Easton Gazette.

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Editors and Proprietors.
EASTON, MD.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1894.

THE Prohibition Conference which met at the Hall on Thursday last was one of character and portends results which are destined to mark a distinct feature in the politics of this Congressional District, in fact the state over, and will eventually compel the older parties to change methods or go to the rear. There is no getting away from the situation, however much they would like to.

The men assembled were of a calibre that meant quality rather than quantity, which, unfortunately for our republican form of government, is the reverse of the thing that tells the results of an election. The addresses were scholarly, pointed and earnest. Mr. Tucker, the State Organizer, delivered himself in a style that won the esteem of his political opponents. He criticised Senator Hill, quoting bitter denunciations of democratic journals, adding that the Prohibition party would not have such men in office. He did not explain to his audience that it was beyond doubt that that same party is responsible for Hill being just where he is. That party alone defeated honest and pure-minded Warner Miller and handed the political machinery of the state of New York including the filth pot of Tammany, over to David B. Hill, who, encouraged by his heelers and the rum politicians of New York city, grasped for the presidency of the United States and compromised on the senatorship. If his influence in the senate is a bad one, the old parties are not altogether to blame.

When the Prohibitionists get into power, will it be possible for even them to keep from rewarding men for their works rather than for their virtues? Will not the scramble for office and the desire for influence override their fundamental doctrine of purity just as it has done in all parties more or less? The starting of a party is the time to have it pure and before men are in power it is easy to say "we are absolutely clean" and point the finger of shame to those whom they seek to dethrone. Has not every party started out for purity and reform, and will not the Prohibitionists ultimately land just where the others have and be overcome by the deadly influence of that political carbonic acid gas—the emoluments of office and worldly ambition, and fall? Then will its good followers leave its ranks, as Mr. Smith said in his speech, and start another party, and so it will continue, the preachers doing the preaching and the politicians doing the practicing.

We are opposed to licensing wrong.

We believe in equal rights to all citizens.

We believe in the strict limitation of the term "citizen."

We believe in a qualification franchise.

We believe in upholding those in positions to do good rather than to defeat them when we are absolutely certain that by their defeat the enemy will take possession.

DEAR GROVER:—We have met the enemy and we are theirs. While tied hand and foot, I still have hope of harmony.—WM. M. SINGERLY.—EX.

A dispatch from Tacoma says that the worst wind-storm known in 20 years has been raging in Western Washington since Monday morning. In the Cascade mountains snow has fallen to the depth of four feet in 24 hours. The wind has been blowing from forty to sixty miles an hour. Glad we live in Talbot Co.

THE Democratic party is not without hope. It can increase its vote by joining the Prohibitionists. Col. Singerly's harmony scheme seems to have had a glorious effect. Nearly the entire State of Pennsylvania was unanimous for the Republican ticket.

THE result of the balloting in Pennsylvania is a largely increased Republican vote. Early estimates placed the Republican majority at 150,000, and it reached 170,000.

There can be no mistaking the result. Never in a State campaign were issues more strongly drawn. Grow, the Republican candidate, represented the system of protection to American Industry and a strongly drawn Tariff which gives the American the chance to compete with the cheap labor of the Old World.

Mr. Hancock, the Democratic candidate stood out boldly as an advanced Free Trader. He represented a principle which many of those who give their allegiance to Democracy could not follow.

The result is a marked falling off in the Democratic vote. Pennsylvania has not only given notice that it is strongly for Protection, but has also served notice upon the Democratic party of the country that the Free Trade theory is distasteful to the Keystone Democracy.

THE *Southern States* is devoting itself in a remarkable degree to illustraing the attractions of the South for farmers and manufacturers and to this end is printing in its monthly numbers, letters from farmers and railway managers throughout that section of the country, who show what the possibilities are in dealing with the soil and in gaining access to the markets of the Nation.

The forces of immigration have been chiefly directed to the North and West until a large portion of that country has been occupied; but the industrial resources of the South have only just been touched, not developed and the railways are calling loudly for people who are ready to immigrate to different parts of the South and purchase small farms. At the same time a large number of these farmers give an actual account of their actual standing in the different *Southern States* as agriculturalists. The report is extremely favorable in regard to richness and variety of crops, and the chief danger seems to be that the speculators in Southern lands, as well as many of the railroads hold their lands at such prices as to dissuade the poorer, but industrious, class of immigrants from taking them up.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, Feb. 19, 1894.

Mr. Cleveland has been howling mad ever since Peckham was rejected and he is just as mad with the cuckoo democrats who voted for confirmation as he is with the democrats who voted for rejection. He is mad with the cuckoos because he charges them with having deceived him up to the time the vote was taken by claiming to have the pledges of a majority of the Senators to vote for confirmation. His first move after Peckham's defeat was to attempt to prevent any amendment favored by any one of the fifteen democratic Senators who voted against Peckham being included in the amended tariff bill, but inasmuch as two out of the three members of the sub-committee—Jones of Ark. and Vest—voted against Peckham he did not meet with much success in that project. What his next step will be is somewhat doubtful, but even the cuckoos do not expect it to be anything calculated to heal the gaping democratic wounds left by the rejection of Horn-blower and Peck. Nothing would be easier than for him to nominate a democrat to the supreme Court vacancy who would be at once confirmed without a single adverse vote, but he prefers to drag his personal fights into the Senate in his effort to humiliate Hill. So far the humiliation has been his own and he neither deserves nor gets any sympathy.

There is a tariff fight going on among the democratic Senators that is quite as bitter as that between the Cleveland and Hill men, although there is more effort made to keep it secret. It was this fight which prevented the tariff bill being reported to the Finance committee last week. A week ago members of the sub-committee stated that the bill was ready to be reported. The reason it was not reported was the concerted demand of a number of democratic Senators for additional amendments giving certain industries in their states protection. The fight got so warm at one time that the sub-committee informed those Senators that it would report the bill just as it came from the House and they could support it or not just as they pleased. Of course this was merely a bluff against a bluff. Senator Voorhees has told the republican members of the Senate Finance committee that the bill will be reported to the committee at its meeting, tomorrow, but it is not at all certain that it will be. Democratic Senators are begining to express doubts among themselves as to their ability to so patch up the bill that it will receive the votes of all the democrats in the Senate.

Senator Morgan has completed a report on the Hawaiian investigation made by a sub committee of the Senate committe on Foreign Relations but it will not be made public until the full committee has acted upon it. It has been read to the sub-committee and the republican members thereof informed Mr. Morgan that if he would make certain changes in the report they would sign it. It is understood that the tone of the report is antagonistic to the restoration policy of Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Bland has not yet succeeded in getting his bill for the coinage of the seigniorage passed by the House, owing to the refusal of those opposed to vote to make a quorum, but he will probably have a quorum of the friends of the bill on hand early this week and the bill will then be passed.

For many years the Woman's Suffrage Association has held its annual conventions in Washington, but at the one just closed it was decided to hold the 1895 convention at Atlanta, Ga. The southern members of Congress appear to regard this decision as a joke.

Secretary Morton got a little roasting on account of a letter written last August saying that the Russian thistle was a blessing, at a hearing before the House committee on Agriculture in favor of the bill providing for the extermination of the weed. Governor Shortridge, of North Dakota, one of the principle speakers, dismissed Morton's letter by calling it "rot," but representative Sibley, of Pa., a democrat, declared that the letter demonstrated Morton's ignorance of agricultural matters and his unfitness to be at the head of the Agricultural Department.

Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who cast one of 24 republican votes that made the rejection of Peckham's nomination to the Supreme Court a humiliating defeat for Mr. Cleveland, says of his reason for so voting: "There were a large number of protests against Mr. Peckham's confirmation and a great deal of serious testimony as to his not possessing the proper judicial temper, of which his dispatch to judge Caldwell repudiating in violent language an order of the Court was an unfortunate example. But that which weighed most against him with me was the manner in which patronage appeared to be used by the administration in the attempt to secure votes for his confirmation, joined with the exertion apparently of every sort of influence of which the head of the government was capable. I cannot conceive of anything worse or more demoralizing than to have confirmation to office secured by appointments to other offices or by threats of removal. Against such methods I propose always to protest and vote, in accordance with my conception of a plain public duty."

Like a Brave Man.

John Weitzel was one of the boldest pioneers of West Virginia. "A man absolutely without fear," one of the chroniclers of those times calls him. The manner of his death was worthy of that eulogy. In the pursuit of his occupation, that of hunter and surveyor, he often undertook long journeys alone—a reckless proceeding when time and place are considered—and was never accompanied by more than one or two friends.

One day, while returning in a canoe with one companion from an excursion to Middle Island creek, he was hailed by a large party of Indians and ordered to put ashore. Without making any reply he headed the boat for the middle of the stream, and with his companion made every effort to escape.

The Indians fired on the instant, and one of the bullets struck Weitzel in the body. Seeing at once that the wound was mortal, he ordered the other man to lie down in the canoe, and then with renewed vigor, though his life was ebbing fast, he pulled for the opposite shore.

The Indians fired another volley, but without effect, and before they could reload the boat was out of range. Weitzel expired soon after reaching the bank and was buried by his companion. His grave may still be seen, marked by a rough stone on which is traced in rude characters, "J. W., 1787."—Youth's Companion.

A Whole Family Drowned.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 19.—T. F. Parnell, a sheep man of Fobrey county, brings news of the drowning of a ranchman named Frank Randall, together with his wife and three children, in the Rio Grande river at a point near Prialdio, Mexico. The wagon in which Randall and his family were crossing was upset, and before any of the occupants could get from under the box bed they were drowned. All of the bodies were recovered.

Death of Cartoonist Keppler.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Joseph Keppler, the cartoonist and editor of Puck, died suddenly at his home, No. 37 East Seventy-ninth street, from spinal trouble. This was brought on by over exertion at the World's fair in Chicago, where a Puck building was erected. Mr. Keppler was a native of Austria, and was 55 years old.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The Duty of the Hour Is to Strengthen the Bond Between Them.

Every effort is now being made, as it has always been made in the past, to create a conflict between labor and capital. This is as foolish as it is unjust. Those who agitate such ideas can generally be found among men who do not care themselves to work, but who prefer to go around and create dissensions and trouble where none had previously existed. Such men are mischief makers and malefactors.

Labor and capital are and must be one. They are necessary to each other. Without the use of labor capital would be idle. Labor cannot find work unless there are factories, mines or farms where its work is needed. Capital would be uselessly employed in building factories, opening up mines or laying out farms unless it could secure the labor with which to do the needed work.

Any antagonism of labor toward capital that is employed in honest enterprise which affords an opportunity for men to earn an honest living is absolutely wrong. Any antagonism of capital toward the labor it employs, and which it needs, is also absolutely wrong. These two units, labor and capital, are so wrapped together and so involved with one another that they must work together and in harmony in order to acquire mutual success.

It is well to consider for a moment who are the men that employ the capital and own the mills, the mines or the farms. They are men who have come here and worked hard at their callings, and who have by their energy and perseverance pushed ahead of others. They have acquired a position that thousands of other hard workers are today hoping to secure for themselves in the future. If it be wrong that these men have succeeded, then it will be equally wrong for others to follow in their footsteps of success.

We believe that the employers of labor in this country are not hard taskmasters. A good employer does much for the welfare and comfort of his employee. There are thousands of men who can bear witness to acts of kindness they have received from "the boss"—acts that have helped them to secure their own homes perhaps or to improve their condition with some extra comfort. In helping the men they know they are acquiring their friendship, and a good employer is always aware that he will secure a greater interest in his work if he extends the hand of kindness to men working today where he worked a few years ago.

It is not the employers of capital who desire to injure labor. It is these men in village hamlets who have been intrusted with the work of tearing down the protection that the McKinley act gave to labor—it is their leaders in congress and at the head of the administration. These are the men who are enemies to both labor and capital, and with a crafty cunning they succeed in make trouble between labor and capital. They are working for foreign interests, but in order to succeed they must first sever the bond that exists here between labor and capital. The duty of the hour is to strengthen that bond.—American Economist.

Protect All or None.

It is proposed by the advocates of free trade to reduce the revenue of the government by $75,000,000 by lowering the barriers between the cheap labor of Europe and the well paid labor of the United States. Labor has made America and owns it. Any changes in our fiscal policy should be made with a view to protecting and stimulating the labor of this country.

The removal of $75,000,000 of customs duties would have an opposite effect. It cannot be done without reducing the wages of labor to the low level of foreign wages, and without the destruction of flourishing industries, which now give plenty and comfort to millions of households. It would make the millions of men now employed in the manufactories competing producers instead of buyers of food and thus bring ruin upon our farmers.

The American policy of protection must either be sustained or abolished. There can be no compromise. A part of the protective labor of the country cannot be selected for destruction and a part left. The policy which has protected our metal industries and given us cheap iron and steel and thus established textile mills and given us cheap clothing has likewise developed our mines and increased our flocks. It has also, in the words of Jefferson, "placed manufacture by the side of our farmers and given them the incalculable benefits of home markets."

Transfer the mining of coal to Nova Scotia and of iron away to Spain and Cuba, and hundreds of thousands of American miners would be compelled to crowd into other occupations or starve. Under protection the output of all our products has largely increased, and the price of our product has been greatly cheapened.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Where Is the Screw Applied?

Tariff Tinker Wilson has insinuated that wage earners are being "forced" to sign the petitions that are pouring into congress against his bill of destruction. We are afraid that the coercion screw applied from the White House to the chairman of the ways and means committee must have affected that gentleman's ideas of fair play. This is a free country, and people are not generally "forced" to do things against their will.

There are more than 60,000,000 of people who now see things sufficiently to the smaller number of less than 5,000,000 with whom the worthy chairman is in the minority. But there are exceptions to every rule, as the president has fully proved during the last nine months, when he "forced" congress and his executive officials to do his bidding. These are the only instances of "force" that have been used under the present administration, except in the later effort to thrust upon the country a "force" bill tariff.

The Instinct Proves Stronger Than Reason and Will Power Combined.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self preservation in man," said John F. Thompson, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one and would strike the glass whenever any one approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any one in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do. One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it first, and after repeated attempts gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted it, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined.

"I witnessed another illustration of this in Paris. A young man had lost his last sou at a gambling table. Not only was he without means, but he had lost a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine to drown himself. On the way there was a great commotion, caused by the escape of a tiger from a strolling menagerie. The animal came down the street, and people fled in every direction. Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamppost and hung on to the top of it, trembling in every muscle. After the animal was captured and the danger was over, he went to the river and committed suicide. I was interested in the account of the suicide, and promptly in curiosity went to see the body, instantly recognizing it as that of the young man whom I had seen make so frantic an effort to escape death evidently but a few minutes before he sought it and at the very time that he was seeking an opportunity to end his existence."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

HIS PASSPORT NOT SUFFICIENT.

Professor Mason's Experience at the American Embassy in London.

Dr. William P. Mason, professor of chemistry in the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute at Troy, who returned the other day from a trip through Europe, gives this account of the reception he met with at the United States embassy in London:

"It was the most humiliating thing I ever heard of," Professor Mason said, with great indignation. "I had visited the great educational centers of central and southern Europe, and through the courtesy of our embassadors, who furnished me with letters of introduction, I was enabled to study the colleges and universities as thoroughly as I wanted to. In Paris Mr. Eustis, whom I had never met before, gave me a letter upon the strength of my passport which enabled me to visit the Ecole Polytechnique, where the rules governing the admission of visitors are very strict.

"When I reached London, I wanted to visit the Royal Military academy at Woolwich. Baedeker's guidebook says that no visitor is admitted there without a card of identification from the minister or embassador of his country. I went to the United States embassy and saw the secretary who had charge of those affairs. This is the conversation that took place:

"'Can you give me a card that will admit me to the Woolwich academy?'

"'You will have to present some identification,' he said.

"'Here is my passport.'

"'That is not enough.'

"'Not enough? What the devil is a passport for anyway? Here is a description of my person, and here is my signature, all attested by the secretary of state.'

"'I'm sorry, sir, but that is not sufficient. You'll have to bring a letter from your banker.'

"'Well, here is my letter of credit. My banker here knows nothing about me. He only gives me money on the strength of my signature, which is written on my letter of credit. Won't that suffice for you?'

"'No. You will have to bring a letter from him.'

"'But supposing I had no banker? Wouldn't my passport suffice then?'

"'No, sir. It would not.'

"Well, I went away pretty angry. I got a letter from my banker (I did it simply to see if he would give me one on the strength of my letter of credit), but I did not use it in London. I thought I would keep it to show to Americans who intend to go abroad. I never heard of such an outrageous thing before. If a passport isn't sufficient identification in the eyes of a United States embassador, what is it good for anyway?"

Professor Mason showed the reporter his passport and the letter of identification from his London banker.—New York Sun.

Tit For Tat.

In a small village up the river there is a grocer who does his living by catching fish and selling them for various purposes. Some time ago he caught an extraordinarily large pike, which was too thick for him to chop with his ax. He went to the owner of a sawmill, one of the influential men of the town, and requested the loan of his crosscut saw.

"No," said the mill owner, "I won't loan my saw to be dulled." "But I can sharpen it again if I dull it," persisted the man. But the saw was refused, and the wood gatherer was compelled to use his ax upon the log log. Some time after this an ice gorge came down the river and carried away a section of the bridge that crossed to the railroad station on the other side. It was necessary for the sawmill owner to catch a certain train that day to get to the city so as to make connection for New York.

He went to the bridge, and finding it impassable looked about for a skiff. The only one on that side of the stream belonged to the old wood gatherer.

"Go up to old Blank's house and tell him I want the key to his skiff," said the mill owner to his coachman, who was carrying his valise.

The coachman returned in a short time with the wood gatherer in tow.

"What do you want, Mr. L——?" asked the old man.

"Why, I'm in a hurry and want your boat to cross the river," was the impatient reply.

"You do, do you?" retorted the wood gatherer in a dignified manner. "Well, you can't have it. You can just cross the river on your crosscut saw."

And the business man had to postpone starting for New York until the next day.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Flying Machines.

Benjamin Franklin used to compare the balloon of his day to a child who would presently come to man's estate. He thought the aerostation was in embryo, and in one time would do marvelous things. But his aspirations, one may now say, were too sanguine.

Our aerial achievements are still literally "in the air," the flights of our best aeronauts are involuntary. They are "blown about with every wind." It is true that the parachute has been brought to considerable perfection, but that is not flying, but falling. It is something to be able to fall softly from a great height, but it is not much. It hardly seems worth while to go up so far in order to come down again.

This reflection applies to the very latest improvements in the science. The winged man of Stieglitz has, we are told, "accomplished a journey of 250 yards," but this merely means that, starting from a tower he has built for the purpose with a spring board, or from a steep hill, he has flown down that distance.

As for the aerial machines of various kinds that are to "revolutionize warfare" by dropping dynamite over cities and armies, they may be marvels of mechanical science, but they have never yet "risen to the occasion," or even risen at all. Even the "Maxim" invention has, I understand, "never left the rails," which, although a great virtue in a locomotive, is very little credit to a flying machine.—London News.

A Silly Joker's Lesson.

Some time ago a guest of one of our hotels sent old Mrs. Marsh to the Southern Express company's office with an order to the express agent to pay Mrs. Marsh $50,000 at once. The simple old woman took it to the express office, believing, as she always does, that the money was due her. Clyde Glenn, the polite and manly agent, took the note, wrote across its back and sent Mrs. Marsh with it to the writer.

When the man opened the note, he found the express agent had indorsed it thus: "Will you not try in the future to conduct yourself as a gentleman, remembering that your mother is or will be an old woman?" The thoughtless joker took the note to the express office, called for the agent and grasping Mr. Glenn's hand said, "I thank you for that rebuke."—Tampa (Fla.) Times.

The Gold Cure For Sore Throat.

A well known Portlander wears a necklace and is no dude either. He is exceedingly sensitive to sore throat, and he believes the gold of the chain protects him from it. When he was married, his wife found that he constantly wore a string of gold beads around his neck. She had little faith in their remedial property, and when the string broke one day she was in no hurry to replace it. But her husband came home with a bad sore throat, and she was so exercised to this gold cure that she bought him a chain that would be less likely to break than the string of beads. He has probably worn gold around his neck for at least 20 years, and you can't convince him that it's merely a whim.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

SPEECH OF ANIMALS.

A SUBJECT IN WHICH MANY ARE TAKING INTEREST.

A Chicago Physician Relates His Experience With a Pet Squirrel—He Is Sure That It "Talks" to Him and Understands Much That He Says—Intelligent Dogs.

That animals have a means of communication among themselves through certain vocal sounds is a well established fact; that these vocal sounds are of sufficient range to express other than mere physical ideas and thus to assume the importance of a language is probable, although as yet unproved.

For the last three years I have had a tame fox squirrel of which I have made a great pet. Polly has occupied a cage in the laboratory where she has been for the most part shut off from the sights and sounds of the outside world. Although at times the laboratory has had other tenants in the shape of squirrels, rabbits and guinea pigs, she has formed no particular attachment for any of them, but when I am about she is usually close to me, either on my shoulder or following me about like a dog.

Unconsciously at first and later with a definite purpose I have talked to her much as one would talk to a young child. About a year ago she began to reply to my conversation. At first it was only in response to my questions as to food, etc., but later her "talk" has assumed larger proportions, until now she will, of her own accord, assume the initiative.

Her vocabulary appears to be quite extensive, and while for the most part it pertains to matters of food and personal comfort there are times when it seems as though she were trying to tell me of other things.

When I first go out where she is in the morning, she immediately asks for food, and until that want is supplied she keeps up a constant muttering. Later when her hunger is appeased she will ask to be let out of the cage. Often when playing about the room she will climb onto my shoulder and "talk" to me for awhile in a low tone and then scamper off. Unless she is sleepy she will always reply to any remark made to her.

Her speech is not the chattering ordinarily observed in squirrels, but a low guttural tone that reminds one both of the low notes of a frog and the cluck of a chicken. Some of the notes I have been able to repeat, and invariably she becomes alert and replies to them. Unfortunately, the effort to reproduce her tones produces an uncomfortable effect on my throat, and I have been obliged to desist from further experiments in that direction. The sounds that she makes are quick and in low tone, so the attempt to isolate words is very difficult, yet there is as much range of inflection as in German.

Another reason why I believe she is endeavoring to communicate with me is that she has used the same sounds toward other squirrels confined in the same cage, and that, while she will answer any one who addresses her, she voluntarily will only talk at length to me. That she understands what is said to her is beyond question, and, furthermore, she will distinguish between a remark made to her and one made to some one else.

When Polly first commenced "talking," I regarded it merely as idle chattering, but further observation shows that it is not such, and that the sounds she makes have a definite meaning. Moreover, the sounds she makes in "talking" are not the shrill notes of anger or alarm, but low, clear sounds that are unmistakably articulate.

In my fondness for my pet have I overestimated the value of the sounds she makes, or am I right in assigning to them the characters of speech? Why should an animal not attempt to communicate with man? The higher animals are possessed of a well formed larynx and vocal chords. Why, then, should we deny or ever question the possibility of articulate speech? And if they can converse among themselves why may they not attempt to communicate with man?

Any one who has owned a well bred dog can relate numerous instances in which his dog has clearly understood what was said to it, and the readiness with which a dog learns a new command shows an intelligence of a high order. Although a dog's vocabulary is of limited range, it has certain definite sounds that possess an unmistakable meaning. There is the short, sharp bark that expresses a want, the low nervous bark that means discomfort, the sharp, quick bark of joy, the low whine of distress, the growl of distrust, the deep growl of anger, the loud bark of warning and the whimper of fright. When to these are added the various movements of the body, cowering in fear, crouching in anger, the stiff bracing of the body in defense, leaping in joy and many special actions, as licking the hand of the master or pulling at his clothes, we find that a dog can express his likes and dislikes, his wants and his feeling as clearly as though he were human. Any one who in a time of sorrow or depression has had his dog come to him and lay its head in his lap and has looked down into those great brown eyes so full of sympathy and love can ever doubt that the dog understood all and in its own way was trying to comfort.

A friend's cat has an unmistakable sound for yes and no. The former is low meyouw, while the latter is a short, sharp m'yow. If Tom wants to go out, that fact is made manifest by a quick meyouw. If perchance any one should be in the chair which Tom regards as his especial property, no regard for propriety restrains him from indicating that fact and unceremoniously ordering the obstructor out. His meyouw on such an occasion cannot be mistaken. Instances of this sort are not uncommon and ordinarily fall to attract attention, but is there not here a field that will well repay a careful investigation?—Dr. Howard N. Eaton not here in Science.

A Blind Girl's Sense of Touch.

Constant practice indeed has given to Helen Keller's sense of touch a delicacy and precision seldom attained even by the blind. Sometimes it seems as if her very soul were in her fingers, she finds so much to interest her everywhere. People frequently said to me at the fair, "She sees more with her fingers than we do with our eyes." And in one of her letters she says, "I am like the people my dear friend Dr. Holmes tells about, with eyes in their fingers that spy out everything interesting and take hold of it as the magnet picks out iron filings."

Descriptions are to Helen what paintings are to us, and her well trained imagination gives the light and color. One evening as we sat in a gondola I tried to tell Helen how the thousands of tiny electric lights were reflected in the water of the lagoons, when she asked, "Does it look as if a shower of golden fish had been caught in an invisible net?" Is it any wonder that Dr. Holmes says of her, "She is a poet whose lyre was taken from her in her early youth, but whose soul is full of music."

So we see, pathetic as Helen's life must always seem to those who enjoy the blessings of sight and hearing, that it is yet full of brightness and cheer, courage and hope.—St. Nicholas.

The Chicago Girl's First Inquiry.

Recently a young girl from Chicago, a college student, upon her first visit to Boston, was invited to begin her tour of inspection in company with an elderly Boston lady, who instinctively selected the route according to her ideas of what would be worth showing, and consequently began at what proved to be the wrong end for the desired impression upon the Chicago mind. In other words, she did not select the Back Bay costliness and did select the district of historical interest, which interest she at once found herself called upon to bring into high relief as an offset to the damaging comparison of the city's "poorly planned streets" with those of other cities within the western girl's acquaintance. The lady began to have twinges of misgiving as to her success in the character of a guide to Boston, but directed the steps of the pair to Park street and at the most favorable point of observation called attention to our statehouse, her heart swelling with pride. There was an impressive pause, and then from the Chicago girl:

"How much did it cost?"

The elderly Boston lady did not remember to have read.—Boston Transcript.

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

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No Profit asked on anything.

Dry Goods
of Every Description.
Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks, Ginghams, Table Linens,
Muslins, Percales, Calicos, Sheetings,
Flannels, Blankets, Cloths, Cassimeres,
Suitings, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves,
Notions
of All Kinds,
LADIES AND MISSES COATS.
Handkerchiefs, Laces, etc.
Clothing of All Kinds for Men and Boys,
OVERCOATS, SUITS AND PANTS,
A FULL LINE OF
CARPETS, RUGS, OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

I mean business. Goods must be sold in order that I may take charge of a business elsewhere. Sale commences Saturday, Feb. 10th. All persons indebted to me will please settle as soon as possible.

VERY RESPECTFULLY,

B. P. COX.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Gold was discovered in the Ural mountains in 1745.

The membership of the Primrose league has reached 1,160,561.

The first iron mine in the United States was opened in Virginia in 1663.

The first great oil well was at Oil Creek, Pa. It gave 1,000 gallons a day.

It is estimated that the annual salt product of the world is fully 7,800,000 tons.

In foggy London one day brought into the pockets of one gas company so large a sum as £60,000.

The Limosin hunting horn, sold at Christie's auction house, Colworth, London, in 1892, brought £6,300.

No matter how fortunate we may be in the present, it must be said that the future has a grave aspect for all of us.

A new pen point often refuses to work. Stick the point into a raw potato, and it will then write easily and smoothly.

In the Presbyterian hospital, New York city, last year there were 2,163 Roman Catholic patients, more than all other denominations combined.

The finest specimen of native gold ever found was in a Ural nugget, which gave nearly 99 per cent of gold, the balance being silver and copper.

In the days of the Emperor Diocletian, a house painter's wages were 6C cents a day, while a schoolmaster received only 60 cents a month for each pupil.

Professor Geikie says that at their present rate of erosion the British isles will be reduced to a level with the surrounding ocean by the end of the year 3,500,000. No cause for alarm, sure.

The gold mines of Peru were so rich that Atahualpa, to buy his ransom, filled a room 22 feet by 17 to a height of 9 feet with golden vessels. When melted, they produced $15,480,710 of gold.

Attar of rose is constantly growing more costly. A small quantity—about eight teaspoonfuls—costs from $10 to $15. The peasants who produce it in Bulgaria have largely given up raising grain to raise roses.

In the shop of a St. Petersburg watchmaker a human faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose, and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by a phonograph through its mouth.

An English woman, while in a fit of depression, swallowed a razor, with suicidal intent. She was taken to a hospital, and six days later the operation of gastrotomy was performed, and the razor was successfully removed. The incision in the stomach was sewed up and healed satisfactorily.

Two Safe Professions.

A writer of verse not wholly unknown to fame rejoices in the possession of a charming little country place not many miles from the metropolis, the lawns of which are carefully looked after by a clever young Irishman. It so happened that during the business depression of last summer the young Irishman's brother was thrown out of employment by the shutting down of the mills which were the chief industry of the town, and John, the poet's gardener, was very much overcome at the prospect of having to support his fraternal relative through the winter.

His employer had frequently asked after the brother's health and encouraged his gardener to confide his woes in him, believing that sympathy begets good service, and recently John said, in response to one of these inquiries:

"He's shtill out uv worruk, sorr. That's th' throuble wid worrukin in mills. Oi wuz tellin Patsey lashk noight he'd bethher get into some other thrade—like yures or moine, sorr."

"Like yours or mine, eh?" said the poet.

"Yis, sorr, for, as Oi said to him, sorr, no matther how dull business gets, there's jest as manny weeds to be pulled an pomes to be writ."—Harper's Magazine.

A Brutal Eviction.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—A family named Edwards were evicted from their flat because $16 rent was overdue. The father was out of work and three of the children were ill with measles. The mother carried one child in her arms out of the house, and no sooner did the cold air of the street strike it than convulsion after convulsion seized it, until poor little Sylvia, 3 years old, died from the exposure. Friends are now caring for the family.

Gladstone's Firm Handwriting.

In his earlier years Mr. Gladstone's writing was clear and regular, and age has not withered the variety of his mind or deprived his right hand of its cunning.—Exchange.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO,
OF NEW YORK.
RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

Statement for year ending December 31, 1893.

INCOME.

Received For Premiums,	$39,594,327 98	
All other sources,	4,350,787 70	$41,953,115 68

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policy holders,	$20,883,472 40	
For other accounts,	9,484,567 47	$30,370,039 87

ASSETS.

U. S. Bonds and other securities,		$72,696,322 41
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage,		70,729,958 93
Loans on Stock and Bonds,		7,497,240 00
Real Estate,		18,089,918 62
Cash in Banks, Trust Companies,		10,844,691 72
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.,		6,609,608 39
		$186,707,680 14
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities,		168,755,071 23
Surplus,		$17,952,608 91
Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed,		$708,695,552 40

NOTE—Insurance merely written is discarded from this statement as wholly misleading, and only Insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.
CHARLES A. PEELLER, Auditor.

T. HOWARD LEWIS,
GENERAL AGENT
for Delaware, Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia.
827 Market Street, Wilmington, Del.

A. FOUNTAIN, SPECIAL AGENT,
Easton, Md.

E. H. FURNESS & CO.
HARRISON ST.
EASTON, MD.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
WALL PAPER, PAINT, GLASS.

For the next 60 days we will dispose of all wall paper at cost to reduce stock. Now is your chance. The latest and finest designs. Come soon and get a selection.

E. H. Furness & Co.

FOR RENT.
The Large Brick Building
on North Washington Street, fronting Goldsborough Street, containing twelve very comfortable bed rooms, dining room, kitchen, pantries, closets, etc. Particularly suited for a BOARDING HOUSE, or would be rented separately for lodging rooms. Also a very desirable office and a Store Room.
Will be rented very low to good tenants.
Apply to
R. THOMAS.
S & L. 2 17 tf

Auditor's Notice.

EDWARD A. TOWELL, Attorney,
vs.
WILLIAM J. SHEHAN.

In the Circuit Court for Talbot County.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the Auditor will proceed to make an audit in the above entitled cause, on

TUESDAY, FEB. 27, 1894.

at his office in Easton. Persons having claims against the fund are hereby notified to file the same, properly authenticated, with the clerk of the Circuit Court for Talbot county, on or before said day, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefits of the fund.

2 17 OSWALD TILGHMAN, Auditor.

ORDER NISI.

Edward T. Sparks, et al. vs. Edward F. Sherwood, et al. | In the Orphans' Court of Talbot County, In Equity.

Ordered this 24th day of January, A. D., 1894 by the Orphans' Court for Talbot county, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Edward F. Sherwood, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 20th day of March, A. D., 1894, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper in Talbot county, once in each of four successive weeks, before the 27th day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $350 00.

EDWARD H. ROE, Register of Wills.
True Copy—Test.
EDWARD H. ROE, Register of Wills.

NOTICE.

Office of the County Commissioners, of Talbot County.
Easton, Md., January 3, 1894.

Notice is hereby given, That the County Commissioners for Talbot county will sit in their annual sessions for TRANSFERS AND ABATEMENTS on the assessments books, EVERY FRIDAY, beginning with Friday, January 12th, and ending with Friday, March 16th.

These meetings of the Board on the days above named are for the sole purpose of hearing applications for Transfers and Abatements, and all persons having business of this character are requested to bring it forward on these special meetings, and not on the regular Tuesday meetings.

1 27tf WM. REDDIE, Clerk.

A DAIRY THERMOMETER.
ALL CLASS. EASY TO CLEAN.
ONLY 25 CENTS AT
Dawson & Jenkins.

Two Car Loads
Choice Western Clover Seed
AND
Timothy Seed.

These seed are new and beautiful. The stock clean and of high quality. Just received and now ready for delivery. We are headquarters on GRASS SEED and can supply you at lowest market prices.

Come and see our large arrival of Carriage Harness at prices extremely low.

TONS OF BARB WIRE AT BOTTOM PRICES

We have a line of Plows, in the lead, just received. We have the best and cheapest New Ground Glub Plow we ever saw. Our unseasonable goods at cost. Come and see us.

YOUR FRIENDS,
SHANNAHAN & W[illegible]SON HARDWARE CO.
EASTON, MD.

SEASONABLE.

A LARGE AND VERY SUPERIOR ASSORTMENT OF
CARRIAGE BLANKETS, ROBES.
AN ELEGANT LINE OF SQUARE AND SHAPED
5-A HORSE COVERS.
SAUSAGE CUTTERS AND STUFFERS, LARD PRESSES.
GUNS, SINGLE and DOUBLE,
BREECH and MUZZLE LOADERS.
SPORTING GOODS AND AMMUNITION IN LARGE QUANTITY.
Muskrat and Otter Traps. Pocket and Table Cutlery.
BUILDING HARDWARE OF ALL KINDS.
Lime Hair, Cement and Plaster, Barbed Wire, Wagons, Harness. Farming Implements of all kinds.