The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 25.

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.

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.

☞ Freights received every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at Piers 13 and 14 Light Street Wharf, 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.

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 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

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

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

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO

LEADING

One Price Clothiers,

216 & 218 W. Baltimore street,

BALTIMORE.

HAVE the pleasure to announce to the people of this vicinity the opening of their

Fall and Winter

STOCK OF

CLOTHING

FOR

Men's, Youths,' Boys and Children's WEAR.

Special and exclusive shapes prepared for this season's business. Every garment in the establishment of their OWN MANUFACTURE, hence they sell their own productions only.

They have 5 floors devoted to their business, every floor 115 feet deep, stocked to their utmost capacity with every grade of clothing, and sell them at the lowest possible figures.

☞ Money refunded if goods do not prove satisfactory.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
216 *and* 218 *West Baltimore street,*
BALTIMORE.
Oct. 6, 1881—3m.

EXTENSIVE STOCK

—OF—

Dry Goods.

FALL OF 1881.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS

Nos. 199, 201 and 203,

BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE

Have now on hand, and are constantly adding to their very Extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS. Articles in every department of a regular DRY GOODS BUSINESS, adapted to the wants of purchasers generally.

Their stock of the most

FASHIONABLE FOREIGN GOODS,

has been selected in person from the best sources in Europe, thereby saving to retail purchasers from us, the profits usually made by importers.

Our assortment of

DOMESTIC FABRICS

and STAPLE GOODS generally, have been purchased to great advantage, after an experience of over 50 years in the trade, during which time we have built up a large business by Fair Dealing and giving at all times and *to all purchasers*, full value for the price paid.

The prices in plain figures marked on all our goods, from which there is no deviation.

Sept. 29, 1881—3m.

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.

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.

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.

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.

STOVES BLACKED AND REPAIRED, at short notice, by
Oct 13 THOS. L. HINES & CO.

"TIME TURNS THE TABLES."

Ten years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her:
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her—she would fetch my hook,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket—
Would oil my gun or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap or find my whip—
Ah! but boys' hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why;
Small wonder had she hated;
For scores of dolls she had to cry
Whom I had decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime;
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years. To-day old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five; she twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked and bonny;
The curls are golden round her brow;
She smiles and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who could joke with her and tease,
Stand silent now before her;
Dumb through the very wish to please—
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek;
I stammer commonplaces.

She's kind and cool; ah, Heaven knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered;
She likes me, and I love her now,
Dear, dear, how things have altered!

THE GREAT ART OF EATING.

WELL-KNOWN MEN AND THEIR DINNERS.

From N. Y. correspondent of Phila. Times

The other day the great caterer—I mean Delmonico—talked about what people eat. It is not a safe but a reasonable assertion to make, that what New York people eat that is good they think they eat at Delmonico's. I mean, in plainer words, they gratify their normal appetites somewhere else and give the whimsey of their stomachs the syllabub of cookery at the central and fashionable place. If they were really in earnest in gratifying at once their snobbery and their hunger they might just as well eat at one place as another, for the cost is not much higer or lower in all good places. I know a score of people who avoid Delmonico's when they are hungry and go to some other place to spend the same amount of money for a lunch because they are afraid of the tariff. As a matter of financial fact they pay the same at the Brunswick, the St. James and the Gilsey House, and more at the Astor House (which, by the way, popular as it is, is the most expensive feeding place in New York), Martinelli's, Parker's and the Hotel Buckingham. To ascertain these facts requires long journeys of discovery if you seek to know them by experience alone. I have taken them. But all of this does not apply to Mr. Delmonico's talk, and in introducing that I wish to say that he has served dinners which cost to the payer $400 a cover, and of that one dinner I shall speak presently, while I record in a cross-table way the unpremeditated interview we had.

THE BEST EATER.

'Who is the best eater among your patrons?' was asked.

'I don't know; in the way of hearty eaters it would be difficult enough to discriminate. The most artistic feeder I have seen here was probably George Augustus Sala, the English author and journalist.'

'By what rule do you classify him so high?'

'Well, he ate his breakfast like a man who slept soundly, drank a light bottle of Sauterne with a Spanish mackerel, or a dish of fried brook trout smothered in cresses, called for a Chateaubriand steak and fried potatoes, drank some coffee with that and ate the crust of a hot roll anointed with sweet (unsalted butter) and thus finished his breakfast. That taken about ten o'clock gave him a chance for a proper dinner at seven.'

'And was he as clever with an order for dinner as for breakfast?'

'Yes, indeed; but he ate as an Englishman always does—rare roast beef, blood gravy with it, underdone Southdown mutton, curried dishes for entrees and a straight service of wine for the meal.'

'You have given some very big dinners here. What was the greatest?'

'Well, I guess the one to Sir Morton Peto by McHenry, who was creating the Atlantic and Great Western Railway at that time, was the greatest public dinner. It cost in round figures nearly $24,000, of which $3,900 were for flowers alone and $11,700 for wine.'

'Oh, monstrous! but only $9,000 worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! How many floated their bread in this ocean of wine?'

'There were one hundred covers laid, but one hundred and forty-two sat down.'

'That was a big dinner you gave to Dorsey?'

'Oh, yes, that's the time that President Arthur, then Vice President-elect, sat beside Grant. They had about as good a dinner as any that has been given lately. It didn't cost so much, but there were more public men there than I have ever gathered at any public dinner in New York. Jay Gould, Emory Storrs, Governors Hoyt, Cornell, Secretaries Evarts, Sherman, Dorsey himself—great man that day, sure—Gorham, Beecher, Dr. Storrs, Senator Jones and everybody—three hundred odd, I think.'

'Trouble about getting your money, eh?'

'Got it, though, and no serious trouble. I am not talking politics.'

THE GRAND SWAN DINNER.

'What was the 'grand swan dinner' I hear of sometimes?'

'That was a dinner at which we had a small lake built upon the table, in the centre—no, not so very small, either—and at which the dessert was served in swans' eggshells, cut out of marble, while in the lake swam five live swans. The table was a bed of rosebuds. That was a tolerable dinner.'

'That reminds one of the dinner told of in Petronius Arbiter,'

'Sure enough; but those old classic writers tell things that modern gastronomy never reaches. The fine arts in cookery and table service as in painting, seem to be better—in their descriptions—than we can rival now.'

'Don't get jealous; if you had lived when no punch was good without a pearl dissolved in it and a handful of rubies to flavor each glass, you might have excelled.—What was the big private dinner?'

[Mollified.] 'Well, there was a gentleman who gave a dinner to ten people that cost him $400 a cover. It was luxurious enough to be classical. His bills of fare he provided himself, and he insisted on the *garcons*, five of them, being dressed as sailors. He was a yachtsman, and he brought their clothes and sent for them next day to dress his sailors on the vessel with. The bills of fare were the features of the dinner. Let me see, they drank—or rather tasted—every vinted liquor that has ever been brought to America. I do not mean they drank every brand of wine, but the best was not good enough for their taste.—They finished with a *pousse cafe* made of eleven liqueurs.'

'But the bills of fare?'

'They were too grand. Before each plate sat a cut-plate basin, about twenty inches in diameter and four inches deep. Each was nearly filled with water perfumed with ottar of roses, on the surface of which floated half-open pond lilies. In the basin a perfect model of the yacht owned by the gentleman who gave the dinner was placed. It was cut in red cedar wood, with cabin, rail, wheel for steering, brass work, such as belaying-pins, binnacle, etc., man ropes worked and trimmed with sailor knots, scraped pine masts and booms, rigging of silken cords colored as it would be in the prototype and sails of satin.'

'But the bills of fare?'

'Yes, yes! The sails carried the bills of fare. On the flying jib were the words, 'Compliments of the—' well, giver of the dinner; on the jib the date and place; on the foresail was the name of the guest who sat at the place where each vessel floated, and on the mainsail was the menu. Then, as the guest had occasion to consult it, he used a little gold oar that rested on the fingers of a silver naiad who peered over the sparkling glass and held out both hands to grasp the oar. After the dinner each guest either carried away the bill of fare or had it sent to him at his home. The bills of fare must have cost $100 apiece.'

'Got one?'

'No, I have a $100 to keep.'

'Who gave the dinner?'

'Whisper—I decline to advertise the idiot.'

'But he must have been an idiot of taste to plan such an arrangement for a bill of fare?'

'Don't tell the people in Philadelphia that; they won't believe it; besides, he didn't plan it; it was another idiot—I mean myself.'

'Was that the best private dinner you ever gave?'

'Yes; that was the most expensive, and we never serve anything but the very best.'

DELMONICO'S IDEA OF A DINNER.

'What is your idea of a good dinner?'

'Do you ask me as a caterer or a diner?'

'Both.'

'As a caterer, I answer the one that gives the most satisfaction to those to whom it is served and returns the best profits; as a diner, the best is that which gratifies the taste, satisfies the demands of hunger, tickles the appetite and completes its courses just at the time the person who eats feels himself no longer hungry and begins to wonder why, because he does not remember to have eaten anything.'

'Can you accomplish that blissful condition of things for yourself?'

'Sometimes; but not always.—Wisdom in feeding, I notice, is rare, and flesh is weak. One either gets too much wine at the start or commits some such folly as taking a drink of brandy and soda or a cocktail before he begins, and then he will find it no end of trouble to balance his stomach.'

'It wisdom of kind is rare, perhaps you can tell me the names of some of the few people who are really wise?'

'That's pretty hard. There's Uncle Sam Ward. He's a good and sensible eater, but inclined to take food too highly flavored. He'll get gouty, maybe.'

'Among the politicians, who eat well?'

'Let me see. I can't recall many right off the reel. There's Evarts. He eats a great deal and eats good food, and knows it. Among local politicians Hubert O. Thompson, now Commissioner of Public Works is the best. I don't know but what he is the most artistic epicure in New York. I have often admired Charles Brooke's orders. By the way, he is a Philadelphian and perhaps has a tendency to chicken croquettes born of a taste created at Augustin's that should be restrained. He is a terrapin connoisseur. Tilden, Uncle Sammy, knows what is good and the way he orders the first in season indicates how he keeps trace of the times when new things are due. Ex-Governor Jewell, of Hartford, is a delicate and careful feeder. The New Englanders, as a rule, do not excel in gastronomy. They order things out of season and generally hash up their food. Let me see, you were asking about politicians. Ben Butler, he is a splendid exception to the average Yankee, and so, too, is General Hooker, who is secretary of the Republican national committee. He comes from Vermont, and although he rarely makes a good balance of the kind of wine he drinks he gets the right kind. Governor Cornell I don't know anything about. Governor Hoyt? Yes; he's a big man, with chin-whiskers. I rarely see him, but he can order just what he wants, and he knows just how good it is. Then there's Don Cameron, who is a comfortable but not a really good orderer. Wayne MacVeagh knows how to order a tasteful dinner. Bob Garrett, vice-president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is clever that way, and gets a dinner party very happy in a little while.'

PENNSYLVANIA "FEEDERS."

"What other Pennsylvanians do you remember?"

"I can't recall many of them. Morton McMichael was a patron; so was Godey and Dr. Rush. Mr. Childs has come at intervals. Loudon Snowden and General Huidekooper are Pennsylvanians who know how to eat. Malcolm Peters and B. K. Jamison I remember as good feeders."

"How is it you know these people so well?"

"Well, I have been in this business for thirty years, and they have been feeding longer."

"Arthur ever eat here?"

"Used to do so regularly. Hearty, but not delicate."

"Grant?"

"Eats what is given him, drinks what he likes."

"Hayes?"

"Don't know. He has been here frequently, put I really don't know."

"Who among the local people know how to order a good dinner?"

"Well, most all of the young men of wealth. Jennesse Dore of New York knows how. Vanderbilt—W. H., I mean—is one of the heartiest feeders I know of."

"How about the journalists?"

"Mr. William Henry Hulburt is undisputably the best. As a raconieur over walnuts and wine he has no equal. Mr. Dana frequently orders a buffet—a stand-up lunch. I have served several down at Glen Cove. Mr. Jones of the Times, I do not know. Mr. Bennett eats yacht-club dinners. Hugh Hastings is a regular good one. Steve Fiske is a very good trencherman. Tom Connery? Don't think I ever heard of him."

"Who makes the best after dinner speech?"

"General Horace Porter is indisputably the best speaker after dinner. The Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs and Beecher are very popular. When gentlemen come here to order dinners for large gatherings they rarely neglect to casually drop the fact that Beecher, Storrs, Porter, General Woodford, the United States District Attorney, or somebody like that, is going to speak for them."

ACTORS AT DINNER.

"Theatrical people good feeders?"

"None worse, if I except John McCullough and some of the ladies whose provender is ordered by some New York escort who knows what she ought to eat and has money, neither of which things she has."

"Isn't Daly a dainty feeder?"

"I really don't know. Sheridan Shook is a hearty one. John Duff is a strong eater and hearty drinker. He washes everything down with champagne—Pommery Sec. John McCaull is a great fellow for terrapin. Haverly rarely comes in here. Mapleson comes often, eats well and drinks well. By the way, Thurlow Weed knows a thing or two about what is good; so does Peter Cooper. Horace Greely was an idiot about food, but he came here often. Old Judge Packer, now dead, was a discriminating man over food and wine."

"How about the women?"

"They never know, or at least only a few of them. Bernhardt had no idea what to put in her stomach. Gerster always wanted garlicy and onion-seasoned dishes. Kellogg eats oysters and terrapin. As a rule ladies who come here to lunch eat salads. Men always order better and more carefully than women. The Western people are about the same kind of feeders the Yankees are. The Southerners go for any dish that is fried and become dyspeptic in haste. The people of the Middle States are the best diners. Englishmen get the best breakfasts. Frenchmen are the best wine drinkers and judges of wine, and foreigners generally know more about eating and drinking than Americans. Taken full and large, the Baltimoreans who visit here are the most tasteful eaters, the Philadelphians the most dainty, the Chicago guests the most hearty, the Bostonian the most critical, the native Knickerbocker the most sensible."

ROSS.

PLAYING BARNYARD.—One day Billy and Sammy were playing in a mud hole, and Bill said:

"Now Sammy, les play we was a barnyard. You be the pig, and lie down and waller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything.'

So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he went into the dirt and wallowed, while Billy bellowed like distant thunder. By and by Sammy came up muddy—you never saw such a muddy little fellow—and he said:

"Now, you'll be the pig, and let me beller."

But Billy said: "I ain't a very good pig except for dinner, and it'll be time nuff for you to beller when your mother sees yer close.'

WILLIAM MILLS and a young woman described as "of a high-toned family" were sitting in Queen's Park, Toronto, and he kissed her. Henry S. Ross, a rival suitor, had been watching the pair from a hiding place in the tall grass, and at the sound of the smack he involuntarily rose into view. Then Mills angrily drew a pistol and fired at Ross, grzing his scalp, and bringing about his own arrest.

IN one week lately a London firm imported forty-five tons of rabbits.

TWO WOMEN.

A grandma sits in her great arm chair;
Balmy sweet is the soft spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane.

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress,
As it flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long—
Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"

Up from the orchard's flowery bloom
Floats fragrance faint to the dark'ning room

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace
And a softer light steals into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,
And twining roses in her hair.

Once again, blithe as the lark above,
She is only a girl, and a girl in love!

The years drop from her their weary pain;
She is clasped in her lover's arms again!

The last faint glimmers of daylight die;
Stars tremble out of the purple sky

Ere Dora flits up the garden path,
Sadly afraid of grandma's wrath.

With rose red cheeks and flying hair
She nestles down by the old arm chair.

"Grandma, Dick says, may we—may I—"
The faltering voice grows strangely shy.

But grandma presses the little hand:
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!

"He may have you, darling!" Not all in vain
Did grandma dream she was a girl again!

She gently twists a shining curl;
"Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl!

"Take the world's treasures—its noblest, best—
And love will outweigh all the rest!"

And through the casement the moonlight cold
Streams on two heads—one gray, one gold.

A CHAPTER FOR DYSPEPTICS.

A Spanish proverb pronounces the man blessed who does not know that he has a stomach. For those unfortunate enough to possess that knowledge, no absolute rules can be given. The safest that I know is to eat what the appetite relishes, and what experience has proven satisfactory. On no account let any one be tempted to eat what he does not relish. Taste is one of the most important aids to digestion. Now I can prove from the books that butter and all fats are as nearly indigestible as anything used as food can be. But not one man in a hundred will digest a dry crust as quickly as he will one that is well covered with good, rich flavored butter. All that the argument against the digestion of butter is good for, is against the use of poor butter—that against which the appetite revolts.

The popular tables, showing the comparative digestibility of digestive foods, have just this use. The dyspeptic may look over the list, and select therefrom of the most nutritious and easily-digested foods those which his appetite most craves. If he is not hungry, let him wait until he is. There is no use in hurrying to eat before the appetite has come. Better wait, and let the appetite do the hurrying, as it surely will.

Some regard must be had to other considerations. If the stomach is weak the food should be more concentrated, and if somewhat stimulating all the better. A great deal has been written about the excellence of fruits as aids to digestion, and as a result of this nonsense we have thousands of dyspeptic men and women solemnly munching apples from a sense of duty. My idea is that nothing eaten from a sense of duty ever did a man much good. He had much better have a sense of appetite. Fruit is especially injurious to many dyspeptics. It is not a concentrated food—not nutritious enough. If a man is so unfortunate as to be excessively costive, apples will doubtless purge him, but that is very different from being easy of digestion. In place of eating apples for that purpose let him drink sweet cider, which will not at least load his stomach with a hard and for him almost indigestible substance containing little nutritive value.

Most dyspeptics are physically weak. As their food does not properly digest they get too little nutrition, and thus their digestive organs constantly grow weaker. It is not true that they generally eat too much. Whatever they eat more than their stomachs will digest is of course too much; but general indigestion results from improper selection of foods, rather than from excessive quantity. Dyspeptics who starve themselves make a great mistake. Their disease is itself a slow process of starvation, from the non use of food which they eat. Give such men the kinds of food which their stomachs crave, rather cautiously at first, and increase the amount as their digestive organs will bear it, and they will soon begin to improve. Good, easily digested food, eaten with a relish, is the best possible prescription for a dyspeptic.

Meats are better, because more stimulating than bread and potatoes Eschewing fat meats as pernicious, the lean of meats, and especially poultry or game, will give a better appetite to most dyspeptics than any other kind of food. Of course as soon as possible, bread, potatoes and other foods should be added, to give variety; but if only a few mouthfuls can be taken, it is best to have it both concentrated and stimulating. Cakes should be avoided; so should pies and pastry.—*W. J. Fowler.*

EVERY man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worshops, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—*Thoreau.*

A single vineyard near Dixon, Solano County, Cal., has just yielded 250,000 boxes of raisins, worth $500,000. Vine planting is increasing greatly throughout the State, 2,000 acres of new vines being about to be set in the neighborhood of Cloverdale alone.

Major Sanger and the Mule Whacker.

Major Sanger, who is known in military as a 'bantam,' was returning one day recently from Bismarck to Fort Lincoln, which is across the river, and the ambulance in which he was riding was delayed by a team and wagon driven by one of the class known as mule whackers in this country. The driver of the ambulance and the mule whacker got into a wordy altercation, and Major Sanger got very indignant at what he believed to be impertinent language and unwarranted interference in his journey. He jumped from the ambulance, a Tom Thumb in size but a Goliah in fury, and exclaimed:

'Get that wagon out of the way.'

The mule whacker looked at him quizzically and asked:

'Who the devil are you?'

'I am Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and I want you to get that wagon out of the way.'

'The mule whacker ejected a mouthful of tobacco in the road and remarked:

'Do you know what I will do with you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, if you don't make less noise with your mouth?'

'What will you do?' inquired the Major, looking as large and fierce as possible.

'I'll set a mouse trap and catch you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and give you to my puppy to play with.

WHY SOME PEOPLE FAIL TO SUCCEED.

They neglect details.
They overlook the small things.
They have no eye to business.
They hope for fortune to drop in their laps.
They let their help waste and destroy.
They fail to advertise.
They have too much outside business.
They talk politics too much.
They fail to invent or have new ideas.
They are penny wise and pound foolish.
They imitate their neighbors.
They are not polite or accomodating.
They think most things take too much trouble.
They fail to push business.
They know not that the best is cheapest.
They know not the power of method.
They are illiberal to home enterprises.
They attend to everything but their own business.
They become rusty and lose ambition.

A STRAIGHT ANSWER WANTED—One of the east-bound trains coming into Detroit the other day was heavily loaded, and a passenger who got on at Ypsilanti walked through two cars and then halted at a seat occupied by a small man and a grab-bag and inquired:

"Is this seat occupied?"

"Of course this seat is occupied, was the reply.

"Are both halves of this seat occupied?" was the next query.

"Of course both halves are occupied."

"Well, my friend," said the new arrival, as he let go of his satchel, "I want to bother you with one more query. Had you rather I would toss that grab-bag out of the window and sit down with you, or chuck you out and ride into Detroit with the grab-bag?"

The grab-bag man got mad at that and wouldn,t ride anywhere else except on the wood box.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It's funny to watch folks some times. The other evening two eminent actors, both playing in this city, were introduced. Each knew the other by reputation well. And yet, somehow, the first indulging in one of the eccentricities of genius asked the other where he was playing, just as if he didn't know. And the other returned the compliment by inquiring if the first went to the theater often, and was surprised to be told that the gentleman was an actor. Revenge is sweet and sometimes very ludicrous.—*Boston Post.*

THE precarious tenure of the mushroom towns that spring up in mining regions during times of excitement is exemplied in the history of Hamilton, Nevada. During the White Pine excitement of 1868 it had a population of thousands, two large daily newspapers, and all appearances of substantial prosperity. To-day it barely counts a population of sixty.

WE mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing, when it only urges us to hide our own hurts, not to hurt others.—*George Eliot.*

IT was thought when the sewing-machine was invented that it would ruin the dress-makers, but events prove that it has not ruined anyone but husbands and fathers who now have to pay for material enough to keep it going.

EVERY man is under grave obligations to act his part in life according to his own understanding of duty, and to obey the dictates of his own conscience and not that of another.

THERE is no great difference between man and man. Superiority depends on the manner in which we profit by the lessons of necessity.—*Thucydides.*

MUSIC is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.

All Sorts of Clippings

Yield not to discouragements.

Zealously labor for the right; & success is certain.

A pic-nic is a great tree-eat.

A grain elevator—whiskey.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Dr. Holland was 62 years of age.

The egotist has an I to business.

Joe Jefferson has acted 46 years.

Mrs. Lincoln's income is $3,000 a year.

A winter wrap—A snowball in the eye.

Music of the future—Promissory notes.

'Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.

Dr. Tanner is fattening up for another fast.

Good debts become bad, if you call them not in.

Covetous people always think themselves in want.

Faith will trust God where it cannot trace him.

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.

He who depends on another dines ill and sups worse.

Benefits grow old betimes, but injuries are long livers.

A man of sense may be in haste, but never in a hurry.

Spare when you are young, and spend when you are old.

Female delicacy is the best preservative of female honor.

Utter not as truth that which you can not as truth vouch for.

Who follow not virtue in youth, cannot fully enjoy old age.

The wrongs we inflict on others follow us like our shadow.

Cherish thy friend, and temperately admonish thine enemy.

Fortune often makes a feast and then takes away appetite.

Some men and women talk by the yard and think by the inch.

Our vices are like our nails. Even as we cut them they grow again.

The Spaniards discovered cochineal in Mexico in 1518.

The steam hammer was patented by James Watts, April 23, 1764.

A lover is like a tug-boat when he goes out with a toe.

The best is always the cheapest when it comes to choosing a wife.

Don't offend a pretty girl, unless you desire to get a glimpse of her rankle.

Why is Bridget like the letter E? Because she makes a pet of Pat.

A suicide by hanging dies of his own free will and a cord.

If tradesmen make their weights lighter they make their sins heavier.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing.

We carry our neighbors' crimes in sight and throw our own over our shoulders.

The Italian Government has ordered the Mont Cenis forts to be armed.

Slumber not in tents of your fathers. The world is moving. Advance with it.

Curiosity is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs and overlook our own.

What we charitably forgive will be recompensed as well as what we charitably give.

It is one thing to have a house to live in and quite another thing to have a home to live in.

If you assume the garb of a fool are you very sure that you have not a natural right to it?

If you wish to be really happy to take a good deal of outdoor exercise and never run in debt.

You can't make good out of evil any more than you can make an omelet out of a petrified egg.

Advices from Honolulu indicate that lava flow has ceased to be dangerous.

Iron can be made so thin that it takes 4,800 sheets to make an inch in thickness.

One hundred Jews who escaped from Russia are on their way to the United States.

The Supreme Court of Massachuetts refuses to permit women to practice law in that State.

Cincinnati has eighteen Methodist churches. The highest salary is $2,500, the lowest $385.

The great grain elevators and warehouses of New York provide storage for 22,800,000 bushels.

The marble quarries of Vermont have become enormous excavations, several being 350 feet deep.

One hundred and fifty thousand cocoanuts have been planted in Monroe County, Fla., this season.

Several of the New Zealand sheep kings keep each from 48,000 to 500,000 head of these profitable animals.

It is estimated that during the "strawberry month" Chicago recives 10,000 bushels of this fruit per day.

The New Orleans exports this year showed an increase of $9,814,750, or nearly 11 per cent. over those of last.

Augusta, Ga., has now in operation 175,000 spindles in her cotton mills representing an investment of $5,000,000.

It's a good proverb, God keep me from him whom I trust, for from him that I trust not I shall keep myself.

M. Roustan, the French Minister in Tunis, recommends that the army of occupation there be increased to 120,000 men.

'Boy Preacher' Harrison is 28 years old and his terms are the same as those of a good actor—$100 per week.

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden.

[Pottstown Daily Ledger.]

A Michigan journal relates the following: Amos James, Esq., proprietor of the Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., suffered so badly with Rheumatism that he was unable to raise his arm for three months. Five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him entirely.

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