The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1883. VOL XXi-NO. 45

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 full and complete assortment of new

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY,

Hats and Bonnets.

THE LATEST STYLES OUT.

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

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

COAL. COAL.

T. deC. RUTH

Having laid in a large supply of the

BEST QUALITY
White Ash COAL,

Also, Coal for ENGINES and BLACKSMITHS' use, he is now prepared to fill all orders promptly, as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST, with

2240 lbs. PER TON.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. We feel assured that we can give satisfaction. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Very respectfully,
T. deC. RUTH.
J. B. McINTIRE, Agent.
Nov. 23, 1882—4m.

STRAW.

The Chestertown Straw Board Company desires to purchase Straw, either to be delivered at their mill or to be hauled by the company. Those anticipating a sale of their straw should have it well put up in stacks or ricks, so as to keep it dry and sound. It must also be free from chaff.

The company is now prepared to make purchases for future delivery.

For further information call on or address

C. T. WESTCOTT, Pres.,
or
T. W. ELIASON, Jr., Treas.,
Chestertown, Md.
June 15, 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.

A New Arrival!

CHRISTMAS,
New Year and Birthday Gifts,
CONSISTING OF

Dressing Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Jewel Cases, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Christmas and New Year Cards, and other goods suitable for presents for all, at low prices *for cash*, at POST OFFICE IN GALENA.

School Supplies and Stationery.

NOTIONS.

A good assortment of Zephyrs, Yarns, Sewing and Embroidery Silk, Brigg's transfer patterns, Initials and Embroidery patterns, Ladies' Underwear or ordered to suit customers.

ORDERS BY MAIL carefully filled. Your custom solicited. Come to the P. O. for any publication you may want, if not in stock, will order. Respectfully,
MRS. J. J. RODGERS.
Dec. 21, 1882. Galena, Md.

ENTERPRISE COMBINED STUFFER.
FRUIT, LARD & JELLY PRESS.
LEVER SAUSAGE STUFFERS.
MEAT CUTTERS and STUFFERS COMBINED.
MEAT CUTTERS Nos. 2, 3 and 4.
LARD CANS. LARD CANS.
BUTCHER KNIVES. BUTCHER KNIVES.

Call and examine our large stock of above goods, and purchase in time. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.
Nov. 30, 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.

BLATCHLEY'S B. and G. PUMPS—sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE

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

UNLAUNDRIED Shirts, Wamsutta Muslin and Fine Linen at $1.00; also, a good Shirt 75c. J. H. SIMPERS.

1883. 1883.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

T. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS.

We purpose making our stock of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Wooden-ware, Farming Implements, &c., &c., complete in every department, and hope by earnest endeavor and strict attention to business to merit extensive patronage.

Among the many articles comprising our stock, we may mention the following, viz: Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing-knives, Axes, Chisels, Augers, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Chain Traces, Back Chains, Tongue Chains, Breast Chains, Grubb Hoes, Ropes of all kinds, &c.

Also a full line of Table & Pocket Cutlery, including a complete line of Rogers' Plated Spoons, Knives & Forks.

We will manufacture our own Tin ware, and will be prepared to do all kinds of *Roofing & Spouting*, Repairing Old Tins, &c., &c.

We can furnish Cook & Heating Stoves at lowest rates and as good and durable as can be had anywhere, *Stoves Guaranteed.*

There are many other articles we might mention, such as Tubs, Washboards, Rolling-pins, Butter Prints & Paddles, Saw-cutters, Water Buckets, Mouse & Rat Traps, Wire Clothes Lines, Dust & Scrub Brushes, &c., &c.

It will be our pleasure to keep everything in the Hardware line consistent with the demand of the public.

We shall be glad to have all our friends and the public generally to call and examine our stock & prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS.
Jan. 11, 1883.

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.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Can procure School Books, Slates, Drawing Books, Composition Books, and in fact everything requisite at school. Give us a call.

M. A. TOULSON,
Bordley's Corner. Druggist.
Aug. 24, 1882.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES.

The good wife bustled around the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and hands the while.
The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made, and all he'd lost,
Ready and clear on his finger tips.

'Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit;
Nothing has done very well this year.
Money is bound to be hard to get,
Everything is sure to be very dear.
How the cattle are going to be fed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is a kind of debt and credit sum
I can't make balance by any rule.'

She turned her around from the baking-board,
And she faced him with a cheerful laugh;
'Why husband, dear, one would really think
That the good, rich wheat were only chaff;
And what if wheat is only chaff,
So long as we both are well and strong?
I'm not a woman to worry a bit—
Somehow or other we get along.

'Into all lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat,
But when the storm and pain are o'er
The after sunshine is twice as sweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song;
We have had to bear and had to wait,
But—somehow or other we get along.

'For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other whatever befell;
Six boys have called us 'father' and 'mother,'
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear;
Are both of us living and well and strong.
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we have got along.

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh,
He kissed his wife with a tender pride,
He said, 'I'll do as you tell me, love,
I'll just count up on the other side.'
She left him then with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low sweet song,
A song that's followed me many a year—
'Somehow or other we get along!'

Anonymous.

UNFULFILLED.

Within a poet's heart a song
Throbbed wild and sweet the whole day long;
Yet ere he sang age came and stole
The music of his tuneful soul.

An artist felt the impulse fine
To paint a masterpiece divine;
Yet while he dreamed years passed away;
Death knocked upon his door one day.

A rapt musician by the sea
Pondered a mighty symphony:
Yet with him in his grave it lies—
Mute are its wondrous harmonies.

O thou who, in thy secret heart,
Dost nurse some life-long dream of art,
Be wise to-day! Essay thy might!
Make large with toil the hours of light!

* * * * * * *

Lo! o'er the landscape dim and brown,
How silently the night comes down!

Robertson Trowbridge in the Continent.

THE RENTED HOUSE.

A Selected Story.

This is the story of the Washington woman in whose house I lived.

'I was married at nineteen, having been home from school but a few months, where I had absorbed a rather diluted course of education. A smattering of music, I had no love for it; an extravagant devotion to embroidery, and some skill in that overdone art; a rather clear idea of French. These I could on reflection recognize as the potent elements in my libation from the babbling stream of knowledge.

'I had never been in society and had but few gentlemen friends, and when Tom came—my husband, you know—I was in love as quickly as he. We were married soon after our first acquaintance. My parents died within a few years of each other—my father overwhelmed by one of those business crashes, which of late years occur so frequently, the surprise of the moment dies before the deeper interest of society has been moved. For several years after our marriage Tom was secretary in a manufactory of iron works. We boarded, because we could not afford a home.

'We knew little of economy. In those earlier years money came easy and went with the passing enjoyment and needs. Tom used to say: 'No use to scrimp, Mary; can't save enough to count much, and I'll have a mine full some day, just see if I don't.' So I wore my pretty dresses, and indulged in my luxurious fancies, and was even more thoughtless than he. We have suffered enough for those sins of prodigality, and had to learn after a little all the ins and outs that serve to smooth the paths of poverty. During the eleven years of my married life I have not had a home.

'After the boys had come—Ernest and Will—what visions I used to have of a cozy nest for them. Yet they were happy years until the iron works failed and Tom was thrown out of employment, with no assurance of obtaining other. He had never been robust, but now tramping about the city from the week's beginning till its end in search of a situation, hearing of a vacancy here and there, only to find it already filled on his application, he was almost in despair, when the position he now holds was obtained.

'We might then have subsisted on the low salary; we might have endured the discomforts of a cheap boarding-house with cheerful minds, had not Ernest suddenly fallen quite ill. For weeks his condition was critical. This long strain of nursing and anxiety left us weak in purse as well as in body ere he had recovered. Ernest's safety again assured, I decided something must be done at once in a new line of action for Tom and the boys.

'One evening we sat alone—the boys asleep in their low couch by my bed—Tom and I in despondent silence which of late settled over us in our few leisure hours.

'Tom,' said I, 'I am going to make a home for you and the boys. I intend to rent a house at once.'

'He glanced up with a faint smile, but started as he met my serious look. He told me afterward he thought I was taking the fever from which Ernest had so lately been restored.

''Yes,' I persisted, 'to-morrow I shall start in search of a house to rent. We will endure this wretched life no longer.' Tom was incredulous, amazed, disgusted, argumentative, as he found me firm. At last he concluded I would awake with cooler brains on the morrow and see my plan a foolish, impractical vision. Next morning, however, I started in search of a house. For days I looked about, not because houses for rent were scarce, but my house had not yet been discovered.

'At last, one afternoon, tired and hungry—for I had missed my dinner—I reached this corner. Goods were being moved out, the occupants leaving, and 'house for rent' I thought, found it to be the case, obtained the landlord's address, and in half an hour was shown into Dr. Hart's office. In a few words he was told my business.

''Seventy-five dollars a month, in advance, madam.'

''Sir, I have no money.'

'How the doctor stared.

''Consent to this demand of stupendous assurance,' said I, 'give me—a stranger, a woman—the use of your property, without reference, without security, and you shall be paid at the end of a month. You shall not lose a penny.'

'I waited his response, but not long. Moved by divine influence I know—and it makes my success still sweeter—Doctor Hart responded, after thoughtful scrutiny of my face: 'Mrs. Howard, my house is yours to use until I find that my confidence has been misplaced.'

'Didn't I fly back to our dingy rooms? Tom had not yet returned from work. I could scarcely wait for his coming, but kissed my boys, and frolicked with them till we were too boisterous to hear him when he did come in, so quiet and wan. 'Tom,' cried I, 'congratulate me; I've rented my house.' He actually gasped and sank into the nearest chair. 'Impossible!'

'Oh, my, his words and manner might have moved an escaped lunatic, but not me. 'A house, woman? where are your beds, cupboard, tables, stoves, your everything? By heaven, Mary, you are cranky.' 'Not a bit,' says I, 'behold in me a brilliant business woman,' and I waved my lease triumphantly.

'We had a dramatic scene, and after listening to Tom talk a long time I thought best to tell him how, for months, the hours had been spent by me, while he, poor fellow, was making all efforts possible to him to keep afloat with his burden of wife and babies. Of my pupils in French, my bits of embroidery—these were the secret of my managing the family purse so cleverly—for which he had so often praised me. Tom's eyes grew moist and he said not another harsh word, though his silence was inflexible to my purpose.

"There stood my house, when I came up the hill next morning, half fearing it to have vanished as a castle of my dreams. Material, indeed, I found the fifteen dirty rooms littered with straw. I gazed through the dingy windows, but fancy set them all aglow—and filled the lonely place with satisfied lodgers—'How were these fifteen bare rooms to be furnished?' The most difficult part of that problem was already solved.

"This very week, my friend Mrs. Judson was selling her household goods, preparatory to sailing for Europe, where she intended living for several years. Mrs. Judson, from my first year in Washington, had been a constant and helpful adviser. I went to her, told her of my audacious move, and of Tom's opposition.

"She needed no recital of our previous experience; her motherly face had bent often over my sick boy, and his convalescence had been made less tedious by her gifts of bright toys and pictures or dainty dishes, which even my pride could not refuse for my pale darling. Had she not—possessing the noble intuition of a Christian—known just where deeds of friendship end and those of charity begin I should have sought other aid at this time. As my plans were unfolded to her she grew as enthusiastic and hopeful of success as I.

"She anticipated my wish to secure pieces of her furniture suited to my use—on time. They were at once secured and taken to my house. The last payment will be made in two months. Mrs. Judson is in Paris, and the encouraging letters that blessed woman writes me brace me up, when tired, like the firm, kind clasp of her hand.

"After this supply of furniture had been arranged through the rooms, much more was needed. Attractive parlors and chambers must be offered to the good class of lodgers which I wished to gain. After long consideration I remembered jolly, rosy Mr. Klinto, a fellow boarder of ours years before. In one of the old time talks he said to me: 'When you go to housekeeping I want the furnishing job.' It was in sport, but remembered now, gave me courage to ask assistance from him.

"Going to Mr. Klinto and informing him of my enterprise, he at once gave me credit on any amount of furniture I would select from his stock of household goods. He bestowed upon me, too, so much good will an ardent prophecy of my success, that the work seemed no longer a a hazardous undertaking. Before my house was fully arranged lodgers applied, and seeing the style of my rooms few hesitated or murmured at my price.

'I had at once put a little notice by my door, 'Furnished rooms,' in my own writing. How Tom detested the sight of that. My 'winning card,' I called it, after two or three had told me its modest appeal first attracted their notice. Mr. Klinto, too, at his own suggestion, had put advertisements for me into the papers.

With all the rooms taken by regular lodgers, as they were in a short time, the anxiety and risk were comparatively over. At the end of the month I carried the first payment to Dr. Hart for myself. And didn't I walk into his office with a light heart and step? Generous old Klinto, too, is being paid monthly for his goods. It is funny to see him rub his hands and take the money each time in a half shamed-faced manner. 'Oh, bless me, is that all you have come for?' he will say.

'I believe if he dared he would refuse further payment on the bill. Last week I had just returned from his office, when one of his men brought me this handsome easy-chair, with Klinto's respects, and the request that I keep it in a cosy corner where an old fellow might expect to be welcomed sometimes.

'Ah! the confidence, the kindness all about one in this world. Do not faith and honest effort win? This divine sympathy of humanity, fails it ever on appeal from such as are themselves true, and willing to work? We shall have our home some day—Tom and I and the boys. It is not an impossible attainment, for in my rosiest visions hope wings no higher than a low roofed cottage—set back in a little garden—outside the city's clamor.

"There my Ernest and Will may develop into strong and healthy boyhood, and Tom, when work hours are over, may hasten with the blessed feeling, 'I am going to my own fireside.''

Prejudice Against Educated Women.

Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Runkle makes "A New Knock at an Old Door" in the March *Century*, in favor of the higher education of women, apropos of the opening to women of the educational privileges of Columbia College. In the extract which follows she refers to prejudices which are not yet altogether of the past:

Do these objectors remember that every appeal for a better female education seemed in its day, equally preposterous? It is hardly three centuries since Mademoiselle Francoise de Saintonge was hooted through the streets of her native village for proposing so disreputable a plan as the establishment of schools for girls in France, and her anxious father called in four learned doctors to determine whether this mad idea was not due to her possession by devils. The doctors pronounced her in her right mind, but her pious fellow citizens stopped the spread of immoral ideas by the conclusive argument of insults leveled at the teacher and stones addressed to the pupils. The progress of the next century and a half is recorded in Dean Swift's observation that men constantly asked each other whether it was prudent to choose a wife who had good natural parts, some sense of wit and humor, a little knowledge of history the capacity to relish travels or moral and entertaining discourse, and to discern the more obvious beauties of poetry. The general verdict, he says, was against such attainments in women, because their tendency was to make wives pretentious and conceited, and not duly subject to their husbands.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, translating Epictetus at nineteen, and sending her work to her kind friend, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, apologizes at length for attempting a task universally pronounced unfit for a woman, and certain to draw down censure upon her (excusing herself, however, by citing the opinions of Erasmus, in the Latin!) Nearly fifty years afterward, in advising her daughter concerning the education of a bright little namesake, she entreats that free scope may be accorded the child's capacity, for the sake of the pure delight of learning and of her future happiness. But she adds the warning that, to insure a satisfactory marriage, the young girl's wit and acquirements must be as carefully concealed as a deformity, from a world which suspected or despised a learned woman. So strong, almost to our own day, has been his half conscious contempt of the feminine mentality, that even Charles Lamb, that gentle and charitable soul, could speak of L. E. L. with an unmanly sneer, and declare that a female poet, or female author of any kind, invited disrespect.

It is but ninety years since an English woman published the first serious demand for the higher education of English women. Her public found the book immodest, irreligious, anarchic. Issued today, it would appear a harmless plea, a trifle heavy and conservative, perhaps, for the thorough cultivation of the female mind, urged on social, moral, and religious grounds, and protesting against the sentimentalism of Rousseau, and the now forgotten Dr. Gregory. Mrs. Hannah More's dull novel of "Celebs in Search of a Wife," issued in 1808, contained, perhaps, the first argument in fiction that a ninny is not necessarily the ideal wife, or a knowledge of the Latin grammar incompatible with a turn for housekeeping.

It was no scoffer but the sweet-spirited Fenelon who taught that contact with learning would be almost as fatal to womanly delicacy as contact with vice. To Voltaire's love of epigram might be pardoned his saying that, "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." But Lessing was serious when he declared that, "The woman who thinks is like the man who puts on rouge, ridiculous." And even Niebuhr, the large-minded, believed that he should not have educated a girl well, for he should have made her know too much.

PROFESSOR YOUNG, of Princeton College, said in a recent lecture: "Take a railroad from the earth to the sun, with a train running 40 miles an hour without stops, and it would take about 265 years and over to make the journey." He estimates the fare at a cent a mile to be $930,000. These figures will be apt to hurt the excursion business on that line.

IN some of the factories in Toronto, Canada, young girls are whipped for disobedience and neglect of work, and a society of ladies has been formed for their protection.

AN UNFINISHED POEM BY BRYANT.

The morn hath not the glory that it wore,
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I can call thee to my side no more
To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of spring,
I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave;
I seek them still, and sorrowfully bring
The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I sit alone, is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined, haply, to some kind commending word,
By those whose praise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou wert still nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye
That once I might have read.

I turn, but see thee not; before my eyes
The image of a hillside mound appears
Where all of thee that passed not to the skies
Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days
That fled with thee, would gladly now resign
All that the world can give of fame and praise
For one sweet look of thine.

Thus, ever, when I read of generous deeds,
Such words as thou didst once delight to hear,
My heart is wrung with anguish as it bleeds
To think thou art not near.

And now that I can talk no more with thee
Of ancient friends and days too fair to last,
A bitterness blends with the memory
Of all that happy past.

Oh, when I——

The Century.

ROSLYN, 1879.

ELEGANT SIMPLICITY.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

It is a dangerous thing for a party of the male sex to discourse on the subject of female attire.

Every man of even the least cultivation delights in seeing women well dressed. The difficulty lies in settling the question of what it is to be "well dressed," and that difficulty arises from the masculine ignorance of the details. As women pass before a man's eyes he knows at once whether the impression made upon him is pleasing or otherwise. But he cannot tell why. He does not know how much of an artist that woman had to become in order to be able to array herself in different garments that should have perfect adjustment to her person and perfect harmony of coloring. She has had to study, first, other women; secondly, herself; thirdly, the masculine intelligence, in order to reach the consummation she has attained.

Sometimes it costs pecuniarily to make such an achievement. The cost will vary according to the female artist's skill in using her materials. The men who have to pay the bills, the husbands and papas, know something about this; and in the course of years secure a valuable education in this department of art and economy; and, ordinarily, this class of gentlemen, if thoughtful and discreet, deliver tolerably rational criticism on this subject. The men outside, the bachelors generally, are those who make mistakes in uttering their dicta on dress. As an example of this, a young man says to his sister:

"Why can't you imitate the economy and the elegant simplicity of the Van Bocker girls? They don't dress in silks as you do! For curiosity I inquired of a lady what a certain morning dress which I saw on one of the Van Bocker girls at Saratoga, ought to cost. I learned that it was thirty-five cents a yard, and they did look so sweet and fresh."

"Quite true," said his sister; "but you must recollect that few ladies indulge in that kind of toilet; they must have several changes and each dress must have a large quantity of furbelowing and fixing to make it look well; and the laundrying of dresses of that kind costs more than the mere washing of pocket-handkerchiefs. So that if economy is what you have in view, dear brother, a good dress that costs more at the beginning may last longer and in the end cost less."

The fact is, we may as well understand that elegant simplicity in dress as in manners requires an outlay which demands a good income. Showiness is cheap. Elegance must be paid for by both money and taste; but still more costly is elegant simplicity, which for its indulgence demands more money and more taste. To a looker-on nothing seems so easy as to make graceful motion. As he beholds a gymnast or danseuse it seems to him as though it only required him to will to do the same thing in order to have it accomplished. But let him step out into the middle of the floor and try it. A few movements of his limbs will convince him that it will require months of practice, under tuition, to move with the simple grace of the person whom he supposed it would be so easy to imitate.

In literature we take our models of simple elegance, the writings in which the paragraphs run after one another as the ripples of a brook. It seems as though we could certainly write in that way, if we could not employ a more ambitious style. And what a mistake we find this to be! Our attempts soon show us that it is much more easy to turn off our periods full of sesquipedalian words and inflated bombast; and that a little imagination, Webster's Dictionary and Roget's Thesauras will enable us to write in style which seems absolutely sublime to the uneducated masses. But if we are to write like an Emerson we must write over and oft, and take pains to correct, expurgate and polish, so that each word shall seem to be the very best possible in its place.

Our readers can carry this thought into their meditations upon the formation of character. An elegantly simple character is one of the most charming things in the world. But what thought, what care, what constant discipline, what incessant practice of every virtue, through what a number of years, are required to give a man the character of elegant simplicity! Let our young readers ask themselves whether it is not worth while to endeavor to attain such a character as will remain for the admiration of the ages, like the Apollo Belvidere in statuary, and the Great Pyramid, which shall be the admiration of mankind when ten thousand ephemeral prettinesses, produced by sculptors and architects, shall have passed away.

Dr. Taylor on Books and Readings.

The Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, delivered his lecture on 'Books and Readings' before the Teachers' Association, at Chickering Hall, New York. There was a large attendance, and the lecturer was listened to with close attention and frequently applauded. Having spoken of the importance of books and their relation to character, Dr. Taylor discussed the subject of what books to choose, advising his hearers to take the great books and leave the others to take care of themselves. In speaking of the influence of some individual authors he mentioned Carlyle, and said:

His philosophy has been justly described as Calvinism minus Christianity. In his work we find much crushing of shams that is powerful; but if we turn there for guidance and control we find it not. Like Prospero, he raised a storm; but, unlike prospero, he could not control it. The style in which he writes, sweeping storm-like from sentence to sentence and from page to page with wild, eager earnestness and force, is only too true a reflex of the ideas which he promulgated. He raised a tempest of the mind which could only be controlled by the Man of Cavalry. To Him he refused to bow his head and seek for guidance, and so his writings remain to the world another great example of the worthlessness of negation.

The test of the value of a work of fiction is whether it is true or not. This may appear to be a paradox, but it is not. Fiction may be true, and fact may be false. If a work of fiction represents truly that state of society, or that class of persons, or or that era of history which it pretends to, it is true. If a solitary fact is stated as representative of some class or state of men or things which it does not represent, it is untrue. Thus there may have been such a person as 'Sliggins' in Dickens' 'Pickwick Papers.' There may have been a Baptist preacher in England at some time who was all that 'Sliggins' is represented to be. So far he may be a fact. He is, in the book, a representative of a class, and as a representative of a class he is untrue, and the truth of the fiction in which he is introduced is marred in consequence. In the plays of Shakespeare we often find misstatements of facts; but no truer pictures of the modes of life and thought in the times he represents were ever painted. Reading works of fiction is, as too often carried on, not a study, but a dissipation. It really belongs to the department of recreation, and recreation presupposes previous mental labor. How often I have been refreshed by reading, perhaps for the twentieth time, 'Guy Mannering.' Great novels are always valuable, if true, not only for the insight they give us into the modes of thought and action in other times, or their analysis of character and pictures of life in our own, but for their literary excellence and moral force. A novel illustration of the faults of some particular class of society is sometimes of use. If any one is inclined to be an optimist, or imagine that the millennium is at the door, let him read 'Vanity Fair.' But in your readings of novels, read with care. Any refuge is acceptable in a storm, but shelter is dearly purchased if we find we have entered a house with the plague in it. An hour with a French novel will send one away with a fever that will last through life. In reading novels I would advise one to read it as Hebrew is read, backward. Unravel the plot, and then you can read the book with an appreciation of its beauties, and not hurry it over with your ears listening all the time for the marriage bells of the end. In reading Shakespeare's plays, mark passages that strike you as being particularly terse and forcible, and then see how many you can remember when you have finished the play. Then try to realize fully the characters represented, not so much from mere description as from words and acts. The question might be asked, When can we find time for all this? What is time for but such things? You are born heir of a splendid literature and a glorious national life, and it is a duty imposed upon you that you prepare those under your charge for the enjoyment of the one and the perpetuation of the other. You cannot shake off that responsibility without rebellion against God and treason against society. In conclusion, in your reading of books do not omit that greatest of all books, the Bible, of which the Baronet of Abbottsford said, as he lay dying—he, the greatest book-maker of his age and country—'There is only one book.'

Olive Oil in the Holy Land.

The following is an extract from an interesting article contributed to the *Zeitschrift* of the German Palestine Exploration Society by the Rev. F. A. Klein:

The finest plantations of olives are in the Nablus district, but nearly every village has its larger or smaller grove. There is no doubt that the olive tree is one of the most valuable products of the country, and that it could be made a still greater source of revenue than it is at present. It requires but little attention, and lives and yields fruit even when neglected. It only requires grafting and a little digging up and clearing out, and this done, it yields a plentiful crop in return for the small amount of pains bestowed upon it. The *fellaheen* say that the vine is a *sitt*—a delicate town lady who requires a great deal of care and attention. The fig, on the contrary, is a *fellaha*—a strong country woman who can flourish without such tender care; but the olive tree is a bold *bedawîje*, who, in spite of neglect and hardship, remains a strong and useful Arab wife. The olives ripen toward the end of summer; the trees are then beaten with long sticks, care being taken not to destroy the young leaves and shoots. The fruit is collected and spread out on the roofs somewhere, and then put into heaps for a litte while in order that it may slightly ferment; after which it is taken to the oil press, where it is crushed under a heavy millstone, and, packed in little straw baskets, is finally pressed.

The oil (*zayt*) runs into a little cemented cistern, from which it is drawn in leathern bottles or large earthenware jars for carrying away. The *fellah* uses it both for light and nourishment. If he has nothing better, he is content to eat some bread soaked in oil. It is also used a great deal in town cookery, but as a means of light it has been almost superseded by petroleum. Much inferior olive oil is used for making soap, and in some years a great deal of oil is exported to France and Italy. The *jift* or refuse of the olives, is used for fuel, having great properties of heat.

American Fruit for England.

Consul King, writing from Birmingham to the State Department, says; Large quantities of American produce continue to be sold here, and many American 'notions' are to be found. One or two firms seem to do a good business in selling American stoves and ranges; and I think that the dealers in American meat find the prejudice against it has generally disappeared, now that, for a time, the supply has been uncertain.

I have spoken before of American apples and have suggested more careful packing, but I venture to urge this again. These apples are generally admitted to be better than European apples, and the taste for them is general, yet several dealers here have told me that they must cease to deal in them, because they arrive in such a condition that it is necessary to put a price upon the few that remain sound which purchasers object to paying.

I have frequently wondered if our grapes, by careful packing, might not compete with Spanish grapes in the English markets. Enormous quantities of Spanish grapes are sold in this country. Very fair ones can be bought at retail at sixpence a pound. They come carefully packed in sawdust, but they are tasteless, and I feel sure that if American grapes could be offered for sale here in as good condition, the variety and superiority and individuality of their flavor would recommend them, even at a slightly higher price.

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Journal of Mental Science*, the popular belief that men of great intellectual powers have large heads is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, &c., of the world's celebrities points the other way.

REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Take burnt alum and put it in water (make it quite strong with alum) and snuff it up in your head. Do so two or three times a day until relieved.

DUEL and his wife wanted to get rid of a boy whom they had taken to work on their Wisconsin farm. He was only 12 years old, and they were disappointed because he could not be whipped into doing the full work of a man. One terribly cold night they took off some of his clothes and turned him out of doors, expecting that he would freeze to death. Early in the morning they aroused the neighbors with a story that the waif had run away unknown to them, and that they feared he would be found dead. But he had made his way to succor in time to escape the fate that had been planned for him and to reveal the truth.

In Lumber Camp in Winter.

The men who cut and haul lumber are fearfully exposed to severe weather, and, although hardy and rugged, are sometimes [illegible] from duty. Mr. Randall, of Aug[illegible] who is extensively engaged in th[illegible] business, writes that one of his m[illegible] ed with a terrible sore throat. [illegible] thought he would die. They admini[illegible] Davis's Pain Killer, both internally [illegible] nally. In an hour the sufferer was re[illegible] the next day he was at work as usual.

"I shan't never forget it," said a litt[illegible] go girl, when the Coroner asked her if s[illegible] sure that her account of her mother's dea[illegible] accurate. And it was no wonder that th[illegible] was indelibly impressed upon the child's [illegible] The father came home drunk, dragged the mo[illegible] er from the bed, slammed her about the ro[illegible] tore all her clothes off, and finall beat her [illegible] with a heavy strap until his strength was exhausted. By that time she was dead.

*** "One man's meat is another man's poison." Kidney-Wort expels the poisonous humors. The first thing to do in the Spring is to clean house. For internal cleansing and renovating, no other medicine is equal to Kidney-Wort. In either dry or liquid form it cures headache, bilious attacks, constipation and deranged kidneys.

A Pawtucket man, able-bodied and mechanically expert, has four children, between the ages of 9 and 16, but none of them are allowed to go to school. "They are my only support," he says; and they work in a mill, while he does nothing.

The Chances Are.

That you feel willing to pay a handsome sum of money to be rid of your sore throat or cough. A. T. Shreeve, 315 W. Fayette street, Baltimore, Md., who was rescued from death by using seven bottles of New Life, says: "It is *the best* remedy for the throat and lungs and general debility." New Life sells for $50 cents. It is your best chance for health.

DURING the past three years ivory has risen at least 100 per cent. in value, and pearl, which is also largely used in hafting cutlery and other goods, has advanced very materially in the same period.

It Seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parkes's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs. Jines, Albany.—Adv.

ELEVEN drunkards froze to death in Iowa last winter, under a prohibitory law.

CLEANLINESS and purity make Parker's Hair Balsam the favorite for restoring the youthful color to gray hair.—Adv."

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