The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHSETERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1882. VOL XXi-NO. 31

ORGANS. Any person wishing to buy an Organ or Piano, I think it would be to their interest to call and see me before buying. I am persuaded that I can make it to their interest to do so. At least it will not cost you any thing to talk with me about an instrument.
Yours respct., J. T. TWILLEY.
Sept. 28—3m.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO FARMERS AND SHIPPERS.

With every facility we are now prepared to receive GRAIN on consignment, or the highest CASH PRICE paid for the same by
J. R. CLEMENTS, AGENT,
July 6, 1882—tf. Chestertown Granary

SPRING and SUMMER

MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOODS.

MRS. KATE GILL, opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Maryland, takes pleasure in informing the ladies and the public generally, that she has received a ful and complete assortment of new

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY,

Hats and Bonnets.

THE LATEST STYLES OUT.

Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Tuckings, Ruffnings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets, &c.

A full line of Ladies Nice Neck wear.
May 4, 1882.

D. B. STEWART.
WITH
T. H. KEPNER.
General Commission Merchants,
and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds
Of Country Produce,
No. 2 Bowley's Wharf,
Baltimore, Md.

Special attention given to the sale of fresh and evaporated Fruits and Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Calves, &c., &c.
Consignments solicited and promptly attended.
Reference—Our Patrons' and Citizen's National Bank. [Oct. 12, 1882.

E. W. F. SIMPERS.

BEST brands Roasted Coffees, Teas, Cut, Loaf and Powdered Sugars, Syrups, Chocolate, Cocoa, Corn Starch, Gelatine, Cheese, Corned Shad. For sale by
E. W. F. SIMPERS.

SUGAR Cured Hams and Dried Beef; Choice Family Flour. For sale by
E. W. F. SIMPERS.

BEST Dry Yeast on the market. For sale by *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

CROCKERY and Glassware, Mason's Improved Glass Jars, Tin and Glass Top Jelly Glasses. Full stock at very low prices.
E. W. F. SIMPERS.

IF you want a nice 2 for 5 or 5 cent Segar, call on *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

DRY Goods and Notions cheap. For sale by *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

Eureka!

W. H. LAMBERT.

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, Notions, Queensware, and Groceries a specialty,
Such as SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, Syrups, Cocoa, Chocolate, all kinds Canned Goods.
SUGAR CURED HAMS,
and Shoulder, Dried Beef,
Choice Family Flour,
FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
all at LOWEST prices. Give me a call.
July 6, 1882.

FORD'S
BAZAR
51 W. Baltimore Street,
4 DOORS EAST OF GAY STREET.

THE GREAT BAZAR FOR USEFUL AND FANCY HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
FINE TRIPLE PLATE SILVER WARE.
Fine Rolled-Plate Jewelry.
Cutlery, Novelties & Notions,
CLOCKS, LAMPS, VASES, TOILET & SMOKING SETS in great variety.
Selling Goods at Bottom Prices.
Remember the place, 51 W Baltimore St.
All Goods Warranted as Represented.
Jan. 5. 1882.

Special Notice!

SOMETHING LONG NEEDED SUPPLIED AT LAST

WM PERKINS has fitted up hi Lady's Parlor, for the Winter; and ladies from the country, or elsewhere, will find a warm room, when they come to town with their husbands or friends, and do not wish to wait in the stores, or to call on friends, while their gentlemen companions are attending to business matters, in which they can sit, and read, and pass away their time; free of charge.

Lunches Served at All Hours.

He also has an upper room, properly fitted up, in which dinner and supper can be privately furnished at all times, at short notice, and moderate prices.
P. S.—All meals served in the upper saloon will be at an extra charge.
Dec. 18, 1879.

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 al customers. April, 1881.

Ice Cream Rates, for 1882

10 Gallons and more, one dollar per gallon.	
5 "	1.25
1 "	1.50
½ "	.75
¼ "	.50

WILLIAM PERKINS,
June 8, 1882. Chestertown, Md.

FARMERS SUPPLIES.—Our Stock is complete. Plow Lines, Traces, Castings, Forks and Shovels, Hoes and Spades, and farmers Hardware generally, as low as the lowest. Give us a call. T. L. HINES & CO.

ATTENTION—Be sure and call at Sparks', he has a variety store, *indeed*, you will be sure to see something you need, and may save money by buying. Come in and look whether you buy or not. Sparks,
opposite Court House

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LARGE STOCK
—OF—
LUMBER
—FOR—
Spring Trade
AT AS
Low Prices
AS THE ADVANCE WILL ALLOW
Terms Liberla
AND
SPECIAL PRICES MADE
FOR LARGE CASH OR CREDIT PURCHASES

Give me a call before sending your orders away from home, and the probabilities are that I will *save you money*, either in cash or quality of material.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.
March 30, 1882.

Excelsior, Excelsior

STOVES! STOVES!

Received direct from the manufacturers a large assortment of
Cooking Stoves, Ranges, Heating and Fire Place Stoves.

Call and examine the popular Excelsior Cook Stove; gives perfect satisfaction. Niagara, Champion Complete, Carroll Cook, Quaker City, Splendid Range, Magic, Washington, Ruby and Jewel Ranges. We warrant all the above Cook Stoves and Ranges.
The NEW MAGIC LIGHT, a beautiful parlor stove; Solar Light, Our Jewel, very cheap and handsome.
Novelty Base Burner, New Silver Moon very durable and a splendid heater; Novelty Double Heater, Golden Light and Silver Moon Double Heaters, Vulcan Egg Crystal, Token, Baltimore Air Tight and Woodland.
Spear's Fire Place Heaters, Golden Sun and the New Golden Sun—hundreds now in use and giving satisfaction to all.
Nov. 2, 1882. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

A Long Felt Want at last Supplied
AT FAIRLEE!
(T. B. Bordley's old stand,)
Where Goods can be bought at city Prices.
We have a large assortment of
DRY GOODS.
Calicoes at 5 cts.
Good Bleached and Unbleached Muslin at 5 & 6c
A large assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
In Suits, Pants and Vests.
Groceries,
FLOUR by the Barrel and Pound.
Good Tobacco and Cigars.
NOTIONS, WOODDENWARE and CHINAWARE.
Glass Fruit Jars.
HATS, Patent Medicines, and a full line of all goods generally kept in a country store.
A trial is solicited, and you will be convinced that our prices are lower than the lowest.
H. BAER, FAIRLEE,
(Bordley's old stand) opp. Salem Church
Sept. 14, 1882.

Farmers' Goods!
Farmers' Goods!!
A Large Assortment of
Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes,
Forks, Grub Hoes, Picks,
Tree Axes, Hedge Trimmers,
Pruning Knives, Spears,
Saws, Bill Hooks,
Bramble Scythes and Snaths,
Webbing & Buckles for Plow harness;
GARDEN SEEDS,
ROCK SALT! ROCK SALT!
Plow Lines, Traces, Hames, Farm Bells three sizes; Cow and Sheep Bells, and a large assortment of Sheep Shears.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
April 13, 1882.

RATES OF ICE, for 1882.

3 lbs	5 Cents,
5 "	8 "
7 "	10 "
10 "	15 "
15 "	25 "
20 "	30 "
25 "	38 "
35 "	50 "
50 "	70 "
100 "	$1.25

By the Cake, 1 cent per lb.
The Public's Obedient Servant,
WILLIAM PERKINS.
June 8, 1882. Chestertown, Md.

THE 'CROWN' is the best. If you want a first-class Ice Cream Freezer, call on T. L. Hines & Co., and ask for the "Crown Freezer. It is the most durable Freezer on this or any other market, and selling at moderate prices. T. L. HINES & CO.

CORSETS.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET—Indestructible Hip. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON Ja.

BELTING.—We can furnish Rubber or Leather Belting all sizes, as cheap as can be bought in the city. Call, examine our stock and get our figures. T. L. HINES & CO.

HAY and Straw Forks, Rakes, &c., for sale by T L. HINES & CO.

ACCORDEONS, Mouth Harps and Doll Babies—at HUDGINS' BARERY.

W. Register's
MARBLE WORKS
Chestertown, Md.

ALLOW ME to tender my sincere thanks for the past patronage of the public, and hope to receive their approva and patronage this present year. I am prepared to cut and finish every design in the marble business.
I have a very handsome assortment of my own finished

TOMBSTONE.
Some of the Latest Designs
HANDSOMELY FINISHED,
COPIED FROM THE LATE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A arge assortment for chidren, different patterns, some as ow as $6.00, ettering incuded. Some fifty different patterns for grown persons, handsomey finished, some of them as low as $15.00, lettering included. Also, a fine line of different patterns, expressly for the

QUAKER BURYING GROUNDS,

very thick and heavy and handsomely finished of the best marble.
Marble Posts, marble Vases with Pedestal, arble Coping, Tombstones and onuments, of all sizes and styles.
Marble or Sandstone worked to order. I warrant all my work not to color or blister—time has no effect on it. I set up all of my work, thus relieving the purchaser of all trouble or risk.
Come one, come all, that are in want, and xamine my work and learn my prices. I will be thankful. Don't send the money out of your own neighborhood.
Call and see me I do not like to canvass for work, for I think it too sad a business to barter with relatives or friends.
My work can be seen in all the cemeteries of Kent and the adjoining counties.
March 11, 1881 W. REGISTER

ESTABLISHED IN 1860.

Excelsior
SLATE PAINT
STOPS ALL LEAKS.

A PERFECT PRESERVATIVE OF SHINGLE AND METAL ROOF,

It Arrests Decay and is Impervious to Water.

APPLIED ONLY BY THE
Roofing Slate Paint Company.

It has stood the test of years. The best known, and has the endorsement of the best building owners in this country and England.
Call on
F. H. WARREN, Agent,
Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.
or L. K. STAM.
Aug. 17, 1882.

LUMBER LUMBER.

HAS in yard and for sae at the owest rates the market wi allow, a arge stock o
White Pine and Virginia Pine
LUMBER
embracing in part:

White Pine	Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;	
" "	Rabbitted Barn Boards;	
" "	½ " Weatherboarding;	
" "	½ and ¾ Plank;	
" "	Dressed Boards, Culls and Picks;	
Virginia "	Boards, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet;	
" "	Iding, dressed and undressed;	
" "	Flooring, No. 1 and 2;	
" "	cantling, 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 woud have saved money by purchasing in your own home market. Give me a call.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Chestertown, Nov. 3, 1882.

WOOD! WOOD!!
Hickory, Oak and Pine.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.
This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.
KINDLING WOOD for sale low.
WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown.
Sept. 4, 1879.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c. Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

SPICES—
At Perfectly Pure
M. A. TOULSON'S
Aug. 24, 1882. DRUG STORE.

A Large Line of Ladies' Misses, Children's and Infants *SHOES*, and of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Fine and Heavy Shoes. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Ja.

Smoking Tobacco—Blackwell's, Durham, Bob White and other brands—at

BEAUTIFUL—Parlor, Hall and Library Lamps at SPARKS'.

CAKES—A greater variety of cakes and crackers than can be found outside of a bakery—at SPARKS'.

THOSE in want of Boots or Shoes should not fail to inspect our stock before buying elsewhere. J. H. SIMPERS.

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

SOME OF THE CHILDREN.

A is for Apt little Annie,
Who lives down in Maine with her grannie.
Such pies she can make!
And such doughnuts and cake!
Oh, we like to make visits to Grannie!

C is for Curious Charlie,
Who lives on rice, oatmeal, and barley.
He once wrote a sonnet
On his mother's best bonnet;
And he lets his hair grow long and snarley.

D is for Dear little Dinah,
Whose manners grew finer and finer.
She smiles and she bows
To the pigs and the cows,
And she calls the old cat Angelina.

G is for Glad little Gustave,
Who says that a monkey he *must* have;
But his mother thinks not,
And says that they've got
All the monkey they care for in Gustave.

I is for Ignorant Ida,
Who doesn't know rhubarb from cider.
Once she drank up a quart,
Which was more than she ought,
And it gave her queer feelings inside her.

M is for Mournful Miss Molly,
Who likes to be thought melancholy.
She's as limp as a rag
When her sisters play tag,
For it's vulgar, says she, to be jolly.

N is for Naughty young Nat,
Who sat on his father's best hat.
When they asked if he thought
He had done as he ought,
He said he supposed t'was the cat!

O's Operatic Olivia,
Who visits her aunt in Bolivia.
She can sing to high C—
But, between you and me,
They don't care for that in Bolivia.

P is for Poor little Paul,
Who doesn't like study at all.
But he's learning to speak
In Hebrew and Greek,
And is going to take Sanskrit next fall.

V is for Valiant young Vivian,
Who practiced awhile in oblivion;
Till he saw, without doubt,
He could turn inside out,
And now they're all boasting of Vivian.

From "an Alphabet of Children," by Isabel Frances Bellows, in the Christmas St. Nicholas.

UNABLE TO COMPETE WITH AMERICA.

A CRISIS IN THE RUSSIAN GRAIN MARKET—THE CZAR AND THE WOMEN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 5.—"Notwithstanding a very good crop this year, we have now a decided crisis in the grain market. The United States has squarely beaten us in the European market. Henceforth America is to be the undisputed granary of the world." This is the most significant avowal that has ever been made by the Russian grain merchants, who until this year have sincerely hoped and believed that the Czar's country would become the granary of Europe, if not the world. In the last five years the control of the European grain market has been quietly transferred across the Atlantic, but the Russian grain dealers were not alarmed. They called it an accident, and brought forward apparently ample reasons to explain it. They pointed to a long series of short and bad crops, while their transatlantic friends, as they call the Americans, had good crops; they recalled the deplorable war with Turkey, which had exhausted the resources of the country, and finally they argued that the Nihilist movement with its "crowning deed," the killing of the Czar, had alarmed the country to the utmost. No wonder that, under such circumstances, the Russian grain trade had collapsed.

But this year the Russians were apparently prosperous. They had no war on their hands, the Nihilists were quiet, and the crops were very good. Up to Aug. 1 they exported 127,200,000 bushels of grain, 76,000,000 bushels more than the whole export of last year. But notwithstanding all this, what is the result? A grain crisis! Russian farmers and grain dealers and the public at large are panic stricken. Millions of peasants have hastened to sell their grain in order to pay the arrears of taxes and sundry debts. But the prices have been exceedingly low and now many of them are penniless, and have no provision for the coming winter. It is even said that the Minister of the Interior has already admitted that he has not means enough to save the peasants from starvation and to provide them with seed for future crops. There have been rumors that many leading grain merchants and their bank, Vioga-Kama Bank, are about to fail. In order to quiet the public mind, the directors of the bank have recently issued a card saying that there is no ground for such apprehension. Yet even the directors candidly admit that this year the Russian grain dealers, instead of gaining their usual profit, from 40 to 50 per cent., lose fully 10 per cent. on their capital. This loss, however, the directors say is too significant to cripple any of the large grain exporters. But the public here take quite a different view of the matter. The Russian journals almost unanimously argue in the same line. "If in a year of comparative prosperity," they say, "we lose on our grain, what can we expect in years of short or bad crops?"

"How do you account for the so-called grain crisis?" I asked a Russian grain merchant.

"The American cheap grain has completely undermined us," he replied. "It is clear that we cannot compete with our transatlantic friends, at least under our present circumstances. Do you think a man with a hoe can compete with a man with a steam plough? That represents our respective conditions. Our agriculture is in the primitive state and our transportation in its infancy. In spite of dear labor American grain costs the producer only half as much as Russian grain, and besides, in America an acre of cultivated soil yields three times as much as we get from our soil, which as yet knows no manure. Then, again, the Yankees trade for profit, and we export our grain to supply pressing needs. If we did not pay our foreign debts and obligations in grain we should have to export gold, and that would bring instantly State bankruptcy. It is evident that we must yield to America the honor and profit of being the granary of the world."

From other quarters we hear bitter complaints against American cheap petroleum. Millions of roubles have been spent in boring for petroleum on the shore of the Caspian. They say they have found oil enough there to supply the whole world, and perhaps they would do it but for the American petroleum, which is supplied so cheaply that it is used in Russia itself a great deal more than the home product. They are demanding here a higher tariff on the imported oil, but neither the Government nor the public at large favors that plan. A Certain success of Russian lubricating oils which, they say here, have appeared even in New York, has elated the Russian oil companies, but the present grain crisis apparently chills their hopes of beating the Yankees.

Russian women are causing good deal of anxiety to the Czar's Government. After the abolition of serfdom the women of the nobility realized that a knowledge of French, music and dancing does not fit them to struggle for an independent existence, and so they began to study in good earnest. Gradually the full programme of the male colleges was adopted by the female colleges. About fifteen years ago, when Russian liberalism was at its highest point, women were admitted to the universities, and J. S. Mill has highly complimented them on their success. But then Russian students turned into revolutionists, and female students joined them. The Czar tried his best to turn the attention of the women back to French and dancing, but it was too late. Instead of the ballrooms, they went to the dissecting rooms and studied medicine. During the last Turko-Russian war, Russian female doctors and students proved themselves to be brave, skillful, and ready for self sacrifice. Yet the Czar's Government decided to close the doors of the university to women. Then the women started a private subscription, and soon opened, in private, university courses in St. Petersburg, Moscow. Odessa, Kharkoff. The Female Medical College of this city has heretofore used the Government buildings and hospitals, but recently the government declared that the female college must provide rooms and hospitals for itself. The public thought that the college must die, but the women were not discouraged. They started a new subscription, and have raised money enough to build not only a college, but two hospitals, one for women and another for children. Thus the Russian women have beaten the Czar, who cannot forget or forgive the fact that a woman was "the captain of the regicides," and that in every dynamite mine, every complot, and every secret printing office in Russia woman has been a leading spirit. But even the Autocrat of all the Russias finds that it is above his power and means to wage war against women.

The Government wishes also to drive women from the public schools, where they implant anything but loyalty to the Czar. Young male teachers, too, are found untrustworthy. The Czar's Government intends to transform all the primary public schools into parochial schools, in order to secure our autocratic monarchy. Mr. Pobedonostzeff, the Chief Procureur of the Holy Synod, is the leading spirit of the new movement.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Social Importance of the Young American.

Henry James, Jr., has written nothing since "Daisy Miller" so interesting from "The Point of View" of Americans as his delightful sketch with the latter title in the December *Century*. It is a successful attempt to depict American life from the point of view of several Americans who have lived in Europe and an Englishman and a French Academician who are traveling in America. Miss Sturdy, writing from Newport to Mrs. Draper at Florence, says:

My little Nephews, when I first came home, had not gone back to school, and it distressed me to see that, though they are charming children, they had the vocal inflexions of little newsboys. My niece is sixteen years old; she is extremely well-bred, and is dressed to perfection. She chatters from morning till night; but it isn't a pleasant sound! These little persons are in the opposite case from so many English girls who know how to speak, but don't know how to talk. My neice knows how to talk, but doesn't know how to speak. *A propos* of the young people, that is our other danger; the young people are eating us up,—there is nothing in America but the young people. The country is made for the rising generation; life is arranged for them; they are the destruction of society. People talk of them, consider them, defer to them, bow down to them. They are always present, and whenever they are present there is an end to everything else. They are often pretty; and physically, they are wonderfully looked after; they are scoured and brushed, they wear hygienic clothes they go every week to the dentist's. But the little boys kick your shins, and the little girl's offer to slap your face! There is an immense literature entirely addressed to them, in which the kicking of shins and the slapping of faces is much recommended. As a woman of fifty, I protest. I insist on being judged by my peers. It's too late, however, for several millions of little feet are actively engaged in stamping out conversation, and I don't see how they can long fail to keep it under. The future is theirs; maturity will evidently be at an increasing discount. Longfellow wrote a charming little poem, called "The Children's Hour,' but he ought to have called it "The Children's Century." And by children, of course, I don't mean simple infants; I mean everything of less than twenty. The social importance of the young American increases steadily up to that age, and then it suddenly stops. The young girls, of course, are more important too. I am struck with the way they are known and talked about; they are little celebrities; they have reputations and pretentions; they are taken very seriously. As for the young girls, as I said just now, there are too many. You will say, perhaps, that I am jealous of them, with my fifty years and my red face. I don't think so, because I don't suffer; my red face doesn't frighten people away, and I always find plenty of talkers. The young girls themselves, I believe, like me very much; and as for me, I delight in the young girls. They are often very pretty; not so pretty as people say in the magazines, but pretty enough.

Webster's Weakness as an Etymologist.

Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale, returns to the discussion of the "Problem of Spelling Reform," in the December *Century*, and shows up the absurdities of the present spelling, as well as of some of Noah Webster's ill-advised changes:

Webster had just enough of that half-learning which enables a man, when he arrives at correct conclusions, to give wrong reasons for them; and it was a natural consequence that there should be a mixture of truth and error in his statements. One noted instance may be cited. In the edition of 1828 *bridegroom* appears as *bridegoom*, and the existing form is censured as a gross corruption which ought no longer to remain as a reproach to philology. It may be asked, Why? Because the second syllable is derived directly from the Anglo-Saxon *guma*, which means a "man," and the letter *r* has etymologically no business there whatever. So far as regards the derivation, the answer is well enough; equally true is it that, if the pronunciation is to be considered, there is a good deal of business for the letter *r*. But Webster went on to add that the corruption sprang from confounding the *groom* of the compound *bridegroom* with the simple word *groom*; so that *bridegroom*, as usually written, instead of being a bride's man, really means a bride's hostler,—a position to which the humblest of suitors could hardly be expected to look forward with longing eyes, at any rate as a permanent situation. For the original of *groom*, accordingly, he abandoned Europe and ventured into Asia, and there found a Persian word *germa*, meaning 'hostler.' This he captured and impressed into service, and made it do duty as the ancestor of *groom*; though when and under what circumstances it took its journey of several thousand miles to reach the English he did not think it worth while to tell us. There is scarcely any reasonable doubt that the *groom* of our simple word and of the compound is precisely the same, an *r* having been inserted in it, as in *vagrant*, *hoarse*, and several other words.

Strange to say, this weak and absurd etymologizing is even to this day spoken of with respect by many of Webster's critics, who have no feeling but horror for the conduct of the man that could seriously propose to spell *center* with *er* instead of *re*. It is a hard thing to say of a work which has taken up the greater part of the life-time of an earnest student, that it is of little value; but there is not the slightest doubt that nearly all of Webster's supposed philological discoveries were the merest rubbish, and all inferences based upon them, in regard to the proper method of spelling.

EDITOR Logan of the Montreal *Star* was dying of typhoid fever. Speaking at intervals in his delirium, he said: "I have a brother at sea." "A storm is coming on." "Will the vessel be able to weather the storm?" "The waves are dashing over the ship." "Oh, that he were safe on land." His mind wandered to other matters, but always returned to his brother, who, as it was afterward learned, was at that very time drowning in a storm, Those who believe in second sight will not accept the theory of chance in this strange and well-authenticated case.

A CERTAIN church in Michigan has been struck by lightning a dozen times, and now, whenever the preacher shows signs of getting long-winded, and passing from his "seventhly" to his "eighthly," the organist slily imitates the sound of thunder on the pedals. The result is that the preacher finishes his sermon and starts the doxology in an amazingly short time. The congregation has increased the salary of that organist.

THE newspaper criticisms of Mrs. Langtry's acting lead the London *Standard* to say that they are substantially true in their general condemnation, and that her audience in London had the same estimate of her ability. "There was no honest speaking out," however, according to the *Standard*; "no fearless expression of conscious disapprobation in society, and no protest against the entree of an amateur of no special account, save of the physical kind."

THE *Interior* ascribes the frequency of divorce in New England, so much commented on in Massachusetts of late, to too much attention to the head and too little to the stomach. "It is not in human nature to stand so much of George Eliot with so little to eat. Who ever heard of getting a divorce from a girl who knows the mysteries of fried chicken and waffles?"

OSCAR WILDE'S brother wishes to come to America to lecture. He is an æsthetic poet, too.

Men of Letter's.

Mr. Maurice Mauris, in a recent work on French men of letters, gives the following sketch of the author of "L'Assommoir:"

Before Zola, the author of "L'Assommoir" and "Nana," acquired his fame, he was very poor, and often passed a whole day sitting on a bench in the garden of the Luxembourg writing verses, while his pocket and stomach were empty. One Winter day a girl with whom he was acquainted approached him, her teeth chattering with cold; "I haven't had a sou," said she "and have eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours." 'Neither have I,' replied Zola. He thought awhile, and then taking off his coat, and handing it to her, added, "Take this to the pawn shop. You will at least be able to get enough on it to buy something for dinner. He returned to his garret in his shirt-sleeves; he had parted with his only winter coat.

Of Theophile Gautier the same writer says:

Gautier was a superstitious coward. He would rather starve than dine at a table where thirteen were seated. He carried charms and coins on his watch chains to guard against people with the "evil eye." He believed that Offenbach, the composer of *bouffe*, possessed this malignant power, and could not be forced to pronounce his name, even when he got some one else to criticize the composer for him in order not to incur his displeasure. To him everything was a cause of death, and the malevolent power planing our destruction. When heart disease showed itself, his family examined all the newspapers coming into the house, in order that he should not see their comments, as it was of the first importance that he should not know the nature of his maladay. He soon ceased asking for them, saying that there was nothing in them, until his family relaxed their vigilance, and he who had pretended indifferance had managed to secure all the newspapers. Next morning he appeared at breakfast with pale and distorted face. "So I have the heart disease?" he asked. "Heart disease? What an idea, dear papa!" said one of his daughters. "After, all, I imagined it was so," he rejoined, and from that day gave himself up as a dead man.

A Characteristic story of Alfred de Musset, the poet is thus related by Mauris:

One night the snow was falling heavily, and De Musset passed without noticing an old organ-grinder playing in the bitter night, and it was not until he reached his door that he fully realized the old man's misery. He hurried back and gave him a silver piece, and said to his brother, who tried to detain him, "unless I go back and give him something, his music will haunt me all night like a demon of remorse." He was fond of pictures, and once, having no money, bought a beautiful copy, which he was to pay for in installments. The painting was hung in his dining-room, opposite his seat at the table, and he said to his housekeeper: "For four months you will economize by one dish. By gazing at that picture the dinner will taste just as good to me."

A Zuni Courtship.

There were two unmarried members of the house; a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an over-grown, heavy-faced, thick-lipped, yellow-haired, blue-eyed blonde,—a specimen of the tribal albinism, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, she ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flattering acknowledgements of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The governor spared this youth no more than the others. With characteristic irony, he called him "The Family Milkman," or "The Night Bird," the latter term referring to his eyes, "which," the governor added, "wiggled like those of an owl in strong sunlight." The maiden was jolly, pretty, and coquettish—the belle of "Riverside street." Her lovers were many, but soon, of the long row who waited under the moonlit eaves, only one was admitted—the governor's younger brother, my sympathetic friend. There was but one room in the house in which the two could hope to be left to themselves—mine. Here they came night after night. They paid no attention to the lonely *Me-lik* in his hammock, but sat opposite in the darkness on the low adobe bench, hour after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by feminine indignation, taught me the meaning of "Stop that!" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the blissful pair remained too late, the slab door would rumble on its wooden hinges, and the governor, preceeded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate the young man soundly for his want of respect to the *Washington Me-li-kana*, whereupon the pair would vanish, the maiden giggling and the young man cursing.—*Frank H. Cushing, in the December* CENTURY.

THE Mormons have been thirty years building a granite temple in Salt Lake City, and it will take at least ten more to finish the work, in case it is ever carried to completion, which is now considered doubtful. There is difficulty in gathering the taxes levied upon the believers for this purpose, and the Gentiles already count on turning the structure into a State House when Utah is admitted to the Union.

THREE thousand five hundred churches have been built in the United States during the past fifteen years, and more than one for every day in the year during the last twelve months.

TWO OF THEM.

From the Chicago Tribune.

In the farm house porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter, having a cosy chat;
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wee bit jealous the old man grew,
If he fancied any might come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old home bright.
There's neighbor Gray, with his children four
To be glad together. Had I one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate, 'neath the old elm tree,
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited his love call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she cried, and knelt her down,
And kissed the hand that was old and brown,
"Father, there may be two if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

Two to welcome you home at night,
Two to make the old home bright;
I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer; "and who may somebody be?"
Oh, the dimples on Bessie's cheek,
That play with the blushes at hide and seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head—
"One of neighbor Gray's children, sir," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer, "make it plain.
Is it Susan, Alice or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand,
To help the farmer to understand—
"H'm!" said the farmer, "yes I see;
It's two for yourself and one for me."
But Bessie said, "There can be but one,
For me and my heart till life is done."

Advice to a Young Man.

I think, my boy, that just about at your age is the time for you to learn what you are good for. And when you have found what it is, go at it and stick to it. I want to see you at work.

"I have no secret," said Turner, the great painter, "but hard work."

"Nothing," said Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only law of success."

"There is but one method," says Sydney Smith, "and that is hard work."

"The difference between one man and another," says Dr. Arnold, "is not so much in talent as in energy."

And do you direct your energy in one channel. Don't be diffusive in your work. There is power in concentration. A handful of powder scattered on the ground makes a great smoke when it is fired, but nothing more. It is the few ounces compressed in the blast of gun-barrel that counts for something when it goes off. If you are a lawyer, a physician, or a carpenter, and make up your mind that you will know much about one particular line or branch or specialty of your profession or trade, you do well. Because, if you know as much on any point as any other man, surely as the heavens are above us, you will know much more about it than thousands and immeasurably more than millions of other men, and this makes you an authority.

Be ambitious as you will, but be ambitious in some particular direction. You can make any sphere of labor honorable. A good, honest, earnest, man can shovel sand with credit to himself and profit to his employer, and honor to his country. Many a good blacksmith and harness-maker have been spoiled by schools of law and medical colleges; and let me tell you, Telemamachus, right here, that society, your country, humanity and God need good carpenters and shoemakers, and stone-cutters and farm hands, more than poor doctors and poor preachers and poor editors. If you have to choose between a poor lawyer and a good deck-hand, be a good deck-hand every time.—*Hawkeye.*

WHITTIER declines to be the social lion that Boston society would like to make him. He will seldom accept an invitation to tea or dinner unless he is convinced that the purpose is not to make a show of him. "I heard a lady invite him the other night," says Nora Perry, "and she assured him that he would meet nobody but the family. The old poet had grown wary; he had seen these families stretch themselves indefinitely too often, and, shaking his head, he remarked, 'I do not take tea easy.' He had a moment before told me of accepting an invitation to 'see some acquaintances,' and that when he arrived it was to find himself the centre of a crowd.

THE locusts have appeared in Mexico, and at last accounts were covering, like a thick black cloud, six miles in width and many in length, the right banks of the Alvarado river, moving northwest. The ground over which they pass is left a desert.

THE death is announced at 56 of Mr. Barningham, an Englishman who rose from the position of a day laborer to be the possessor of works turning out 70,000 tons of rail a year, and the employer of 2,000 hands. He was a large real estate owner in England, and had also a property and castle in France, where he had early in life been much employed under the late Thomas Brassey.

A LITTLE girl of Glendale, Ohio, has received a pass good for life on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Seeing two trains approaching each other on a curve, she stopped one by frantically waving her apron, thus averting a disaster.

A FOREIGNER on a German line, whose ba had been blown off, pulled the string and stopped the train. On reaching Konigsberg he was sent to jail in default of $10.

☞ Don't wear dingy or faded things when the ten-cent Diamond Dye will make them good as new. They are perfect.

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