The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 16

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.

DR. GENESE.
Of Baltimore, will attend at Betterton every Saturday for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.
March 26, 1891.

DR. W. E. BARNARD,
—Dentist,—
has located permanently, and will be in attendance daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Howard, Still Pond, Md., for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A.M.; 1 to 4 P.M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

D. B. STEWART COMPANY,
INCORPORATED SEPT. 25, 1890.
(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
D. B. Stewart, Pres.; R. G. Nicholson, V-Pres.; G. W. Berry, Treas.; T. G. Newton, Jr., Secy.; H. P. Stewart, Att'y.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
118 E. Pratt, Street, Near Light.
We solicit consignments, and by prompt attention, perseverence and energy, hope to merit a liberal share of the future shipments of our friends and the public.
Reference, by permission, Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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J. R. NYCE & CO.,
—:PRODUCE:—
Commission Merchants,
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SPECIALTIES:
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Grain and Dried Fruits.
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Correspondence Solicited. a9-6m.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

Thompson's Line
SUMMER SCHEDULE.
The New Fast Freight
STEAMER J. B. DALLAS,
Capacity, 9,000 bushels of grain, 250 tons of freight, will leave Chestertown wharf every Monday and Thursday at 3 P.M. for Baltimore, Md. Returning, will leave Baltimore, Pier 14 Light street, every Tuesday and Friday at 6 P. M. for Chestertown and river landings.
In placing the steamer Dallas on our route in connection with the schooner Remittance, we think we can give our shippers better accommodations than ever.
Grain bought or money advanced on same. We will load Grain from shores or tributaries upon notice. We do the purchasing for our customers and patrons.
JOS. W. THOMPSON, AGENT.
We have come to stay.

L. C. ZIRCKEL & BRO.,
1821—1829 Canton Avenue, Baltimore, Md.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Tower's Oiled Clothing, Hats, Etc.
Metropolitan Rubber Co.'s
Rubber Clothing and Mackintoshes.
LYCOMING RUBBER CO.'S
EXTRA FINE QUALITY
Rubber Boots and Shoes.
THE LYCOMING
NON-SNAG DUCK BOOT,
The Best in the World.
Write for Discounts. j16-tf.

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10, 12 & 15-DOLLAR SUITS,
Latest Styles,
Latest Makes,
Newest Shades,
Newest Materials.
—ALL—
Our Own Manufacture
WORKMANSHIP, FIT AND WEAR GUARANTEED.
CHILDREN'S SUITS $5,
ALL WOOL (GUARANTEED).
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST BALTIMORE-MADE CLOTHING,
Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles.

OLD GOLD & SILVER
BOUGHT.
D. T. Williamson, Jeweler,
CROSS STREET, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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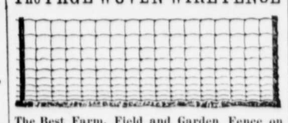
THE LEADER
LEA'S
FLOUR!

The PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE

The Best Farm, Field and Garden Fence on Earth. Master of Contraction and Expansion.
ITS ADVANTAGES.
Being a self-regulator, is always ready for business; slacks up at 30 below, and takes a new grip in the shade. Gently persuades a runaway team to reconsider its action. An unruly bull is as safe as a canary in its cage. It says to the festive hog, "Thus far shalt thou go," etc. The fierce wind and snow heeds it not. The "trespasser is not led into temptation," and the rail stealer's occupation is gone.
Write for circulars and prices. We sell largely of it.
FEDDEMAN & EARLE,
July 14—3m. Centreville, Md

Chester Compound
NO. 1
Ammo. Super Phosphate
M. P. Brand
DISSOLVED
SOUTH CAROLINA
FOR SALE BY
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

WM. S. CULP,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL and WOOD,
—ALSO—
LIME and BALED HAY.
COAL ALL SIZES.
WOOD SAWED and SPLIT for cooking and kindling, delivered at short notice.
Orders left at CHARLES S. SMITH'S promptly attended to.
WILLIAM S. CULP,
March 19, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT, One Dollar per year.

A SONG OF REST.

O weary hands! that all the day
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song;
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gentle bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within their nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze,
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

O weary eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain;
O weary heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain—
To-night forget the storms of strife,
And know what Heaven shall send is best!
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

KING JO'S REVENGE.

BY S. A. D. COX.

A braver, truer, nobler-hearted fellow never lived than Jo King—"King Jo," the boys called him.

Jo was the "boss" of the band of cowboys employed on the Starlight Ranch, in Southwestern Kansas, and what he said was law.

Jo was a typical cowboy—honest, honorable, chivalric, brave, a dead shot, unerring with the lasso, a Centaur in the saddle. It is no wonder the boys called him "King Jo."

Jo was Mr. Winner's mainstay and dependence, and he had charge of all outside work; while all the proprietor did was to look after the book-keeping and clerical work, incident to the running of a big ranch like the Starlight.

Mr. Winner thought a great deal of Jo, but not more than his daughter Nellie did. Nellie was sixteen, and as lovely a girl as ever you looked upon. Nellie liked Jo very much, loved him, she thought, till the coming of Clarence Merwin undeceived her and taught her what true love was.

Clarence Merwin was an Easterner, a "tenderfoot," in the parlance of the range, and his handsome face, fine clothes, and genteel manners were not long in making an impression on the susceptible heart of the girl—who had not really yielded up her heart to the handsome, stalwart cowboy as yet, but who would undoubtedly have done so but for the coming of young Merwin.

Merwin came West to see the country, and regain his health, which had been lost partly through indulgence in the dissipation incident to the large cities of the East. He was a good fellow at heart, but was one of those weak persons who are easily influenced by their surroundings. He rode with Nellie, sang with her, read to her from books—of which he had brought a trunkful—and finally fell in love with her. True, Nellie was not just the kind of a girl he would have thought of falling in love with had he given the matter a thought before coming to Kansas, but after being in her company constantly for several months, he learned to love her in spite of himself.

And Jo! He was in dispair. He was the first to see which way the wind was blowing, and, noble-hearted fellow that he was, he made up his mind to be very gentle with Nellie. When, however, he went to Nellie and asked her if she really loved the the young Easterner and she said she did, Jo forgot his intention to be kind and gentle, and frightened the girl by flying into a rage and cursing Merwin roundly.

"I'll kill the scoundrel!" he cried; "he had no business to come out here and steal your love away from me. He shall not marry you."

Nellie burst into tears, and Jo, nearly distracted, and not daring to trust himself longer in her presence, rushed away to Mr. Winner and demanded a settlement.

Mr. Winner did everything he could to get Jo to change his mind, but of no avail; Jo was determined.

"I can't stay, Mr. Winner," he said, "and it's useless to ask me. It wouldn't do at all; I'd kill that whipper-snapper if I did."

"Then I wish you'd stay!" said Nellie's father in a half-earnest tone; "I don't fancy the fellow for a husband for Nellie at all. I'd much rather have you, Jo."

"But Nellie wouldn't," said Jo bitterly, "and she's the doctor. I've got to go."

So the settlement was made, and Jo began making preparations to leave. It was his intention to go early next morning, and he was up by sunrise. He had said good-bye to Mr. Winner the evening before, and all he had to do was to saddle his horse, mount and ride away, where, he had not the least idea; he had not given the matter a thought, in fact he did not much care. Anywhere—anywhere—to get away from the place where he had to see a successful rival reveling in the love he thought ought to be his.

Having saddled his horse, Jo led the animal down to the spring to let him drink before starting on what would probably be a long and hot ride.

Just before reaching the spring, Jo heard a queer whirring sound, and stopped as if shot at. To the cowboy, bred on the prairies, the sound was recognized on the instant. It was the warning of the deadly rattlesnake! It sounded too far away to have been caused by his approach, however, and Jo wondered what had angered the reptile. Taking a few steps forward in the direction of the spring, he saw what had aroused the ire of the snake.

Stretched upon the sand a few feet from the spring was Clarence Merwin; and a foot behind him, coiling itself for its deadly stroke, was a big rattlesnake. And the young Easterner was sound asleep. A half smoked cigar was lying beside him, and he lay there wholly unconscious of the deadly peril that menaced him.

There was one thing that Merwin was noted for, and that was his early rising. He was always up before daybreak, and out getting the pure, fresh air of the morning. Evidently he had come down to the spring for a drink, had seated himself, lighted a cigar, and dropped down for a nap. The snake coming, probably, to get a drink at the spring, found the sleeper blocking his way. Now, coiled, ready for its deadly stroke, a movement on the part of the sleeper, a movement soon to be made unless something interfered to prevent, would precipitate the stroke, and all would be over.

A moment Jo stood and looked. The thought flashed through his mind that fate had stepped in to arrange matters and rid him of a rival, and for a moment he was jubilant; but then he thought of Nellie. She had acknowledged that she loved the man; she would die, perhaps, if he were to meet with such a horrible fate. Certainly she would have nothing to do with him, anyway, were he to stand by and see the man meet such a fate without lifting a hand to prevent it, and in an instant the trusty revolver was in his hand. Crack! it went, and the ugly flat head of the snake flew into the air, severed completely from its body, and Merwin leaped to his feet in alarm. His eyes fell upon the writhing body of the decapitated snake, then upon Jo, standing there with smoking revolver in hand, and realized all. He sprang forward and seized the cowboy's hand.

"God bless you, Jo," he cried. "You have saved my life! You are going away, Jo—let us part as friends. Nellie told me all, last night, but I hold no grudge against you for threatening me; I don't blame you, only, now that you have saved my life, don't let's part as enemies."

"I don't hold any grudge against you, either," said Jo, in a strained voice; Take Nellie, Merwin, but—see that you make her happy! Ill-treat her, and I will follow you to the ends of the earth, but what I will make you answer for it! Good-bye," and, leaping into the saddle, Jo dashed away across the prairie and soon disappeared from view.

Such was King Jo's revenge on the man who had robbed him of his sweetheart.

* * * * *

Six years have passed.

It is a beautiful evening in October. A handsome, bearded cowboy reined up his horse at a spring a hundred yards from a ranch house in Southwestern Kansas. As he does so, a bright looking little fellow of about five years comes out of the house and approaches the spring. Eagerly the cowboy gazed at the boy, and when the little fellow comes near enough so that his features can be seen, the man utters an exclamation.

"The very picture of Nellie!"

"What is your name, my little man?" the horseman asked.

The little fellow stooped and dipped the pitcher which he carried full of water, and then, looking up at the man, he answered:

"Jo King Merwin, sir!"

A flash of delight entered the eyes of the cowboy. Nellie had not forgotten him! She had named her first born after him!

"And your father," he asked: "where is he?"

A sober look comes over the boy's face.

"My papa's dead!" he said.

"Joey!" called a voice from the house, and looking in that direction, the cowboy saw—Nellie!

"That's mamma callin' me," the boy said; "won't you come to the house? Mamma'll be glad to see you, I know, because you're a cowboy, an' she likes cowboys. I'm named for a cowboy—the best man in the whole world, mamma says!"

The cowboy leaped to the ground and walked with the boy to the house. At the sight of him the woman paled.

"Jo!"

"Nellie!"

* * * * *

Jo King—King Jo—is once more "boss" of the cowboys of the Starlight Ranch. He is the husband of Nellie, too, and a happier man does not live than he.

And he could not think more of little Jo King, Jr., if he were his very own.

Two Sides of Matrimony.

Said an unmarried friend, as we watched the careful attention with which a young lover wrapped a light cloak around the form of his sweetheart, every look and gesture showing the service to be a delight, "I should like to know how many men, ten years married, would, unasked, assist their wives to adjust their wraps?"

I made no reply to my cynical friend, but a few minutes later we heard the pretty sweetheart say—

"Thank you for the lovely evening, the music has been an inspiration,"

I smiled wickedly and asked--

"How many wives ten years married show their appreciation of an evening of pleasure in that way?"

The craving of a woman's heart for loving attention is as natural as the need of a rose for rain and sunshine. Yet let it be remembered that as a rose, though still a rose, would lose half its beauty without its perfume, so a wife, be she ever so dutiful and cumbered about much serving, has lost half her loveliness if she has laid away her manners with her wedding gown.

I cannot see why a woman who was given tact as a birthright, will ever sell it for that pottage, "plain speaking."

"How do I look, father?" I once heard a lovely old lady ask as she stood dressed for church.

"Thee always looks well to me," was the answer, "but other folks might like it better were those white threads off thy gown." Show me a lover of twenty years whose delicate tact could do better.

"Excuse me," "please," "thank you," are little words and trifles in themselves, but they are stitches in the seams; little trouble to take them, but oh! the difference to the patchwork.

The poets sing in dainty rhymes,
Of summer days and sunny climes,
With witching eyes and waving hair,
Till near the end, you're apt to see—
'Tis but an "ad" for P. F. P.:

that is, Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the infallible and guaranteed remedy for all kinds of female weakness, which cures the ailments of feeble, "run-down" and debilitated women, and restores them to youthfulness and beauty once more. The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but $1.00 a bottle and money refunded in every case if it doesn't give satisfaction. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

THE cost of the Gold Train, which recently transported $20,000,000 in gold from San Francisco to New York, was $3,500. If the same amount of money had been shipped through the express companies the cost to Uncle Sam would have been about $60,000.

MANY PEOPLE, not aware of the dangers of constipation, neglect the proper remedy till the habit becomes chronic, or inflammation or stoppage result. A dose or two of Ayer's Pills in the beginning would have prevented all this.

DON'T GROWL.

Don't growl
About the weather,
For easier 'tis you'll find,
To make your mind to weather
Than weather to your mind.

Don't growl
About "the sermon,"
And show your lack of wit,
For, like a boot, a sermon hurts
The closer it doth fit.

Don't growl
About your neighbor,
For in your neighbor's view,
His neighbor is not faultless,
That neighbor being you.

—*Boston Herald.*

THE LITTLE SHOES.

"I am utterly discouraged," said a woman with a living to earn and two small children to support and clothe, to the Philadelphia *Times*. "The item of shoes alone for those young hopefuls of mine is almost as much as I can stagger under, let alone frocks, caps, food and the hundred and one things two restless, active little bodies seem to demand every hour of the day. If they were only quiet I would be so happy, but they never stand still a minute. It is hop, skip and jump, until I am inclined to tie them down to keep those aggressive little toes from pushing their way forward through the leather."

"Don't say that," said a quiet woman in black. "I used to feel exactly the same way, and one day I did tie my little boy in his chair, though he pleaded so hard to be allowed to go out, but I felt that I could not bear to see his shoes being scuffed out when the money came so hard to buy the new ones. You see I was too proud to let him run barefoot, so made the poor little man sit in the high chair by the window with tears in the baby eyes, a sorrowful droop to the tender mouth, and an impatient kick of the little feet deprived of shoes against the rounds. I can see that dejected little figure yet, for I have no baby now. That night he commenced to cough and in three days the little feet were still, encased in the new shoes that looked so dark and shining against the lining of a small, white casket that stood in the same room where my boy had pleaded so hard to be allowed to run and play. I long for those tiny, faltering steps now, when all the house is still, when no bill for little shoes stares me in the face and all that is left me to tell of the past is a little pair of worn-out boots, each one with a hole kicked through by the hurrying feet that have gone down the narrow path to the grave. Worry not about the wear and tear on the baby's boots. Let them run; let them kick out the toes, even though the drain is great on a purse not overstrong; revel in the merry din their clatter produces, for the day will come when you listen in vain for the patter of little feet that will sound within your home never again."

Wise and Otherwise.

Genius does what it must; talent what it can.

Sneezes are like misfortunes—they come singly.

The world is full of people who suppose that the art of conversation consists of asking questions.

The person who is afflicted with kleptomania always feels that he "ought to take something for it."

Let not every pain send thee to the doctor, every quarrel for the lawyer, nor every thirst to the dram shop.

"It is better," says John Stuart Mill, in his work on Utilitarianism, "to be a discontented man than a satisfied hog."

Whosoever thou art that has suddenly become rich from great poverty, use thy good fortune with moderation.—*Ausonius.*

There are people who seem to have an idea that they attract attention in heaven for their piety every time they buy a dish of ice-cream at a church festival.—*Ram's Horn.*

Some fellows are like pop-corn—as long as they keep cool they can hide what is in them, but whenever they get excited they turn wrong side out. Keep your temper, brother, under all circumstances.—*Concord Monitor.*

The Point of View.

In the month of March, 1815, the Paris Moniteur announced the unexpected return of the Emperor Napoleon from Elba. The first announcement of the Moniteur was far from polite, but as the little Corsican approached Paris a gradual change took place in its tone:

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the Bay of the San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."

"The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris."

"Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not put his foot inside the walls of Paris."

"Tomorrow Napoleon will be at our gates."

"The Emperor has arrived at Fontaingates."

"His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon, entered Paris yesterday surrounded by his loyal subjects."

Cool Off With a Conundrum.

When do you make a seat of an insect? When you sit on a cricket.

When is a balloon like good bread? When it rises.

When is a rope like a school? When it is taut (taught).

To what city should dirty children be sent? To Bath.

When is a fur cape like a watch chain? When it is lynx (links).

What holly is not used at Christmas? Hollyhocks.

What poet might be called a pedestrian insect? Joaquin Miller (walking miller).

What moves swiftly over the ground, and yet always leaves tracks behind? A railway train.

If you should see a poisonous serpent crawling in a wall, what city might you name? Aspinwall (asp in wall).—*Youth's Companion.*

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is one of the few remedies which are recommended by every school of medicine. Its strength, purity and efficacy are too well established to admit of doubt as to its superiority over all other blood-purifiers whatever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla leads all.

Origin of State Names.

Alabama—From a Muscogee tribe on the Alabama river, called "Alibamon" by the French, meaning, "Here we rest."

California—From a fabulous island described in an early romance as near the Indies, and "very near the terrestrial paradise." Applied to California by Cortez's colonists.

Colorado—"Colored" (Spanish), from its tinted peak and variegated vegetation.

Connecticut—"Long River," (Indian).

Delaware—After Lord De la Warr.

Florida—From the Spanish name for Easter Sunday, (Pascua Florida) on which day it was discovered by Ponce de Leon, in 1572.

Georgia—After King George II.

Illinois—From the Indian tribe of the Illini, meaning "superior men."

Indiana—"Indian."

Iowa—"The beautiful land." (Indian).

Kansas—"Smoky water," (Indian).

Kentucky—"Dark and bloody ground," (Indian).

Louisiana—After King Louis XV. of France.

Maine—After a district in France.

Maryland—After Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles 1.

Massachusetts—Name of an Indian Chief.

Michigan—"Great Lake," (Indian).

Minnesota—"Sky-tinted water," (Indian).

Mississippi—"Father of Waters," (Indian).

Missouri—"Muddy Water," (Indian).

Nebraska—"Shallow Water," (Indian.)

Nevada—"Snow-covered," (Spanish).

New Hampshire—After the English county.

New Jersey—After the Island of Jersey.

New York—After the Duke of York.

North Carolina and South Carolina—After King Charles II. (Carolus)-

Ohio—"Beautiful River," (Indian).

Oregon—"Wild Thyme," (Spanish).

Pennsylvania—"Penn's Woodland," after William Penn.

Rhode Island—After the family of Rhoades of Providence.

Tennessee—"Spoon-shaped," (Indian) applied to the Tennessee River.

Texas—Perhaps from "Mixtecapan" (so-called by the missionaries in 1424) inhabited by the "Mixtecas," the descendents of "Mixtecatl."

Vermont—Verd Mont (French), meaning "Green Mountain."

Virginia—After Elizabeth, England's "Virgin Queen."

Wisconsin—"Wild rushing river," (Indian).

Famous Sayings.

"Hell is paved with good intentions."—Samuel Johnson.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."—Lawrence Sterne.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."—Thomas Gray.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."—Oliver Goldsmith.

"A chip of the old block."—Edmund Burke.

"With all thy faults I love thee still."—William Cowper.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."—William Cowper.

"I am monarch of all I survey."—Wm. Cowper.

"Strive to be a man before your mother."—William Cowper.

"These are the times that try men's souls."—Thomas Paine.

"I own the soft impeachment."—R. B. Sheridan.

"Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."—Thomas Morton.

"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen"—Henry Lee.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink."—William Wordsworth.

"Neat, not gaudy."—Charles Lamb.

"Coming events cast there shadows before."—Thomas Campbell.

"Sea of upturned faces."—Sir Walter Scott.

"Scared out of his seven senses."—Sir Walter Scott.

"The devil to pay."—Thomas Moore.

"That man has an axe to grind."—Charles Miner.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."—Commodore Perry.

"Phœbus! What a name!"—Byron.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—Byron.

"Truth is always strange; stranger than fiction."—Byron.

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity."—Thomas Hood.

"The melancholy days are came."—W. C. Bryant.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."—Bulwer.

"There is no such word as *fail*."—Bulwer.

"Dreams always go by contraries."—Samuel Lover.

"The upper ten thousand."—N. P. Willis.

"Shall fold their tents like the arabs, and as silently steal away."—Longfellow.

"Boston State House is the hub of the sotar system."—O. W. Holmes.

"What is so rare as a day in June."—J. R. Lowell.

Salaries of Rulers.

Shah of Persia,	$30,000,000
Czar of Russia,	10,000,000
Spanish Royal Family,	3,900,000
Italian " "	3,000,000
British " "	2,915,000
Sultan of Morocco	2,500,000
Mikado of Japan	2,300,000
Khedive of Egypt	1,575,000
German Royal Family	1,125,000
Sultan of Zanzibar	1,000,000
King of Saxony	700,000
King of Portugal	600,000
King of Sweden	600,000
Emperor of Brazil	600,000
Governor General of India	200,000
President of France	200,000
" Hayti	240,000
Governor General of Canada	40,000
President of United States	50,000
" Switzerland	3,000

THE true physiological method of treating burns or scalds is to at once exclude the air with cotton batting, flour, scraped potato, vaanish, white of an egg, paste, or anything that is most quickly obtained.

THERE is a Beer Sea on Mars which must be a heavenly abode, indeed, for thirsty folks.

LITERARY NOTES.

An Intellectual Feast for September.

The *North American Reesew* for September is charged with articles by distinguished writers, covering a wide range of the thought and activities of the day. Indeed, this *Review*, by means of papers from those whose words are recognized as authoritative, is eminently successful in giving to the public an analytic and thoroughly satisfactory discussion of all significant movements; and in this view its pages are indispensible to the student of the times. Thus, the "Homestead Strike" is considered by the Hon. William C. Oats, Chairman of the Congressional Investigating committee, in "A Congressional View"; by Hon. George Ticknor Curtis, in "A Constitutional View"; and by Master-workman T. V. Powderly, in "A Knight of Labor's View." Gail Hamilton, in "An Open Letter to the Queen," makes a strong, eloquent, and pathetic plea for the pardon of Mrs. Maybrick.

Two articles of a purely literary character in *Harper's Magazine* for September will attract many appreciative readers. They are James Russell Lowell's paper on Chapman, the old English dramatist, and Theodore Child's second article on "Litary Paris," illustrated with many portraits.

Mary E. Wilkin's charming novel, "Jane Field," still continues its course in *Harper's Magazine* without any abatement of interest. That she is as successful in this more ambitious effort as she has been in her short stories, there are few persons who will deny. As to the latter, a writer in a recent number of the London *Spectator* declares that they are among the most remarkable feats of what we may call literary impressionism in our language. This is high praise.

Harper's *Bazar*, through September as through each of the twelve calendar months of the year, will come to us full to overflowing with a wealth of delightful literary matter never excelled even in the *Bazar* itself. The realm of fashion, so charming to the American woman, will be treated of in a fascinating way, and all of the gorgeousness and beauty of fall fashions and new styles will be profusely illustrated. Fiction, too, will make intensely interesting, the fall numbers of this delightful periodical. The fall issues of the *Bazar*, will contain features of a peculiar interest to the general reader.

Woman Should be Natural.

A woman never loses anything by being real. For a woman to be natural is for her to be an object of respect and love. She was created to sway, not as men sway, by strong physical powers, but in her own way and by her more gentle qualities. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world. By her very nature she conquers, whether she be the wife of an humble clerk or a ten-time millionaire.

"She is always so lovable because she is so natural," was the graceful tribute I heard a group of women a few evenings ago pay to a young woman who had just left them.

"Men are so fond of her," said another woman in the group, "and yet no one would call her pretty."

Let artifice, sham or pretension enter into the nature of such a woman, and she would become at once an unwelcome guest where now she is bidden and eagerly sought for.

Someone may say: "Yes, the one you speak of is probably a rich woman, and she can afford to be lovable."

Not at all, my friend. She is the daughter of a man whose salary is too meagre to give his wife a servant, and the daughter helps the mother in her housework. She is the very sunshine of that home, simply because she never tries to appear what she is not.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Figs and Thistles.

Love never goes back because it hears a lion roar.

The man who is true to himself is a friend to everybody.

It is when the grass is green that the scythe is sharpened.

If nobody ever got mad there would never be an intentional murder.

Putting mittens on a tiger will never make him lose his taste for blood.

The "big head" is one of the hardest things in this world to cure men of completely.

When you cannot see anything good in other people you can make up your mind you need a revival in you own heart.

It is not the tallest tree that bears the most fruit.

The greatest coward in the world is a hero to somebody.

Birds with bright feathers do not always make a good potpie.

The devil would have to go out of business if he couldn't make sin attractive.

There are men who tire themselves almost to death looking for an easy place.

It is seldom that anybody falls down on ice. Our hardest tumbles generally come when we think we are safe.

Caught.

"John, you have been drinking?"

It was not yet 11 o'clock, but there was something in the blundering way in which he had bumped against things in coming through the front hall that aroused her suspicions.

"You are mistaken, Em'ly," said Mr. Outlate, steadying himself and discovering just in time that the ornament on which he was about to hang his hat was only a figure in the wall paper. "I'm perfectly sober, Em'ly. Haven't drunk a drop."

"John," she said, "look me squarely in the eye and repeat the names of the Democratic nominees for President and Vice-President."

"Clevenson and Steveland?" exclaimed Mr. Outlayte, triumphantly.

"Ah, I thought so!"

"Anybody who can't say Steveland and Clevenson," continued Mr. Outlayte, raising his voice: "I say, madam, anybody that can't pronounce the names of Cle—Ste—Cleeslvand and Steenson—and I don't care a dosh-ding what their names are! I wish you would stand to one side, I'm going t' bed!"

And Mr. Outlayte, now reckless and wholly demoralized, fell up the stairway one step at a time, and disappeared in the darksome void.

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