The Chestertown Transcript.

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CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.,
April 6th, 1882.

FARMERS, MERCHANTS, AND CITIZENS GENERALLY OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES:

As the painting season is rapidly advancing, I call your attention to my immense stock of all kinds of painting materials. My prices are city prices, and all goods guaranteed just as represented.

I make a specialty of Tinted Lead. This lead is a strictly good article, and is tinted the color you want. It requires linseed oil and dryer. Guaranted not to crack, peel nor blister, and will not fade within a reasonable time. I have also a full line of Liquid Paints in any quantity desired, and of the most reliable kinds.

Walnut and Oak Stainings, Carriage Varnishes, Kalsomine, and in fact I have everything you want in the Paint Line.

My stock of Paint and Whitewash Brushes is also very large.

Here allow me to draw your attention to Lubricating Oils. I know my stock is larger than any on the shore, and my prices are just as low as honesty allows me to make them.

You will also find a beautiful line of Wall Papers, selected with great care, and I believe you will be pleased if you call.

I also desire to refer to baby carriages, children's express wagons, shoo flys, &c. I will run a large stock during the spring. I think the styles will suit you. It is my constant aim to please my customers, and by offering you good and reliable goods at low figures, I hope to merit your patronage. You will find it much to your advantage to call and get my prices before buying elsewhere.

Respectfully,

Louis K. Stam.

P. S.—My Stock of Furniture is Large. Goods delivered to your home free of charge.

LANDRETHS'

GARDEN SEED!

FRESH,
GENUINE,
RELIABLE,

A FULL STOCK NOW ON HAND.

☞ An examination of our stock is requested. We think we can give you better satisfaction than any one else. Our long experience in the seed business enables us to select the choicest and most suitable kinds for our climate.

☞ Market Gardeners will find it to their interest to buy from us.

COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST.

☞ Our prices are very moderte.
March 9, 1882.

Farmers' Goods!

Farmers' Goods!!

A Large Assortment of

Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes,
Forks, Grub Hoes, Picks,
Tree Axes, Hedge Trimmers,
Pruning Knives, Spears,
Saws, Bill Hooks,

Bramble Scythes and Snaths,
Webbing & Buckles for Plow harness;
GARDEN SEEDS,
ROCK SALT! ROCK SALT!
Plow Lines, Traces, Hames, Farm Bells three sizes; Cow and Sheep Bells, and a large assortment of Sheep Shears.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
April 13, 1882.

NEW STORE!

HAVING opened a NEW STORE at the old stand of Lambert Sisters, opposite the "Kent News" office, I am now prepared to furnish the public with a full line of

GROCERIES,

Such as FLOUR, MEAL, Buckwheat, Syrups, Molasses, Meat, Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Crackers, No. 1 ackerel, Corn and Tomatoes, canned; Hominy, Rice, &c. Also, a pretty line of

DRY GOODS,

Such as PRINTS, GINGHAMS, MUSLINS, FLANNELS, KERSEYS, &c.
Also, a very choice line of

Cigars and Tobacco.

The Finest CIGAR in Town for 5 cents!

and other articles too numerous to mention. Give me a call and convince yourself. I will do my best to please. I will be glad to have you call and examine my stock.

W. H. LAMBERT.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,

LARGE STOCK
—OF—
LUMBER
—FOR—
Spring Trade,
AT AS
Low Prices
AS THE ADVANCE WILL ALLOW.

Terms Liberal
AND
SPECIAL PRICES MADE
FOR LARGE CASH OR CREDIT PURCHASES

Give me a call before sending your orders away from home, and the probabilities are that I will *save you money*, either in cash or quality of material.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.
March 30, 1882.

NEW GOODS
—AT—
LOWEST PRICES.

DRY GOODS.

Fancy Dress Goods, Dress Ginghams, all wool black Cashmere, Bunting, Ladies' Cloth and Sacking in latest shades, Lawns, Percales, Red and white Table Goods, White Goods, Muslins, Prints, Cassimere, Cottonade, &c.

NOTIONS,

Summer Shawls, Skirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Hamburg Edging, Towels, Combs, Brushes, Gents' Underware, Cravats, Collars, &c.

SHOES,

Ladies' and Misses' Kid Fox Button Gaiters, Peb. But. Boots, Lace Fox Gaiters, Lace Mor. Shoes, Opera Slippers, Sandals, But. Slippers, Newport Ties, &c., Childrens' Peb. But. Kid But. and Solar Tip Shoes, Gents' and Boys' Box Toe Congress Gaiters, But. Gaiters, English Ties, Alexis Ties, Low Cut Shoes, Plow Shoes, &c.

FANCY, CHECK AND WHITE MATTING.
Carpets and Oil Cloths.

GROCERIES.

Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Molasses, Hams, Coal Oil, Soaps, &c.

Queensware and Woodenware.

I have in store a full stock in every department, and will sell at the very lowest prices. A call solicited.

J. H. SIMPERS,
May 11, 1882. Chestertown.

The BEST and the CHEAPEST!

The American
FRUIT DRIER
OR
PNEUMATIC EVAPORATOR.

THE undersigned, agents for the American Manufacturing Co., of Pennsylvania, for the sale of their AMERICAN FRUIT DRIER in Kent county, respectfully request all FRUIT GROWERS who are in want of a

FRUIT DRIER

to call on either of them and examine this Drier before purchasing. It is built in

FIVE SIZES,

with capacities from 6 to 150 baskets of Peaches per day, and is the *CHEAPEST DRIER IN THE MARKET* considering its many advantages. A full descriptive catalogue furnished on application.

Address WM. P. NORRIS, Lynch's, Kent Co., Md.,
or J. C. SLAUGHTER, Chestertown, AGENTS.
April 8-tf.

Spring 1882.

E. W. F. Simpers.

NEW GOODS! FULL STOCK!
NOTIONS.
DRY GOODS.
Woodenware, Glassware,
GROCERIES.

We make a SPECIALTY in this department, always have a full stock of nice fresh goods in part as follows:

GREEN and ROASTED COFFEES, TEA, SUGAR, SYRUP, CHOCOLATE, COCOA, Prepared Cocoanut, Gelatine, Corn Starch, all kinds of Canned Goods, Best Sugar Cured Hams and DRIED BEEF.

FLOUR by the barrel, sack or pound.

TOBACCO & SEGARS.
PRICES ROCK BOTTOM.

Come and see us.

E. W. F. SIMPERS.
April 27, 1882.

SHOES
FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

A full line of Low Cut Shoes.

MRS. KATE GILL,
opp. Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

CALL in and examine our stock of fine Glassware. We keep all the latest styles, and sell at low prices. SPARKS.

Bolts! Bolts!! Bolts!!! 100 assorted bolts—all sizes, for $1 25—at
T. L. Hines & Co's.

THE ROAD THAT VENDERBILT.

This is the road that Vanderbilt.

This is the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

This is the cut that hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

This is the Spuyten Duyvil town that lies by
the cut that hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

This is the parliamentary train, that came
To Spuyten Duyvil that lies by the cut that
hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

These are the representative men,
That came in the parliamentary train
Down to Spuyten Duyvil that lies by the cut
that hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

These are the bottles that there and then
Belonged to the representative men
Who came in the parliamentary train
Down to Spuyten Duyvil that lies by the cut
that hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

This is the man who pulled the bell,
Who drank so free of the fire of hell
That was in the bottles there and then
That belonged to the representative men
Who came in the parliamentary train
Down to Spuyten Duyvil that lies by the cut
that hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

This is the engine from Tarrytown,
That in the dark came thundering down
And rushed with all its might and main
Straight into the waiting train
That was stopped by the man that pulled the
bell,
Who drank so free of the fire of hell
That was in the bottles there and then
That belonged to the representative men
Who came in the parliamentary train
Down to Spuyten Duyvil that lies by the cut
that hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

These are the wounded, these are the slain,
Victims of that night of pain,
When the engine from Tarrytown
In the dark came thundering down
And rushed with all its might and main
Straight into the waiting train
That was stopped by the man who pulled the
bell,
Who drank so free of the fire of hell
That was in the bottles there and then
That belonged to the representative men
Who came in the parliamentary train
Down to Spuyten Duyvil that lies by the cut
that hides the curve that's in the
Road that Vanderbilt.

Nellie H. Bailey, in Church and Home.

The Folly, Danger, and Sin of Frightening People.

From Irenaeus Letters, in N. Y. Observer.

An old man said these words to me to-day: "When I was in college, one night I was sitting up quite late in my room: the great building was silent: and it seemed to me as I sat reading that nobody else was awake. I heard steps in the hall, and presently a knock at my door. Instead of saying, 'Come in,' I went to the door and opened it. Before me stood a man with a frightful mask over his face. The sight was so sudden and fearful that I fell to the floor with a shriek of terror that must have gone through the halls. The man who had thoughtlessly, foolishly, and wickedly put this joke upon me fled. If he had stopped to see if I were injured, he would probably have frightened me out of my senses. After lying some time I recovered my strength, but I have never yet recovered from the impressions of that moment, though the thing happened more than half a century ago. I never go into the dark without *seeing* the mask, and rarely open a door in the night without thinking of a terrible object on the other side of it."

Only a few months ago, some young men determined to put to the test the courage of a companion who boasted of not believing in ghosts. He kept a loaded revolver lying near his bed, and in the evening they managed to get it and draw the balls. After he had gone to bed, one of them dressed like a ghost and entered his room. The young man fired at him, and again and again till he had emptied all the chambers of the pistol, and finding that none of the shots took effect, he was overwhelmed with horror, and went stark mad.

Only last week one of the young women employed as a weaver in a cotton mill took a small snake with her, and after frightening several of her companions threw the reptile upon a girl named Welsh. The latter was so affrighted that she fell down in convulsions, and up to the next day she had not regained consciousness.

I could multiply these examples to any extent. Not a week passes without the record of similar instances in the newspapers. Many persons will remember impressions made upon their minds in childhood by frightful objects, sometimes accidentally seen, and at others put before them in mischief, just for fun. There is a great difference in the nervous temperment of individuals, and some are far more easily disturbed than others. Many children are very sensitive to sights and sounds. They may have strength enough to conceal their emotions when others are present, and they are perhaps ashamed to appear scared when others are only amused, but they carry their impressions into their beds, sleep is driven away from their pillows, or when it comes bad dreams come also, and the little sufferer tosses all night in constant fear of what it has seen. The child shuts its eyes, but the image is there and is as visible and terrible in the dark and to its closed eyes as if the sun were shining. And more so, because with the return of light, more than half the horror dies out. In my childhood a nurse shut me up in a dark closet by way of punishment. I remember keeping close to the door, in awful horror of what might be in the back part of it, every moment trembling lest I should be seized by some fearful being dwelling in the blackness of darkness. There is no one thing which parents should more carefully guard against when they trust their children to the care of a nurse, than this sin of frightening them. The shock given by one fright, when the system is delicate, frail, and exquisitely sensitive, may be fatal in early life, or may make life if spared a long misery.

Yet this cruelty is inflicted on children and young people, not by nurses only, but by parents and teachers, without a moment's thought of the dreadful consequences sure to result. Perhaps it is well that we do not understand the exceeding delicacy of the human frame, especially those parts of it which form the inexplicable connection of mind and matter, the body and the soul. The fact of such connection we know. The nature and manner of it are unknowable. Why sorrow should come in drops of water from the eye, or joy cover the face with smiles, who can say? The sense of fear, even when not sudden, is often followed by great physical sufferings. I have seen convicts brought out to be flogged, and the apprehension of the anguish was attended with complete prostration. Reason does not help to resist the effect of fright. There is no time for argument. The shock comes like a stroke of lightning. The blood seems to rush back on the heart, or, with increased violence, it presses on the brain. The normal revolution of the wheel at the cistern is disturbed. I do not know where the throne of reason is, but I know that it is deserted, and its empire made desolate by sudden fright. Among the anient Greeks the utmost care was taken with children that they should not be excited. They were guarded against noise, and stirring scenes, that in infancy their delicate brain-work might not be subjected to any disturbance. This was part of a great system of physical and mental training. It was philosophical. We pursue no such plan in our day, but reverse it. Children are stimulated, roused, excited in their cradles, and all along the early days of childhood, at the very time when they ought to be kept quiet, and suffered to grow. The *nervous* excitability of men and women of our time is largely due to the incessant stimulus of the mind in childhood. And the matter is getting worse and worse with each generation. Children at parties, children at balls, children out of bed and away from home at midnight, must become, if they live, restless, fidgety, *nervous*, and unhealthy men and women. They cannot have a sound mind in a sound body. Peace, rest, equilibrium, is essential to the perfect regulation of the mysterious machinery that runs the human body with a soul attached.

This is getting away from the point, but it is all in the same line. The most dangerous excitement is that which is produced by sudden fright. Who can tell why it turns the black hair of a strong man white in a single hour? It does, and there are men in every community who will carry these white hairs to their graves as witnesses of the power of fear. It may be imagination that does it, as when a man caught hold of the edge of a pit into which he had fallen in the dark, and hung there all night; when rescued in the morning it was found that he was only two inches from the bottom, but his hair was white as snow. You may not blanch the locks of others by frightening them, but you run the risk of doing them far greater harm than that. If the mischief were confined to the hair, it were not worth speaking of. But it is the brain that suffers. And the evil wrought there is often far worse than death itself.

There is nothing to be afraid of in this world but sin. Fear to do evil. It is well to be afraid of being mistaken, of being in the wrong, But, fear God, and you will have nothing else to fear. All the religion of the gospel tends to give a sense of security to the soul that is at peace with God in Jesus Christ. "Be sure you are right," and then go forward fearlessly.

It is quite likely that you may undervalue this homily, and say that I am making much ado about a small matter. It is a mighty matter; not much thought of; rarely written about; always laughed at; but intimately related to reason, health, usefulness, and happiness. Practical jokes are never worthy of sensible persons; they are always foolish, and when they are made to play upon the fears of the victim, they are dangerous and wicked.

THE Cincinnati man who led his wife out of a theatrical matinee by the ear, in order to break her of the habit of going to theatres, has been made very conspicuous by the publication and discussion of his exploit. "But I don't mind it," he says "for I feel that I have accomplished much good. My wife is not the only woman in Cincinnati who has neglected her children and her household affairs to visit matinees once or twice every week, but there are hundreds of them, and it is time that husbands and fathers entered their protest. She knew the characters and plot of at least a hundred plays, and was forever talking about them. She gave me no rest, and was worse than a stage struck youth, who is eternally quoting from the drama. Nearly every move I made, or opinion I expressed, she likened me to some character she had seen at the theatre. One night I had the toothache like thunder, and was walking up and down the sitting room floor with my hand up to my jaw, when she peeped in at me, and after looking a moment said: "Hello, Hamlet, to pull or not to pull." His chief grievance, however, was that she called him *Toodles*, and that seems to have been the inciting cause for his raid in the theatre.

FRANK RANDE, once a highwayman and desperado as notorious as Jesse James, is now quietly making harness in the Illinois State prison, where he is confined under a life sentence for murder. It has been ascertained that his right name is Scott, and that he belongs to a respectable Iowa family. The prison officials believe he is insane, and that his exploits were more crazy than brave.

SCENES IN MEXICO.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN IN A STAGE JOURNEY.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press writes: After leaving Sulphur Springs, Mexico, we came to a Mexican encampment, by courtesy called village. Long before reaching it, columns of smoke curling from the chimneys were visible, but we could not see the abode mounds. The living room was underground and the entrance was an opening in the top of the mound. Some of these people had made caves in the hills, adding a sort of porch, projecting from the hill, walled in by abodes on three sides. Their entrance was a door made of old boxes. As we drove up, a Mexican woman, dressed in pink, with stringy, unkept hair flying about her swarthy face, was cooking the mid-day meal over a blackened camp kettle. The men lounged against the mounds smoking and day dreaming—the usual occupation of Mexicans. Large sombreros shaded their faces, and gay colored scrapes were gracefully thrown around their shoulders. They jabbered in Mexican, which is distinct from Spanish, the latter helping one, only slightly, to understand the Mexican. They are very polite and always greet one with "Buenos dias," and when leaving, never forget the a'Dias Sonora or Senor.

As we drove on we met an ox team. The cattle were yoked by the neck. The wheels of the cart were made of wood, and the box of horizontal rows of reeds. A large drove of lean cattle passed us. They feed altogether on Texan grass, which has the appearance of being dried up, but within is tender and nutritious. At one time our stage was high on the mountain tops, looking down into the valleys, and again we were down in them riding through creeks. At one of these numerous creeks a wolf came down to drink. It stared in blank amazement, and then turned round and went up the mountain. We saw black-tailed deer grazing. One gentlemen took a shot at them, raised their heads, looking curiously for an instant and then disappeared over the hill and down the valley. Innumerable birds of prey perched on the mountain tops. We passed many caves and gazed anxiously in hopes of seeing an American lion, but were continually disappointed. A skin of one was presented to a member of our party. The fur is short and tan colored, the feet and tail quite long. They seldom attack human beings, but feed on antelope.

We reached the adobe village of Chihuahua (pronounced Chi-wa-wa) at nightfall. The white-painted door sills kept our vehicle from colliding with the houses. The houses are square adobes and seldom boast of windows. When there is such a luxury the opening is high up, about a foot square and closed by a wooden shutter. Glass seems unknown to the poorer classes. The flat roofs serve as store houses and are generally filled with corn and hay. The streets are narrow and dirty and always filled with snarling curs. The women we met were dressed in gorgeous colors. Their print dresses were very stiff and clean, but always long. They wrap their shawls about the face and head, leaving only a small opening for the eyes. The well-to-do Mexican women have one room in the house consecrated as a chapel. We sent to see one of these chapels. Several Mexican girls came out to stare at us. We passed under an arch way and found ourselves in a large hall, with doors opening from each side. The most elegant of these houses are built with a court in the center, on which the doors and windows open. The building had once been plastered white, but the plaster had fallen away in places, leaving large patches of the brown adobe. As the key turned in the door of the chapel, the Mexicans spoke in whispers. We went down a step and entered a square room with adobe floor, and two glass windows which were filled with blooming plants. The ceiling was covered with blue calico, to which were sewed white stars, a yellow moon, and an orange sun with a painted face in the center. At either end of the room stood an altar, covered with unbleached sheeting. Above one of these hung a crucifix, a figure of the Savior, stained brown and partly draped, and beneath on the altar were numerous olive bottles, a cross within each, whose diameter reached from one side of the bottle to the other. Beautiful Mexican work, representing the Virgin and Child, was pinned to the altar cloth. The figures of saints were small and well-featured. All were stained to represent Mexicans. Artificial flowers, candles, etc., helped to grace the altars, showing the devotion of these revent, low-voiced Mexican women. They gazed at us with great curiosity, as we filed by them and passed out of the low door-way.

THE poet Whittier is represented by Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson, in the Churchman, as saying of Longfellow's view of the influence and nearness of dead friends: "I have felt but very slightly that closeness of the unseen of which you speak. Life is a mystery—death is a mystery, I am like the Chinese philosopher. Confucius, who, when asked, 'What is death?' answered, 'Life is such a mystery that I do not seek to penetrate what is beyond it.' I believe in the progress of the soul after death. Surely we are not to be placed in niches to remain forever. We shall doubtless there have what we lack here, harmony, and that is my idea of heaven."

THE King of Siam, who has just built a new palace for $1,000,000, is furnishing it with 400 tons of furniture, at a cost of $500,000.

Elegance and Purity.

Ladies who appreciate elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color, beauty and lustre.—Adv.

A DAY.

Sunrise fresh, and the daisies small
Silver the lawn with their starlets fair;
But the blossoms of noon shall be stately and tall,
Tropical, luscious, of odors rare;
Ah well!
Noon shall be gorgeous beyond compare.

Noon, and the sky is a blinding glare;
The flowers have fainted while we have strayed;
We wandered too far to tend them there,
And they drooped for lack of the dew and shade;
Ah well!
Evening shall right the mistake we made.

Evening; 'tis chilly in meadow and glade,
The last pale rose has died in the west;
The happy hour is long delayed,
Our wandering is but a long unrest;
Ah well!
We will home to the fireside. Home is best.

Nothing but ashes gray? No blest
Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall?
A weary search was this day-long quest,
And on empty hands the shadows fall:
Ah well!
Let us to bed and forget it all.

The Athenaeum.

PREPARING TO CATCH SHARKS.

HOW A BIG FELLOW DEFEATED FOUR STOUT IRISHMEN IN A TUG OF WAR.

When sharks were numerous in New York Bay last summer, all attempts at catching the very large ones failed. This year the trial is to be renewed. Shark fishers are preparing their lines and hooks, and with last year's experience to guide them they hope to succeed in landing some monsters. It is very difficult to exhaust a shark on a line. Generally fishermen get tired first, for in this sort of sport there is little opportunity for the exercise of skill, but there is a great demand for strength. To fish for sharks successfully it is necessary to have a long line and a chain leader attached to the hook, which should be baited with a fresh bluefish or a couple of weak fish. A large block of wood is used for a floater, and is anchored by a stone fastened to a piece of common fishing line. In this way the bait is kept in the desired position. When the big floater, goes down the fishermen jump up and grab the line. If there is a spile or anything to take a turn around, so much the better; but if there is nothing of the kind, as is usually the case when fishing on a beach, a tug of war is immediately commenced between the sportsmen and the shark. The latter always gets the start, and the difficulty is to turn him. Once turned the hauling becomes less difficult, until the shark finds himself getting into shallow water. Then if he is a very big fellow and his opponents are not sufficiently numerous, there are ten chances to one that he will manage to turn again. This is the critical moment. If he is strong enough to turn he should get line and be permitted to run a reasonable distance, when the chance of turning him again becomes far better than when he is in the shallow water. Then the work of hauling is resumed, and sore hands become prevalent.

Panting, almost exhausted, and bathed in perspiration, three stout Irishmen hauling on a line hailed a boatman one day last fall from the Staten Island shore, near the mouth of the Narrows: "Come ashore, boss and give us a pull: we've got a shark!" they shouted. The boatman lost no time in going to their relief. He was a powerful man, and the pull that he gave the line, turned the shark's head on for the beach, and he began to come quietly.

"He has given up the game," one of the party said. "He thinks it ain't a square deal, and that we had no right to call for help."

"Keep him coming!" said the boatman. "Don't give him a chance to change his mind!"

"Now, Pat," one of the party shouted, "the moment we pull him out you must go and take the hook out of his mouth!"

"Eh!" said Pat. "Be gor, you can go and do it yourself! I don't hanker after the job."

The four men pulled the monster easily enough until he reached the shallow water. Then he positively refused to go any further. They tugged and strained. He plunged furiously. Just at this critical juncture there was disunion among the Irishmen, some favoring concession, others coercion.

"Give him line!" the boatman shouted.

"Not an inch!" said a coercionist.

"Now, boys all together!"

"No, no; he is too strong yet!"

"Pull!"

"Don't pull!"

Taking advantage of this want of unity, the shark made a terrific plunge and turned again. Then he darted off, making the line whistle through the water. Coming near the end of the line, which was six hundred feet in length, he showed no disposition to slacken his speed. So the men braced themselves for another effort. Planting their heels in the sand, they began to howl, but the big fellow was too much for them. Step by step he compelled them to advance to the edge of the water. They declined to go in, and the shark would not come out. A renewed struggle of a most desperate character was immediately commenced. Suddenly the four Isishmen fell all in a heap in the sand. The shark was gone.

"Well, we had sport with him, anyway," one said.

"Do you call it sport," another said, "to be dragged up and down the sand for an hour, and then to get nothing for it but sore hands?"

"That's what I call powerful sport," the first speaker replied.

"Well," his companion said, "I'll never play tug of war with that old shark again."

A MAN was arrested and fined for kneeling and praying aloud in the streets of Wichita, Kansas and the Times declares that he could have stood up and sworn with impunity.

How Circassian Girls are Made.

The mystery of the method of making Circassian girls has been exposed in New York. Formerly Circassian girls were esteemed a great curiosity and were to be had only at high prices. The early museum rescued these girls from the hands of their captors and placed them here as instances of what curious freaks of nature were sometimes found in distant lands, especially in the matter of hair. The peculiarity of the hair of the Circassian girl, whether native or manufactured, is that it stands out at right angles from her scalp in every direction, much after the manner of the quills upon the fretful porcupine. Recently the importation of the genuine Circassian girl, just rescued from the hands of her cruel captors, has ceased. There was no protective tariff on maidens from Circassia, nor was there any law similar to that which has been passed to keep out the Chinese. Science was brought to bear upon the Circassians As with many other great inventions and discoveries, so with this.

Somebody happened to empty a lot of stale beer from a window, and in its descent the fluid hit the head of a blonde maiden who was not a Circassian, but just a very ordinary person. At once the effect on her head was almost miraculous. Every individual hair arose and stood upon its end, as if electrified, only with more rigidity and fixedness. It was found, after making some experiments, that stale beer could always be depended upon as the basis of Circassian hair. Forthwith every dime museum in the Metropolis had a Circassian girl of its own. A fuss is now being made over a circus man, who is said to have tried to elope with one of these home made Circassians. It is said that his defence will be that he was not running away with this woman, but that he was trying to get away from her as fast as he could. His alleged reason for this is that the odor caused by the combination of stale beer and hair makes such unlovely perfumery that he was doing his best to place his nose beyond the reach of it. The charm is all gone from the maid of Circassia, now that we know how she is made. —*Philadelphia Times.*

The Tapering Waist.

From the Herald of Health.

If the truth could be ascertained by statistics, it would be found that the corset has dertroyed more females than the bullet and bayonet has destroyed males. The human epauletted butcher, called a hero by historians, can congratulate himself upon being a lesser destroyer, although there is no glory in being surpassed by the inventor of the corset. The noble, cone-shaped chamber in which the functions of life are chiefly carried on by the heart, lungs, veins, valves and muscles is not a hair's breadth too large, Fashion disregards the necessities of this citadel of life, and by lacing, the lower ribs are compressed until they meet and often overlap, and the sentinels of life are cooped up in a fortress where they can have no freedom of action, In young girls the ribs, particularly at the joints and hinges, are soft, and their greater part gristle, which is still softer, and the process of deforming the chest cavity is easy. The cone being reversed and nature defied, the silly victim of fashion goes forth into the world with a taper waist, but her body is a hospital of disease. She is unfit to be married, because unfit to be a mother. It is a costly experiment to wed such a fragile and deformed creature. The doctor and druggists will accompany her through life, and the undertaker come after a long, lingering struggle for continued vitality. If she has children they are likely to suffer mentally and physically for her folly, for, in common with the organs of the chest cavity, the whole of the lower organs, held in place by the peritoneal sac, are pressed downward and inward, and incessantly suffer from incomplete functional action by tight lacing.

A Strawberry Patch in a Barrel.

Persons who live in cities, and only have a small yard where the sun shines, can have nice berries enough for family use without being troubled by weeds. Take a hogshead, or cask, and commence six inches from the bottom, and with a two inch augur bore it full of holes six inches apart. Then fill it up by degrees with rich dirt, and as you fill up set a strawberry root in the dirt, with the crown or leaves out of the augur hole, and when it is filled to the top you can set a row around the top; but leave a hollow in the center, so that when you wish you can pour in soapsuds or liquid manure, so that you can force them to grow very large and they will be nice and clean. It would be more durable to have two or three iron hoops on the hogshead. Parsley can be raised the same way. The above is more useful than a rustic stump in the yard. —[*Farming World.*]

A CINCINNATI husband said that his wife should devote her afternoons to the care of her children instead of going to matinees at the theatres. She disobeyed. He walked down the centre aisle of a theatre, took her by the ear, and led her out. "Out of respect to the parties," says the account, "who are well connected and generally well thought of, their names are withheld from the public."

AN edict signed by the Czar, and published in the official Gazette of St. Petersburg, virtually bankrupts every wealthy Jew in Russia. It provisionally suspends all payment for contracts or debts due to Jews, prohibits them from settling outside towns and villages, and otherwise provides for their speedy extirpation.

Always Refreshing.

A delicious odor is imparted by Floreston Cologne which is always refreshing, no matter how freely used.—Adv.

The Old Folks at Home.

Dr. Aikman, in his 'Life at Home, urges children not to forget the old folks at home. He says: There is always a liability, when sons and daughters have gone away from the home of their childhood and have formed homes of their own, gradually to lose the old attachments and cease to pay those attentions to their parents which were so easy and natural in the olden time.

New associations, new thoughts, new cares, all come in, filling the mind and heart, and if special pains be not taken, they crowd out the old loves. This ought never to b You should remember that the change is with you, and not with those you left behind. You have everything new, much that is attractive in the present and bright in the future; their hearts cling to the past, they have most in memory. When you went away you knew no', and will never know till you experience it, what it cost them to give you up, nor what a vacancy you left behind. They have not, if you have, any new loves to take the place of the old. Do not, then, heartlessly deprive them of what you still can give of attention and love.

Visit your parents. If you live in the same place, let your step be, perhaps daily, a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles, yea, many miles away, make it your business to go to them. In this manner do not regard time nor expense, the one is well spent and the other will be fully, yea, a hundredfold repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that father or mother has gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel which last bore you to their sides.

Write to your parents. I have known father and mother wait with sick hearts through weary months, longing that some word might reach them from an absent son. They have watched the mails till in despair they have ceased to expect any more, and while they may not have the grief of a great bereavement, they have what is almost as bad, the bitter consciousness that they are not in mind enough to even call out a few poor lines from one whose infancy and early years they watched with sleepless love. Sons are often guilty of this crime—I cannot call it less—from sheer neglect or indolence. While an hour, perhaps a few moments, would suffice to write a letter which would give unspeakable satisfaction, they let months and even years slip away in utter indifference to all the pain they are causing.

Oh, how full is many a mother's heart of sorrow and foreboding, when just a few words from an absent son would fill it with joy and praise! Such indifference or neglect is shameful and wicked. One need not wonder that sons guilty of it are not prospered, that they wait in vain for those turns of fortune which will send them home as they dream, to surprise the old neighborhood with their wealth. Their thoughtlessness has been productive only of disaster.

Keep up your intercourse with father or mother; do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told; do not say, "no news is good news." if it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say, "I am well;" if it be only to send the salutation that says they are "dear," or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little messengers shall be like caskets of jewels, and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say, with a warm-hearted son:

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee."

WHEN a suitor at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, received an emphatic no to his proposal, he was about to give up the suit, and go back to his home at Columbus; but the girl's mother accepted him, appointed a wedding day, and assured him that the daughter would be ready for the ceremony. He was there again at the time fixed, and so were numerous guests, who found the house decorated with flowers and a collation prepared. But the bride was missing She was caught at the railroad station and taken back home, where she disobeyed her mother's stern command to stand up and be married, and the company was dismissed.

COUNSELLOR POLK was fined $20 for contempt of court at Winterset, Iowa, the alternative being twenty days' imprisonment. He had no money, and his fellow members of the bar raised the amount. "My gratitude is boundless, dear friends," said he. "I haven't had twenty dollars in my pocket before for twenty years. I shall keep it there, with your kind permission;" and he went joyfully to jail.

AMSLEY passed himself off as a bachelor at Fairfield, and was a favorite with the girls until they learned that he had a wife in another Iowa village. Then they formed a procession, with brooms for guns, and marched him to the railroad station, where he was glad to take a train without further punishment.

A Missouri woman was astonished when a man took her suddenly in his arms and jumped into a pond with her; and grateful when she learned that her dress had been in a blaze, which the leap extinguished.

JAY GOULD'S conservatory at Irvington is the largest on the Hudson, and contains the finest collection of plants and flowers.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.—Adv.

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