The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 26.

SUMMER

Announcement

—OF—

Louis K. Stam.

Please Read Carefully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Louis K. Stam,
April 28, 1881. Chestertown.

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.

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

☞ Freights received every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at Piers 13 and 14 Ligh 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 andthe 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.

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

PHŒBE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ere pales in Heaven the morning star,
A bird, the loneliest of its kind,
Hears Dawn's faint footfall from afar
While all its mates are dumb and blind.

It is a wee sad-colored thing,
As shy and secret as a maid,
That, ere in choir the robins ring,
Pipes its own name like one afraid.

It seems pain-prompted to repeat
The story of some ancient ill,
But *Phœbe! Phœbe!* sadly sweet
Is all it says, and then is still.

It calls and listens: Earth and sky,
Hushed by the pathos of its fate,
Listen; no whisper of reply
Comes from its doom-disevered mate.

Phœbe! it calls and calls again,
And Ovid, could he but have heard,
Had hung a legendary pain
About the memory of the bird;

A pain articulate so long
In penance of some moldered crime
Whose ghost still flies the Furies' throng
Down the waste solitudes of Time;

Waif of the young World's wonder hour,
When gods found mortal maidens fair,
And will malign was joined with power
Love's kindly laws to overbear.

Like Progue, did it feel the stress
And coil of the prevailing words
Close round its being and compress
Man's ampler nature to a brid's?

One only memory left of all
The motly crowd of vanquished scenes,
Her's,—and vain impulse to recall
By repetition what it means.

Phœbe! is all it has to say
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,
Like children that have lost their way
And know their names, but nothing more.

Is it a type, since Nature's lyre
Vibrates to every note in man,
Of that insatiable desire
Meant it to be so, since life began?

I, in strange lands at gray of dawn,
Wakeful, have heard that fruitless plaint
Through Memory's chambers deep withdrawn
Renew its iterations faint.

So nigh! yet from remotest years
It seems to draw its magic, rife
With longings unappeased and tears
Drawn from the very source of life.

—*Century Magazine.*

Contributed.

MY GHOST STORY.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"Do hurry and come down, Hal, and enjoy with me these glorious October days. We are moved and fixed in our new home, and I know you will go wild over the dear old place when you have seen it. Such wainscotting and halls within; and such gable ends and avenues without. But I will not anticipate.—Come, and I promise you a pleasant visit."

This was an extract from a letter I had just received from my friend Joycie Graham, whose home was in Viginia, on the James River, not far from Yorktown. Her father, a venerable old gentleman and an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, I had met on several occasions, while Joycie and I were at school together. When our school days ended, and the Judge had come to take his daughter to her southern home, I had promised them both that I would spend the coming winter with them. Her mother I had never seen, but by what I could gather from Joycie's conversation, and from the letters which she occasionally received from her while at school. I had formed the opinion that she was one of those languid southern ladies that imagine they are too much of invalids to endure a journey of ten miles, and whose nervous system is racked beyond endurance by the joyousness of youth.

Indeed I had long been aware of the fact that Judge Graham had always desired that his daughter should be educated under his own eye. But her mother had declared she should die if she had to undergo the fatigue of looking after a governess, in addition to the effervescence of Joycie's spirits. So to gratify his young wife he had brought his daughter to a celebrated northern seminary to receive her mental training; where I being an orphan, my guardian had placed me for the same purpose.

The new home that Joycie had spoken of in her letter, was more strickly speaking the old home, inasmuch as it had belonged to the ancestry of Judge Graham since before the Revolution. But in consequence of some traditional stories reaching the ears of the present Mrs. Graham she could never until now be induced to make "Chesnutwold" her home.

How these prejudices had been overcome I never heard, but the old place had been thoroughly renovated; and the family had taken up their permanent abode therein.

Reader, did you ever enjoy the hospitality of a genuine southern plantation before the war? Where the master was a humane gentleman, and the hundreds of slaves that constituted a part of his wealth, were happy and contented. If you have not you should have been with me and witnessed my reception when I arrived at Yorktown, where my friend Joycie and her father were waiting to receive me.

It was still quite early in the morning when I disembarked, and we were soon seated in the old fashioned but comfortable family carriage, with the funniest looking little black imp perched on the back of it, (I afterward learned that he always accompanied it) to do whatever bidding might be required of him.

Our road lay for the most part through what looked to me, who had always been accustomed to city life, a very wild country, and as such it had unspeakable charms for me. For you must know that at that time I possessed what is called by some a very romantic nature, from the fact that I was in the habit of reading all the novels that came in my way, and I thought it must be just the most gratifying thing in the world to roam through forests, making hair breadth escapes from some wild beast, or to go spooking around through some old haunted castle such as I had read about.

But when we actually reached "Chesnutwold," and entered the avenues of chestnut trees that reached a mile from the main road to the dwelling, I just went into ecstacies. Then the little village of negro quarters, with their sable occupants in and about the doors, with their shiny faces and white teeth, all had such a novel look to me who had never witnessed plantation life, that I thought as I looked from Joycie to her venerable father, how happy she ought to be with all her surroundings.

It would take too long to tell of all that charmed me in my friend's home. The breakfast, so bountiful, and so different from the nothern meal that goes by that name. The corn bread and fried chicken that nobody but Aunt Tamar could serve up to perfection, and the little imps at your elbow to anticipate every wish.

When Joycie asked me if I should like to lie down and rest after my journey, I protested that I felt equal to any amount of fatigue, and as the morning was bright and beautiful, we decided to put on our hats and take a stroll through the grounds.

The leaves had put on the golden hues of autumn, and the flowers bloomed in all the luxuriance of a warm climate. Even the grave yard where the Grahams had been buried for generations, looked inviting.

Among the tombstones we sat down to rest, and in reading the inscriptions I noticed one—"Joycie Graham, aged twenty-two."

"Why, Joycie," I said, "here is a tombstone with your name on it, how is that?"

"Oh," said she, "that was a great aunt of mine, and thereby hangs a tale. But I think we had better go to the house as it is near the dinner hour, and after dinner if you have a mind to listen, I will tell you a legend of the family."

The afternoon was spent in going over the house. All the parlors that I had ever seen sank into insignificance when I entered that of "Chesnutwold." I don't know just how large it was, but it was simply immense. Every panel in the wainscotting seemed to me to be a secret door, opening into some subterranean passage, and Joycie and I amused ourselves for a while in trying to find the secret springs. The floor of oak was bare, and waxed and polished until your shadow followed you at every step. High-backed chairs stood against the walls, and sofas and tables with lions claws for feet ranged around the room in stiff propriety. An upright piano that might have come over in the May Flower, graced one corner of that spacious room, and in the panels hung portraits of the Grahams. One more beautiful than all the others attracted my attention, and as I commented on her singular beauty Joycie said:

"That is the lady whose tomb we visited this morning. Sit down and I will tell you her sad story.

"Joycie Graham, after whom I was named, was my gratndfather's only sister. She was born within these walls, and inherited vast wealth as well as great beauty, as you can see for yourself. It is not strange that with these anvantages she should have had many suitors ere she reached the age of twenty years. But strange to say, up to that time she was heart whole, and fancy free. About that time my grandfather went to England to attend to some affairs of the family, and Aunt Joycie begged to be allowed to go with him. With much reluctance her parents finally consented, and nearly a year was spent in seeing the sights of the old world, at the end of which time Aunt Joycie returned, the affianced bride of an English nobleman. In one year he was to follow her, and after the ceremony was performed, she was to return with him to England and make there her home.

"All that wealth could purchase, or that love could bestow was done in that year. And never were hopes higher, nor prospects brighter than those entertained by the fair Joycie.

"At last everything was ready, and only the vessel was awaited that was to bring the impatient lover to claim his fair bride. But, alas, after weary waiting, my grandfather went to New York, only to learn that no tidings had been heard of the Petrel, since she sailed from England. Long he waited, sending home such assurances to his grief-stricken sister as he could hope for against hope, until an in-coming vessel brought tidings of the fatal wreck of the Petrel with all on board perished.

"To return home and break the news as best he could to his sister, was the greatest grief of his life. But she uttered no word, only retired to her chamber and asked to be left alone. Long they waited to be allowed to enter that chamber and offer such comfort as they could give, but becoming anxious and forcing the door, she was found lying on the bed arrayed in her bridal dress and veil. But she was dead."

Instinctively I drew nearer to Joycie. I was not superstitious, but some how the room seemed to grow gloomy, and a chill seemed to go through me.

"What ails you, Hal? Surely you are not frightened, are you?" said Joycie.

"Oh, no," I said, "go on."

"There isn't much more to tell, only that the old servants declare that Aunt Joycie haunts the place, but I know you don't believe in ghosts any more than I do."

"Ghosts! What an absurdity," I said, "but it makes one feel badly to hear so sad a story of youth and beauty."

The evening was spent pleasantly in the family sitting room, My friend Joycie was a proficient on the piano, and her father had recently presented her with a splendid instrument, so after a duet or two, and some favorite ballads to please her parents, Joycie and I retired to our chamber to have one more little chat before parting for the night.

What a beautiful night it was. The moon shone so clear that I made the remark:

"Even the moon shines brighter in the South than she does in the North."

Joycie laughed and said:

"Oh you little flatterer. Shall you be lonesome, Hal?" she asked, as she rose to leave me. "I shall be just across the hall, but if you wish, Phillis will bring her pallet and sleep on the floor beside your bed, you know," she added, mischieviously, "this was Aunt Joycie's chamber, and that is the identical bedstead that was to have been her bridal couch."

"No, I am not afraid, and I shall not be lonesome," I answered.

"Well," she said, as she kissed me good night, "if you want me just call, for Phillis sleeps in my room, and she is very wakeful, so good night, and pleasant dreams."

When I was left alone I sat down at the window, and looked out on the lovely night. So calm, so bright and beautiful. Away in the distance I could see the grave-yard, and my thoughts naturally turned to the story I had listened to that afternoon I pictured the dispair of the broken heart, and I imagined a happy reunion where there is no parting.

I became drowsy and arose to prepare for bed, first kneeling down as my mother had taught me, and committing myself to the keeping of Him that cares for the sparrow.

I did not sleep for some time, and just as things were becoming confused, my door gently opened and a young girl walked in. At first I supposed it was my friend Joycie, but a second look convinced me it was a stranger. But where had I seen that beautiful face? Then it flashed across my mind that it was the original of the picture I had seen in the parlor. In a moment my blood seemed to freeze in my veins and my heart stood still. I did not hear a sound outside the door, but my visitor turned as if speaking to some one, and said, "Leave me here alone, when I want you I will call." Then she shut and locked the door, and walked to the window, and looked out.

I placed my hand across my eyes to shut out the fearful sight, but in a moment I opened them again to find that she was arrayed in wedding garments, her long veil sweeping the floor.

But, oh, horror! as I gazed she turned from the window and came straight toward me, dispair written on every feature of her fair face. I could not raise a finger, nor articulate a sound, she did not seem to notice me until she stood beside the bed. Then looking down on me, she said:

"Who are you that intrudes upon my bridal couch?" She reached out her hand as though to touch me, and with a mighty effort I gave one piercing scream.

The next thing I became conscious of, Joycie was sitting on the floor in her night dress, with my head in her lap, and calling me all the dear names she could think of. Phillis had deluged me with water, and was now chafing my hands to restore circulation, and I was nearly frightened to death, for I thought the ghost had me sure.

"Joycie," I said, when I could speak, "is she gone?"

"Is who gone, dear?"

"Why your Aunt Joycie."

"Hal, you have fallen asleep at the window and have been dreaming," answered she. "Come to my room and sleep to-night."

I went on that one invitation.

"But how came I dressed," said I, when I told her what I had seen.

"Why, you little goose, you have not been undressed yet, but fell asleep sitting at the window."

"Oh, no," I said, "you can never convince me of that, it was all too plain. I certainly undressed and went to bed." And although she shewed me the next morning that the bed had not been disturbed, I was still incredulous.

I stayed all winter, and enjoyed a season never to be forgotten. Joycie and I roamed together in another part of the house, far removed from the haunted chamber, for truth to say, I could never enter that room again even in the day time, without a shudder, and even at this late day, if I am asked if I believe in ghosts, I invariably answer:

"i certainly do, for I saw one myself once, in a dream."

PINK FINGER NAILS.

A lady from New York, writes as follows, in relation to pink finger nails:

"When my time came I sat in a row with five other ladies, all in the easiest arm-chairs, and with damask napkins in our laps. Finger-bowls of stained glass on plates of painted French china, filled with tepid water perfumed and containing an acid to soften the skin, were given us, and solemnly we sat and soaked our fingers for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time an "operator" on a low stool seated herself before me, dried one hand, posed it on a pink satin cushion, and with a fine steel instrument quickly scraped away all the soft skin round the nail, then she filed it into a point at the top and clipped the sides with sharp scissors, then she rubbed a red salve, called rosaline, over it; wiped it off and proceeded to polish with the diamond powder, using the palm of her hand, until the nail fairly glittered, and finally warm water, castile soap and a soft brush left it clean, smooth and shining. The process was repeated on every finger and in half an hour, for the sum of $1.50 was finished, and the result was ten pink and brilliant weapons of defence so sharp and pointed as to suggest the anvantages of peace. The fashion of wearing these long and pointed nails has become so exaggerated that it necessitates long-fingered gloves and extreme care to prevent their breaking off.

THE ROSE.

After a night of crystal rain
Had drenched the hilltop and the plain,
And made the old earth new again.

A rose, unfolding from the sheath
Where she had lain like life in death,
First felt the morning's dewy breath.

While as the vestures of a bride,
And pure as snow at Christmas tide,
She blossomed in her maiden pride.

A pearl lay in her heart, as pale
As moonlight gleaming through a vail,
Or shining on a distant sail.

A poet, you must guess his name—
Along the garden alleys came,
Together with his dreams of fame.

He saw the rose upon the stem;
She bent to kiss his garment's hem,
And lost her heart's most precious gem.

He passed upon his way to greet
Rich blossoms that around his feet
Let fall their petals honey-sweet.

While she sat drooping in the sun
Until the leaflets, one by one,
Had fallen, and her life was done.

The poet's spirits burst its bars,
And healed of all its earthly scars,
Now sings among the morning stars.

The rose, though long ago in dust,
Will, like the memory of the just,
Still blossom in my verse, I trust.

ONE MEAL A DAY.

Dr. C. E. Page sends to the Journal of Chemistry an account of experiments made to show that one meal a day is enough for a man:

"S. N. S., twenty-eight years old, resolved to adopt the one meal system, and did so, leaving off meat and all condiments, as salt and pepper, and eating chiefly wheat-meal bread and fruit, the bread made from unsifted meal and mixed with water only, no salt or bread-raising devices—unleavened bread. Within seven months his weight increased from one hundred and forty-five pounds to one hundred and seventy pounds, and his strength of both body and mind had increased in proportion. His labor had been severe; he is a machinist and an inventor, working ten hours every day, and doing a good deal of practical and profitable thinking at the same time. It is now a full year since he came to one meal, and the weight gained has been maintained, and his health is perfect. During the last winter, for the purpose of testing the sufficiency of one meal of pure food for the most trying labor, he worked in an iron foundry for three months, and notwithstanding the extreme and frequent changes of temperature incident to the work, on cold mornings, with the mercury below zero, and in the afternoon at 120 degrees above, and all hands sweating like rain, he had not a 'cold' for the winter, and was the only employe thus exempt. He had formerly been subject to frequent attacks of the above disease. His daily ration consists of six ounces to nine ounces (according to labor) of Graham flour, besides fruit sufficient to supply all the liquids necessary—half a dozen apples or their equivalent in other fruit. He is rarely thirsty, but sometimes, if too little fruit is taken at meal time, he takes a small draft of water in the course of the day. This meal is taken at night, after entire recovery from fatigue, usually at about seven o'clock.

During the month of May, 1881, just passed, he gained sixty hours, or six full days, working extra hours at his bench, some times working right through to midnight, and taking his 'breakfast' after a short rest, before retiring. No man in his employ had gained so much time. He has occasionally made a trial of bolted flour bread, but has invariably experienced a loss of weight and strength.

"My own experience goes far to prove the efficiency of the above regimen for either the brain or muscle worker. I am now taking but one meal a day, and find myself perfectly nourished, weight and strength maintained, on about fourteen ounces of unleavened wheat-meal bread, to the mastication of which I devote an hour or more. I find that six cold gems, weighing about fourteen ounces, without either butter or milk, chewed deliberately and thoroughly dissolved by the juices of the mouth, will sustain me much better than when eaten warm with butter or milk, or both together added, and eaten as fast as one naturally eats hot rolls and butter, or bread and milk. Considering the manner in which people in general bolt their food, it is not strange that a large proportion of it fails of digestion. Starchy food cannot be transformed into pure blood entire, except as far as the change is begun in the mouth.

"Until a few months ago I took my food in the morning, but I find the evening a better time. During the day the brain and muscles can have everything their own way, without interfering or hindering digestion, and at evening, after sufficient rest, there is perfect tranquility of body and mind and 'leisure to digest.' I had never been a 'good sleeper' until I adopted this system of diet. People who eat several meals a day do well to take the last one early, and the lighter they make it the better, but dyspeptics may rest assured that, of itself considered, the evening meal is not the cause of their wakefulness or troubled dreams. When I ate three meals of a mixed diet, I could not make the last one simple enough to give me complete rest at night, but now, when rested from my day's labor, I can eat my full vegetarian meal and sleep like a well-fed-babe. I could give quite a number of examples like the foregoing, of one-mealers, did space permit, all tending to prove the superiority of vegetable over animal diet, and of the entire wheat over the most scientifically impoverished article."

WHEN a man's coat is threadbare it is an easy thing to pick a hole in it.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"Doorin' my three score y'ears of life I have obsarved some curus things," began Brother Gardner as the thermometer showed 98 degrees and rising. "I hav obsarved, fur instance, dat the men mos' consarned 'bout de welfar' of de kentry am de men who do de least to prosper her.

"I hev observed dat de politishun who sots out to save de kentry am ginerally hauled up for robbin' her.

"I hev obsarved dat de men who seem to hev de moas' sympathy fur de poo' neber wait five minutes to foreclose a chattel mortgage.

"I hev observed dat good close an, impudence will pass fur riches an educashum.

"I hev obsarved dat brag an' bluster am better weapons dan argyment an' truf.

"I hev obsarved dat a grand monument in a graveyard doan' hide de meanness of a dead man's relashuns.

"I hev observed dat charity kin make paupers almost as fast as a conflagrashum.

"I hev obsarved dat while all agree dat honesty am de bes' policy, not one man in a hundred hesitates to work a lead nickel off on a street kyar company.

"I hev obsarved many odder things equally strange an' inconsistent, an' I am prepar'd to say to you:

"Mottoes doan' mean biziness.

"Maxims kin be forgotten faster dan written.

"Promises am a wheel with one cog gone.

"Friendship will las' as long as you kin afford to pay ten per cent. per annum. Let us now purceed to biziness."—*Free Press.*

THE MEN WHO SUCCEED.

The great difference among men of all callings is the energy of character or the want of it. Given the same amount of learning and integrity, and the same opportunities, and energy will make one man a conqueror. The want of it will see the other man a failure.

Dead-beats are all men without force. They had as good a chance as any of their companions. Others went ahead and carried off the prizes, while they were lying by the wayside dispirited and despondent. It takes nerve, vim, perseverance, patient continuance in well doing to win a great prize. And the young man who goes into a profession without this pluck and force will not earn salt to his porridge. He will drag through life with the help of friends, getting some credit with them for being a well-meaning man, in delicate health and unlucky. The real trouble is that he lacks energy.

This is just as true of the minister as of the lawyer or the physician. Piety is not enough, and piety with much learning is not enough. All the Greek and Hebrew in the world will not qualify a man for usefulness in the ministry. It wants push, stamina, vigor, courage, resolution, will, determination—in one word, energy. If the youth knows a little Greek, he knows what *en ergos* means, and without it Dr. Parr's knowledge of Greek will not help him to usefulness or success in the pulpit.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A STRAIGHT MAN.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It used to be all the fashion with lecturers to have the Mayor of the town or some other prominet citizen introduce them to the audience as a send off, and upon one occasion in the years gone by when the temperance lecturer struck a certain town in Michigan, not over fifty miles from Detroit, the Mayor stood up before the audience and began:

"Ladies and—and—ladies and—and—"

"Gentlemen," whispered the lecturer.

"Yes, of course—ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to—to—I have the honor to—to—"

"Introduce," again whispered the lecturer.

"That's the checker—I have the honor to introduce you to the notorious—'m, the honorable—the honorable Mister—Mister—"

Here occured another painful pause, during which the Mayor walked over and asked the lecturer his name.

"Simpkins," was the reply.

"I have the honor to introduce," he repeated, as he walked back, "the honorable Mister—Mister—hang it! I never could remember a name two minutes! It's of no account, however. He and I have been playing poker all the afternoon at the hotel, and I give you my word that he is as straight as a ten-foot pole. Get up, Jude, and shoot off your lecture!"

DO YOU HEAR?

"My son," said a Little Rock mother, "go down to the grocery and get me a can of condensed milk."

"I should squirm to wiggle," answered the boy.

"Go on, I tell you."

"I should limp to jump."

"If you don't go this instant I'll tell your father when he comes home."

"I should blow to tattle."

"Never mind, sir."

"I should whoop to squeal."

When the father came in the mother said:

"I wish that you'd whip Tom. He positively refused to go down to the grocery, and told me that I was a tattler, and that he would jump on me."

"Tom."

"Yes, sir."

"What was that you said to your mother?"

"Never said nothin'."

"Then I am a story teller and you are a pretty boy," replied the mother.

"Look here, young man, it you don't behave yourself I'll thrash you. Do you hear?"

"I should titter to snort."

"Come here to me sir," and the young man squirmed to wiggle, limped to jump, blew to tattle, whooped to squeal and titter to snort.

Good advice is poor food for a hungry family.

All Sorts of Clippings

One of Fox's martyrs—The hen.

Real women's rights—husbands.

If your brain is on fire, blow it out.

Bay City young ladies say cash-ma.

Stove pipe time must be the damage.

A comfortabfe journey—En-wrapture.

A clothing store is naturally a wear house.

Highway robbers always collect their money C. O. D.

Mrs. Dr. Talmage has a Bible class of 200 ladies.

A wag calls bigamy utahlizing the gentle sex.

To keep food on a weak stomach. Bolt it down.

When is a man thinnest? When he's a shaving.

He who denies his guilt doubles his guilt.

When is a girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

Reader: Please give the dimensions of a little elbow room.

The vilest sinner may return—everything save an umbrella.

Paris has twenty-five thousahd billiard tables.

Saratoga has a "Dilapidated Silk Hat Club."

Everybody desires long life; nobody desires old age.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

Love your neighbor as yourself—providing she's good looking.

The recent Michigan fires destroyed twelve church edifices.

People about to marry, like a well run ship, should be well mated.

Beauty is only skin deep, but very [redacted]

Ke[redacted] men; when

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Re ously up.

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

There are rumors that another Baltimore daily will shortly make its appearance.

Seven thousand Morwomen are divided among 3,000 Mormen.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

The best rule for married happiness is for man and wife to overlook each other's faults.

Honesty is the best policy, unless of course, you can afford to hire a good lawyer.

There is reason to suppose, that buckwheat will be rechristened deer wheat this winter.

People who have noses will be glad to learn that the boiled cabbage crop will be light this year.

Heavy rains and warm weather have greatly damaged corn in the interior of Illinois.

It is reported that the Universalists of New England have now 170 less churches than in 1850.

We do not always love those whom we admire; but we always love those who admire us.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly.

A woman likes anything that she has to take care of. This is why so many of them love their husbands.

Senator J. E. Brown, of Georgia, makes 6 per cent. on store property in Atlanta, valued at $300,000.

General and Mrs. Hancock are again at their quarters on Governor's Island.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horseradish to the part affected.

Colonel Von Steuben, of the visiting German delegation will be made a General next January.

There is a young lady in Keokuk, Iowa, who is six feet four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married.

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

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

In the course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words.

The flag of the rebel cruiser Alabama is on exhibition in Boston. Its possessor says he values it at $10,000.

Out of 6,000,000 negroes in the southern states, only thirteen are communicants in the Lutheran church.

The grandson of Lafayette has sent to the Mt. Vernon association an old chair one belonging to his grandfather.

[Sparta, (Wis.) Herald.]

As an exhibition of the intrinsic worth of St. Jacobs Oil, we think the case referred to, that of Mrs. O. W. Hubbard, of this town, cured of Sciatic Rheumatism of long standing by the Oil, is certainly striking, and, beyond all doubt, conclusive as to its efficacy. The remedy has our indorsement.

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