The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY MARCH 2, 1882. VOL. XX-NO. 43.

NEW GROCERY

—AND—

FEED STORE!

corner of High and Queen streets, Chestertown.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

ALL KINDS

OF

CANNED GOODS;

100 Bushels of White Potatoes,

In First Class Condition,

now in the cellar.

SUPPLY OF OTHER VEGETABLES

WILL BE RECEIVED DAILY,

and furnished Fresh and Good.

Our Motto:

Low Prices,

Cash Rates,

and Quick Sales.

P. S.—Will continue to keep on hand Castings for the Advanced Chilled Plow, also, Champion Reaper repairs.

A. BELL,

Jan. 12, 1882. Agent.

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.

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.

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

A VERY large lot of Barbed Fence Wire on hand, and cheaper than ever. THOS. L. HINES & CO.

OARS AND OARLOCKS—for sale by T. L. HINES & CO

A FULL stock of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco, constantly on hand—at SPARKS'.

WE are still ahead in good cheap *CLOCKS* SPARKS.

Ladies' Shoe Store.

A NEW stock of SHOES for Spring and Summer wear, just received at MRS. KATE GILL'S

IF you want a cheap City Made Wash Boiler, or a good Home Made Wash Boiler, call on J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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;
" " ½ " " 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.

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.

WIRE SCREEN for windows and doors of all sizes. Call and purchase, so that you may not be annoyed with flies for ten years to come. sold by THOS. L. HINES & CO.

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

HER VOICE.

OSCAR WILDE.

The wild bee reels from bough to bough
With his furry coat and his gauzy wing,
Now in a lily-cup, and now
Setting, a jacinth bell-a-swing,
In his wandering;
Sit closer, love; it was here I trow
I made that vow,

Swore that two lives should be like one
As long as the seagull loved the sea,
As long as the sunflower sought the sun—
It shall be, I said, for eternity
'Twixt you and me!
Dear friend, those times are over and done,
Love's web is spun.

Look upward where the poplar trees
Sway and sway in the summer air,
Here in the valley never a breeze
Scatters the thistledown, but there
Great winds blow fair
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
And the wave-lashed lees.

Look upward where the white gull screams,
What does it see that we do not see?
Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
On some outward voyaging argosy,—
Ah! can it be
We have lived our lives in lands of dreams?
How sad it seems.

Sweet, there is nothing left to say
But this, that love is never lost,
Keen winter stabs the breast of May
Whose crimson rose burst his frost,
Ships tempest-tossed
Yet find a harbor in some bay,
And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do
But to kiss once again, and part,
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
I have my beauty,—you your Art,
Nay, do not start,
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.

QUEER FOOD.

DELICACIES FOR OUR FOREIGN BORN CITIZENS.

From the New York News.

The Germans of New York have stores in which specially Teutonic delicacies are vended. Dried, or rather smoked goose is an odd feature of these. Smoked geese come from Pomerania, where their living originals are raised in vast flocks. They are plucked for their down, and then killed, cut in sections, very slightly salted and smoked. Pomeranian goose, however, costs 25 cents a pound, and is esteemed a great dainty among German epicures.

There are a couple of stores here where Spanish edibles are dealt in. These consist chiefly of nuts and dried fruit. Dried goat meat forms a favorite feature. It is prepared very much as our dried beef is. The Spaniards seem to rely more on their peculiar methods of cooking what they eat than on any peculiarity of the food itself.

The peculiarities of the French food stores are beyond scrutiny. The question with regard to them is not what they do, but what they do not sell. There is probably nothing from a section of boiler iron or a cobble stone down to a bent pin or a broken horse shoe nail that a Frenchman cannot provide a dressing for to make it appetizing. An odd feature of the French shops to an American is the horse meat department. They all deal in horse flesh, both fresh, dried and salted. Horse flesh sausages, made, or supposed to be made, in Lyons, and called Lyons sausages, are very popular. Sausages made of a campound of asses' flesh, pork and veal also have an extensive sale.

Sharks' fins, dried, are sold in every Chinese shop in New York. They are imported from China.

There are three kinds, of which the best are the fins of the white shark. These are worth $3.50 a pound. The poorest kind, which is known as black shark fins, is sold for half as much, and even less. Shark's fin is a popular dainty among Chinamen. It is salted and dried for export, and looks like a section of whalebone when raw, but boiled in water a gelatinous substance is extracted which is esteemed very savory. A species of sharks' fin, dried oysters, rice and peppers is a champion Chinese dish. Dried oysters are ordinary bivalves, extracted from the shell, dipped in salt and strung on strings to dry in the sun. They come from China, and look for all the world like figs. John Chinaman infinitely prefers them to the freshest of fresh oysters he can buy here. Mussels, conks and clams are preserved by him in the same way.

The famous bird's nest is also a feature of any respectable shop in Mott street. It is queer stuff to look at, for it rather resembles gravel than any vegetable or animal, and tastes a little like gum arabic. The nests, it seems, are dried and rubbed into these fragments in the hand, when they are packed for transportation. Bird's nest is worth from $10 for the commoner varieties to $25 a pound for the best. It is essentially a luxury, for a pound of it will only make soup for at most forty people, so that it rates higher than turtle soup in the dearest season. Another dainty, which Ah Sin has to have imported all the way from China, is dried cabbage.

Some score or so of contributors to a French sporting journal dined one day upon the heart and ham of a lion, killed by Constant Cheret in Algeria. The flesh of the lion was found to be particularly firm and close grained like that of a horse, but although pronounced palatable, it only achieved what is termed a success d'estime, while the heart, skillfully prepared with truffles, was unanimously voted tough and indigestible.

GENERAL GRANT is expected at the White House, as the guest of Mr. Arthur for a few days, about the end of this month. He will tarry only a short time in washington, however, as he is bound further south.

THE butcher bird is said to impale its victims on thorns and devour them at leisure.

Mexico and her People.

Upon landing on the coast of Mexico, one is struck with the singular dress, habits and customs of the people. All we see is new to our eyes and senses. The houses are of the simplest construction; and the furniture in them, surprisingly meager. Of course these remarks refer to the rural districts. The old time plow of 2,000 years ago, is seen in the field, and drawn by oxen, and the yoke fastened to their horns. The producing class is the Indian. The pronundiados, or revolutionists, comprise the middle class; while the better class is pure castilian. The latter class hold the offices, fill all the positions, and possess all the wealth. The middle class are not renowned for virtue, while the upper class are. The lower class are stupid but honest; the middle class are not.

There are many rich people in Mexico, but the government is poor and the country impoverished. Paupers are plenty; and yet one rarely hears of a death by starvation. Bread is cheap; and fruit can be had for a song. The bread in general use is the tortilla, made of corn. It is the bread of the Aztecs and Toltecs of 700 years ago. It is the bread Montezuma ate in his day. And this is how it is made:

The corn is soaked in warm lime water for half a day; then worked, when the hulls drop off; then the clean grains are placed upon a flat stone, and a stone roller passed over them until the corn is ground and looks like mortar. Some red pepper is put into the dough, when the operator takes a lump in her hands, pats it until it assumes the form of a cake and then places it up on an earthen plate, laid upon the coals, and the famous tortilla is ready to be eaten. The cake is quite palatable, and with soup it is not to be despised.

A Spanish writer, in dilating upon the wealth and extravagance of the Indian emperor Montezuma, declared that the emperor never used the same spoon but once. But he did not tell all the story. Montezuma ate his soup like his subjects. He took a piece of tortilla, shaped it like a spoon or cup, then swallowed the soup and tortilla together. Mexicans, who are not worth a dollar in the world, do the same thing to-day. The lower class and middle class, too, to a large extent, use no spoons, knives or forks, when eating.

The manufacture and sale of this cake is one of the few fields open to women in Mexico. They bake them and then hawk their goods upon the streets or deliver them to families at their houses. But they never grow rich at their calling. Indeed, in this country, the object of the people is not to get wealth; it is rather to obtain the comforts of life. A Mexican will work three days in the field, and sleep the other three days of the week away. The seventh day is market day and also church day.

The common people are clad in the simplest and fewest garments, in fact they are never overdressed. It is surprising how few clothes will pass muster in some districts of that country. A blanket spread on the earthen floor of their huts is considered good enough for any sovereign of that land; while a cot is regarded as a luxury, and only indulged in by the well to do people. Everybody smokes, but no one chews or snuffs. The ladies smoke as gracefully as they dance. They smoke in the parlor at home, and when visiting; and are content only when they have a cigarette every half hour. They use wines at the table, but at no other time; and all classes eat frequently but sparingly. Dyspepsia is rare, and a dentist could not earn a living if he had an entire canton in which to ply his vocation. Life is deemed a period of enjoyment, with the rich and poor. They eat, sleep, dance and die. And they die early, too. Old people are seldom seen in Mexico.

HOW MUCH MAKES RICHES.

"To be rich," said William L. Marcy, at one time Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor, and if the necessities of life are measured by each it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richest." To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?' I replied that was my name. 'Bill Marcy?' said he. I nodded assent. 'Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?' I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at. 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremenduous force. 'I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy, who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you, and find out for sartain. Why, you know me, don't you, Bill?' I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was unable to call him by name. 'My name is Jack Smith,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man and got rich, I suppose.' I shook my head and was going to contradict that impression when he broke in: 'Oh! yes you are. I know you are rich: no use denying it. You was Comptroller for—for a long time; and the next thing we heard of you was Governor. You must have had a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew that you would come to something.' I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you, since you left Southport?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up in Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cleared more land than any other family in the whole State.' 'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?' I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his. 'Well,' he replied, 'I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clear cash!' He was rich for he was satisfied."—*Marcy Memoirs.*

The Sprague Divorce.

Twenty years ago William Sprague was one of the most conspicuous and respected men of the nation. He was young; immensely rich; had won the Governorship of his Republican State, as the Democratic candidate, against the sweeping Republican tide of 1860; had pronounced for the government against armed treason with emphasis and led the troops of his State to the field; was re-elected Governor without a serious contest in 1861; was transferred to the United States Senate amidst the applaudits of the North, and the future seemed to possess boundless political possibilities for the fragile looking little millionaire soldier and statesman of Rhode Island.

The first Republican national administration had for one of its chief Cabinet Ministers Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio. He was a man of established national fame; had served a term in the Senate as one of the pioneer anti Slavery statesmen; had been twice elected Governor of his State; had been re-elected to the Senate, and resigned his full Senatorial term to become Secretary of the Treasury when that department demanded the highest and broadest statesmanship. In addition to his distinction as a statesman, his individual purity of character shed the richest lustre upon the government of which he was one of the central figures.

With Mr. Chase came his daughter to preside at the house of the eminent Finance Minister. She was just blooming into womanhood, and in mind and form completed the circle of the graces. She was beautiful, intellectual, skillful and ambitious. She had not escaped the malignity of scandal that magnifies indiscretions into crimes, but she was accepted as the reigning Queen of Washington's beautiful and attractive women. The young New England Senator and the young beauty of the West met when both were in the zenith of their supremacy. What affection lacked to mate them ambition and the general fitness of their union supplied, and their wedding is recalled as one of the memorable events in the social history of the national capital.

Less than half a score of years after William Sprague and Kate Chase had commanded the homage of all and the envy of many, they had a divided household; scandal with its thousand tongues was busy with the lives of both; dissipation had stamped its baleful impress upon the husband until reason tottered on its throne, and social dissipation had paled the cheek and dimmed the lustre of the eye of the Queen of Washington society. Riches took wings and fled amidst the shadows which darkened the once brilliant home, and the end was multiplied scandals and crimination and recrimination in legal proceeding for divorce. The final consummation was reached in the Province court on Monday, when Judge Durfee called the case of "Kate Chase Sprague vs William Sprague," and then proposed to proceed to trial. Then it was that both sides recoiled from their own lives, and it was amicably agreed that the divorce should be declared for desertion; that the daughters should remain with the mother and the son with the father, and that the question of alimony should be a subject for future consideration.

Wealth, ambition, culture and promise never gave better assurance of happiness, usefulness and honor than in the union of William Sprague and Kate Chase; and in all the many social wrecks which have startled the present generation none has been more hopeless.

AN enterprising Georgian is about to publish a descriptive catalogue, containing the name, address, complexion, general style and approximate age of every young woman in Georgia, who owns or is the expectant heiress of property to the amount of $5,000 or upwards. The idea is a good one, being a tardy recognition of the thinly veiled fact that fashionable society is, after all only a great matrimonial exchange, wherein men and women are quotable stocks. Persons of property, of course, are always above par, while the values of beauty, brains and other personal advantages are variable.

"WHAT, no supper at your house to-night? Are you all sick? Oh! no, we are all well and as hungry as bears; but you see we have a donation party at our minister's to night and are merely saving up our appetites that's all.

A drunken man lay half a day in a gutter unarrested, in Springfield, Mass., because his big dog stood guard over him, growling and biting at everybody who came near.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

A YOUNG WIFE PLAYS A PRACTICAL JOKE ON HER HUSBAND, AND IS PUNISHED.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

A Burlington man recently wedded a young wife. The lady became enthused over Will Carleton's tale of elopement of a handsome young woman with a "handsomer man," and determined to try the same thing herself. She wrote a neat little note, stating that she had left home with a gentleman whom she had dearly loved before she had met her husband, and that he need not trouble himself to look for them. Then she called in her younger brother and went calling with him, arranging to return and hide where she could witness her liege lord's dismay when he came to read of her flight. She from her place of concealment saw him enter, saw him look all around in surprise at her absence, and finally saw him discover the note. He opened and read it, while her heart beat high with excitement in anticipation of the breaking out she expected to hear.

The poor fellow finished the cruel missive, tore it up and threw the fragments on the floor, and then, without a moment's warning, drew a revolver and fired point blank at his breast, and fell without a sign of life to the carpet. With a terrified scream, the woman was at her husband's side in a moment lifting his head, rolling him, shaking him, turning him, and hunting for blood, all the time shrieking to her William to speak to her, to forgive her, to only look at her. William lay motionless, however, and the neighborhood, aroused by the shot and screams, came flocking in to learn of the excitement, when suddenly, when a score or more had gathered, the dead leaped up from the floor as well as ever, at which the wife fainted away. She soon revived, however, and then it all came out that the younger brother, being in sympathy with William, had let him into the scheme and he had chosen that mode of punishing his joking wife. She jokes no more, but her husband has compromised on a pony phaeton to keep peace in the family.

The Color of Horses.

This is a subject to which we may perhaps attach more importance than is generally accorded it. It has passed into a proverb that "a good horse cannot be of a bad color." We shall, however, merely give what in our experience, are good colors what bad—not looking to the color as influencing the strength or good qualities of the animal, but as an index to its constitution. Now, light chestnut sorrel, with white legs and feet, naturally suggests the idea that he is a weak, washy brute; while, on the other hand, a darker point, gives immediately the impression of a good constitution. We believe these opinions, perfectly right. There are of course, exceptions, but we take the rule. Again, a bay horse, with black points, or even with a white leg or two, is a very good color; so is a dark and mottled brown, in fact, there is none better; but no color is a certain guarantee of quality, although as we before said, we look upon it as a not unreliable index. For many purposes a gray color is looked upon as a drawback, and so is that of 'yaller'. We never heard of any objections to the black color, nor do we know of any. Some horses are said to show "character" in their coloring, as, for instance, a bull terrier does with a patch over his eye. Thus, a brown or black horse, with three white legs and a blaze, although not the perfection of marking, gives such a quaint appearance that the animal is instructively, and rightly, put down as having "character" about him and is often a very good horse. As a rule, it will be seen that we look upon dark brown, dark chestnut, and light bay as the best colors, implying blood and good constitutions, and the less white they have about them the better. White feet are particularly objectionable, as they are generally inclined to be flat and weak; and a horse which shows much white about his eyes is often tricky, sometimes a bad feeder and sometimes vicious.

Just The Girl.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the laddie dah young man of the day, he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in the city. He managed, by not paying his wash woman and tailor, to take her to theatres, but as times were getting hard he concluded to marry her and save the expense of boarding. By some process of mental arithmetic known to the genius, he discovered with great difficulty that what was not enough for one was yet enough for two and forthwith concluded to pop. He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men away, so he had no fears of a rival. When the time came and he found himself in the company of his Laura in her papa's comfortable parlor, he leisurely seated himself by her side on the sofa, took her dimpled little hand used only to tinkle the piano with, and said in a bronze voice:

"Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded to marry."

Laura started, as he intended she should. Then he resumed, grandiloquently. "I want a dear little girl about your size, with a great big heart just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Court avenue?" murmured Laura.

No dearest, but what are localities to hearts that love? I want a girl that is good tempered, smart, economical, and who loves me! Darling, do you know of such a one.

Laura, faintly, "Yes, oh, yes, I am sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me in poverty than dwell with some other man in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, keep the house tidy, and listen for my foosteps—who would rise early and sit up late for my sake?"

"Oh, how beautiful," murmured Laura, "just like a dear, self sacrificing man!"

"Do you know of such a one, my angel?"

"Yes, I do," responded Laura, fervently; "but you must not call me your angel, for she might not like it; she's in the kitchen now washing the dishes, and she told mother this morning she'd just as leave get married this winter as live out, if she only felt able to support a husband. She's just the girl you want, and she'd love you within an inch of your life."

But Augustus Smythe had fled into the outer darkness; the too muchness of the occasion overcame him like a summer cloud.

She Did Not Blame Him.

"You have broken my heart Vivian."

It was a fair haired girl who spoke these words, and as they came from her lips Vivian Mahoney, the young man to whom they were addressed, leaned tenderly over Ferida Peterson and strove to kiss away the tears that were welling up in her beautiful, dreamy, brown eyes.

"I do not blame you," she continued in a broken voice. "She whom you will one day wed is fair to look upon, and when her warm kisses melt upon your lips it is not strange that you forget all else but that she would gladly be your wife, and that her father owns a coal yard. But I love you with a mad, deathless passion that will burn out my life in the intensity of its flame. You have won my Scandinavian affections unwittingly, but you have won them, all the same. In the years that are to come, Vivian, when your children are playing at your knee and life seems like a fair dream, you will sometimes think of me—sometimes let a tender thought lie in your heart for the little flaxen-haired girl that knew no happiness so great as to hear your voice and see the gleam of the matinee tickets in your vest pocket? Tell me this, and when the leaves have turned brown under the blighting touch of autumn's chilly hand, and I shall have been put away forever in the little dell beyond the meadow, you will lead to the altar a happy bride and never know the sorrow I have felt."

"By yon bright moon I swear," said Vivan, taking another kiss on the fly, "that your memory shall ever be enshrined in my heart. Though my life be one of tempest and storm, or a succession of sunny days, I shall always remember that you were my first, my only love." He was about to imprint another kiss on the rosy lips upheld to his, when a dull thud was heard, and Vivian lay senseless on the sidewalk.

Old Mr. Peterson had opened the front door and adjourned the meeting.—*By the novelist of the Chicago Tribune.*

The Secret Of Genius.

"They talk," said Tom Marshall to his friend, of my astonishing burst of eloquence, and doubtless imagine it is my genius bubbling over. It is nothing of the sort. I will tell you how I do it:

"I select a subject, and study it from the ground up. When I have mastered it fully, I write a speech on it. Then I take a walk, and come back and revise and correct. In a few days I subject it to another pruning, and then recopy it. Next I add the finishing touches, round it off with graceful periods, and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the fields, in my father's lawn and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It sometimes takes me six weeks or two months to get up a speech. When I have one prepared, I come to town, I generally select a court day when there is sure to be a crowd. I am called on to make a speech and am permitted to select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people as I intended it should, and they go away marvelling at my power of oratory. They call it genius but it is the hardest kind of work."

Buried Forests in The Mississippi.

An examination of the Delta of the Mississippi has led to some curious discoveries. It shows that for a distance of 300 miles there are buried many forests of large trees one above the other, with interspaces of sand. Ten distinct growths are in fact observed, which must, in the opinion of the erudite men who have examined them, have succeeded one another. They prove to be the bald cypress of the Southern States, and some have been found over 25 feet in diameter, one boasting as many as 5700 rings. From these facts the geologists of the neighborhood have drawn the conclusion that the antiquity of each forest growth is 10,000 years, thus giving 100,000 years to the entire set. One can but admire the closeness of the calculation which these figures suggest. To the great minds which have grappled with the phenomena it has not occured that they took periods of different length to constitute themselves, with the great advantage that the philosophers thus escape what would have been esteemed enormous difficulties by other scientific men, such, for instance, as Sir Charles Lyell.

A New York clergyman, in a sermon on courtship and marriages, said he believed that "there is a mate for every one if they will but wait till the right one comes along." The female portion of his congregation, who have passed two score years, said they never heard such nonsense and that the man didn't know what he was talking about. If the right one doesn't come along before a woman reaches 40, the chances are nine in ten that he is snowed under, or, worse still, has married the wrong woman.—*Norristown Herald.*

Source of the Mississippi.

The new found source of the Mississippi is a sparkling little gem of a lake, situated above and beyond Lake Itask. Its nestling among the pines of an unfrequented and wild region of Minnesota, many miles from the nearest white settlement, and just on the dividing ridge which forms the great watersheds of North America. Within a few miles of it can be found lakes and streams whose waters are tributary to the Red River of the North and the Yellowstone, thus reaching the sea thousands of miles from the mouth of the mighty Mississippi, which flows in a trickling brook from Lake Glazier. This lake, discovered to be the source of the greatest river in the world by Captain Willard Glazier, on July 22d 1881, is about a mile and a half in its greatest diameter, and would be nearly round in shape but for a single promontory; whose rocky shores give it in outline the shape of a heart. The waters of the lake are exceedingly clear and pure, coming from springs some being at the bottom, but the three most prominent rise a few miles back in low, wet land, and flow into the lake in little rills. On the very point of the promontory is a spring whose waters are as cold as ice, and at which Captain Glazier's party slaked their thirst while exploring the shores of the new lake. So lonely is the region around the lake that for fourteen days not even a redskin was seen, and wearied by the hardships of rough country, yet with a feeling of having added something to geographical knowledge, Captain Glazier and his party were glad indeed to come in contact again with their fellow creatures.—*Dubuque (Ia.,) Herald.*

A GOVERNOR, an ex-Governor, two Generals, an editor, a clergyman, a banker, and a merchant were the pall bearers at the funeral of Margaret Haughery, in New Orleans. Numerous societies were officially represented in the procession, which was honored in various ways on its route from the church to the grave, even the brokers quitting the Stock Exchange to stand uncovered on the sidewalk as it passed by. Mrs. Haughery was of humble origin, uneducated, and had boasted of never wearing a silk dress or a kid glove; but she was famous and beloved as a friend of the poor children of Louisiana. Many years ago she nursed a dying man. He had a little property, which he left to her for charity. She bought with this money a cheap eating house and bakery on the river front, and sold wholesome food to steamboat laborers at a little more than cost. "She gave them a roll and a cup of coffee for five cents, to keep them from spending a quarter for whiskey," says the account, "and they took the roll and coffee, and then spent twenty cents for whiskey all the same." The business prospered, and she might have accumulated wealth; but she established and partially maintained three orphan asylums with profits, and died rich only in reputation.

A Big Head Of Steam.

Topnody made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called imperiously, "Mrs. Topnody, Mrs. Topnody." Mrs. T. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end, of her nose, a dish rag tied round her head and rolling pin in her hand, "Well sir," she said, "what'll you have?"

Topnody staggered, but braced up, "Mrs. Topnody, I want you to understand, madame"—and he tapped his breast drammatically—I am the engineer of this establishment."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well Topnody, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"I am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Topnody?

Topnody heard it and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the house-work

Gimme That Pen.

One day in a "cow case, at Wabash, Indiana, the Judge was in a hurry to go to the races over on the Fair grounds, and he put on his hat before the lawyer for the plaintiff got half through and said:

"There, John, you can dry up now; I have heard enough about the case, and I'm going to decide against you."

"But, your Honor," expostulated the lawyer, "you can't decide against me; the law is all on my side."

"Law! What do I care about law! This ain't no law office, sir, this is a justice office. If you want to practice law, go to a law office.

"But, Judge, you can't decide this case against us, I say the law is all——"

"I can't, hey?"

"No, it's impossible!"

"Who says so?——gimme that pen."

THE present chief of the Cherokees is a polished and highly educated gentleman. He dresses in black broadcloth, wears faultless linen and sparkling emeralds for buttons, and might be mistaken anywhere for a high toned gambler.—*Boston Post.*

ALL the same: "Pa, are you an agnostic?" asked a young New Haven miss at tea last evening. "No, my dear, I am proud to say I am a Republican. "Well that means the same thing, pa. No Republican knows what he believes nowadays."—*New Haven Register.*

UNNECESSARY explanation: "Conductor," said a lady passenger on the train, pointing over her shoulder to a man who was resting his feet on the windowsill behind her, "I wish you would request that brute to take his feet down." "I darren't ma'am," replied the polite but cautious ticket fiend, he's a member of the Legislature."

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