The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1880. VOL. XIX-NO. 8.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

OF

ROGERS, PEET & Co.

ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND REASONABLE PRICES.

The public are cordially invited. No trouble to show goods.

MORDECAI & SMITH, Proprietors.

LUMBER.

Thomas Matthews & Son,

Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,

OPPOSITE THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, AND No. 88 NORTH HIGH ST., BALTIMORE.

White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PALES, etc.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

WRITE FOR PRICES.

Ice Cream,

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

Frozen Custard

And Water Ices!

Strawberries and Raspberries.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

CHEAP!

CHEAPER!!

CHEAPEST!!!

THE subscriber is now selling his best Ice Cream for $1.25 per gallon; 75 cents per half-gallon; 40 cents per quarter gallon; 25 cents per one-eighth gallon; plates 10 cts. It is now pronounced to be the *very best* that was ever in this market—so declared by ladies and gentlemen from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Cream furnished by the undersigned to the Odd Fellows' anniversary, at the Court House, April 29th, was said, by the two hundred or three hundred ladies and gentlemen who partook of it, to have been the *best they ever ate;* which, of itself, is a good advertisement.

Picnics, Festivals and Excursions will be allowed a discount on all orders of and above five gallons

All orders must be accompanied by the cash.

The Ladies' Parlor will be open after next Monday.

Thanking the public for all favors conferred in the past, and hoping for a continuance of liberal patronage, I promise to do my best to please all.

Wm. Perkins,

Rising Sun Saloon.

Chestertown, May 22, 1879

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD & BOYER.

Prompt and polite attention to ustomers. April, 1880.

R. K. Pippin,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Chestertown, Md.

IS prepared to erect BUILDINGS of every description at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

He employs good mechanics, and his work is done in the most substantial and satisfactory manner.

Persons contemplating building are respectfully invited to get his estimates before contracting with others.

May 27, 1880. R K. PIPPIN.

BEAUTIFUL Glass Setts, at 50, 75, 1.00 and $1.50—at SPARKS'.

PARIS GREEN

and

LONDON PURPLE!

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs

For sale at the lowest prices by WM. WICKES, Druggist.

RAMBO LIME.

LAST year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this Quarry that the Limestone came which gave this Lime its high reputation.

This, and this only, is the

GENUINE RAMBO LIME.

I own ALL of the land on which this stone lies. This Quarry was discontinued only because a vein of earth cut off the face. I have cut through this and re-opened these Quarries upon the original stone which old Nathan Rambo quarried as long as he could find it.

WE CHALLENGE ALL TESTS.

R. McCOY & CO.

Robert McCoy bought of me my Blue Quarry—I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the blue stone worked by my father in his lifetime.

NATHAN RAMBO.

This Lime will be shipped by railroad or water to all stations and landings in Maryland and Delaware. For Prices and Terms apply to

B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown.

Office Under Voshell House.

April 1, 1880—1y

TO THE LADIES

MRS. E. N. MELVIN,

Adjoining Louis K. Stam's,

HAS now in store a BEAUTIFUL LINE OF GOODS specially for the Ladies. She invites the attention of all in want of

Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, Collars AND CUFFS,

to her newest and prettiest styles and low prices.

Childrens' Dresses and Underclothing

Ready-made and made to order.

HAMBURG EDGI GS A SPECIALTY.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS, the best in use, constantly on hand.

Pictures, Picture Frames, Oil Chromos, Mottoes,

in great variety and very beautiful.

Also, ZEPHYRS and CARD BOARD, and numerous other articles that you may see by calling.

All goods bought low and sold at small profits. Come and see.

MRS. E. N. MELVIN,

Jan. 29, 1880. Opposite the Bank.

A CARD.

MISS R. W. WATKINS respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at her residence, or, if desired, at their homes. Terms moderate.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss ROBINA WATKINS to my former pupils as Teacher of Music. I consider her highly qualified to give instruction on Piano and Organ, and am confident that she will give satisfaction to those who may employ her.

MRS. C. LAKE.

Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

New Departure" Cultivator—for KENNARD & CO.

Select Poetry.

WE'RE ALL HONEST.

We are all honest—oh, of course;
Of this remark Boggs shows the force:
Whene'er he swaps a mule or horse—
You know him.

Old Blodger, ere the prices drop,
Brings into town his apple crop—
The biggest apples on the top.
That's proper.

The parson, feeling rather blue,
Declines to write a sermon new,
And makes an early effort do—
Who'll know it?

The lawyer—but alas! I shrink
From saying here just what I think—
I pause to wink a large-sized wink.
D'ye see it.

The doctor, having little skill,
Rolls up a very harmless pill—
It cannot cure, it cannot kill.
That's human.

The butcher to his patron owns,
His meat is "somewhat mostly" bones,
And adds, "I bought 'em," in such tones
As hushes doubt.

The politician—but again
I sadly drop my feeble pen,
And thinking of this citizen,
I once more wink.

The deacon says his prayers arise,
Without an effort to the skies—
It takes him hours to memorize
The "borrowed" ones.

The editor—but here I pause;
God bless his calling and his cause,
And pardon him whene'er he draws
On his imagination.

We are all honest—to be sure,
Tom, Dick, and Harry, yes, and your
Most humble servant, proud and poor,
The writer.

I'm honest—so my friends all say;
I labor hard, my debts I pay—
Don't carelessly leave in my way
A half a million.

HE DID NOT SWEAR.

"You see, my children," said an old acquaintance of ours the other evening, as a little group huddled around him, "there is no habit that you cannot rid yourself of, if you are so resolved. Now, in my early youth I was a sailor, and contracted the popular habit of swearing at every thing and nothing. Without provocation I would rattle off a string of oaths and violate the commandment a hundred times a day. When I left the sea my mother's early teaching returned to me, and I mentally resolved that I would never swear again. That was forty years ago, and I have never violated the promise I made myself. Some of you have little habits which you can as easily rid yourselves of; promise me now, my dearies, that you will call up your worst habit and drop it to-night."

The promises were readily given, and then came calls for a story. It was his habit to supplement his little lectures by stories.

"Tell us a story of the sea," lisped a little voice.

The old man smiled and picked up a conch from the hearth:

"Well, little beauty, I will let the shell tell it."

He placed it to his ear, closed his eyes, and said:

"Hark! I hear the sea. It is the Mediterranean, and before me is a ship plunging upon the stormy waves. The crew are huddled about in terror and the vessel plunges along in the lightning-rent night with no hand at the helm. But there is one form that trembles not. It stands at the bow with upturned face gazing into the heavens."

"Oh, that's Paul, I know!" exclaimed a childish voice.

"Right again, my child. Inspired by a divine faith, he stands unmoved in the night; fear nor pain can move him. He is a true man, and"—

The old man paused; the shell dropped from his hand and a look of startled inquiry passed over his face. He sprang to his feet and danced a can-can in the room; he called on his patron saint and swore a string of oaths thirteen feet long as he rent the night air with his discordant shrieks; the women screamed, children cried, the police came, and four neighbors at last bore him to the floor and sat on him while another removed with a pair of compasses a bug from his ear.

One little cockroach hid in a shell had upset the resolution of forty years' standing.

THE HIDDEN WISDOM OF GOD.—The mind of a pious workman, named Thierney, was much occupied with the ways of God, which appeared to him full of inscrutable mysteries. The two questions, 'How?' and 'Why?' were constantly in his thoughts—whether he considered his own life, or the dispensations of Providence in the government of the world. One day, in visiting a ribbon manufactory, his attention was attracted by an extraordinary piece of machinery. Countless wheels and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions; he could understand nothing of its movements. He was informed, however, that all this motion was connected with the center where there was a chest which was kept shut.—Anxious to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior. "The master has the key," was the reply. Here was the answer to all the perplexed thoughts. Yes, the Master has the key. He governs and directs all.—It is enough. What need I more? "He also established them forever and ever; he hath made a decree which shall not pass."

A bride of a month went to a married lady of a quarter of a year and said: "My darling says that women are fools." "Never mind," said the other, "he is only studying nouns, wait until he reaches adjectives."—*New York Herald.*

A faint heart never won a fair lady, but a faint whisper often catcher her.

Select Story.

TOO CUNNING BY HALF.

There was a profound impression created in the minds of the good people of ——ville when the tidings got out that Joe Barberry, the most dangerous and the most cunning of all the mad-men up at the lunatic asylum, had managed to evade his keepers and was at large. Joe, in his mad way, had always been an object of terror to the visitors. Like the majority of insane people, he had his lucid intervals, and in these moments he was sensible enough.—But when the evil mood was on him he was one of the most terrible fellows to deal with that could be imagined. He had a peculiar fallacy which took the shape of imagining himself a modern Blue Beard. In other words, Joe believed that he was invested with the soul of Blue Beard, and that, in order to keep up with that historical personage's supposed character, it was his duty to cut off as many female heads as the real Blue Beard had done. His weakness in this respect was first discovered at a time when he was courting one of three sisters. He was an accepted suitor of the young woman, and imparted to her in a moment of confidence, the information that when she married him she would be the wife of Blue Beard, and that, in case she should disobey him and exhibit any curiosity in household matters, he would decapitate her and marry her sisters in the order of their ages. This sort of thing, persisted in finally aroused suspicion, and Joe was forbidden the house. Then his fierce lunacy asserted itself. He declared that, married or not, he was bound to have his sweetheart's head; and, indeed, went so far as to burnish up and sharpen an old cavalry sabre, with which, one fine day, he made an attack on the young woman, and really attempted to carry out his purpose. Joe was arrested, an investigation was had, and, as he solemnly persisted in his intention to sever the young woman's head from her body at the first favorable opportunity, it was decided that the man was insane, and that the public safety (and especially the young woman's safety) required that he should be kept confined. These were the circumstances under which Joe Barberry has been shut up; and as his malady had increased to that point, during his three years of confinement, that the whole female sex became finally included in the scope of his Blue Beard attributes—all women, Joe holding, having a proneness to disobey and to be curious and inquisitive—it became a more serious question than ever before that he should not be afforded an opportunity to carry out a design which evidently only needed a suitable chance to ensure an execution.

Joe's views being extensively known among those who visited the asylum, the female portion of the visitors were generally very anxious to see him and converse with him on his peculiar tenets in regard to their sex. This was a matter of some difficulty, as Joe was equally anxious to—as he expressed it—"get at 'em and fix 'em." A strict discipline, however, prevailed at the asylum where Joe was confined, and visitors were only permitted to gratify their curiosity in the matter by inspecting him at a short distance (through iron bars), where he might be seen, with an air of profound interest and attention, walking up and down the corridor of his department and immersed in the perusal of a volume containing the "Story of Blue Beard"—of which work he had half a dozen editions of different kinds, bound in every material from Russian and Morocco leather to paper binding.

From the foregoing (and to revert to the beginning of this story of Joe Barberry's escape from the toils), a fair idea of the sensation produced by the knowledge that this lunatic was free to carry out his unnatural theory in regard to the sex may be gained. As sheriff of the county in which the town of ——ville was situated, it was a part of my province to see that, by fair means or foul, he should be caught before he could do any damage. In pursuance of this duty, I placed men on the watch in various quarters, and caused placards to be posted up in various portions of the town, and at the country cross-roads, giving a full description of the fugitive. In order to stimulate exertion, I also offered a reward of $50 for his capture.

In the course of the morning, a day or two after this action, whilst sitting in my office, awaiting developments and exchanging suggestions with divers gentlemen who had dropped in to speak over the matter and who all united in declaring that Joe's escape had so worked on the fears of the female population of ——ville that they had resolutely kept within doors for fear of meeting with him, the day's mail for the office was brought in. Among the letters were three addressed to myself, and which purported to give some facts in relation to the fugitive. Two of these letters were written in the town, and the third came from a village on the road about fifteen miles distant. All three of the letters were written on the day before, and all contained the announcement that Joe had been seen, but in each case in a quarter different from that announced in the others. The letters that had been written in—— ville came, one from a resident of the town, and the other from a farmer who had just arrived with produce from the country. The first ran in this way:

"SHERIFF—I seen Joe Barberry, or a man answering to a description of the same, in this town, yesterday. What made me think it was him was because he answered the description you gave, and because he said it was all a mistake about his being crazy, he being all right, he said. That's why I think it was Joe, and I inform you of it so you may know where to look for him."

This was signed by a citizen of ——ville, whose name was well known to me.

The other was to this effect:

"MR. SHERIFF—I've just arrived in ——ville, in a wagon from the country, with a load of vegetables for sale. I would like to let you know that Joe Barberry, which escaped from the asylum the other day, is flying around the country about twelve miles from here, on the Snake Creek turnpike, and would like, he says, to see you catch him. I understand that he says he's no more crazy than you are, and that all the folks up at the asylum are as crazy as March hares. Send a man down that way and I'll point him out. He ain't in ——ville, wherever he is."

The third letter bore an odd sort of a family resemblance to the above two (although the handwriting of all three was different one from the other,) and was as follows:

"TO THE SHERIFF OF —— COUNTY—I don't think it's any use trying to catch Joe. Barberry. He's sharper than all of you put together—he is. You may think he's insane about his being Blue Beard, but you wouldn't think so to hear him talk. He says he bound to have Miss ——'s head, and if he can't get her's he'll get somebody else's. He's determined on this. I heard a man talk that way to-day up at Todd's tavern here. I met him on the road and he looked like Joe Barberry, so that I got frightened and ran away. Send two or three men here and I think we might catch him. I'm pretty certain that Joe Barberry ain't in —— ville."

This episode was signed (like that of the former) with a name of which I had never heard. Singular to say, my impression on reading them was precisely to the opposite to the belief which they seemed desirious of inculcating. In a roundabout sort of a way I jumped to the conclusion that Joe Barberry, however much he may have been wandering for the last three days, was in —— ville.

On reading the letters, I quietly placed them in my pocket and went on conversing with those present in the office. Whilst I did not place much reliance in the opinions of my correspondents and did not attach any importance to their information, one way or another, I felt it the part of discretion to remain silent as to the recipt of their communications.

Later in the day, and just after I had received a report from one of the men in search of Barberry, which gave me the information that Joe had really been in the neighborhood of ——ville on the day before, I was comparing the letters which had come in the mail and was wondering at the similarity of tone which prevaded all three, when I was interrupted by the entrance into the office of a stranger who inquired for Sheriff ——. I declared myself to be the person asked for and requested the gentleman to be seated. The letters were lying on the table before me, where I had placed them, and the visitor seated himself opposite me.

The stranger was a man of quiet demeanor and address, and I judged from his appearance that he was a professional man—a lawyer, I should say. He was somewhat advanced in years, and his hair and whiskers were gray.

"Sheriff," he commenced, looking around the room and speaking in a low tone, "have you found any traces of Barberry yet—you know whom I mean?"

"Well, no, sir—nothing certain as yet. But I think I shall, very shortly."

"You have people on the watch for him, I believe, sheriff?"

"Quite a number, sir—enough, I should say, to discover him eventually."

"I dare say," replied the stranger, rubbing his hands—"I dare say, sheriff. But I am told that Joe—Barberry, I mean—'Crazy Joe,' as they call him, is no fool."

"That may be, sir; but for all that, I am bound to have Joe Barberry some time or other."

"Some time or other, sheriff," responded my visitor, gravely, "is a very indefinite way of expressing it. I shouldn't wonder, now, if Barberry had quit the county."

"As you say, sir, perhaps he may have done so. But I'll catch him, depend upon it."

"I hope you may, sir," returned the stranger as gravely as before.—He seemed to dwell with a friendly feeling upon the chance of my catching Joe, for he nodded his head slowly, worked his hands, the one within the other, softly, and repeated: "I hope you may, sir. If Joe Barberry is to be caught, I hope you may have the catching of him, sir."

In all this time I had been wondering at the stranger's interest in Joe Barberry's case. But that was natural, too, I thought, as there was so much public interest shown in the matter.

The stranger's next remark was, to say the least, peculiar.

"I heard on the street to-day, sheriff," he said, "that you had received some letters stating the facts of Joe's whereabouts. It there any truth in that report?"

I kept my countenance and preserved my composure. I was not sure but that he was the writer of one of those letters. But the reference to the report on the street aroused my suspicion.

"I did receive a communication on that subject, sir," I replied. He had his eye fixed on the letters on the table as I spoke.

"How many did you say?" he asked, turning his ear the better to catch my answer.

"I said a communication."

"Oh! I heard there were three came in."

"Rumor often magnifies the truth,' I replied, not knowing exactly what to say, and taking a sudden interest in my visitor. "Indeed, I've heard it said, on the subject of Barberry himself, that he is an ignorant fellow, who can neither read not write. But I don't believe it."

"Absurd!" exclaimed my visitor, with a touch of displeasure. "Joe Barberry is quite a scholar, sir—quite a scholar. And what is more, I believe he's half right in regard to his ideas about chopping women's heads off. It can't be denied that women are inquisitive and that they will disobey." My visitor could not have shown more feeling on this subject in his manner than Joe himself, when he uttered this; and, as he went on speaking, I rapidly reached a conclusion which was as gratifying as it was unanticipated.

"You have offered a reward of fifty dollars for information as to Barberry's whereabouts—have you not, sheriff?"

"Fifty dollars is what I will give," I replied.

"Then," he said, mysteriously, "I'll claim half to inform you of where he may be found—half to inform, and you will give the other half when you catch him. Is that agreed upon?"

"Let me know where he is, sir. I will decide after you have told me."

"He's lurking round Todd's tavern, and—"

The stranger had got that far, when I rose from my seat and said to him, sharply: "You mistake, my friend. Joe Barberry's here in —— ville. More than that, he's in my office at this moment"—here my visitor gave a bound from his chair—"and I think," I continued, collaring him as I spoke and relieving him of his false hair and whiskers, "I think I will claim all the reward myself!"

There was a brief struggle, during which assistance came in the shape of two or three passers-by.—Joe (for it was he) finally submitted; and two hours after he was walking his old beat in the asylum, as profoundly absorbed in his history of Blue Beard as ever.

HIS DEFENCE.

"Well, old man?" queried his Honor, as Samuel Spooner walked out.

"I demand to be allowed to plead my own case!" replied the prisoner, who was a little old man, nearly sixty years old, and chuck full of snarls and twists.

"Well go ahead. The charge is drunkenness. Is your client guilty or not guilty?"

"Judge, how on earth could I have been drunk? Just take the case on its merits, and tell me what could have induced me to imbibe spirituous liquors?"

"I don't know what the inducement was, but the officer says he found you at nightfall in the ditch, your feet a great deal higher than your head, and your snore sounding like the whistle of a propeller."

"Judge, I brand that statement as the most outrageous falsehood of the present decade!" shouted the old man. "No epoch in the history of this world, since Noah left the ark, has furnished a greater libel on an innocent man. I will at once sue him for $10,000 damages!"

"But what were you doing in the ditch?"

"What was I doing? Judge, take this case on its merits. For convenience sake we will divide it into four sections. In section first an old man, beloved by many and trusted by all, comes to town to buy his wife four dozen clothes pins and a patent mop-handle. In section two we see him paying cash down for his goods and indulging in a glass of lemonade to cheer his weary spirits. In section three he starts for home, is seized with dizziness, and drops by the wayside. In section four a fiend in human shape comes prowling along, sees the helpless old man in the ditch, and, with a malignity worthy of Satan himself, he drags the aged veteran to a bastile, and there charges him with the crime of drunkenness. The world must stand appalled at such brutality. Not even in the days of Nero did—"

"Are you most done?" interrupted his honor.

"No, sir! The merits of this case demand a speech at least half an hour longer."

"Then you can make the rest of it on the outside of the building.—Please go right out."

"I demand to be heard!"

"Yes, I know, but I haven't time. The court finds that you were divided into four dizzy sections, are guilty on each one, and you are discharged."

"Judge, let us consider the merits of this case."

But the Judge wouldn't, and Bijah carried the old man to the door and dropped him off the step."

PLAIN TALK TO YOUNG MEN.

Remember, young friend, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been full of smarter and better young men than yourself; that when they died the globe went whirling on, and that not one man in a hundred millions went to the funeral or even heard of his death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't try to dazzle or astonish anybody with it. And don't imagine a thing is simple because you happen to think it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do.—He used to think he was as much smarter than his father as you think you are smarter than your father.

The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have for the world.—Your clothes fit better than your father's fit him; they cost more money; they are more stylish. He used to be as straight and nimble as you are. He, too, perhaps, thought his father old fashioned.—Your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely scrampling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

Young men are useful, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we could not engineer a picnic successfully without them.—But they are no novelty. They have been here before. Every generation has had a full supply of them, and will have to the end of time; and each crop will think themselves quite ahead of the last, and will live to be called old fogies by their sons. Go ahead. Have your day. Your sons will, by and by, pity you for your old, odd ways.—Don't be afraid your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding, they will find you. A diamond is not so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it the more intently.—*Phrenological Journal.*

SOME COFFINS.

There was an extraordinary character in Yorkshire, at the beginning of the present century, named Jemmy Hirst, of Raweliffe, who was a well-known figure at Doncaster and York-races, and whose singular eccentricities had spread his fame even as far as London. When Jemmy had made his fortune as a tanner, he resolved to cut the tan-yard and "set up as a swell" for the remainder of his life.

The first step to that end was to procure a handsome oaken coffin, furnished with a folding lid, which was let into the corner of the parlor like a cupboard, and filled with provisions and liquor. When Jemmy Hirst died, rich and full of years, he left directions in his will that he was to be buried in the aforesaid coffin, and that his body was to be carried to the grave by eight old maids, who were to receive half a guinea apiece for their services. The eight old maids, however, were not forthcoming, and eight buxom widows were engaged at half a crown a head, to do duty to their bearers.

The motley procession was headed by bag-pipes and a fiddle, and the country folks flocked in by hundreds to pay their last respects to Jemmy Hirst of Raweliffe. He died, I think, in 1826. I remember also hearing of a Mr. Ellis King, who lived in King's Bench Walk some eighty years ago, and who kept his coffin in his chamber, filled with wines and spirits to be drank by his friends on the day of his funeral.—The coffin occupied a conspicuous place in the room, and was always solemnly toasted at his convivial parties the last thing before the guests took their leave.—*Notes and Queries.*

A GREAT POULTEY RAISER.—W. C. Baker, of Cresshill, N. J., is the largest artificial poultry raiser in the world and after spending $80,000 in experiments and getting establised now has a gross income of $80,000 a year and will raise 250,000 young chickens during 1880.—He is enlarging his accommodations to keep 3,500 laying hens of the best varieties but still has to buy eggs. Both hens and chicks are housed and fed in luxurious, systematic style, the hatching being done in two incubating chambers, capable of holding 8000 eggs each, in tiers of shallow drawers, where they are warmed by gas made on the place, and turned daily by women in attendance. The young chick is taken to a brooding house, several hours after it is hatched, where it is kept until it is three weeks old and creeps under the hen mother zinc, filled with hot water and lined on the under side with blanketing. After three weeks the lusty young fowl is put among the laying hens, or in the cramming house, where each fowl is confined in a small box and stuffed for two or three weeks till ready for market. Mr. Baker can now fatten 50,000 a year.

SANITARY SLEEPING.

Dr. B. W. Richardson protests against the double bed. He maintains that the system of having beds in which two persons can sleep is always to some extent unhealthful. Each little child, even, should have its own little bed. No two children are constituted so as to require the same kind of bed clothing and the same kind of bedding. "No child ren or persons can sleep under the same covering without one being the cause of some discomfort to the other, by movement, position or drag of clothing. Beyond these discomforts, however, there is the question of emanations from the breath. At some time or other the breath of one of the sleepers must, in some degree, affect the other; the breath is heavy, disagreeable; it may be so intolerable that in waking hours, when the senses are alive to it, it would be sickening soon after a short exposure to it. Here in bed, with the senses locked up, the disagreeable odor may not be realized; but assuredly, because it is not detected, it is not the less injurious. Moreover, under the single bed system it is rendered impossible to place very old and very young people to sleep together. To the young this is a positive blessing, for there is no practice more deleterious to them than to sleep with the aged. The vital warmth that is so essential for their growth and development is robbed from them by the aged, and they are enfeebled at a time when they are least able to bear the enfeeblement."

BICYCLE spokes are made almost as thin as pipe-stems, so that the average rider can distinguish them from his legs. It would be dangerous to get them mixed up.

THOUGH there are in the State of Texas 6,000 fugitives from justice, of whom 1,000 are charged with murder, it is a satisfaction to know that no horse thief has escaped.

THE Boston Transcript endeavors to prove that young people seek the sea-shore on account of the phosphorous, which is essential to match making.

All Sorts of Clippings

A low story—The basement.

There are 15,000 washwomen in Paris.

Naturally enough, the spot most dear to cattle is their fodderland.

A wide awake fellow's life is not a happy one.

Gaining ground—The investor in corner lots.

This weather will hurry peaches a heap.

Italy has had six administrations in four years.

Thackeray's writings are again much in vogue.

Dirt accumulates more rapidly than wealth.

The atmosphere is much closer than the millenium.

The widower who fainted at his darling's grave was soon re-wived.

Free-nology—When the professor feels your bumps without charge.

Jersey lightning is the only kind that ever strikes twice in the same place.

Hymn books and fans have a decided inclination to get into the wrong pews in church.

People with notes to pay will be sorry to learn that the days have begun to grow shorter.

Jay Gould used to be a tanner. He still remains in the hide business. Now he is a skinner.

It is said that George W. Childs' net revenue from the Philadelphia Ledger last year was $400,000.

A trusting woman believes that Bob Ingersoll is yet to be converted and become a second St. Paul.

Do not cool off too suddenly. In other words, don't crawl into a refrigerator.

Mark Twain says he writes best in his stable, but he probably means on his table.

Hanlan and Riley believe in training up their children in the way they should row.

The King of the Cannibal Islands wants to buy our navy. He is getting up a boat club.

Soldene's capacious and tuneful mouth is coming to America, accompanied by its owner.

There is no pleasure in having nothing to do; the fun is in having lots to do—and not doing it.

The fact that the homeliest woman always won was what broke up female walking matches.

Not one American woman in one hundred can walk five miles—unless it is to a shopping excursion.

No Brooklyn man dares to weep at his mother-in-law's funeral, for fear he will be called a hypocrite.

Boston has about 5,000 students of elocution and oratory. Many fine auctioneers come from Boston.

The Chicago Times calls on the women who have husbands to support to organize a new political party.

There is another boom in the shoe trade—the hop-scotch season has opened.

A cat in Anderson, S. C., eats onions. As if its yell wasn't bad enough before.

Only three policemen are employed in Baton Rouge, La., a city of 8,000 inhabitants.

Twenty per cent. of the cattle that run on the Western plains die during the winter.

Saratoga and Newport costumes will be stylish beyond anything seen in twenty years.

Conceding that husband and wife are one, if the wife poison the husband is it a case of suicide?

It is said that Leadville will lose half of its population by the great rush to the Gunnison country.

Water, when it becomes steam, is expanded 1,700 times its original bulk.

There are 6,000 miles of telephone and telegraphic wires in New York city.

The ordinary strength of an elephant is calculated as equal to that of 147 men.

The area of arable lands in the United States is estimated at 1,500,000,000 square miles.

There was a law enacted in Massachusetts in 1646 fining any one who made a long speech.

Men are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary instruction.

A Dublin newspaper says: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

During the deluge Mr. Noah was in the habit of calling his wife the ark angel.

A pleasant smile is the sign of friendship, but trying to borrow 25 dollars is the test.

"Patrick, where is Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep watchin' the bread bakin'."

"Half a loaf is better than none," as the corner loafer said to the policeman when told to move on.

"How to get the best of mosquitoes," says an exchange. But who wants mosquitoes of any quality.

The man who never courts a favor is the man who is madder than a hornet if some one else receives one.

It is not true that when a Chicago man is asked to listen he invariably replies, "I am all ears."

The discoverer of the first sea-dog gave it that name to distinguish it from a new found land dog.

A "water repellant" is all very well in its way, but what this country needs is a whisky repellant.

An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a man your friend than a pound of fault.

It takes 856 blows of the hammer to make a horseshoe. No wonder there is luck in them.

Burdette discovers that there are more Christians in China than there are in San Francisco.

Very fortunately, says an exchange, none of Brigham Young's daughters are blondes. When they blush for their father the fact is not painfully noticable.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0124