The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1882. VOL. XX-NO. 39.

"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 equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense clothing for all ages and sizes subject to the retail buyers at a slight advance 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.

If you want CHOICE PERFUMES,

Nice Colognes, Hair Oils, Hair Dyes, Soaps Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, and Dentrifices, go to the Corner Drug Store, kept by

C. F. STAM,

Where you will get the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices. July 31, 1879.

SWISS EMBROIDERY,
IRISH TRIMMING,
TORCHON LACE, VALENCIENNE LACE,
DeAlencon Lace, Bretonne Lace, Hamburg Edgings and Insertings. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

STOVE REPAIRS and Bricks on hand, and for sale, at less than city prices, at
JOHN 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;
" " ½ " " Weatherboarding;
" " ¾ and ⅞ 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, rice 25 cents. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

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

THE POPULAR CREED.

[Charles P. Shiras, author of the following poem, died in Allegany City, Pa., some twenty-five years ago, at the early age of twenty-nine years.]

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man is down give him a thrust!
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptious poverty's quite appalling,
Knock him over, and kick him for falling!
If a man is up, oh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know of a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth;
But the maiden will break her vows with ease;
For a woer cometh whose claims are these—
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well tinged with the brandy red,
A soul well trained in villainy's school—
And—Cash—sweet Cash—he knoweth the rule;
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes.

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian plan,
But poor he is, and poor will be;
A scorned and hated wretch is he—
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life—
They struggle against fearful odds,
Who will not bow to the people's gods?
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes.

So get you wealth! no matter how!
'No questions asked' of the rich, I trow!
Steal by night, and steal by day,
(Doing it all in a legal way);
Join the church, and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool;
But don't be poor! remember the rule;
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

A Michigander in France.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The sun rose bright and fair the first morning we were in France. on our arrival at Boulogne, my wife suggested that we should get a carriage, go into the country and see sunny France. Going to the stand I hailed a driver.

'Do you speak English?'

'Oh, yaas.'

'All right, drive us into the country; take us out one road and back another—any direction you please.'

The driver said "Yaas," as before, and we rattled up the street, with its cobbly pavement. Suddenly we turned from the harbor and drove up a street to the summit of a hill, evidently inviting attention to the splendid panorama of town and country that lay below. Having enjoyed the prospect for some time, I suddenly recollected that I was not paying the driver, standing still so I said 'Right, old man; that's very fine. You can go ahead now.

At last a turn brought us out in the front street again, but nearer the sea than where we started. The driver looked smilingly on us.

'Look here,' said I, glancing at him, 'are you going into the country or are you not?'

'Oh, yes,' said he, and began to rattle off something in French. It now began to dawn upon me that he knew as little English as I knew French. I went back into the carriage in despair. 'Drive on,' I yelled; 'move—proceed—get out of here!'

I got out my "Tourist's French Pronouncing Handbook for the Use of Travelers who have only an Imperfect knowledge of the French Language—Sixth Edition." The first column gave the English, the next the corresponding French, and the third the pronunciation. I ran down the column, reading aloud:

What is it unusual to give?
Put my portmanteau in the cab.
Tell the driver where to take me.
Thanks for your attention.

'That's the last,' I said to my wife. 'It now goes into the journeys by railway. I wish I could tell him where to go.'

'Can't you find the word 'country' anywhere?'

'The nearest I come to it is this: '*English*—The inhabitants of countries.

'*French*—Des habitants de different Pays.

'*Pronounced*—Dais ahbeetang de deefairang Paiyee.

'I'll try the Pays on him,' I said. I stepped out. We were in a secluded street. 'See here,' said I. He looked resigned. 'Would you mind driving to to the paiyee?—le paiyee you know—les paiyee—du paiyee—des paiyee—see! Some of them must be right.'

We anxiously watched his face for signals of intelligence.

'Saval voo le sh'maing?' asked the driver.

'It's your inning this time, old man. You've got me there. I don't savai voo worth a cent I regret to say.'

Here a grand idea struck me. I went to a lone tree that stood near and calling his attention to it, gave a magnificent sweep of my arm toward the horizon.

'Oh, wee, wee,' said he, with pleasure beaming from his countenance, as I once more got in the one-horse shay. We rattled along the stony street, and partly ascended another hill, until we came to a trim little park, with many trees, shrubs, and flowers. The cabman stopped and descended from the seat, beaming at me for approval.

'Voolai, woi alial o park?'

'You'll have to talk better English than that if you want me to answer you.'

With a loud voice he called to a person on the other side of the street, an acquaintance.

The party came across and the driver, with many gestures, and pointing scornfully at me several times, spoke to the new arrival. Addressing me, the stranger said: 'Le cochal—he not know what you want him to do.'

'You've hit it the first time, I want him to drive us into the country—away out.'

He translated that to the coacher, who rapidly and indignantly answered: Then to me the stranger expounded: 'He say—le cochal—why you not tell me zat before? He willing to drive anywhere want, but he sink you might tell him what your pleasure is to drive.

'Great heavens! Why I've been talking of nothing else for the last two hours.'

Once more we left the little park and climbed slowly up the hill past the old town. By and by we passen a chateau or two surrounded by high walls and dense foliage, and then we began to ascend from the valley. 'You turn back now,' I said to the driver.

'Yaas,' said he, coming to his old word again, but keeping steadily on.

'I believe,' said I as a chill came over me, 'that old imbecile will drive on until we meet some one who speaks French and English if it takes till this time next year.'

'I stopped him, and going to the horse's head, led the animal into the road and turned to the left, and then, pointing down it, got in again. It was a delightful, leafy country lane, which brought us to a fine old chateau of stone and red brick, with quaint turrets and many little balconies, and a moss-grown roof that had once been red tile. Here the road stopped. I hurriedly caught the horse by the head, and tried to turn him around before the inmates came out but was too late. A portly and exceedingly French gentleman stepped from one of the windows to the lawn, while several servants, quieting a dog, appeared at the iron gate. The portly individual called. I feared it was for the dog. But two rather pretty young ladies answered him by stepping from the window recess where they had been concealed, and evidently laughing at us. Alas! they also spoke in French.

'Well this is at least a relief,' I said. 'The first good looking girls I have seen in France. If that one in white knew how to do up her hair she would be decidedly handsome.

The young lady referred to instantly replied: 'Thank you, sir; and in return for your suggestion I shall be happy to explain to my father to what cause we are indebted for the pleasure of this visit.'

I collapsed. 'My husband,' said my wife, 'thought this road led to the sea. If you would kindly tell the driver that we want to go back to Boulogne by way of the cliffs it would be of great service to us.

They directed the coacher. Silence reigned as we went back. 'I wonder,' said I, at last, 'if they would hang a person in France for throwing a coacher like ours over the cliff?'

My wife looked dreamily at the sun, setting in the English Channel and mildly replied, 'It's a good thing they don't hang a person in France for making silly blunders, or I fear I would soon be a widow.

False Grammar.

"Some examples of false grammar will show what every one is the better for knowing: that in literature nothing should be taken on trust; that errors of grammar even are found where we should least expect them. 'I do not know whether the imputation *were* just or not.—Emerson. 'I proceeded to inquire if the "extract" . . . *were* a veritable quotation.'—Emerson. Should be *was* in both cases. 'How *sweet* the moonlight sleeps!'—Townsend, 'Art of Speech,' vol. i, p. 114. Should be *sweetly*. 'There is no question *but* these arts . . . will greatly aid him,' etc'—Ibid., p. 130. Should be *that*. 'Nearly all who have been distinguished in literature or oratory have made . . . the generous confession that their attainments *have been* reached through patient and laborious industry. They have declared that speaking and writing, though once difficult for them, *have become* well nigh recreations.'—Ibid., p. 143. The *have been* should be *were*, and the *have become* should be *became*. 'Many pronominal adverbs are correlatives of *each other*.'—Harkness's 'New Latin Grammar,' p. 147. Should be *one another*. 'Hot and cold springs, boiling springs, and quiet springs lie within a few feet of *each other*, but *none of them are properly geysers*.'—Appletons' 'Condensed Cyclopædia,' vol. ii, p. 414. Should be *one another*, and *not one of them is properly a geyser*. 'How much better for you as seller and the nation as buyer . . . than to sink . . . in cutting *one another's* throats!' Should be *each other's*. 'A minister, noted for prolixity of style was once preaching before the inmates of a lunatic asylum. In one of his illustrations he painted a scene of a man condemned to be hung, but reprieved under the gallows.' These two sentences are so faulty that the only way to mend them is to rewrite them. They are from a work that professes to teach the 'art of speech.' Mended: 'A minister, noted for his prolixity, once *preached* before the inmates of a lunatic asylum. By way of illustration he painted a scene in which a man, *who had been* condemned to be *hanged*, *was* reprieved under the gallows.'"—*The Verbalist*, by ALFRED AYERS.

THE personator of *Lady Evylyn Clinton*, in "two nights in Rome," as acted by a traveling company, is down in the bills as Miss Blanche Wollston, but during the performance in the Grand Opera House Cincinnati, Samuel Thomas recognized her as his former wife, from whom he had six years before obtained a divorce. He had been drinking, and was drunk enough to be easily excited. After watching the actress uneasily a while he stood up and shouted: "You're Bridget Mulvaney. I ought to know you; you've cost me $32,000." The actress proceeded coolly with her part while Thomas was being ejected.

A CHICAGO lad discovered three men robbing a house. He procured a pistol, and sent his younger brother to ring the door bell, while he posted himself in the rear. The thieves ran out when they heard the bell. The boy collared the first, shot the second, and sent two bullets after the third.

Converted by a Horse.

WHY A WILLIAMSBURG MAN HAS CEASED TO MALTREAT HIS ANIMALS.

From the New York Star.

While the crowd stood about suggesting means, the use of which they declared would make the most baulky horse move along, the owner and driver of the animal which they struggled to urge, sat in his wagon seat, occasionally saying in mild tones, "Whoa, gee up, Yankey."

"Put ginger in his ear, never mind the horse," shouted one.

"Put some burning straw in his off coattail pocket," yelled another.

But these and other remarks did not disconcert the patient driver, who still whispered softly to the horse, "Whoa, gee up, Yankey. Dot was a good fellow."

The horse, whether tired out with the pulling and hauling by the crowd, or softened by the kind words of his master finally dashed off, and the officer said:

"That man Catte has had too tough an experience with a horse to ever again strike or club one. His experience frightened him. A couple of years ago when he had his grocery store on Grand street, near Ninth, he had a horse which he was accustomed to abuse in the most brutal manner. When it came about that the horse, owing to the bad treatment and abuse, was of no service, and sores had broken out all over the brute, Catte took the poor animal to the offal dock to have it killed. As the man at the dock tied it to a post and picking up an axe made ready to strike the horse on the head a second blow, it broke from its fastenings, and turning looked, with the blood streaming from its forehead, on the crowd which was standing about. Singling Catte out, it started for him with open mouth. He turned and fled, the horse following. Before he reached the gate of the lumber-yard on the dock the horse was almost upon him. Flying into the yard the now thoroughly frightened man ran yelling for help about the lumber piles. The horse, with fire flashing from its eyes, the blood streaming from the wound and with distended jaws, bounded after him gaining with each bound on the terror-stricken man. By a superhuman effort," the officer continued, 'Catte succeeded in clambering upon a pile of lumber. As he fell prone upon it the horse, with a single bound, placed its fore feet on it, and just as it reached its head over the prostrate form of its master it expired. It took weeks before he recovered from the terror of that chase, and that's why he was so patient to-day with the stubborn brute."

Drouths and Fertility.

A wise provision of nature, says the Prarie Farmer "turns a long continued drouth into one means of restoring or supplying elements of fertility of which many soils have been depleted by constant cropping. Mineral ingredients are indispensible to good crops. Chemical research has shown that an explanation for failing productiveness of soils that were originally rich, is found in many cases in the exhaustion of inorganic or mineral constituents within the reach of the roots of plants. Manures and judicious rotation of crops are the expedients of the provident and intelligent husbandman in restoring or supplying these ingredients which are taken away more or less, by what is removed from the land in the shape of farm products. A very dry season may be accepted as not utterly unprofitable, for by a wise provision the ingredients so much needed are brought up from depths below the reach of ordinary farm crops, and in this way when there is a long period of hot and dry weather a vast amount of moisture is carried from the earth by evaporation, and in the process of capilliary attraction, the moisture, which has been stored by previous rainfalls and snow, is brought from depths that vary according to the texture of the soil and the severity of the drouth. With the water comes, in solution, a proportion of the inorganic or mine ral constituents of plants, which are thus deposited within the reach of present or future crops—that is, where they are needed and will do the most good.

YOUNG Haines was one of the worst fellows of Bedford, Ind., and when he went forward for prayers in a revival meeting, with an air of deep contrition, a daughter of the pastor knelt by his side to give him consolation and advice. After the services were over the girl missed her gold watch, and it was conjectured that Haines had stolen it. She would not believe this, but went with the party who set out to follow him. They found him on his knees under a tree, and for a moment they thought he was praying; but a closer inspection showed that he was burying the watch.

Dennie Dunlap was a three-card-monte man attached to a circus. A greenhorn whom he had swindled out of $200, at Assumption, La., complained to a Justice, who not only issued a warrant, but went to the tent to serve it. Dennie was operating on another victim, and he quietly offered the Justice $20 not to interrupt him for ten minutes. This proposition was declined. Then the gambler angrily drew a revolver; but the Justice fired quickest, killing him instantly, and coolly recovering the $200 from his pocket. The gambling privilege of that circus is now for sale.

THE wife of a methodist presiding elder in Maine is suing for a divorce. Her most serious allegation is that his credit is so bad that when he is away from home she cannot get trusted for "so much as a red herring," which makes it difficult to feed the family.

A LEGEND.

By Rose Terry Cook in the February Lippincott.

"Hark!"
She sat upright in her bed,
The gold hair from her head
Crisping, coiling, wandering low
O'er her bosom cold as snow.
For the heart in her breast stood still,
And the blood in her veins ran chill,
At the sound she heard in the dark.

"Hark!"
It sounded like the scream
Of a dreamer in his dream.
Yet her eyes were wide and blue,
Piercing midnight through and through;
Her parted lips were white
With the terror of the night,
And her arms spread stiff and stark.

"Hark!"
Wakened the mother mild:
"Why dost thou call, my child?
The kindling morn is not yet red,
The night is silent, the winds are dead.
To-morrow thou are a bride:
Sleep, darling, at my side."
But again she whispered, "Hark!"

"Hark!
Hear the low steps that bring,
Stumbling, some dreadful thing!
Hear the low hushed voices calling!
Hear the sullen water falling!
Hear! oh, mother, hear!
They are setting down the bier:
And the watch-dogs do not bark."

Hark!
The sudden taper burned,
The key in her cold hand turned.
Nothing in the lofty hall,—
Stillness, darkness, over all.
"There is not a creature here,
Nor bearers, nor a bier,
Nor anything but the dark."

Hark!
The wedding-bells ring loud.
The wedding-revellers crowd.
Waiting, watching, still she stood
In her bower's white solitude,
Waiting in her bower
For bridegroom and the hour,
Watching the dial's mark.

Hark!
The creeping shadow is there:
He is coming up the stair,—
Coming! Stumbling steps and slow
Low, hushed voices,—"Bring him here.
Softly! now set down the bier."
Dripping water's dropping fall
On the flapstones of the hall,—
It is this she heard in the dark.

Hark!
The tolling bells ring low,
And the mourners come and go.
Whiter than the palest bride,
Low she lieth at his side:
For she looked out on the dead,
And her life was smitten and sped.
She will nevermore say, "Hark!"

Diffenderfer's Method.

'Archibald, my boy,' said old Mr. Diffenderfer, the rich commission merchant, the other day, as he called his son into his private office, 'my dear boy, I have just executed the deeds by which I retire from business to-day and leave you sole active partner in the wealthiest house on the coast. Naturally you expect me to give you some timely counsel for your future business guidance.'

'Keerect!' replied young D., who was a member of the Bohemian Club, and knew it all.

'You probably suppose that I wish to enjoin upon you frugality, temperance, integrity and punctuality as the sure means of success. Not at all. Those virtues are all very well for the copy book, but the only real requisite to success in life—especially in this State—is a really good reciprocating dummy enemy."

'A what?' queried the scion of the house of D., as he put his feet on the desk and lit another cigarette.

'Why, a first-class, bitter, unrelenting dummy enemy. Something like my dear old friend Guffey, for instance.'

'Why, I thought you were down on that man the worst way?'

'That's just the point—that's just the joke of it,' said old D. with a chuckle. 'Fourteen years ago I met Guffey on the steamer, coming round here from New York. We had both failed in trade, I in Boston, he in Philadelphia; both of us fairly driven out of the business by the usual slanders, jealousies and underhand defamation peculiar to—well, to everywhere.'

'Why didn't you go into partnership?' asked the junior.

'I'll tell you. After talking the matter over, Guffey and I agreed that the only way for a man with small capital to get along was to have some trusted friend on the outside who would keep him posted as to the doings of his enemies. Some one whom they would talk to, don't you understand?'

'I catch on,' replied the youth.

'So we concluded to act as each other's dummy enemy. And from the day that we stepped off the steamer down at the wharf, Guffey and I have never spoken to each other, except on the 1st and 15th of each month, when I visit him in disguise, to compare notes.'

'Well, by Jove!'

'It's a fact, though. Every time my enemies—and everybody has them; they sorter grow, somehow—put up a job on me, or lie about me, or try to injure me in any way, they go to Guffey and attempt to rope him into the plot. He sympathizes with them; says that I'm the biggest old wretch, unhung, and then sits down and writes me the particulars. Good scheme, that, eh?' and the old merchant laughed until he was black in the face.

'Well, I should smile,' grinned the other.

'Of course I do the same of Guffey. Why, I can't tell how many thousand times I've scowled at him on the street and remarked to whoever I was walking with: 'There's the miserable scoundrel, Guffey. Look at the airs he puts on because he is rich. I'd like to break his rascally head with a club.'

'Was Guffey rich then?'

'Why, no; of course not, at first. It was a part of our scheme, don't you see, to brace up each other's credit under the cover of abuse. For instance, I'd apply for a big discount at some bank, and the cashier would slip around to Guffey for information, knowing he'd give away all my weak points. Guffey would scowl and say, 'Well, I suppose the old villian is solid enough, but blame a man who'd turn his mother-in-law out of doors on a cold winter night. The old beast! I wonder they haven't tarred and feathered Diffenderfer years ago. They say his grandmother is in the poorhouse. With all his money, too; just think!'

'And does that help you?'

'Why certainly. A bank cashier doesn't care for gaandmothers. What he is after is stingy old capitalists and other Muldoons. Why, Guffey once borrowed $50,000 because I privately told McLane that G. had swindled the government on a half million contract. Mac had him up to dinner the very next day. Think over what I have said, my dear boy, and go thou and do likewise.'

And promising to look carefully around up at the club, which was cram full of dummies of all kinds, young Diffenderfer dived into his ulster, and hastened to get up on Kearney street before the matinees let out.—*San Francisco Post.*

The Lad and the man.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life. The boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers, will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eye and keeps his answer inside the truth, already count friends who will last all his life, and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money. Then go to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow steady grudge who practiced firing every day last winter, that bagged the most game in the mountains. It is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor fooled by shams.

A lawsuit has been instituted against the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston and the Rev. Father Fleming to recover some intrinsically valueless figures of Cupids, which were originally cut from a valentine. Two years ago a girl named Lizzie M. Gannon had a violent attack of hysteria, and declared she had visions of heaven. She described while entranced, persons who had long been dead, and thoroughly convinced those around her that her clairvoyance was genuine. Father Fleming found her gazing reverently at the paper figures mentioned, and she assured him that they had been miraculously delivered to her. She regarded them not as Cupids, but angels. The priest took them away from her, tore one up, and carried the rest away, charging her to disabuse her mind of such folly. This shock threw the girl into convulsions, and she has since had consciousness only at intervals, when she begs piteously for the images. But the priest destroyed them, acting under the order of the Archbishop. This suit is for damages, and eminent council are engaged on each side.

Good Humor.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness and good humor.

He that regards the welfare of others should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies or solicit his favors, for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires.

A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.

A LAW office noted for graduating successful politicians has at last been closed at Ashtabula, Ohio. It was opened in 1821 by Joshua R. Giddings, and among the subsequent partners in the firm were Benjamin F. Wade and R. P. Ranney. There were only seven partners altogether, yet they furnished one Vice-President of the United States, one United States Senator, one Congressman, one Judge of the Ohio Supreme Court, one Consul-General to Canada, two Ohio Common Pleas Judges, one member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention, two State Senators, two State Representatives, three Prosecuting Attorneys, one Probate Judge, one Provost Marshal, and a number of local officers.

THE Galveston News defends the ranchmen and cowboys of Texas against the prevailing impression that they form a reckless and drunken class, and declares: "In but few classes of people can there be found more intelligence, sobriety, self-reliance, integrity, reliability, and general chivalry than exist among the stockmen or 'ranchmen' of this State; and it is questionable whether any class of employees exist who practice more sobriety and self-denial, who are more orderly from Christmas to Christmas, and who are more faithful than are the cowboys."

An Iowa Girl's Ambition.

[*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*]

The smartest girl I've met in Iowa I met yesterday at Nevada, Story county, northwestern Iowa—Miss Belle Clinton. Miss Clinton is a bright-eyed, rosy cheeked girl of about twenty, as full of fun and health and vigor as a good girl can be. Two weeks ago Miss Clinton was a school teacher. Saving up by her teaching about $160, she last spring borrowed a span of horses from her father, rigged up a 'prairie schooner, and started for Dakota Miss Clinton says laughingly to-day, speaking of her trip: 'Why, I never lived so nicely in my life, and I never had such an appetite, and such courtesy. I received everywhere! Rough, rude men would come up to our camp, and, after I had talked to them awhile, offer to build my fire and actually bring water to me. We went up through the wheat country, which they call the 'Jim River country.' It's about 100 miles east from Fort Sully. I homesteaded 160 acres of land. Then I took up a timber claim of 160 acres more."

"What is a timber claim?"

"Why, I hired a man and we set out ten acres of trees. This gave me 160 acres more; so I have 320 acres now. But I must tell you about those trees. They were young locust, apple, and black walnut sprouts. I sowed a peck of locust beans, a pint of apple seed and two bushels of black walnuts in our garden in Iowa a year ago. These sprouts were little fellows and we could set them out fast—just go along and stick them in the ground. But they are just as good. I believe my 3,000 little black walnut sprouts will be worth $15 apiece in ten years, and $20 apiece in fifteen. My locust trees will sometime fence the whole country."

"Then what did you do?"

"We built a shanty and broke up five acres of land; and this fall we came back to Iowa to spend the winter, and here we are. In the spring I'll go back with more black walnut and locust sprouts and take up 160 acres more. The trees are just what I want to plant anyway, and they'll pay better than any wheat crop that can be raised—only I've got to wait for them ten or twelve years; but I can wait."

Here is a girl who owns in her own right 320 acres of splendid black prairie now and who will own 480 acres in the spring, every acre of which will bring $5 within three years and $10 within five years and $20 within ten years. Her black walnut and locust trees will be worth as much more. At thirty she will be worth $25,000.

WHEN the Dunkers of Indiana made up their minds that the study of grammar was frivolous, they protested against their children being taught it in the public schools. The teachers refused to be bound by the protest, whereupon an appeal was made to the State Superintendent, who has decided that teachers may omit the offensive study. He insists however, that they shall impart orally to all Dunker pupils "all that is practical on the subject."

BUSINESS men in Baltimore propose to organize a manufacturers' aid association, with a capital of $1,000,000, the prime object of which shall be to erect and equip buildings with motive power for the purpose of renting the same to manufacturers who cannot afford to own their own works. It is believed that such an association will attract important manufacturing interests to the city.

AN old barge, or flatboat, discarded for the carrying of coal, and fitted up with a rough dwelling of boards, is on the Ohio River called a "jo boat." These vessels were formerly used by traders, who swapped their goods for farm produce, but they are now chiefly occupied by a shiftless, disagreeable, thieving class, whom Pittsburg proposes to forcibly reform.

WEST VIRGINIA has a reckless bigamist in Dr. Love, a dentist, who makes a round of the principal towns every year, remaining from a week to two months in each. He grows sentimental while working in the mouths of women, and has sometimes been whipped for his audacity; but in seven instances his advances led to marriage. The seven wives are living, and the Doctor has gone to jail.

A COW with three rings on her horns is six years old; with four she is seven. No rings are formed after the tenth year. The deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns, are pretty sure indications of old age.

AMONG the curious frolics of hard drinkers we find the use of flap-dragons, or snap-dragons, which consisted in igniting combustible substances, which were swallowed while floating on the liquor.

NEARLY $10,900,000 was taken from the mines of Utah last year, and a bullion product of $13,000,000 is predicted for the present year.

A FATHER with marriageable daughters, like a maiden with sensitive skin, often dreads the winter because it brings so many chaps on his hands.

WE are inclined to think that work and genius are very much the same thing under different names.

A clothing store is naturally a ware house.

[Manchester, (Mich.) Enterprise.]

Messrs. Haeussler & Kingsley, Druggists, Manchester, say: We handle St. Jacobs Oil with abundant success, and it has given excellent satisfaction to our customers.

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