The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 32.

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, 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 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore.

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

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

Freight on grain 4c. per bushel.

JOS. W. THOMPSON, 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.

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.

THOS. L. HINES & CO'S. Is the place to get stove castings. They keep a fully supply of all patterns. Oct. 13

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

STOVE REPAIRS and Bricks on hand, and for sale, at less than city prices, at

JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

THE

Philadelphia TIMES

Now stands confessedly at the head of Philadelphia journalism in all that makes a thoroughly complete, general and family newspaper. It is more complete in its news, in its special correspondence, in its varied contributions on all subjects of popular interest, and in all the qualities of a newspaper for the family circle and for the business man than any of its contemporaries, because its facilities and resources are equal to every want of a first-class national journal.

"The Weekly Times" has nearly doubled its former large circulation during the year. Its contributors from week to week are among the foremost men of the nation, and no department of news or literature is slighted in any number on any pretext. It is adapted as well to women as to men; hence, although its political intelligence is full and accurate and its political editorials free and fearless, liberal provision is made for literary, dramatic and musical matters, travels and adventure, fiction, poetry, fashions and the chronicle of current social events. In all these departments the pens of the best writers are engaged, while selections from other journals are made with care, taste and fullness that are unsurpassed.

The "Annals of the War" embracing chapters of unwritten history contributed by prominent actors in the war of the rebellion, are a valuable feature of the paper and have become a recognized depository of such matters, whether from Northern or Southern sources. This department, as well as all others, will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

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THE DAILY TIMES—Delivered in the City of Philadelphia and surrounding Towns for Twelve Cents a week. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS, postage free. Six Dollars a year, or Fifty Cents a month.

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THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

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.

SPRING DALE

PURE RYE WHISKEY

FIVE YEARS OLD,

50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Rockbridge Virginia Pure Whiskey,

THREE YEARS OLD,

$2 a Gallon.

H. ROSENHEIM.

375 West Baltimore street,

Between Eutaw and Paca streets.

Sept. 15, 1881—6m.

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

MY LOVE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Not as all other women are—
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone
And sweet they are as any tone,
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seems of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble path of life.

Blessing she is! God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
For hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is not fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

On nature she doth muse and brood
With such a still and love-clear eye—
She is so gentle and so good—
The very flowers in the wood
Do bless her with their sympathy.

She is a woman: one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

And youth in her a home will find,
Where he may dwell eternally;
Her soul is not of that weak kind
Which better love the life behind
Than that which is, or is to be.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

A MINE OF RUBIES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A thin mantle of snow covered the earth like a tattered garment, making the landscape seem unfinished and unbearably dreary.

Arnold Wait regarded the picture of desolation from his car window, half regretting that Duty insisted upon his going up into the country to spend Christmas with his Aunt Ennis, who was as disagreeable as Duty herself, while Pleasure beckoned him over to his favorite Aunt Helen's house in the city.

His Aunt Ennis had sent invitations to her three nephews for Christmas day, and while two of the young men had sent regrets, Arnold, who had a soft heart, could not say her nay, for she was as lonely as if she had been the most unlovable woman in Christendom—probably more so, for she was so poor no one ever thought of tolerating her crossness, or of calling it eccentricity.

Arnold was a puzzle to his friends—to those who knew him best most of all. Gentle and deferential to ladies always, passionately fond of children, and, though scarcely over twenty-five, on the high road to business success, no one knew of his ever appearing to be in love, or of offering his hand in marriage.

A devoted brother to his one married sister he proved, and his Aunt Helen was as fond of him as of her own sons.

'Why don't you get married, Arnold?' was a question that met him at almost every turn.

'I am looking for a wife,' he would answer, almost earnestly; 'but I must find her in my own way.'

He went out in society a great deal, but he seemed as fond of the wall-flowers as the belles. He spent his summer vacations in traveling; he subscribed to all the society papers; he was acquainted with the brightest and most fashionable young ladies far and near—yet he never appeared to fall in love.

'Has Arnold ever had a disappointment?' questioned an old lady of his Aunt Helen, one day.

'Never, you may be sure, or he would be soured in some way. Besides, I have known Arnold intimately every year of his life, except, perhaps, his last in college, when I was in Europe. But if he had fallen in love that year, he would never have graduated as he did!'

So it was settled, and Arnold went his way, a wonder among men.

This afternoon, while his eyes looked out upon the wintry scene, his heart looked back over many years—or what seemed many years to him. He saw a corner of a half-warmed, half-lighted church, a young girl seated upon a pile of cedar-boughs, weaving wreaths of cedar and hemlock and holly, her eyes drooping half over her work, and half because his own sought them so earnestly.

Her cheeks were flushed, too, not altogether from walking in the wind, and her white hands, binding the boughts together, moved unsteadily.

He lingered over this picture lovingly; never since had he seen a face so sweet.

'To-morrow,' she said (for he went on with the old memory), 'papa is coming for me—after all, I shall not see the decorations here at Christmas time.'

He remembered it all so well, even to the sorrowful lifting of the rare brown eyes.

'To-morrow, Ada!' he echoed, in regretful surprise, 'if you go to-morrow, when shall we ever meet again?'

'I don't know,' she said, bending her head over her work still lower, until he could see little but the crown of soft brown hair which was brushed back into a heavy braid that swept the boughs beside her. And then, in explanation of the whole, she drew from her pocket a letter, and placed it in his hands.

It was from her father, and he read it, the angry blood mounting to his face, and he was slow to anger, too. It was a harsh letter, saying her aunt, with whom she was staying, had written word that Ada had forgotten herself, and given her promise to wed one of the students, although she knew he had other plans for her.

He was coming for her at once, and, as there was no reason for delay, she must prepare to wed her Cousin Carl the coming Easter tide.

'Is your cousin ugly or old?' Arnold asked, as quietly as possible.

'No; he is young, he is handsome, he is kind—but, ah, I do not love him, and I never will!'

'But you will be obliged to marry him, Ada.'

She looked up into his face—a frightened glance.

'There is but one remedy,' he answered, stooping low as he spoke, that no one in the church might hear. 'Marry me to-night, and you are free from him and safe with me.'

She shrank from him, catching her breath quickly, and then looking back into his face, alarm upon hers.

'If you love me, Ada,' he said, "you will marry me to-night, here.'

It was growing late; the ladies who had been busy in braiding festoons and garlands were beginning, with their escorts, to disperse. The young rector, who was Arnold's friend, and also an especial favorite with Ada's aunt, now approached the pair—he was to accompany Ada home. Arnold briefly, but passionately, told him his story. The rector, Mr. Ward, was eloquent and devout, a favorite with the congregation, but sometimes, people said, acting upon too sudden impulses. He heard the story and, his own heart sore from parting with the woman he loved because her father interfered, he said:

'I will marry you—it is the only thing you can do.'

Ada hesitated, afraid to take the step, and Arnold tried his powers of persuasion, while the rector went to speak to the old sexton, an iron gray man, who never spoke to any one, except when addressed. One by one, the people were going, and at last only the rector, the sexton, Arnold and Ada were left.

'I will marry you,' Ada said, at length, 'if you will allow me to go home with Mr. Ward as though nothing had happened. Do not attempt to claim me until after you have graduated, and upon my part, I will not tell my father until you come, except I find it necessary to keep me from a second marriage. I will write and tell you whither I go, so you may know where I am always, and then I will wait for you.'

To this he consented—Mr. Ward thought it wisest, too—and they were married, the sexton giving the now pale and anxious bride away, the ring being an old-fashioned circlet that had been Arnold's mother's, and was set with two rubies and a pearl.

The ceremony over, Arnold had but a moment in which to embrace his trembling bride, kiss her cold lips, and whisper reassuring words into her ear, when there was a rap at the church door.

Ada's aunt had become alarmed at her absence, the fear of that "dreadful student" being in her mind, and had come to see her safely home.

At the sound Ada slipped, fainting from Arnold's arms, and Mr. Ward sent the sexton for restoratives and to open the door, while he dragged the unwilling Arnold into the street, bidding him go home and be a man, or he would spoil all.

This did not prevent him from prowling about and returning from "the dragon's," as he termed the residence of Ada's relative, in the carriage with Mr. Ward, who assured him that Ada had recovered, but was so pale as to excite the sympathy of her father, who arrived during his sister's absence; and all things considered, it was not probable that he would take her away next day.

So Arnold went to his lodgings, rose and attended his classes the following day, getting through them he scarcely knew how, for he received a message from Mr. Ward at noon, saying Mr. Haven had taken Ada away in an early morning train.

* * * * * * * *

That was nearly five years ago, and Arnold had not heard one word from her since that eventful night. He searched for her, quietly, always; he never doubted her faithfulness and truth.

Mr. Ward had since lost favor with his congregation, and gone across the Continent; even Ada's aunt had disappeared—there was no clew to his lost wife remaining. He was growing tired of waiting, and never was he so weary of it as on this winter afternoon.

The conductor now came to collect his ticket; the next station was his last. He looked up and saw the sunset sky was blood-red and glowing—it had touched with a rosy brightness the threadbare patches of snow.

The train was curving slowly round one hill before it began the ascent of another, and presently there came in view a pretty, modern country-house in gray, touched up with red, its windows shining in the red light like a mine of rubies.

Arnold snatched up satchel and umbrella, and went out upon the platform for a lingering look at the house, which, pert looking as possible, was perched at the foot of the hill. As the train still curved, he was rewarded with another glimpse of the house, the end of it being now in sight, and a lighted lamp within showed an invalid's easy chair, a geranium gay with flowers, and, lastly, a young girl watching the train.

One glance, and then he looked with heart and eyes, for surely this world could never hold two such faces.

He descended one of the platform steps, and leaning further over to make assurance surer still; and then a sudden jolting of the car, together with the excitement of the moment, caused him to lose his hold, and he fell headlong down the embankment, and on down the hillside, striking branches of trees, projecting rocks and frozen ground alternately, but failing to grasp anything to stay his fall, until it was arrested by the very gate posts, near the door of the house he had been watching.

The girl rushed out. She had seen it all, but failed to recognize in the fuller form and heavily mustached lips her lover-husband of five years ago.

'Is it possible you are not killed?' she asked, with more nervousness than discretion, as she knelt by his side.

'I don't know,' he said, stunned and dazed and benumbed by a hundred bruises. 'I only know'—making an effort to clasp her hands—'I have found you at last, Ada, my wife.'

Then she knew him, and as, with a pleading glance, he looked into her face, which gradually changed to unconsciousness, she bent over and kissed his mouth.

'Ah, what a strange marriage and what an unfortunate lot!' she cried. 'He leaves me in a dead faint a moment after marriage, and five years later comes fainting back to me! My good Ursula, do not tell me he is dead!' to the middle aged woman who now came and also knelt by Arnold's prostrate form.

"He is not dead! Trust me, Miss Ada,' the woman replied. 'But let us get him into your father's chair, and send for Dr. James."

So when Arnold came to his wits at last he was lying in the very invalid chair he had watched from the car. The geranium, with its red flowers, stood at his feet, and beside him, applying restoratives, and chattering over him like a mother would to her infant, was the girl wife he had sought so long, who received him as though she had believed in him all these years, just as he had trusted her. And then the doctor came and she was sent away and an hour later she was called back to hear the result of his injuries.

'Nothing serious, I assure you,' the doctor said. 'There is only a sprained ankle, a fractured wrist, a bruised shoulder, a skinned and battered knee, and a few other slight contusions here and there. Mere trifles, Miss Haven, I assure you,' seeing her horrified face. 'It is a very unfortunate occurrence,' mistaking her look, and speaking in a loud aside, 'but it won't be necessary to have him upon your hands for more than a week. In fact, if you object to his remaining, he can be removed without much pain in two or three days. He will probably be feverish at first, for he is pretty well bruised; but as soon as that is over he can go to the hotel. If you wish, I'll engage rooms for him at the Hilltop House, and have a carriage sent for him at the first possible moment. From his appearance, I judge he can stand the expense.'

'Pray, don't trouble yourself,' she answered, so coldly, the doctor wondered what was the matter. 'Mr. Wait is an old friend, and I shall certainly keep him him here until he is quite well.'

But after the doctor had gone, and Ada had sent Ursula to look about some supper for the invalid, she shook her finger at Arnold, and warned him not to speak of their marriage, upon pain of death.

'It will create too much talk,' she said, when he began to interpose objections to such a course. 'Everybody takes me for the most demure spinster in the world. Wait until you are well, and then we will be married over again, if you are still of the same mind.'

It was no use for him to say a word. She coaxed him and finally she kissed him, and, of course, she had her own way. And then she told him how her father had taken her directly to Canada after their wedding, where, when she found him still determined upon her marriage with her cousin, she at last disclosed the fact of her previous marriage. Out of revenge he had her watched like a nun, and every attempt to send a word to Arnold was frustrated. This went on for years, when he was taken ill, and then, since the physician pronounced his malady a fatal one, he bound her by a promise, to refrain from writing to Arnold until after his death.

This done, he returned to the States, bought a cottage within a few hours of the city, where they remained until his death, which occurred only a month before.

'And now,' she said, 'he is gone, and I am free. I am of age; he has left his whole property to me as Ada Haven, but without restrictions. I fancied, by your remark when you landed so unceremoniously at the gate a short while since, that you were glad to find me, and, though I strongly object to the manner of your coming, I am glad I was not obliged to send you word before you came, after all. I have heard of your irreproachable conduct, and it was frightfully hard to wait and not send for you, as I had promised. But now we have found each other, we must keep the past a secret, or no one will ever believe in demure maidens and good little boys any more.'

'But you don't consider me at all,' he said, laughing; 'nevertheless, think how hard it is to be married, lose your wife for five years, and then when you find her, to be obliged to woo her all over again. If I am, however, I give you fair warning, Mrs. Wait, the second wooing will be shorter than the first.

She blushed at the title he gave her, and held up her hands deprecatingly as Usula's step was heard in the passage.

'I'll manage you somehow,' she laughed, and, being a woman, she did.

She sent for his Aunt Ennis as soon as she heard of the old lady's existence, and, much shocked, his affectionate relative repaired to Ada's cottage to assist the poor girl in taking care of Arnold, and he was too kind hearted to be cross about it, whatever he thought of the proceedings.

As soon as he was able to sit up and hobble about the room, Aunt Ennis disclosed the reason for her invitation.

'I haven't money enough to leave to keep a cat alive,' she said; 'but I've in my possession a set of really valuable rubies that an old aunt of mine once gave me, and everybody thought I had sold to keep body and soul together. So I said I'd leave 'em to my nephew that thought the most of me; or, if they all liked me well enough to come out and stay over Christmas, I'd divide the lot among them. So here they are, Arnold, for a wedding present to your wife.'

The old lady opened the casket, which truth compels me to say was a paper-collar box, and exhibited a really fine set of rubies.

'I thought I had fallen into a mine of rubies the other night,' said Arnold, 'and I was right after all,' as he held up the glowing gems for Ada's inspection.

And Ada had them for a wedding present, for they were remarried before the beginning of Lent, making a nine days' wonder for society people, because Arnold had fallen in love so abruptly at last.

'You have a most excellent husband,' said an old lady to Ada, a few days ago, 'but were you not a little afraid to accept a man you knew so short a time?'

'Oh, no!' returned Ada, hastening with her usual good nature, to answer the rather doubtful query. 'I had heard of Mr. Wait before, and besides, he threw himself at my feet in so emphatic and earnest a manner the evening he left the cars so abruptly, it was impossible for me to refuse him.'

A STRANGE CUSTOM.

The respectable women of Thibet always appear in public with their faces painted black, so as to disguise their charms and thus prevent frail men from the perils of too great admiration. Before going out of doors they invariably rub their faces over with black glutinous varnish, something like current jelly in appearance. The object being to render themselves as unattractive as possible, they daub this composition over every feature, so as to render their faces as unlike those of human beings as possible. M. Huc in his travels in the country ascertained that the singular custom had its origin in the decree of a Lania king, some two hundred years ago. This king, being a man of austere habits, was desirous of checking the license which prevailed among the people, and which had even spread to the priests of the Buddhists monasteries to such an extent as to relax their discipline, issued an edict that no woman should appear in public otherwise than with her face daubed in the manner described. Severe temporal and spiritual penalties enforced the decree among them, the terrible wrath of Buddha. Tradition says that women were perfectly resigned and obedient, and that far from the edict giving rise to a petticoat rebellion, the practice was cheerfully adopted and has been faithfully observed down to our own time. Now, it is considered a point of religious creed and evidence of a spirit of devotion, the women who daub their faces the most being the most religious. Its only in the large towns that women are seen in the streets with unpainted faces.

REMEMBERING FACES.

If a man would succeed as a detective, a clergyman, a hotel keeper, or as a polititian, he should cultivate the art of recollecting faces. It is said of a certain statesman, whose fame is national, that he never forgets a face or a name. The power of this art is due to the fact that a man's vanity is flattered by having one who has not seen him, perhaps for years, call him by name. Henry Clay possessed this faculty in a marked degree. Indeed, it was said that only one man in the United States excelled him in this respect, and that was Jennings, the bar-tender of the old City Hotel of New York.

During a political campaign in Mississippi, Mr. Clay stopped for a few minutes at Clinton. A crowd gathered about the cars to greet the popular orator. Among the people was an eccentric old man with one eye, who, making his way through the crowd, exclaimed:

"Don't introduce me, for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me."

"Where did I know you?" asked Mr. Clay, taking the old man by the hand.

"Have you lost that eye since I saw you?"

"Yes."

"Turn the sound eye to me that I may see your profile."

"I have it," said Mr. Clay. "Did you not give me a verdict as juror, at Frankford, Kentucky, 21 years ago?"

"I did! I did!" exclaimed the exultant old man.

"And is not your name Hardwicke?"

"It is," and turning to his friends, asked triumphantly, "Didn't I tell you that Harry Clay would know me, though he hasn't seen me for over twenty years? Great men never forget faces."

It is safe to say that Mr. Clay received that old man's vote.

THAT only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect purifies the manners.

ENFOLDINGS.

The snowflake that softly all night is whitening
treetop and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness
and death to the hamlet;

The ray stealing in through the lattice to awaken the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten
reach of the desert;

The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome
young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and treacherous thicket of forest;

The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the
homes and the life of the valley;

The play of the jetlets of flame when the children laugh out on the hearth-stone;
The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible,
hissing combustion;
The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkles in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin;

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that
can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens, and shows how God
may be thrust from his creatures;

For this do I tremble and start when the rose
on the vine taps my shoulder—
For this, when the storm beats me down, my
soul groweth bolder and bolder.

—*Century Magazine.*

DEATH OF THE OLD WIFE.

She had laid all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily-labored breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bedside; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked in tremuous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children? she queried; "are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her?—the children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and, growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn.

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark;

"My trust is in thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?"

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light.

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him! The old man 'patted her cold hands, hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them, and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. Why what a woman she had been? What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand; of wedding feasts and death-bed triumphs; and when at mid-night she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the name of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

"Oh, may I in his courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green."

But what strange transformation was there? the wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said softly.

"You've found Heaven first Janet, but you'll come for me soon! It's our first parting in more than seventy years, but it won't be for long—it wont be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We have planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage or giving in marriage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Aeronautical Society of Berling hope next year to hold an exhibition of aerial inventions.

All Sorts of Clippings

Woman's rights—husbands.

He is happiest who finds peace in his home.

The world either hardens or breaks the heart.

In life as in a promenade—women must lean on man.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.

A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.

Sala justly says baggage is maltreated in this country.

A national marriage association in Indiana has failed.

The artist's adieu to his picture—"You be hanged!"

The miner's little effort—"I seek for wealth in vein."

The physician's motto—"Have patients, and you will succeed."

India green, a sort of bronze shade is one of the esthetic tints.

Dr. Roop, of Seaford, Del., has a London Bible dated 1682.

Jennie June thinks alpaca an unbending, disagreeable fabric.

The eating of shrimp salad is considered highly bon ton now.

Congressman Cox gained forty-one pounds by his foreign trip.

The esthetic movement has revived puffed sleeves, for one thing.

Many a girl looks prettier in a soft wool dress than in shiny silk.

The Chinese are opening appetizing chop houses in San Francisco.

Green county in Texas has two milions acres of unappropriated land

The Mormon question—will you be a fraction of my wife, darling?

It is said that Vanderbilt now holds $80,000,000 in government bonds.

A single order of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is for 3,100 new cars.

It used to be called a bustle. Now the fair maid asks for dress improver.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and willsee the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

Young and slender women prefer low round waists with belts for evening wear.

Many Chicago ladies of the best society have decided not to have wine at luncheon.

Two girls captured an exhausted deer at Barren Forge, Hunting county last week.

The more attractively that a young lady can dress her hair the more she advances her suit.

The girl pressed the leaves, but the boy pressed the girl. The press is mighty and must prevail.

The original manuscript of Mozart's "Requiem" has it is stated, been found in Berlin.

The deepest insult that can be given in Deadwood is to say: "You ain't worth lynching."

Gate posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them as your girls grow up.

A pair of scissors were found in an ox just killed in this State, and it is feared the ox has made food of some great editor.

"Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" "No, your Honor; I have always employed first class lawyers."

The soldiers of Italy cost that nation £36 [illegible] head annually, of France £51 [illegible] head, and of England, £140.

By the Saxon laws twelve years of age was fixed as the earliest possible development of the legal understading.

Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, have peach trees now living and bearing, which were planted in 1816.

Sheep cheese is very popular in Austria, and an enterprising Austrian has started sheep farm at Chattanooga, Geo., with 1,000 head.

Some people are unwisely liberal. They would rather give presnts than pay their debts.

Nothing is more dangerous than an imprudent friend. He is worse than a prudent enemy.

We receive an unknown person according to his dress, but take leave of him according to his merit.

The project of flooding the desrts of Sahara is abandoned. There is a little obstacle in the way.

Miss Lelia J. Robinson has hung out her shingle as an attorney-at-law in Boston, she being the first woman in that city to take that bold step.

Life is always interesting when you have a purpose and live in its fulfillment.

"We both scratch for a living," said the old hen to the editor. He told her to shear off.

If a man's aims in this world are good, the chances are that he will miss fire in the next.

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

Why is the meat in a sandwich like the middle-class in society? Because it lies between the upper crust and the underbred.

A little boy at church the first time with his sister upon hearing the organ play exclaimed, "Where's the monkey, Sarah?"

"You're a dear girl," he sighed, after paying for two oyster stews and three-fourths of a pie for her, and she thought him just two awfully sweet and affectionate.

"How can I leave thee?" said Adam to Eve. She made no reply, but pointed calmly to a fig tree in the distance.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Mr. Theodore Hively, tobacco and cigar dealer, 109 Seneca street, was recently laid up with rheumatism so that he couldn't walk. After liberal use of various preparations he purchased a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and, to use his own expression, "It was the first thing to afford him anything like relief." He has completely recovered by its use.

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