The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884. VOL. XXIII-NO. 34

Elliott & Gemmill's

Farmers' Agency

Will furnish at short notice and Bottom Prices, any Implement manufactured in the United States.

We make a specialty of the Iron Turbine Wind Mill, manufactured by Mast, Foos & Co.; also, the Buckeye Force Pump, especially adapted to deep wells and forcing water.

Any one needing a Wind Mill we say try a Turbine. They are strength and durability itself. We control this Mill for the county, and have no sub agents. Will make prompt estimates for any one desiring a Mill.

We would also call the attention of Farmers to our

NEW BUCKEYE GLASS FEED FERTILIZER DRILL,

which we pronounce, after thorough testing it last season, to be the best combined Grain and Fertilizer Drill ever offered to the trade. Our reasons are—

First, t is a perfect Wheat Seeder
Second, You have no cog wheels to take off or put on to chance quantities.

Third, With the Glass Feed for Phosphate you can sow any quantity of Fertilizer without clogging, gumming or pasting, from 100 to 500 lbs., and can make the changes while walking along.

Fourth, Both wheat and phosphate are distributed within plain view of the operator.

Fifth, It has double force feed for wheat, which makes it sow regular in whatever position it may be placed, especially when seeding side hills. All other drills will seed more or less according to position.

Call and examine it before buying, it will pay you.

Farmers clubbing together can make it pay.

Remember we have no sub-agents Save money by giving us your orders direct.

We have in use in Queen Anne's county eighty-three of the Buckeye Drills. In 1882 we sold there 28; in 1883 we sold 55.

WM. A. ELLIOTT,

Chestertown, Md., Agent for Kent county. July 17.

TO THE LADIES!

The Pickling and Preserving Season

IS UPON US,

To meet it we have laid in a very large stock of

SPICES,

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MUSTARD, CLOVES, ALLSPICE, NUTMEGS, CINNAMON, MUSTARD SEED, CELERY SEED, RED AND BLACK PEPPER, TUMERIC, GREEN & GROUND GINGER all select goods, and prices low.

COLIN F. STAM,
July 31, 1884. Druggist

Something We overooked in our Seed advertisement.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED

A Choice Fresh Lot.

BY POUND OR BUSHEL.

COLIN F. STAM.

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 railroad 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.

COAL! WOOD! LIME

TO those in need of COAL would do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

Having purchased from four to five hundred cords of the very best seasoned

Oak and Pine WOOD,

we flatter ourselves in saying that it cannot be beat in quality or length.

To those interested in LIME, HAIR, CEMENT &c., would do well to give us a call before buying, as we have bought at reduced prices. Give us a call. Thankful for past patronage, I remain yours respt.,

J. D. BACCHUS.

Feb. 28—y.

J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.

COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a good article of SOFT COAL for Steam Threshers. Also, a good quality of Anthracite (White Ash) Coal, 2,240 lbs. to ton.

All persons in want of Coal will do well to call and see us before buying.

July 12—tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

FIRE Place Heaters! Fire Place Heaters! The New Golden Sun, and the Nos. 13 and 14 Golden Sun. More in use in Kent Co than any other Heater; put up with galvanized pipe and flue board and give perfect satisfaction Call and look at the *New Golden Sun* of 1882 at

J. K. ALDRIDGE'S

Acme Hall,

"The Glass of Fashion,"

shows the acknowled fashionable Stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits in Baltimore.

We manufacture at our own factory the Clothing we sell.

They possess all the beauty of made-to-order work, without the cost and bother.

Every Garment in our house this Season's manufacture.

No Sham Here

No False Prices!

The very best way to convince you that we are selling the Finest Clothing, is a personal examination of our Stock. We specially invite you to inspect it.

All the nobby, fashionable patterns (only shown by us) in Sacks, Double and Single-breasted, Cutaways, Prince Alberts, &c., &c., for young men, and a full stock of elegant modest patterns for gentlemen of quiet tastes.

Our Stock of Children's Clothing, not equalled in America.

Overcoats, all shapes, in plain, fancy and elaborate patterns.

Acme Hall,

FINE CLOTHING,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

near Charles St.

ONE PRICE.

Oct. 23—1m.

Levi Bar's

Tailoring House,

COR. GAY & FAYETTE STS.,

BALTIMORE, MD

We have made special efforts to produce a handsomer line of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

for the

Fall Trade

than any previous season, and can confidently assert that our goods, besides being cheaper, will be found Superior in Quality, Style and Finish to any that are offered in our city, besides being all of

OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

We will also call attention to our extra line of

Piece Goods,

for measured work. Our trade in this line is constantly increasing; we make this a separate and distinct business, and turn out as nice a suit of Clothes as any tailor in Baltimore. We solicit a visit to our establishment.

L. BAR.

Aug. 28—m.

Lumber! Lumber! Lumber!

I not only ask you to patronize home industry but I offer you for sale the largest assortment of Seasoned

HOUSE SIDING.
HOUSE FLOORING.
SHINGLES.
LATHS.
FINSISHING LUMBER, Etc.

In stock in any one yard on the Eastern Shore, and at prices that make it your interest to examine directly in person. Orders given us for all the material in Houses or Barns can be shipped by rail or water promptly.

ROUGH LUMBER

In Large Quantities a Specialty.

Yet Dressing and Shaping such of this to your order as may be necessary, making your Frames, Sash, Blinds, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings, &c., with the most Improved Machinery. We guarantee our shipments to fit and give satisfaction.

Joseph Turner

SCOTT'S POINT.

Sept. 25, 1884.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS & MUSIC.

A New Lot of VIOLINS and a new lot of 5 cent Music just received.

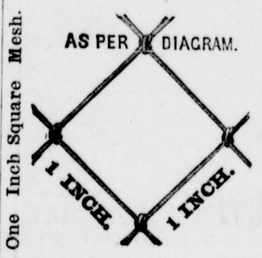
COLIN F. STAM,
March 27. Druggist

PURE SUGARS. Cut Loaf, Granulated, Standard A, Extra C, and best light Brown. Call and see how CHEAP at

J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

NETTING,
—FOR—
SEINES AND POUNDS.

We Measure the Mesh.



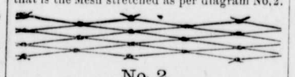
Parties ordering Netting or sanes, will give the length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is, if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

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.)

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some [illegible] farm laborer [illegible] the bad state of [illegible] swelling or lump appeared [illegible] most horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the limb, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

COLIN F. STAM

DRUGGIST,

PREPARES MEDICINES

from only the

Purest and Most Reliable Drugs

in the market.

SPECIAL 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 Pharmaceutical skill are what we claim for our work.

Drug Store on corner—sign—Illuminated Mortar.

March 1, 1883.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART CO.,

General Commission Merchants

and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, ried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c., Southern Fruits and Vegetables a Specialty.

150 W. Pratt Street.

☞ Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwal Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. [Feb. 21.

SHEEP SHEARS! SHEEP SHEARS!! A very large assortment on hand, and prices *very* low, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S

THE Cooler Creamer, with elevator attachment. The Davis Swing Churn, and agent for all goods made by the Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.

J. K. ALDRIDGE

VERY BEAUTIFUL line of Window Shades, very low at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

TO arrive—A Large Lot of Fruit Jars and Jelly Glasses. Prices as low as the lowest WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

YOU can get a Box (containing 50) Good Cigars for 87½c. Best 50c. Tobacco in Town. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

ONION SETS.

SILVER SKIN and RED SKIN,
Very cheap. M. A. TOULSON,
March 27. Druggis

'THE CHRISTMAS BELLS."

Once more across the leafless land
We hear the clash of Christmas chimes;
The young and old stand hand in hand,
And dream the past in present times.
There is a story in the Bells
That comes in whispers through the air;
Of Love to some their music tells,
They sigh to others of despair!

Last year we flung the window wide;
'Twas such a Christmas Eve as this;
We bade the bells to greet the bride
And consecrate the bridegroom's kiss.
A little year! too brief, alas!
To save the ship or still the wave;
To-morrow morning we shall pass
The flowers on her husband's grave!

A year ago! you can't forget
The darkness of last Christmas night,
A little robin cold and wet
Flew dazed and hungry to the light.
Our holly wreaths unwithered still,
The glad new year had scarcely come,
We heard a shout across the hill,
Our long-lost brother had come home!

"Good Will and Peace!" in leafy scroll,
We saw above the chancel dim;
We heard the mighty organ roll
Its music for the Christmas hymn.
The sermon was of love, and all
Uprose, just blest—a Christian fold;
Still father's kisses never fall
On mother's forehead as of old!

Ring on, ye Christmas bells, of peace;
Ring on of love that never dies;
The love that lasts though life must cease,
The life of deathless sympathies;
Ring out the only true belief
Across the meadows and the plain.
The woods once more will smile in leaf;
The summer flowers come again.

This is the music of the chimes
That crushes hate and kills despair;
The gospel of the good old times
Filling with love the very air;
Though hope lies buried, it will rise.
Though sorrow triumphs, 'twill depart;
Love will re-light grief-wasted eyes,
And fill with joy the empty heart.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

MR. CHIRRUP'S CHRISTMAS.

Mr. Chirrup was glum. Any one else, any one with a less amiable disposition, that is, would have been 'cross' under the same provocation.

But Mr. Chirrup was never cross, and he was seldom 'glum.'

However, when it comes to the day before Christmas and you have no money to buy your wife a Christmas gift, or anything to put in the Children's stockings, and no prospective turkey, or mince-pie and plum-pudding for your Christmas dinner, you are excusable for being glum.

So, at least, thought Mr. Chirrup, as he sat looking out of the window of Lawyer Ledgerly's office, where he was employed at a by no means extravagant salary. Lawyer Ledgerly was ill—"too ill to be seen" his mother-in law said. So there was no hope of anticipating his next quarter's salary, as he had sometimes done on similar pressing occasions.

For Mr. Chirrup's salary was so small and his family so large, it was not much wonder there was usually some difficulty in making the salary stretch from one quarter's end to another.

All these things Mr. Chirrup pondered as he sat looking out of the window in Lawyer Ledgerly's office, which was on Fifth street, just opposite Union Market. And our hero—if little Mr. Chirrup can be called anybody's hero—grew glummer than ever, and beat the 'Devil's tattoo' on the window sill, as glum people generally do. For the sight of the market stalls crowded with Christmas luxuries, was not exactly calculated to cheer up a man in Mr. Chirrup's circumstances.

He was still gazing moodily at the well filled market stalls, at the crowds of people, jostling and elbowing each other, when he suddenly started and peered sharply from under his eyebrows, as if he had seen some one he knew.

That short, sleek-looking gentleman in the nobby hat and overcoat, with a huge market basket in one hand, and a gold headed cane in the other. Surely that was Mr. Chirrup's elder brother, Rothschild!

As he made the discovery, Mr. Chirrup—Mr. Rothschild Chirrup that is—was evidently pricing a turkey; a monster turkey it was, too, the biggest that Mr. Chirrup—either of the Mr. Chirrups—had seen in the market. And the would be purchaser held it up, punched it, turned it around and held it up again for all the world as if he were exhibiting it for the benefit of his brother, looking glumly down from the window opposite.

But in reality he was deciding only in his own mind that this was really the biggest, the plumpest, the tenderest and most tempting fowl he had seen yet, and therefore he would take it. And plump it went, forthwith, into Mr. Rothschild Chirrup's huge market basket, which seemed yawning to receive it.

Mr. Chirrup—our Mr. Chirrup this time, came as near sneering as he had ever done in his life, when the turkey disappeared in his brother's basket. For a bitter estrangement had existed between the two brothers from time immemorial—or thereabouts.

'No doubt *he* can buy turkeys,' thought Mr. Chirrup—Caleb his name was. 'No doubt *he* can buy turkeys, and celery, too.' For a big bunch of celery, large enough for a winter bouquet, had followed the mammoth turkey to its hiding place.

'And if there's one thing I like better than another, it's celery,' thought Mr. Caleb Chirrup, trying very hard to look crabbed and revengeful, but not succeeding very well. However, he did manage to look savage and resentful for him, which is saying a good deal.

Mr. Rothschild, in the meantime, pursued the even, though pompous, tenor of his way through the crowd which jostled him on every side. Now and then he stopped at the best filled stalls, and added relays of vegetables and other articles to the contents of his roomy basket.

Bunches of ripe bananas, dozens of gold-rinded oranges and lemons, 'scuds' of candies and cakes, and other indigestible compounds, also disappeared in the same ample receptacle.

'Humph!' I trust the little Rothschilds have well seasoned stomachs to dispose of all that trash,' thought Mr. Caleb, sarcastically. Though in reality he could not have told whether his brother was a bachelor or a Benedict, so long had been the feud between them. And then, Mr. Caleb Chirrup's humble abode was many, many blocks removed from the aristocratic precincts of 'West End,' where his brother resided.

The elder Chirrup—for Mr. Rothschild was the elder—seemed at last to have completed his purchase of edibles, and paused in front of a flower stall, where he selected a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums.

'The very pot,' thought Mr. Caleb, glumly, 'that *I* picked out over a month ago, as a Christmas present for poor Patty.

'Poor Patty' was Mr. Caleb's wife.

Mr. Rothschild, however, deposited his purchase in the basket, and trudged away, in blissful ignorance of the shabbily dressed brother, glowering at him from the window across the street.

* * * * * *

'What—what's this?'

Mr. Caleb Chirrup had ascended to the two second-story rooms he called home, had kissed his wife and babies, shook hands with his sister-in-law, and had hung up his hat and overcoat, preparatory to eating his supper.

There were no signs of glumness here, for Mrs. Patty and her sister, Miss Melissa, looked cheerful and smiling, and wore their faded print dresses as if they had come from the richest silk looms of the East.

And the young Chirrups had clean faces and pinafores, and looked as happy as if 'Santa Claus' was not intending to give their stockings the 'go by' on that particular Christmas Eve.

But Mr. Chirrup still felt a little glum, as he thought of the empty stockings and other vexations, and he turned to the tea-table in some impatience. But—'What's this?' he demanded, starting back as if a snake had bitten him. And no wonder he started, for on the table lay a mammoth turkey, plump and yellow-breasted, squads of vegetables, bunches of celery, dozens of ripe bananas, golden rinded oranges and lemons, piles of candies and confectioneries, and, fragrant and blooming, a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums; a familiar looking market basket also stood on a chair by the table.

Mr. Chirrup was about to pinch himself, to see if he was awake, when 'Merry Christmas, brother Caleb,' sounded in his ear, and forth from some mysterious corner came Mr. Rothschild Chirrup himself, sleek and well-kept looking—nobby hat, gold-headed cane and all! 'Merry Christmas,' he repeated, extending a well kept hand. 'I've been waiting all these years for you to make some advances towards a truce. But since you still remain adamant, I concluded to make them myself. So let by gones be by gones, if you are willing, and let us be friends hereafter, as well as brothers.'

Then turning to the table, he held up the fat turkey, turning it round and round, just as he had done on the market.

'A fine fellow, isn't he? I got the biggest I could find in the market, on purpose for *you*,' he added. 'And the pot of flowers a peace offering to my sister in-law, if she will accept it,' he added, while Caleb still looked on, half-dazed.

And the children's stockings were not destined to hang empty after all, that Christmas Eve.

And a better Christmas dinner, or a party to eat it, was not found anywhere that Christmas Day. For Mr. Rothschild Chirrup proved to be an old bachelor, and so very willingly accepted an invitation to dine at his brother's. And Mrs. Chirrup's sister, Miss Melissa, being an old maid, she and Mr. Rothschild very romantically fell in love with each other, and when another Christmas Day came around Mr. Rothschild was no longer a bachelor, and Miss Melissa no longer an old maid.

And when Lawyer Ledgerly grew well enough 'to be seen' again, he was obliged to provide himself with another clerk, as Mr. Caleb had gone into partnership with his brother in the mercantile business.—*Helen Whitney Clark.*

DANIEL WEBSTER, when he pronounced his eulogium in the Senate on John C. Calhoun, said, half wonderingly and half admiringly, "He had no recreation—never seemed to feel the necessity of amusements." So it was with Gov. Anthony, says the Washington correspondent of the *Providence Journal*. He never, while here as a Senator, went on fishing or shooting parties; he never kept or drove fast horses, or attended the Jockey Club races; and although he was a member of the Metropolitan Club, he was never to be seen at its card tables or in its billiard or bowling alley. Occasionally he would, while waiting to go out to dine, take a pack of cards and occupy a few leisure moments in a game of solitaire, but I don't believe that he understood the first principles of poker or euchre, those favorite games of many Congressmen.

DR. SKETCHLEY, who has charge of the ostrich farm at Anaheim, was plucking one of the things one day. When they pluck them a stocking is kept on the head to blind the bird. While he cannot see he is quiet, but if his blinkers get uncovered then he "goes for" the plucker. The doctor moved his arm so as to disturb the stocking, and instantly he saw what was done and went head first out of the pen, not caring for any more plumes just then. As he tumbled head first over the fence the bird—he was a jack one, of course—let fly a kick, which, striking a fence board, made toothpicks of a whole panel length. The mules occupation as a kicker is gone in this country since the ostrich came.—*Los Angeles Expresi.*

To Foretell Weather.

Weather wise prognosticators seem to be on the increase. In last week's issue we quoted from a Cincinnati observer his method of foretelling the changes in the weather, from watching the habits of animals; and there now comes from the South a weather prophet who adds a long list of the signs which he has observed to precede changes in the weather.

Few intelligent persons, says the *Southern Planter*, can have any sympathy with the so-called prophets who oracularly announce phenomena, giving dates, occasionally making lucky hits, but as often firing their random shots altogether wide of the mark. That there is, however, something in weather philosophy, intelligent persons will be quite ready to conced, and they will be in accord with the view of the writer when he recommends the observation of neutral phenomena, which has been long practiced. He says:

If one could read the signs, each day foretells the next; to-day is the progenitor of to-morrow. When the atmosphere is telescopic, and distant objects stand out unusually clear and distinct, a storm is near. We are on the crest of the wave, and the depression follows quick. It sometimes happens that clouds are not so indicative of a storm as their total absence. In this state of the atmosphere the stars are unusually numerous and bright at night, which is also a bad omen. It appears that the transparency of the air is prodigiously increased when a certain quantity of water is uniformly diffused through it. Mountaineers predict a change of weather when, the air being calm, the Alps covered with perpetual snow seem on a sudden to be near the observer, and their outlines are marked with great distinctness on the azure sky. This same condition of the atmosphere renders distant sounds more audible.

There is one redness of the east in the morning that means storm; another that indicates wind. The first is broad, deep, and angry; the clouds look like an immense bed of burning coals; the second is soft and more vapory. At the point where the sun is going to rise, and a few minutes in advance of his coming, there rises straight upward a rosy column, like a shaft of dyed vapor, blending with and yet partly separated from the clouds, and the base of which presently comes to glow like the sun himself. The day that follows is pretty sure to be windy.

It is uncertain to what extent birds and animals can foretell the weather. When swallows are seen hawking very high, it is a good indication, because the insects upon which they feed venture up there only in the most auspicious weather.

People live in the country all their lives without making one accurate observation about nature. The good observer of nature holds his eye long and firmly to the point, and finally gets the facts, not only because he has patience, but because his eye is sharp and his inference swift. There are many assertions, the result of hasty and incomplete observation, such as, for instance, that the way the Milky Way points at night indicates the direction of the wind the next day; also, that every new moon indicates either a dry or wet month. There are many other stories about the moon too numerous to mention. Again, when a farmer kills his hogs in the fall, if the pork be very hard and solid he predicts a severe winter; if soft and loose, the opposite; overlooking the fact that the kind of food and the temperature of the fall make the pork hard or soft. Numerous other instances could be cited to prove that the would-be shrewd farmer does not interpret nature in the right way, and that his conclusions, being hasty and incomplete, are wrong; and until he studies nature understandingly, using a little common sense, so long will he be more or less under the ban of superstition and ignorance.

Recreation.

There is a homely saying among the fishermen 'that those who will not mend their nets will soon be unable to catch fish;' and one is seldom found so improvident as to let a hole grow larger and larger until the net is useless. The nearest approach to absolute rest is sleep, and of this every man, woman and child should have abundance, proportioned to his constitution and occupation; but there is a relative rest, quite as important, and more neglected by most busy men and women, this rest is recreation. The 'I haven't time' excuse, although as popular as ever, is sadly threadbare. A man owning property can afford to invest a thousand dollars though he withdraw it from active business, if he is sure that the money will double itself. We all have twenty-four hours every day to invest, and if one hour drawn from business can be better invested, is it not a wise thing to do it? Relaxation, however, to be profitable, must be wholehearted. It is not rest for the business man to bring his affairs and worries home with him. It is not rest for the student to brood over theories and formulas when he walks, neither is it rest to take one's fear and anxieties to our friend's table. If we have no heart to throw off these burdens, we should make the effort in spite of ourselves. We have been bound to our cares as the convict is to his ball and chain, and it is time to master circumstances, instead of being their slaves. Mental slaves are more dependent upon the physical condition than we are inclined to think. Irritability means overstrained nerves; the 'blues' and 'black butterflies' are other names of indigestion and a poor circulation. Recreation, it is to be remembered, is neither dissipation, nor yet absence of activity. Complete change of thought is relaxation; and Hood is quoted by a recent writer as saying that the Quaker City enjoys life, for he makes a pleasure of his business and a business of his pleasure.

THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER TELLS HOW TO MAKE IT.

Four pounds of meat, two pounds of suet, eight pounds of apples, four pounds of sugar, two pounds of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of allspice, one nutmeg, half a pint of molasses, half a teacupful of salt. If you like the flavor of mace add a teaspoonful of that. There is no reason Why the first mince pie should not be excellent. Round steak is good, if tender and sweet, of course the better the meat, the better the pies will be. The meat should be boiled until it is done. Use just as little water as possible, so that the liquor need not be wasted, as you can use the most of it to moisten the mince with. Chop apples, suet and meat together until uniformly fine; then add the spices and all other ingredients. This needs to be well cooked and then should be put away in a cold place for a few days or a week. Almost all old housekeepers and cooks give an individuality to their mince pies by the addition of the juice of fruit or cup of "jelly that did not jelly," or by putting in canned fruit or jam left over from supper, or even by leaving the peel of fair, red apples upon them and chopping them peel and all (not the core however). When you are ready to make the Christmas pie take some of the mince meat out of the jar into a pan; set it over a kettle of boiling water and heat it thoroughly in that way. Then make your crust, and be careful not to have the pie too thick; that is a danger a young housekeeper needs to bear in mind and to avoid. English currants are considered an addition by some people. Wash them in several waters, and then after that look them over and see that they are clean.

The Hypocrisy of the Face.

An Italian author, Signor M. P. Mantegazza, professor of natural history at the Museum of Florence, has just contributed a very remarkable volume to the list of scientific works. Mantegazza's work is devoted to the subject of human physiognomy and the expression of the emotions; it deals very amply with one very interesting question—whether it is possible to mask one's feelings by force of will so completely as to deceive the keenest and most experienced observer. Civilized, and even uncivilized peoples, have been steadily training themselves to master all outward signs of emotion as far back as history records—the fashionable man of Paris, London or St. Petersburg tries to appear impassive as a god; the American, less hypocritical, aims nevertheless to cultivate something of Indian gravity and stoicism. What are the results of the long continued effort of man to master feeling and to hide what Nature seeks to express under all circumstances. They are sometimes very wonderful; but M. Mantegazza does not believe they are ever wholly successful—notwithstanding that the capacity for self conquest may have increased steadily through generations. Woman succeeds, indeed, better than man; and the uninitiated may be deceived by either, but the experienced physiologist can never be wholly duped by the immobility of a face or the tearlessness of an eye.

Juvenile Depravity.

Among recent waves, that of juvenile depravity sweeps further and is more dreadful than any that we have noticed. In the *World* of yesterday there was an interesting account of a dozen boys who built a fire in the hallway of a tenement-house in Twenty-seventh street and then ran away. This appeared to strike the policeman on that beat as an unexampled stroke of precious genius. But it falls immeasurably below the originality of Master George Jones, of Scriba, who on the same day fastened a string to his mother's wringing machine, which string was also attached to the trigger of a heavily loaded gun in the rafters in such a manner that a movement of the wringer handle would have blown his mother's brains all over the room. For some reason the aged parent failed to work the wringer at the proper time, and the yougster, on coming home and beholding his mother, exclaimed with undisguised disgust, "What! are you alive yet?"

For disinterested "cussedness" Master Jones is entitled to the distinction of a Dime Museum. He has an unlimited future before him. There is nothing that that boy may not accomplish, unless he is sent to the State prison for life within the next six months, which appears to be not only probable but every way desirable.—*N. Y. World.*

A Bottle of Wine.

The Baltimore Evening *News* is responsible for the following: In 1872, when Horace Greeley was nominated at Ford's Opera House for the Presidency, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, then Mr. Greeley's right hand man, had his headquarters at the residence of Mr. Augustus Albert, corner of Fayette and Eutaw streets. After the nomination a convivial party assembled, at which Mr. Reid, Mr. Albert and a number of other gentlemen were present. One bottle of wine was left after all had been satisfied, and it was agreed to place on it an inscription to the effect that it was not to be drank until after the election of a Democratic President. All present affixed their signatures to the agreement, and Mr. Albert has religiously preserved the bottle ever since, and now has it in his possession, with the signatures still legible. As a Democratic President has been elected, and as no arrangement was made as to who should drink the wine, Mr. Albert thinks that he will send it to President elect Cleveland, with an explanatory letter.

A Dickens Christmas Pudding.

But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, being too nervous to bear witness—to take up the pudding and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning it out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they made merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam. The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day. That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress next door to that. That was the pudding.

In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

"Oh, a wonderful pudding!"

Restoring Faded Flowers.

After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a simple and seemingly most destructive operation. A recent visitor to Japan says: "I received some days ago a beautiful bunch of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in all their beauty for nearly two weeks, and at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman (Japanese) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him that, though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will become as good as before.' I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stem ends in the fire until they were charred. This was in the morning. At evening they were again looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week."

THE poetic and perfervid nature of Orientals is illustrated in the addresses presented to Lord Ripon on his return home from India. It may be that they are servile, but after the noble stand made in India for the natives by the Marquis against European officialism, they are to a great degree deserved. 'For a thousand years,' said one deputation, 'Indian history has recorded no such ruler.' 'Thy lovely name is the country's lamp and eye.' But the richest of them comes short of the adulatory eloquence of the Shah of Persia on his presentation to Queen Victoria. 'Heretofore,' he said, 'the years of my life have been numbered from the hour of my birth. Hereafter they shall be reckoned from the moment I beheld the beauty of thy countenance.'

How he Got a Position.

'I applied for a position in a banking house in Wall street six months ago, and although I proved my competency, they would not take me I had been down on my luck and looked old and shabby. An idea struck me, I got up a new growth of hair with Parker's Hair Balsam, raised a decent suit of clothes, applied again, and they took me in a minute.' So writes a clerk with $2,000 salary. The moral is plain. Parker's Hair Balsam gives a person a new face.

Dec. 4—4t.

IT is said that a feature of this season's church fairs is the familiar 'Cat Duet,' sung by a handsome young couple whose heads are thrust through a canvas, which is painted to represent a back-yard fence, while attached to the human necks are the bodies of cats, so made that their backs can be raised, their tails waved, and their paws operated. The effect is comical, but a Connecticut minister condemned it as irreligious, and suppressed it on the spot.

Dr. Bosanko.

This name is so familiar with the people throughout the United States that it is hardly necessary to state that he is the originator of the great Dr. Bosanko Cough and Lung Syrup, the favorite remedy, wherever known, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Sold by C. F. Stam.

EARLY exhibition visitors to New Orleans are astonished, on disembarking from a steamer, to find that the sewers are open streams of water at the sides of the streets, and running away from the river instead of toward it; to see wells built up from the ground, not dug into it, and to learn that the cemeteries are veritable 'cities of the dead,' the tombs being little houses with gables and roofs, and arranged in avenues and squares.

"I Don't Fee I Like ork."

It makes no difference what business you are engaged in; whether you are a preacher, a merchant, a mechanic, a lawyer or a common laborer, you can't do your work well while you are half sick. Thousands try to, but all in vain. How much better to keep your organs in good order by taking Parker's Tonic when you feel "a little out of sorts" It would be money in your pocket. One hour of good, rejoicing health is worth half a dozen hours full of languor and pain.

Dec. 4—4t.

MOTHERS of boys who go to school through snowdrifts and mudpuddles may like to try the following easy way of making the soles of their shoes waterproof: Varnish the soles with the best copal varnish; as it dries repeat the process until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany.

Mr. John Thompson, 58 Hanover street, Liverpool, England, and one of the oldest and most extensive dealers in drugs in Great Britain, writes: 'It is a great pleasure to sell a remedy which gives general satisfaction, and our people, like their American cousins, have become convinced of the fact that St. Jacobs Oil conquers pain. The demand for it in Liverpool and vicinity was never so great as at the present and is daily increasing.'

NEVER quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. It is often the cause as well as effect of youth. It is certainly a very pleasant and healthy feeling. A hopeless person is deserted by himself, and he who forsakes himself is soon forsaken by friends and fortune.

No other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, State and country and among all people as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the best combination of vegetable blood purifiers, with the Iodide of Potassium and Iron, ever offered to the public.

A FELLOW who stole some money from a colored woman on a train bound for Tallahassee, Fla., was given 150 lashes with a rope and allowed to go.

A CLEAR head is indicative of good health and regular habits. When the body feels heavy and languid, and the mind works sluggishly, Ayer's Cathartic Pills will wonderfully assist to a recovery of physical buoyancy and mental vigor. The constipated should use them.

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