The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 28.

STOVES!

We have on hand as Fine a Line of

Cook

AND

Heating Stoves,

AS WAS EVER OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

THE NEW EMERALD

AND

FARMER GIRL COOK STOVES

are, without exception, the best in the market, no other stoves having so many fine qualities. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case. Call and examine them.

OUR HEATING STOVES

FOR

PARLORS AND SITTING ROOMS,

have been selected from the best houses in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Our

ARGAND,

made by Messrs. Perry & Co. of New York, is the finest finished stove ever seen in this market. Call and examine it, if you want to see something beautiful.

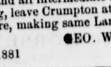
The number of Fire Place Heaters sold last year is a guarantee of their worth. This year they are much improved. We will guarantee every stove to work and give satisfaction.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,

Next door to Kent National Bank.

Chestertown, Oct. 13, 1881.

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, Manager.

Sept. 15, 1881—tf.

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, President.

May 19, 1881

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, Manager.

June 30, 1881—tf.

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.

BLETCHLEY'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'.

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.

Ladies' Shoe Store.

A NEW stock of SHOES for Spring and Summer wear, just received at MRS. KATE GILL'S

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.

THE BEST RAT TRAP—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

A LINE OF FINE *TOBACCOS.* For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

WAGES.

From Chambers' Journal.

I.

It was a merry brook, that ran
Beside my cottage door all day;
I heard it, as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song alway.

I span my thread with mickle care;
The weight within my hand increased!
The Spring crept by me unaware;
The brook dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Amongst the sunrise clouds so red;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wondrous near:
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on;
Then Autumn came; the Summer fled;
The music that I loved was gone;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

III.

I wove on with a steadfast heart;
My web grew greater, fold on fold,
I bore it to the crowded mart;
They paid my wage in good red gold—

Red gold, and fine. I turned me back,
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track;
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise, and rush, and heat.
The gold was red like minted blood.
Oh! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me, and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone;
The gold within my bosom lay;
My woven web of dreams was gone!

Did the gold pay me? No; in sooth,
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coined dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone! The gold is mine,
And they who bought it, can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me?

THE THANKSGIVING GUEST

It was Thanksgiving eve, dull and raw, and cold. The day had been gray with clouds, sodden with the chill November rain and wind, and night, thick with mist, was closing over the little Connecticut shore village, as Hannah Place opened the door of the low, brown farm house on its Soundward limits.

The wind stirred the branches of the great barberry, and lifted her brown hair, in which the threads of gray were so thickly shining, it swayed, too, the unfastened gate to and fro on its hinges and she stepped down the narrow flagged walk to latch it, between the faded borders of hollyhock, larkspur and marigolds. The high tide was bearing its heavy swell on the long stretch of sandy beach, but only an edge of white, tossing form was visible, and out of the pale, gray mist folded over the wide sweep of water sounded the dreary, warning toll of the Forkness fog-bell. Mrs. Place fastened the gate, and then paused with her arms resting on it, shivering as the doleful sound stirred the deepening twilight, not so much from the keen air as some inward chill.

On one side of the village lights were gleaming, tokens of warmth and cheer; on the other was the troubled sea, the gathering storm, and her face was to the night and cloud. But a sudden gust of rain blinded her. She brushed her cheeks with her blue and white checked apron, and retraced her steps. As she opened the door a flood of yellow light streamed out into the darkness, revealing a wide, low room with whitely scoured floor and polished wood-work, dark with age; a blazing fire of drift-wood on the hearth, before which a great gray cat dozed; a tawny house-dog lay with his black muzzle resting on his paws, and a gray-haired man, his face seamed with the lines of years and toil, sat in an arm-chair.

Through the open door of the pantry came a savory odor, from the row of deep, juicy pumpkin pies, the raised cake, and the sage-flavored stuffing for the turkey that lay plump, white and toothsome. For a moment a gleam of housewifely pride touched her face, but it quickly faded, and taking the half-finished gray woolen sock that lay in her basket, she seated herself in the low, splint bottomed rocker that cracked softly, as if in a faint remembrance of weary little feet it had swayed, and sleepy little eyes it had lulled to rest. For a few moments there was a silence, save for the clicking of the busy needles, till her husband suddenly spoke:

"And to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day again. Who have you invited to be our guest?"

Hannah Place laid her knitting work in her lap, and turned to her husband, all her set firmness of her pale face breaking into quivering grief.

"Ah, Ansel," she cried, with sharp bitterness. "What is Thanksgiving Day to you and me that we should celebrate it? Here we sit, lonely and desolate in our old age. Janey, our little yellow-haired Janey, lies with her baby beside her in the old burial-ground, and I wonder to-night, as I do every night, if Willey be out in the danger and darkness, or if he has found the rest of an unknown grave. Thanksgiving dinner is but a mockery to us. It is for the gathering of the family, and there is not one of our own blood to be our guest. I do not want to be ungrateful, Ansel, but it does seem that the Lord has dealt hardly with us," and she paused, her voice breaking in a choaking sob.

Ansel Place looked at his wife in surprise. A strong, self-contained woman, tears were with her rare even in life's darkest hours, and for them, as for all, life had held many such. Upright, faithful Christians, yet with a tinge of stern old Puritan blood in their veins, they from honest conviction chose the thorniest paths of self-repression as the heavenward way. They had feared to partake of life's good, but its ills they might not avoid.

There had been long days of watching and suspense under the shadow of death, and still longer days of hushed silence and aching loneliness; a coffined face, and open grave. And darker, sadder, still was the burden of an unspoken grief, the harder, perhaps to bear for the very silence in which they hid this bitter memory of clashing wills, of stern authority on the one side and angry defiance on the other, and a young life drifted out of sight amid the world's fierce breakers. A memory that had bowed Ansel Place's proud head, and threatened the thick lines of gray amid his wife's dark hair. But tonight her words had opened the door of the sepulchre, and there rose before him the visions of other Thanksgiving Days, when merry children had made music in the old house, and their spirits broke over for the day the formality of their set rules, and set the low rooms ringing. Ansel Place was not an emotional man. Life had been hard and wearing, the poetry and romance had long since faded from it, but tonight, with the November rain beating on the pane, a tide of tenderness welled up in his heart; he saw the two fond young parents bending over the cradle of their baby boy, and, dimmer still with tears, a sweet girl face, lifted to loving eyes, while set in a moonlit frame of swaying honey-suckle vines and blooms.

That was long ago; there was no trace left of girlish grace or beauty in the face before him, worn by care and time, but, looking, he saw not the vanished fairness, but something better, sweeter still, crowning the years, they two had walked together, and touched by a sudden impulse he took her thin, worn hand in his, saying with a tremor of deep feeling threading his voice:

"Say not so, wife. We are the Lord's. He is the giver as well as the taker, and though I sit here a lonely and perhaps a childless old man, I am not left desolate nor lack a Thanksgiving guest while you are left me."

"Forgive me, Ansel," sobbed Hannah Place, resting her head on her husband's shoulder, "and may God forgive me my ungrateful thoughts while we are spared each other. But this pain of uncertainty at my heart grows heavier than I can well bear. To know that Willy was dead were a comfort beside this fear that haunts me day by day, that he is a wanderer, an outcast, suffering, perhaps lost to God and himself."

Her voice choked, and for a few moments only the ticking of the tall old clock in the corner broke the stillness; then she spoke again:

"Do you know, Ansel, I often wonder if we were wholly blameless? Willy was wild and thoughtless, but he was a loving boy, and I cannot believe, Ansel, he was bad at heart."

"I, too, have been wondering that of late. God knows I loved and tried to do my duty by the boy, but I fear I was over strict, too severe with what were only boyish errors, and that instead of leading him in the right way I drove him from it. I thought then I was right, but the more I think of our heavenly Father's love and patience with us, who are at best but weak, erring children, I feel how much I failed myself."

So hand in hand they sat and talked of this long-absent son, whose name had not for years passed their lips, reminded each other of ways and words that neither had forgotten, yet which were sweeter for the other's telling. Laughing through their tears at treasured child memories, and speaking in lower tones of the sad days when the high boyish spirit had risen in fierce rebellion against restraint, and of that darkest of all, when they had awakened to find that home and hearts had been alike forsaken, and this their only son had gone out beyond their love and care, each taking the blame of the mistake made in trying to break instead of train that intangible but intractable power of will.

"Deacon Place's Willy had run away." It had been a bitter blow to pride and heart, so that for years his prayer that "the arm of the Lord might be over their wanderer," was more an imprecation than a blessing; but with the creeping weakness of age, he felt the need of the strong young arm he had thought would have been his stay and comfort, and to-night each confessed to the other the yearning with which they longed to behold their dear child.

The night wind rose unheeded as they talked, dashing the waves in a foam of spray on the beach. The fog lifted from over the water. The warning bell ceased its tolling, and the gleam of the Forkness light flashed out a path of splendor in the night. The rain ceased. Only the withered leaves stirred and rustled fitfully around the feet of one whose steps were turned toward a long forsaken home. Trial and toil had made of the self-willed boy a resolute man.

Out amid the buffeting and cold indifference of the world, the memory of the smarting resentment under whose passion he had fled soon faded, leaving only the tenderest recollections of loving ministries and cares. The breath of his father's prayers had folded round him in many an hour of temptation. The touch of his mother's hand upon his boyish head held him from many a vice, and with the years a longing had grown with him to tread once more the old familiar paths, and look in the dear remembered faces.

There had been doubts as to his reception, and fears that the gray heads might be laid under the grasses, but at last, lured by autumnal memories of dropping nuts in the brown woods, and hearth fires glowing bright, he had turned his way eastward, from over the far prairies. Nearer he came, and nearer. The lights of the village shine around him. The sound of the surf is in his ears. Once more he travels the old familiar road; his hand is on the gate, his feet on the worn door-step. There is a knock at the door, and Ansel Place, shading his dim eyes with his hand as he opens it, looks out into the face of a neighbor, as he thought, but of a tall and bearded stranger, who craved a night's shelter. Old Bruno had raised his head from his paws on the entrance. Then with a noisy bark sprang toward him. The old man tried to hush the dog, but the stranger spoke:

"Old Bruno remembers me.—Have you forgotten your wilful boy?"

Before he had finished the question, Hannah's arms were around his neck, and his father's hand was grasping his in that joyful meeting. He did not dream how their hearts had been going out to meet him, yet he felt the solemn thrill in his father's tone, as, turning to his wife, he said:

"See, Hannah, 'in wrath he has remembered mercy.' For our Thanksgiving Day the Lord has sent us a Thanksgiving guest."

PRODIGIES OF STRENGTH.

In 1877 "Monsieur Gregorie," claiming to be seventy-one years old, nightly astonished the good folks of Herefoot by carrying seven hundred-weight with the greatest ease, and performing certain other extraordinary feats. For all that, he was one of the quietest men, and simple as a child, living in constant dread lest he should be provoked into using his strength unprofessionally, and afraid to nurse his own baby lest he should give it a fatal squeeze.

Joseph Pospischilli was wont to amuse the Hungarian public by holding a table in the air by his hands and teeth while a couple of gypsies danced upon it to a third's fiddling. He and one of his brothers would bear upon their shoulders a sort of wooden bridge while a cart full of stones drawn by two horses was driven over it. Falling into evil ways, Joseph was imprisoned in the fortress of Often, and one day volunteered to give the prison inspectors a specimen of his abilities, and, permission being accorded, he so arranged the Governor's heavy mahogony table as to hold it suspended with his teeth for nearly half a minute. Joignery, a professional acrobat, lately performing at a Berlin theatre, executed the following extraordinary feat: As he swung head downward from a trapeze to which his ankles were fixed, a horse covered with gay trappings and begirt with a broad leather surcingle having two strong loops attached to it, and mounted by a full-grown man, was brought on the central stage, above which Joignery hung suspended. Seizing the loops with both hands, the Frenchman, by sheer muscular strength, lifted horse and rider some inches off the stage, sustained their combined weight in the air for some seconds, and then let them down again as evenly and slowly as he had raised them. Mr. Stanley tells us that Simba, Chief Overseer of Amu bin Osman's Caravan, standing six feet five inches barefooted, and measuring thirty-two inches from shoulder to shoulder, could toss an ordinary sized man ten feet into the air and catch him in his descent. He would take one of the large white Moscat donkeys by the ears, and with a sudden movement of his right foot lay the surprised ass on its back; carry a three-year-old bullock on his back half way round his master's plantation; and once actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders and chest, round Osman's house, to the intense wonder of a large crowd of applauding spectators. A man of great strength was William Joy, known in his day as "the English Samson." He was a native of Kent, having been born near Ramsgate in 1675. From an early period of his life he displayed remarkable strength and dexterity for his years, and when 24 years of age he began publicly to exhibit his astonishing feats. Among other of Joy's performances, he is said to have been able to retain and keep in place a strong horse, urged by a whip to escape his powerful rein, solely by the check of his pull, without any stay or support whatever. Aided by a strong leathern girdle or belt, and supporting himself by pressing his arms on a railing, he could lift from the ground a stone said to be a ton-weight. He also broke asunder a rope fasteded to a wall which had previously borne more than a ton and a half weigh without breaking. Notwithstanding his great strength, he was possessed of singularly agile and flexible joints, many wonderful stories being told of his feats in this respect—such as placing a glass of wine on the sole of his foot, which he could twist around with his hands and convey in this way to his mouth without spilling.

SOME of the papers complain because Guiteau has grown fleshy since he has been in prison. We do not look upon that as any drawback but on the contrary it is better so. When he falls from the scaffold every extra pound will help to break his neck quicker. We like to see papers look on the cheerful side of things.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE funeral car of the late President was removed recently from the public square in Cleveland to Lake View Cemetery. It is understood the cemetery trustees will at once have built over it a fine building, chiefly composed of glass, with a framework of wood.

"Vot poat club is dose?" asked old Baron Oistersteupan, at Yorktown, pointing his cane in the direction of the United States navy which lay in harbor. The Baron can't have a very elaborate idea of our American boat clubs.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

BY GEORGE E. HILL.

Adieu, my dear loved one, and I'll see thee no more,
Till fate once again wafts me back to thy shore.
With sorrow I leave thee, with anguish I part
From one whose dear image lies next to my heart.

If fortune should favor the lot of her son,
And crown him in triumph with laurels he won,
'Tis then I will seek thee and make thee my bride,
And share all my glory with thee at my side.

Then cease, my dear Mary, this weeping of tears,
Let the thought of re-meeting dispel all your fears;
Oh! try to remember the days that are past,
When asleep on thy bosom my life was recast.

Oh! cheer up, my loved one, and do not despair,
With hope in our bosoms we'll banish all care.
And when I am distant on some foreign isle,
Remember the promise you pledged with a smile.

O! life would be sad if misfortune should set
Her pinions around thee and make thee forget,
My soul like a spirit to Lethe would fly,
My hopes like a shadow would vanish and die.

O! sad is the moment which bids us to part.
Once again, O my darling! come close to my heart;
I feel as I press thee that you will be true,
Then farewell, my darling, sweet Mary, adieu.

AN ACCESSION TO THE FAMILY.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a grin that involved his whole head, and an effort at a tip-toe tread that shook the whole house. "And so it's a girl, my dear."

Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled faintly and Mr. Spoopendyke picked up his heiress.

"It's the image of you," she said, regarding with some trepidation Mr. Spoopendyke's method of handling the infant.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Mr. Spoopendyke, gravely. "I don't know when my nose looked like the thumb part of a boiled lobster claw. Do I understand you that my eyes bear any resemblance to the head of a screw?"

"I mean the general features," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"The general features seem to be all mouth," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, examining his acquisition. "If our general features are at all alike, my visage must remind you of an earthquake. Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her fold up her legs like that?"

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They'll straighten out in time."

"No time like the present," quoted Mr. Spoopendyke, and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her limbs. "I don't want any bandy-legged first in this family while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry and Mr. Spoopendyke essayed to soothe it.

"Hi! kitchee! kitch-ee-ee! he chirruped. "Great Scott, what a cavern! Any idea how much this mouth weighs? Hi! kitchee! kitchee! You'll have to get that mouth roofed in before cold weather. What's the matter with her anyway?"

"Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded helpless Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"She's doing well enough. Hi! you! hold up! Haven't you anything to catch this mouth in? It's spilling all over the neighborhood, Hi! Topsy, Genevieve, Cleopatra, dry up! I'm going to have trouble breaking this young one's temper, I can see that. Here! bend the other way once!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tried to straighten up his offspring without avail.

"Let her come to me, do please," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, and Mr. Spoopendyke was forced to hand her over.

"Well, that's quite a baby," said he, nursing his knee and eyeing the infant. What're those bumps over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?"

"You musn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. She's the handsomest child you ever saw."

"Well, she's got to stop biting her nails before she goes any further with this procession. Here take your hands out of your mouth, can't you? Why don't you put her hands down?"

"Why, all babies do that," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You can't stop that."

"I'm going to try," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing this child up. Here, you, Maud S. Bonesetter, put your hands in your pockets! Don't let me see any more nail chewing or you and I'll get mixed up in an argument. She gets that from your family, Mrs. Spoopendyke."

"Say, dear, don't you want to go and order some things?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"No," rejoined her husband, "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kitchee! kitchee! Her scalp comes clear to the bridge of her nose. I don't believe she's quite right. Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part! Say, that baby's got to be pressed. That's no shape."

"Get away," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly. "She's a perfect angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her."

"Of course you know," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't want anything more than a fog horn and a misspent appropriation to be an orphan asylum. If I had your faith and the colic I'd make a living as a foundling's home! She'll be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?"

"No, she won't!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She'll never be old enough for that."

"I'll bet she will," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke; "if she isn't she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. Here, let's have her."

But Mrs. Spoopendyke flatly refused.

"Keep your dod gasted baby, then!" roared Mr. Syoopendyke. "If you know more about babies than I do, then keep her. The way you coddle her, one would think she was a new paste for the complexion. If you had one more brain and a handle, you'd make a fair rattle box! Fit you up with a broken sofa and a grease pot and you'd do for a second-hand nursery."

And Mr. Spoopendyke started off to find his friend Specklewottle, who congratulated him, and started off with him to assist in the selection of an overcoat and a pair of ear muffs us precautionary against the approaching winter.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE ART OF DRESSING.

So important did the Sybarites consider the dress of women, that when they invited them to a banquet they did so a year ahead, that they might have ample time to prepare their toilet. Unlike the Sybarites, we are apt to regard woman's dress as among the minor considerations of life, and think that all time given to its study is wasted time.

Dress, which may be regarded as an element of art, is worthy of respect and attention. It is a study worth pursuing, for the mind that regards dress from an artistic point of view is naturally led to the contemplation of art in its more extended teachings. When dress becomes an art study, it is no longer viewed as the means of ostentatious display, or of shallow vanity, but as a teacher who leads the pupil into the domains of the graceful, the attractive, and the beautiful. Dress being a legitimate source of charming, it should not be regarded as of less importance than beauty of face or figure. It is one of the chief elements of pleasing—a very important element as all realize when contemplating a well dressed woman, or one otherwise. To dress well is not, necessarily, to dress showily or expensively. Perfection of dress can be obtained without the aid of glitter. The temple of taste is not painted, and gilded, and set upon a shining height, dazzling the beholder with Byzantine splendor. To dazzle is not the legitimate aim of dress. "I know that she was well dressed," said Dr. Johnson, in speaking of a lady, "for I do not remember what she had on." Of course there are seasons when elegant and glittering dress is becoming and appropriate; and the study of dress points out the times and places.

WHY HE ATE BEANS FOR DINNER.

They tell a good story about one Wymane, a diminutive drummer well known on the Comstock. He stopped one night at Deming, New Mexico, a favorite resort for the cowboys.

"Madame," said Abe to the landlady, "give me some dinner and be quick about it. I have not dined since yesterday."

The lady brought him some bean soup.

"Madame, take away that soup. I never eat soup. Bring on the roast right away."

The lady brought him a plate of pork and beans.

"Madame, take that away. I never eat those things."

In vain the lady explained that pork and beans was the best the house afforded. He was obdurate, and wanted roast beef, rare.

A mild-mannered, blue eyed cowboy at the table then chipped in:

"Beggin' pardon, stranger, but you must excuse the lady. We—"

"Who are you, sir?" retorted the drummer; "I know my business."

"You don't tell me," said the festive cow-boy, drawing his navy. "Now you eat them beans. I'm goin' to sit here and see you feed.—Light into 'em quick or I'll open on you sure, and put 'em in. This is bizness with me, an' I'm shoutin' in your ear."

The unfortunate drummer saw blood in the air, and was forced to choke four plates of the unwelcome food down before the cow-boy was satisfied with his apology to the landlady.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

The African slave trade continues to be in vigorous operation in Soudan. It is, indeed, stated that no fewer than 50,000 or 60,000 negroes are still annually conveyed to the Turkish and Egyptian ports of the Red Sea, where they are disposed of to dealers from all parts of the Sultan's dominion. Yet it is unquestionable that in 1879 Col. Gordon dealt what promised to be a death blow to the slave trade in the soudan. His Lieutenant, Gessi Pasha, who has lately suffered terrible hardships, fought and beat the slave traders in a pitched battle, in which they, relying upon superior numbers, made the first attack.—Gessi Pasha inflicted a crushing defeat upon the slave traders, and liberated immense numbers of slaves. If Col. Gordon had been properly supported by Tewfik Pasha, there is reason to believe that the slave trade would have been driven out of the Soudan. Since his departure his old enemies have to a great extent regained their former influence, and have succeeded in reviving on a large scale the traffice in negroes. It is quite true that the traffic can not be effectually suppressed until domestic slavery is abolished in Egypt, but yet Col. Gordon's experience shows that by the adoption of a vigorous policy the number of victims may be greatly diminished, and the trade rendered both hazardous and unprofitable.

A BOSTON man, who has been roughly treated by lawyers while on the witness stand, is agitating the question of law to protect witnesses from insults of counsel. He proposes that when any subject affecting a witness's reputation shall be opened in cross-examination, he shall be privileged to make a full explanation of the matter, regardless of its relevancy.

All Sorts of Clippings

Sloth is the mother of poverty.

Sin and sorrow are inseparable.

Sincerity is the parent of truth.

Silent waters are seldom shallow.

Silence is the sanctuary of truth.

Sneer not at that you cannot rival.

Sharp stomachs make short graces.

All barbers can't razor beard.

A lumber yard---A three-foot board

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

We rarely like the virtues we have not.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

Kindness will creep where it cannot run.

Help yourself and heaven will help you.

Men learn to shave on the chin of a fool.

Nature seldom changes with the climate.

Neither give to all nor contend with fools.

Every man is architect of his own fotune.

Overdoing is doing nothing to the purpose.

Almost any dog can bark at a bear in a box.

A bear story is not necessarily the naked truth.

Victor Hugo lives in an elegant flat in Paris.

Mr. Lowell has begun a monograph on Carlyle.

General Jubal Early, of Virginia, is 80 years old.

Longfellow is gradually growing weaker and more nervous.

Be attentive to your intercourse with a friend.

Every fish that escapes appears greater than it really is.

A handsome man and a fool may wear the same cap.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

The best people need afflictions for the trial of their virtue.

There are only one hundred Modocs left. They are farmers.

The Presbyterian Synod of Erie has decided that dancing is a sin.

Cadet Whittaker has organized a concert troupe of colored singers.

Theodore Tilton is back from England and at business again in New York.

It is the clean table-cloth that catches the early grease-spot.

Senator Sharon is still very ill at his countryseat, near San Francisco.

He who flings his pills away will live to die another day.

The rations on which a poet's brains are fed—inspirations.

A man finds himself in bad company when he is beside himself.

There are 140 law firms conducted entirely by women in this country.

The President of the French Republic receives a salary of $200,000 per annum.

If we are God's children, we need not fear the developments of His providence.

Our own hearts, and not other men's opinions, form our true honor.

Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a salutary one.

The friendships of the world are often confederacies in vice or leagues of pleasure.

Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer, and forge yourself one.

"I love my wife, gushed Fenderson. "Next to your wife's husband," added Fogg.

It is said of Boutwell that he studied law fifteen years before he began to practice.

A man of ninety-two is suing at Des Moines for a divorce from a wife of eighty-five.

Senator Johnston says the deficiency in the Yorktown fund will amount to $10,000.

An exchange says a man would rather live with a cross-eyed woman than with a cross-mouthed one.

"I'm mashed on you," remarked the mosquito to the young lady, as she slapped it.

Gentlemen may cry cashier, and cash there, but when the board of directors wake up there is cash nowhere.

If we would share in divine joys we must carefully follow the divine conduct.

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reasons for sending it.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.

Let us be constant to our duty, and we cannot question the constancy of God's mercy.

The way to have the comfort in what God allows us is to forbear what He forbids us.

He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice both in the one and in the other.

There can be no better help against our own sins, than to help our neighbor in the encounter with his.

Many preachers seek to impress their hearers with the fact that life is short, but forget it in their sermons.

It is good having fellowship with those that fellowship with God, and going with those with whom God is.

If the wave threatens to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

[Kansas City Times.]

Mr. William Hadeler at the Marathon Hotel, Wausau, after extreme suffering with rheumatism, without any benefit from physicians or various preparations, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Wis. Exchange.*

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