The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 29.

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.

☞ *Specially—handling and caring for freight.* Charges moderate.

FARE 75c. Round Trip tickets $1.25. State-rooms extra.

Freight on grain 4c. ☞ bushel.

W. THOMPSON, Manager.

June 30, 1881—tf.

WHITE G ODS.

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 Cigars 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.

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

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.

THE MULE STAMPEDE.

Well, sir, I'll tell you that queer story,
It's true as Scripture that we read;
But there are things we can't account for,
And one of them's a mule stampede.

Bill Job and I were on the prairie,
One long, hot day in last July;
Down where you see the Spanish mountains,
Twin peaks that reach up to the sky.

Well, as I said, 'twas hot as blazes,
And so we hauled off for the night,
And made a camp down in the valley
At five o'clock, and struck a light.

For, hot or cold, we want our coffee,
Flapjacks and bacon, reg'lar, too:
So William made a fire for supper,
While I tied up a mule or two.

The mules? Oh, yes, we had some forty
To take on down to Santa Fe,
Owned by a man who lived in Denver,
U. S. trader, who made it pay.

Two aged mules I put on picket,
And drove the pins where they could pass
Around the yucca heads and cactus,
And fill themselves with buffalo grass.

After a while I heard Bill calling,
And on a pan go rub-a-dub,
And so I left the mules a-grazing
To join the boy and tackle grub.

Well, when we got away with supper,
We out with pipes to smoke and rest;
I told a yarn about the Indians,
But William trumped it with his best.

And there we lay and took it easy,
Talking of home, and swapping views
Of mines and cattle and sheep and greasers,
Of San Juan strikes and Leadville news.

Bill, for a while, kept looking upward,
And then, in words that seemed like sighs,
Said he, "Old boy, there's two stars yonder
That look just like a pair of eyes—

"A pair of eyes that once I worshipped,
And loved the owner of indeed!
She's dead though, now; and—Jack, by thunder!
Them mules are on a big stampede!

And sure enough, without a warning,
The whole band started on a run,
And struck out north like blooded racers,
As if the devil was in each one.

We caught our horses, clinched the saddles,
Never stopping a word to say,
Mounted in haste, and put for the sinners,
Already at least two miles away.

I mind the moon was just a-rising,
The stars looked like a million eyes,
And as we rode they seemed to wonder,
And squint and blink in real surprise.

But on we went, and made a rumpus
That would have waked the dead that night;
'Twas rich to see the wolves unlimber,
And antelopes skip out of sight!

Still on we went—the night was passing,
The air was growing cold and raw;
Fast as we went the mules went faster,
Until we reached the Arkansas.

There Bill declared that we would get 'em,
And run 'em in some big corral;
But when they reached the blank old river
They all rushed in and through pell-mell.

They stopped to drink above Pueblo,
Then took the road to Cottonwood;
Their feet just went like tenor drums, sir;
A cavalry charge ain't half as good.

At Dead Man's Ranch, as fresh as ever,
They up and skipped like birds away;
And what was strange they went on skipping,
Clear through the night until broad day.

And so, at last, we found it useless
To slash ahead on such a ride,
And just let go the whole blank outfit
As they warbled up the big Divide.

That day, we heard, they got to Denver,
And made it lively passing through;
At ten the next they sighted Greeley,
And struck across the Cache la Pou.

Where did we find 'em? Now you've got me;
We heard from every man we met
Of forty mules a-going northward,
And Bill Job swears they're going yet!

JEROME BURNETT *in the N. Y. Sun.*

A SENATOR'S REMINISCENCES.

Ex-Senator Hendrick's Recollections of Prominent Members of the United States Senate.

An Indianapolis (Ind.) letter gives the particulars of an interview held with Ex-United States Senator Thomas A. Hendricks. During the interview Mr. Hendricks gave interesting reminiscences of some of the prominent men whom he had met in the Senate. He said:

Many Senators whom I met at that time were men of marked qualities. Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, was one of the most ingenious and plausible debaters I have ever heard. He was then a senator, greatly respected, and exercised a decided influence; in his character and policy he was decidedly conservative.

Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, who is yet in the Senate, was then in the prime of his manhood, courteous and elegant in his manner, never giving offense, always devoted to his party, and very successfully taking charge of its interest.

I met with no man in the senate whose qualities interested me more than Mr. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania. He was modest and retiring, but when called out by duty, a debater of rare ability, philosophic in his habits of thought, not combative, punctilious, holding a strong position and exercising much influence in the Senate. During his term he prepared a very interesting work, outside of his senatorial labors, on the subject of "Minority or Proportional Representation." It is the ablest work on that subject that has come to my knowledge. Mr. Buckalew was singularly retiring, modest and democratic in his habits.

His colleague, Mr. Cowan, was always listened to with interest. He was a dashing debater, and came into any controversy when it was at the highest, and was able to maintain himself against much odds. He came into the Senate a Republican, but became very restless under party discipline.

One of the most interesting characters in the Senate of that day was Garrett Davis. He was a war Democrat from Kentucky. I think he was the most fearless debater I ever heard—not always the most considerate for the cause he advocated.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, was perhaps the finest orator in the Senate. During the first part of the war he was a conservative Republican. By his convictions of right, and by extreme hostility on the part of others to his political position, he was carried into the ranks of the Democratic party, and became one of the strongest advocates of the Democratic cause. As a friend he was sincere, as an associate charming.

Mr. Fessenden was then at the height of his very distinguished career. I think Maine has never been so ably represented in the Senate. As a debater he was very remarkable—quietly, attentively, he listened to those opposed to him until he appreciated exactly the field of the fight; then, without note, book or authority, he made his reply so clearly that he could not be misunderstood, and I never knew him to leave a point unanswered. I do not mean that his answer was always successful, but it was always able. He was one of the great men of his party, and held great influence until he found himself compelled to separate from it in his vote against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

Governor Grimes represented the State of Iowa. I never saw a purer man in public life. The influence of his able and excellent administration as governor of Iowa did much to establish the State permanently as a Republican State. He, too, separated from his party on the impeachment question.

John P. Hale, of Maine, was very much observed at the time I went into the Senate and very much spoken of. He was a brilliant man, but not a student, as I thought, and he had come to repeating himself.

Mr. Henderson was a young Senator from Missouri, a good lawyer, a strong debater, and very sincere in his convictions. He also separated from the Republican party on the impeachment question.

Reverdy Johnson was the ablest lawyer in the Senate. I have never heard any one who so readily, and without special preparation, announced his legal propositions and supported them by exact reference to the authorities.

For a part of the time Henry S. Lane was my colleague. He deserves to be held in high estimation by his countrymen. Passionate in his politics, but sincere and truthful, with very few superiors as an orator.

John Sherman was not then frequent in his addresses to the Senate, but always the same, well prepared, and left his views distinctly impressed upon the mind of the body.

The most distinguished member of the Senate was Mr. Sumner.—Many of his speeches were political essays rather than debates. He was a man of great learning, capable of exhaustive research, thoroughly in earnest, never politic, never avoided a question to accommodate friend or foe, not even to save his party; he stepped at once to the front edge of a question and required feebler and more timid partisans to follow. I have said, and I suppose I was correct, that at his death he left more of his sentiments embodied in the laws of the country than any other man.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, was in many respects a distinguished man. As a debater he was very able, as a lawyer very eminent. He was chairman of the judiciary committee, and reported many of the most important bills touching the relations of the races and the reconstruction of the States. He, too, left the Republican party upon the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

Mr. McDougal, of California, was a brilliant and attractive man, although not a man of much influence in the body. Some of his speeches made upon the spur of the occasion without preparation were as remarkable as you find in the best collection of the literary gems. If I had a Globe I would like to refer you to one or two exquisite specimens. I remember one occasion when the bill was pending in the Senate upon the President's veto of the admission of Colorado. If all the Senators were present it was known that the bill could not pass. Senator Wade called the bill up (he being chairman of the committee on Territories at the time) late in the evening; some Senators were not present. Mr. Dickson, Senator from Connecticut, a supporter of the vote, it was announced in the Senate, was sick, and that he could not safely attend. Mr. Wade expressed the thought that if Providence had favored the measure for the admission of that State, it was proper for its friends to take advantage of that circumstance, and so he insisted that the bill should be taken up and passed upon. Just then McDougal came into the Senate, and without taking his seat, but standing by his chair, he replied so completely so powerfully, in a few sentences, as to settle the fate of the bill that night. After McDougal took his seat Mr. Wade could get but one or two to second him in his efforts to take the bill up. I cannot give you McDougal's speech. It can hardly be repeated. His illustration of his abhorrence of the sentiment he took from Persian mythology—the spirit of good and the spirit of evil—the spirit of good that brought to mankind all blessings—the spirit of evil that poured upon the race its many curses; and the sentiment he condemned he compared to the latter, but in such beautiful, strong and classic language, and in every respect so forcibly, that the proposition to take the bill from the table received no support.

Governor Morton entered the Senate after the middle of my term. He soon took rank as one of the ablest leaders of his party. He was extreme in his expressions of political hostility—strength and earnestness were the characteristics of his speeches.

Gen. Grant has insured his life for $100,000.

BUYING AN OVERCOAT IN DETROIT.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Yesterday morning a tall young man of 20 landed at the Union depot with a bundle under his arm, and after three or four minutes spent in getting his bearings he walked up Jefferson avenue and turned into a clothing store.

"Do you want to try on some coats and wests for a dollar?" asked the proprietor, as he rushed from behind the counter.

"No, I guess not. Do you deal on the square?"

"My frent, dot is exactly vhat I does. I vas so square dot I lose $3,000 last year. Can I sell you an overcoat for ten dollar?"

"No, I guess not. Here is an overcoat that I bought of you four weeks ago."

"Bought of me?"

"Yes, I think you are the man. When I got it home we found that it was moth eaten. I can pick it to pieces in a dozen places."

"Is dot possible! Und how much you pay?"

"Eight dollars."

"My shtars! And vhat you vant now?"

"I want my money back."

"Vhell—vhel!. My frent, I am sorry for you. You seem like an honest poy, and it vhas too bad!"

"Yes, it was a swindle, and I want my money back."

"Dear me, but I vish you vhas here yesterday. Let me oxplain to you. You bought dot coat four weeks ago!"

"Yes, four weeks to-day."

"Vhell, I had sold oudt to my cousin Philip shust one day before. Philip is not a square man."

"What have I got to do with Philip?"

"Let me oxplain. In dree days Philip makes assignment to my brudder Louis. Dot Louis is a leedle off. He would sheat your eye teeth away from you."

"Yes, but I haven't anything to with Louis."

"Let me oxplain. Louis kept der place a week, und he gif a shattel mortgage to my fadder-law, and vhas bounced out."

"I don't know anything about that."

"Let me oxplain. My fadder-law was took mit a fit and died, and he leaf dis blace to my wife. My wife was gone to Europe for two years, and she leaf me agent. I gan not tell you who sold dot coat. May be it vhas Philip, may be Louis, may be my fadder-law. It couldn't haf been me, for I vhas in Shicago. If you leaf dot coat I will write to my wife. She is square, just like me, and may be she writes back dot you can take a linen duster and two white vests and call it all right."

"Say, this is a sneaking swindle," exclaimed the young man.

"May be it vhas. Philip vhas a great liar."

"I'll go to the police!"

"Vhell, dot is all right; may be der police vhill help me catch Louis. I shust found oudt last night dot he cut all der hind buttons off all der coats in der store before he left."

"If you'll step outdoors I'll mash you!"

"Vhell, I like to oblige you, but you see I vhas only agent for my wife."

"Well, you'll hear from me again, and don't you forget it!" said the victim as he went out.

"I hope so—I hope so. I like to make it right. I vhas only agent for my wife, but I feel so square dot I take dot coat back for $3 if you vhant to trade it oudt in paper collars."

DEAF HUNTER'S POLITICS.

During the war they had down in Florida a shrewd old fellow known as "Old Hunter." Everybody knew him. He was deaf as a post, and through his dealings and his shrewdness he managed completely to hide his sympathy for either party during the war. It was suspected, however, that he was with the Confederates at heart.

Every means had been tried by the Union officers to procure from him some admission of preference, but of no avail. When reduced to a corner, he never lacked an expedient to get himself out.

But one day a Union captain put up a bet that he could tap him and get his secret. He accordingly went up to Hunter's and skirmished around, but not one hint could he get. He would be deaf to questions that were unpleasant, and the inquirer was baffled. At last there came two large bull-dogs into his store, fierce fellows, and exactly alike.

"Fine dogs, those," yelled the inquisitor in his ear.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What are their names?" in the same loud tone.

"Wall," said the old man, "I call one Beauregard and the other McClellan."

"You do," shouted the inquirer; "which one do you like the best?"

"Hey?" queried Hunter, putting down his ear.

"Which do you like the best?"

"Oh, wall," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "both on 'em is as ugly as the devil."

The captain paid the bet.

The next day he was drinking in Hunter's store, and, taking the advantage of the old man's deafness, proposed a toast.

"Here's to old Hunter, the two-sided old villian; may he be kicked to death by mules, and his body be sunk in the sea a hundred fathoms deep. May no prayer be said over him, and may his blind soul wander, rayless, through all eternity.

The toast was drunk with great glee, in which the old man joined.

"The same to yourselves, gentlemen," said he, "the same to yourselves."

Of course he had not heard a word that was said!—*Argonaut.*

Bishop Wiley tells the Methodist clergy of Cincinnati that they must not kiss women promiscuously, for it is a dangerous business.

I AM OLD.

I am old.
Heart and body old together,
Body bent by stormy weather;
Heart grown old in years of sadness,
Long since past all youthful gladness,
Gray hairs clustering round my forehead,
Countenance with wrinkles marred,
Yes, I'm old.

I am old.
And the world away is swinging,
Like a bird its swift flight winging:
Dear to me no more its pleasure,
Which my senses fail to measure,
And I mourn not its receding,
Earthly happiness not needing—
I'm so old.

I am old.
The last bond to earth is falling,
Soft I hear the Saviour calling:
My dim eyes almost discerning
The dear face. My soul is burning
Now to meet beyond the river
My beloved ones, and the giver
Of old age.

A COOL DETECTIVE.

As a rule, highwaymen in the mining states seldom operate upon a stage coach with "U. S. M." on it. They know that these initials stand for the United States mail, and are a pledge that the whole power of the government will be used to capture them.

The detectives in the government service are quiet men, courteous in manner and gentle in speech. Mr. Hayes tells, in his book on "New Colorado," of one whom he met, who wore gold spectacles, and looked like a German professor. Yet this man alone took two mail-robbers from the north of Texas. At one place their friends planned a rescue. He quietly informed his prisoners that, while their friends could undoubtedly kill him, they might be sure that the first motion would send both of them into eternity. Not a man in the crowd moved a finger.

On one occasion, a celebrated detective was on a stage which was attacked by two masked men. The first he knew was that revolvers were thrust in the coach's windows, with the command "Hands up, gentlemen!"

The highwaymen had "the drop" on the passengers, which, in their vocabulary, meant certainty of being able to kill before being harmed themselves. To his disgust, the detective was compelled to give up his watch and money.

As the robbers left, he put his hand down in the "boot," and to his delight it touched a carbine. Asking the driver to go on a little further and then stop and wait for him, he went back alone.

The two men, unsuspicious of danger were "divvying up" the spoils in the middle of the road. This was just what the detective had calculated on.

"Now, you scoundrels, it's my turn," he shouted, covering them with the repeating carbine. "Throw up your hands, or I'll shoot."

The robbers, at his command, stepped one side, holding up their hands, while he picked up their revolvers. It was not many minutes before the astonished passengers saw the two highwaymen walking meekly down the road, with the cool detective following. They were taken in the coach and finally lodged in jail.

The hero was General Charles Adams, who subsequently went alone among the Utes and secured the release of the women captives from the White River Agency.

THE CITY OF BOMBAY.

When the foreigner first sets foot in Bombay he will probably at once exclaim, "Why this is an English city. This country is completely western in its civilization." The magnificent government buildings, post-office, etc., are European in style and appointments. He may drive about what is known as the "Fort," and everywhere European warehouses and offices are to be seen. Thence to an English hotel where he sits down to a dinner served in English style. Perhaps afterwards he drives over Malabar Hill, whose denizens are European again. Why, this is an English colony as much as Canada or Australia. For inquiring eyes, however there is a native town with its 700,000 or 800,000 inhabitants—a city throbbing with Oriental life—squalid, dirty, rodolent with odors peculiar to India, and furnishing a practical illustration of "the survival of the fittest." There is much to interest here, but the observer's standpoint is not so agreeable as to cause him "to linger o'er the scene." Anxious though he may be to examine the style of architecture, the latest fashions in male or female apparel; much as he may desire to learn the latest street ballad or a small boy's slang, he is soon obliged by circumstances over which he has no control to close up his observatory and beat a retreat. He excuses himself for his apparent sacrfice of the interest of science on the ground that self-preservation is the first law of nature.—But even after one has overcome his sensibilities and became unconscious of filth, it is extremely difficult to get an inside view of Hindoo life. What Europeans see is not the Hindoo himself, but only the mask he dons for exhibition. He does not pose in *sua persona*, but prefers to let you see only what he thinks you approve of. He invites you to see a play. The actors speak neither their own words or thoughts. They wear the garments of their hero, and imitate his tones and gestures. Attempt to penetrate the recesses of a Hindoo home, and you are met at the door by a "not at home" which admits no gainsaying.

Perfectly water-proof: Preacher (arriving drenched)—"What shall I do, Mrs. McGregor? I am wet through and through."

Old Scotchwoman—"Get into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dhry eno' there."

THRILLING STORY.

Myrtle had grown up to be a beautiful woman—a flower of beauty that men stopped to look at as she passed along the street. Everything that wealth could purchase was lavished upon her. Why, then, did she stand in the conservatory with the wistful look in her eyes and nervously pull to pieces the rose?

This will be explained later.

From her position at the window Myrtle sees through the falling snow the figure of a man. "It's papa," she cries joyfully to herself, clapping her shapely white hands together in childish glee.

She was right. The old man was coming home to supper.

Presently the old man, who came along through the snow with a sturdy stride, reached the house and ascended the front steps. Myrtle was waiting in the hallway, and as he entered the door, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Papa," she cried, "did you get it?"

"Get what, my darling?"

"Why, what I told you about this morning."

Silas J. Bowen thought for a moment.

"Well, I'll be dum-swizzled to Cohosh, Myrt, but I clean forgot that dratted candy."

He had broken his vow.

LEAVE-TAKING.—Not all have learned the fine art of leave taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, with no dallying. Don't say "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise, and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave taking begins, and every body in general and in particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor while his friend must risk a cold to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed? There is no disguising the fact that they are truly glad when he has at last gone. Don't do that way. Make your leave taking generally short. There is no need of being offensively abrupt but when you are ready to go—go.

SLEEPING APART.—"More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law."—*Laws of Life.*

NAUTICAL NONSENSE.—"Father," asked Johnny, "what is a log?"

"A log, my son," replied Brown, stealing a hasty glance at Mrs. B. to see if she was listening for his answer, "a log, my son, is a big piece of wood or timber. Why do you ask, Johnny?"

"It telfs in this story about heaving the log, and it says the ship went fourteen knots an hour. What does it mean by knots, father?"

"Knots, Johnny?—knots? Why, you have seen a log—almost always covered with knots—haven't you? Well, that's what it means—fourteen of them—the ship got by fourteen of them in an hour. That's all, Johnny," said Brown, with a sigh of relief that he had got out of it so easily.—*Boston Transcript.*

THAT AWFUL JIMMY TUFFBOY.—"Say, ma, tell me, is there any truly ghosts?" asked young Smallface last evening.

"Why no, my child, there are no truly ghosts."

"Well, Jimmy Tuffboy says he's seen 'em, and they were all dressed in white."

"Jimmy Tuffboy is a very bad boy to fill your head with such stuff. I don't want to hear any more about ghosts. My gracious! What's that? John! John! O-h-h-h," and the woman screamed at the top of her voice.

Jimmy Tuffboy had just appeared at her window on stilts with a sheet wrapped around him.—*New Haven Register.*

LARGEST COTTON RAISER IN THE WORLD.—Edward Richardson, of Mississippi, is the largest cotton raiser in the world, the khedive of Egypt coming second. Mr. Richardson owns some 52,000 acres of cotton land, from which he raised last year more than 12,000 bales. He gins, spins and weaves it, and has oil mils as well. Mr. Richardson has amassed a fortune variously estimated at from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000.

SCIENCE AND SYMPATHY.—Mrs. Agassiz found one morning in one of her slippers a cold little slimy snake, one of six sent the day before to her scientific spouse and carefully set aside by him for safety under the bed. She screamed:

"There is a snake in my slipper!"

The savant leaped from his couch crying: "A snake! Good heavens, where are the other five?"

All Sorts of Clippings

Charles I. died on the scaffold.

Frogs continue to grow for five years.

If you cannot bite, never show your teeth.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

Every crow thinks his own bird the fairest.

Laboring to please a fool is servile employment.

Nothing is more intolerable than proud ignorance.

Love thy neighbor, but pull not down thy hedge.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.

Bachelors wives and maids children are well taught.

Beware of enemies reconciled and meat twice boiled.

Nothing can be well done that is done out of season.

It's a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor.

To promise and give nothing is comfort for a fool.

He who commences many things finishes only a few.

No man is wise at all times nor knowing in all things.

Charles II died suddenly—it is said of apoplexy.

James I. died from drinking and the effects of vice.

To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so.

The poet, of all sorts of artificers, is fondest of his work.

A thread bare coat is armor-proof against a highwayman.

The head and feet keep warm, and the rest will take no harm.

If you want to get a sure crop and a big yield, sow wild oats.

Some by wit get wealth, but none by wealth can purchase wit.

He that pries into the clouds may be struck with a thunderbolt.

Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

A case without a parallel is manifestly not a printer's case.

Illinois has 21,390 pensioners who draw $5,000,000 a year.

He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.

Such as give ear to slanderers are but one degree better themselves.

Show me an amiable weakness and I will show you a disguised vice.

What riles a country postmistress is to have a postal card come to the office written in French.

Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.

Time is the bell-ringer of the universe, He strikes the hours even now presently he will peal the chimes.

If you are asked to do a right thing, answer by doing it. 'Tis a short answer, but it does not give offense.

Potatoes planted must have their eyes about them if they are to come up.

Common sense is one's own sense, believed to be uncommon.

The saddest words of tongue or pen: "I intend to pay; I can't say when."

An oyster, said Hood, is very anomalous, for you have to take it out of its bed before you can tuck it in.

Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them, and mere molehills when we have passed them.

The hardest thing in the world to do so constantly that you can do it well, is to mind yor own business

We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.

There is many a man in the world who never committed but one act of folly and won't get to the end of it until he dies.

A worldly life has as much restriction, in different ways, as a good life, without the final remuneration that a good life has.

If you have plenty of money you are the best man in the world. If you have no money, your opinion is not worth listening to.

One of the greatest trials of a young lady's life is when she tries to get a half-gallon foot into a quart-shoe.

Oleomargarine is sold by the grocer, who tells you it is just from the cow, and so it is, but the cow is dead.

Men are guided less by conscience than by glory; and yet the shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.

The world is apt to coo in your ear like a dove when you are rich, but if you happen to be poor it kicks like a mule.

"Never mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young minister just being ordained.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

"Why, are you alive yet, my old friend? I heard you were dead." "Nice friend you are. You didn't even come to my funeral."

A philosopher, who went to a church where the people came in late, said it is "the fashion there for nobody to go till everybody has got there."

A man in England once said, speaking of a youth who had married imprudently, "Why, he didn't want a wife any moor'n a toad wants a side-pocket."

The Sabbath is the green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where after the week day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose.

Pastor: "Meetings through the week at the usual hours." Stranger: "Well, that announcement leaves me in the dark as to the hours and the meetings both!"

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