if—'

'Dear Uncle,' interrupted Joscelind, 'pray permit me to be the judge af these matters. You have ruled your household with a slack and indulgent hand altogether too long. I shall now institute a reform.'

And poor Sylvia had never moved about so briskly as she did that day.

Old John, the gardner, was not exempt from his share of the general turmoil. Miss Darkridge chanced to over-hear her uncle reproaching the old man for some fancied neglect in the flowerbeds, whose diamonds, ovals and crescents of brilliant colors were the pride of his horticultural heart, and she came promptly to his aid.

'Gardening, indeed! Do you call this gardening?' she said. 'Uncle Black, I'm astonished that you keep such a man as this about the place!'

And a torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of poor old John was enough, as that individual observed, to make one's flesh creep.'

'My niece is a young lady of spirit and energy,' apologized Mr. Black when at last Joscelind had gone back to the house.

'Verra like you, sir—verra like you!' said old John, scratching his head.

'Like *me*!' said Mr. Black, slowly.

And he stood for full five minutes quite speechless and motionless, staring down at the mossy rim of an ancient sun-dial, half sunk in the velvety grass. And at the end of the five minutes he spoke two words only:

'Like—*me!*'

'There's no knowing the masther, he's that changed,' said Betty, in the kitchen, a week or so after. 'He's as mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a kitten.'

'Sure, isn't that just what the young lady told us,' said Sylvia, 'when she came down into the kitchen that first morning before the fire was lighted, and told us as she was goin' to try an experiment, and we wasn't to mind a word she said 'cause it was all by contraries. He don't know what his temper has got to be,' said she, 'and I'm going to show him.' And bless her sweet heart, her plan has worked like a charm.'

It had, in good truth. Uncle Black was a changed man. And Joscelind had relapsed into the original sunshine of her temper—and all the domestic wheels of Black Grange seemed to revolve on velvet.

But Uncle Black took all the credit to himself. He never knew that Joscelind had taught him a lesson.

'We get along very nicely,' said he, 'now that my niece has subdued those little tempers of hers.'

And Joscelind was his heiress and darling after all—for he will always believe that it was he who 'formed her character.'

PRAGUE is suffering from a calamity which evoked wide sympathy—the loss of the beautiful new theatre, opened on the occasion of the visit of Prince Rudolph and his bride, for performances in the Bohemian tongue. The fire was caused by the carelessness of a workman engaged on the roof. The people hope to rebuild the edifice, but it will take years to do it.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

FROM THE ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL.

This is the tale that was told to me
By a shattered and battered son of the sea;
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship Gyactus,
All on the China seas;
With the wind a lee and the capstan free,
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie of the deck
To the mate in mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the for'ard hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft."

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate?
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand."

"Oh, if the quadrant's lost a hand,
And if the sextant falls so low,
It's our body and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go.

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard streak,
And reef the spanker boom,
Bend a steady sail to the martingale
To give her weather room

"Oh, boatswain, down in the for'ard hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff,
And rather more behind."

"Oh, sailors, collar your marlinspikes
And each belaying pin;
Come, stir your stumps to spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in."

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but, oh!
The water gained apace.

They bored a hole below her line
To let the water out,
But more and more, with awful roar,
The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship—
And he was a lubber brave—
"I've several wives in various ports,
And my life I'd like to save."

Then up spoke the Captain of the marines,
Who dearly loved his grog,
"It's awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,
And I move we pipe to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the gallant second mate
As stopped the sailor's jaw;
'Twas the second mate whose hand has weight
In laying down the law.

He took the anchor on his back,
And leapt into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again.

Through foam and spray, a league away,
The anchor stout he bore,
Till safe at last, he made it fast,
And warped the ship ashore.

This was the tale that was told to me
By that honest and truthful son of the sea.

And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though Captains curse him and sailors hate;
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

IMMENSE POOL WINNINGS.

THE HITS MADE BY "LUCKY HOADLEY."

From Philadelphia Times.

The speculative supporters of the pool-selling shop on Sansom street are in a state of fermentation over the unprecedented streak of good luck a mysterious investor from Chicago has struck.

He is about 40 years of age and his sharply-cut face, which bears neither beard nor moustache, may be seen in the International room whenever pools are being sold.—Notwithstanding the fact that he has won many thousands of dollars this month he is still enveloped in the seedy-looking suit of clothes he wore when he first began attracting attention.

The telegrams he receives from time to time are addressed to J. R. Hoadley and he admits that he hails from Chicago. The "regulars" in the pool rooms call him "Lucky Hoadley," or "the Chicago man." One of the pool-sellers said yesterday, in referring to the stranger:

"He used to come floating in here every morning for about a week and plank himself in a front-row chair and remain anchored there all day without dropping a cent. All of a sudden he went down in his clothes and hauled out a wallet and began buying pools. That was on September 2. He invested about $100 in the auction pools, $2 in a combination and about $30 in the French pools. He caught four winning horses, Frankie B., Knight Templar, Jessie D. and Fellowplay, and he drew $360 out of the auction pool-box and something like $500 from the mutual machines. His combination turned him in $136.45, so that he cleared nearly $1,000 in one afternoon. That just started him, and he has been nailing winners every day since." On September 3 the "Chicago man" invested $2 in the combination on Fair Count, Memento and Parole, and got $163.40 in return. He drew $455 out of the auction and French pool box on the same day. He opened the eyes of the knowing ones on the following day by backing Frankie B., Mary Anderson, Jennie and Una and they all won. On September 7 his winnings on Sir Hugh, Fair Count, Olivia and Sly Dance amounted to $1,300, although he had but eighty dollars invested in the four events. His two $2 tickets on Sly Dance alone paid him over $100. This unparalleled luck made him the lion of the room and the moment he began backing a horse the crowd followed his example. He evidently noticed the attention he was attracting, for he did not appear in the pool rooms on September 7. About noon, however, he sent a representative there to bet $200. Of that sum $176 was laid on Crickmore's beating the flying Hindoo and the remaining $24 was invested in three $2 combinations and nine $2 tickets on Bounce and Marchioness. Hindoo met his first defeat this year and as Bounce and Marchioness won their races the two combination tickets were worth about $230. When the Chicago man presented himself at the cashier's office next morning he received $943 for his tickets. He had some one employed on Monday to make investments for him on the Lexington races, for as soon as the last event was decided he marched up to the cashier and got $328 for tickets on Patti, Getaway and Fiona, the three winning horses. Persons who have followed the lucky man's movements say that he has named and backed over thirty winning horses in the past ten days.

MAINE SARDINES.

If Connecticut is the land of wooden nutmegs, Maine must be the land of herring sardines. There are said to be twenty-two establishments on the Washington county coast, whereof two thirds are in Eastport, in which herring are put up as sardines in tin boxes made here in imitation of those used by the French, bearing French labels, preserved in cotton-seed oil, which is asserted on the cans to be choice olive oil. "No admittance" is notified at the entrance, but the rule is not enforced. Herring are brought in from the bay in large quantities, and are unloaded at the several wharves where the factories are erected. They are carried in baskets into a large room provided with rough tables, where a gang of boys and girls, from ten to fifteen years old, are waiting for them, each armed with a knife. Some of these children are very dexterous. A single cut removes the head and from one to two inches of the shoulders of each fish, and at the same time draws the greater part of the "innards." The tail is more or less removed by another cut.

The extent of the business done is indicated by the fact that the rejected parts of the herring at a single establishment frequently amount to several hogsheads a day. These parts are boiled, pressed for their oil, and the refuse is sold for manufacture into dressing for soil. It is not yet possible to manufacture olive oil and anchovy paste out of the heads of the herring. The bodies and tails of the herring are washed, laid upon wire racks, baked in a great oven, packed in tin boxes by girls, covered with cotton-seed oil, the boxes are soldered, heated again in the oil, and finally packed in wooden boxes for shipment. The process need not be described at great length. It does not appear to be a very cleanly process, but very likely it is as much so as that of putting up veritable sardines. The larger fish are put up in oval tin boxes and are called "sea trout." Still other herrings are dubbed "eagle fish." And, finally, there is a process of putting up the fish in a spiced preparation which gives them the name of "mustard sardines."—*Boston Advertiser.*

A STORY is to be found in old jest books of an Irish artist who painted "The Passage of the Red Sea" by covering his canvas with red paint, and he explained his interpretation of the scene by saying that the Egyptians were supposed to be drowned, while the Israelites had escaped. According to the *Moniteur des Arts*, no less an artist than M. de Neuville has produced a corresponding whimsicality. A canvas, which measures 4m. by 2m., and represents nothing but a vast expanse of sand, has been entitled by the painter "The Capture of Bou Amema by the French." When De Neuville was asked by a puzzled visitor to the studio to point out where Bou Amema was, the painter gravely replied that the chief had fled, and, as regards the French troops, they had not arrived at the time the scene was depicted. The picture is a sarcasm, and will no doubt be appreciated in Paris.

GRASSHOPPERS AS FOOD—Lieut. A. D. Lyle has eaten grasshoppers out West, and he lately read a paper before a Springfield science association praising them as food. Although they naturally have a disagreeable smell, he says that when cooked they become pleasant to both smell and taste, no disguise being required. They can be eaten after boiling two hours, with pepper and salt, and thus prepared are not easily distinguished from beef broth. Fried in their own oil they have a nutty flavor. One drawback to their use as food is the bones in the small locusts, though in the larger ones these can be easily removed. Some residents of St. Louis have tried a dinner of these skilfully prepared, and liked it very well, and after becoming accustomed to the flavor they are considered a desirable addition to the bill of fare by some. These locusts feed on vegetable matter, and so may properly be classed as clean and wholesome food.

ALARMED.—Old Tenpercent went to church last Sunday. The minister, he says, had a good deal to say about the Pool of Bethesda. Tenpercent didn't wait to hear the whole sermon, but rushed home to look over his securities. He got stuck by the Jersey pool and in the pool in Union Pacific, and he didn't mean to get caught again, not if he knew himself. Fortunately, however, he didn't have any Bethesda.

FINANCIAL.—"Phat wud I do wid that?" exclaimed Patrick, when the hackman handed him the baggage-check. "I gave yez good money and yez try to put counterfeit onter me."

"You mistake," said the hackman, "this is not money, it is only a check."

"Go way wid yez," cried Pat; "Isn't a check always writ on paper? Did yez take me for a greenhorn altogether?"

THE most beautiful woman at Saratoga this season is said to have been a circus rider.

All Sorts of Clippings

The autumn ribbons are very wide.

A waste of material—two yolks in an egg.

Watered ribbons are novel and quite showy.

If cows do ruminate, pigs are equally pen-sive.

Plush ribbons come in ombre shades, one side is satin.

The purest water runs from the hardest rock.

Honor cannot be given; it must be earned.

Abject faith is barbarism; reason is civilization.

Custom meets us at the cradle, and leaves us only at the tomb.

Education should be made as universal as suffrage.

King Charles of Wurtemberg has become a Catholic.

A spirited business—manufacturing whiskey.

White specks on the nails indicate good luck.

The man who fills a "long felt void"—the dentist.

Politeness is the just medium between form and rudeness.

The man at the telephone office always has a "holler back."

To live without a purpose is to lead an unhappy and restless life.

A female butcher is one of the curiosities of Alma, Minn.

If old wine is good, is elder wine better?

An Iowa creamery pays out $20,000 per month for milk.

Geese have been known to live to the age of 80 years.

On the cultivation of the mind of woman depends the wisdom of men.

53,000,000 of forest trees have been planted in Nebraska.

Finger nails two inches long are the pride of a Baltimore woman.

The fellow who rang the bell for a false alarm of fire tolled a lie.

One of a party of girls who ran a five-mile race at Rio, Texas, died from over exertion.

A gilded frame makes a good picture in the eyes of nearly all the world.

While learning adorns a man, let us remember that truth ennobles him.

A jail bird is defined to be one whose wings have been clipped by legal process.

The public debt statement for August shows a decrease of $14,181,221.

Hope softens sorrow, brightens plain surroundings, and eases a hard lot.

In 1809, Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of a steamboat.

Chicago has a fixed day in 1882 when all telegraph wires must go underground.

There is no happiness without liberty, and he who follows cannot be free.

Great men seem to be part of the infinite—brothers of the mountains and the seas.

There is no happiness without liberty, and he who follows cannot be free.

After all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working.

"The old man eloquent"—when he comes home with too much blue ruin in his head.

Seeing much, suffering much, and studying much, are the three pillars of learning.

They who talk the most work the least, unless perchance they should be book agents.

An exchange has an article on "How to drive a hen." It is a shoo-her way.

A crank is a new name for a lunatic. It shows that something has turned his head.

A man cannot be tolerably honest any more than a woman can be tolerably virtuous.

A man may be self-contained without containing anything remarkable.

A bridge that is warranted to support any "strain"—the bridge of a fiddle.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.

Only seven States in the Union have annual sessions of their Legislatures.

It is not good for man to be alone, unless he holds both bowers and the ace.

It is an astonishing fact that a man never gets drunk enough to mistake a church for a saloon.

When an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land, look out for fishing smacks.

Adam is the patron saint of the Western pork raisers, because he had the first spare rib.

Why are clergymen like brakesmen? Because they do a good deal of coupling.

A poultice of fresh tea leaves, moistened with water, will cure a sty on the eyelid.

In 1526 roses were placed over confessionals as symbols of secrecy.

Iron can be made so thin that it takes 4,869 sheets to make an inch in thickness.

The bronze balconies alone in Wm. H. Vanderbilt's house will cost $60,000.

A fund is being raised in Boston to give poor and infirm persons street car rides on pleasant days.

He who puts a bad construction on a good act reveals his own wickedness of heart.

A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning and killed while dressing for her wedding.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Thomas O. Thompson, Esq., the Mayor's Secretary, who, some few days ago, slipped on a banana peel and sprained his knee, writes that St. Jacobs Oil "acted like a charm."

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0396