The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 1.

BUYERS OF CLOTHING
Should Not Neglect to Examine the
Stock Displayed on the Tables of the
LEADING AND POPULAR CLOTHING HOUSE
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Describe what You Want and send for Samples.

A. C. YATES & CO.,
Ledger Building, Chestnut & Sixth.

B. F. FLEMING,
Dealer in Grain.

SCHUYLKILL LIME, quick and slaked, delivered by cars or vessel. Frequently pays for itself in the first crop. I refer to a few who have used my Lime: Richard Hynson, Esq., J. A. Pearce, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Round Top; Isaac Parsons, George R. Reed, Major B. T. Biggs, Robert Nicholson, H. W. Vickers, Major T. B. Hynson, John T. Mier, Jas. Beck of Geo., Bartus P. Hatcherson, Samuel Hurlock, Rev. E. B. Newnam, Rev. S. W. Thomas, Thomas Gale, David Hurlock, William Hurlock.
BITUMINOUS and ANTHRACITE COAL
OAK and PINE WOOD, sawed and split if desired. Apr 14, 1881—y

NO BETTER FERTILIZERS
CAN BE USED THAN
BAUGH'S
DOUBLE EAGLE PHOSPHATE.
BAUGH'S
Economical Fertilizer for
POTATOES.
HAVE BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED.
For Circulars and Prices address
BAUGH & SONS,
20 South Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
103 South St., Baltimore.

YOU CAN DEPEND
ON THE ACTION OF
WARRANTED PURE
Dissolved Raw Bone
BUY IT!
of the Manufacturers, who warrant absolute purity and standard.
Lowest Prices.
BAUGH & SONS,
20 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia.
103 South St., Baltimore.
Factory established over twenty five years.
April 14, 1881—2m.

LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT,
SYMMETRY OF PROPORTION,
STHENGTH AND BEAUTY
ARE ALL COMBINED IN THE
OHIO CHILLED PLOW.

Farmers, in the past year this plow has proven *ALL* we claimed for it. It is the *lightest* draft Plow, without a doubt, and the strongest. Take one home and try it in competition with any chilled or good plow made. We also sell the greatly celebrated
PERRY SPRING TOOTH HARROW.
This we claim, and are willing to prove, is the best Harrow made. Those that have tried them are delighted. We respectfully refer you to Robert Comly, Locust Grove; G. H. Leaverton, Lankford; Joseph Massey, Chestertown; George S. Biddle, Chestertown.
Kennard & Co., Chestertown.

SUPERIOR
SPRING PHOSPHATES
—FOR—
CORN and VEGETABLES,
MANUFACTURED BY
KENNARD & CO.
STERLING $25. P. P. GUANO $18. REDUCTION FOR CASH.

We are now prepared to furnish our Sterling and P. P. Brands of Phosphates for Spring use. Feeling confident that the past has fully demonstrated their value we do not deem it necessary to enlarge herein upon their merits, but can only say that having purchased our material of first hands, we can and do invite comparison of prices with any other goods on the market.
We have on hand a large lot of Kainit, which we imported direct and which, with any other chemicals we are prepared to furnish at reasonable prices.
The following parties can furnish any information relative to our goods:

W. O. SHALLCROSS,	WM. FORD,	W. W. STEPHENS,
ISAAC PARSONS,	I. C. TAYLOR,	R. HYNSON,
Rev. S. S. HEPHRON,	WM. VANNORT,	R. G. NICHOLSON,
G. H. LEAVERTON,	G. R. BECK,	W. B. PLUMMER,
DAN JEWELL,	G. T. WILLIAMS,	T. J. VICKERS,
B. F. CREW,	J. J. MASLIN,	B. F. BECK, Sr.,
Dr. S. BECK,	B. L. LEGG,	FRED. BARKMAN,
T. R. STRONG,	JAMES H. EDES,	T. R. HYNSON,
R. W. CALDER,	G. STARTT,	HYDE BROWN,
FRANK LAMB,	JOHN A. GROVES,	COMEGYS BROWN,

and many in all sections of the county.
Those in upper part of county can call on our Mr. Rivers at Galena, who has located there and to whom we have transferred our machinery business. [April 7—8t.

LIME PAINT.
It is good for Frame Houses, outside being Water Proof
The attention of Housekeepers, Farmers and others is called to the above Useful and Valuable Preparation for Whitewashing and Sanitary Purposes. It costs less in comparison than Common Whitewash, or the unslacked lime, and its durability and beauty are two-fold greater. It never loses its strength. It can be kept for years. When applied, it forms a surface as smooth as calsomine, without glue or plaster. It can be used conveniently and economically in making Mortar, Finishing Insides, and for all purposes in which sand and lime are employed. We solicit a trial. We refer to the Knickerbocker Ice Co., and others. Sold at wholesale, by the barrel, and in smaller packages, at the Manufactory.
PRICES:

In Barrels, White,	$2.00	Colors, $3.00
" "	1.00	" 1.50
In Good Buckets, (2½ Gallons,) White,	50 Cts.	Colors, 75 Cts.

CARLES & CO.,
LIME AND LUMBER MERCHANTS,
S. E. COR., FRONT & RACE STS., PHILADELPHIA.
Advances made on consignments of Lumber, Ties and quick sales. Bill for Lumber sent to cut by if desired. March 17, 1881—3m.

SPRING AND SUMMER
CLOTHING.
We beg leave to ask your kind inspection of Our New Stock, completely assorted in all Departments. In no previous season have we shown such a Variety of Styles and Fabrics, which we offer at Lowest Prices, based upon our well known principles---"One Price" to all: garments cheerfully Exchanged or Money Refunded if goods do not suit.
B. R. Hillman & Co.
166 W. BALTIMORE Street, Baltimore, Maryland
March 31, 1881.

THE BEST RAT TRAP—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

KEEBLER'S Pound, Fruit, and Sponge Cake—at SPARKS'S.

NOT wishing to carry a stock of *LAMPS* through the summer, we are selling them very cheap. Call at SPARKS,
March 24, 1881 opposite Court House.

WM. LEA & SONS and C. A. Gambrill & Co's. Best Grades of Flour. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Sald Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.

FARMERS' HARDWARE—for sale by THOS. L. HINES & CO.

ONLY A FEW YEARS.

Only a few years, and I shall be lying
Under the grasses, the buds and the flowers;
Under the snow, the sleet and the tempest;
Under the mist and the soft, dripping showers;
Only a few years, when those who look downward,
Through fast-falling tears, to cry me goodbye,
Will thank God the unrest and doubting is over—
That peace comes at last, if but when we die.

Only a few years, when those who now wrong me
Forever will hush their harsh voices of blame,
And whisper caressingly soft words of pardon
For follies and faults which were done in my name.
Only a few years to bear heavy burdens,
To weep with the weeping, and help bear theirs, too;
Some day in the future the lips that have blessed me,
And lips that have blamed me, will say "She was true."

What matters it, then, if with feet silken sandaled,
Some fly with swift grace over flower-covered plain,
While I, with feet tired, bruised, naked and bleeding,
Toil up the sharp steeps 'gainst the storm-driven rain?
What matters it, then, if no jewels gleam brightly,
Or rose's soft fragrance dies, faint in my hair;
But only thorns press on a brow overburdened,
And blood stains the black robe of sackcloth I wear?

What matters it, then, if with red eyes, tear-blinded,
I take up my crosses and bear them along,
While others, with glad hearts, and lips full of laughter,
Live out their short life full of mirth and of song?
Some day—oh, that some day!—I, too, shall be glad
That my life with anguish was filled to the brim,
Since only through cross-bearing, trial and sadness,
God's suffering children are brought unto Him.

God's way is not my way; well, what does it matter?
Must I fight against it because it is so?
My way would be ruin—His way will be blessing—
Poor heart, lift thy burden, rejoice in its woe!
God has His own way of solving these problems,
His own way of setting all false things to right;
Though painful the lesson, the Teacher is faithful—
Though heavy the morn, at night 'twill be light!

"OUR JOHNNY."

BY S. DAYRE.

Johnny was our pride and pet. His mother had wished for a girl, and could never quite get over the disappointment. She dressed him as a girl, as long as she could, tying up his hair with blue ribbons, and adorning him with the widest of blue sashes. It almost broke her heart, when, at last, she had to put him into trousers, and so confess, after all, that he was a boy.

Johnny early developed certain masculine qualities, too, which gave her great grief. He had a masterful way, from the first, as all healthy boys have. He would fly, sometimes, into a rage, if crossed, or injured.

One Sunday afternoon, when his mother had put to bed, for a nap, she heard a noise, and rushing into the room, found him, in his little shirt, standing over a huge jumping-jack, which he was castigating.

"There, now, will you mind the next time!" he shouted, after every blow.

It seems, he had woke up, and began to play with the toy, and had somehow got hurt by it; and he was now taking his revenge out of it, as boys will. My wife told me the story with tears in her eyes.

"I am afraid he will grow up with a temper," she said. "Oh! if he'd only been a girl, gentle and bidable."

I tried what I could to reassure her. "He'll learn to control himself, dear," I said. "A man isn't good for much, unless he is more or less masterful."

At last the time came when Johnny had to be put into jacket and trousers. It was a great event in the household. His jacket fitted his plump little figure to perfection, and was covered all over with exaggerated buttons. We regarded him admiringly. Even his mother felt, that since the thing had to be done, it was a good thing to have done it so satisfactorily. Never, thought we, had there been such a pretty sight.

"I think we ought to begin, now, to take him to church," said Amelia. "He is old enough, and it might help to cure that quick temper of his."

Now I shrewdly suspected that my dear wife, of course unconsciously, was led to make this suggestion, quite as much by the pretty new suit, as by anything else; but I had a little of the same parental weakness, and assented to the proposition, though I thought to myself, that his mother's influence, at present, was better than even the best sermon would be.

I felt quite patriarchal, I must confess, as I ushered Johnny into my pew, on the next Sunday morning. During the opening service, he was occupied in looking about him, and he listened to the singing of the first hymn with commendable attention and evident pleasure. He sat beside me like a little preacher, with his baby thumb holding down the opposite page of my hymn-book. My wife, seeing him so decorous, cast a triumphant glance over at me,

But, during the quiet which preceded the ensuing prayer, I was quite petrified by the appalling distinctness of the whisper, which shrilly broke upon the religious hush:

"Fen is dey goin' to dance?"

I had taken him to a Tom Thumb matinee, within the past week; and I saw that he was now looking for the same style of entertainment here. In shame and confusion, at being obliged to whisper at such a time, I tried in few words to silence his persistent questions, every one of which seemed to cut the air like a knife.

"Fy don't dey dance?"

"Isn't dere tany 'ittle dirls and b'ys?"

"Fy not?"

"Tan't dat man dance?"

"Fy not?"

"Fy don't de folks stamp dere feet?"

"Fen will de band play more?"

His mother drew him to her end of the pew, and kept him seated for about three minutes. Then he stood on the footstool, and it tipped up with him. Then he came back to me, and climbed on the seat again, gazing quietly about him. I thought he might do worse, and let him alone, trying to address myself to the service. I was congratulating myself on the prolonged quiet, when a slight exclamation roused me.

He had, in his pocket, unknown to his mother, some of the paper toy equipments, which small boys delight in. A pair of pasteboard spectacles were on his nose; and the exclamation had followed the fall of a pair of wool moustaches in to the seat behind. I was just in time to see them solemnly returned by Elder Graves. I turned the boy around, and set him decidedly down, spite of his undertoned clamor, to be allowed to make one more face at 'Sarley Smiff,' a boy he knew, whom he had spied out some distance back.

Happily, Johnny's displeasure at the interruption was diverted by more singing, during which, however, the absence of dancing again drew disapproving comment from him.

I anticipated the forty minute sermon with horror. Johnny had become so possessed with the spirit of restlessness, that I felt myself entirely unequal to the situation. At home I was master of my young heir, but here he certainly was his own master, and, perhaps, mine too. He had the advantage, and knew it.

Finally, Johnny made a raid on my pockets, and captured my gloves. He tried them on, then turned them inside out, finger by finger, and tried them on again; then turned them back by the same slow process. This took up time, and to gain time, I would cheerfully have sacrificed the freshness of more than one pair of gloves, although particular about such things.

Then Johnny climbed on the seat again, and I was pleased to observe that he seemed attracted by the sermon. The doctor had reached a point which called forth his most fervent eloquence, accentuated with impassioned gestures. I hung upon his glowing words, till Johnny's motions drew my attention; and I suddenly became aware that he was attracting general notice. His eyes were fixed on the reverend speaker, and he was closely imitating his every movement. His head turned from side to side, or bobbed solemnly up and down. His arms gesticulated in every direction, and the index finger was pointed upward, or impressively shaken.

The 'dumb orator' was promptly suppressed, to his great indignation. He now made another attack upon my pockets, and I submitted, for I had become reduced to a state of absolute fear. I submitted, even when he insisted upon having a blade of my knife opened, despite the severe facial remonstrance of his mother.

As a natural result, a small cut soon apoeared on his finger. Amelia managed to keep down the outcry, which I was sure would follow; but Johnny sobbed under his breath, and his sniffing echoed in every corner of the church. He wiped the blood with his handkerchief, and soon forgot his trouble in amusement at the small round spots it made. He made a row of them, and squeezed out all he could, but at last no more would come, and he held out his hand, motioning for me to make another cut. Upon my refusal he angrily pitched the handkerchief into the aisle. He then seized my light cane, and with its hooked top fished for it, till he exultingly raised it aloft, and dropped it into his mother's lap. I set my teeth hard, and said to myself:

"Wont I serve you as you served the jumping jack, when I get you home, my lad!"

I would not assert that Dr. Long preached twelve hours that day. But nothing can ever induce me to believe that the ordeal was not prolonged in some hideously mysterious manner. But the end did come at last. The closing excitement was occasioned by Johnny's desire to unite with me in an act of benevolence. I gave him some silver to put in the plate. He knelt on the seat, in an effort to see where his money went; and, losing his balance, fell against the plate, which went to the floor. I caught him, as he was following it, and in the midst of the fearful rattle of change, that blessed organist struck up the final doxology.

All the brightness had returned to Johnny's face by the time he got into the sunshine, and out of undue restraint. All my irritation against him had evaporated, before we were half way home. But I could not help saying to my wife:

"Church-going, my dear, doesn't improve Johnny's temper, as you see!" At which, poor soul, she burst into tears.

Johnny did not go to church again, until he was about six years old. He behaved then, not quite as well as I had expected, but about as well as the average boy of his age. Meantime, however, he is learning to control his temper, as even his mother admits.

"It is your tender counsel, my dear," I tell her. "A mother does better, at first, than even church-going. Boys of three are too young for church."—*Peterson's.*

SHE READ HER TITLE CLEAR.

At a church sociable some time ago a theological student was detailed to assist a young lady, whom he had long admired from afar, in making out a new Sabbath school library catalogue. The prospective minister found the task by no means an unpleasant one, as the charming young creature read him the title of each book from the title-page, while he delightedly copied it into the catalogue before him. In fact, there flitted through the mind of the sedate and rather bashful youth several times the question whether the aforesaid maiden, with her pretty figure and bright eyes, could not be induced to become the "sharer of his labors and toils."

"I believe I would ask her tonight if I only dared," thought the young man. "But I don't dare, so there's the end of it." And with gloomier face than before he continued his work, calling out, "Next book?" almost as mechanically as fast as he had transcribed the former title. He was aroused from his reverie by the following rejoinder to one of his demands for "next book:"

"Why don't you do it?"

He started as though the girl had been reading his thoughts.

"Do what?" he inquired, by way of drawing her out. But the young lady replied not a word. To gain time he again said:

"Next book?"

"No time like the present," said the maiden, with an encouraging smile.

"I see it is of no use to hide my thoughts from you Miss M.," he said struggling with his embarrassment. "Your last two remarks have shown me how perfectly you realize my state of mind. I will, therefore, follow your advice and embrace the present opportunity of asking you whether you are willing to accept me as your partner for life. Your answer, I am confident from these remarks, will be affirmative."

It was the young lady's turn to be embarrassed.

"To what remark do you refer?" she said.

"To the two sentences in which you so delicately blended words of advice and encouragement on this most important of subjects, when you said, "Why don't you do it?" and "No time like the present."

The girl looked puzzled for a moment, and then burst into a merry laugh.

"Why those were the titles of the books you called for. Well, you have got yourself into a pretty fix," and she laughed at the discomfitted student maliciously.

"Miss M.," said the young man, springing up with sudden earnestness, "I beg you will consider the words which I cannot now recall. Be mine and I shall be supremely happy. Refuse me and you will make me miserable for life. Will you be mine?"

"Yes, yes; don't make such a noise about it or somebody will overhear you."

HOW THEY TAKE THEIR TOD.

Molasses in mine, said the grocer.

I want a phlegm cutter, said the tailor.

Give us a mixed drink, said the apothecary.

An eye opener will do for me, said the oculist.

Birch beer, said the lumber merchant.

Liquid lightning is mine, said the electrician.

I'll take a high lonesome, said the aeronaut.

Trot me a cock-tail, said the milliner.

Give us something with a straw, said the farmer.

Pure spirits in mine, said the parson.

A bourbon for me, said the politician.

Give it to us straight, said the reporter.

I take it smoking hot, said the fireman.

Mineral water's mine, said the geologist.

Egg nogg, said the dealer in produce.

I'll take a little gin, said the white-washer.

Give us some of your favorite brand, said the miller.

Gin sling, said the ball player.

Rye whisky is my poison, said the physician.

Liquid perspiration in the shape of cider brandy, is my tipple, said the proprietor of the Turkish bath house.

I'll take mine plain, said the carpenter.

Sour mash whisky, said the clerk.

CULTIVATE ONE TALENT.—One talent, well cultivated, deepened and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success at this day, when so many matters are clamoring for attention, is concentration, to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone.—The day of universal scholars is past. "Life is short, art is long." The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of activity—all the energies of his hand, his eye, his tongue, heart and brain. Broad culture and many-sidedness are beautiful things to contemplate, but it is narrow-edged men—the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else—who accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.

PROMISES made in affliction require a better memory than many possess.

AN OLD FONT.

Like a lily fully blown,
Stands the font of pure white stone,
Solitary and alone.

For the church is old and gray,
Priest and flock have passed away,
Solemn silence night and day.

Long ago a saintly face,
Touched with grave unearthly grace,
Gleamed within this shadowy place.

Keeper of an earthly fold,
Grandly brave and wisely bold,
Holding truth as finest gold.

Long ago! how many years,
With their buried hopes and fears,
With their laughter and their tears.

Long ago! when thou wert young,
Happy faces o'er thee hung,
And the joyous psalm was sung.

Some young mother standing there,
With the sunlight in her hair,
On her breast a blossom rare.

Tender moisture in her eyes,
Trembling lips and half-drawn sighs,
And she murmured low replies,

As the solemn vow was spoken
In a voice subdued and broken,
While the priest affixed the token

On the young, unconscious brow:
"Christ's own child we seal thee now
Soldier of the cross art thou.

Little one, in Jesus's name,
We receive thee, feel no shame,
Though the world thy course may blame.

Manfully thy faith defend,
Serve thy Master till the end,
He will strength and patince lend."

Then the words of blessing low
Fall upon them ere they go
Forth to meet life's joys and woe.

Living, loving human hearts,
They have gone, they have no part
With to-day, but there thou art.

There thou standest, thing of stone,
In a beauty all thine own,
Solitary and alone.

LITTLE SHAD.

SHAD HATCHING DOWN THE CHESAPEAKE.

From the Wilmington Morning News.

THE BATTERY, Chesapeake Bay, May 9.—The Battery! If the battery were easier to reach I should hesitate longer about printing this letter, if it shall convey but a faint idea of the interest and importance of the work in which the fish commission is engaged here. If the battery itself was not in the middle of the Chesapeake bay, four and a half miles below Havre de Grace, and only near enough to Spesutia island to suggest the idea that the battery is the head and the island the body, and that in some moment of impatience in the far past, nature had cut the throat of this flat, sprawling embodiment of laziness, until now a stream of water, a mile wide, flows between the separated parts; if the battery, as I have intended to explain, was not isolated and hard to get at, and the public should know what is doing here, then Captain Clark and Professor Ryder would be overrun with visitors, and the captain's work of hatching shad, and the professor's equally valuable scientific work of studying the life which his friend so carefully nurses, would be seriously interferred with, and the hospitality of both would be trespassed upon.

I was fortunate enough to find Capt. Clark in Havre de Grace, and he kindly brought me to the battery in the steam launch, a forty minutes' ride straight to the south, between the gradually widening shores at first by sloops, schooners and barges at the black coal wharves; past the whitewashed lighthouse from where Cockburn knocked the town over with his cannon balls; between a half dozen fishing boats, hugging close to one of the great seines which is already beginning to shorten its semi-circle of 900 fathoms; almost grazing the rowboat which dances upon the waves, its white signal flag fluttering in the breeze, and the seine-tender within it lying upon his back reading a "Franklin Square" novel. "Not hard fishing that," Captain Clark says, until the battery is at last reached.

A couple of years ago Congress made an appropriation of $45,000 for establishing here a permanent fish-hatching station, and for other purposes, among them the construction of a vessel especially adapted to fish-hatching, which vessel—the Fish Hawk—has since been built at Wilmington, and its black hull can now be seen dimly through the haze where it lies five miles southeast of the battery. The first work of the fish commission here, under the direction of Frank M. Clark, superintendent of the station, was to enlarge the territory about the light house, which has stood here for many years.

Piles were driven and innumerable tons of oyster shells filled between, and encircled by many cargoes of stone dumped around the outer edge, so that the oyster-shell island is firm and tight; but even now it is only about as large as a good sized yard, and looks as if its inhabitants might fall overboard at any moment unless they were careful. In fact three men have tumbled into the water within a few days. In the center of the island a basin has been constructed 147 feet wide and 280 feet long, with gates at either end. Through one gate the launch will enter, through the other the shad. On the side where shad gate is, a fishing shore is being constructed. Shells and stones have filled in, forming a surface which slopes into the water and which will be covered with boards. Probably within three weeks the commission will be working their own seine.—When the haul is made the gate will be lifted and the fish in endeavoring to escape from the seine will pass through the gate into the basin.—The fish will then be examined by the men under Captain Clark, and the spawn taken from such of them as are in a proper condition. The others will be put back into the basin until they are ready to spawn. In this way the commission will always be able to get as much spawn as they want, and when they want it, and a vast deal of labor now wasted in examining fish will be saved. A neat frame cottage is also building upon this pile and oyster foundation. It will contain two stories, with an office, sleeping-rooms, with a room overhead for hammocks, and the outside will have porches. When the oyster shells are covered with earth, and grass and flowers are grown, the walks laid out, and the cottage is completed, Superintendent Clark and Mr. Ryder will feel more at home.

These things are in the future; at present the hatching is done upon a scow. The spawn and milt are obtained from shad caught by the gillers, by men who go out to the fishing-floats in rowboats when the seines are being hauled in. The milt and spawn are taken from the fish by a gentle pressure of the hand and are mixed together in vessels. The average number of eggs taken from one female shad in this way is 15,000, although 40,000 eggs have been taken from a single female. One male will often supply milt enough for the eggs of two females. Three million eggs have been taken this season, and Captain Clark expects to take from thirty to fifty million before the close of the season. The impregnated eggs are then placed in the hatching cones, each day's supply in one cone. These are simply vessels in the shape of an inverted cone. A steam engine pumps the water to a tank above; a tube carries the water to the bottom of the cone, where it enters; the pressure from above causes the water to rise, where it escapes through an orifice covered with a sieve near the top of the cone. In this way the constant supply of necessary fresh water is furnished and the eggs are kept from settling in the bottom of the cone. When the temperature of the water is sixty degrees the eggs hatch in eight days; at seventy degrees they hatch in four days. The imperfect eggs are white in color, hang together in clouds and are skimmed off daily. When hatched, the young fish are set free in the Chesapeake or are shipped, 20,000 in a can, up and down or across the continent to some river where shad are unknown. Shad have never been kept in the shipping cans longer than eleven days. This work only began about seven years ago, but muddy rivers, like the Ohio and Missouri, have been stocked and the shad have been caught there.

The young shad have been set free in the rivers of Mississippi, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, and of nearly all the States along the Ohio and Mississippi, and millions of shad have been turned back into the rivers of the eastern coast from which the eggs were taken. An experienced fisherman said that six shad are taken in the Potomac now to every one caught a few years ago.—And almost as great an increase has been noticed in the catch in the Susquehanna, Delaware and other rivers. This simple fact attests the practical importance of the work, for these rivers had been fished into a comparative emptiness. The fisher's occupation was nearly gone; the song of the colored fishermen as they hauled in the seine at eventide was silenced; the roads that were once lined with wagons bearing the shad to Pennsylvania, were empty, and the fishing shores themselves were deserted. Three thousand shad at one haul at Gloucester! Five thousand in a single day's fishing at one float here! That means cheap food, an abundance of delightful, delicate food.

I regret that there is not space left for me to speak fully of Mr. John Ryder's scientific work, which he pursues by authority of the Government. He knows more about the cell life of the shad than anybody, and his investigations have led to a number of new and important discoveries. He says that shad eggs swell in thirty minutes after impregnation. The egg membrane is relaxed when it leaves the female but swells rapidly; the water enters to the fish within by thousands of pores through the membrane. The fish is visible the 16th hour after impregnation, and when the tail is free from the yelk the species of the fish is easily determined. In the development of the shad from the cell the spinal cord is first visible and then in the following order is formed the brain, backbone, heart, muscle plates, intestines and then the fins. A peculiarity about the shad is that the circulation is almost undeveloped until the fish leaves the egg. With a microscope, he showed me a shad egg impregnated eight days before, and which was about to hatch. The egg membrane, like a small balloon, was stretched to its utmost tension with the water inside, and within the little fish was beating against its walls in an unceasing struggle to be free, but no circulation of the blood was visible. Mr. Ryder showed me an egg of another fish of a species which he had not yet determined, and with the microscope could be seen flowing along its body (to use Mr. Ryder's expression) "rivers of blood." He says shad live upon the primary crustaceans. Water fleas were once found by Mr. Ryder in the intestines of a young shad taken from the Potomac, the only instance in which it has been possible to assert positively that the young shad ate a certain food. Old shad feed like the whale, swimming with the mouth open. The crustaceans lodge upon the strainers on the gills until a sufficient quantity accumulates, when it is swallowed. Mr. Ryder spoke of a most curious discovery he had made not long since, while upon the Delaware below Philadelphia. It will be announced to the scientific world through the proper channels. I dare not more than mention that it is the discovery of an assumption by the male stickleback of what are usually the maternal duties of nest-making and caring for the eggs.

A water-spout—A temperance oration.

All Sorts of Clippings

Fine board—saw dust.

Cremation is a dead heat.

A musical beet—Beethoven.

Vary but little in size—lover's sighs.

The man who talks shop has stores of knowledge to communicate.

A tooth-pulling shop is known as a sore gum manufactory.

An incorrigible striker—a blacksmith.

It is easier to follow an idea than a locomotive.

Sex-shun-al in all their feelings—old bachelors.

Never scare off a fly with a club when a feather will do as well.

A poor piece of crockery to have in a choir—a cracked pitcher.

A net that many are anxious to get into—the Cabinet.

Four British M. P.'s are 80 and upward.

Punch is undoubtedly an Israelite. He believes in Judyism.

Plug up mice holes with soap. The mice will not go through.

The White House cook has a salary of $1,800 per year.

A handicap is preferred to a mislaid bonnet.

Copper was known and used long before iron.

Beer drinking is said to be decreasing in England.

Ex-President Hayes refuses to talk on star-route subjects.

Maid of Gotham, ere I faint, tell me do you rouge or paint?

Boston talks of undertaking a world's fair in 1885.

"Rhine wine and I are out,"—R. B. Hayes.

Spring cleaning has no terrors for the watch-maker.

The cheesemaker has a whey of his own.

The motto of the giraffe—neck or nothing.

Isn't an awning well-posted about shade?

They're still on the hunt for oleomargerine. Tallow ho!

A Swiss colony is about to settle in Laurel county, Kentucky.

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

A Racine, Wis., factory ships wagons as far as Sweden and Russia.

Adam ought to have said "Hardly Eva," when he was tempted to bite the apple.

Theodore Tilton's daughter, Alice, a bright young lady of 22, is studying art in Paris.

In Kentucky the peach, strawberry and pear crops promise finely. Cherries are blighted.

According to Rev. Robert Collyer, Carlyle was the modern "Doubting Thomas."

The ex-Queen of Naples is as fond of riding as her sister, the Empress of Austria.

The New Haven Register says that Mary Anderson's kisses are forty degrees above zero.

It is a wise man that knows on which side his bread is oleomargarined.

One gallon of neat's foot oil mixed with 4 ounces of lampblack makes a good harness oil.

The general imperial elections in Germany will most probably be held in October.

Founded on the rocks—the mother's care of the child when it is in the cradle.

Some very charitably disposed young men often let their arms go to waist.

Some men are never more possessed with a devil than when they are self possessed.

A farmer friend calls one of his early vegetables "Waterloo," because it is a big beet.

Believe about half you hear, and keep it to yourself, that reputations may not suffer.

Dr. Tanner, the faster, is out West selling to dentists a machine for administering laughing gas.

Say, for instance, a dog loses his paw and a cow loses her maw, does it make orphans of them.

Motto for a tramps' lodging house: "He who enters here leaves soap behind."

Do what good thou canst unknown; and do not be vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.

A man may sometimes, but rarely, be a capital fellow without having a cent.

Beecher is going to board hereafter. Imagine him saying "please pass the hash."

A Michigan stump speaker boldly announced, the other day, "The country is drifting into arnica!"

Dolgourouki, widow of the late Czar, has $30,000,000 to her credit in Berlin.

Forty cords of oak wood will yield just about ten cords of merchantable charcoal.

Gen. John A. Gordon is reported to have sold a Southern coal mine for $100,000.

The last census in this country gave as relative numbers 983 women to every 1,000 men.

The new census in Germany shows a total population of 45,194,172, an increase of 2,466,812.

Over twenty-five thousand tourists have visited the Yosemite Valley since its discovery in 1865.

Domestic bliss—Kiss the maid of all work. Domestic blister—When a man's wife surprises him in the act.

Jones says his minister is forever preaching about the duty of resignation, but never hints at resignation himself.

A member of the Colorado Legislature, in addressing that august body, began: "My fellow statesmen." His bill passed.

[Cambridgeport (Mass.) American Protestant.]
A lady friend of ours called the other day and stated that her husband had seen St. Jacobs Oil advertised in our paper; he used it for rheumatism and was convinced of its merits.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8205-0320