The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 35

ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

1883. 1884.

On and after Saturday, September 22d, steamer

Enterprise

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

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at o'clock, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock, stopping at Newnam's, Wilkin's and Quaker Neck. Leave Centreville at 8 o'clock, stopping at Corsica, Poplar Grove, Emory's and Earle's, in Corsica Creek. Arriving at Baltimore at 12.30 midnight.

Returning, will leave Piers 12 and 13, Light street wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Thursday night at 12:00 midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Pleasant accommodations for passengers.

Freight received daily until 6 p. m.

RICHARD J. FOARD,
Sept. 27, 1883. President.

Chester River Steamboat Company

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

1883. 1884.

To take effect Monday, September 24th, 1883.

The Steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., making all the above landings.

The steamer GEO. LAW will leave Crumpton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock A.M., for Baltimore, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M. Returning, will leave Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 A.M., making all the above stops.

The Steamer CORSICA will leave Pier 7, Light street wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at midnight for Centreville via Corsica creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown. Returning, will leave Chestertown every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M., making all the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD
Sept. 27, 1883. President.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

On and after Friday, Sept. 28, 1883,

STEAMER PILOT BOY

Will leave Tolchester Beach for Baltimore, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 9 o'clock, A.M., and 4.30 P. M.

Baltimore, for Tolchester, from Pier 15 Light street Wharf, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 o'clock A. M., and 2.30 P. M.

Excursion tickets, 50 cents, good on day issued. One way ticket, 40 cents. Children from 6 to 12 years, half-price.

For further information apply to CHAS. LLOYD, Tolchester Beach.

W. C. ELIASON, Manager.
Sept 27. Pier 15 Light St., Balto

READ AND REMEMBER

That at SPARKS'.

Opp. Court House, you can find

Lamps, Lanterns, Clocks, Frames, Shades, Chimneys, Easels, Plaques, Tumblers, Goblets, Fancy Baskets, Covered Bowls, Work Boxes, Glass Pitchers, Combs and Brushes, Glass Setts, Pocket Books, Salt Stands, Purses, Satchels, Pickle Dishes, Perfumeries, Soaps, Celery Glasses, Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles and Frames, Cigars, Tobacco, China Tea Setts, Pipes and Smokers, Queensware, Confectionery, Looking Glasses, Oranges, Lemons, Bracelets, Wall Pockets, Nuts, Figs, Doll Babies, Pickles, Sauces, Toilet Setts, Vases, Chow-Chow, Casters, Spoons, Horse Radish, Majolica Ware, French Mustard, Paper, Envelopes, Sardines, Spices, Cards, Books, Chocolate, Cocoa, Dominoes, Checkers, Gelatine, Jellies, Thermometers, Canned Goods, Shaving Brushes, Cakes, Crackers, Bananas, and many other goods, all of which we are selling at the lowest prices.

Call in at

SPARKS'.

April 12, 1883.

COAL AND WOOD.

HAVING now laid in a Full Supply of Coal and Wood for the winter, we wish to inform our friends and the public generally that we are prepared to supply you with Coal and Wood of the best quality of White Ash and Lykens Valley Coal, and of Hickory, Oak and Pine Wood, at prices as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and see if we cannot please you.

Yours respectfully,
T. DEC. RUTH,
Chestertown, Md.
J. B. McINTIRE, AGENT.

P. S.—My employer is pushing me to make a full settlement for all outstanding bills, therefore all indebted must pay at once. Pay now, we must have the money.

Yours respectfully,
J. B. McINTIRE,
Nov. 15, 1883. AGENT.

HOPE H. BARROLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Chestertown, Md.

Prompt attention to the collection of claims. Loans negotiated.

Office opposite the Court House, on Main St. next door to the store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.

Feb. 1, 1883.

OUR NO BRAND CIGAR is equal to, if not superior to any 5 ct. in town.

SPARKS.

KID GLOVES, nice assortment, all sizes and shades. Each pair guaranteed.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE

A Large Line of Ladies' Misses, Children's and Infants *SHOES*, and Men's, Boys' and Youths' Fine and Heavy Shoes. For sale by

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

CARPETS and Oil Cloths, Ingrain Carpet ta 30c., 37½c., 50c. and 75c. per yard. Oil Cloths at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

GRASS Scythes and Grass Snaths, Bush Scythes and Bush Snaths, Grass Hooks and Scythe Stones, for sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

LUMBER

FOR THE SPRING OF 1883.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.,

takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of

White Pine, Virginia Pine and GEORGIA PINE

LUMBER

on the Peninsula, embracing in part:

White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " " undressed;
" " 6-4 Plank " "
" " 8-4 " "
" " 4-4 Picks and Select, dressed,
" " 7-8 Rabbeted Weather Boarding;
" " Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;
" " Cull " 12 in. stk. 16 ft.
" " 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft.
" " 5-8 Siding, dressed and undressed.
" " 4-4 12 in. stk. dressed.
" " Frame Stuff.
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff.
" " Flooring,
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.

Shingles Lahs, Doors, Door Frames Window Frames Sa sh Mouldings &c

Specially Low Prices to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.

TERMS LIBERAL.

Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

June 21, 1883.

AT STAM'S

DRUG STORE.

PEPPER,

SAGE,

SALTPETRE.

LOWEST PRICES.

LARGE STOCK.

COLIN F. STAM.

Nov. 15, 1883.

EXCELSIOR'S

NEW SUITS.

—FOR—

FALL AND WINTER

—ARE—

Ready For You.

New Fall Overcoats.
New Winter Overcoats.
Boys' Suits to rough it in.
Youths' Suits you look dressed in.
Men's Suits you look best in.

FURNISHING GOODS.

Our stock contains everything in vogue in the way of Shirts, Underwear, Hose, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Sleeve Buttons and Scarf Pins, while in choice and fashionable Neckwear, we offer to the public the finest makes at prices that cannot fail to please. In short our Furnishing Goods Department contains everything needed in a gentleman's wardrobe. Please remember that our prices are the very lowest

HATS AND CAPS.

The exhibit in this Department will beggar description. Hundreds upon hundreds of novel staple styles and colors and shapes. We have ransacked the factories of the most celebrated makes in order to secure the most beautiful specimens of Head Gear for Old Men and Young Men, for Youths and for Children. Come and see the styles. You will not be coaxed to buy, but if you should invest a dollar it will go as far as a dollar fifty in any Hat Store in Baltimore.

BOOTS AND SHOES

We have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Ladies' Shoes, Gentlemen's Shoes, Misses' Shoes, Boy's Shoes and Children's Shoes in Baltimore. It is impossible to give an idea of the extent of our stock to those who have never visited our Shoe Department. We are bound up by no one manufacturer. We purchase only where we can get the best goods for our money. You who read this examine our stock and do likewise.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoe Departments separate,

COLIN F. STAM,

DRUGGIST,

PREPARES MEDICINES

from only the

Purest and Most Reliable Drugs

in the market.

PECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN

—TO—

Physicians' Recipies,

Which are prepared in the

Most Skillful Manner

and in accordance with all the improved methods of Pharmacy.

Moderate Prices,

Absolute Accuracy, Neatness and Pharmaceutic' skill are what we claim for our work.

Drug Store on corner—sign—Illuminated Mortar.

March 1, 1883.

OIL STOVES! OIL STOVES!!

GOLDEN STAR

OIL STOVES

with Extension Tops, Ovens, Broilers, Tea Kettles, Steamers and Sad Iron Heaters, for sale at reasonable prices by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

HEATING STOVES, ten to fifteen kinds on hand, some very nicely finished with nickel foot rail and trimmings. Call and examine Stoves and Prices at

J. K ALDRIDGE'S.

2 for 5, the best in town.

SPARKS

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.

BRING US

YOUR TRADE.

Such as Prime Print Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Lard, Bacon and

COUNTRY PRODUCE

in general, and we will pay you the

FULL MARKET VALUE

for it,

and sell you GOODS AS LOW if not CHEAPER than any "other man."

We have a

FULL LINE OF MUSLINS,

Bleached and unbleached Canton Flannels from 6¼ cts. to 16 cts. per yard. Calico, Tickings, Cottonades Kerseys, red and white all wool Flannels, and a general line of

Domestic Dry Goods.

Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's HOISERY at Prices and Quality to please you.

OUR STOCK OF GROCERIES

cannot be surpassed for quality and Low Prices.

WE ARE HEAD QUARTERS FOR FLOUR

dealing direct with the manufacturers, can guarantee quality and price at all times. Call and see us, and you will be convinced that our prices are the lowest.

Respectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON,
opp. Hudgin's Bakery.

Branch Store corner High and Mill Streets.

Chestertown, Md., Sept. 13, 1883.

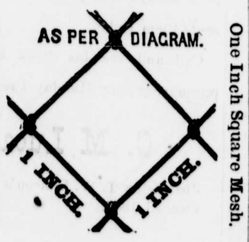
NETTING,

—FOR—

SEINES AND POUNDS.

We Measure the Mesh.

One Inch Square Mesh.



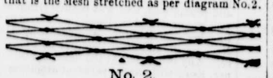
One Inch Square Mesh.

Parties ordering Netting or sanes, will give the length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is, if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 YARDS

10 Feet. No. 1.

We would make the webbing 150 yards long 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the Mesh stretched as per diagram No. 2.



No. 2.

In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

Send for price list.

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO.
Wm. J. Hooper & Son,
6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore Md.
Dec. 27—y. (Mention this paper.)

A GOOD CLOCK is a pleasure to any house keeper. You can find such at

SPARKS'.

HUSKING PEG GLOVES, for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BOOTS & SHOES—Men's and Boys' Heavy Boots and Fine Shoes. Ladies, Misses and Children's Button and Lace Shoes for fall and winter wear at low prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PUMP, call at

J. K. ALDRIDGE

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange fo goods. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.r

PATENT Hammock Chairs, for sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

PRAYER Books, Hymn Books and Bibles—at STAM'S DRUG STORE.

COTTON.

'Tis born of the burden of Toil
From the strength and the speed of the plow,
It springs from the heart of the soil,
And the seeds that are glorified now,
In the soft-furrowed fields of the South,
It rules o'er the realms of the grain,
'Tis green through the gloom of the drouth,
'Tis fair through the fall of the rain.

With blossoms of purple and white,
With leaves that are vernal in hue,
'Tis fed by the air and the light,
'Tis nurtured by sunshine and dew,
It springs from the breast of the earth,
'Tis rife with rare color and heat—
In marvels of magical birth,
'Tis king o'er the corn and the wheat?

The procreant pulses of May
Beat under its ripening boll;
And later it lives in the ray
Of the light that illuminates its soul.
T'was known in the land of the East,
Through ages long silent and dead;
With wonders of whiteness increased,
To the warmth of the South it is wed.

'Tis gathered from valleys and hills;
In opulent bales it is bound;
With orient beauty it fills
Vast acres of affluent ground.
Though planted in darkness and gloom.
'Tis safe in the dust of the sod;
It arises in splendors of bloom,
It awakes at the whisper of God.

Oh! lift a large pæan of praise,
As strong as the tides of the sea!
Through lengths of laborious days
And conquests of Commerce to be,
This plant from the heart of the soil,
In the pride of its purified fleece,
With triumphs of glory and toil
Shall reign in the rapture of peace.

—Wm. H. Hayne, in Home and Farm.

LIFE IN MODERN PALESTINE.

A JEWISH COMMUNITY THAT FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL HAVE LIVED IN THE SAME PLACE.

HAIFA, Nov. 25.—In one of the most remotest and secluded valleys in the mountains of northern Galilee lies a village, the small population of which possesses an interest altogether unique. As I looked down upon it from the precipitous and dangerous path by means of which I was skirting the flank of the mountain, I thought I had rarely seen a spot of such ideal beauty. It was an oasis—not actually in a desert, for the rocky mountain ranges were covered with wild herbage—but in a savage wilderness of desolation, in the midst of which the village nestled in a forest of orange, almond, fig, and pomegranate trees, the tiny rills of water by which they were irrigated glistening like silver threads in the sunlight, and the yellow crops beyond contrasting with the dull green of the hill verdure long deprived of water, and the gray rocks which reared their craggy pinnacles above it.

The name of this village was Bukeia. I had heard vaguely of the existence of a spot in Galilee where a community of Jews lived who claimed to be the descendants of famil es who had tilled the land in this same locality prior to the destruction of Jerusalem and the subsequent dispersion of the race; and as it had never been suspected that any remnant of the nation had clung to the soil of their fathers from time immemorial, and as it is certain that this is the only remnant that has, I took some trouble to ascertain the name of the village, and felt that it was worth a pilgrimage to visit it. Although hitherto unknown to Europeans and tourists, it has been for many years a spot much frequented by the Jews of Safed and Tiberias, and this summer especially, when the cholera panic prevailed in the country, there was a perfect rush of the wealthier Jews and rabbis of those towns to its pure air and bracing climate. In a small way it is a sort of Jewish sanitarium.

But the village does not consist altogether of Jews. In fact they form the minority of the population, which is composed of eighty Druse, forty Greek Christian, and twenty Jewish families, the latter numbering about 120 souls in all. Refusing the invitation of the Druse and Christian sheiks to accept their hospitality, I listened rather to the solicitations of the elderly Hebrew who eagerly placed his house at my disposal, and was the patriarch of his co religionists, his local title being, like those of the heads of the other communities, that of sheik. His house was a stone erection with a court yard, and contained a single large room, as is common in Arab houses, afforded eating and sleeping accommodation for the whole family. On this occasion it soon became crowded to excess.

First appeared the Druse sheik, with white turban, and composed and dignified bearing. Then the sheik of the Christians, a man in no way to be distinguished from the ordinary type of native fellaheen; then the Greek priest in his high, round-topped black hat and long black coat, reaching nearly to his feet; then the Jewish rabbi, who officiates at the synagogue, in flowing Eastern robe; then some village notables of all three religions, who who all squatted on mats, forming a semi-circle, of which my friends and I were the centre, and which involved a large demand upon our host for coffee, for on these occasions it is a great breach of politeness not to furnish all the uninvited guests who flock in to see distinguished strangers with that invariable beverage. When one or two Moslems, who were temporary visitors to the village, dropped in from curiosity, I could not fail to be struck with the singular ethnological and theological compound by which I was surrounded. Here in these Christian and Moslem peasants were the descendants of those ancient Canaanites, whom the conquering Jews failed to drive out of the country, during the entire period of their occupation of it, though they doubtless served their conquerors as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and as farm servants generally; for the result of the most recent and exhaustive research proves, I think, incontestably that the fellaheen of Palestine, taken as a whole are the modern representatives of those old tribes, which the Israelites found settled in the country, such as the Canaanites, Hitites, Jebusites, Amorites, Philistines, Edomites. In what proportion these various tribes are now represented, whether they were preceeded by a still older autochthonous population, namely, the Ankim, Horites, and so forth, are questions which have so far been beyond the reach of scientific research. But though this race, or rather conglomeration of races, which may be designated for want of a better by the vague title of pre-Israelite, still survives beneath the Mohammedan or Christian exterior, it has not remained uninfluenced during the lapse of centuries by the many events and circumstances that have happened in Palestine.

Each successive change in the social and political condition of the country has more or less affected it in various ways, and we must not be surprised when studying the fellaheen at finding Jewish Hellenic, Rabbinic, Christian and Mussulman reminiscences mingled pellmell, and in the quaintest combinations, with traits which may bring us back to the most remote and obscure periods of pre Israelite existence. Indeed, for anything one could say to the contrary, the Christian fellaheen of this village, though they had resisted the proselytzing efforts of the Saracen conquest in the sixth century, may, before they were converted to Christianity, have worshipped the gods of the Græco Roman period; before that they may have been Jews, for there can be little question that the aboriginal population, to some extent, adopted the Jewish faith after the conquest, and before that were worshippers of the Syro Phœnician deities, Baal and Ashtaroth. They may in those old times, when Jewish power was supreme, have been in this very village the servants of the ancestors of these very Jews who now share its land with them, as they had, according to their traditions, done from the most ancient period; and this means, in a country where genealogies are preserved for centuries upon centuries, a very long time ago. I have a friend at Haifa who says he can trace his ancestry back to the crusades, when his family was resident at the old town of the same name; and, as a grotesque illustration of their pretension, a story is told of a Bedouin sheik, who being asked whether he was descended from Abraham, said that he could trace further back, and that in fact, Abraham was not a sheik of a very good family.

The only really modern intruders in the group by which I was surrounded were the Druses, who only settled in the village about 300 years ago, and whose origin prior to 900 years ago, when we know that they were settled at Aleppo, is rather obscure; but it is generally believed that they were originally a tribe inhabiting the mountains of Kurdistan. Here, too, in this small group of Arabic speaking people, were represented four of the most widely divergent religions. There were the two Moslems, whose ancestors, probably, prior to the conquest of Palestine by the Saracens, had been Christians, but had then adopted the faith of the Prophet. There was the priest of the Greek Church, still clinging to the dogmas which he inherited from the first Christian—the descendant, possibly, of one who had actually listened to the words of Christ and His disciples in the country which their posterity has never left. And indeed it is a curious reflection in looking at these fellaheen to think that they may be the direct descendants of some of those thousands who were influenced at the time by the teaching which has since swayed the moral sentiment of civilized humanity. Then there were the Jews, the only group of Jews existing in the world whose ancestors have clung to the soil ever since that teacher's tragic death, and whose fathers may have shared in the general hostility to Him at the time, representing still the faith which was the repository of the highest moral teaching prior to Mohammedanism. Lastly, there were the Druses, in whose esoteric religion is to be found the most extraordinary confusion of metaphysical notions, gnostic and pagan, the outcome of a mystical interweaving of ideas deprived from the most divergent faiths, with a Magian or Zoroastrian basis, upon which Hindu and Budhist, Jewish and Platonic, Christian and Moslem dogmas have been successively grafted, forming a system so recondite and abstruse that only the initiated can comprehend it, if indeed they can.

Such were the mixed religions, and race conditions by which I was surrounded, and I was much struck by the apparent tolerance and amiability with which all the members of these different religions regarded each other. The Jewish rabbi told me privately that he much preferred Druses to Christians; but he lived on good terms with all. And when I went to see the synagogue the Greek priest strolled around with me, and the rabbi extended the politeness by accompanying us when I went to visit the little Greek church. Meantime, the Hebrew sheik had summoned all the Jewish population, and they came trooping in to perform the usual Eastern salutation of kissing the hand. Old men and maidens, young men and married women and children, I saw them all, nor, so far as dress and facial type were concerned, was it possible to distinguish them from the fellaheen of the country generally. These twenty families seemed all to have descended from one stock, they all had the same name, Cohen, and they have never intermarried either with the people of the country or even with other Jews. I afterward had some conversation with the Christian and Druse sheiks in regard to them. They said that formerly more of the village land belonged to them, but owing to the wars, pestilences, and other misfortunes which had overtaken the country at various times, their property had become diminished; indeed, there can be little doubt that the Druses themselves, when Fakr Eddin conquered this part of the country, appropriated some of it, so that now, so far as their worldly circumstances go, the Jews are badly off. Nevertheless they do not complain, and are skilful, hard working, and persevering agriculturists, to my mind more deserving of sympathy than many of their coreligionists who have come to settle in the country as colonists, depending more upon the asssistance which they derive from without than upon their own efforts. The experience and example of their coreligionists at Bukeia would make the neighborhood of that place a desirable locality for a colony.

From Bukeia I followed a northwesterly direction, by a most picturesque mountain path, and in a few hours reached the romantically situated town of Tershiha, where I was most hospitably entertained by the Cadi, a dignified Arab gentleman of a true old Oriental type which is now becoming rare. This place contains about 2,000 inhabitants, many of them the adherents of a Moslem reformer who created a considerable stir in the country a few years ago, when his followers numbered about 20,000. They were much persecuted by the Government as heretical, on account of a tendency which they manifested to depreciate the value of Mohammed, whose name they omitted from their prayers, while at the same time accepting the teaching of the Koran. So far as I could learn the teaching of Sheik Ali al Mograbe, for that was the name of the founder of the sect, was of a liberal and tolerant character, and more than once when Moslem fanaticism was excited against Christians it was restrained by the efforts of his disciples, the numbers of which have, however, much diminished since the death of their leader. Tershiha, which commands a lovely view, is situated about 2,000 feet above the sea, and a ride of a half day, some part of which passes through one of the most heavily timbered valley in Palestine, brought me to Acre.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.

Did this Christmas find us purer and better than last Christmas left us?

Character is the only personal property which everybody looks after for you.

A house is no home unless it contains food and fuel for the mind as well as the body.

Promises made in times of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

As often as we bring to light the infirmity of another, we set our own on the candlestick with it.

The Turks have a proverb which says, that the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil.

No flower of spring, no tint of the evening sky, can appear more beautiful to the eye, than moral loviness and purity do to the mind.

Good counsel is cast away upon the arrogant, the self conceited or the stupid; who are either too proud to take it, or too heavy to understand it.

Since Time, says Goethe, is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

Who that ever gazed upon the quiet features of the dead, had not turned away and felt more love and charity dwelling in his heart toward his fellow-man.

Humility, self sacrifice, and submission are native to a woman, and a woman's lips can discourse far more eloquently than a man's of these Christian virtures.

The Mule and the Geese.

From the Meriwether Vindicator.

Mr. Robert Bonner of Warm Springs (Ga.) district has been losing his geese for a long time. He attributed his losses to the foxes which have their haunts in his neighborhood, though he was astonished to find the geese eaten entirely, nothing but a few feathers being left. One night recently, hearing a disturbance among his geese in the horse lot, he seized his gun and rushed to the lot to investigate the cause of the commotion. Getting as close as caution allowed, he fired in the direction of the noise made by the struggling goose. At the report of the gun his ears were greeted with a most terrific squealing from one of the mules. A light being produced, it was discovered that the mule had received a part of the load in his nose, a stray shot or two passing through the animal's ear, and a bloody nose was the result of his detection.

Good Advice.

Be honest. Judge fairly. Injure no one. Keep out of debt. Earn what you spend. Choose your company. Don't get discouraged. Work, win and wear. Give every man his due. Never go back on a friend. Examine before you decide. Look at the bright side of things. Unless you need a thing, do without it.—Youth is too precious to be squandered. Make the most of present opportunities. Finish one thing before you begin another. Hear both sides before forming an opinion. Put up with that which you cannot prevent. Owe no man a cent that you are able to pay him. Save small sums if you want to own large ones. Zeal, if hot-headed, is more vicious than virtuous. Question the sincerity of a friend who flatters you. Respect a man for what he is, not for the clothes he wears.

NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

They met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And 'won't you take my peg-top, dear?
Was all that he could say,
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came,
She whispered, 'No! no, thank you, Tom,'
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the selfsame way,
When ten swift years had flown,
He said, 'I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone.'
'And won't you take my heart?' he said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed and said, 'No, thank you, Tom,'
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,
Have brought them care and joy,
She has the little peg-top still,
He gave her when a boy,
'I've had no wealth, sweet wife,' says he,
'I've never brought you fame;
She whispers, No, no, thank you, Tom,
You have loved me all the same!'

F. E. Weatherly.

LEE'S SURRENDER.

AS DESCRIBED BY CHAPLAIN DAVIS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

From the Methodist Protestant.

The eventful day, Sunday, April 9, 1865, dawned upon us. A night's rest had greatly refreshed the war worn Confederates. The line of march was taken up just after the first gleam of light showed itself in the east. Early's old division, composed of two North Carolina brigades and one from Virginia, took the front under Brig. Gen. Walker. Fighting was expected. The Confederate sharpshooters, who always composed the skirmish line, had scarcely passed the Court House, which is but a small village, when they come in contact with the Federal pickets. A lively fusilade ensued. The line of battle was quickly formed under the eye of Gen. Gordon. The battle soon became furious. The first line of the Federal troops was soon broken and driven back with loss. I was sitting upon a bank by the roadside noting events in my diary, when, at 8½ o'clock, two batteries captured of Federal artillery (eight guns) were driven by me, going to the rear. In a few moments the fire in the front ceased, and I could discover our troops falling back taking up new positions by brigades to the rear.

At the same time a white flag, borne by a couple of Federal officers at full speed, came out from the Court House, and went to the rear and met Gen. Lee, where our baggage wagons were packed at the commencement of the action. In a few minutes another white flag, borne by a couple of Confederate officers, was dispatched to the Court House. The road was quickly cleared of every obstruction, and guards placed along it to keep everybody out of it, that the flag bearers might pass from one point to the other at full speed. At this period the excitement among the Confederate troops became intense, as it was well understood the Confederate army was on the point of being surrendered.

Many seemed anxious to be led forward to conquer or die on the field. Desperation seemed to take hold on the men, or else men were overcome by desperation. I quickly resolved that I would not be included in the surrender, and formed a plan with a choice spirit to escape from the field and take care of my self. One o'clock P. M., was the hour at which I was to strike for liberty or safety. Unwilling to act covertly in the matter, at 12 o'clock M., I went to my brigade commander, told him the plan I had formed, and asked him if he thought such a step on my part would compromise my honor in the brigade. He replied: 'Considering the relation you sustain to your regiment, I think you would better maintain your honor by abiding its fate.' His answer subdued me, and at once I abandoned my plan of escape.

But numbers did escape, and in no case did I hear of a failure on the part of any who made the attempt. The first flag from Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee came at 8½ o'clock A. M. by my watch. These flags continued to pass and repass until 4 P. M. History often represents things strangely. History gives Gen. Grant's first note on this day to Gen. Lee at 12½ P. M., when I have no doubt Gen. Lee received Gen. Grant's first note at 8½ A. M.

The morning had been bright and fair. By noon dark and gloomy clouds had gathered over the whole face of the sky. All nature around us seemed to harmonize with our feelings. Sadness and gloom were impressed upon all things both animate and inanimate. Men were growing desperate; officers were breaking their swords in pieces to avoid the dishonor of surrendering them. Major Gen. G. W. Pickett, who had led the storming column on the third day at Gettyburg, tore up his flag and wore it around his shoulders. Men have feelings. They cannot control these feelings at all times and under all circumstances. My brigade surgeon came to me and urged me to preach a discourse to the troops. I, too, had feelings and declined what I could only regard as a duty. My weight of feeling was too powerful to undertake it.

At 4½ P. M. the Second Army Corps was formed in close column to her the terms of surrender. We were addressed by Gen. Gordon, who sat upon his horse in front with his hat in his hand, in the most moving and impressive speech to which I have ever listened. Circumstances gave it force and character. During its delivery men could be seen weeping on every side. Men who had faced death on many battlefields, and had fought with manly firmness from Bull Run to Appomattox, were breaking down under the force of that terrible word, surrender. But the brave can weep as well as fight for their country. Upon going to the division ordnance wagons I found the Lieutenant Commander weeping like a child. Addressing me he said: 'I have fought the Yankees from the beginning until now, and to surrender to them is more than I can bear. It seems like it will break my heart.' Hope was dead. The grave was ready. Its funeral solemnities were too weighty for the brave.

Night came on. But what a night! Such stealing as took place I never heard or read of before. It seemed as if everything that could be stolen was stolen. Just before the sun went down a subaltern of the Quartermaster's Department, whose condition bespoke an excess of whiskey, stepped up to me and, with much earnestness, said: 'I tell you, the Confederacy is gone up. Now, Jeff Davis owes you and me a pretty good sum of money. Suppose, that, as soon as it gets dark, we go to the wagons, get a horse apiece, and strike out for home? If we don't do that we will never get a cent.' I had to decline the offer of my would-be friend.

On the next day I bought a horse for $1, a bridle for $5, and a saddle for $60. My $1 steed would have borne, with the exception of his eyes, some resemblance to the charger rode by the Knight of La Mancha. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 12th, our parole papers were announced as ready, and were all duly signed, and by the terms of surrender we were permitted to go home. On Wednesday morning the Confederate army was to stack arms. At sunrise the Second Army Corps was paraded for the last time. Early's division, led by General Walker, took the front. He rode one of the finest horses I saw in the whole army, and placed himself in the march at the head of the division. My place was in the rear of my brigade, with the surgeons. But we were now passing "under the yoke," and I had become infected with the demoralization so prevalent. I fell in just behind Gen. Walker upon my $1 horse, no man saying yea or nay. The march was as solemn as a funeral procession. Not a man spoke a word. The Federal army, at least a portion of it, was drawn up between our camp and the Court House on our left, about forty steps from the road, and stood at order arms. When our division had reached the left of this line the word 'Halt' was given. 'Left face, forward march,' followed. When the advancing line had approached within ten paces of the Federal line the command 'Halt' was heard. Then came the order 'Stack arms.' The rifles were stacked in the customary style, and the cartridge boxes hung upon them.

Then came the last order I heard given in the Army of Northern Virginia, 'Fall in—forward march.' As the column reached the village where the public roads diverge, every officer and man struck for home by the most direct route. Not a word of cheering was heard from the Federal troops. Perhaps this was Gen. Grant's orders. They looked on in silence.

An idle myth has been invented that 'Gen. Lee surrendered under an apple tree.' Pieces of wood have been shown about as pieces of the identical tree. Gen. Lee surrendered in the hotel at the Court House. Here he and Grant met, and nowhere else. Here, at Gen. Grant's writing table, he signed the stipulations in the afternoon. Lee's notes were sent from where our baggage train was packed by the roadside in the old field, and my opinion is that there was nothing bearing the semblance of an apple tree within a half mile of the place.—Small scrubby pine bushes were plentiful. Everybody ought to know that if Gen. Grant had come within the Confederate lines he would have lost his life, or if Lee had gone within the Federal lines he would have met the same fate.

Receipt for a Duel.

From the London Family Herald.

In the little town of Rosenburg, west Russia, lived a young and hot-headed lieutenant, who one day had a dispute with a clerk in the government service, and suddenly exclaimed: "You know well enough how to handle your pen; but I have at home a pair of sharp swords with which I can write better." The other answered: "Such playthings ought only to be given to children who have nothing to lose." The lieutenant then challenged him to fight with pistols. "Very well," the clerk replied, "I accept your offer, on one condition. You know I have a wife and children for whom I must care. My income is 4,500 marks. If you will deposit a sum sufficient to yield that interest, I am willing to fight. In that case you must place to my account 90,000 marks." "But," stammered the astonished officer, "I have no fortune!" "Ah, sir, those who possess nothing have no right to ask men who must work for others to fight duels!" the duel never took place.

THE number of houses built in London and the suburbs last year was, according to the reporter of the Metropolitan Commissioner of Police, 23,301, forming 508 new streets and one new square, and covering a distance of about 75½ miles. These figures are slightly less than those of the two previous years, but the Commissioner nevertheless considers that there are no signs of any probable decrease in the growth of London.

The Wide, Wide World.

LIMA, REPUBLIC OF PERU.—Senor A. de La E. Delgado, L. L. D. and Counselor, Tribunal of Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: One single application of St. Jacobs Oil cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Dona Juana Garcia, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madam Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuralgic pains of ten months standing. Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numberless other remedies without effect.

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