Easton Gazette.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1894

—What is the dismay of the early pedestrian who leaves his cozy home on a winter's morning in quest of lucre or pleasure, when he finds himself suddenly the victim of the treachery of a slippery pavement. It will be a comfort to know that Salvation Oil will cure his bruised limbs.

—Preeminent for cough and cold, Mr. Wm. J. Beecher, 142 Whitesboro St., Utica, N. Y., writes: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has cured my two children of a very bad cough and cold, which they have had for some time It cannot be equaled for coughs and colds. I have always used it."

—Charles B. Carey of Boston had a pair of leggins made out of aluminum and tramped through the Florida swamps, infested with venomous snakes bidding defiance to them.

—Boston has so many women's clubs that their notices fill three columns of short paragraphs.

—Chinese women are said to regard the hairpin much as American women do the ring.

—Boston statistics show that 57 girls under 17 years of age were marrie in that city last year.

Moorish women have one custom that commends itself to womankind in enlightened lands. It is the point of honor among them never to know their own ages. They have no birthday celebrations.

—Gail Hamilton, who is writing the life of James G. Blaine, has rsked for the loan of the Portland Advertiser while it was edited by Mr. Blaine. it is the property of the city of Portland, and will be sent to her.

—Frank A. White has just opened a flour and general feed store opposite Hotel Avon in Roberts' building, where can be found every thing in the seed line.

—A representative of the Greensborough Free Press visited Easton last week, and put up at the Hotel Avon. On retiring at night he blew out the gas and would have suffocated had not it been discovered. Ignorance is not always bliss.

—Wanted.—Several thousand women to scour the country.—An energetic barber to have the face of the earth.—A lady to wear the Cape of Good Hope.—Locks for the Florida Keys.—Some person to love the River Darling.

—For hay, flour, oats, bran, middling, chops, fine meal, ear or shelled corn, rock salt and hominy, go to Frank A. White opposite Hotel Avon in Roberts' building.

—Do not forget that the Remington Type- ter and all supplies can be had at the GA- office.

sunlight falls on sanctum walls,
window is raised once more;
d frisks through the editor's whisks,
the clippings blow out the door.

Easton surgeon says that with four a few stitches he can alter a man's s own mother would not know him. spaper can do that with only one

rmont editor has invented a new stirring up delinquent subscribers.— tes obituary notices of them, assuming ey must be dead, since he does not om them.

to the only flour, hay and general feed ore in Easton, for hay, bran, oats, chops, middlings, flour, hominy, rock salt, etc. Frank A. White, proprietor, opposite Hotel Avon in Roberts' building.

—As showing the eagerness with which some young ladies enter the realms of matrimony, at a recent wedding the groom gave the decisive answer "I will," and the bride immediately repeated "I will, too, sir."

—A Western editor met a well-educated farmer recently and said to him that he ould like to have something from his pen. farmer sent him a pig and charged him for it.

—Have your job printing done at the office where it will not only be done for the least money but where an absolute and unconditional guarantee is made to give satisfaction.

—Timothy, Mixed, and Clover Hay, and Rye, Oat and Wheat Straw at Frank A. White's Also Rock Salt and Horse Powders.

—The number of gallons of water in the Pacific is 200,000,000,000,000, an amount which would take 1,000,000 years to pass over Niag- [illegible] Falls and yet, if it was put into [illegible]ere, the whole of the Pacific would only measure [illegible] miles across.

e desire to call the attention of our rea the new advertisement of George F. & Bro. 414 Light St. Wharf, Balti- Md. They are one of the oldest firms in ty; have always paid special attention ntry business: know what is required, opose to give goods at very low prices ggest that you get their prices before

Thos. S. Hayward Prescription De- ent is now in charge of a competent nist from Baltimore. Accuracy guaran- 3t

ot infrequently "the unkindest cut of is the alleged portrait which every emi- ent citizen finds sooner or later in his favor- e journal.

—A Baltimore hospital patient has had his intestines illuminated by a tiny electric light truly an illustration of the inner man.

—A man named Coffee, who lives in a Phil- elphia boarding house, is suing his wife for ivorce. If he is like the average boarding se coffee he ought to have lots of grounds.

Editor W. A. Klein, of the Highlandtown urnal, has grown tired of having his bills ored. He says: "We propose to call on eral merchants with a bull dog, a revolver d a club this week to collect several bills. nd when we are mad we are temporarily ane. The courts have decided in our favor y time we have killed a man. So be prepared to settle when we call."

—The Hon. Joseph Mulhatton apparently has secured a position upon the editorial staff of the Fergus Falls (Dak.) Journal, as the last issue of that voracious publication says that a farmer of that place raised 1,000 bushels of p-corn this year and stored it in a barn.—The barn caught fire, the corn began to pop and filled a ten-acre field. An old mare in a neighboring pasture had defective eyesight. saw, the corn, thought it was snow, and laid down and froze to death.—Ex.

—The progress in the art of typography ithin the past few years has been very re- kable. The designers employed by the ing type foundries have been fortunate producing attractive combinations and eful faces. The GAZETTE has the best equipped job office on the peninsula, to which new type is constantly being added, which enables us to turn out work in the most artistic style. We have been careful to select the prettiest and neatest designs, and all job work is positively guaranteed to satisfy you.

—The new electric light plant at Port Deposit will be completed in a few days, and the town again lighted by electricty. Thus far over one thousand lights are on the line. The principal buisness portions of the town will be lighted by 24 candle power lamps, while 16 candle power will be used in stores and dwellings. Next spring the plant will also be used to force water to a reservoir on a high bluff back of the town, and water will be furnished from the Susquehanna river.

—Mr. M—, our correspondent from Bruceville sends the following: "It was a beautiful starlit night in fly-time. A solitary bull frog was croaking sadly in the distant marsh of the Choptank, and the gentle perfume of stewed onions filled the air. In the kitchen of the Mayor of Bruceville stood his lovely daughter Sal, and at her feet, in kneeling posture, the figure of a man. Upon her face was a look of scorn, and she seemed a haughty empress about to pass judgment upon the form on the floor. "Do yer think that I, the daughter and heir of the Mayor of Bruceville, and owner of the La Huckleberry Ranch, am er gwine to bestow my heart on yer, yer wuthless creetur, what—what only wears one gallus?" Why Jim Slopkins, yer a fool."

"But, Sal, ain't I bin true to yer? Ain't I fotch yer caliker from Easton to make dresses outen, and peppermint candy, and 'logna sassages and sich like?" And a sob filled the young man's throat as before his tearful eyes there floated a vision of the numerous dimes which had vacated his pocket for her sake.

"l, I don't keer ef yer have, yer the big- ol fer trouble." Jim arose and gazing sadly upon her fair face, murmured, as he held out his hand: "Good-bye Sal, I haint nuthin' now to live fer. I'm er goin' away. My grandmother died yesterday and left me fifty dollars and ——" The lonely bull frog croaked on. The young girl had thrown herself into her lovers arms, and, above the joyful beating of their happy hearts could be heard an echo of the murmured words, "Take me, Jim, I'm yourn."

Will Turn Loose 10,000 Birds.

A party of gentlemen of Talbot have declared their intention of buying and turning loose in different sections of the county, 10,000 partridges, provided the Legislature passes the proposed law prohibiting gunning in the State for two years. The birds will be purchased in Kansas.

New Church at Ridgely.

Bishop Curtis has purchased a lot in Ridgely and will imediately build a Catholic church thereon. Plans have been prepared for an excellent and commodious building. Easton contractors will bid for the work. The zealous Bishop is doing his utmost to build up the church on the Peninsula.

New Corporation!

Mr. Wrightson is to introduce in the Legislature a bill to incorporate the Tunis Mills Mercantile Company. The company will conduct a large mercantile business at Tunis Mills, and will extend operations over as large a territory as possible. Its capital stock will amount to considerable. Not until full particulars are made public can further details be published.

Railroad Conference.

Reports are current to the effect that a railroad meeting was held the early part of this week at Elkton. The meeting was held in the interests of the P. W. & B. Railroad Company and the outcome will, in all probability, be that the above corporation, or the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, will push the construction of a railroad from Elkton southward. The old appropriation will be made available if possible.

Worth $1,000.

A prominent lady on Washington St., Easton' remarked the other day that she looked for the GAZETTE as eagerly on Saturday morning as she would look for a thousand dollars. That if she was busy with her breakfast she would go to the door every moment to if the paper had arrived. This is some consolation to an editor who most breaks his neck to give a paper worth a "thank you".

Serious Accident.

Mr. John Page, who is a deaf mute residing at Oxford, met with an accident this week which is of a very serious nature. It occurred while he was chopping wood in a yard directly over a clothes line. His axe struck the line, rebounded and came down with its keen edge on Mr. Page's head. The wound is large and extremely painful.

Reincorporation of Md. Steamboat Co

The Maryland Steamboat Company was reincorporated Monday by Enoch Pratt, James E. Byrd, Gelmore Meredith, John Pentz and Henry P. James with $180,000 as capital stock. The directors for the first year are the incorporators. The company was first incorporated in 1868, but the term of the original incorporation was about to expire, so a reorganization was necessary.

The Dunkard's Church,

In Chapel district the Dunkard's, or German Baptists, have erected a very pretty church. This is the second church of that denomination in this county, the first being built about nine years ago at Peach Blossom, several miles from Easton on Trappe road. Services are held here every Sundays. The congregation is composed of well-to-do farmers of the the vicinity. The new church in Chapel has been consecrated and can boast quite a large congregation of prominent citizens.

A Good Ridance.

Our farmers have commenced a war of extermination against English sparrows, and a novel plan has been adopted to get rid of at least a large number. The birds in great flocks swarm to the barns to roost, and at night several persons enter the barns with lanterns and paddles. The lights at once attract the birds, and as they fly around the lights quite a number are killed. The birds have increased to such an extent that they have become a destructive nuisance and the farmers have determined to at least lessen the number.

Ducks With the Grip.

An Easton lady is quite a fancier [illegible] ens and ducks and takes parti[illegible] them. Some days ago she [illegible] choicest ducks, and [illegible] chicken develop[illegible]k, she at once fed the [illegible] and quinine and a[illegible]. The ducks got well; but the chicken died. Now she is in doubt as to whether the quinine cured or killed. It appears to have been both. A similar case of sickness among ducks was noticed in Chestertown last week, and on being dosed with quinine two out of four ducks got well.

Mrs. Gibson's Reception.

Mrs. Chas. H. Gibson held her first formal reception of the season Thursday afternoon at the Shoreham, Washington, where the parlor on the first floor was used for the occasion by the hostess and her large receiving party. On the mantel and about the room were quantities of roses sent Mrs. Gibson during the earlier part of the afternoon. The gown in which Mrs. Gibson received was of light striped brocade, trimmed with black velvet, and the bouquet carried was of Magna Charta roses and mignonette.

Destructive Fire.

Last Friday evening, shortly after the GAZETTE had gone to press, intelligence was received that the old historic Powells Point mansion was on fire and was being rapidly consumed. Later the news came that the entire house had been burned to the ground.—The fire was first noticed about 7 o'clock on the roof around the chimney and all efforts to extinguish it proved in vain. The dwelling was well worth $3000. Mr. Thos. Quimby lived in the house, and his loss of household goods is nearly $2000. This was the home of the heirs of the late Nicholas Goldsborough who resided there for many years, from whom Gen. McKenney, of Queen Anne bought it.

Wants to buy out the Easton Water Co.

It is proposed to introduce a bill in the General Assembly that will authorize the commissioners of Easton to issue bonds amounting to $50,000 for the purpose of buying out the Easton Water Company and the Easton Gas and Electric Light Company. Easton pays out annually to these two companies a large amount of money which the proposed law will save to the town by it controling them. If the stockholders of the two companies refuse to sell, the town commissioners may erect new plants. The Water Co. receives $1,100 for the use of water for the fire department, and the Gas and Electric Light Co. receive $1,272 for street lighting.

Had a Crowded House.

The Southern Amateur Minstrels of Easton presented an excellent program before a crowded house in Denton Thursday night.—The young men acquitted themselves splendidly, as numerous encores proved. The program contained some good specialties which were applauded greatly; but one in particular, "The Cake Walk," was cheered to the echo. The people of Denton were greatly pleased with the entertainment, unlike the Centreville audience, they had no sand in their eyes. To Prof. J. Harmon, much credit is due for the excellent music rendered. His performance upon the piano was most favorably complimented. The company speak in the highest terms of the treatment received at the hands of the Dentonians. These young gentlemen are desirous of giving a benefit performance here in the near future. the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of new curtain and scenery for Music Hall.

Public Business.

Board of County Commissioners met on Tuesday.

Receipts were:

William J. Jackson, collector 1891	$675 00
William T. H. Lee, collector 1892	300 00
Thomas A. Lloyd, collector 1892, per R. J. Dawson	500 00
Levin H. North, J. P. fines	5 00
Total	$1480 00

Disbursements were $1,087.62.

Permission was given Daniel Henry Cornish, colored, Easton, to occupy Talbot county's bed in the Maryland General Hospital.

Edmund Swan was appointed road supervisor in Easton district.

Margaret Benson, colored, Trappe, was placed on the outpension list and paid $10.

George H. Barnes, constable, St. Michaels, presented his resignation; accepted.

The Board ratified and confirmed the report of Messrs. Knotts, Harrington and Slater, examiners of the Llandaff road extension.

Old Papers Wanted.

We will give a year's subscription to any one bringing the Easton GAZETTES, in good condition, to the GAZETTE Office, of one of the following dates; July 25th, 1885; August 8th, 1885; Jan. 2nd, 1886, and March 30th, 1889.

If any one bring two of the above dates they will be entitled to two year's subscription. etc. tf

Road League Meeting.

As was announced in the GAZETTE of last week the Talbot County Road League met at the Court House on Tuesday last. A large number were in attendance, many who were not members being present and manifested great interest in the meeting. Mr. Owen Norris, president, was in the chair, and read a valuable paper which was commended and referred to the executive committee. The prominent items of business were: Suggestions were presented that the 380 miles of public roads in the County, instead of being let out to the supervisors which number 106, with about a three mile section each to work, be consolidated under one competent road engineer as the agent, and under the control of the county commissioners, with salary and perquisites fixed by the commissioners, that the engineer be given a permanent force and sufficient material for the building and maintenance of bridges and culverts, and for the usual continuous repair of existing roads.

No volunteer work on the roads in payment of taxes or for any purpose be permitted; that all new work or extension of repairs whose cost may exceed two hundred dollars be let by contract and the work be passed by the county engineer before the county commissioners pay the bill; alternatively, when the county commissioners may deem it advisable the county engineer may employ a temporary force under his exclusive control for such construction or repairs, and the engineer be required to make and keep in his office a map showing all the roads in the county—their grades, condition, character of construction and a detailed statement of the cost each year of each road. Mr. Norris's ideas, as set forth in this paper, were generally approved of by the league.

It was resolved to disassociate the Talbot county league from the State Road League in so far as the county league was obliged to pay the State league fifty cents a year for each member, and the county league's dues were changed from $1 a year to 25 cents a year for each member, but the county league desires to keep up its correspondence with the State league. It is not proposed by the Talbot county league to ask the General Assembly for any legislation, as it is believed that the county commissioners now have ample power to handle the roads as they deem proper. The three commissioners are members of the road league, and the two bodies are working generally in harmony. At the meeting on Tuesday, Col. F. C. Goldsborough, president, and Benjamin F. Parlett, secretary of the county league, were at their stations, and road matters were discussed by Capt. J. G. Morris, Frederick P. Dimpfel, P. B. Spring, Edward Woodall, Joseph Longnecker and others.

Several pieces of road were mentioned that had been good for years, but that have been recently ruined by the supervisor working them instead of letting them alone, and working them by throwing loose earth and woods mold on a hard, compact, straight road roadbed. The long stretch of straight road from Kirkham towards Roya' Oak was particularly referred to as illustrating the harmfulness of the supervisor's work.

The GAZETTE is heartily in sympathy with the League, as reference to previous issues will prove. Road improvement is worthy of the support of the public, and the GAZETTE proposes as a regular feature, to publish illustrated articles on the subject.

Mr Collins's Stay Law.

Mr. Collins is pushing a bill through the legislature that provides for a postponement of obligations during the present stringency period. A bill "to protect agricultural and other debtors who may be unable to meet their obligations promptly on account of the business depression and financial stringency." The measure provides that all judgements or decrees for the payment of money which have been or may after be rendered, and upon all powers to sell contained in any mortgage, and on all decrees for the sale of mortgaged property, there shall be a stay of execution and sale for twelve months from the passage of this act, provided in cases of mortgage for personal property when there has been a decree [illegible] sale of the same or when there is a p[illegible] attorney for the sale contained in a mortgage, the mortgagor, to entitle him to a stay under this act, shall give bond to the mortgagee in a penalty and with security to be approved by the clerk of the court of the county where the mortgage is recorded or by the clerk of the Superior Court of Baltimore City, with conditions that he will surrender and deliver up to the mortgagee or any trustee appointed to sell the property mortgaged in as good condition as it was at the time of the passage of this act. It provides further that nothing in this act shall effect the lien of judgments rendered or to be rendered, or to prevent the prosecution of attachments on warrant or judgment against non residents, as under existing laws. This act shall not apply to decrees or judgments for the payment of interest or tax as between parties to mortgages, judgments or other contracts upon which said interest or taxes are payable at a specified time or times. Mr. Collins says a similar law was enacted in 1861, when credit was impaired and a generally unsettled condition prevailed. He thinks that condition will improve within a year and things return again to a stable basis, when there will be no necessity for this enactment.

Items Personal and Social.

Maj. Wm. E. Stewart was in Trappe last week as councellor for the defendant in a magistrate trial there.

Mrs. Chas. Sheppard has returned to her home after a visit here, and her mother, Mrs. Fountain, went with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockerman were in Trappe the first of this week.

Mr. W. A. Ford of Florence Ala. who has been at the Sanitarium of Battle Creek Mich. for his health is now at his Mother's Mrs. M. R. Ford's on Dover road he is still in very poor health.

Mr. B. F. Ford is spending the week in Philadelphia.

Miss Sina Trippe and, Miss Freda Trippe left Tuesday night, for a visit to friends in Baltimore.

Miss Zoie Trail has gone to Baltimore to stay a month with her friends.

Miss Jessie Kerr of Denton was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Denny of Baltimore was in town for a few days this week.

Miss Annie Loveday has gone to Claremont, Va. to spend the winter at Mr. John Mancha's

Mrs Virginia Dodson and her son Walter of Baltimore epent a few days in Easton last week. Returning to Balto. on Monday morning.

Miss Emma Nichols and Miss Bessie Nichols of Preston were visiting here this week.

Mrs. Joseph Ross of Philadelphia, has been visiting her parents. Mr. and Mrs. N. Tuthill.

Prof. Newell to Have a Monument.

The State Association of Scool Commissioners and Examiners of Maryland held a meeting in November at the State Normal School, Baltimore, and a resolution was unanimously adopted ordering an appointed committe of one from each county in the state, whose duty it would be to raise a fund by voluntary contribution of public school officers and teachers of Md, for the purpose of placing a monument on the grave of the late Prof. M. A. Newell who was Principal of the State Normal School and Superintendent of Public Instruction in this state for more than twenty years.

Snow Hill Rising from its Ashes.

Since the disasterous fire in Snow Hill of August 7th last, twelve brick buildings have been built. The town passed a law that no frame buildings should be erected, and brick stores and dwelling houses are going up all over town. They are thinking of remodeling their charter, erecting a standpipe, and having water works, which will be a source of public revenue.

Resignation of Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage announced last Sunday in his church, the Brooklyn Tabernacle, that he would resign on his twenty-fifth anniversary, which will be in the spring. During that time he has built three churches, the last one recently. His plans for after his resignation have not been developed yet, but he intends to continue preaching, both by voice and paper, as long as he lives, and his health is good.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. C. Henry's Drug Store.

ITEMS FROM AROUND THE COUNTY.

Gossip From Various Points Collected by Faithful Reporters,

Trappe.

Miss Lillie Poore of Wilmington, Del., and Mr. Charles S. Sewell, Trappe, were married at Wilmington on Tuesday, 23rd, inst. by Rev. —— Jester, of the M. P. Church. The marriage ceremony was celebrated at the bride's home in the presence of many guests. Miss Sadie Tibbit of Easton was maid of honor, and Mr. Edward Browning of Wilmington was best man. The bride wore a corded ashes of rose dress, with gloves to match. The groom wore the conventional black suit. The maid of honor wore a pink chiffon. The married couple took the afternoon train reaching Trappe station about 7.30 o'clock. At 8 o'clock they reached the home of Mr. Wm. P. Sewell, the groom s father. Immediately after, a table was spread with refreshments for the assembled guests. Mr. Charles Sewell is a well known obliging gentleman and an industrious partner in the Roller Flour Mill. We welcome the bride, a pleasing, agreeable lady into this community and wish for them both a happy prosperous life. While the reception was held, a minstrel troup serenaded the married couple with choice strains of excellent music.

Mrs. D. M. Long and five children are sick, some with the grip and some with whooping cough.

A reception will be held at the P. E. Rectory by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gray on Monday 29th inst. from 3 to 10 p. m. for members and friends of the parish.

Visitors to Baltimore last week were Miss Eugene Schuzler, Geo. W. Dexter and wife, E. J. Kirby and wife, Harmon Coburn, Mrs. Dalz, M. Fletcher.

Mr. Medford Merrick has opened a wheelwright shop in town.

Robert Bartlett, now of Philadelphia, visited our town last week.

Miss Annie McDowell of Smyrna, Del, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wright of this town.

Several industrious gardeners are placing out early onions.

Master Wm. Mason, of Easton, is visiting the family of H. C. Hollingsworth.

Miss Laura Berridge, of Easton, is visiting the family of B. F. Holmes.

St. Michaels.

It is reported on the street and the byways that dfphtheria is in our town, that two or three families are afflicted. And I have every reason to believe that the report is true. Once upon a time there was a man and this man owned a fine horse. Someone not having much regard for the tenth commandment appropriated the horse. Then the owner of the lost animal locked the stable. Our schools are in full session, and when that dreaded disease is in full blast, those in power, like the man, will lock the doors.

Our new postmaster will handle Uncle Sam's mail matter in one of the rooms of the Town Hall. I think the room at the north side will be the one, so it is said.

It is reported that we are to have two more milk wagons to serve the people. "The best thing I ever saw on milk," Josh Billings said, "was cream."

John C. Smithman has rented the dwelling on Grace street owned by Mrs. Ford.

There will be preaching at the M. P. Church tomorrow. Everybody invited.

The revival at the M. E. Church is increasing in interest. Many have professed conversion. The altar is filled nightly with seekers asking pardon for their sins. May, the good work go on, is the wish of all, sinner and saint.

William Harrison, who has been quite sick for some time, we are glad to say is improving at this writing.

Oyster shuckers at Caulk's oyster house went out on a strike one day this week. Matters were soon amicably fixed, and they soon returned to their boxes.

Oystermen have been excited all the week and are still on the warpath, swearing vengeance against Mr. Collins, Delegate from Talbot, now at the Legislature. All this is caused by a bill that it is said Mr. Collins brought before the House, prohibiting the catching of oysters after the first of March. I think that there must be a mistake somewhere. That is not the way Mr. Collins talked before the election, privately or publicly.

The people of this part of the kingdom say that if they must buy school books for their children, let them have the privilege of buying them at regular book stores or wherever they can buy them the cheapest. As it is now, they can buy them only from teachers. Give the poor man a chance to save a penny when and where he can.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Ida May Kirby, daughter of Lewis H. Kirby, to Robert L. Baynard, next Wednesday eve, January 31st, at seven o'clock, at the M. E. Church.

From what I can glean as I pass through the town, there are to be one or two marriages in the near future. Hurry up, young people; when you are married, you are at the end of your troubles.

Last Saturday's *Comet* says that we have and are to have progressive euchre parties, dancing, theatrical entertainments and a gun club. It also says that this people have been living in a social graveyard. The days of fogyism are passed. These things that the *Comet* mentions are to be mediums of yanking us out of the grave. In all I am unable to find anything conducive to the bettering of our people intellectually, morally or spiritually, and as we are planted, plant us deeper—so deep that we cannot hear the shuffling of the cards, the noise of the feet as they pass over the waxed floor, the noise of the guns as the members of said club shoot heroically at clay pigeons, nor the stale joke of some minstrel trying to impersonate the negro of long ago. Yes, put us back in our graveyard; it is preferable.

Bozman.

Oyster market is little better in prices.

Miss Josephine Jones, who has been very ill, is now improving.

Quite a number of our oystermen have stopped oystering and gone to catching terrapins.

Rev. Mr. Prouse has returned home from Hurlock.

Bozman School is still rehersing for their entertainment, which they propose to have next week.

Mr. John W. McQuay spent Friday and Saturday in Baltimore last week.

The Cheerful Helpers met at the residence of Mr. G. F. Jones Tuesday evening to decide upon an entertainment.

Mr. John Jump fell overboard last week while out sailing. Mr. Frank Valliant caught him when he came to the surface of the water.

Colored people of our vicinity have organized themselves into a debating society and are discussing questions every week. Quite a number of white folks visit their meetings.

Royal Oak

Miss Rosa Williams of Reedville, Va., is visiting her cousin, Miss Kate Leonard of Royal Oak.

Miss Edith Dungan of Baltimore, is visiting Mrs. Frank Fairbank.

The oyster supper given by the Ferry Neck Sunday School in Kilmons Hall on Tues and Wednesday evenings, was a grand success.

Miss Bessie Valliant has returned from a short but pleasant visit to her sister Mrs. Jno. Harrington of Tilghman's Island.

Mrs. Frances Grace is the guest of her sister Mrs. Charles Fairbank.

Mrs. Frank Fairbank entertained a number of friends very pleasantly last Friday evening in honor of her friend Miss Dungan.

Mrs. Marion Baxter delivered a very eloquent address in the M. E. Church on Monday evening.

Miss Hattie Howeth of Bayside, is visiting Mrs. C. K. Millican at the Southern Methodist parsonage.

Matthews

King's Creek M. E. Church was the scene of a beautiful wedding last Wednesday evening The contracting and most interested parties were Mr. Thomas H. Barwick a young energetic farmer and Miss Lizzie Jump the only and accomplished daughter of Mr. John Jump, both of this County. The Church was beautifully trimmed and was crowded with friends, when at 7.30 p. m. the nuptials were celebrated by Revs. Jos. H. Geoghegans of Dover, Del., a brother-in-law of the groom, and J. M. Lindale pastor of the church. Mrs. Codie Carvill of Easton played the Wedding March and Messrs. Samuel and Ned Nuddle of Del. Thomas Barwick and John Henry of this County, were the ushers. Numerous and expensive presents were given the bride and after the ceremony the happy couple went to the homestead of the groom.

W. C. T. U.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Edited by the Press Committee of the Talbot County Union.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union meets every Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock in hall, second floor, corner of Washington and Dover Streets, entrance on Dover street. Business meetings held the second Wednesday in every month at 3.30 p. m. The Loyal Legion meets every Friday at 4 p. m., at the same place. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these meetings.

According to announcement, Mrs. Baxter occupied two pulpits in Easton on last Sunday and also fulfilled her other engagements in the county during the week.

She is a most entertaining and forcible speaker and carried much conviction to those who were favored to listen to her. Unsparing in her enunciations, clear in her statements, choice in her rhetoric and graceful in her manner all conspired to win the attention of the most listless in a moment.

She took texts from the scriptures appropriate to the theme she intended to discourse upon and without seeming to make an effort managed to hold the text uppermost and dilate upon its application to the needs of the hour.

She said that this Nation was in a maelstrom of vice and wickedness that was sweeping from one extremity to the other, the like of which had never been seen before in its history. Pauperism, crime violence and bloodshed were walking high handed throughout the land while those in high authority were playing fast and loose with questions involving the very life of society. She was in the halls of Congress but a day or two before and there heard from the lips of eloquent orators who, hour after hour, argued the kind of paper cigarettes should be made of while hundreds of thousands were on the streets of the land crying for bread. Every city had more to care for than there were places and persons provided, thousands were out of employment and driven to desperation who had lived heretofore in comparative comfort with ample work to keep themselves and little ones. What meant all this, is there no reason? Some said it was the fault of the Administration, some that it was the fault of past legislation and some said it was the silver question or the income tax scare. But all these were myths and incignificent compared to the true reason. It needed no one to tell her the cause when statistics carefully compilled showed certain figures. When seven-tenths of all the pauperism, crime bloodshed and misery was attributable directly to the liquor traffic she thought it was very strange that enlightened man should be looking up other reasons.

Seven thousand murderers last year against the three thousand the year before, and every other species of crime about in the same proportion, was it any wonder that thoughtful people considered it time to take a halt and inquire into the cause? Those in authority were trifling with the welfare of the people and would be held accountable in that great Day when the thousands of starving poor and those who were selling themselves to sin for bread would confront these lawgivers and ask them why they made these things possible.

But it said that temperance should be worked out on the lines of morality and at the prayer meeting. But God did not do things in that way. By our works shell we be known. Our Nation has made it legal to sell rum which carries in its train a multitude of vices and one hundred thousand annually to graves of woe. What a picture! And yet we who are the Nation are responsible, we legalize sin, and God will not have any hand in it. He cannot look with compassion upon this iniquity when he has implanted in the hearts of his people the remedy. We must come out from under this curse before we can expect his blessing upon this Nation and people. Talking about taking it out of politics, when politics forces it in! Would that it could be taken out of politics, then there would be some hope. A political question is anything that is legislated upon; is anything that the Government derives a revenue from; is anything that is strong enough to control law. It is purely political and the gravest political question confronting the American people. This government is controlled by the liquor interests and the liquor interests are controlled by European breweries. Five thousand out of seven thousand saloons in New York and the same number in Chicago are mortgaged by European breweries. Four million christian voters are all we have and they could stamp out the evil if they arose in their might. We have three hundred and twenty thousand saloons to care for to protect, to legalize, to suffer from, to fill our asylums and graves with the flower of the country, the pride of its womanhood and the misery entailed to posterity. These saloons are three fourths controlled by European capital, and allowing to each saloon ten votes, which is moderate, we have two million four hundred thousand voters who are always working and are never contending when the question of saloon or no saloon is uppermost, for they vote solidly. The tariff, the issues of the Republican or Democratic parties never enter into their discussions, with them it is for rum all the time.

So violence is abroad through the land, the rum power is responsible for most of it, and the Government, is responsible for the Rum power, and the people (those who vote) responsible for the Government, hence crime is legitimate and the fruit of the sowing. If the Nation does not arouse, woe and destruction will eventually visit it until the History of other great and powerful nations as Nineva and Babylon will be the history of this grand Republic, which in some respects is the best government the sun ever shown upon, and in other respects the worst.

LOCAL OPTION FOR CECIL.

Senator Crothers introduced a bill to-night providing for the submission of the question of local option to the voters of Cecil county at the next election. It was referred to a special committee consisting of Senators Crothers of Cecil, Hepbron of Kent and Talbot of Montgomery counties. Local option prevailed in Cecil county from 188[illegible] to 1890, but during the last four years they have had license. Now a strong sentiment has again developed in favor of local option.

Neighboring Happenings.

Mrs. Mary Thomas, widow of Capt. George Thomas, died near St. Michaels, at the home of Miss Mary Barkman.

Mr. George Howsell of Denton, about fifty years old, died suddenly last Sunday night.

Mrs. John T. Rutter of Denton died from a large dose of arsenic, which she took by mistake for quinine.

The Salisbury merchants are going to petition the Legislature to pass a law giving the City Council power to fine merchants $100 for "fire, slaughter or forced sales," which is a prevention of branch stores that only last a month or so.

Ridgely is to be incorporated before long.

Hell Corner, in Howard is to have a church.

There is to be a new bridge built over the Linchester river.

Berlin has a good fire department and a new engine.

Oysters are selling at eighteen and twenty cents a bushel in Oxford.

Miss Iva Lowe has taken charge of one of the grades in the Greensborough Academy.

Miss Emma Wilson of Hillsborough has been visiting Miss Sadie Chipley of Phila.

Mrs. Mattie Henry of Cambridge, has presented a handsome brass pulpit to Christ Church, as a memorial to her deseased husband.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at J. C. Henry's Drug Store. Large bottles 50 c. and $1.00.

The first aerial voyage was made Sept. 19, 1783, by a sheep, a cock and a duck to a height of 1,500 feet. The first human traveler through the air was M. Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who mounted the following month in a free balloon.

A Manchester damsel has framed the verdict a jury gave in her favor in a suit for a breach of promise of marriage and has hung it conspicuously in her parlor as a frightful warning to all triflers.

You traverse the world in pursuit of happiness, which is within the reach of every man—a contented mind confers it on all.—Horace.

EDMUND KEAN.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Famous English Tragedian.

Edmund Kean was a man of little or no education. He was fond of low society and much brandy and water. During many years he was a strolling player and in circumstances so needy that he often had to tramp from one town to another in search of or to fulfill an engagement. On one such occasion he was tramping, with Charlie on his back, and entered a public house and asked for half a pint of beer. The landlord, suspecting his customer, would not serve him until he had first been paid. Years afterward while starring in the west of England some of Kean's admirers got up a complimentary dinner, at which he promised to preside, but when he went to the place he found it was the identical inn where he had been so grudgingly served and refused to enter, so that the dinner had to be eaten in the absence of the president

I well remember while the century was still in its teens the furore excited by Kean's performances. We boys used to act Hamlet and the Ghost and other characters, and I acted with considerable applause before a mixed audience portions of "Richard III" and often quoted myself to sleep with long passages from Shakespeare. Kean had a house in Dover street, and one night after the performance of Sir Giles Overreach he went home and told his wife that the whole pit rose at him in a state of excited admiration. Mrs. Kean, who was something of a tuft hunter, said, "But what did Lord Essex think?" "D—— Lord Essex!" replied Kean. "I played to the intelligence of the pit, not to that of a lordling!"

I remember many generous though impulsive acts being recorded of Kean at this early time, when he was the favorite subject of conversation, such as taking off his overcoat one frosty night to cover a shivering wretch and emptying his pocket to supply the supposed needs of a professed beggar. A poor actor informed me that on asking Kean to take a ticket for a performance that was to take place in some public house Kean tendered a sovereign for a ticket, and when offered change turned away saying, "D—— the change!" Other acts of his were less laudable. After a performance he would sometimes go to the Cider Cellar or to the Coal Hole and order a bowl of punch for the guests of every box or table. This made him the hero of the evening, and as he became more or less intoxicated he fell a prey to rogues and sharpers, who got him to sign checks or indorse bills of exchange. At a later period he engaged a minor actor to accompany him to these orgies and on no account to let him sign his name to anything. This guardian used to relate that when Kean began to quote bits of bad Latin he knew that he was quite drunk and must be taken home. In spite, however, of this precaution Kean never knew the difference between sixpence and a shilling, so that he always remained poor and was never able to retire from the stage with the dignity of a Young.

I have often stood at the pit doors two hours before the opening in order to secure a good place in the best part of the house at a modest cost, for as yet stalls had not been invented. I saw Kean in most, if not all, of his characters, the last being Othello, with Young as Iago and Charles Kemble as Cassio. Kean was a great actor of the natural school, playing Shakespeare, as Byron put it, with flashes of lightning surprises. Mrs. Garrick recognized in him a worthy successor to her David and the only one fit to wear David's sword.—Notes and Queries.

Habits and Customs.

Man at a very remote period learned to be imitative, conservative and gregarious. Hence habits and customs. For an act often repeated becomes a habit, and a habit widely imitated becomes a custom. Thus habits and customs form the larger part of the history of mankind. Could we accurately know them, then the ingrained ideas and feelings of the people of the past would be palpably presented to us.

The growth of action and the lines of thought would be clearly defined. And by starting from primeval and savage life to the present by comparing habit with habit and custom with custom, by following their courses, their additions, suppressions, mutilations and conversions, we should discover the origin and meaning of many existing institutions and ideas that would otherwise have been inexplicable. The investigation is a salutary one, but produces a kind of moral and mental cold douche. We gasp a little at first, but are all the stronger for it afterward.

Many of our cherished notions that we have set up as idols are rudely destroyed. Even our most sacred institutions are seen to have a very earthly origin. The germ of our glorious Westminster abbey was conceived in the brain of a cunning savage, the ancient prototype of the archbishop of Canterbury was a naked, or half naked, "medicine man."—Westminster Review.

Taxes on Knowledge.

It appears that the custom of paying an author by an agreed percentage on the sale of each volume is almost universal in France. Books are sold in editions of 1,000, and publishers find it to their interest to advertise that a book has passed into as many editions as possible, as the more successful the public suppose the book to be the more it is bought. But when the joyous author comes to claim his royalty on an advertised sale of, say, 10,000 copies the publisher meets him with the sad but no doubt true statement that the actual sale was only about 4,000.

To afford some check on this contradictory state of things it was proposed by M. Deschamps that a trifling stamp duty on each copy of a work be imposed, so that incredulous authors dealing with unscrupulous publishers—if such beings exist—by applying to the government for the number of stamps issued for a certain work, could detect any discrepancy in their publisher's account. In England, however, a determined and successful war was for years waged against the newspaper stamp duty and the impost on paper, and the names of Milner Gibson and others are not yet forgotten in connection with the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. A tax on books would be a tax on knowledge.—Temple Bar.

Chicken Diphtheria.

Chicken diphtheria is now thought to be biologically distinct from the human disease. But the coincidences of the two occurring simultaneously are very strange. In the Greek island of Skiatos, for instance, where diphtheria was unknown, a sudden epidemic attacked the town, which was traced to a house to which turkeys had been brought from Salonica. All these turkeys but one had died from fowl diphtheria, and the survivor was found suffering from paralysis of the feet. But the part played in the spread of diphtheria by animals must be small in comparison to the direct contagion conveyed by human beings to each other.—London Spectator

Color and Hearing.

Does color or the lack of it affect the sense of hearing in either man or animals? Buffon, Le Clair and other naturalists believed that the auditory nerve in the white, or Caucasian, race is not as highly developed—or at least not as sensitive—as it is in the savages, who are usually dark skinned people. The idea of this being due to color was never hinted until some investigator accidentally learned that the majority of white cats, dogs, horses and other domestic animals are deaf or partially so. I recently addressed a note to a well known Washington naturalist, the sum and substance of which was this: Do you know anything in regard to the popular superstition or belief that white animals, particularly cats, are deaf?

The following is an abbreviation of his reply: "White cats are reputed to be 'hard of hearing.' I have known many instances, in several of which the infirmity amounted to total deafness. I doubt if an instance could be cited of a white cat possessing the function of hearing in anything like perfection."—St. Louis Republic.

Tomorrow's Burden.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so, my friends. If you find yourselves so loaded, at least remember this: It is your own doings, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to him and mind the present.—George MacDonald.

Good Advice.

Blinks—Have you read that article on how to tell a bad egg?

Winks—No, I have not, but my advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, break it gently.—Brooklyn Life.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER DISCUSSES THE QUESTION OF SUPREMACY.

Neither Should Rule Alone—The Wife's Love and Confidence and the Husband's Manliness and Courtesy the Best Safeguards—True Meaning of Marriage.

We have seen and heard this question often discussed. Some say that "as the wife has all the care and responsibility in managing the household she should be the ruling power." Others claim that "as the husband is usually the breadwinner and earns what his wife spends for the family needs he should have the deciding voice in all matters of importance—he should govern."

Govern! We dislike the use of that word. It should never be seen in word or act—never enter the heart between man and wife. No woman can be as happy as God intended marriage should make her if her husband's love is chiefly manifested by his disposition to govern. Few women, however loving and self sacrificing, if endowed with good sense and judgment, ever yield their own preconceived ideas and theories to their husband's judgment and dictation. A man would despise a woman who did. It would strengthen the bond between them to discuss the matter—if the union is so strong between them that they can do so—in a pleasant and loving way. But wives sometimes, after a few years, do unfortunately learn that it tends to more harmony to refrain from arguing or discussion, even when their own convictions have not changed. It is a great pity that such reticence should ever be found the wisest way.

In a copartnership concern, which the marriage relation certainly is, there may be two heads or two governing powers, the husband having control over his department, the workshop; the wife hers, the home.

But in order that the home shall not become divided against itself let there be frequent meetings for consultation and advice, and where is brought the intuition which is a part of the woman's nature to assist the sound, common sense which should belong to the man.

But a loving wife finds it no cross to allow her husband so to shape her life as will best meet his tastes and wishes, provided always that he does not lead her aside from her conscientious conviction of duty. She should always bear in mind that although she is his wife she is none the less a responsible being; that she, and not her husband, at the last day must stand or fall according to what she has done with the talents intrusted to herself alone and not to her husband.

The best and purest elements of a woman's character can never be so thoroughly developed as by the love, confidence and tenderness of her husband. Giving this with manly, loving courtesy, he will find a rich reward in such joy and comfort as only a happy woman's thoughtful care can bring.

But if a husband determines that his will shall be the controlling motive for their daily life and conduct, God be merciful to a home thus governed! This course he does not call governing by his will, but by his "rightful authority as head of the house." That way of defining his actions sounds better. Nevertheless those four letters—w-i-l-l—better express his real meaning.

A spirit of compromise should govern the home. A determination in each to have his or her own way, even though carried out in a quiet manner, will inevitably result in no peace. In all matters of right and justice let the principles of each be founded on a rock. In all matters of unimportance be yielding, one to the other.

It is just this assumption of rule, or dominant power, that robs so many homes of the perfection that should be hardly one step removed from the glory and perfection of heavenly life.

If all could realize the difference between the service the wife renders to authority and that poured out unceasingly and spontaneously for love alone, what a change there would be in many homes! No duty can then be thought hard, no toil oppressive. Her whole life is joyfully given for the comfort of him whose every word and act tells her she is most precious in his sight—not simply valued because she is convenient, but truly beloved and held in all honor in his heart.

Her husband's love thus manifested, he will be her tower of strength—a strong fortress—so to protect and shield her that all trials will have lost their sting.

A man has no faith in real love who is too proud to give it expression himself. A woman's heart longs for words as well as acts. Because in the time of wooing she is told that she is beloved must that suffice for a lifetime?

A home governed by such gentle influences is, when compared to a home governed by man's authority, as different as a person is to a machine—one is life, the other only mechanism. A "governed" wife may have bread just as light and a home just as tidy as one guided, not governed. The wife guided by respect and gentleness will fill the house with brightness, joy and devotion, such as the governed wife cannot even counterfeit, because her happiness shines through every act so genuine and irrepressible that it cannot be imitated.

There is no exaggeration in this statement. We have seen such homes and know them to be genuine. But in them no thought of supremacy or governing can ever intrude, and we verily believe that it depends upon the husband more than on the wife to build such homes, but there must be no flaw in the foundations. The marriage must be a true union, each mutually helping the other, and the bond which holds them must be perfect confidence and unfaltering love, the husband's manifested by guarding from every disturbance with unostentatious care and tenderness, and the wife's, as is woman's nature, by quiet devotion, most happy when ministering to the comfort and happiness of her household.

A happy wife, who knows she can fully trust her husband, willingly acknowledges him as the head in deciding matters for the general good of the household if their opinions are not quite in unison. She easily yields this or any important point, not through authority or government, but through her love and confidence.

Those who are to walk through life together should be slow to notice faults, but both should be quick to see and gladly, openly recognize a deed well done, however simple, for love's sake. If this course of action is not adopted from the beginning and scrupulously adhered to, there must be heartache and bitter repentance "for their reaping by and by." Repentance that comes too late must be a lifelong torture, because it comes too late for atonement.—Eunice White Beecher in New York Herald.

Redhead Ducks For Astor.

William Waldorf Astor has a fancy for lobster a la Newbourg, and he wanted it at every dinner. He also wanted a redhead duck, and he wanted it all to himself. Mrs. Astor never dined at a public restaurant, and Mr. Astor never took a friend to dine with him. He was always alone and deeply buried in thought. He would apparently not notice what was set before him. But let the waiter make a mistake, and there was trouble speedily. He wanted a redhead duck and no other. One day there were no redhead ducks to be had, and the Brunswick chef sent him a fine canvasback. With a look of the finest scorn the head of the house of Astor sent it back and strode out. Next day he came back, and the redhead duck was in its place before him.—New York Herald.

Took the Last.

I have heard about a little girl whose Sunday school teacher asked her how many sacraments there were.

"There ain't none no more," was the child's reply.

"Why, what do you mean?" queried the amazed teacher.

"Why, Johnny Tuft's father took the last sacrament yesterday, so there can't be none left," was the reply.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Stealing Time.

When the visitor came into the office to talk with the busy man, he laid several bundles on the desk. After he had wasted a half hour or more of the busy man's precious time he got up to go.

"Let me see," he said, looking over his packages, "have I got everything that belongs to me?"

"Really I don't know," replied the busy man, "but you've got a good deal that belongs to me."

And the visitor didn't understand, it of course.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ROSE TREE.

The child lies under the rose tree fair;
The pink buds swell in the soft May air;
On snowy wings in her dreams she flies,
With angel playmates in paradise—
And the years flit by.

The maiden stands by the rose tree fair,
In the perfumed breath of the summer air;
She presses her hand on her throbbing breast;
Life hath brought her guerdon at love's behest—
And the years flit by.

The mother kneels by the rose tree fair,
In a mournful hush of the evening air;
She thinks of the treasures of vanished years;
Her eyes are brimming with bitter tears—
And the years flit by.

The north wind hath robbed the rose tree fair;
Its bare boughs sway in the frosty air;
Beneath it the withered leaves are spread,
And the mound they caress is a mound of the dead—
And the years flit by.

—From the German of Ferrand by Bertha F. Strong.

Shoddy Manufacture.

Shoddy manufacture, according to the improved system of production now in vogue, is said to include only such materials as soft woolen and worsted rags, particularly the clippings from tailor shops, on account of their clearness and softness, an essential point, however, being that they be fulled but little, as the less they have been felted and matted the less grinding is required to separate the fiber. In addition to these clippings such stock as cast away woolen knit garments and stockings which have been but moderately fulled are acceptable material. Cleaning and oiling, as may be necessary, having been resorted to, the material is subjected to the grinding operation, accomplished by means of a system of powerful steel pointed cylinders and rollers. The substances to be ground are fed onto a table or feed sheet and conveyed to two fluted rollers, on emerging from which they are vigorously seized by the rapidly revolving teeth of the main cylinder, the latter containing about 1,500 strong, sharp steel teeth, turning at the rate of sometimes 750 revolutions per minute. This high speed results in tearing the rags apart and separating the threads and fiber in such a manner, says The Tradesman, that the whole is finally reduced to a soft, woolly condition. —New York Sun.

A Coin's Return.

It is not often that a marked coin once put into circulation is returned to the person who marked it. Mr. George Troup, superintendent of Forest Lawn cemetery, before he left Scotland, had his name stamped upon a coin of the issue of George II. It was done in fun, and at that time he never dreamed that the coin would ever be returned to him. The coin was put into circulation, and a short time afterward Mr. Troup came to this country. More than 30 years passed by, and he thought nothing more about the circumstance. One day a friend of his at lodge said to him, "I have a coin with your name upon it."

"I asked him to let me see the coin," said Mr. Troup, and when I looked at it I found it was the identical piece that I had marked so long ago. I wrote to the man who was present when the coin was marked in Scotland, and he recalled the circumstance, and I got the coin from my Buffalo friend, and now I would not take a good sum of money for it. Where that coin had been during the 30 years no one knows, but it is a strange coincidence that it should have turned up to me in Buffalo, the home I had adopted."—Buffalo Express.

The Unsociable.

We envy neither the men nor the women who cannot speak to a fellow creature out of their own circle or to anybody without the formality of an introduction. There is no computing the amount of profit as well as pleasure such persons lose by hedging themselves in with this stupid fence of fastidiousness. We have always found more of this feeling among persons who were more touchy on their social position than among those self respecting persons who thought nothing about it. A great deal of intelligence is floating round the world without being labeled, and those men or women who have the good sense to recognize this fact and act upon it not only are educating themselves, but conferring that pleasure which we are all bound by the common ties of humanity to exchange with one another. It seems to us that it is only the snob and pretender who take a different view of this question.—New York Ledger.

A Fuss Made About a Half Inch.

A Maine man from regions where land is tolerably plenty and an acre does not seem a very large piece invested in a lot in the suburbs of Boston and set about grading and arranging his fences much as he would in Maine. He covered up one corner bound and then built his fence "about" where he thought the line was. Imagine his surprise when the adjoining owner appeared in a great flutter over his proceedings. The line was relocated by a surveyor, when it was found the Maine man's fence encroached one-half an inch on his neighbor, and he had to set it over. As much fuss was made over it as a 10 acre piece would cause in his Maine home.—Lewiston Journal.

Artemus Ward's Protector.

While in the show business in Pennsylvania Artemus Ward was put to sleep in an attic where the sash had been taken out for ventilation. In the night it turned cold. Artemus got up and was busy at the window. "What are you doing, Artemus?" his companion asked. "I'm so c-cold," he chattered. "I was hanging up some of these hoopskirts. I thought they'd keep the coarsest of the cold out."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A man went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain entrance through a back window and then discovered on the table a note from his very thoughtful wife, reading: "I have gone out. You may find the key on the side of the step."

Lizards as Pets and Playmates.

Professor Delboeuf has contributed an interesting article on the psychology of lizards to The Revue Scientifique. He is the happy possessor of a band of lizards, including a Spanish and a French one, which he has introduced to fame. The Spaniard is bold, snappish, stupid and suspicious; the Frenchman, timid, gentle, confiding and straightforward. Nevertheless they became great friends, and when the Frenchman was lost for 26 days the Spaniard took no food all the time, but he began to catch flies again as soon as his companion returned. One curious fact brought out is that lizards do not hibernate organically, as plants do, but by reason of the cold weather killing the insects on which they feed, and if they are kept in a warm house and regularly fed they will remain active all the year.

M. Delboeuf's lizards live in freedom. During summer they occupy a room in his country house, having latticed windows and sunshine on three sides. They have stones and boxes and a scaffolding furnished, with rags to play among and climb over. At Liege in winter they live in his office and frequently scramble over his books and papers as he writes. One day he went to his class and did not know that both of them were on his back until he had been some time at the lecture stand. Many distinguished visitors have come to see them, and they are playful with every one who encourages their familiarities.—London Globe.

Saved by a Buffalo.

A herd of buffaloes was grazing on the outskirts of the forest at Soopah, with the herder on guard a short distance away. A tiger came out of the forest and tried by roaring to stampede the herd.

The herdsman manifested great bravery. He shouted, beat his heavy quarter staff on the ground and tried to scare the brute off, not thinking of his own danger, but of that of his herd. Suddenly the tiger rushed forward, sprang upon the man, knocked him down and stood over him, growling.

The bull of the herd, a pugnacious creature, now charged savagely upon the tiger and rolled him over and over. The bull was so quick in his motions that the tiger, taken unawares, was at a disadvantage. He neither bit nor scratched the bull, but gathered himself up and galloped off into the forest. The bull shook himself, bellowed, pursued his enemy a few yards and then went quietly to feeding as if vanquishing the tiger were an everyday occurrence.

The herdsman was not injured by the tiger, but received a wound in the leg from the bull's sharp horn, inflicted when the buffalo knocked over the tiger.—Youth's Companion.

NAVAJO INDIANS.

THE TRIBE OF THRIFTY RED MEN IN NEW MEXICO.

Their Picturesque Appearance In Their Autumnal Trading Visits to Town—Something About Their Past History—The Lesson Kit Carson Taught Them.

"The most interesting people that I saw of the many races of the southwest," said the tourist newly returned from a transcontinental trip, "were the Navajo Indians in New Mexico. Arriving at Albuquerque late at night, I had begun to dress about half past 8 o'clock the next morning, when a trampling of hoofs called me to the window, and looking out the town seemed to be in the hands of Indians. Through the doors of the large stores on the main street Indians were passing in and out or, grouped upon the platforms, were examining and cheapening goods as earnestly as country people might do in a New England village on cattle show day. But how picturesque, even in sordid bargaining, were these dusky children of the plains and mountains!

"Down the center of the wide sandy street a dozen mounted Indians were driving a band of young, unbroken horses, some riding ahead to prevent a stampede in that direction, and the others, in a half circle behind, urging forward the herd. Here were perhaps 50 wild steeds which had never known stable, fodder, bridle or spur, stepping high and prancing, with wild eyes glancing suspiciously about and tossing manes and tails. Every few yards they would all gather together with their heads toward the center, and it was with difficulty that this circle could be broken and the horses urged along. At a square a little way down the avenue the herd was held by its riders, a crowd of people gathered, and trading evidently begun at once at a lively rate.

"'What does all this crowd of Indians mean?' I asked of the boy from Missouri who brought up my hot water.

"'Them's Navajos,' he said. 'The first lot of 'em's just got inter town ter do their fall trading. They've brung blankets and ponies ter swap for silver dollars and store truck.'

"After breakfast, when I went out on the street, I was much impressed by the appearance and ways of these aborigines. Both men and women are of good size, with massive figures, open, intelligent faces and impressive dignity of manner. Lighter in tint than many of the Indian tribes, their features display markedly the Tartar characteristics. To me they as strongly suggested a Mongolian as some other Indian peoples do a Semitic derivation.

"They come in from their reservation every autumn in parties varying in number from a single family up to 50 or 60 members and camp just outside the town, sleeping in the open air or sheltered by old army tents and blankets stretched from poles. Every day of my stay they came into the public square or upon the main street to trade. To see these dusky riders sitting in unstudied picturesque attitudes upon their ponies, holding in check a herd of restless horses while waiting for buyers, was a sight that beat pictures. They wore sombreros or old style but costly fur caps bought from the traders, and some of them had Mexican spurs at their heels. Otherwise their costumes were pure Navajo, with buckskin or calico jumpers, buckskin leggings, moccasins and massive silver ornaments in the shape of bracelets, earrings and crescent charms hammered out from Mexican dollars by their native jewelers. Here and there in the chill morning a Navajo would stalk along draped in one of those splendid woolen blankets which they weave themselves of most substantial texture in great variety of barbaric colors and designs. Although their features were in general impassible, there was an intangible air among these Indians of being on a picnic, and sometimes at some mishap, such as the struggle of a purchaser with an intractable colt, they would roll in their saddles in uproarious laughter. There were no signs that any of them had indulged in firewater, and I think that among Indians in general the Navajos, like the Pueblos, rank pre-eminent in sobriety. They are too good business men to take the chances of loss through drunkenness. The squaws, who rode astride their horses man fashion, were comely, luxuriant and shapely of figure and both modest and independent if sometimes a little fierce of demeanor.

"The Navajo Indians up to a time about 30 years ago were the scourge of all civilized races of New Mexico, the peaceful Pueblo Indians being favorite victims of their depredations. Unlike other Indians, they, owing perhaps to the Tartar origin already hinted at, have always inclined to a pastoral life and to accumulate flocks and herds. The Utes and Apaches, when raiding ranches and villages, would feast inordinately upon the flesh of cattle and sheep, maiming and slaughtering many animals from mere wantonness. They would take back to their rancherios—villages—with them only horses and mules and asses which could be ridden or driven ahead at a gallop. The Navajos, on the contrary, would drive to their mountain fastnesses all the cattle, sheep and goats they could capture and collect to add to the stock they already had. When the famous frontiersman, Colonel Kit Carson, in 1862, made his historic campaign against the Navajos, he found no way so effective to reduce them to submission as, after wasting their fields and destroying their villages, to kill all their stock.

"Since the lesson of that campaign the Navajos have never been on the warpath, but having renewed their flocks and herds, with some early assistance from the government, have gone steadily on increasing in numbers and wealth. They number now nearly 20,000 souls. Unlike most Indian tribes, they are self supporting, requiring no annuities or rations. They own several hundred thousand—some say a million—sheep and many thousand cattle and ponies. Their reservation in northern New Mexico and Arizona contains nearly 6,000 square miles, and they use a wide adjoining region of government land for range."—New York Sun.

A Shakespearean Suggestion.

Did the word "in" have in Shakespeare's time the same meaning which the slang phrase "in it" now has? In "The Merchant of Venice," act 2, scene 2, Launcelot Gobbo says to Old Gobbo, "Father, in." What this means none of the Shakespearean critics or commentators tells us, and as far as I can find out none of them professes to be able to do so. If, however, "in" be regarded as slang and as equivalent to the modern slang phrase "in it"—and Launcelot Gobbo is of slang all compact—the difficulty of explaining the passage vanishes at once, for nothing could better fit the context than to have Launcelot Gobbo, adopting the modern phrase, say to Old Gobbo, "Father, I am 'in it.'" —Boston Transcript.

The Abuse of Slang.

It is not the use of slang which is to be deprecated; it is the abuse of it. The girl who every time she opens her mouth projects from it some such word as "awfully"—"awfully nice," "awfully horrid," "awfully square," "awfully round," and so on until you wish that she would, at any rate, advance into the alphabet as far as the b's—is not only a slangy person; she is also in all human probability a fool.

The same civil observation applies to the man who has become indissolubly joined to some slangy catch phrase as, for instance, "Don't you know", "He's a nice fellow, don't you know," "It seems to me to be a queer start, don't you know," "I can't stand clever people, don't you know."

We quite realize the truth of his last statement without his putting himself to the trouble of giving it audible utterance just as clearly as we surmise that it is just possible that clever people can't stand him.—All the Year Around.

The Easy Going Long Islander.

Whether it be due to salt or to inborn laziness, the fact cannot be disputed that the native Long Islander is the most somnolent, slow going human being this side of Philadelphia. We suppose that there are hundreds of people between Brooklyn and Montauk Point who have never traveled on a railroad, never seen a glimpse of city life and never wanted to do anything but eat, drink and sleep. For enterprise that is positively clamlike the stretch of territory at the eastern gateway of Brooklyn is easily entitled to the palm.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Exactness.

When a church announces "an oyster supper" it is specific and truthful, but when it states that "there will be oysters" and then provides only one bivalve the effect is bad.—Yonkers Statesman.