The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 23.

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., A. Pearce, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Round Top; Isaac Parsons, George R. Reed, Major B. T. Jeggs, Robert Nicholson, H. W. Vickers, Major T. B. Hynson, John T. Mier, Jas. Beck of Geo., Birtus 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

Announcemnet

—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, 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
March 10 J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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

FARMERS' HARDWARE—for sale by THOS. 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.

E. 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. Thomas Davis will convey freight and passengers to and from Centreville.

Fruit will be landed at Piers 13 and 14.

☞ 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 ahead 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.

GO TO THOS. L. HINES & CO'S. and examine his Fire-place Heaters and Cook Stoves. Sept. 16.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY WALTER SCOTT.

From the Athenæum.

THE MUCKLE STAIN OR BLEEDING STONE OF KILBURN PRIORY.

For the blessed rood Sir Gervase the good
The nuns of Kilburn pray;
But for the wretch who shed his blood
No tongue a prayer shall say.

The bells shall ring and the nuns shall sing
Sir Gervase to the blest;
But holiest rites will never bring
His murderer's soul to rest.

"Now tell me, I pray, thou palmer gray,
Why thou kneelest at this shrine,
And why dost thou cry so eagerly
Upon the help divine?"

"Oh, tell me who the man may be
And what his deadly sin,
That the Church's prayer for his soul's despair,
The mercy of Christ may win."

"I cry at this shrine on the help divine
To save the soul of one
Who in death shall lie ere morning light
Upon this ancient stone."

Sir Gervase rode forth far in the North
To Whitby's holy see;
In her bower alone his lady made moan,
A fairer could not be.

His false brother came to the weeping dame,
"Oh, I love you dearer than life."
"Hence! wouldst thou win to shame and sin
Thy brother's wedded wife?"

"He is far away, thou sweet ladie,
And none may hear or see;
So, lady bright, this very night,
Oh, open thy door to me.

"Sir Gervase rides forth far in the North,
'Tis long ere he comes back,
And thine eyes shine out like stars by night
From thy hair of raven black."

"The fire shall burn at the door stone
Ere I open my door to thee,
And thy suit of hell to Sir Gervase I'll tell
And a traitor's death thou wilt die."

"Then fare thee well, Dame Isabel,
Thou lady of mickle pride;
Thou shall rue the day thou saidst me nay,
When back to thee I ride."

The day declined, the rising wind
Sung shrill on Whitby's sands;
With ear laid down and ready blade,
Behind the rock he stands.

Sir Gervase rode on in thought alone,
Leaving his men behind;
The blow was sure, the flight secure,
But a voice was in the wind:

"False brother, spur thy flying steed,
Thou canst not fly so fast;
But on this stone where now I bleed
Thyself shall breathe thy last.

"That stone was then on Whitby's shore,
And now behold it here!
And ever that blood is in mine eye,
And ever that voice in mine ear!"

"Thou palmer gray, now turn thee I pray,
And let me look in thine eye;
Alas! it burns bright with a fearful light
Like guilt about to die.

"That stone is old, and o'er it has rolled
The tempest of many years;
But fiercier rage than of tempest or age
In thy furrowed face appears."

"Oh, speak not thus, thou holy man,
But bend and pray by me,
And give me thy aid in this hour of need,
Till I my penance drie.

"With book and beads, with ave and creed,
Oh, help me while you may;
When the bells toll one, oh, leave me alone,
For with me you may not stay."

Sore prayed the friar by the palmer gray,
As both knelt o'er the stone,
And redder grew the blood-red hue,
And they heard a fearful groan.

"Friar, leave me now; on my trembling brow
The drops of sweat run down,
And alone with his spirit I must deal this night
My deadly guilt to atone."

By the morning light the good friar came
By the sinner's side to pray;
But his spirit had flown and stretched on the stone
A corse the palmer lay.

And still from that stone at the hour of one—
Go visit it who dare—
The blood runs red and a shriek of dread
Pierces the midnight air.

PULPIT JOKES.—Old Mr. P. had been, after a fashion, a Baptist preacher for fifty years. He was quite proud of a claim he frequently made from the pulpit, that in his line he was the oldest in the State. There was but one man who disputed this claim, and thus Mr. P. was accustomed to dispose of him: One Sunday, bringing as usual into the sermon his favorite parenthesis, he spoke about as follows: "Brethren and sisters, I've been a preachin' this blessed Gospel fur fifty years, the second Sunday of last Jinnary. I'm the oldest preacher in the State. Now old Brother J., I've heard, has been a-disputin' me on that p'int, and says he's the oldest. Now, my brethren and sisters, Brother J. ain't a exactly countin' fa'r. Brother J. have been a-standin' in the pulpit fur fifty-two years; it's a fact, and I'm not a-goin' to deny it; but"—then the old man smiled in a triumph that, though mild, was most decided—"but brethren and sisters, the first four years o' that preachin' o' Brother J. he were a Methodis', and I count that no preachin' at all; and, accordin' to calkilation, that fetches him down to forty-eight years, jes' two years behind me." The same parson was sometimes quite pointed in his rebukes for disorderly deportment in church. One Sunday a young lady in the congregation had changed her seat several times during the delivery of the sermon. As she was about taking yet another seat, he said to her, "That will do, my darter; set down now, and keep still fur the balance o' the sarmint. Every body done see your new caliker frock."

"FATHER," asked little Johnny, "when you was a boy did you use to think what a great man you would be when you grew up?"

"I suppose so," said his father, "why do you ask that?"

"I don't know, only I heard you say last night that life was full of disappointments."

A PICTURE OF OLDEN TIMES IN KENT COUNTY.

BY DR. PEREGRINE WROTH.

[The following sketch has been in print before, but it will bear publication again. There are some now living to whom it will recall many pleasant memories of the past. To the later generations, it will prove an interesting picture of the olden time.—EDS.]

The Yule Log.

This phrase awakens the sleeping memories of good old times in my fatherland; and the near approach of the great Christmas Festival recalls to mind the long-lost customs which were brought to this country by the first emigrants from England, and which mingled with and crowded the pleasures of Christmas in the days of my boyhood.

Though the sad retrospect affects me almost to tears, I cannot throw it off; but memory clings to it with a fondness and yearning which can only be felt by those who lived at that time. The number of these is now every year growing less, and it cannot be long before the last link in the chain which connects that age with the present will be broken and disappear forever!

It was more than 60 years ago. The third generation is now rising into manhood since these things were. Customs, manners, all things are changed! The contracted dimensions of the modern fire-place, with the finely sculptured mantels and jambs had not been seen; the ornamented grate and radiator had not been invented; and the old ten-plate stoves for the consumption of wood were only seen in the shops of the tailor, the shoemaker and the carpenter. The very existance of anthracite in the bowels of the earth, where it had been hidden by the great Creator in long-past ages, had not been even suspected. Parlor, dining-room and kitchen were furnished with broad, deep fire-places in which large piles of wood crackled and blazed, casting a strong heat and light to every corner of the room.

These fires blazed with peculiar lustre at Christmas. Before dawn of the day so long desired and longed for, the younger members of the family (I speak of the family in the country) were up and in motion. The children had searched and emptied their stockings (which had been hung up the night before) of the good things annually brought to them by old Criskinkle—St. Nicholas—the patient saint of young children; the capacious bowl of eggnog had been renewed; the hickory Yule Log, which had been cut and prepared days before with great ceremony, sparkled and blazed on the ample hearth; the servants, large and small, peeped through the windows and half-opened doors with their shining ebony faces, and all was prepared to salute the rising sun with the well-charged Christmas gun.

As soon as he appeared above the horizon, the echos of the report were brought back from the surrounding woods, when the servants, male and female, with their children in the arms, came from the Quarter, dressed in their new suits of kersey, and entered the Great House (the home of the servants was called the *quarter*, and that of the master the *great house*) to receive their Christmas dram (the *dram* was called their *Christmas*) at the hands of the master.

This *annual* ceremony being over (it was *daily* during Christmas week) the servants retired to the Quarter where they were regaled with a plentiful breakfast. This being despatched, the banjo was introduced, and the merry dance began with the well-remembered words—

"Jack Butter in de fat,
Hop, and git over dat."

In the great house, the egg-nog was handed round and all partook of the foaming beverage. After this, a breakfast of hot, well-buttered buck-wheat cakes, rolls and biscuit with coffee—all garnished with stuffed sausages, the family party began to assemble, and dining-room and parlor were soon filled.

In the meantime the cook was busy in preparing the old gobbler for the spit, and the large dinner pot was hung over the fire and filled with a delicious year-old ham, chines and other pork, and store of vegetables. Pot-pies of goose and chicken were not forgotten, and ample provision had before been made of mince-pies, plum-puddings and other good cheer.

While dinner was in preparation—to be served up at 1 P. M.—never later, the male members of the party whiled away the time by shooting at a target or galloping round the neighborhood, supping their neighbors' egg-nog and romping with their daughters. Universal hilarity prevailed—not a sad face was to be seen, but I can assure you, that, in gentle circles, intoxication was unknown. All were cheerful—and a modest kiss was deemed no breach of decorum.

Let us now pay another visit to the Quarter.

The servants in those primitive times, were fully persuaded that no other man was so good or so great as their master; and they never approached him without lifting the hat or scraping the ground with the shoe. They had, and more especially at Christmas times, their full share of mirth and jollity. In every country family there was a leader in all sports. In my father's quarter this leader was Cuffie, the only son of Aunt Dinah, my mother's chief-cook and confidential servant in the kitchen. He would place a large log in the front yard of the quarter, and boring in it a hole two or three inches deep, fill it with water and plug it with a black coal from the fire-place. In the intervals of the song and the dance, he would spring from the door with an axe and striking a heavy blow on the hole in the log, jump high in the air, striking his feet three times together, utter a loud shout as an echo to the report almost as loud as a gun. He would then return to his comrades in the quarter and give out a line of his unpremedited song—to be answered by them in full chorus. I give a specimen:

Leader—"Work away my brave boys."
Chorus—"So—ho!"
Leader—"Husk up the man's corn."
Chorus—"Ho—ho!"—prelonged.

Not only at Christmas but at the night huskings in different neighborhoods, the leader would go on improvising his song and promising his comrades plenty of pot-pie, pork and cider when the pile of corn was finished. Cuffie was generally the leader at these night husking-matches as he was generally admired for his poetic talent; and he would sometimes exhibit feats of agility which would astonish the clowns and merry andrews of the modern circus. I give another specimen of a chours to one of his most admired efforts:

"Raccoon foot and 'possum tail,
Newtown gals will never fail."

(Chestertown was so called then.)

Those days of homely (not ugly but home-bred or born) sport and kind and cordial feelings unadulterated by any admixture with modern fashions, recur to my mind like a remembered dream; and I recall, not only the substantial good cheer, the house and field sports, of those forgotten days, of both master and servants, but also the many evidences of the superior social enjoyments of those days, the cordial greetings, the interchange of true home-born feelings, the genuine hearty welcome given to guests, with a sad pleasure.

When a dance was got up, there were no French bows and grimaces, no French rigadoons and chassees; no French minuettes and perouettes, but the plain, honest jigs and horn-pipes of Anglo-Saxon birth; no airs of politeness; (falsely so called) no out-side show intended to conceal the feelings of the heart, but true, heart-felt and heart reaching plainness of salutation which could not be misinterpreted!

That there is more science now is not denied, but the culture is that of the *head*, not of the heart—a culture in which all cordiality is repudiated. Home, with all its thousand attractions, its swelling, gushing fountains of pleasure, is not now the place where the young men seek enjoyment, but the oyster-house and the hotel; and the household and home-born sympathies which once clustered around the family hearth are now dried up and withered by the sirocco breath of all-absorbing selfishness! Who, with such memories thronging about him would not mourn over the retrospect and long for the return of good old times?

In the projects and customs of the present day, the heart is not consulted. Self-interest, *money-making*, have usurped the place once occupied by the law of kindness, and in all family and neighborhood intercourse, tinsel, glitter and glare and outside show now reign supreme!

You perceive that I am in earnest on this subject; and I do not hesitate to add my firm conviction that, in all that relates to the social conditions of the past and the present, the latter is not an improvement on the former. There is more learning now, (which in some degree atones for the loss) but less real wisdom; more external polish of manners, but much less sincerity and heartiness; more wealth, but infinitely less open-handed and *open-hearted* liberality!

I could go on in this strain for another sheet or more, but this may suffice as my sincere testimony in favor of the times of long-buried generations!!!

THE FUTURE MOTER-POWER.

Scientific men of Great Britain object to the steam engine because it does not meet the wants of the present fast age; because it spends too much force for the results it accomplishes, and for the additional reason that it is fast consuming the coal that will be wanted for heating purposes. They want a better force, more locomotion, quicker travel, less expense, and greater security. They want something that will propel canoes as well as ships; that will run sewing machines as well as trip hammers; that will draw pleasure carriages as well as railway cars. They desire a motor that will not consume fuel, produce smoke, or cause noise; that can be managed by a child and run if desired, in a parlor. They want something that will do all the steam engine does and many things beside.

In the opinion of most of the scientists of Great Britain electricity is to take the place of steam in driving machinery and moving cars, and is to be generated by the action of tides, winds, and falling water. They predict that wind-power will be utilized to a greater extent than any persons in a previous age ever believed it would. Wind will generate electricity for moving machinery, for lighting streets, and warming dwellings in Ireland, Belgium, Denmark, and other countries where there are few streams that afford water-power. The movement of tides will produce the same effects in most countries that have an extensive sea-coast, while the fall of water in rivers and streams will engenerate electricity in all mountain regions.

The great electrical exhibition at Paris is doing much to draw attention to what is called the motor power of the future. A picture called "The Queen of the Nineteenth Century" hangs in many of the shop windows. It is a female figure surrounded with a halo, and emitting rays of light from the hands, which are raised as if to enable the being to fly. The light gives the arms the appearance of wings. The artist is an enthusiast, and is regarded by many as a prophet. We all hope that his fair predictions will be realized. The steam engine is a good thing, but we are ready for something better. Now that attention is drawn to electricity, great results may be expected.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Kind of a Rosebud She Is.

I'm an only daughter young girl,
A spit curl and frizzes young girl,
A languishing, dainty, all powdery and painty,
Sit up till 11 young girl.

I'm a would-be aesthetic young girl,
A dote on the arts young girl,
A poet in embryo, don't know a thing, you know,
All on the surface young girl.

I'm a novel-reading young girl,
A lie awake until 3 young girl,
A romantic, half-crazy, but terribly lazy,
Let ma do the work young girl.

I'm a look out for a catch young girl,
A snatch 'em up quick young girl,
A half do the proposing, and bag 'em when dozing,
Hold on to your game young girl.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FASCINATION OF LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

There is a nameless fascination in the Washington air. The average citizen, living far removed from the capital, often wonders why the office holder who once comes to Washington is so loth to leave it that he will often stoop to almost any device to secure a further lease of power—whether it be for four years in the White House, another term in either end of the capitol or only a little longer commissional in a petty department clerkship. But when the citizen comes to Washington himself, the mystery is solved. He may not be able to define them clearly, but he cannot stay long in the city without himself experiencing in some measure those subtle influences which render the capital so attractive to the permanent resident. Even to the casual visitor there is something very interesting about merely watching the great governmental machine or inspecting its component parts. The very atmosphere of the capital, instinct with the official and social life that centres about the seat of government in a great nation, seems to possess a singular charm, which disposes one to linger and enjoy it. The stranger no longer wonders that the office holder likes Washington, that he constantly schemes for an extension of his term, that, if finally deposed from power, he so prefers the most humble position here to a residence elsewhere.

Not the least among Washington's charms are its physical and climate advantages. No one can longer doubt the city is fit to be the capital of a great country. The comprehensive plan on which it was laid out in the early years of the struggling republic, gives one a fresh respect for these far-sighted fathers who could even then devise a scheme which should to-day fit the necessities of the seat of government for fifty millions of people, and be capable of equal developement with the progress of the nation hereafter. The broad avenues are a constant source of delight, the parks and squares are ample for the needs of a large city, and the great system of improvements, carried through with whatever corruption under the Shepherd *regime*, laid the basis for the transformation of Washington from a straggling and neglected town to a handsome metropolis. Nothing goes farther to justify the choice of this locality as the capital than its climate. Though it suffers from the summer heats, its temperature during by far the larger part of the year is most comfortable, and the change from the inclement weather which prevails over the greater portion of the country through the winter months to the usually balmy air of the capital is especially grateful. Indeed, as a winter residence Washington possesses greater charms than any other city on the continent, what with its mild weather its exceptional social advantages and the attractions which the meeting of Congress presents to any one interested in studying our system of government at its fountain-head. Every year the capital is becoming more and more the winter headquarters for people of leisure, for persons of literary tastes, for students of politics, for devotees of fashion, and a composite society is gradually growing up in which everybody is sure to find congenial elements—*Good Company.*

GOOD DAY, SIR.—He rapped at the chief clerk's window in the Detroit Post-Office and put on a brow of sixteen years in the state prison as he began:

"Sir, several days ago I dropped a letter into this office directed to Pontiac—to John Smith, of Pontiac."

"Yes, sir, I presume so."

"That letter contained a ten dollar bill."

"Yes, sir."

"And it never reached Pontiac."

"Ah! it didn't?"

"No, sir! That letter, sir, was doubtless sto——"

"Wait a minute," replied the clerk, as he stepped away. When he returned he exhibited the letter, which was not only unstamped, but simply addressed: "John Smith, Michigan."

"Yes, sir—ahem, sir—yes, sir, that's the letter, and I'm an ass, sir, and good-day, sir!"

PROF. MAX MULLER has announced a curious discovery of Sanscrit manuscripts recently made in Japan, by two of his Japanese pupils at Oxford. The work is the text of the celebrated "Diamond knife," forming part of the Sacred Canon, or bible, of the Buddhists, but hitherto known only through Thibetian and Mongolian translations, the original being supposed to be irrecoverably lost. Owing to the early practice among the Chinese Buddhists of making pilgrimages to the holy places of their worship in India, and taking back with them the Sanscrit manuscripts, Prof. Muller has always been of opinion that a number of such treasures must be existing in China. Such a discovery in Japan, however, was wholly unexpected.

SMALL POTATOES.

They had a red-hot time in a little town in the northern part of Michigan last June as to who should be the chief marshal of the day at a Fourth of July celebration. The struggle finally narrowed down to two men, and when one at length was selected the other was of course boiling over with indignation. The lucky man looked with lofty disdain upon the defeated candidate, and he wouldn't even let the procession march past his house. But time is the great avenger. They had a railroad accident up there last week, and the man who was defeated was rushing through the town in a certain direction when he was halted by the chief marshal, who asked:

"Anything happened?"

"Anything happened?" repeated the other, as he drew himself up. "Well, I should say so!"

"What is it?"

"Sir! do you remember how you scorned me last Fourth of July! Do you remember how you tried to shrivel me with a look as I stood on Babcock's corner to see the procession?"

"Well, I'd forgotten!"

"But I never forget, sir! You were appointed chief marshal, and you crowed over me, but my time has come!"

"How—what is it?"

"What is it, sir? Why, sir, there has been a gigantic railroad accident down at the cross-roads—six cars off—freight all scattered around—engineer scalded—conductor lying in a fence corner and track all torn up."

"And where are you going?"

"I, sir! Sir! I have been deputized by a committee of our leading citizens to proceed to the house of the Widow Dunn and say to her that her red cow was the cause of the terrible disaster, and to call at the telegraph office on my way back and send a dispatch to Port Huron for the wrecking train! Stand aside, sir! A Fourth of July chief marshal is mighty small potatoes in October."

JOHN BATTERSBY, for twenty years the chief of living skeletons in the side shows, has of late been missed from the ranks of the human curiosities. The reason is that from a weight of 57 pounds he has rapidly grown to 125, and seems bound to get fat. He is now running a blacksmith shop in Philadelphia. "Yes, sir," he said to a *Press* reporter, with a sigh, "Othello's occupation's gone. I feel that fate has been unkind to me. It is simply frightful to a man who once could have a lantern shine through him. And what do you think was the cause of it? Nothing but an accident. Yes, sir. A miserable horse became frightened at one of the dummy engines and threw me out of the wagon, injuring my spine, hips, and shoulder. From that day I began to pick up in flesh, and now I'm no card for even a five-cent side show." and the shadow of other days glarred savagely at his unprofitable legs. But Battersby is still a gainer from the show business. His wife, whom he woed and won during museum companionship, is still on exhibition as a fat woman.

THE wonderful progress made in China has been emphasized of late by the Rev. Griffith John, a long time missionary of the London missionary society, who has been visiting in this country. Forty years ago it was a crime for a foreigner to learn the Chinese language, or for a Chinaman to teach it to him; and though the Nanking treaty was made in 1842, when Mr. John went to China, twenty-five years ago, there were only five places in the vast empire in which a foreigner might dwell. The great interior was still closed, as none might go further than could be reached in twelve hours from a treaty port. The whole empire is now open. Thirteen out of the eighteen provinces have been actually occupied by missionaries and their families, the gospel has been preached in nearly all the principal cities and towns, and the Bible and many forms of Christian literature are circulated everywhere.

THE petty Duchy of Baden is a funny little kingdom, with a funny, fussy little court, as full of ceremony, equipages, liveries, powdered wigs, and elaborate officialism as any of the big courts of the German empire, and its parallel is not hard to find in offenbach's sprightly satire upon the doings of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. However little the Duchy may be, it is largely connected, for its Grand Duke is son of Princess Sophia of Sweeden, and his wife, Louise, is daughter of the Emperor of Germany. The ducal pair having married Sept. 20 1856, the 20th of last month was their silver wedding, and it was celebrated in connection with the gorgeous marriage of their daughter to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweeden.

UNADULTERATED GRATITUDE.—"Did you observe that woman?" said a gentleman to his companion, as a sharp-featured female swept haughtily by them.

The friend nodded to indicate that he had observed her.

"Well, I'm indebted to her for the chief happiness of my life."

"Indeed; I can imagine the gratitude you must feel toward her."

"No, you can't; only her present husband can do that. Ten years ago I asked her hand in marriage and she refused me."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

COSTLY BUILDINGS.—The following is the cost of some celebrated modern buildings in Europe, reduced to American dollars: The Paris Grand Opera House, $8,000,000; the Paris Hotel de Ville, $8,000,000; the Paris Post Office, $6,000,0000; the Brussels Palais de Beaux-Arts, $6,000,000; the Brussels Palais de Justice, $8,500,000; the London House of Parliament, $17,500,000; the London Foreign Office, $2,750,000; the London Law Courts, exclusive of special fitting and not yet completed, $4,500,000.

All Sorts of Clippings

Cuba claims a man 182.

A timid bird—The quail.

Paris has only one woman doctor.

Man is caught by his tongue, an ox by his horn.

A "square meal" generally costs a round price.

President Arthur was 51 years old last Wednesday.

Remedy for the nailor's strike—knock it on the head.

How to get rich—Live on air and sleep on a clothes line.

Arkansas claims twenty watering places.

Chicago put up 500,000 yards of mourning.

Clerk defalcations are numerous in New York.

Bread is fifteen cents a loaf in Hamilton, Canada.

Iroquois has won in stakes this season $53,400.

The laws against begging are now rigidly enforced in Italy.

Fish, it is said, is badly served in nearly all the English hotels.

Chicago is endeavoring to get up a religious revival this winter.

Francehas 40,000,000 hens. Think what a paradise it is for women.

Hod Fellows are not Masons, though they may tend that way.

Jay Gould has made his son, George Gould his partner.

Lowell has a female tonsorial artist whose name is Thad Stevens.

The use of the name Puritan began, according to Fuller, in 1564.

Queen Victoria has no carpets on her floors—only India matting.

Why do you speak of the silence of sleep, when most of us sleep sound.

The acrobat is the fellow who never has to wait for something to turn up.

Early to bed and early to rise, is good for the sleeper, but rough on the flies.

The Roman Catholic Church claims to have 400,000 converts in China.

The Episcopalian Churches of Pennsylvania have 37,183 communing members.

Henry Clay is a candidate for the common Council in Philadelphia.

The canary bird was introduced into Europe early in the sixteenth century.

The dog tax this year brings $1263 to the public library fund of Springfield, Mass.

A great portion of Macaulay's library was picked up at second-hand book stalls.

English cities are refunding their debt at 3½ per cent. against 5 per cent before.

The Emperor Justinius, not being able to write his name, invented the stencil.

In St. Louis 15,729 German children and 4,851 Americans have been studying German.

During the siege of Sebastopol by the English 258,042 rounds of shot were thrown into the city.

'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Gallagher, 'it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried.'

A second Methodist Ecumenical Conference is to be held in the United States in 1887.

The 80,000 Methodists in Iowa, it is stated, are buliding churches at the rate of one every fortnight.

General Rusk, the Republican candidate for Governor in Wisconsin, began life as a stage driver.

Two newspaper editors fought a duel the other day in Mexico. Weapons—paste-pots at ten paces.

A half tent, half shanty, at Sentinel Butte, Montana, bears the sign "Rev. C. A. Duffy, Sample Room."

An ex-slave in North Carolina is the owner of a plantation of 1200 acres, upon which he has fifteen tenants.

It was said of a man with a very rubicund nose that he looked as if he might be the collector of the port.

That kind of inane flattery which, in the popular slang, is known as soft soap is made of a very powerful lie.

Though the guilty man is sure that no one knows his guilt he is always afraid that some one has just found it out.

Another gorilla has arrived in England. Darwin has taken him to board and promised to look up the family record.

Freckles are not so bad after all; it is said that one girl does not object to seeing them on another girl's face.

Shell pink is a fashionable color. The husband of the lady who wears the pink usually does the shelling.

It makes a big difference when a lady faints away whether you bathe her temples with camphor or molasses.

In Colorado, a girl who can't go after the cows on a bare-back pony, without bridle or halter, is looked upon with contempt.

Twenty-one girls of Kenosha, Wisconsin, have "Resolved that if young men wont come and see us we will go and see them."

Elihu Stevens, of Belgrade, Me., aged ninety-two years, the other day walked eleven miles in three hours.

A new oil field is anticipated in Elk county, Pennsylvania, where the oil bearing rock is found in abundance.

The eggs sold in Cincinnati will this year undoubtedly reach the figure of 5,000,000 dozen, or 60,000,000 eggs.

There were 88,480 glasses of beer drunk during the third day of the recent Philadelphia Canstatter festival.

San Francisco has already spent $3,500,000 on its new City Hall, and it will take $2,000,000 more to complete it.

[Galveston News.]

The Madison, (Wis.) *Democrat*, in endeavoring to treat the wounds received by the candidates for the presidency, wisely prescribes St. Jacobs Oil. Of course we could not expect our worthy contemporary to do otherwise than recommend that famous Old German Remedy,—which "heals all wounds but those of love" and soothes all pains,—save those of political disappointment.

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