The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 30.

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 PILOT BOY,
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 Ligh Street Wharf, Baltimore.

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

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

Freight on grain 4c. per bushel.

JOS. W. THOMPSON,
June 30, 1881—tf. Manager.

WHITE GOODS.

NANSOOKS, Plaids, Lace Stripes, Figured Lace Stripes, India Lawns, Madras Linens, Piques, Marseilles, Basket Goods.
For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, RAKES, Hoes, Spading Forks, Rope and Chain Traces, Plow Lines, Rope Halters, Back Bands and Hooks, &c., at
March 19 J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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. 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.

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
Oct 13 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 SCHOOL-ROOM.

* * * * * * *

You ask me to describe it, and I will:—
The walls are bare, save where the useful board
In ebon blackness doth the sides adorn.
Glancing around on stiff-back'd chairs and desks
You'd say,—"Indeed this room tells but of gloom."

Not so, my friend, for at yon window, where
Old Autumn now doth sob so mournfully,
The glorious sunlight enters, and lights up
The locks and flowing tresses of my girls,
Whose hearts are full of trusting innocence
As morning blossoms are of drops of dew:
And when to me their youthful faces turn,
I seem to hear an angel whispering
"Lift up thy heart to God, and pray that He
May grant thee strength and wisdom from on high
To train, with loving touch, these tender plants."

You tell me, friend, how your young blossoms grow,—
The rose, the violet, and the lily fair
You train, and with th' employment sweet you learn
New lessons from them of the Father's love:
'Tis thus these *human* blossoms I do tend;
For I have violets, roses, lilies here.
That fair young girl before me, could you see,
With gentle eyes upraised, and note the hue
Which steals into her cheek as she repeats
The truths culled from the lore of centuries,
You would not need my words to tell you that
The maiden fair, with trusting heart and eyes,
Breathes forth a sweeter fragrance from her soul
Than South-wind from the snowy lily robs;
So pure, I call her "Lily of the Vale."
Then all around me crimson roses glow
With hope, health, joy, and happy innocence.
One snow-white blossom have I,—sad to say!—
"Pale as a sea-bleached shell,"—a lovely one,
Whose fragrance is too sweet and pure for earth.
Not long she'll linger on the parent stem;
For soon his reaper will the Father send
And gather that sweet flower to bloom again
In fadeless beauty on the shining shore.
I will not now put back the clustering leaves
And bring my modest violets forth to light,
For mine here bloom for me, as yours for you,
Hiding their beauty, not their fragrancy.
And now, my gentle friend, you cannot say
With a sad smile, "This room tells but of gloom."

Is it not full of beauty, joy, and life?
And do you wonder that I love my work,
And feel my heart grow tender 'neath the touch,
The 'waxen touch' that 'baby-fingers' give?
For fair, young children are as babes to us,
Who long have toiled along life's dusty path,
And borne the heat and burden of the day.
Oh! what a wealth of gladness, music, love,
Deep in th' untroubled hearts of children dwells!
One, with the vision and the faculty divine,
Hath likened their young souls to golden harps.
Dread privilege is mine to touch these chords,
To play upon these strings whose slightest tones
Will vibrate through eternity: my friend,
Pray now for me that my unskillful hands
May never make a discord on these harps;
That I, by heavenly fingers led, may strike
Notes which on high will float, to join the strain
That angels sing, when bending round God's throne.

A CHIEL AMONG YE.
Dallas Academy, Selma, Ala., 1881.

A PRIVATE CIRCUS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

There's going to be a circus here, and I'm going to it; that is, if father will let me. Some people think it's wrong to go to a circus, but I don't. Mr. Travers says that the mind of man and boy require circuses in moderation, and that the wicked boys in Sunday-school books who steal their employers' money to buy circus tickets would not steal it if their employers, or their fathers or uncles, would give them circus tickets once in a while. I'm sure I wouldn't want to go to a circus every night in the week. All I should want would be to go two or three evenings, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. There was once a boy who was awfully fond of going to the circus, and his employer, who was a very good man, said he'd cure him. So he said to the boy: "Thomas, my son, I'm going to hire you to go to the circus every night. I'll pay you three dollars a week, and give you your board and lodging, if you'll go every night except Sunday; but if you don't go, then you won't get any board or lodging or any money." And the boy said, "Oh, you can just bet I'll go!" and he thought everything was lovely; but after two weeks he got so sick of the circus that he would have given anything to be let stay away. Finally he got so wretched that he deceived his good employer, and stole money from him to buy school-books with, and ran away and went to school. The older he grew the more he looked back with horror upon that awful period when he went to the circus every night. Mr. Travers says it finally had such an effect upon him that he worked hard all day and read books all night just to keep it out of his mind. The result was that before he knew it he became a very learned and a very rich man. Of course it was very wrong for the boy to steal money to stay away from the circus with, but the story teaches us that if we go to the circus too much, we shall get tired of it, which is a very solemn thing.

We had a private circus at our house last night—at least that's what father called it, and he seemed to enjoy it. It happened in this way. I went into the back parlor one evening, because I wanted to see Mr. Travers, He and Sue always sit there. It was growing quite dark when I went in, and going towards the sofa, I happened to walk against a rocking chair that was rocking all by itself, which, come to think of it was an awfully curious thing, and I'm going to ask somebody about it. I didn't mind walking into the chair, for it didn't hurt me much, only I knocked it over, and it hit Sue, and she said, "Oh my, get me something quick!" and then fainted away. Mr. Travers was dreadfully frightened, and said, "Run, Jimmy, and get the cologne, or the bay rum, or something." So I ran up to Sue's room, and felt around in the dark for her bottle of colonge that she always keeps on her bureau. I found a bottle after a minute or two, and ran down and gave it to Mr. Travers, and he bathed Sue's face as well as he could in the dark, and she came to and said, "Goodness gracious, do you want to put my eyes out?"

Just then the front door bell rang, and Mr. Bradford (our new minister) and his wife and three daughters and his son came in. Sue jumped up and ran into the front parlor to light the gas, and Mr. Travers came to help her. They just got it lit when the visitors came in, and father and mother came down stairs to meet them. Mr. Bradford looked as if he had seen a ghost, and his wife and daughters said, "Oh, my!" and father said, "What on earth!" and mother just burst out laughing, and said, "Susan, you and Mr. Travers seem to have had an accident with the inkstand."

You never saw such a sight as those poor young people were. I had made a mistake, and brought down a bottle of liquid blacking—the same that I blacked the baby with that time. Mr. Travers had put it all over Sue's face, so that she was jet black, all but a little of one cheek, and the end of her nose, and then he had rubbed his hands on his own face until he was like an Ethiopian leopard, only he could change his spots if he used soap enough.

You couldn't have any idea how angry Sue was with me—just as if it was my fault, when all I did was to go up stairs for her, and get a bottle to bring her; and it would have been all right if she hadn't left the blacking bottle on her bureau; and I don't call that tidy, if she is a girl. Mr. Travers wasn't a bit angry; but he came up to my room and washed his face, and laughed all the time. And Sue got awfully angry with him, and said she would never speak to him again after disgracing her in that heartless way. So he went home, and I could hear him laughing all the way down the street, and Mr. Bradford and his folks thought that he and Sue had been having a minstrel show, and mother thinks they'll never come to the house again.

As for father, he was almost as much amused as Mr. Travers, and he said it served Sue right, and he wasn't going to punish the boy to please her. I'm going to try to have another circus some day, though this one was all an accident, and of course I was dreadfully sorry about it.

TO SIS.

Come here, sis, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. That is right. Sit clear at the other end of the sofa. It makes more room for my gout and corns, beside being a good habit for a young lady to become addicted to. Always pander to this habit, and you will in time find yourself walking through green meadows and beside the still waters of self-respect. You may be walking alone, to be sure, but will have fewer lawn dresses to do up on Monday morning. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it and shake your skirts and tell it to "shoo," as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and pieces of barrel staves at it, as you did at the cow, yesterday.

But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You don't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she had kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And along through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she has routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during these last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet, if you were sick that face would appear to you to be more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comforts, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face.

She will leave you one of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late.

There, there, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so badly you might go down and finish them, and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner. And after dinner you might do up the dishes while she takes a little nap. Then you might take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make little spit-curls as she used to do with yours, but give it a good brushing and wind it up gently and tenderly, as if you enjoyed doing it for her.

The young man down in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience, you may explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him. If this does not seem to satisfy him, ask him how many times he has got up in the middle of the night to warm peppermint for you when you were dying with the colic, or how many hours he has carried you up and down the room just because you would not be quieted in any other way. Ask him to repeat Mother Hubbard backward, and if he is unable to do it, it will be a proof positive that he is not the one that has repeated it, and explained it to you 1,700 times. Catechise him to find out if he is the one who gave you the black silk dress, and sat up at night to make it while you were off having a good time. Corner him up and make him admit that he went without a new bonnet last winter that you might enjoy a $12 one that you admired so much. Wring from him a confession that he has a stitch in his side, brought there by doing up your finery week after week. Then show him out the front door, put on a calico apron, and go out and help your mother pick currants for jelly, and I guarantee you will think more of yourself, and the world will think more of you, and you will be happier and better for having done so.
—*Peck's Sun.*

HOW PATTI SANG.

A long pause—and then the red-velvet curtain at the door is pushed aside, and steps out a richly-robed, richly-jeweled, beautiful woman—the Patti. The next moment the building quivers with applause. Every body applauds, the quiet man stamps, the enthusiastic man claps, the man with an umbrella tries to drive it through the floor, and the Patti bows, and bows, and bows again, and smiles, and bows, and bows to the right, and bows to the left, and bows to the center, and bows to the balconies, and bows to them altogether; and then, just as everybody is tired out and stopped, somebody starts it off once more and the whole performance is gone through with again, till finally the pianist seizes a favorable moment and strikes a chord. In an instant there is silence, and in another instant there floats out over the hushed hall the first clear, full notes of the diva's song, a bird's song it seemed. Not the song of the nightingale or the thrush; nor the notes that touch the heart, and leave forever floating through memory, a haunting melody that time does not dim; but the song of a happy canary singing in a gilded cage; a singing that pleases us and makes us forget rain and broken banks and muddy streets and a falling stock market and an election day defect, and leaves us just remembering that we are having a real nice time and everybody around is just as happy as we are. This is the Patti's singing. Nobody knew or cared what she sang; nobody ever thought whether she was giving them Italian or English or Choctaw; the men forgot her beauty; the women forgot her dress and diamonds and everybody just sat and listened until, with one final soaring up of the voice that must have reached high X, at the very lowest the diva turned and ran like a pleased child into the group that stood waiting to receive her at the doorway. And the next moment people clear down in the Newspaper row thought the elevated railways were falling, and men on vessels at anchor in harbor thought a powder store had blown up. It wasn't applause—it was pandemonium. The Patti was again on the stage and then there was a shower of flowers—bouquets, baskets, and finally a procession of ushers with harps, pyramids and emblems by the score, all of which were placed before the bowing and smiling singer while shouts of applause went on; the old bald-heads in the front row waved their handkerchiefs, the young men who wanted to be utter shouted "Brava!" and no one of the audience would be appeased until the notes of encore silenced the confusion. And after this was done there was more applause, longer if possible than ever, and the Patti had to come again and again and again to the stage and bow and smile until she fairly earned the money that she gets for her singing. (The American public, it may be remarked, always manages to get its money's worth, if not in singing, then in bows and smiles.)
—*Plainfield* (N. J.) *Bulletin.*

SPECIAL MARKET REPORT.—Young Men—Steady.

Girls—Lively, willing and in demand.

Papas—Firm, but declining.

Mammas—Unsettled, but waiting for higher bids.

Coffee—Considerably mixed.

Fresh Fish—Active and slippery.

Wheat—A grain better than barley.

Eggs—Quiet, but will probably open up lively in a short time.

Whiskey—Steadily going down.

Onions—Strong and rising.

Breadstuffs—Heavy.

Boots and Shoes—Those in market are *soled* and constantly going up and down.

Hats and Caps—Not as high as last winter, except foolscap, which is stationery.

Tobacco—Very low and has a downward tendency.

Silver—Close, but not close enough to get hold of.

THE Emperor of Japan is the most far-seeing monarch in the world. He doesn't want to be driven from his throne by a bombshell or a hostile revolution, so he sets up the revolution himself by declaring that in 1890 he will abdicate his absolute power and give Japan a Parliament and a constitutional government. How much more gracefully they do such things in Japan than in Russia.

IT has taken seven years to edit the correspondence of Peter the Great, the first volume of which will shortly appear in St. Petersburg. And yet we don't believe it will have as large a sale in this country as "Mad Joe; or the Good Little Boy who Murdered his Kind Grandmother," which was written in four hours and a half.

THE EBB AND FLOW.

ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

The tide slips up the silver sand,
Dark night and rosy day;
It brings sea-treasures to the land,
Then bears them all away.
On mighty shores from east to west
It wails, and gropes, and cannot rest.

O Tide, that still doth ebb and flow
Through night to golden day;
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go,
Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away.
But sometime, on some gracious shore,
Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

BILL ARP'S COGITATIONS.

The Shoddyisms of the World Considered.

The millenium is coming. I know it must be coming. Our folks are getting so loving and kind—so humble and so forgiving. Who would have thought that Atlanta would ever haved fixed up an ovation for General Sherman? I see that the exposition has appointed a committee to receive him with an address of welcome. I suppose this is to show our growing piety and sanctification, our love for our enemies, which are all Christian virtues of a high character. It's all right, I reckon, but Bill Fort asked me if Jeff Davis had ever been invited to the show, and I told him he had and that he would be ovated soon as he returned from Europe.

Now, there is not such a great difference between great men, so-called, and common men nohow.—The older I grow the less fear and reverence I have for great men.—They have all got their weaknesses and the greater the man the greater the weakness. A great man's sin is a shining light and can be seen all over the country, and has a bad influence on the rising generation. A great man can make swearing or drinking or gambling or libertinism or swindling the government, respectable. An humble citizen, who sets a good example to his own children and other people's children, is about as great as anybody in this day and generation. I asked Jim Jones one day to go with me to the hotel to call on Alek Stephens, and says he, "If I was to go to Crawfordville, Alek wouldn't call on me, and I'll be dog'd if I'm going to call on him. Honors are easy." Lets quit running after big folks and big things. I went into Billy Russell's store one day for some tobacco and he advised me not to pay too much for a brand, "for," says he, "there is just as good tobacco that hasn't got any name or notoriety, and I can sell it for half the money. My friend Cobe went down to Atlanta the other day and wouldn't go in to see the exposition. He said it wasn't nothing but a durned old cattle show, for he seed the pictures of the man-cows all over the houses and fences and everywhere else. Well they can't pay for all this printing and painting and gassing and blowing and bellering around without putting up the price or adulterating the article, and to my opinion they are doing both.—But then there are some folks who love to be fooled and they rather pay for brand than not. Some folks rather go to Saratoga and keep sick than to go to Cohuttah Springs and get well. Some girls wouldn't get married in a dress that wasn't made in New York, just as though the feller who married her expected to sleep with the dress. Lord have mercy on us all. These modern weddings are humbugs. They are conspiracies against their friends, and the public, and the old man's money purse. It takes about all that a young man makes now-a-days to keep up with the nuptial presents he has got to make. They owe money they can't pay, but the silver butter dish must come. The girls ought to break up the custom and print on their wedding cards, "no presents." Too much silverware at the start is a dangerous thing for a young couple, for it calls for other things to correspond, and will keep the young man on a strain to keep up appearances. I knew a pair of brass andirons to ruin a man thirty years ago, and he never has recovered from it, for they called for a fender and the fender called for a fine rug and the rug for a carpet and the carpet for curtains and cornice, and so fourth and fifth and sixth, until he got in debt and tried to sell his house to pay out and he couldn't sell it, but the sheriff came along and sold it just as easy.

Extravagance and trying to keep up with the nabobs is the graet domestic trouble in this country. It brings on financial distress and that causes speculation and embezzlement and bamboozlement and ends in whiskey and suicide. There is no security in this life but honest industry and living within one's means. Folks who do that don't kill themselves. That sort of a man is happy and that sort of a woman hasn't got time to be hankering after another fellew. Children read to much trash now a-days. There are two many books and sensational newspapers—too much fashion and esthetics. I don't know what that last thing is, but I know there is too much of it. But go ahead with your exposition; that's all right; only I wouldn't ovate any more than is decent and dignified and in good taste. Take those man cows off the palings, for our people don't want to be bull-dozed. Avoid toadyism and esthetics and come square down to the facts and all will be well. Don't pay too much for the brand. I went into the cotton exchange the other day to see how the thing was done. I had an idea of betting a little just to find out how capital was exchanged for experience, but the feller wanted to charge me $25 for the privilege of betting at all, and I wouldn't pay it, for two reasons: It was giving him too much advantage, and I didn't have the money. I was willing to risk four dollars on an even bet. There was an old gentleman sitting there who had a mournful expression of countenance, and I asked a friend if he hadn't lost some member of his family, and he pointed to the black board and said something about cotton and points. Another feller came in and looked at the board with his off eye and took a drink of water and went out without speaking to me, though he was an old friend. I reckon the water was better than that he had over to his store.

On the whole I believe that spots are the best. Deal in spots if you deal at all, and pay as you go. Spot cotton, spot wheat and corn, especially for an old man. My children are all spots, and I am glad of it.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF JERUSALEM.

Reuf Pasha, the Turkish Governor, of Jerusalem, has recently received imperative orders from Sultan Abdul Hamid to resume the work of restoration of Solomon's Temple, commenced under the reign of Abdul Aziz, but discontinued some five years ago. The Pasha has also been instructed to clear the great square fronting the temple of all the rubbish and rank vegetation with which it is at present encumbered. In this square stands the famous Mosque of Omar, which derives a revenue of some £15,000 a year from pilgrim contributions and other sources. Hitherto the greater portion of this sum found its way annually to Stamboul. The Sultan, however, has decreed that henceforth it shall be applied to defraying expenses of the works before alluded to, the present resumption of which, as the original inception, is due in reality to suggestions made at different times to the Ottoman authorities by members of the Austrian Imperial family. The restoration of the Temple ruins was begun at the instance of Francis Joseph during his visit to the Holy Land, shortly after the accession of Abdul Aziz to the throne; and it was the recent pilgrimage of the Archduke Rudolph to Judea that imparted a fresh impulse to the interrupted enterprise. Not only has the Commander of the Faithful signified it to be his sovereign will that the works should be carried out without further delay but two officials of the Sublime Porte, Serid and Raif Effendim, have already left Constantinople for Jerusalem with instructions to take measures on their arrival for insuring the literal fulfillment of his Majesty's decree. The gratitude of Christians and Jews alike is due to Abdul Hamid for lending his high authority to so generous and enlightened an undertaking.

WILTED.

Not along ago a St. Louis merchant told his wife that he was compelled from consideration of expediency, to take a customer from the country to the theatre. When his wife commented on the elaborate nature of his toilet for a rural person of the male sex, he replied:

"Oh, you see, everything depends upon impressing that sort of people favorably."

At this moment the merchant's office boy made his appearance.

"Well, said the somewhat agitated husband, "did you see the gentleman I sent you to?"

"Yes, sir: replied the messenger.

"And you told him I had seats for the theatre."

"Yes, sir; and he said, that he was much obliged, and he would wait for you."

"Was he all ready?" asked the unsuspecting wife."

"Yes, all rigged, except putting on his lace collar, and fastening his earrings."

"What's that? Lace collar and earrings?"

"Yes, my dear, my friend is troubled with weak eyes, and the doctor makes him wear earrings:",

"And I suppose he has to wear a lace collar to prevent him from taking cold. Well, sonny you can go back and tell the gentlemen he needn't put on his lace collar and things, because Mr. S. has some business to attend to at home.' And Mr. S. wilted on the spot."

NOT USED TO HIM.

The other evening a Brush street policeman heard a whistle shrilly blown and a female voice calling for help, and after a short run he reached the scene of commotion. A man was getting up and falling down again on the door steps, and a female had her head out of an upper window and seemed to be half scared to death.

'What's the matter?' asked the officer.

'A man has been kicking on the door,' she answered.

'This man here?'

'Yes. I thought he'd tear the whole house down.'

The officer reached out for the man and made two discoveries at once. It was the woman's husband, and he was fighting drunk.

'Why this man wouldn't hurt you—he's your husband,' he called out.

'Is that so? Charles, is that you?'

'Bet yer life's smee,' murmed Charles.

'Then you really must excuse me, Mr. Officer. You see, we have only been married six weeks and I do not readily recognize him yet. I'll be down in a minute, darling.'

First boy—"What ails ye?"

Second boy—"Naw-nawthing."

"Yes there is! You've been bawling!"

"No, I h-hain't."

"What is it, then?"

"Naw-nawthing, only yesterday I gave that Jones boy a licking, and this morning his father bought him a goat. All the boys are over there, and the goat is bunting all the boys, and all the boys and goats are bunting each other, and I'm left out in the c-cold 'cause I licked the boy who runs the animal!"

A BULLDOG walked into a colored church in Memphis during the services, marched quietly up the main aisle ascended the pulpit, caught hold of the minister, and dragged him down stairs. There was nothing to account for the dogs behavior, unless it was that the minister was a visitor.

All Sorts of Clippings

If you do right, you'll be happy.

True piety is no enemy to courtesy.

Where reason rules, appetite obeys.

The days, like most country editors are getting pretty short.

A good conscience can bear a great deal.

Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.

It is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.

Politeness is worth nothing without good will.

Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to Heaven.

Strive for the best, and provide against the worst.

He who throws out suspicions should be suspected himself.

Be graceful if you can; but if you can't be graceful, be true.

One day is worth three to him who does every thing in order.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself.

It is impossible to live pleasurably without living honorably.

A wall between both preserves friendship.

As you use your parents, so your children will use you.

"Cowardly as an honest man" would be a good proverb.

With misconduct and economy one can always get on in the world.

"Show your colors," says a cynic, "everywhere but on your nose."

Paper is being made from sugar canes, after the sugar is extracted.

When a man points an empty pistol at us we want to stand behind him.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to woman, and the first it takes away.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many

Duty looks more repelling at a distance than when fairly faced and met.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than any of them appear.

A rash man is liable to break out any moment, no matter how he may feel about it.

To be agreeable in society, it behooves one neither to see nor remember a good many things.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst of reading.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the two most important objects of life.

Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage, for the father it goes the faster it will increase.

Affliction is school or academy wherein the best scholars are prepared for the commencement day of the Deity.

There is land enough in Texas to give four acres to every man, woman and child in the United States.

Pennsylvania is said to supply nearly one-half the eggs New York eats.

A leading Chicago builder calculates that 2,000,000 brick are being laid every day in Chicago.

Four barrels of water of the Great Salt Lake will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt.

The annual production in the United States for several years past has been about 7,000,000,000 pins.

The total area planted with tobacco in the United States is 638,841 acres, producing 472,661,159 pounds.

I know two beautiful things: The starry heavens above my head, and the sense of duty within my heart.

If the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself, perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

As riches and favors forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

We might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men which appertain not to our charge.

The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the features.

Indulge in procrastination, and in time you will come to this—that because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it.

Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

Do right in all things as far as you know how, but be sure you know how when you do write for the newspapers.

Sin always begins with pleasure, and ends with bitterness. It is like the colt that was very tame in front and very wild behind.

As many as 20,000,000 codfish are taken by the Lofoden (Norway) fishermen alone.

A project is on foot in Canada to purchase 2,000,000 acres of land to start a temperance colony.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Ira Brown, the enterprising real estate man states that he could and would say a good word for the St. Jacobs Oil, which had cured him of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism that all other treatments had failed even to allay.

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