The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1882. VOL. XX-NO. 34.

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.

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.

New Millinery

FOR

FALL & WINTER,

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of **HATS.**

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Shaded Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons,
Handsome Ostrich Plumes
and Tips of all varieties,
and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

Oct. 27, 1881. MRS. KATE GILL.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1881.

WHITE GOODS.

NANSOOKS, Plaids, Lace Stripes, Figured Lace Stripes, India Lawns, Madras Linens, Piques, Marseilles, Basket Goods.

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

DON'T

Go away to buy Christmas Goods when you can find a choice selection at STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Elegant Novelties, Prices Right. *No fancy profits.* The question is what shall I buy? Come and we will tell you. Come soon, before the rush. Choice is greater now, hurry less.

Vases and Toilet Sets in abundance. Plush Goods of the finest quality, and artistic workmanship. Porcelain Roses of French importation, $1 less in price than same goods in Baltimore. Silver Ware, the largest and most varied stock ever seen in Chestertown.

Colognes and Perfumeries of choicest odors. Stationery in beautiful boxes. Books for the old and young. Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and Bibles from 20c. to $5.

For children we have little fancy articles too numerous to mention, and books for them in bright and illuminated covers—one of the best we will mention (Chatter Box), which we have made a specialty of, and will sell you very cheap.

Gold Pens and Pencils. You already know the quality of these goods, they are made by Aikin, Lambert & Co., of N. J.

We extend to one and all a cordial invitation to visit our store, we can give you a comfortable seat while you examine goods.

Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM.

☞ We forgot to mention above that we had received an extra lot of Fine Majolica Ware, which we intend to sell without regard to cost.

Eclectic Magazine
OF
Foreign Literature, Science and Art.
1882—38th YEAR.

The ELECTIC MAGAZINE reproduces from foreign periodicals all those articles which are valuable to American readers. Its field of selection embraces all the leading Foreign Reviews, Magazines, and Journals, and the tastes of all classes of readers are consulted in the articles presented. Its plan includes *Science, Essays, Reviews, Sketches, Travels, Poetry, Novels, Short Stories, etc., etc.*

The following lists comprise the principal periodicals from which selections are made and the names of some of the leading writers who contribute to them:

PERIODICALS.	AUTHORS.
Quarterly Review.	Rt. Hon. Gladstone.
Brit. Quarterly Review	Alfred Tennyson.
Edingburg Review.	Professor Huxley.
Westminister Review.	Professor Tyndall.
Contemporary Review.	Rich. A. Proctor, B.A.
Fortnightly Review.	J. N. Lockyer, F.R.S.
The Nineteenth Cent'y,	Dr. W. B. Carpenter.
Popular Science Review	E. B. Tylor.
Blackwood's Magazine.	Prof. Max Muller.
Cornhill Magazine.	Professor Owen.
Macmillan's Magazine.	Matthew Arnold.
Fraser's Magazine.	E. A. Freeman, D.C.L
New Quart. Magazine.	Jas. Anthony Froude.
Temple Bar.	Thomas Hughes.
Belgravia.	Anthony Trollope.
Good Words.	William Black.
London Society.	Mrs. Oliphant.
Saturday Review.	Turgenieff.
The Spectator, etc., etc.	Miss Thackeray, etc.

☞ The ELECTIC MAGAZINE *is a library in miniature. The best writings of the best living authors appear in it, and many costly volumes are made from materials which appear fresh in its pages.*

PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1882.

Every subscriber to the ELECTIC remitting $5 directly to the publisher will receive, in addition to the ELECTIC for one year, a copy of the beautiful steel engraving of

"MARGUERITE."

This subject has been engraved for us by the same artist who engraved the small plate of "Marguerite," so much admired in our January number of last year.

Size of the engraved surface is 12x7 inches; size to frame about 15x10 inches. The price of this engraving in the art stores is $5, and it will be sent free to all subscribers who may indicate a desire to receive it.

TERMS.—Single copies, 45 cents; one copy, one year, $5; five copies, $20. Trial subscription for three months, $1. The ELECTIC and any $4 magazine to one address, $8. *Postage free to all subscribers.*

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,
25 *Bond Street, New York.*
Dec. 8, 1881.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATES REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors

All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W. COLEMAN, MANAGER.
March 10, 1881—y

DR. C. P. GILPIN
DENTIST,
HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,
offers his
Professional Services
TO THE PUBLIC.
Sept. 18, 1879.—6m

Do not use adulterated Baking Powder

When you can get HORSFORDS BREAD PREPARATION, perfectly pure, from C. F. STAM. It is manufactured by the distinguished Chemist Prof. E. N. Horsford, and regarded he best Bread Powder in use. July 31

ONE FAITH IN MANY FORMS.

BY M. A. DEVONS.

["What is the Being that is ever near, sometime felt, never seen; that which has haunted us from childhood with a dream of something surpassingly fair which has never yet been realized; that which sweeps through the soul at times as a desolation, like a blast from the wings of the Angel of Death, leaving us stricken and silent in our loneliness; that which has touched us in our tenderest point, and the flesh has quivered with agony, and our moral affections have shrivelled up with pain; that which comes to us in aspirations of nobleness and conceptions of superhuman excellence? Shall we say 'It,' or 'He'? What is It? Who is He?" —F. W. ROBERTSON.

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."
—SHELLY.]

What is His Name? What name will all express Him—
The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part—
So that all differing tongues may join a worship
Echoing in ever heart?

Then answers one—"God is an endless sequence,
Incapable of either break or flaw,
Which we discern but dimly and in fragments;
God is unchanging Law."

"Nay," saith another, "Law is but His method.
Look back, behind the sequence, to its source!
Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!
God is the primal Force."

"Yea, these are great, but God himself is greater;
A living harmony, no dead-cold rule,"
Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty
Hath found his soul's best school.

"Law, force, and beauty are but vague abstractions,
Too unconnected with the life of Man,"
One answers; "Man hath neither time nor power
Such mighty thoughts to scan.

"But here upon the earth we find him living,
And though in little time he fail and pass,
And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die with him,
Surely, as ripened grass;

"Yet Man the race—man as he may be—will be,
Once he has reached unto his full-grown height,
Calm, wise, large-hearted, and large-soul'ed, will triumph
In self-renouncing might.

"Who will not own, even now, with sight prophetic,
Life is divinest in its human dress,
And bend before it with a yearning reverence,
And strong desire to bless?"

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also beauty,
Wisdom and force; for they are all divine;
But God includes them, as some great cathedral
Includes each separate shrine,

So, Brothers, howsoe'er we apprehend Him,
Surely 'tis God himself we all adore—
Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,
Heart of all hearts, and more.

—*The Spectator.*

BACKWOODS JOLLITY.

A Christmas Day in One of the Back Countries of Missouri.

It used to be the saying in the army: "When a soldier is riding a hoss, and the hoss plays, the soldier is played."

When my mule played out after an all-day's ride through a Missouri snow-storm, I dropped off into snow a foot deep and more coming, and felt a bit discouraged.

It was in a back county, if there are any back counties in that State, and the settlers had located their cabins just six miles apart to a rod. When I set out to walk and pull the mule to boot, he looked up at the sky, around at the woods, and keeled over in despair. I was trudging along in the snow over my boot tops, and thinking how much easier it was to drown than to freeze to death, when the sound of a fiddle reached me between the snow-flakes, and I discovered I had reached a six mile cabin.

'Come in, old hoss!' sang out a voice, as I fell against the door.

When I opened it I was in a room about sixteen feet square—the only one in the house. The big fire-place gave light, and the furniture was home made. A gaunt, long-haired pioneer sat on a shake-down bed playing the fiddle; a gaunt, slim woman was dancing in the center of the floor, and several children were scattered around as spectators.

'Keep it up, old woman—'deevning, stranger—be through in a minit; find a cheer. Go in for all yer worth, Mary!' called the fiddler, as I shut the door behind me.

As I walked to the fire one of the children wheeled up a block of wood, and the father remarked:

'Powerful storm outside, stranger—keep them feet gwine, old lady—you children whipe off your mouths and sing with me:

"I was forty miles from Pike,
And the road was full of snow,
And the wind was getting ready
For to hump itself and blow."

'Faster now—change off higher—up with them hoofs—round with ye—hoe 'er down—ladies change—that's all—stranger, howdy!'

I was made at home.

'Wall, now, but this seems to be the hand of Providence," said the old man, as I drew up to the table. Here ye are snowed in, and here we are chuck full of provishuns and happiness, and to-morrer is Christmas. Stranger, I'll show ye more high steps, more hoots and yells, more music, and feasting and dancein' and gittin' up sta'rs to-morrer than ye ever saw in all yer born days! Ole woman, if this hain't the Lord's doin's then I'm a petrified reptile and never got religion.'

'Ben, yer right," added the wife, as she poured out another cup of burnt-corn coffee. 'We is a hos-pit-able family. When we can't whoop'er up fur a stranger on Thanksgiving or Christmas or New Year's, nobody else need try.'

After supper one of the boys took the fiddle, and the rest of the family limbered up for Christmas. When this process was ended it was time to go to bed, and the old man said to me:

'Now, then, ye kin see that we hain't bilin' rich. Here's two beds, and nine of us. Me and the old woman take one, you take t'other, and if the children can't keep warm afore the fire, I'll liven their blood with a gad. Git right into bed, stranger, and if the children git to fightin' in the night heave yer boots at 'em!'

If the children got into a row, I didn't hear them. It didn't seem as if I had slept an hour, when the pioneer shook me by the shoulder and called out:

'Say, stranger, daylight has arrove, and Christmas am here. Git up and prepar to jine in the festivities.'

The snow was four feet deep and still coming, but the prospect delighted my host, who cracked his heels together and exclaimed:

'If this hain't Divine Providence biled down, then I don't like coon and corn. You children stop that quarreling! Thomas Jefferson, did you forget to say yer prayers? If ye did, I'll wollop ye like blazes!'

We had coon meat, corn-dodgers, apple sauce and coffee for breakfast. Seats were found for the pioneer and myself, and the mother and children stood up. There was a long and embarrassing pause after we were all ready, and finally the man said:

'Stranger, I was givin' ye a chance to throw yerself on a blessin', but ye didn't tumble. Old woman, reel off sunthin' putty!'

She closed her eyes and uttered the following as if she had repeated it a thousand times:

'Now I lay me down to sleep, and bless this meat and bread and sass, We are thankful for what we've got, and not jealous of our betters. Keep us in good health, make coons plenty, and cause us to escape the itch and measles. Amen!'

When the table had been cleared away, the pioneer and wife held a consultation in a corner, and when it ended the man approached and asked:

"Stranger, are ye willin' to help us make this a whoopin' old day?'

'Yes.'

'Good! As a family, we are 99 per cent. on a rough-and-tumble. I'm about twice yer size and heft, and it wouldn't be a fair show, but the old woman is a pretty even match, and she's just achin' to lay ye on yer back!'

'But I never wrestled with a woman in my life.'

'Well, it's a good time to begin. She's wiry and quick, and she'll lay ye if she can. Stand right up, stranger, and do yer level best, to oblige me.'

I obliged. The situation was new and novel, and in twenty seconds I was thrown over one of the shake-downs with a crash that jarred the house. The old woman cracked her heels together, and crowed lustily, the children laughed, and the pioneer helped me up with the exclamation:

'Stranger, she's practiced this fur ten years, and she'll down any man in this county 'cept me. I knowed how it would be, but am much obleeged for your great kindness. The hull family will now swarm for their paternal dad.'

I retreated to a corner, and the old woman and her six children made a rush for the father. They were seven to one. They attacked him on all sides with great vigor, and were picked up and flung ten feet without being a bit discouraged. They finally got him foul and brought him down, and as he lay on his back he observed:

'Children, ye may well feel proud over this. It shows that ye are healthy and full of pluck, and that the itch has no business in a family like this.'

We had hickory nuts, pop-corn, cider and apples for lunch, and at dinner we had bear meat, pumpkin pie, roast woodchuck, apple butter and ginger bread. After the meal a half tame bear, about a year old was brought in, the floor cleared, and a grand hugging match took place. The old woman led off. Standing face to face with the cub, he hugged and squeezed. It was a nip and tuck. She sighed and coughed, and he growled and strained, but at last he whined, in token that his ribs could stand no more. Then the two big boys tackled him; but Bruin laid them both out.

After the bear we had a jumping match, in which the old woman beat the crowd. Then followed a target-shoot, in which every one beat me. Then the bear and the dog had a bout, and the dog was used up. In the evening we had a dance, played old sledge and drank hot cider; and as we got ready for bed the old woman read seven or eight lines from a battered Bible, and the man knelt down in all seriousness and prayed:

'This 'ere day has drawed to a close, and we are one peg nigher to the grave. A stranger come along and we took him in. We've fed on the fat of the land, had a busting old time, and expect to sleep like a load of brick. Keep us from growin' mean, continue our whoopin' good health, and reserve plenty of room in heaven for us all. That's about all, unless ye want to put it into the mind of the stranger to offer me his watch even up for my old mule. Amen!' M. QUAD.

A DISPATCH from Berlin to the London Post says: "Attention is now directed to the circumstance that the Russian authorities kept the knowledge of the discovery of the survivors of the Jeannette secret for a long time, and much antonishment is expressed at the action."

A PHILADELPHIA servant girl committed suicide and the coroner's jury could find no cause for the rash act. They do not know much about servant girls. She probably killed herself because she could not crowd ten nights out into one week.

AS A RESULT of the investigation of the charges against members of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment while at Richmond and Yorktown, Va., twenty of the offenders have been dismissed by order of the commander-in-chief.

MR. TILDEN AT HOME.

From the St. Louis Republican.

Mr. John G. Priest has just returned from a business trip to Philadelphia and New York. He was looking to be in first-class condition to enjoy Christmas Eve when a Republican reporter met him yesterday and asked him if he had picked up any news in his wanderings.

"I accepted an invitation to call on ex-Gov. Tilden while I was in New York," was the reply.

"Have a good time?"

"Indeed I did. I passed the afternoon with Mr. Tilden and John Bigelow, who was formerly Minister to France and subsequently Secretary of State of New York. I never was entertained better."

"How did you find Mr. Tilden?"

"Well, I don't find any change in him physically. He is an old man—one of the undemonstrative sort, but he is all right. He looks more feeble than he really is. Why! He showed us all over the house; went clear up into the tower."

"The tower?"

"Yes. He is living at his place called 'Graystone,' you know. They call it that because it is built of gray granite. It is a magnificent place, some miles up the Hudson from New York. You've heard about it. A most elegant building—some twenty-five or thirty rooms, finished in just the most luxurious style that money can pay for—sixty-five acres of ground fronting 1,200 feet on the Hudson—banks very high—magnificent view. There is a turret, or tower, on the house, fitted up with a large telescope, used as an observatory. Mr. Tilden walked up the stairs with us, and showed everything himself. And it didn't seem to trouble him. I noticed that his voice was clear as a bell while we were up there."

"So the old man is pretty lively yet?"

"Why, he's an old man, of course, but bright as a dollar. He is very methodical in his habits, attends to a large amount of business, keeps two secretaries with plenty to do, and manages to be hospitable at the same time, in a manner few men ever acquire. In about sixty days his place at Gramercy Park will be ready for occupancy, and he will move down to town. You know he has been having it greatly enlarged and completely refitted."

"Does Mr. Tilden talk on politics?

"He talks about anything, and talks well."

"Is he likely to be again a candidate?"

"Mr. Tilden is not a candidate. He didn't tell me so, but I know he is not. He has never been a candidate since 1876, when his own party let him be chiselled out of the Presidency after he had been fairly elected."

"Some of the New York papers say he his devoting his time exclsively to his library."

"Well, he has a library of about 20,000 volumes, fitted up in the most luxurious style that is known to the moderns. Any one would naturally be glad of a chance to devote some attention to such a treasury of literature, but if anybody thinks Mr. Tilden is buried in a library he is mistaken. He reads everything. He is as well posted on what is going on in the world as the Secretary of State. No part of the country escapes his notice, and he is just as well posted in social matters as political—that is, such as become public."

"What does he say about Tammany?"

"Oh, he enjoys the disorganization in the Tammany ranks, of course."

"Does he entertain much?"

"No. He is a little out of the way, and is only visited by intimate friends. When he moves into town, though, he will see plenty of people. His lavish hospitality is well known, and his company is much sought. Mr. Bigelow was joking him about the great extent of the additions to his town establishment and saying it looked suspicious, as the improvements were altogether too extensive for a bachelor. I remarked that his name had occasionally been coupled with that of a St. Louis belle. He replied that he made the acquaintance of the lady after the story was started. He added that she was married now, which merely shows that he keeps posted as to what is going on in the world. His interest in public affairs and in the Democratic party is just as lively as ever, and he will do as much as ever to hold the party together."

THE Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter, an Austin colored clergyman, wished to hint to Uncle Nace, who is his near neighbor, that a gift of a cord of firewood would be very gratefully accepted. Uncle Nace, by the way, does not like Whangdoodle much. Finally, says Whangdoodle, insinuatingly: "Uncle Nace, I'se gwine ter be powerful hard-up for firewood dis Winter. Can't yer gimme a load?" Uncle Nace looked all around, as if he was afraid of being overheard, and then he said; "Parson, is you werry partickler whar de wood comes from?" Parson Whangdoodle supposed this to mean that Uncle Nace was going to give him some stolen wood, so he replied: "Uncle Nace, as long as I gets de wood, I don't keer much whar it comes from." "Den, Parson, you don't keer whose wood you burns up?" "Hit's all de same ter me, Uncle Nace." "Well, I am gwine," said Nace. "Whar is yer gwine?" "Ter lock up my woodshed."

A thousand persons, mostly women, are emp'oyed in engraving and painting government money and bank notes at Washington. They are so strictly watched during the working hours, that they look upon themselves as prisoners.

LORD DUFFERIN, the British Embassador to Turkey, has refused to allow the authorities to search for explosives on board a British ship anchored at Constantinople.

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Sit down at the table, good comrade of mine;
Here is cheer, and some flasks of the vintage of Rhine;
Here is warmth, here is comfort, and smiles that betray
But a part of the welcome that greets you to-day;
And here in the centre, enthroned on a plate,
Superb in surroundings and royal in state,
You behold (why what cynic could give him a scowl?)
With his cranberry courtiers, our national fowl.

Folk call him a turkey—the name is absurd;
This fowl is a purely American bird.
His strut and his gobble, his arrogant air;
His plumage of bronze, speak my countryman there.
But, ho! he's a coward—ah! well, that depends!
He can fight for his hen and his chicks and his friends;
And in one thing he shows an American soul,
You never can force him to crawl through a hole.

There's an edge to the carving knife polished and bright;
The plates are all warm, and the napkins are white;
Before us the celery gleams through its vase,
And the cranberry-jelly is set in its place.
Thrust the sharp fork astraddle our beauty's breast-bone;
From his side cut thin slices, the whitest e'er known,
For the ladies, God bless them! but my ruder sense
Takes the thigh and the last part that gets o'er the fence.

Ah! white meat or brown meat, it matters not much;
'Tis taste we must please, not our seeing nor touch;
And with either for dinner we're not at a loss,
If we've celery in plenty and cranberry-sauce;
For, then, with a flask of good Rubesheimer wine,
We can manage, I fancy, in comfort to dine.
Nay, more; with a turkey like this at command,
Who'd not be a patriot, proud of his land.

They had figs in Judea, and fastings so fine,
Young kids dressed with olives, and what they called wine;
They had palm-trees and date-trees, and odors as rare
As the sweetest of roses could fling on the air.
What their fruits and their flowers to these cranberries red,
And their palm and their date-trees, this celery instead?
While as for their kids and their lambs and their quails,
One turkey—let's eat, for comparison fails.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

Some questions of etiquette, of social propriety, have been submitted to us, and require immediate answers, since our correspondents evidently desire to take advantage of the instruction we shall give them during the gay season in the midst of which we now are. A thorough knowledge of its customs oftentimes gives a man wonderful support in the trying situations into which he may be brought in polite society.

First, let us consider the questions propounded by a South Carolina friend. They are five in number, and are as follows:

"1. Please tell the meaning of 'Flotsam and Jetsam.'

"2. Is it *comme il faut* to leave the spoon in the cup or in the saucer when drinking coffee?

"3. Should pie be cut with a knife, or should the fork alone be used?

"On leaving the table, should the chair be pushed toward it again?

"Which arm should be given a lady on going to the dining room, and on which side of the gentleman should she sit?"

We answer the first question above, though it is not pertinent to the present elegant discussion. Fotsam and Jetsam are rude old terms belonging to sea law jargon. When goods float away from a wrecked ship they are goods flotsam; when they are cast overboard to save a ship in danger they are goods jetsam.

The quality of a man's breeding, his familiarity with polite society, his tact, his grace and his refinement are nowhere better tested than at the dinner table. It is true he may make amends for minor faults in his behavior by the wit and variety of his conversation, and by his ability to easily adapt himself to the occasion; but nothing can atone for absolutely offensive dinner table habits. It is not a very great matter whether he leaves his spoon in his coffee while he drinks the beverage or puts it in the s ucer, but he will satisfy the rules of propriety if he takes the spoon out of the coffee. Besides, by so doing he will display his good sense, for otherwise the spoon would be in his way.

As to the cutting of pie, a custom prevails which saves the diner from all doubt. It is usually served without a knife, and therefore he must perforce use a fork for cutting. What need is there for more than one of these table implements, provided the crust of the pie is not too tough to be eatable? The knife would be very unsuitable alone, that is plain, for our South Carolina friend would of course not commit the atrocity of conveying the pie to his mouth with it.

If your chair is in people's way when you leave the table, push it back, of course. Give your left arm to the lady whom you take in to dinner, because you want your right arm free to establish her at your right hand at the table. Having gracefully accomplished that delightful task, it remains for you to enchant her with your conversation during the progress of the banquet. But don't over exert yourself to be agreeable, and don't try to show off your wit and wisdom. Light easy and cheerful talk will suit her better. If she knows how to talk, the best way, after, all is to give her the lead, and show yourself an appreciative and sympathetic listener, suggestive rather than didatic or egotistical.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The question as to who shall be speaker of the house has to be settled after every marriage,

DROPPING INTO POETRY.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I have thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes the Eagle every day."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions; and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of the pure heart, if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth.—"You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses; and if you would please be so kind as to help me——"

Help her! Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul, as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

"How softly sweet the autumn air
The dying woodland fills,
And Nature turns from restless care—"

"'To anti-bilious pills'!" added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes, and it's so. You take anybody, now. All the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse runs like this:

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad,
While from the valley comes the roar—"

"'Of the mateless liver-pad'!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open up in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes. Were you to keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

"How sadly droops the dying day,
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say—"

"'The old man's drunk again' wouldn't do would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say, now just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? 'Deed it's new. 'Ben' is the Presbyterian name of overcoat, and 'spout' means to hook. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means, 'Why did I shove my topper?' That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid; that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

"The merry milkmaid's sombre song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—"

"'With hole's in both her socks,' by Jove!" cried the exchange editor. "You see—"

"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact, with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things just as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

"As silently she trips along
In autumn's yellow tracks."

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does 'tracks' rhyme to 'rocks'? Not in the Brooklyn Eagle it don't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the impression of some fellow heaving things at another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hand, rhymes with the 'rocks,' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

"And close behind, the farmer's boy
Thrills forth his simple tunes,
And slips beside the maiden coy—"

"'And splits his pantaloons'; done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute" and went out from him forever.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE total redemptions to date of extended bonds under the one hundred and fifth call are $16,912,000, leaving only $3,088,000 of those bonds outstanding. Only $440,000 in bonds were offered in New York under the one hundred and sixth call.

All Sorts of Clippings

PROCRASTINATION.

She said, I just adore you, my dear,
But you know my papa he is queer;
So just take this tip,
The quicker you skip,
The more lengthy will be your career.

But he lingersd too long at that gate,
And, alas, for his miserable fate,
Papa's stout thirteen
Made that youth careen,
And he's celibate up to this date.

Notes about town—Promissory.

One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

One lively fly can scratch up and scatter more seeds of religion than the most eloquent divine can sow in a whole forenoon.

Talmage says hell is strewn with tobacco leaves. Then it is way ahead of many of the cigars in market.

"I would not strike you for $10," said J., playfully, to his friend E. "Well, you would not get it if you did," replied E.

Student: The popularity of the French word bric-a-brac is due to its euphemism. It is much prettier than its English synonym "junk."

A funny man at Jackson, Mich., put a cast-iron bullfrog on a log in the river, and the boys threw stones at it all day without discovering why it didn't plunge.

"I don't like that cat. It's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year old for throwing the kitten away.

Base-ball seems to be of an ancient origin, for we read that Rebecca went down to the well with a pitcher and caught Isaac.

At Brighton Beach a fashionable belle, while bathing, had this complimentary remark passed upon her: "Well, I declare, she outstrips them all."

A Wisconsin man stole thirty-nine sheep and a steer, but the warrant charged him with stealing thirty-nine steers and a sheep, and he left the court room with all his reputation restored.

An æsthetic writer speaks of a fair young girl "vanishing like the dew before the morning sun." This is shockingly vulgar. In plain language it means that she dried up.

It is not always safe to give a piece of your mind to an erring friend, because you live so close to your income that any expenditure of that kind may bankrupt you.

An editor wrote a head-line—"A Horrible Blunder"—to go over a railroad accident, but, though it was the printer's fault that it got over the account of a wedding, the editor was the man thrashed all the same.

"Mrs. Jones has sent to borrow my bonnet, and I don't want to loan it to her.—What message shall I return?" said a lady to her husband. The reply was clear and prompt: "Tell her she has your good will, but cannot have your fixtures."

Josh Billings says—"Mackerel inhabit the sea generally, but those which inhabit the grocery alwus taste to me as though they had been fattened on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eatin', and also afterward. If I can have mackerel for breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals of water."

She was talking on the cars, and said:—"The meanest people are those who peep out of windows to see what their neighbors are doing. Now, this morning I was looking through the blinds of my window, and what do you suppose I saw that mean Mrs. Jones doing? Why, she was peeping through her blinds to see if I saw her—the mean woman!"

Describing a recent flogging at a Virginia whipping-post, a Free Press letter says:—When the last blow fell the prisoner, who had kept a true count all through, despite his excitement, was overcome with joy, and, raising his voice to its highest pitch, he shouted: "Oh! yaint I happy! Oh! doan' I feel blessed! Oh! fo' de Lawd! but I'ze de gladdest nigger in de hull world!"

"When the funny man of a London paper" observes Kunkel's Musical Review, "writes a good joke, the editorial staff is called up, oysters are served, and the paper don't appear that day. And it is a noteworty fact that no Loudon paper has lost a publication day for ten years back."

"The President has developed the highest qualities of constitutional statesmanship" were the words that Miltiades Marrowfat read from the paper he was holding, and then added: "What does that mean, Pop?" "It means, my boy," explained Mr. Marrowfat, "that the editor is probably a postmaster and feels agreeably disappointed that he hasn't been turned out."

It is told about a Las Vegas girl, While sitting under a tree at Mineral City, waiting for her lover, a cinnamon bear came along and, approaching from behind, began to hug her. She thought it was her king of men, and so leaned back and enjoyed it hugely, murming: "Tighter." It broke the bear all up, and he retreated to the hill and hid in the forests three days to get over his mortification.

This man is a School-Teacher. He is going to Sit Down in the Chair. There is a Bent Pin in the Chair and it will Bite the School-Teacher. The School-Teacher is a very Able Man, and he will find out as soon as the Bent Pin Tackles him. Will the School-Teacher rise again? We should Smile. But the School-Teacher will not Smile. He will Play a Sonata with a Ferule on the Boy's Back. The Boy put the Bent Pin in the Chair. He is trying to be a Humorist. When the School-Teacher gets Through with him, the Boy will eat his Meals from the Mantle Piece for a Week.

[Mt. Clements, (Mich.) True Record.]

W. T. Lee, Esq., of this paper says: Being convinced of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in curing rheumatism, I have no hesitancy in recommending it.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0462