The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1883. VOL XXi-NO. 47

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, Ruffilings, 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 Nationla Bank. [Oct. 12, 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, propery 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.

NOTICE.

Having consolidated with Crpt. James W. Thompson, thereby securing ample storage room for grain and merchandise, at Chestertown, we are now prepared to receive Grain at the well-known stand, Thompson's Granary, and will forward the same to market promptly. Schooners "Hattie Stark" and "W. S. Copes" will accommodate the public at any point on River or Bay.

R. J. FOARD,

President Enterprise Transportation Co.

Nov. 16, 1882.

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.

Lime for Sale.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either

Slaked or Quicked Lime

for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.

Oct. 20, 1881. WM. PERKINS.

FOR SALE.

Post! Post! Post!

SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar, White Oak and other kinds of POSTS of different sizes and lengths. They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also White and Red Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak piling and rail-road ties.—

Charles W. Jones, living near Mr. P. A. M. Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to deliver all orders, but the sales Must be made by me. All persons are forbidden to take anything out of the said woods unless by my or Charles W. Jones' permission.

WILLIAM PERKINS.

March 8, 1883.

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

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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, Slaw-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.

ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Tuesday, March 13th, the steamer

"Enterprise"

Will make tri-weekly trips between Crumpton and Baltimore, running as follows:

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M., touching at Spry's, Deep Landing, and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock P. M., Newnam's at 6:30 Quaker Neck at 7, Hooper's wharf (Centreville) at 8, touching at Earle's and Emory's in Corsica Creek, arrive at Baltimre at 12 o'clock midnight.

Returning will leave Baltimore, Piers 12 and 13, Light St. Wharf, every Tuesday and Thursday at 12 o'clock midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, stopping at all the above landings, and arrive at Crumpton at 8 A. M. on Wednesdays and Fridays, 11 o'clock P. M. on Saturdays.

We have remodelled the steamer and added a number of staterooms and can now offer the public very pleasant sleeping accommodations.

Freight received at wharf in Baltimore on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Carried at reasonable rates and handled with care and dispatch.

GRAIN and heavy freight of every description carried by our steam barge "A. J. Whitney" and schooners "Copes" and "Hattie Stark," upon short notice. All orders left with the agents at the wharves.

RICH. J. FOARD,

March 8, 1883 President.

"COME AND SEE US."

PRICES LOWER THAN THEY HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

In part as follows:

Java, Maracaibo, Laguayra and Rio Coffees; Teas, Spices, Cheese, Gelatine, Chocolate, Cocoa, Chow-Chow, Corn Starch, Dry Yeast, Graham Flour, &c.; Wm. Lea, Sons & Co's. F. F. F., Kirkwood, and other grades of FLOUR, by the barrel, sack or lb. "Hecker's" Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour.

Full stock of Canned Goods; Best Sugar Cured Hams and Shoulders.

TOBACCO and SEGARS,

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

GLASS & CROCKERY-WARE.

Our entire stock was bought at *Cash* prices, we are satisfied with *small advances*, hence we claim to sell as *LOW* as the *LOWEST*, and don't forget it.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

Jan. 25, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

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.

CHEAP Carpets and Oil Cloths—at

J. H. SIMPERS'.

FRUIT Jars and Jelly Glasses, as cheap as the cheapest. SPARKS.

CLOVER SEEDERS at city prices at

HINES & CLEMENTS

POETICAL GEMS FROM EMERSON.

In that gift for 'saying things,'' so notable in Pope and Tennyson (says E. C. Stedman, in April *Century*), Emerson is the chief of American poets. From what other hard have so many original lines and phrases passed into literature, —coins that do not wear out, of standard value, bright and current gold? It is worth while, for the mere effect, to group some of them together, and especially those which, appearing in his first book forty years ago, long since became a constituent part of our literary thought and expression:

'Tis the law of bush and stone,
Each can only take his own.'

'The thoughts that he shall think
Shall not be forms of stars, but stars,
Nor pictures pale, but Jove and Mars.'

'Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?'

'Heartily know,
When half-gods go
The gods arrive.'

'What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain.'

'Born for the future, to the future lost.'

'Not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.'

'Not from a vain or shallow thought
Has awful Jove young Phidias brought;
* * * * * * * *
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old.'

'The hand that rounded Peter's dome
* * * * * * * *
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.'

'Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids.'

'One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.'

'Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.'

'Set not thy foot on graves.'

'Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.'

'What are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?'

'—If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.'

'Leave all thy pedant lore apart,
God hid the whole world in thy heart.'

'And conscious Law is King of kings.'

'—Mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise.'

'Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.'

'Great is the art,
Great be the manners, of the bard.'

'The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.'

SOME BALTIMOREANS.

WHAT LIFE IS IN THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

A communication to the Phila. Times.

BALTIMORE, March 12.

The Baltimoreans are a peculiar people. They love their city with a pious affection, and wherever they roam in search of health, wealth or pleasure they always turn to Baltimore as to the Mecca of their heart. Yet, whenever three or four Baltimoreans are together, at home or abroad, they abuse Baltimore without stint, condemning its old fogyism, its lack of business enterprise, its want of intellectual culture, its exquisite appreciation of terrapins and canvas back ducks and its extraordinary distaste for literature and art. But let a stranger venture to suggest that Baltimore is no longer the first flour market of the world, that its wharves are no longer lined with the big ships from the East Indies, which made its Gilmors, Pattersons, Smiths and others of former days merchant princes; let a stranger hint that Baltimore has no publishing house, no recognized authors, that its streets are hilly, its men small and its women no longer so beautiful as formerly and he will raise a storm of indignation. But I (being "native here") will be permitted to say that Baltimore still wants several things before it can truthfully be called the Paris of America or even the New York of the South.

A STATESMAN'S UPS AND DOWNS.

One of the most cordial, attractive and polished gentlemen in Baltimore is the Hon. William Pinkney Whyte, but at the same time he is one of the most reckless and desperate politicians in this age of politicians. For fourteen years he carried the State of Maryland in his pocket. His dictum decided who should go to Congress, to the Legislature and to the City Council; by his fiat Judges were nominated and city offices filled. After being Governor and Senator, finding his political fortunes on the decline, he had himself nominated for Mayor, hoping to use that office as a stepping-stone to the Senatorship again. Everything went smoothly until last fall, when, thinking he had everything in his own hands, he committed what Talleyrand pronounced worse than a crime—a blunder. Not satisfied with controlling the City Council and other departments of the municipal government he attempted to capture the judiciary. Everything having been arranged at the City Hall, a convention was packed with Mayor Whyte's creatures, nominations were made and the people were coolly asked to go through the farce of an election. Baltimoreans can stand a great deal, but this was too much for even their patience. A political revolution was the immediate result and Mayor Whyte, who, like Richard III., had staked everything on the result, met his Bothwell Field on the 7th of last November. He is now one of the deadest politicians in America, and when his term of office expires he will be retired to private life forever. The coming man in Baltimore is apparently William Keyser, the young and active leader of the Independent movement last fall.

THE BLOOD OF THE HOWARDS.

Within the memory of men still living in Baltimore, the possessions of the ancient family of the Howards comprised all that portion of the city stretching from Jones' Falls on the east to Eutaw street on the west, and south from Franklin street far beyond the northern boundary of Baltimore. In the midst of this princely domain stood Belvidere, the stately home of the Howards, surrounded by a noble park. Belvidere was for many years the centre of a generous hospitality, when Colonel John Eager Howard and his beautiful wife presided over the mansion. Mrs. Howard was the daughter of Chief Justice Chew of Pennsylvania. When Colonel Howard first approached the house of his future bride at the head of his regiment during the battle of Germantown, he was received with a shower of British bullets. To Belvidere Cononel Howard retired after being twice Governor of the State and twice United States Senator, and here it was his delight to entertain his former companions in arms and distinguished strangers from the Old World. When Lafayette visited this country in 1824 a brilliant reception was given in his honor at Belvidere, at which were present the remarkable Charles Carroll, of Carrolton; General Robert Goodloe Harper and other eminent men. The ground upon which the Washington Monument stands was given to the city by Colonel Howard in 1815. Some of the most elegant avenues, squares and streets of Baltimore which are the centre and fashion of the Monumental City once belonged to the Howard estate. But the glory of this family has departed. A grandson of John Eager Howard and bearing his honored name was recently discharged from the humble position of turn-key at the Penitentiary, within sight of the home of his ancestors; another grandson sought in vain the position of private secretary to the Mayor. They have a double claim to the gratitude of Baltimore, for they are also the grandsons of Francis Scott Key, the author of the Star Spangled Banner. But blue blood is at a discount in these days of railroad kings and successful stock gamblers.

CLUBS AND CLUB MEN.

Baltimore is not a clubable city. Its people are too sociable for the selfish life of club men. There are, however, three or four so-called fashionable clubs in this city of three or four hundred thousand inhabitants. The Maryland Club is the oldest and was for a long time the most elegant, but its members have greatly degenerated within the last decade or two. The other day a correspondent of the Washington *Capital* raised quite a breeze by describing the Maryland Club men as having the dull, sluggish expression of high livers and low thinkers. Some of the members, who have death stamped upon their faces, were so alarmed by the *Capital's* correspondent saying they were booked for eternity that they limited themselves each to a bottle of Brandy a day, eschewed terrapin suppers and midnight poker. Should they continue to practice this strict regimen their useless lives may be prolonged. Your genuine Maryland Club man loves to be mistaken for an Englishman, and by assuming the dress of an English groom and the guttural voice of a fog horn he appears like an English cockney, although he fondly believes himself to be the exact type of an English gentleman. The Athenæum Club is not so much given to eating, drinking and gambling. Its members comprise some of the leading lawyers, Johns Hopkins professors and men of cultivated leisure. At an evening gathering, composed of Judge bond, Mr. John W. McCoy, President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, etc., more bright and witty things are said in an hour than are uttered at the Maryland Club in a year. The Baltimore Club is composed of young men, who affect ennui, who look upon society as a bore and books as a nuisance. They find the club very convenient on Sunday, when the barrooms are closed. Free billiards are also an attractive feature, to say nothing of cheap whisky and cigars. The Wednesday Club is of an artistic, dramatic and musical character. It was originally an offshoot of the dead and dishonored Allston Club. Some comedies and light operas have been very creditably produced at the Wednesday Club, and as it is considered fashionable to be seen there tickets are in great demand. The few artists that Baltimore can boast are members of the club, but we have yet to learn that they derive any benefit from it, for the musical and dramatic people seem to think that it belongs to them and their friends.

A ROYAL BALTIMOREAN.

It is rather a strange sight to see the name of Bonapate on a lawyer's sign, yet "Charles J. Bonaparte, attorney-at-law," may be read any day on a St. Paul street law office. Although the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and grandnephew of the Great Napoleon, Mr. Bonaparte is a staunch Republican, fully appreciating the advantages which this great Republic offers over the effete monarchies of Europe. He is devoted to his profession, which, by the way, was that of his great-grandfather and namesake, Charles Bonaparte, Advocate of Corsica. Mr. Bonaparte, although in the enjoyment of a princely fortune, left to him by his grandmother, the late Madame Bonaparte, is a hard-working lawyer, at his office every day and frequently in court pleading cases with ability and eloquence. He has the appearance of an Italian, but the common sense of an American, and would not give up his profession for the proudest position that could be offered under a restored Bonapartist dynasty. STYLUS.

ITALIAN murderers are very rarely hanged, but their fate is, if convicted, far from pleasant. Passanante, who tried to kill King Humbert in 1878, is fastened to the wall of a nearly dark cell by a five-foot chain riveted to his ankle. He has become imbecile.

A WOMAN IN CAMP.

No man of us who was there can ever forget the afternoon a party of hunters and Indian fighters rode up to our mining camp with a lone woman in their midst.

It had been twenty-two months since any of us had seen anything more resembling a woman than a pair of spectacles and a red cotton handkerchief, and to say that we were knocked down, stepped on and crushed into the hard soil with astonishment is saying little enough.

The woman was a widow who had been captured by the Indians from an immigrant train and then recaptured by the hunters. She was about 40 years of age, had taken the situation coolly, and instead of making an effort to restore herself to the train and to her relatives with whom she was journeying, had asked to be set down in our camp until she could make up her mind what course to pursue. This was the way the leader of the hunters turned her over to our care:

'Say, you diggerss after silver, here's a woman who wants to stop here fur a spell till she gits rested! She's eddecated, and she sings like a south wind blowing over prairie flowers.'

And this was the way we received her:

'Ahem—yes—ahem—jess so—yes—hats off, boys—no swearing—glad to see ye—hope yer well—ahem—exactly!'

There were thirty of us standing around there, mouths, open, hats off, knees wobbling, and more coming from the diggings every minute, and something in the situation made the widow grin as she looked us over. I file my claims as follows:

1 I assisted her off the horse

2 I said I hoped she was well.

3 I remarked that it was a melodious afternoon.

4 She accepted my arm as we walked to camp, and then accepted my shanty as her headquarters.

If a tidal wave six feet high had come rolling up the valley it wouldn't have produced half the flutter occasioned by the presence of the Widow Flemming. There were eighty or ninety of us, rough brawny and more or less wicked, some married, some divorced and some old bachelors, and to have a dumpty little black-eyed widow with a pretty mouth and a voice as sweet as sixty cent molasses pop in upon us at 3 o'clock in the afternoon was excuse enough to stop work and send the query up and down the lines:

'Well, isn't this the next thing to the judgement day?'

Several curious things happened right away. Col. Taylor, who had never been known to wash his face or comb his hair, started out in search of a clean shirt and a pocket-comb, and offered up as high as $15 without being able to secure them. He then made a bee-line for the creek, washed the only shirt he was ever known to have, combed his hair with a stick, and in half an hour was back in camp and wanting an introduction to the widow.

Bill Goodhen, the ugliest looking man in camp offered $5 for a piece of looking glass two inches sqnare, and not being able to find one he went and washed his feet as the next best thing.

There was a general washing up and combing and scrubbing and hunting out clean shirts and neckties, and the old man Payson, who had been sick in bed for a week, got up and began to chew tobacco and call for his clothes, and he observed:

'Gentlemen, who knows but what this widder heard that I had $60 saved up and she came here to ask for my hand in marriage?'

I have further claims to file, as follows:

5 I was chosen guardian to the widow by a unanimous vote.

6 The widow seemed perfectly satisfied with the choice.

7 I had the only clean white shirt in that whole camp, and only five buttons were missing from the garment.

Other claims were intrusted to me to be filed as follows:

Seven different men had their hair cut.

Six others shaved themselves with jack-knives.

Over a dozen of our band let up a notch or two on swearing, except when on the other side of the camp.

Well, it was curious what a change that widow wrought in camp, in our way of living, and upon the manners of the men. Each one made an effort to clean and slick up, and in most cases with marked success. Before her advent we could count on two or three quarrels per day. After her coming such a thing was never known. Indeed, one day when Peter Whyte so far forgot himself as to insult Charles O'Gay, Charles took him aside and whispered:

'Peter, I kin turn ye wrong side out in six ticks of a clock, but I'm not the kind of a gentleman to kick up a row and upset a lady's nerves. I'll lay it up again ye, and arter she leaves camp I'll wallop ye or die trying.'

And the widow sewed on buttons and mended rent garments for the whole of us, and she taught this one how to cook, and that one how to patch and darn, and before we knew it she was a good mother and an idol. A queen could not have commanded deeper respect, nor an angel greater reverence.

She was with us about six weeks, and then went away with friends who came for her. Each man was taken by the hand and given a good bye word, and as she was lost to sight down the trail the awful silence among our crowd was broken by the thundering report of the Judge blowing his nose, followed by the husky observation:

"Wall I swan! Hanged if I've felt so much like crying in about forty-seven years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LIFE in Berlin has small charm for many. On the first nine days of February there were ten suicides a day. Those in the army increase.

WHY.

I did not love him long ago;
Instead of 'yes' I gave him 'no.'

I did not love him, but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray,

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret

Over that whispered 'no?' And why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst, can guess the cause;
A woman's reason laughes at laws.

Sure I am glad to know the wound
I gave has healed—that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace, and yet
A woman never can forget

The man who once has loved her, and
To-day I seem to see him stand,

With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for 'yes.'

His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead!

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then,

He must be glad that, long ago,
Instead of 'yes' I gave him 'no,'

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

—*Anon.*

THE WAY OF LIFE.

The warrior frowned and pressed his temples gray;
'Enough,' he cried, 'away with love—away!'

A boy from play by fondest kiss beguiled,
'Mother, I love thee ever!' spake the child.

A maiden gazed into the night sky wide—
'Oh, I will love him when he comes!' she sighed.

These three moved on along the way of life;
A fair face lured the soldier from his strife,
Upon a tomb was carved the sweet child's name,
The lover to the maiden never came.

John Vance Cheney.

Things That Don't Happen Every Day.

Two young men who went to a revival meeting in New York and stole the "Rock of Ages," done in worsted, from the church wall, have been sent to the penitentiary for six months. The prosecution might not have been pushed to the bitter end had not the brethren caught the depraved wretches in the act of trading off the work of art for two glasses lager.

A Minneapolis lady recently gave a small dog six grains of morphine, with the intention of killing the animal. The canine went to sleep, and was supposed had died. Three days later, however, he awoke, and has ever since been as bright and as lively as before.

The bell boys in St Louis hotels are talking of organizing a union in order to be able to successfully combat the female boarders who ring for them to know the time of day, to tie their shoes, stir their fires and all such trifling things.

The Paterson N. J., sot who drank the brandy prescribed for his sick wife and gave her instead a mixture of tobacco juice and water has disappeared, because the wife is not expected to survive the treatment.

A Brooklyn woman has brought suit against her husband for divorce and for $6,000, which he gave her on her wedding day, and which he afterward induced her to intrust to his keeping.

A Mississippi dog bit off a boy's nose and swallowed it.

An Atlanta, Ga., sight the other day was a car drawn by two tame alligators.

The wife of a Texas liveryman told him to send a close carriage to their house with a discreet driver, as the order was from a couple who proposed to elope, and desired to make the flight secretly. He believed this, and found that it was the truth, but not the whole truth, for the woman of the pair was his wife.

Mr. Grant, of Valley Plain, Marion Co., Ga., has a curiosity in a calf 4 weeks old, that has no hair, is of a brown color and very much resembles a young elephant in appearance.

A landlady advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bed room for a gentleman twelve feet square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has, "a hall bed room for a single woman 8x12."

John Randolph in Congress.

Ben Perley Poore contributes to the April *Century* an anecdotal, richly illustrated, paper on "The Capitol at Washington," from which we quote the following:

The despot of the debates for many years was the eccentric John Randolph, who would ride on horseback from his lodgings in Georgetown to the Capitol and enter the House, wearing a fur cap with a large visor, a heavy great-coat over a suit of Virginia homespun, and white topped boots with jingling silver spurs. Striding down the main aisle, followed by his brace of pointer-dogs, he would stop before his desk, upon which he would deliberately place his cap, his gloves and his riding-whip, listening meanwhile to the debate. If he took any interest in it, he would begin to speak at the first opportunity, without any regard to what had previously been said. After he had uttered a few sentences (and had drunk a glass of porter, which an assistant door-keeper had orders to bring whenever he rose to speak), his tall, meager form would writhe with passion; his long, bony index finger would be pointed at those on whom he poured his wrath; and the expression of his beardless, high-cheeked and sallow countenance would give additional force to the brilliant and beautiful sentences which he would rapidly utter, full of stinging witticisms and angry sarcasm. So distinct was his enunciation, that his shrill voice could be heard in every part of the hall; his words were select and strictly grammatical, and the arrangement of his remarks was always harmonious and effective.

Randolph, having had a dinner-table difficulty with Willis Alston, of North Carolina, never let pass an opportunity for alluding to him in the most bitter and contemptuous manner. Alston, enraged one day by some language used by Randolph in debate, said, as the representatives were leaving the hall, and Randolph was passing him: "The puppy has still some respect shown him." Whether the allusion referred to Randolph or to one of his pointer-dogs, which was following him, was afterward a question, but Randolph immediately began beating Alston over the head with the handle of his riding-whip, inflicting several wounds. The next day the Grand Jury, which was in session, indicted Randolph for a breach of the peace, but the court allowed him to offer the remark about the puppy as evidence in extenuation, and inflicted a fine of twenty dollars. * *

During the debate on the Missouri question, Mr. Philemon Beecher, a native of Connecticut who had emigrated to Ohio, and had there been elected a representative, became somewhat impatient as his dinner-hour approached, and at last, when Randolph made a somewhat lengthy pause, moved "the previous question." The Speaker said, "The gentleman from Virginia has the floor," and Randolph proceeded to be again interrupted when he paused again to collect his thoughts, by a demand for "the previous question;" nor was it long before the demand was made for the third time. Randolph could stand it no longer, but said, in a voice as shrill as the cry of a peacock: "Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands, a man of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few moments construct that which, with the pressure of the finger and thumb, will cry, 'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' With less ingenuity and with inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question! Previous question!'" and, as he spoke, Randolph pointed with his attenuated index-finger at Beecher, who did not attempt a reply.

Corn, Beans, and Pumpkins.

Prof. Asa Gray contributes to *Science* an interesting review of De Candole's new work, "The Origin of Cultivated Plants," and gives the following concerning the history of our well known trio of staples:

Phaseolus vulgaris, our common bean, ranks in De Candole's table as one of the three esculent plants, the home of which, even as to continent, is completely unknown. Linnr credited it to India, as he did our Lima bean also; but he took no pains to investigate such questions, This has been so generally followed in the books, that even the "Flora of British India," in 1879, admits the species, adding that it is not anywhere clearly known as a wild plant. But Alph. De Candole, in his former work, had discarded this view, on the ground that it had no Sanskrit name, and that there was no evidence of its early cultivation in India, or further East.

Adhering, however, to the idea that our plant was the Dolichos and the Phaseolus or Phaselos of the Greeks, and of the Romans in the time of the Empire, he conjectured that its probable home was in some part of Northwestern Asia. But recently, as "no one would have dreamed of looking for its origin in the New World," he was greatly surprised when its fruits and seeds were found to abound in the tombs of the old Peruvians at Ancon, accompanied by many other grains or vegetable products, every one of them exclusively American. In his present very careful article he admits that we cannot be sure that it was known in Europe before the discovery of America, and that directly afterward many varieties of it appeared all at once in the gardens, and the authors of the time began to speak of them; that most of the related species of the genus belong to South America, where, moreover many sorts of beans were in cultivation before the coming of the Spaniards; and the idea that it might have been native to both hemispheres is discarded as altogether improbable. Upon this showing, it would appear that the plant should have been set down as of American, rather than of wholly unknown, origin. Indeed, when all the evidence is brought out, the discovery of these beans in the Ancon tombs need excite no more surprise than that of the maize which accompanied them.

For maize, beans, and pumpkins were cultivated together, immemorially, all the way from the Isthmus to Canada. And, although some of the sorts of beans mentioned by Ovideo in 1526, as raised in great abundance in Nicaragua, where they are native, and also of those everywhere met with by De Soto (1539—42) in his march from Tampa Bay in Florida to the Mississippi, doubtless belonged to Phaseolus lunatus, yet most if not all of those which at the same early period Jaques Cartier found cultivated by the Indians of Canada must have belonged to Phaseolus vulgaris, or its dwarf variety, P. nanus; for only these are well adapted to the climate of Canada, especially the low and precocious variety, which alone has time to mature between the spring and the autumn frosts. Indeed those same beans, derived from the Indians along with maize and pumpkins, have doubtless continued in New England in direct descent, to form that staple diet for which the northern part of the coast of Massachusetts has long been famous; so that when Rufus Choate, defending a ship captain against a charge of ill treatment in having fed his crew exclusively upon it, rehearsed, in his accustomed affluence of language, the praises of, "that excellent esculent and superlatively succulent vegetable, the bean," he was celebrating the good qualities of a distinctively and aboriginally American article of food.

We are not to suppose, however, that this species had its home in North America, at least north of Mexico. The same may be said of our squashes and pumpkin, for which similar reclamation may be attempted upon another occasion.

What Daniel Webster Thought of Clay, Calhoun and Others.

Mr. Webster professed to have liked Mr. Jefferson better upon making his personal acquaintance. His great simplicity he found impressive. The author of the Declaration had an intense dislike for the forms and trappings of Government, and when he became President he discarded many of the pomps which Washington had considered as fitting the dignity of the office. Mr. Webster thought it fortunate that Mr. Jefferson's ideas prevailed. Of Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster said frankly that he did not like him. The Kentuckian had "a great deal of native talent and a little smattering of law—less than that possessed by mere office-boys in some large office." He added:

"In the course of my professional life it has happened many times that I found myself retained in the same cause with Mr. Clay. He was my senior by several years in the profession and in age. That fact gave him the right to speak first in all such cases. Often before beginning my argument, I have had to labor hard to do away with the effect and impression of his. Some of the most laborious acts of my professional life have consisted in getting matters back to their starting point after Clay had spoken. The fact is, he was no lawyer. He was a statesman, a politician, an orator, but no reasoner.

Mr. Webster somewhat modified this opinion after Mr. Clay's speech on the Compromise measures and said: "He is a very great man; there is no mistake about that. He is a wonderful man." Mr. Webster considered Mr. Calhoun "the greatest man he had met in the Senate, or with whom he had come in contact in public life." Of Mr. Benton he did not say much that was complimentary, but his latest relations with the Missouri Senator were friendly, and he once remarked to him: "You know everything, Colonel, and where everything is." Of Silas Wright, Mr. Webster said: "He is the most over rated man I ever met. He is oracular, wise-looking, taciturn and cunning as a fox. He was the most inferior man in debate that sat in the Senate. You have seen boys at school who would contrive in some way to skip the hard spelling. He always skipped the hard places. His arguments, besides being weak and fallacious, were always evasive. He would try to make the crowd think that he had answered when he had not touched the point. In my judgement he was a very small man—a mere politician, no statesman." Of Rusk, of Texas: "He is a man of perfect integrity, and of a very high order of ability. I like him very much." Of Mr. Pierce: "He is not a great man in the proper acceptation of the term; but he is not by any means a small man. He is a well-informed, intelligent, ripe, talented man." Of Kossuth: "He is a true patriot, a devoted advocate of liberty, and a brilliant orator; but too impulsive in his feelings, too poetic in his temperament, and too visionary in his proposed measures, to be a safe leader of reform, or a judicious statesman."

A LITTLE girl wore a dress with a flounce around it in the Vicar Wanborough's parish school in England recently, although he had ordered the pupils to be plainly dressed. The Vicar said that the child must either take off the ornament or remain away from school. Her parents refused to remove the ornament, and the little girl was put out of school. Next, the parents were summoned to the county court to show cause why the child did not attend school. Upon hearing the facts, the court upheld the Vicar and his ordinance forbidding any but plain apparel, but mercifully omitted the fine that might have been imposed.

They Ran for the Doctor.

Some people are always running for the doctor when the least thing is the matter with themselves or their children. Of course, the doctor likes this, for he gets well paid for it. But there are many occasions, when the judicious use of Perry Davis's Pain Killer will do all the doctor can. Mr. R. V. Miller, of Syracuse, N. Y., says he has for twenty years used Pain Killer for miscellaneous family sicknesses; and that it is so valuable that it ought to be kept in every house.

THE conduct of a Cincinnati physician is under criticism. He found himself in a case which baffled his knowledge, and, when the patient grew steadily and hopelessly worse, he did not acknowledge his dilemma, nor ask for a consultation. On being dismissed he refused to place all the information in his possession at the disposal of his successor, but left the sick chamber in confusion, declaring that he would rather see the man die than saved by another's skill.

We are Gratified.

To be able to assure our readers that New Life requires only a fair test to make it the most popular medicine of the age for the cure of all pulmonary complaints. In several instances, which we can vouch for, invalids, who had suffered with distracting coughs for many years and had despaired of recovery, have been restored to health after using New Life a few weeks.—*Baltimore Episcopal Register.*

A TRAMP looked at the jail at Malvern, Ia., on a cold day. Smoke was coming from the chimney, and as he shivered in his ragged clothes he longed for the comfortable warmth inside the building. As a means of getting in, he threw a brick through a church window. Bitter was his disappointment. The magistrate gave him fourteen days' labor on the streets.

*** "Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own." Take warning in time. Avoid quack nostrums by which thousands annually perish. Use only such remedies as are demonstrated above suspicion, foremost among which is Kidney-Wort. For torpid liver, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals it. It is sold in both dry and liquid form by all druggists.

A MICHIGAN man, desiring to commit suicide, fired at his head four times without hitting it. Then he concluded that he had no head, and went to a hospital to see about it. The physicians decided that his head was in place, but its contents were wrong, and sent him to an insane asylum.

I Know Whereof I Speak.

For I have used it extensively. I regard Parker's Ginger Tonic a most excellent remedy for kidney, lung and stomach disorders. It invigorates without intoxicating. J. Francis, Religio Philos, Journal, Chicago.—Adv.

A PAWTUCKET schoolma'am, in order to be sure of punishing the pupil who had whistled, gave every one of the fifty-eight in the room five blows.

A DRESSING to beautify gray hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.—Adv.

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