The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 27.

SUMMER

Announcement

—OF—

Louis K. Stam.

Please Read Carefully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tolchester Line.



FALL ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER

Friday, September 16th, 1881, Steamer NELLY WHITE

will leave Tolchester Beach

TUESDAYS & FRIDAYS

At 9 A. M. and 4.30 P. M., will leave Baltimore same days at 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

☞ This will give 3 and a half hours for business and return the same day.

FREIGHT AT LOW RATES and received in Baltimore Daily.

FARE EACH WAY 40 CENTS.

Excursion Tickets, good until used..... 75 cts.
" " good on day issued..50 cts.

N. B.—Horses fed and well cared for at Tolchester. LEM PIERCE, Hostler.

WM. C. ELIASON,
Sept. 15, 1881—tf. Manager.

Chester River Steamboat Company

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.



On and after Monday, May 23d, 1881, the steamer **B. S. FORD** will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the above named Landings.

On and after same date the steamer GEO. LAW will leave Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 o'clock A. M., for Crumpton and all intermediate Landings.

Returning, leave Crumpton at 7 o'clock A. M. for Baltimore, making same Landings.

GEO. WARFIELD
May 19, 1881 President.

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
March 19 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. SPARKS

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

A VERY large lot of Barbed Fence Wire on hand, and cheaper than ever.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.

FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN! Four kinds, and we think the cheapest in the market, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

IF you want a cheap City Made Wash Boiler, or a good Home Made Wash Boiler, call on J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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.

A LARGE Assortment of Coal Hods, Shovels and Pokers, at
Oct. 13. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

FARM BELLS—for sale by T L. HINES & CO.

KREE.

A. C. GORDON.

My boy Kree?
He played wid you when you was a chile!
You an' he
Growed up together. Wait! Lemme see!
Closer! so I kin look in yer face;
Mas' George's smile!
Lord love you, Marster!
Dar 'neath dat cypress is whar Kree lays.

Sunburnt an' grown!
Mas' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,
'Count o' de beard dat your face has on,
But for dat ole-time smile o' yourn.
An' Kree, you say—
Hadn't you heerd, marster,
He 'ceasded de year you went away.

Kree an' you—
How de ole times comes back onst mo'!
Moonlight fishin's an' hyars in de snow,
Squirrels an' jaybirds up overhead
In de oak trees dat de sun shined through.
Look at me, marster!
Here's me livin', an' Kree, he's dead!

'Pears to me strange,
Now when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years,
Mas' George, sometimes de b'lilin' tears
Fills up my eyes
'Count o' de misery now, an' de change.
De sun dims, marster,
To an ole man when his one boy dies.

Did you say "How?"
Out in de dug-out one moonshine night,
Fishin' wid your baby-brother—he
Wid de curls o' yaller, like streaks o' light,
An' de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead now.
Kree died for him,
An' yearnin' for Kree,
De Lord tuk him, marster;
De green grass kivers 'em both from sight.

Heerd o' de tale?
Didn't know Kree was de one dat drowned
Savin' Mas' Charley? Well, 'twere he,
De chile waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
Arter de corpse o' poor Kree were found;
Two months later he went, you see.
God bless you, marster,
Nine years has rolled over both underground.

Worn out an' gray;
Here I sits waitin', Mas' George, alone.
All on 'em's gone—
Marster an' mistis, an Charley an' he;
You 'an me only is lef'. Some day,
When you've gone back to yer ship on de sea,
I'll hear him say,
Jes as he used ter a fishin', ter me,
"Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away
Dat side de river agin, I'll be
Wid my boy Kree.

THE BRIDE OF THE CARNIVAL.

'Does she really love me?' said Captain Ernest von Steinberg, aid de-camp to King Louis of Batavia, as he left the presence of the young and beautiful Baroness Anna von Graffenberg, the belle of Munich, 'or is she the heartless coquette which common rumor makes her?'

As he passed down the staircase, he encountered the baroness' pretty French chambermaid, Lisette.

'Lisette, you are looking charming to-day—do you know it?'

'My mirror told me so this morning,' said the soubrette, looking up boldly in his face.

'What lips! what eyes! and what a figure,' said the soldier. 'But, do you know, I think you would look infinitely prettier in a lavender colored silk robe, with cherry colored ribbons.'

'Very possible, monsieur,' answered the waiting maid; 'but that will cost money—and how is a poor girl like me to dress like a lady?'

'I have thought of that difficulty,' said Ernest, 'and so I have provided a remedy. Will you allow me to present you with a slight token of my gratitude and admiration?'

As he spoke he drew forth a little net silk purse, through the interstices of which some gold pieces showed their pleasant, brilliant countenances. Lisette's eyes reflected their brightness.

'Monsieur is altogether too generous,' she said.

But the little white fingers clasped the glittering offering, and conveyed it to one of the pockets of the coquettish silk apron that she wore.

'Now, tell me, Lisette, is your mistress going to the masked ball at the palace to-morrow night?'

'Ah, but that is a great secret, monsieur, which I promised madame not to reveal,' replied the Parisienne, archly, laying her fingers on her lips.

'She is going, then?' said Ernest.

'Monsieur says so,' answered the soubrette, smiling.

'And what else did your mistress charge you to keep secret?' asked the officer, smiling in his turn.

'That she was going to wear a rose-colored domino, with a bunch of sky-blue ribbons on the right shoulder,' replied the waiting maid, hurriedly, and she ran up as if to avoid further catechizing, fully satisfied that her indiscretion had been an ample offset to the aid-de-camp's present.

'Very good, Madame Anna,' said the young officer to himself. 'I have now reconnoitered the ground, and I shall know where to open my trenches. All's fair in love and war. And now to my friend, the sculptor's—if he will aid me; my success will be certain.'

* * * * * * *

On the night of the masked ball the royal palace of Munich was a blaze of light. Every window glowed as if the interior were a mass of fire, and the brilliant rays, streaming forth upon the night, fell on the glittering helmets, breast-plates and sabres of the mounted curaissiers, or were reflected from the bayonets of a detachment of the infantry of the line, drawn up as a guard of honor in the square without.

Chamberlains stood at the entrance of the passage, and files of lackeys, with wax tapers flaring in the air, shed almost the light of day on the grand staircase. Carriage after carriage rolled up in succession, with their living freights of beauty and youth, and as light feet fell like snow-flakes on the carpeted marble, as graceful forms vanished within the portals, the ears of the bystanders were lulled by the pleasant rustling of silks, while the breeze was perfumed by a thousand delicate odors.

But if such were the external manifestations of the fete, how far more brilliant and bewildering was the interior of the palace of pleasure. How those lofty halls glowed with the dazzling effulgence of thousands of wax tapers. How softly beautiful were the marble statues that graced the niches, lined the corridors, and looked down from their pedestals on the grand ball room. How Oriental in their magnificence were the gorgeous draperies of velvet and satin, with fringes of gold bullion. But, above all, what music streamed on the enchanted air from an orchestra composed of a hundred of the best instrumentalists in the city. And the life, the animation of the throngs that filled the brilliant saloons—who shall describe it?

Ernest von Steinberg, who looked but for one person in the brilliant multitude, was so masked and muffled that his disguise was impenetrable. Therefore, when he found the rose-colored domino at last, he hesitated not to address her.

'Good evening, fair mask.'

'Good evening, gallant cavalier. But how know you that I am fair?'

'Were I to pronounce you the fairest in Munich, none would dispute your title.'

'Do you know me?'

'The belle of Munich hides her face in vain,' answered Ernest.—'That inimitable foot and hand are her betrayers.'

'You may be mistaken, after all.'

'I cannot be, and I claim the hand,' said Ernest, 'and will find employment for that dainty foot. The music sounds; let's away to the dance.'

'I believe my hand is promised already,' answered the fair one, 'so take it quickly, before some one disputes the prize with you.'

The next minute they were whirling round the vast saloon to music that might keep dancers on their feet for life. Anna leaned upon the shoulder of her partner, and he breathed in her ear words that she could not listen to without a thrill of pleasure.

At the conclusion of the dance Ernest led her into a side room, in which they found themselves quite alone.

'You persist, then,' said the lady, 'in calling me the Baroness von Graffenberg?'

'If I had doubted before, your dancing would have convinced me. The leader of the sylphides is known by her step.'

'Well, you have guessed right. And now, in turn for my confidence, may I request you to raise your mask?'

'I can refuse you nothing,' said Ernest von Steinberg.

He raised his mask as he spoke, and disclosed to the astonished gaze of the baroness the well-known features of King Louis of Bavaria.

'But I thought you assured us that the cavalier was Captain Ernest von Steinberg,' exclaimed the reader.

Let us explain. To give additional zest and pleasure, and complicate the mysteries of masquerade, the courtiers of Louis XIV. of France, had invented the following expedient: They procured fine wax likenesses of their friends, of eminent persons, and wore them under their masks. When requested to declare their identity, they would raise the outer mask, and the inner wax one, seen for a moment, in most cases completely deceived the spectator. It is easy to imagine what an indefinite field for mystification this contrivance afforded.

Captain Ernest had a friend, a sculptor, who had modeled a bust of the king, and from him he had procured a wax mask, beautifully colored, and so well executed as to deceive the eye of the baroness for the moment they rested on it. Ernest, satisfied with his success, replaced his black velvet visor, and continued the interview.

'Yes, baroness,' whispered the disguised aid-de-camp, "it is Louis who stands before you—not as your king, but as your subject, your slave—the thrall of your beauty.'

'Ah, sire,' replied the belle of Munich, 'you are sporting with the sensibilities of a weak woman.'

'No, by heaven!' replied the false king, 'I am incapable of that. Behold me at you feet, and hear me swear eternal allegiance to your charms.'

'Rise, sire, rise!' said the baroness, very much irritated. 'We may be seen or overheard.'

'Long have I thought,' continued the false king, 'that beauty such as yours should grace a throne.'

'A throne!' echoed the baroness.

'But you are right,' he continued, hurriedly; 'this is no time or place for confidences like ours. Hark! the clock is striking twelve. Will you trust to my honor, and meet me at this hour to-morrow night?'

'Where, sire?'

'In the Chinese pavillion in the garden of the palace. The wicket of the postern gate that leads to the door of the pavillion shall be left open for you.'

The baroness gave him her hand.

'To-morrow night at twelve,' said she, and glided from the room.

'Oh, woman! woman! woman!' said Ernest, when alone—'false as fair. Is it for this we rank you with the angels? But tremble, faithless one—your punishment shall be as bitter as the agony I suffer.'

He followed the baroness into the dancing saloon. He had no sooner left the room than a masked figure stole forth from beneath a mass of crimson drapery.

'The Chinese pavillion to-morrow night at twelve,' said the stranger. 'Bravo! bravo! Captain von Steinberg.'

And he, too, vanished.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock on the following night, Captain von Steinberg, wearing his wax mask, unlocked and entered the Chinese pavillion in the royal garden. The inside shutters of the windows were closed, so that he ventured to produce a match and light a wax taper, taking care to place a shade over it, so that the room should be very dimly lighted. After completing the arrangements, he glanced round, and started on seeing the figure of a man near the table. The stranger was dressed in the uniform of an aid-de-camp, and wore a mask upon his face.

'Who are you?' demanded Ernest, advancing to the intruder.

'You have anticipated a similar question,' replied the mask.

'But I have a right to know,' said Ernest.

'And so have I,' was the quiet answer.

'Sir,' said Ernest, placing his hand on the hilt of his saber, 'I wear a sword.'

'So do I,' replied the mask; 'but I reserve it for the enemies of my country.'

'Who are you? I implore you to tell me,' said Ernest.

'Ah, now you speak in a different manner. I, sir, am Captain von Steinberg, at your service, aid-de-camp to his majesty King Louis of Bavaria.'

'The deuce you are,' thought Ernest.

'But, confidence for confidence,' said the impostor. 'Now, you must tell me who you are, and by what right I find you in the royal pavillion at this hour.'

'By the very best right in the world,' replied Ernest, boldly. 'I, sir, am King Louis of Bavaria,' and he lifted his outward mask, displaying the features of the king.

'Pardon me, sire,' said the stranger, falling on his knees; 'but, making my rounds in the garden, I found the postern gate unlocked, and fearing treachery to your royal person, deemed it my duty to keep watch in the pavillion, of which, as your majesty is aware, I have a duplicate key.'

'Zounds, man! you haven't locked the postern, have you?' asked the pretended king.

'No, sire; it remains as I found it.'

'Then, my good fellow, there is no harm done,' said Ernest. 'And I'll tell you a secret; I expect a lady here every instant, who has accorded me a private interview. The best service you can render me—is to leave me to myself.'

'A hint from your royal lips is a command,' said the pretended Ernest. 'That your majesty's suit may prosper is the warmest wish of your most devoted subject.'

The stranger vanished.

Before Ernest had an opportunity to frame any hypothesis with regard to this mysterious being the door opened cautiously and admitted the baroness. She threw herself at once at the feet of Ernest.

'Rise, lady!' said the pretended monarch. 'I would rather be at your feet—rise.'

'Not,' said the baroness, 'till your majesty pledges me in advance for whatever I may confess.'

'I freely pledge you that,' said Ernest, aiding the lady to rise.

'Know then,' said the baroness, 'that I am an ungrateful woman. Your majesty distinguished me last night, and held out hopes so brilliant that a subject might well be dazzled by your promise. I was dazzled and I heard you with pleasure. But it was only momentary weakness. In the delirium of the dance you told me you loved me—my consent to meet you here seemed a confession of reciprocal affection; but in truth, my heart is given to another. I love—I love with all the fervor of my being—not a monarch, but a subject.'

'A rival!' said the pretended king, sternly; 'his name?'

'Promise that you will not harm him, sire.'

'I make no promise in such a case as this.'

'Then I shall keep my secret,' said the baroness, firmly.

'And you will love this man—even if I command you to tear his image from your heart?'

'I love him and him only,' replied the baroness. 'In good report and evil report—in sorrow and in sickness—in shame and honor. Truly I pledged him my hand—my heart went with it. I am his forever.'

'And he is thine, dear Anna!' said Ernest, tearing off his disguise. 'Will you forgive me the trial I have subjected you to?'

'Will you forgive the weakness of a moment that made me listen to temptation?'

'Freely and fully,' said Ernest, folding the baroness in his arms. 'And now, when shall we be married?'

'To-night!' said a voice beside them. And there stood the King of Bavaria, but still in the form of an aid-de camp in which he had entered the pavillion that evening and first encountered Ernest. He it was who had overheard the appointment at the masquerade. 'To-night,' he replied, smiling on his astonished auditors. 'The chapel is lighted up—the priests are in waiting—the wedding guests are there, and the wedding feast prepared. Louis of Bavaria awaits to conduct you to the altar, and to give away the bride. And may the pleasures of this carnival be but the precursors of a life of joy!'

The delights of the lovers—the joy of Lisette—the surprise and pleasure of all their family, must be left to the imagination.

WHILE Mr. Gault, agent for a dynamite company, and having a lot of dynamite with him, was breakfasting at a hotel in Australia, a terrible explosion occured. On the dust and smoke clearing away, and when the confusion had subsided, it was found that almost the whole building had been demolished. The landlady and her family escaped unhurt, but were blackened from head to foot. A search was made for the unfortunate gentleman, when one leg with a portion of the body attached was found hanging to the rafters, the trunk and a portion of the head being discovered on the roof of the kitchen, thirty yards away.

INTENSE excitement prevails at Allentown owing to a report that some fiendish speculators in human necessities are getting up a corner in peanuts.

THE LADY ROSALIE.

The wind crept softly over the sea,
With stealthy tread, so treacherously,
And its steps gleaming white
In the shimmering light
Of the silver moon;
And the sea was crooning a lullaby
Of a maiden bright,
Fair to the sight
As a sunny noon:
"O sweetest of sweet maidens she!
Sweet is the Lady Rosalie!

"Each night she comes and stands by me,
And tells me all her misery,
With questioning eyes,
And 'plaining cries
Like caged bird's song;
'O sea, sea, sea! O cruel sea,
Bring him to me!
Why tarries he
So long, so long?
O saddest of all sad maidens she!
Sad is the Lady Rosalie!

"And now she sleeps upon the strand,
Her fair head pillowed on the sand,
And in her ear
A whisper clear,
'Your lover's true.
From other clime and other land,
Across the track
I bring him back
To love and you.'
O gladdest of all glad maidens she!
Glad is the Lady Rosalie!"

The wind strode fiercely over the sea,
With mighty tread, so cruelly!
And, tempest-tossed,
A ship was lost
Beneath the wave.
Then he laughed aloud in savage glee:
"O pitying sea.
Where now is he
Whom you would save?
Saddest of maidens will she be,
Your own fair Rosalie!"

The morn is bright, and by the sea
One walks with Lady Rosalie;
And in her eyes
The love-light lies,
And glad her song:
"O kindly sea, so dear to me,
Since you have brought
Him whom I sought
So long, so long!"
O gladdest of glad maidens she!
The happy Lady Rosalie!

JUST A MATTER OF ETIQUETTE.

The Awful Trouble That Occurred at a Great Ball in New York.

Facts begin to leak out about the big ball given by Murray Hill society to the French and German visitors which are simply convulsing society with agitation. It was the most select affair possible, and only fifteen hundred invitations were issued. A carte blanche was given to the caterer and the decorator. Both of them did their duty. The supper cost $10,000. Wine was served without stint and cost $7,000 more. The decorator's bill is said to be so large that he has not been able to make it out yet, but the flowers cost $4,000 from one florist alone. The dresses were rich and some of them cut very low. The management of the ball itself was of that conspicuous sort in the arrangement of details of etiquette that its duties did not extend to many practical things which were of more importance. Everybody was dissatisfied. It now appears that there was a more serious trouble. This is the story in substance. The very early departure of the Von Steubens, seven of them in a row, was because of a difficulty between Colonel Von Steuben and Colonel Varnum, of the committee of managers. Rules of precedence, based on heaven only knows what precedent, had been made. Under these rules Mrs. John Bigelow, the wife of the ex-Minister of the United States to France, was apportioned to Colonel Von Steuben as the most fit person to lead that lady to supper. Mrs. Jay, whose relationship to the late Minister to Austria is that of sister, was taken instead, and Colonel Varnum came to the front to explain the law and the prophets to the escort. It is repeated as part of the conversation of the time that Colonel Von Steuben replied in terms of sarcastic raillery, and after no end of broken English language had been used up and the movement to the supper room had been checked so as to awaken general curiosity all over the ball room, the Steubens solved the problem by saying stiffly, firmly and Teutonically: "Good night; a very warm good night," and forthwith taking their departure. Then the dance went on, but joy was not unconfined, although the car that bore the retreating Germans was rattling over the stony street and the roar of cannon had not been heard.

It is currently reported that the positions of the two ladies were reversed, but diligent inquiry in the best informed circles and in fact that precedence card, whose contents were furnished for reference to its makers, points to a different fact. There is said to be a serious division in society on account of all this. The "too too" society say etiquette has been vindicated, the "too" society think the rule should not have been enforced so strictly and the society that is not in the least "too" think it was all very, very foolish. It has already been published that the persons named to dance in the state quadrille did not know how and they took lessons for hours before the ball and then were coached by the managers when the dance was had. All of this is likely to lead to trouble when arrangements come to be made for the Charity Ball, which ranks as the next great social event of the season.

EFFORTS are making in Bohemia to have the distribution of blood and thunder romances prohibited by the Government. This species of literature is said to be exercising a pernicious influence upon the population of the country.

THE Spanish Government is about to submit a bill authorizing negotiations with France for a tunnel through the Pyrenees, near Somport, at the joint expense of the two countries.

THE MORPHINE HABIT.

It is said that the morphine habit is not widely prevalent, but that it has grown alarmingly during the last five or six years, and many persons who would never be suspected of the habit are its irredeemable victims.

Hyperdemic injections of morphine have largely usurped the place, with certain classes, of the old custom of taking morphine, laudanum, and other preparations of opium, into the stomach. The popular notion is that it is not so harmful. But there is very little difference, and the injections are thought to be more dangerous because they are more insiduous. They can be self-administered without the least trouble, and are so administered in nearly all cases where serious mischief is done.

The effect of morphine under the skin is described as peculiar, and wonderfully agreeable. The mind is steeped in a fascinating repose. Even strong men and women have frequently found it hard to resist its allurements, and have not been able to surrender its beatitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstances, fearing the consequences to the patients.

Not a few women of the finer type have been wrecked by the habit; and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence. It was hailed as a great blessing once, and so it is, properly regulated; but, like so many blessings, it may readily be converted into a curse. At least, it is a dangerous remedy.

NEW YORK HOTELS.

As New York attracts visitors from all parts of the world, the hotels are well patronized. Some new features are introduced, which show how wealth and luxury can increase the cost of support.

In the first place there is the Sherwood—a 5th avenue establishment—not intended for transient guests, but for boarders of the highest rank. It contains no single rooms, being laid out in suites of three or more. These rent for $40 to $160 per week, to which is added the price of board, which is not less than $20 per week. There are families at the Sherwood whose bill is $1,000 per month, and if the reader is desirous of getting rid of his money in an elegant as well as rapid manner, he will know where to take rooms. The Broadway hotels charge from $3.50 to $5 per day. Other houses rent rooms by the night or week, and the guests take their meals at the restaurant in the basement. Lovejoy, the originator of this system, became famous in his day and made a fortune. He charged 50 cents nightly for his rooms, but at present the price is $1. In addition to these, are the cheap hotels near the Washington Market, which are always full, and are making money at a very handsome rate. They charge from 35 to 75c for rooms and the guests eat at the restaurant. These houses attract a solid class which only seek comfort and economy, and hence, is willing to put up in the plebeian precincts of Washington Market.

HINDOO girls, says the St. James's Gazette, are taught to think of marriage almost as soon as they can talk; indeed, they are often contracted in marriage at 6 years of age, and go to live with their husbands at 12 or 13. Before this, at the age of 5, they are taught to propitiate the gods in order to secure a good husband, and their little minds are distracted by the idea of what a model husband ought to be. The orthodox conception is a husband like the god Siva, who was holy, austere, advanced in years, and faithful and devoted to one wife, the goddess Doorga. Good little girls revolt at the idea of a husband marrying a second wife while the wife is alive, and will consequently confess their anxiety to marry a faithful spouse like Siva; and they learn from their elders to utter the most vindictive curses against a rival wife. But for all that, Krishna is the idol of Hindoo women, and he was anything but faithful to one wife. He not only kicked over milk pans, and ran away with milkmaids clothes when they went to bathe, but he danced and flirted with other men's wives, eloped with royal damsels, and married an infinite number of beautiful women.

SEVERAL sportsmen in pursuit of game in Formentera, one of the Balearic Islands, suddenly came upon a deep excavation, the entrance to which was covered with bushes and undergrowth. they proceeded to explore it, and having with some difficulty removed several large stones feund themselves in a well-built chamber of Moorish design, the walls of which were ornamented with undecipherable characters. In the middle of the chamber were two tombs of admirable workmanship. On removing the metal covers by which they were closed the explorers discovered two colossal mummified bodies, one on the right being that of a young woman, the other that of a man. On the head of the woman was a diadem set with stones which, if genuine, are of inestimable value. Around her neck was a necklace of large pearls, two enormous earrings were attached to her ears, and her fingers were covered with rings. On the head of the man was an imperial crown, and in his right hand he held a sceptre. Six of the discoverers remained to guard the treasure and the others left for Madrid to consult the authorities. The inhabitants are said to have known of the cavern, but had never entered it, thinking it was only a resort for serpents.

JOSEPH K. EMMET, the actor, is out with some of his relatives. He publishes a card in St. Louis to say that he supported them for years, but has seen fit to stop it.

All Sorts of Clippings

A guilt frame—a prison window.

Baron Rothschild left $400,000,000.

Never offer a looking-glass to a blind man.

Was Noah's voyage an arktic expedition?

The key that winds up many a man's business is whiskey.

The greatest object in life should be to do good.

He is greatest who does the greatest good to mankind.

He who seeks for much gain will always be in want of gain.

It is impossible to live pleasurably without living honorably.

Fancy runs most furiously when conscience drives it.

Many live miserably and meanly just to die magnificently and rich.

Treat your enemies as if they would some time or other be your friends.

You can't hold an eel by the tail nor a bad man by his word of honor.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

Never say die until you are dead, and then it's no use, so let it alone.

He pulls a long rope who waits for another's death.

He that waits for dead men's shoes may long go barefoot.

Men who strike in their anger generally miss the mark.

No man's lot is fully known till he is dead.

All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets.

The young sucker runs away with the sap from the old tree.

One must set to work betimes to keep one's self free from passion.

The highest as well as the noblest trait in human nature, is love to God.

It is well to have your zeal for reforming the world, begin on yourself.

The good thoughts of to-day will awaken good thoughts of to-morrow.

The shame of being thought poor leads to worse evils than poverty itself.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.

It is only those that have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything.

A musician says the time to strike a bee flat is when the insect stings you.

Emerson says, "This world belongs to the energetic."

Abandoned infants are frequently the off-spring of abandoned parents.

Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

There is only one thing that is more terrible than to say a mean thing, and that is to do one.

Misery must follow sin, at a distance more or less near, as inevitably as the needle points to the pole.

Follow the fashion: you had better display other people's follies than your own.

Many pride themselves upon being wild young men, who are only wild beasts.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

Shut not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom: like enraged serpents, they will bite their cage.

Love is a compound of honey and gall, mixed in various proportions for customers.

If idleness does not produce vice or malevolence it commonly produces melancholy.

To live with honor and happiness in this world we must always be what we appear to be.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.

Annoyance is man's leaven; the element of movement, without which we should grow mouldy.

If a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him.

Many preachers are good tailors spoiled and capital shoemakers turned out of their proper calling.

It is not wise to aim at impossibilities; it is a waste of powder to fire at the man in the moon.

Give your money to fools rather than let rogues wheedle you out of it.

Men willingly pour water into a full tub, and give feasts to those who are not hungry, because they look to have as good or better in return.

To see plum pudding in the moon is a far more cheerful habit than croaking at everything like a two-legged frog.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."

It has been discovered that Old Father Time always travels in bicycles.

The child never sees the necessity of strict obedience until it becomes a parent.

"What splendid boots he has on!" "Yes," was the reply, "unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

It is not safe to call a man a rascal unless you can prove it, nor a saint unless he is likely to prove it.

Ignorant people are always narrow-minded, and affect a contempt for excellence they cannot appreciate.

The man who won't work for a dollar a day will spend two hours trying to solve a riddle for nothing.

"Are these men brothers?" "Well one of them is, but I'm not quite sure whether the other is or not."

An Irishman who was about to fight a duel, insisted he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than his antagonist did to him, as he was near-sighted.

[Jackson, (Mich.) Daily Patriot.]

We learn from Mess. Moore & Humphrey, that St. Jacobs Oil is regarded as the very best selling liniment ever sold, and is giving the highest satisfaction. It has effected many good cures.

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