The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1882. VOL. XX-NO. 37.

"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
May 19, 1881 President.

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.

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

FARM BELLS—for sale by
T. L. HINES & CO.

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;
" " ¾ " 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. ALDRIDGES'.

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.

WHAT IS HIS CREED?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door
When deep snow, frozen and white,
Capped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust or cup.
He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was he creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white and silent in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves—a pall
For flower and mead,
Dropping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread,
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspired, kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In works he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ:
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head:
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief,
"What was his creed?"
"What his belief?"

HOW IT ENDED.

Miss Jane Beagle had lived years enough in this wicked world to know that even single blessedness is not always perfectly satisfactory. She had flirted with several admirers, but she went too far when she refused Billy Winkum because he was poor and unknown, for Billy had in him that stuff that makes a man rise in some place—opinions of his own, a loud voice, a feeling that he was as good as anybody else, if not a little better, and a talent for Fourth of July orations. So that in these years which had changed his old love from "that handsome Jane Beagle" to "Miss Jane Beagle, that has n't ever married," he had risen in the world and been to Congress, and was a person of such distinction that no one would have dared to call him Billy Winkum. Mr. William Warrington Winkum was his designation; a finer coat, more watch and chain, or a larger diamond in his cravat, were owned by no one in Billberry.

He had never married, but that had made him all the more desirable to Billberry society. He had met Jane very often there; and now Jane would have very willingly have proved to him that her decisive "No" of fifteen years ago had been repented of. Alas! either Mr. William Warrington Winkum no longer grieved over that "No," or he regarded it as final.

"And yet he hasn't married," said Miss Jane; "and he dont flirt round amongst the young girls, nor pay attention to the widows. I have not a gray hair. He is five years older than I am in any way. Suppose he should like me still?"

However, concealment did not seem to prey like a worm in a bud on Mr. William Warrington Winkum's damask cheek. He shouted on the platform at election with unimpaired lung power, and he built himself a house on the hill wherein he installed a housekeeper, his remarkable old grandmother, who had outlived fourteen grandchildren, and at ninety, walked, rode, talked and ate, with an energy not often met in a woman of forty.

Oh! that house with its bright bricks, its new shutters, its elabot rate roof, its stately chimneys, its balcony and front porch, and its interior of Wilton carpets, real lace curtains and velvet parlor furniture! How often Jane Beagle said to herself:

'All this might have been mine if I had said yes to Billy.' She said to herself very often one day, about house cleaning time, when she was doing her best with the shabby old house that was all her own now. One after another had slipped out of it—some were married, some were dead—nobody remained.

'I don't think I can stand it much longer,' sighed Jane. 'I must take boarders or something. Nobody to speak to all day long. If I feel sick, nobody to do for me.'

Jane was down on the kitchen floor scrubbing as she spoke. The rag carpet was hanging on the line outside. The rush-bottomed chairs, well scrubbed, were turned upon the grass to dry, every pan shone beautifully, but the wood was worm-eaten, and the smoothest whitewash would not make the walls flawless.

'Heigh ho,' sighed Jane; 'I like a handsome house, but I shan't ever have one of my own.,

She said it aloud—a habit of talking to herself had grown upon her—but to her surprise she was answered on the instant.

'Why, who knows!' said a voice. 'You may have the handsomest house in the village yet. Who knows?' 'Don't you want me to tell you how?'

'Good gracious!' cried Jane, jumping to her feet; 'who is that?'

'It's only me, ma'am,' replied a stout dark woman, with a big straw hat trimmed with poppies on her ears, who sat on the door sill and smiled at Jane merrily. 'It's only a poor gypsy wandering over the world telling folks' fortunes for them. Will you have yours told, lady?'

'Mine?' said Jane, laughing. 'Why, I am too old.'

'You are young enough to have lots ahead of you, lady,' said the gypsy. 'Come, what's twenty-five cents to you to hear all your good luck? Besides, luck is misused sometimes if we are not on the look-out for it.'

What woman does not believe in her innermost heart that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy?

What single woman doubts that somewhere upon earth fate keeps the other half of her soul?

'It would be awfully foolish,' said she; 'but nobody will ever know, and I think I'll do it.'

She felt in her pocket for some change. It was not there. She had given it, she remembered, to the man that mended the wash-boiler that morning. And she went to the drawer of the little bookcase with a sliding desk in it, which stood in the sitting room, to get it. The gypsy followed her, chaffing, laughing, hinting at things which brought blushes to Jane's cheek. She peeped into a drawer. There lay the silver spoons and forks, the sugar tongs, a brooch set with pearls Jane's only costly bit of jewelry, and a roll of bills. Miss Beagle drew her little income once a quarter, and kept it in the house instead of the savings bank, which once had ceased payment for a while.

The bright eyes, set close together in the gypsy's head, saw all at a glance; and her smile was very bright as Miss Jane put the twenty-five cents into her hand.

'I have taken a notion to you,' she said, looking at the palm of the small if not beautiful hand that lay in hers. 'There's luck afore you. There's one that is liked, not far off, eh?'

Jane blushed again.

'He'll give you a handsome house and set you up in a carriage,' added the gypsy. 'Now own up, your heart is toward him is it not?'

'He cares not whether it is or not,' sighed Jane, unaware that she had spoken.

'Lady,' said the gypsy solemnly, 'I have a great power. I can bring together the disunited. I can cure love troubles. Do as I tell you and he shall come to you again.'

'What am I to do?' asked Jane, carried away by her own emotions and the gypsy's dramatic manner.

'I'll tell you, lady,' said the gypsy 'kneel down here beside this chair. Let me cover your face with this handkerchief. Now think of him. Think of him you love, and don't move until I tell you.'

People in love are generally a little mad, I am afraid, and Jane had been hopelessly measuring the image of Mr. Warrington Winkum in her heart for years. She did what the gypsy bade her.

The next moment she felt the handkerchief tied tightly over her eyes, and next her hands were tied with a stout cord.

She screamed, but some one was tying her feet together.

'It's no use, lady,' said the gypsy's voice, blandly. 'I've got the key of the drawer and I shan't hurt you. I'll just help myself and go.'

About an hour after the gypsy had left, Mr. William Warrington Winkum drove past Jane's house in a buggy. He was fond of lilacs and stopped to gather a bunch that hung over the fence from a full bush. As he put them up to his nose a scream met his ear.

'Something is the matter,' he said, and without stopping to tie his horse, he ran into the garden and up the path to the house.

The kitchen was empty, the scrubbing brush on the floor, the pail upset. The gypsy had done that as she departed. Another scream was heard. William rushed into the inner room and found Jane with her head tied up in a black silk handkerchief, and her feet and hands bound. In a moment he had her untied. The next she sat in her chair. 'Such a sight!' she said to herself; and Mr. William Warrington Winkum noticed that she had nice plump arms under her tucked-up sleeves, and that her big frightened eyes were blue indeed. Happily she had not shed a tear.

'I've been tied here for I don't know how long, Mr. Winkum,' she said. 'Oh, how glad I am you came by! I have been robbed of everything I had—my silver, my money, my jewelry. What shall I do I don't know.'

'Unprotected women,' said Mr. Winkum, seriously, 'ought not to reside in any house alone.'

'Sometimes,' said Jane, 'she can't well help it.'

It was so singular in that old calico, with such shoes, and no back braid—for that was hanging over her bureau glass up stairs—Miss Jane could never half believe it; but then and there William Warrington Winkum changed suddenly into the former Billy Winkum, and said, without any oratorical flourish or a big word.

'Jane you don't need to live alone. I've always liked you, and I sorter think, arter all, you've always liked me. Have me, won't you?'

'Not even my black braid on!' thought Jane afterward. But all she said was: Oh! Billy, I was such a goose fifteen years ago.

'I'm glad Billy had sense enough to marry a settled old maid,' said grandma Winkum at the wedding. 'Gals is so hity tity, and widders so kinder over-ruln' and unsettlin'—Old maids is kinder and thankful and willin' to please.'

But Jane was too happy to be offended by anything any woman could say.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD COW.—A crumple horn is a good indication, a full eye another. Her head should be small and short. Avoid a Roman nose, which indicates thin milk and little of it. See that she is dished in the face—sunk between the eyes. Notice that she is what stock men call a handler—skin soft and loose, like the skin of a dog, deep from loin to the udder and a very slim tail. A cow with these marks never fails to be a good milker.

The Old Sergeant.

BY M. QUAD.

He had been lying very still for the past hour, and the weary nurse dozed and nodded strugeled to keep awake—nodded again—and finally slept in her chair.

Then the old clock began calling: 'Tick! tack! tick! tack!'

The sleeping man moved uneasily, and the thin, bony hand on the coverlet was lifted as if in protest.

'Tick! tack! tick! tack!' called the clock in louder tones.

The sick man opened his eyes and stared about him in surprise. His hair was thin and gray, his face wasted and pale, and death had stolen silently in as he slept and placed its seal on his brow.

'You were a soldier?' said the clock.

'Aye! that I was!' responded the man as he gathered sudden strength and half rose up. 'Company G, fall in! Right dress! Front! Attention to roll call! Adams, Ansil, Artman, Averill, Allport, Amsdem——'

'They do not answer,' said the clock as the sergeant paused.

'No; they lie buried in the trenches at Manassas!' solemnly answered the old man. 'Bernard Baxter, Buchanan, Bourghton, Bloom——'

'I do not hear their voices,' said the clock.

'I had forgotten—they died at Fair Oak!' whispered the sergeant. 'Carter, Claxton, Coleman, Curtis—'

'And what of them?'

'We laid them side by side in the same grave at Malvern Hill. Davis, Denton, Danforth, Dougherty,—'

'Absent without leave,' said the clock.

'Absent forever!' answered the sergeant. 'The green fields at Sharpsburg drank their blood. Enright, Eberman, Eckliff—'

'On guard,' said the clock.

'Then the dead guard the dead!' whispered the soldier. 'I saw them lying stark and stiff on the field at Spottsylvania. Fenton, Fairfax, Forbes, Foster—'

'Dead,' said the clock.

'Dead!' answered the sergeant, 'Graham, Gorman, Gosport—'

'Where,' queried the clock.

'In the thickets of the sombre Wilderness! Hurlburt, Hill, Hanford, Hanover, Halman, Harker, Henderson—'

'And those, too?'

'Aye! They answered no more to roll-call after Gettysburg!'

'Your lines are but the shadows of the dead!' said the clock. 'The dead and buried can make no answer. Under the trees at Chancellorsville—under the sod at Fredericksburg—in the meadows around Winchester—no roll call can awaken them!'

'Ingalls, Irving, Isham,' called the sergeant.

'Dead at Kornstown,' answered the clock.

'James, Justin, Jordan.'

'They sleep at Petersburg!'

'Lampton, Ladue, Larkinson, Levering, Lumly—'

'Call no more! Only when the angel calls the roll of the unnumbered dead at the last great day will the dust answer! You alone are left!'

The sergeant fell back on his pillow and the shadows marched by the right flank into the darkness of midnight. The nurse started up with a shiver, looked at the clock, and then walked softly to the bed side and whispered:

'Sergt. Grim! it is time"

'It is past time!' whispered the clock.

'Sergt. Grim, awake!'

'It was the last roll-call,' said the clock, 'and he has answered to his name at the gates of eternity.'

The Discouraged Man.

A newspaper once contained an advertisement for a man to fill a certain position, which concluded with 'No discouraged man need apply.' There was deep worldly wisdom in this, for discouragement is a terrible drawback in fighting life's battle. The discouraged man is defeated in advance. He carries failure about with him; he faints when he needs most to be strong; he falters where decision is most needed; he halts where he ought to hurry forward; he cannot stand up under the strain and burden of the race. It is hard that it should be so—harder still that so little real sympathy is felt for discouragement. The world does not need such a man, and has little mercy for him; and so he falls into the ranks of the unsuccessful, while he of high hope, who is yet new in the struggle who has not supped the bitter cup of disappointment and found out that all is vanity and vexation; strides before him and is accepted where the much tried man fails. There is something contagious in a buoyant, happy, energetic spirit, which carries those who come in contact with it away, add success is as often the result of this strong animal force as of perseverance and continued effort. All the experience in the world will not carry the man of deep discouragement successfully through an enterprise.

THE lecture room of the Louisville Medical College is in the form of an amphitheatre, the seats rising rapidly. A free-mannered Texan student in the highest row put his foot on the shoulder of a Kentuckian next in front. The Kentuckian resented the familiarity, and they went out into an alley to fight, the rest of the class accompanying them. Strange to say, the affair was not decided with six shooters. The rules of pugilism were enforced by a referee, and thirty-two rounds were fought in about an hour, when the vanquished Kentuckian was carried to a physician's office for treatment. The victorious Texan may now probably rest his feet just where he pleases.

THE *Chicago Tribune* says that giving the freedom of the city of Dublin to Mr. Parnell is a good deal like handing a glass of water to a Kentuckian. It is doubtless a fine thing but he has no use for it.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

The days are brief, and dark, and cold;
The barren fields are brown and sere;
The world is chill, the world is cold,
And speeds the flying year.

The birds and flowers are gone away,
Or sleep in mother earth's warm breast.
But I amid the storms must stay,
And toil and never rest!

Hush, heart unquiet and dismayed!
Soon shall the sun in strength return;
Why dost thou mourn, of life afraid?
Soon the black year will turn.

The darkest day preludes the light,
However man its depth bewails;
After the longest, loneliest night,
The morning never fails.

What if thy year be near its end;
If failing heart and flesh be faint;
What if thy lover, kin, and friend,
Be deaf to thy complaint:

Even as turns the faithful year
In the slow days of storm and gloom,
And spring begins her journey here
To tempt the earth to bloom,

So shall thy Sun unveil His face
And all these mists in radiance burn.
Wait but His hour; take heart of grace;
Thy year begins to turn!

—*Rose Terry Cooke in the Christian Union.*

OSCAR WILDE.

THE ESTHETE APPEARS ON THE STAGE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Times of Wednesday gives the following discription of the appearance and manner of Mr. Oscar Wilde, at his first lecture delivered at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia:

THE AUDIENCE.

The people who entered, as a general thing, belonged to the opera-going, reception-giving, art-loving class, who live in nice houses, ride in their carriages, give nice intertainments, wear the best clothes and mix among people whom they regard, if not as nice, at least nearly as nice as themselves. There were some plain, unpretending people present, who try to keep abreast of the times, and, having heard so much about Oscar Wilde, wanted to see him and hear what he had to say. The lecture did not begin until half-past eight o'clock, which is the English fashion and was looked upon as a favorable innovation. A great many of the gentlemen and a few ladies were in full evening dress. To convey, perhaps, their sympathy with the lecturer and his aims a number of the ladies wore lihes, both natural and artificial, as ornaments for their hair and person. A pill dealer made a hit by providing fans shaped like a sunflower at the door. They were so in keeping with the occasion and so eloquently suggestive of the "poetry that lurks in colocynth and calomel" that almost everyone took them and carried them into the room, the most fashionable ladies fanning themselves with the quack nostrum sunflowers all through the performance. There were in all about two thousand persons present.

THE POET AND HIS STYLE.

The stage was set with a library scene, with Goethe on one side of a book case and Shakespeare on the other. A brown curtain drapery was placed behind the speaker's stand, to more clearly outline his figure. At one side of the reading stand there was a table, on which stood glasses and a Florentine green glass jar, from which the speaker poured out a little crystal rill of water once only in the course of the lecture and quenched his thirst.

Mr. Wilde entered very quietly, with a long stride, and laying his manuscript on the desk bowed low and began to repeat his lecture in a monotonous and rather melodious voice, with that soft accent and upward inflection which Church of England clergymen so much affect. He wore, as at the reception on the previous night, a black dress coat, low white waistcoat, with four buttons, and knee breeches and black silk stockings, only on this occasion he had made a change in the style of tying the wide white scarf which confines the Byronic shirt collar. It was gathered in a sailor knot with the ends floating off in beautiful curves towards his ears. Although he had the manuscript before him and turned the pages over he held himself so erect and fixed his eyes so much on the ceiling and to the right and left that it was plain to everybody he was not reading it, but had committed it to memory. Those who had not seen him before were surprised at the lecturer's youthful appearance, and all sorts of opinions, favorable and otherwise, were expressed about his beauty, his sanity, his genius and so on. Very often through the lecture he stood in the favorite "Patience" position, with one arm akimbo at his side and the leg on the opposite side crooked at the knee. As a general rule he wears his head on the right-hand side, letting his hair hang down gracefully, like a honey-laden lily, but occasionally varies the attitude by hanging his head upon the left. He did not laugh, although he made his audience more than once do so, and he was several times applauded, particularly after some of his glowing poetical descriptions. The title of the lecture was "The English Renaissance." It was a rambling discourse, not confined in any part to any single feature or branch of the subject, but kaleidoscopic, with varied thoughts, usually expressed in melodious language. In the middle of one subject the speaker would begin another, and in the middle of another would go back to the middle of the one he had left on.

SOME AESTHETIC GEMS.

Among the sentences that may be recalled are these:

One can no more tell what is the best color for decoration than he can tell whether C sharp or B flat is the beautiful note to begin a symphony in.

There is no form of life of which the idea of beauty has not its expression, and beauty and ugliness are synonymous with goodness and evil.

It is possible to reach a closer kinship of humanity through the union of art sympathy. The bitterest national predjudice exists among the least cultured.

There are the things the pre-Raphaelites have which the British public never tolerate—youth, power and enthusiasm. To differ with the British people on all points is one of the first evidences of sanity.

The young poets of France, stirred by Edgar A. Poe's description of his own mental processes, as the young poets of England have been roused into enthusiasm by the power and freshness and originality of Emerson and Whitman. Ruskin feared that the absence of tradition would rob your waters of their music and your roses of their bloom, but instead their very freshness have been their force and fragrance.

It is in the imagination of the artist, not in the attraction of the object, that the pleasure of all beauty lies; but art never strengthens itself by isolation, and is never more forcible and feeling than when dealing with the simplest and commonest life.

Nothing that gives pain, nothing that is debatable, nothing about which men argue is a fit subject for art. Of such things men must write, as Milton beautifully expresses it, with his left hand—in prose but not in verse.

Something the lecturer said about "frozen love" inspired the most pronounced applause of the evening. Mr. Wilde spoke for an hour and a half and during that time never made a gesture or changed his tone of voice out of the monotone in which he began. At the conclusion there was a round of applause, but he did not reappear after once passing behind the scenes.

A Woman's Study of Husbands.

We hear much about the art of winning a husband. Let us take a step further, and make a study out of keeping a husband. If he is worth winning, he is worth keeping.

This is a wicked world, and man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he is, not as he ought to be. In the first place he is very weak. The wife must spend the two years in discovering all these weaknesses, count them on her fingers, and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be too many. Then let her study up the weaknesses, a mesh for every one, and the secret is hers. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffee, light bread, and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words, if her supply gives out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the encyclopedia to give variety to the depth of her admiration. Flattery is a good thing to study up, at all hazzards, in its delicate shades, but it must be skillfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly.

Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub—let her be bright and tidy; that is half the victory. Next, let her bang her hair (metaphorically) and keep up with the times. A husband who sees his wife look like other people is not going to consider her 'broken down.' Though it is a common sneer that a woman has admitted that her sex consides more, in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must not be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matters? Listen to him with wide open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't care so much for a literary wife if only she be literary enough to appreciate him. If she have literary inclinations, let her keep them to herself.

Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a hepless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's none. Cultivate helplessness. Is he curious? Oh then you have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret and only keep it carefully. Is he jealous? Then, woman, this is not for you; cease reading; cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you for his, and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in temper and fault finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine, skillfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness, treat him as one who is born with a physical defect, but put your wits to work—it is well not to be too tame. Men do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barnyard fowls; they like the pleasure of pursuing wild game—quail and grouse and deer.

A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and trim, with a pretty, swift way about it, and just a little capricious. Never let yourself become an old story; be just a little capricious. Another important fact is, don't be too good; it hurts his feelings and becomes monotonous. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that this very mortal man may have his conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies, and looking after vexatious household cares, and smiling when he comes home; but it seems necessary.

'To be born a woman is to be born a martyr,' says a husband who for ten years has watched in amazement his wife treading the wine press of her existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if the wife does not make a study of these things the harpy will, to steal away the honor from his silver hairs when he is full of years and the father of sons and daughters.

At the same time, gude wife, keep from trying and of these things on any other mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved in order to keep a husband. The poor weak creature would rather be good than bad, and it is a woman's duty to help him by every means in her power.

An American Palace.

The house of Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, formally opened to his friends last evening by the first of a series of receptions, is really a palace—probably the most splendid mansion in the country. The description of the interior reads like one of the gorgeously painted pen-pictures in the novels of Disraeli or Bulwer. While there seems to have been no limit to the amount of money expended, it is to be noted at the same time that artists of the highest rank have been those who by their genius contributed to design this first American palace. Facchina, of Venice; Barbadienni Gallaud and Lumirais, of Paris; John La Farge and others equally noted have designed one part or another of the work. Bronze, stained glass and mosaic form the ceiling of the vestibule, whose walls are of African marbles. The main hall rises to full height of the house, the upper stories being approached by surrounding galleries, upon which open the living rooms. The walls of the drawing room are hung with pale red velvet, embroidered with designs of folliage, enriched with cut crystals. The lights are in eight vases of stained and jewelled glass, backed by mirrors and standing on columns of onyx and bronze. The wood-work of the library is inlaid with mother-of-pearl and brass, on mahogony or rosewood. One parlor is entirely Japanese in design and ornamentation, bamboo, hangings and lacquer. The dining-room is in the style of the Italian renaissance The picture gallery contains some of the best examples of modern and ancient art, and has one room especially devoted to aquarelles. Stamped leather, tapestry and uncut velvets are used for hangings; bronze, carved wood and rare marble stained and jeweled glass—all worked out by artistic artisans from high artistic designs—are used throughout with what would be lavishness, but for the fact that all has been moulded into a harmonious whole by a master hand, the entire exterior appearance and interior decoration having been under the supervision of Mr. C. Herter, of New York. Most of the work is American, for much that was executed abroad was from home designs, and New York artisans were in many instances employed to carry out the designs of French and English artists.

The Modern Model Countryman.

New York Herald.

The streets were full of country people yesterday, but the visitors differed greatly in appearance from those of twenty years ago. In old times a countryman could be distinguished while yet a block away by his odd dress and manner, but that era is gone. Clothing ready-made and according to the latest fashions, clothing made in large cities, in fact, is now on sale in every country town at prices so low that the people find it cheaper than suits that are made at home or by local seamstresses. The countryman's manner is improved, too. He knows more of what is going on in the world than he used to do. The multiplication of railroads and cheapness of fares brings him to town oftener and carries city people with their ways to his own neighborhood. He may not be greatly better for the change, but he certainly cuts a better figure and gets more of the respect that always was due him, but was frequently denied because of his odd appearance and comically awkward ways.

THE latest suggestion as to the whereabouts of all the diamonds recently stolen in England is full of romance. For more than one generation it has been known that the gypsies possess somewhere in the New Forest a cache, as the red Indians call the place where they conceal their store of winter food; but this cache is said to be far more than a mere hole for hiding baggage. It is a long subterranean passage leading to the sea. The enterance is known only to the members of one single tribe, many of whom reside entirely within its recesses. The place is regarded as a sanctuary, to which access may be obtained for any gypsy under the ban of the law, and if a gypsy can once reach the place he may tarry until "nothing further is heard" concerning it. He is generally assisted to escape to the sea shore, when he goes abroad for a time, to return again and commence anew. It is believed by some of the shrewdest of the police authorities that the cache is a sanctuary for stolen goods in which the produce of many of the recent diamond robberies has been secreted, and from thence put on board vessels for America Russia or Holland.

THE commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No. Well my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've got two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra as usual.

THE highest city in the world is Potosi, Bolivia. It has an elevation of 13,900 feet above the level of the sea.

SOME people talk about the window of the soul, but it don't seem half as real as a pane in the stomach.

[Daily Chicago Times].

Mr. George Barnes, of Bagnall & Barnes, South Water street, said that his wife had been a severe sufferer with neuralgia for years and had tried many remedies in vain. St. Jacobs Oil is the only thing that brought her relief.

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