# The Chestertown Transcript.

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## "EXCELSIOR."

THE ONLY CLOTHING HOUSE in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insure a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and unalterably ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has

**Five Distinct Clothing Departments,**

each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing House in the State that has Original and Excelsior Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of CLOTHING for all ages and sizes. Sells direct to the retail buyers at a slight profit on the cost of production. Marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"FAIR DEALING,"
OUR STANDARD.

"ONE PRICE,"
OUR ANCHOR.

"Permanent Popularity,"
OUR GOAL.

**EXCELSIOR**
ONE PRICE
**CLOTHING HOUSE,**
**S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Sts.**
Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland.

Dec. 15, 1881.

## 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.

## 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

## 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,
March 10, 1881—y MANAGER.

*DR. C. P. GILPIN*

**DENTIST,**

*HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,*

offers his

*Professional Services*

TO THE PUBLIC.

Sept. 18, 1879.—6m

## 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.

**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

## WHITE GOODS.

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

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

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

## 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.

## LUMBER. LUMBER.

## T. W. ELIASON, JR.

HAS in yard and for sale at the lowest rates the market will allow, a large stock of

**White Pine and Virginia Pine**

**LUMBER,**

embracing in part:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| White Pine | " | Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet; |
| " | " | Rabbitted Barn Boards; |
| " | " | Weatherboarding; |
| " | " | ¼ and ⅜ Plank; |
| " | " | Dressed Boards, Culls and Picks; |
| Virginia | " | Boards, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet; |
| " | " | Siding, dressed and undressed; |
| " | " | Flooring, No. 1 and 2; |
| " | " | Scantling, joist, billstuff & railing; |

Georgia " Sill stuff, from 16 to 32 feet;
Hemlock Fencing;
White Pine 2x3 Railing;
" " 3x4 do.
Cypress Shingles; Laths, Pickets.

He also keeps in stock an assortment of

DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, GLAZED SASH, WINDOW FRAMES, BLINDS, CROWN MOULDINGS, BAND MOULDINGS, O G MOULDINGS, BEADINGS, &c.

☞ Do not buy your Lumber from home, and then discover that you would have saved money by purchasing in your own home market. Give me a call.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Chestertown, Nov. 3, 1881.

## Spears' Golden Sun

—AND—

**NEW GOLDEN SUN,**

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the kind in the country. Call and examine the above Stoves and prices at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES at very low prices, for wood and coal.

THE NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

THE NEW SILVER MOON, *Parlor* or *Double Heater*, for heating 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds of STOVES for sale at City Prices.

We offer the IMPROVED EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect Baker, and cannot be excelled.

THE NEW JASPER, Niagara, Quaker City Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.

Oct. 13, 1881. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

## 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.

BLACK CASHMERES, Black Silks, Black Satins. Black Alpaca worth 50 cents, price 25 cents. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.


### WELL-DOING.

BY EMMA H. INGERSOLL.

Think the good
And not the clever;
Thoughts are seeds
That grow; forever
Bearing richest fruit in life.
Such alone can make
The thinker
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,
And not the clever.
Noble men!
The world can never
Cease to praise the good they've done.
They alone the true
Who gather
Harvests which their deeds have won.

Do the good,
And not the clever;
Fill thy life
With true endeavor;
Strive to be the noblest man,
Not what others do;
But rather
Do the very best you can.

## THE BACHELOR'S CONFESSION

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

I live in a French flat. Of course there are objections to French flats. So there are to most things. I can't afford a hotel, and I detest a boarding-house. A bachelor of 30 odd, who has been at the mercy of boarding-house keepers all his day, can easily understand that.

So when I engaged a suite of rooms—third floor in a French flat edifice—and arranged my household goods therein, with a fine lookout over a green dot of a park in front, and the glimmer of a palisade far in the rear above a forest of shipping, I considered myself well off.

What is my profession? I haven't any in particular. I'm an artist and draw a little; daily, in front of my easel, I contribute to the press, and write when the divine afflatus seizes me. I read the law when I feel like it, and draw a little income from a snug little property left me by an uncle in India. Consequently I was able to decorate my new quarters very prettily with Bagdad rugs, old China dragons, black and gold Japanese screens, and pictures I had picked up at a bargain.

And when the fire was burning cheerfully in the grate, the first rainy May evening, the student lamp shining softly on the red, carved table, and the waiter from a neighboring restaurant had brought in my frugal dinner of a broiled bird, a mold of currant jelly, a slice of roast beef, and a raspberry dumpling, I considered myself pretty comfortable.

"Upon the whole," says I to myself, "I rather approve of French flats."

I rang the bell. The janitor—a respectful decent sort of fellow, in a round jacket and carpet slippers—answered the summons.

"Janitor," said I, "who occupies the floor above?"

"Nobody, sir," the man answered. 'Last party moved out yesterday. New party moves in to-morrow."

"A large family?" said I, rather dubiously.

"Bless your heart, sir," said the man, "no family at all—single lady, sir!"

At this I congratulated myself more and more.

"I shall have prospect of a little peace now, I think," said I; and I ate my dinner in a fool's paradise of happiness.

The single lady moved in on the morrow. She must have moved in when I was down-town selecting some new mill-boards and color-tubes for the summer sketches I intended to make, for when I returned, fondly expecting once more to enter into my kingdom of peace and serenity, everything was changed.

There was a banging and pounding overhead, a thumping and hammering—a sound as if some middle-aged giantess in hob-nailed shoes was enjoying herself in a promenade. I sent for the janitor in a rage.

"Is the house coming down?" said I.

"It's the new tenant a-movin'in, sir," said he, apologetically.

"Does her furniture consist entirely of Herring's safes and square pianos?" said I.

"There is two pianos, sir," said he. "She's musical."

"The deuce she is," roared I. "Two pianos! And does she play on 'em both?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure," said the man, with a distressed expression of countenance.

I endured the noise until midnight and then sent up the janitor's wife. "The third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and would like to know if this sort of thing is to go on all night?"

Down came the woman again.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and wishes to know if he expects people to get settled without a noise?"

The next day the piano—only one, however—commenced. I was elaborating a skeleton for a scientific essay, and it disturbed me seriously. I endured it as long as I possibly could, and then I had recourse once more to the janitor's wife.

"Third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and will feel obliged if she will favor me with a little peace and quietness long enough to do some necessary writing."

There was no reply, and the music ceased abruptly. But that evening, when I was beginning to solace myself with a little violin practice in the twilight, tap, tap, tap came the janitor's wife at my door.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and will feel obliged if he will favor her with a little peace and quietness, long enough to write a letter."

How I hated that woman! So we lived for a month, exchanging constant missiles of warfare. I could cheerfully have given up that miserable French flat and gone back to boarding, only unluckily I had engaged it for the year. The fourth floor elocutionized, and had friends to select private readings, whose voices were deeper than Hamlet's and more sonorous than that of Charlotte Cushman. She was charitable and had classes of heavy booted girls twice a week to sing hymns and learn to sew. A single lady indeed! If she had been a quadruple lady she could not have made more noise, nor enjoyed the making of it more.

At the close of the month, however, an incident happened which turned the current of my whole life. I went on a picnic. I don't often go to anything of that kind; but this was an especially select affair gotten up by my friend Harold Webster. I went, and there I met Barbara Willis, and fell straightway in love with her. She wasn't exactly young but neither am I, and to my taste a full-blown rose is sweeter than a bud, wherever you find it growing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, satin-brown hair, and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked; our ideas coincided exactly. It seemed as if our souls were two looking-glasses, to mirror each other's

"Miss Willis," cried I, "why is it that we have never met before? I feel as if we were old, old friends."

As I spoke I gently pressed her hand, and she smiled back unutterable things. I went to my friend Webster, who was making up quadrilles on the upper deck. We were accompanied by an excellent brass band.

"O, Harold!" exclaimed I, "I can never thank you enough for introducing me to that angel!"

"Do you mean Barbara Willis?" said he. "Well, I do think she is rather a fine girl."

We grew confidential as we sat together on the promenade deck and watched the moon-light ripple over the surface of the tides.

"A bachelor's life is but half a life, Miss Willis," said I.

"I can readily imagine that," she said softly.

"I live in a flat," confessed I.

"Do you," said Barbara (the sweet old English name was just like her). "Why, how strange! So do I!"

"Isn't it dreadful?" said I.

"Horrid!" said she, closing her lips as though she meant it.

"And there's a female dragon occupies the floor above me, and torments me out of my life."

"Well, if this isn't a remarkable coincidence," replied Barbara. "There's a detestable old crab of a bachelor under me, who takes all the pleasure out of my existence!"

Should two lives be thus blighted?" said I.

"I—I don't think so," replied Barbara, looking intently at the boquet of pansies she held in her hand.

It was past midnight when the boat landed. Harold Webster came up.

"I promised to see you home, Miss Willis," said he, rubbing his hands briskly.

"You need not trouble yourself, Webster," said I. "I shall be most happy."

I called a hack, helped the divine Barbara in, feeling more and more as if I were walking in cloudland.

"Where shall I drive to?" said the man.

"No. 69 Ravenal street," said she, "fourth floor."

"What!" cried I—"not the Fernandine flats?"

"Exactly," said she.

"Why, that's where I live."

"Are you the third floor?" she cried out, breathless.

"Are you the fourth?" I counter-questioned.

"But you're not a crab at all!"

"Nor are you a dragon. On the contrary—"

But what matters it what was said. Things were altered from the very beginning. I took my violin up-stairs the next day, and helped my divine Barbara out with a sonata of Beethoven's. I suggested a new education theory for the hobnailed classes. I listened enchanted to her recitation of Tennyson's Brook; and at the end of the quarter we are to be married—Barbara and I.

### The Two Men Inside.

An old Indian had once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. 'For,' said he, 'I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco.'

'Why don't you keep it?' asked a bystander.

'I've got a good man and a bad man here,' said the Indian, pointing to his breast; 'and the good man say 'It is not mine, give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own, now.' The good man say, 'No, no; you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good.'

Like the old Indian, we have all a good man and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins? That is the question, and the answer decides a child's character for this life and the life to come.

ONE afternoon a stranger, observing a stream of people entering a church, approached a man of gloomy aspect, who was standing near the entrance, and asked: "Is this a funeral?" "Funeral! No!" was the sepulchral answer. "It's a wedding." "Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought, from your serious looks that you might be a hired mourner." "No,' returned the man, with a weary, far-off look in his eyes. "I'm a son-in-law of the bride's mother."

A MEMBER of the Ohio Legislature endeavored to have his wife appointed a deputy clerk to that body.

### Is Death Dreadful?

A FUNERAL ADDRESS BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

*From the Washington Post.*

In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery yesterday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads ranged around a newly opened grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George O. Miller, family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry. As the casket rested upon the trestles, there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout, florid complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him. This gentleman was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who attempted the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then said suddenly: "Does Mr. Miller desire it?" The undertaker gave an affirmative nod, Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the noted orator, and then hastily Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and in a voice of exquisite cadence delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words that fell from the lips of the speaker. Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening, and sobs becoming hushed. Col. Ingersoll said:

MY FRIENDS: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched the grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I had rather live and love where death is king, than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace— almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We too have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living—Hope for the dead.

At the conclusion of Col. Ingersoll's remarks, the little coffin, covered with beautiful and fragrant flowers, was lowered into its resting place.

WHOSE TO BLAME?—A man went off on a fishing excursion with a party of friends. Returning at midnight he pounced on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall she saw that something ailed him and she cried out:

"Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint."

"Guesser n't," he replied, feeling along down the hall.

"And I believe you have been drinking," she added.

"Whazzer mean by zhat? he inquired trying to stand still.

"Oh! Henry, your face would not look like that if you had not been drinking.

"Mi to blame?" he asked with tears in his eyes. "Sposen big bass jump up, n hit me in th' face an' make it red—mi to blame?"

THE clerk of a parish whose business it was to read the first "lesson" came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrack, Meshach, and Abednego occur thirteen times, and finding it extremely difficulty to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as "the aforesaid gentlemen."

A boy dropped a live coal down the back of a schoolfellow for fun at Ware, Mass., and the burned youth's father thinks the joker's father ought to pay $1,000 damages.

### The Arabs A Thousand Years Ago.

We are accustomed to think that refinement, luxury, and intelligence owe their origin and increase to the Christian races, and that, of all other people, the Arabs have always been ignorant and rude; but let us look back for a moment and see about it.

Seven hundred years before there was a single public lamp in London, and at a time when, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day went up to his ankles in mud, a man might walk through the paved streets of Cordova, in Spain, for ten miles in a straight line, by the light of public lamps after sunset. This was under the rule of the Mahommedan Arabs, and their Khalifs were then distinguished for their refinement, and as patrons of learning, over all the princes of Europe.

Their palaces were magnificently decorated at a time when the dwellings of the rulers of Germany, France, and England, were scarcely better than stable without chimneys or windows, and with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, like the wigwams of Indians.

The Arab cities of Granada, Seville, Cordova, and others, were filled with magnificent residences which stood forth against the clear, sky, or were embosomed in groves. They had polished marble balconies overhanging orange gardens, courts with cascades of water, shady retreats for sleeping in the heat of the day, retiring rooms vaulted with stained glass specked with gold, over which streams of water were made to gush; the floors and walls were of exquisite mosaic.

Here a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a soothing sound like fairy bells; there, apartments, into which cool air was drawn from flower gardens in summer, by means of ventilating towers, or warmed and perfumed in winter. The walls were adorned with arabesques and paintings of scenes in Paradise.

From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, great chandaliers hung, one of which was so large that it contained over a thousand lamps; there were columns of marble and verde antique, incrusted with lapis lazuli. The furniture was of sandal and citron wood, inlaid with mother of pearl, ivory, silver, or relieved with gold and precious malachite. There were vases of rock crystal, Chinese porcelain, and tables of exquisite mosaic.

The winter apartments were hung with rich tapestry, the floors were covered with embroidered Persian carpets. Elegant pillows and couches were scattered about the rooms, which were perfumed with frankincense. Splendid flowers and rare exotics ornamented the court-yards, and even the inner chambers. Through pipes of metal, water, both warm and cold, ran into baths of marble.

There were whispering galleries for the amusement of the women, labyrinths and marble play courts for the children, and for the master himself grand libraries. The Khalif Alhakem's was so large, that the catalogue alone filled forty volumes. His hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls. He had 6,300 attendants in the palace. The bodyguard of this sovereign was composed of 12,000 horsemen, whose cimeters and belts were studded with gold.

We owe a great deal to the Spanish Arabs. They gave us many of our most valuable cultivated fruits, such as the peach. They established libraries in all their chief towns. To every mosque was attached a public school in which the children of the poor were taught to read and write, and instructed in the precepts of the Koran. They were the authors and introducers of rhyme. Among them were fine physicians and surgeons. Our drug stores still retain many Arabic words, such as Sirup, Julep Elixir, etc. Alchemy, Admiral, Alcohol, Algebra, Chemise, cotton, and hundreds of other words, are Arabic.

To them we owe the introduction of the great products, rice, sugar, cotton, etc., and fine breeds of cattle. They made the first morocco leather and named it. They introduced gunpowder and artillery, and the mariner's compass.

### There it is, Monsieur.

That well-known artist X. has a regular Othello of a wife, for whose devotion insane jealousy is no name. The other evening when he appeared dressed and prepared to go out the following dialogue took place:

"Where are you going?"

"To dinner."

"With whom?"

"Oh, a college friend, you don't know him."

"You know you ain't telling the truth."

"I swear that—"

"I'll go with you."

"You won't!"

"Then you'll stay at home."

"I'll be spifflicated if I do."

"If you stir out of this house I'll throw myself out of the window!"

"All right, madame!" yelled the infuriated artist, jamming on his hat and dashing out of the room, slamming the door.

"Great heavens!" he gasps, when he has been dug out of the wreck of his hat, "I never thought she—where is the—it—that thing, you know?"

"There it is, monsieur!"

And they pointed with awe to the lay figure which his wife had thrown out of the window on his hat with mingled force and dexterity.

ANOTHER great engineering project is contemplated—the closing of the northerly outlet of the valley of the Mackenzie River at the lines of 68 degrees north, and storing up the water of 1,260,000 miles square; to this could be added the water of other large areas, and thus a lake would be formed of about 2,000 miles in length and some 200 average width.

### A Wonderful Menagerie.

Prof. Starr, of Westfield, New Jersey, has for thirty-seven years devoted himself to the study and exhibition of the microscope, and the little living beings it brings into view.

He has hundreds of little animals which he keeps in small glass cages filled with water. These cages are placed behind the microscope, and the figure of the animal is somehow thrown upon a large screen and magnified, in some cases, he said fifty million times. The color of the animal is shown, its motion, its eyes, and, I had almost said, its very teeth.

The Professor showed us the eye and mouth of a fly; a piece of the gizzard of a cricket; the little eels or wrigglers that live in vinegar; a piece of pork full of the dreadful trichinæ; and in a pinch of sour paste, we saw millions of wriggling eels, which looked exactly like the big ones in the pond. There were daphnia and cyclops, and many more strange little creatures with names a great deal bigger than they were themselves. One beautiful little animal that was kept in a cage filled with sea water, seemed frightened at first in the bright light and kept very quiet. Presently he looked about, and opened out a little wheel, which he carried in a tube on his head, and began to turn it rapidly, like the wheel of a grist mill. This, we are told, was to make a current of water out of which the little miller strained his food. But the great event of the evening was the feeding of the water tiger, a little ugly creature, which looked as large as an elephant upon the screen. Some living things, which you could only just see with the naked eye, were thrown into the cage of the water tiger. He glared a moment, then darted at them, and as his neck and stomach were transparent, we could presently see them going down his huge throat, kicking the best they knew how, all the way down.

### Irwin's Romance.

My summer in a milk dairy:

"Do you love music?" she asked.

"Passionately," replied Irwin. "I can whistle "The skids are out today" perfectly, and I never heard it before last week."

"How quite?" said Myrtle.

"Altogether too too," was the answer, in low, soft tones that made the girl feel instantly that he loved her.

"They tell me that you are very wicked, Mr. Mulican," said Myrtle, as the sound of Strauss waltz floated in from the ball room. Is it so?"

"Well, I have always tried to keep up with the procession," was his answer. I suppose you will hate me for that?"

"Oh, no," responded the girl quickly. "It is the namby-pamby men that are distasteful to me. I like a man whose blood runs wine not water."

Irwin did not answer. If she had said sour mash instead of wine," he murmured to himself, "I could have a front seat in her affections."

"Do you like Gladstone?" she asked suddenly.

"No," said Irwin, "I lost $80 on him yesterday. He was beaten in a mile dash at the fair grounds."

"Can I ever love this man?" asked Myrtle of herself as they parted that night "Can I give my soul to one who doesn't know the great statesman from a three-year-old colt?"

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Two weeks later they were betrothed.

### Immortality.

No unanswerable argument can be made in behalf of immortality. Over the problem all thinking minds have in all times been busy, and after all has been said we still speak of all beyond death as unseen. You have been asked to-day to estimate roughly the loss society would sustain should it dismiss all thought of a better land. The denial of a God would quickly follow, then would come a rapid decline of all that is lofty and spiritual in philosophy, then would come a decline in that righteousness which seems more an inspiration of the heart than a policy of the judgement; hope would wane in the vast assemblage of mortals, and then would depart from these shores all that happiness which comes of intense love of life, of self, and all those held most dear. All these sad losses argue in favor of the idea that a man is the child of the skies and that the scattered dead have met or will meet in the renewed but greatly sweetened consciousness of life. The Unseen is not the Unreal; for the the time was when our little earth was not even within the borders of an angels dream, and time was when to the wise men of Persia or old Greece the Republic of America was behind impenetrable veils. Beholding thus the disposition of nature to disclose her designs piece by piece, we seem not only invited, but commanded by our living and loving God to believe that behind the Unseen His love is concealing the everlasting happiness of His children.

THE uniformity of toilet which has now become the fashion in London and Paris owes its origin to the Queen of Italy. At a special ball got up for her on her recent visit to Vienna, the young beauties of that graceful capital all wore white in her honor, and she herself was draped entirely in white satin, trimmed with silver gauze, looped with gardenias, and set off by strings of the seed pearl, which is the latest fashionable revival. The white Austrian uniform, too, chimed in appropriately. So in remembrance of the compliment Queen Marguerite, at the first ball on her return, made it known that her fair guests were to imitate the beauties of the Austrian capital. And so at the latest balls in London and Paris the "uniform toilet" is the rage, and ladies are expected to appear in some stated tint.

### A Painter's Bill.

A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent; he did it and presented a bill to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying that the committee would require a complete detail. The painter produced it, as follows:

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|---|---|
| Corrected and renewed the Ten Commandments . . . . . | 5 12 |
| Embellished Pontius Pilate and put new ribbon on his bonnet | 3 06 |
| Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb. . . . . | 3 20 |
| Replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel | 4 18 |
| Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheeks. . . . . | 5 12 |
| Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, gilded the sun, cleaned the moon. . . . . | 7 14 |
| Reanimated the flames of purgatory and restored some souls. . . . . | 6 06 |
| Reborded the robe of Herod and readjusted his wig. . . | 4 04 |
| Put new spatterdashes on the son of Tobias and dressing on his sack. . . . . | 2 00 |
| Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him. . . . . | 3 07 |
| Put ear-rings in the ears of Saturn. . . . . | 2 04 |
| Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the heard of Goliah and extened his legs. | 3 02 |
| Decorated Noah's Ark. . . . | 3 00 |
| Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned the pigs. | 4 09 |

A MILLIONAIRE'S ECCENTRICITIES.—The late Capt. Wm. Tyson was an old sea captain and shipping merchant residing near Hackensack N. J. A few years since he was rated worth $1,500,000. Previous to his death he became very eccentric. On one occasion he tore up $20,000 in Government bonds, $8,000 of which he burned up, The remaining $12,000 was represented by many fragments, which the Government finally recognized, and which it redeemed in cash on Tuesday. Yesterday the New Jersey estate was administered upon by George W. Wheeler.

The inventory of this part of the property at first footed up $75,000, but subsequently in clearing up the Captain's private room a number of checks were found under the carpet, while from behind the safe were taken stocks and bonds representing about $200,000. Although two and three years old, the checks were honored. The stocks and bonds, principally mining stocks and Southern States bonds, realized but a few dollars. Mr. Wheeler's account foots up $137,000. The New York and Philadelphia property swells the estate to $50,000.

CELLARS AS CENTERS OF MALARIA.—Dr. C. R. Agnew, writing from Florida, says: In this State a somewhat new problem presents itself, in the fact that all houses should be constructed without cellars, and so raised on underpinning as to allow a clean sweep of light and air beneath them. Indeed it is a question whether such a mode of construction should not be adopted everywhere for dwellings. I have for more than twenty years believed that cellar atmosphere is a most prolific cause of disease and death. I believe that it increases seventy-five per centum the risk from malarial disease all over our country.—Through this State the native population, as by an instinct, raise their simple cabins three or four feet above the ground, and allow air and light to pervade the space so made beneath the ground floor. I advise all travelers to avoid those hotels and other domiciles in the South which are not so constructed.

BLUE MILK.—The blue appearance which milk sometimes presents after standing a few days is due to an organism which is allied to bacteria, and can be transplanted into other samples of milk and various solutions. It thrives according to the proportion of acid present and the condition of the casein; it appears after a certain degree of acidification has taken place, and prevents the further formation of acid. The casein must also be unchanged; it is then held in solution during the bluing process. The bluing occurs only in presence of oxygen, and is attended with evolution of carbonic anhydride.—*F. Nelson, in Bied. Centr.*

PATRICK SIMPSON closely resembles a fugative Kentucy murderer, and was taken to that State from Ohio under arrest. He was kept in jail several months before he could convince the authorities that a mistake in identity had been made. Having done this, he found that only one stage of his peril was over. A dissatisfied mob undertook to lynch him, the county officials were too cowardly to protect him, and he was compelled to escape by a long, skulking journey afoot through the woods, sleeping out of doors by day, walking by night, and all the time suffering from hunger.

THE census returns just given in Bombay are quite interesting. Asked to state their profession or calling, the simple Hindoos have filled up the paper with an accuracy that might in vain be sought for in any other country. In Bambay there are, upon their own confession, twenty-six gamblers and swindlers, one dog poisoner, sixteen wizards, and 687 tatooers.

THE wife of the new Chinese Minister, a lady of high rank in her own country, will not at present enter Washington society. She speaks only her own language, her little feet will not permit her to go about unsupported, and she is, to crown all, exceedingly bashful.


[Logansport, (Ind.) Daily Journal.]

I sell more of St. Jacobs Oil, remarked Mr. D. E. Pryor, 112 E. Broadway, to our reporter, that any other article of its kind, and I consider it the best liniment in use. It has to my own knowledge cured severe cases of rheumatism in this community.


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