The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1882. VOL XXi-NO. 21

NEW GOODS

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.

T.G. WROTH. W.R. ALDRIDGE

WROTH & ALDRIDGE

Have opened a New Store in Chestertown, next to J. K. Aldridge.

Every thing New, bought for Cash, at Best Cash Rates, and will be sold accordingly.

We keep a Full Line of Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Segars and Tobacco, Crockery, and Everything usually found in a First Class Store.

A lady's nice Kid Glove will be sold for a dollar. Every pair guaranteed not to rip or tear.

Eggs, Butter, Lard, Poultry, and all kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at highest market prices. Give us a trial.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Feb. 16, 1882.

SPRING GOODS.

FRESHST OCK JUST OPENED.

A Full Line of

Dry Goods,

HAT, GROCERIE, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.

HORSE COLARS, PLOW BRIDLES, HALTERS, &c.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market prices. Will also exchange goods for all kinds of Stock, such as horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, &c.

THOMAS J. MANN,
April 27, 1882. opp. the Bank.

SPRING and SUMMER

MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOODS.

MRS. KATE GILL, opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Maryland, takes pleasure in informing the ladies and the public generally, that she has received a full and complete assortment of new

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY,

Hats and Bonnets.

THE LATEST STYLES OUT.

Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Tuckings, Rufflings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets, &c.

A full line of Ladies Nice Neckwear.
May 4, 1882.

THE "SUCCESS"

Force and Suction Pump.

Of which we have the exclusive control, is now being extensively used in this county. We have one at our store in Chestertown, where it can be seen at work. These pumps are made of the best material, the cylinders and valves are of brass, the pipe is wrought iron galvanized. No. 1 Pump will throw 40 gallons per minute; No. 2 pumps, 17 gallons per minute. We warrant each and every pump to work satisfactorily for one year in any depth of well, and to force water 700 yards with a rise of 150 feet.

Call and examine this pump and you will buy no other.

T. L. HINES & CO.
May 18, 1882.

Lime for Sale.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Biddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either

Slaked or Quicked Lime

for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel. WM. PERKINS.
Oct 20, 1881.

GRAIN Cradles, Grass Scythes and Briar Scythes for sale by
T. L. HINES & CO.

NEW GROCERY

—AND—

FEED STORE

Corner of High and Queen streets, Chestertown

FAMILY GROCRIES,

ALL KINDS

OF

CANNED GOODS;

100 Bushels of White Potatoes,

In First Class Condition,

now in the cellar.

SUPPLY OF OTHER VEGETABLES

WILL BE RECEIVED DAILY,

and furnished Fresh and Good.

Our Motto:

Low Prices,
Cash Rates,
and Quick Sales.

P. S.—Will continue to keep on hand Castings for the Advanced Chilled Plow, also, Champion Reaper repairs.

A. BELL,
Jan. 12, 1882. Agent.

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.

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.

THE EASTERN SHORE

Marble Works,

CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.,

fronting Market Space, between the Transcript office and the Armory.

PARKER & McFADDEN

HAVE OPENED A

New Marble Yard

IN CHESTERTOWN,

and by

Doing First-Class Work,

at Reasonable Prices, they hope to secure the patronage of the public.

The public are requested to inspect our work, and ascertain our prices before going to the city or elsewhere.

D. McFADDEN, the practical member of the firm, has had large experience in the best Marble works in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and claims to be able to turn out the

FINEST WORK

IN

Carving lettering and Sculpturing.

PARKER & McFADDEN.

N. B.—Old tombstones and monuments cleaned, re-set, re-lettered, and made virtually new, at reasonable prices.
June 22, 1882.

F. M. Maldeis

No 339 W. Baltimore St. Balto., Md.

MANUFACTURER

—OF—

Fine Harness,

TRUNKS

TRAVELING BAGS, POCKET BOOKS, SADDLE, HORSES and LAP COVERS, WHIPS, BRUSHES,

and everything that is kept in a Saddlery Store. The place to buy first-class leather goods at lowest prices.
April 6, 1882.

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.

Kerosene or Coal Oil Stoves.

The Golden Star Oil Stoves, the Most Successful Stove Ever Used.

12 *Reasons why you should use the GOLDEN STAR, in preference to all other Oil Stoves:*

1st—It has always been found reliable.
2d—It does all we claim for it.
3d—It is clean, neat, and convenient.
4th—It is made to last many years, and will continue to work well.
5th—It combines all the important improvements, and has patented devices found in no other stove.
6th—It furnishes great power, for the space occupied.
7th—It is warranted to be as represented.
8th—It costs but little for fuel and makes no dirt.
9th—It is a treasure in hot weather, which you cannot afford to dispense with.
10th—It costs but little to buy it and try it.
11th—It costs no more than the worthless and unsafe imitations.
12th—The double stoves are so constructed that each stove can be used separately.

THE GOLDEN STAR OIL STOVES,

for sale at manufacturers prices, by
JOHN K. ALDRIDGE,
June 29, 1882. Chestertown.

Eureka!

W. H. LAMBERT,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, Notions, Queensware, and Groceries a specialty,

Such as SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, Syrups, Cocoa, Chocolate, all kinds Canned Goods.

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

and Shoulder, Dried Beef,

Choice Family Flour.

FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

all at LOWEST prices. Give me a call.
July 6, 1882.

T. W. Eliason Jr.

DEALER IN

JNO. Q. A. HOLLOWAY'S

Excelsior.

JNO. Q. A. HOLLOWAY'S

Ammo. Super Phosphate.
J. Horner, Jr's., Ammo. Raw Bone Super Phosphate.
J. Horner, Jr's., Dissolved Animal Bono.
PERUVIAN GUANO.
Dissolved South Carolina.

Special inducements offered to purchasers of KAINIT

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,
Aug. 3, 1882. Chestertown, Md

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATE REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms or all above Parlor floor.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors

All lines of city passenger cars pass it doors.

Electric Light recently introduced.

F. W. COLEMAN,
March 30, 1882—y MANAGER.

RATES OF ICE, for 1882.

3 lbs		5 Cents.
5 "		8 "
7 "		10 "
10 "		15 "
16 "		25 "
20 "		30 "
25 "		38 "
35 "		50 "
50 "		70 "
100 "		$1 25

By the Cake, 1 cent per lb.

The Public's Obedient Servant,
WILLIAM PERKINS.
June 8, 1882. Chestertown, Md.

FARMERS

WHO ARE NEEDING MEAT CUTTERS STUFFERS, LARD, FRUIT & JELLY PRESSES combined, will do well to examine our stock. We also offer Lever Sausage Stuffers, Lard Cans, Butcher Knives, &c., which we are selling as low as the lowest.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.

MOULDINGS, SASH, DOORS and WINDOW FRAMES for sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

EXCELSIOR HORSE YOKE.

We have received the control of this yoke for this locality, and will warrant every yoke to prevent *any* horse from jumping or no charge.

T. L. HINES & CO.

INVITATION.

Strangers passing through the city are cordially invited to visit the store, and make free use of its conveniences; leaving their luggage under check at any of the doors, or in the Luggage Room in the Department of Public Comfort.

Really we meant to have this important department in full operation before everybody got back from sea and mountain. It is made for strangers; and they seem to enjoy it, so far as it has got. It consists of a free Reading Room for gentlemen, a free Resting Room for ladies, free writing-facilities in both, closets, and other little conveniences; a soda and mineral-water fountain that isn't free; and a lunch-room to be added.

We make the great public welcome there, beyond the wont of any other house, so far as we know. We think it will pay us to look after Public Comfort a little, as a means of advertising. There's nothing sly or crooked about it. We want visitors to Philadelphia to have a good time, *and to connect our store with it.*

New things are coming, and fall trade is already begun. New things do not come all together. They come in a steady stream from now till Christmas. And they go in the same way. They have to. You may easily believe it, when you see our house full all the time, of goods and of people taking them away. It would be hardly worth speaking of so obvious a fact, but for the moral; which is: Buy when you find what you want; for tomorrow somebody else will be after it.

New things will crowd upon us now for mention every day. Only a few can get into the papers, except in the most general way. It will be fair to come for whatever you want, and expect to find it.

New foreign wraps have come. There are jersey coats, jersey ulsterettes, pelisses, and others. The writer of this hasn't even seen them. He has only heard of the flutter they are going to make.

Wonderful silks have come. But we must say more about the least of them than we have time for today.

We have neither time nor knowledge today to go into particulars. This is only an early notice that the store is filling up with goods for fall.

We need to say further to you who live at a distance that you needn't go to the city every time you want anything. We take so much pains to send you what you want, that you risk little in writing for goods. Let us know, as nearly as you can, what you want, and we will send you samples and prices, or take other means of finding out exactly what you do want.

John Wanamaker.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square, PHILADELPHIA.

WOOD! WOOD!!

Hickory, Oak and Pine.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

KINDLING Wood for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown.
Sept. 4, 1879.

NOTICE.

C. F. STAM has just received a large stock of the

NEW METHODIST HYMNALS,

very nicely bound, and which he is selling very cheap, from 50 cts. to $3.00—an examination of stock and prices is solicited. Call at the corner Drug store. [Jan. 8, 1880

SHOES

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

A full line of Low Cut Shoes.

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

ACCORDEONS, Mouth Harps and Doll Babies—at HUDGINS' BARBERY.

THE GIRLS.

Hear the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls.
What a fund of merryment each ruby lip unfurls!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy air of night!
While the stars that oversilver
All the heavens hear their clatter
In a soft and mild delight;
To the tintinabulation that, unceasing, ever purls!
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls.

See the flirting of the girls,
Radiant girls!
How the softened brain of lover wildly whirls!
Through the mazes of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall!
How he skips to and fro
And perspires!
Would that we could tell the idiocy all we know
Of the fires
Into which the false one hurls
Each new whim—see the flame—how it whirls!
How it curls!
How it curls!
Better far that they were churls
Than fall victim to the girls—
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
To the sacking and heart racking of the girls!

—*Unknown.*

THE TWO COUNTRIES.

There is a land of tears and bitter wailing—
A land most like that drear one Dante knew
Where wan-faced Niobes, with dark robes trailing,
In sad procession move, brow bound with rue.
It is a land peopled by witless mortals—
Compared with them the Virgins five were wise.
And it is writ above the gloomy portals
"We did not think it paid to advertise."

There is a land that flows with milk and honey—
Not the condensed nor yet the sorghum strains—
Each dweller bears a gripsack fat with money,
Bonds, coupons, stocks, and various other gains.
Happy are these as, at high tide, the clamlet;
No tear doth drown the laughter in their eyes;
For better luck they'd not donate one damlet;
The pastry's theirs—they learned to advertise.

—*Hatboro' Public Spirit.*

AMONG THE CODFISHERS.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND STAFF OF LIFE—WHERE THE COD LIVE, AND HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT—HUMORS ON SQUID JIGGING.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

If the natives of Newfoundland are ever perverted to heathenism, their chief god will surely be a codfish. Already the cod almost touch-cod divinity, or at least is the emblem of all things material. The Newfoundlanders recognize the dignity of their fish-god by stamping him on their local currency, and but for the manifest inconvenience would no doubt make him legal tender for the payment of debts. So ubiquitous is the fish, and so familiar does he become, that when one passes a fifty-cent piece here he half expects to find a ten-pound codfish among the small change. On official documents, on postage stamps, on bank notes, the cod and his familiar dewlap meet the eye. Spread on platforms and broiling in the sun, he forms a fishy fringe around the island—a wall of defense, if not against invading armies, at least against the fiercer foes, poverty and starvation. The allegorical importance of the codfish is sustained by facts and figures. The islanders catch probably not less than seven millions of dollars' worth a year, and more than half their annual exports of eight million dollars are made up of their staple fishy commodity. Every part of the cod is useful; the head fried is an esculent dainty—a kind of compound of sweetbread and calves'-foot jelly; the tongue cut out and nicely browned in the frying-pan is an improved imitation of the fried oyster; the skin is used for fine glue; the sounds are eaten or made into the isinglass of the cook book, the Norwegians grind up the bones for cattle feed, and the French buy the spawn for baiting their sardine fishing grounds.

THE HOMES OF THE COD.

Stretching for hundreds of miles southward and southeastward of this island, and sixty miles from shore at the nearest point, is the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, whose limits and nature are still undefined. A little way oceanward from its slopes the sea reaches some of its greatest depths, and within its boundaries are depressions where the fisherman's anchor never touches bottom. Old codfishers say that the Grand Bank is steadily rising, and that a few centuries will find it jutting above surface. The Grand Bank, with its adjuncts, is some six hundred miles long and from two to three hundred miles wide. The shallows over it vary from ninety to four hundred feet in depth. The Grand Bank is, beyond comparison, the finest ground in the world. For centuries the fishermen have visited it, and millions on millions of tons of codfish have been taken there, but still the yield is undiminished. Sometimes for two or three years the fish will be scarce, and the report will spread that the bank is "fished out," when suddenly a year of unprecedented catches will give the lie to the notion. For about six months in the year, beginning with May, the codfish swarm, not only over the Grand Bank, but, in lesser size and numbers, along the whole North American shore from the latitude of New York to an unknown distance northward. They are found from the eastern waters of Long Island to the furthest extremes of Labrador, and even up to the regions of eternal ice. What lures the cod from the ocean depths to which he goes in winter is not certainly known, but it is surmised that he either follows up the small shore fish or seeks the sea-cherry—a small red berry that often grows on the weedy bottoms where the cod is found. It is also pretty well established that during the summer visit shoreward the female fish spawns. The immense race of cod, far outnumbering all the other large fish of the sea, is accounted for by its fecundity. Nine millions of eggs have been counted as the roe of a large specimen, and all the codfish caught by man are a mere cipher compared with the billions, large and small, swallowed by sharks and other fish of prey.

SQUID AND SQUID JIGGING.

One of the greatest curiosities among the inhabitants of the deep is the squid, just now the orthodox bait for killing the codfish. The squid is a smaller edition of the huge devilfish, or octopus, wonderful specimens of which have of late years been found on the Newfoundland coast. The squid, take him conchwise, is a revolting-looking creature. Cut a section, say ten inches long, from a common eel, transform its flesh into a tough jelly, give it a cruciform tail at one end and eight short sucker-armed feelers at the other; conceive the suckers, each armed with a circle of small teeth, and the feelers converging to a cruel hawk-like beak—then we shall have a weak likeness of the squid. The creature's mode of progression is original. It has within its body an elastic suction tube holding almost a pint of water. Filling the tube by drawing water through the holes in its mantle, the squid, by a sudden squirt, drives itself backward as fast as a fish can swim, and by inverting its tube can move with an equal velocity in the opposite direction. Jigging for these squids is a rare spectacle. The "jigger" is a red stick of wood circled with sharp but barbless hooks. The hook is let down, the squid, which enters these bays here by myriads for food, is attracted by the red color, clasps its arms over the hooks, and is drawn up to its death. But as it reaches the surface the novice must be on guard, for the squid shoots straight at its captor his charge of water, followed by another squirt of an inky fluid, which on light garments is almost indelible. The fishermen know the creature's trick, and by a skillful movement induce the squid to deliver his charge upon one side, then by a quick inversion of the hook drop the squid in the boat. A squid fishing fleet of boats, closely grouped, so as to keep the schools of young octopi collected, is an animated sight. Each man tends three or four lines, and has all he can do when squid are around. The bustle of the fishing, the jumping of the squid in the boats, and the incessant squirts of water to a height of several feet in all directions through the fleet, make up a most picturesque sea spectacle. The flesh of the squid has some poisonous quality that makes even the tough skins of the fishermen sore by long handling. On the codfish hook its flesh grows white and tough, making very alluring bait.

THE CAPLIN.

Closely allied to the squid as cod bait is the caplin. The caplin is a small fish, of the salmon species, about the size of a small melt, and very like it in appearance. It never varies more than two or three days in the time of its coming to the Newfoundland shores, where, late in June, it suddenly throngs all the bays in prodigious numbers. A single boy with a small dip net can catch several tons a day, and a few men can readily secure a schooner load. The waves dash the caplin on the shores in great numbers, and the residents often cart them away for manure. Although a delicious fish, much like the trout in flavor, the caplin is rarely eaten. Indeed, for a fishing people these islanders are amazingly backward in the use of their food fish. Few of them even know how to cook the cod so as to be eatable; they rarely eat the trout with which their inland waters are filled; and, though they raise the best potatoes in the world, they seem profoundly ignorant of that delicious product of Yankeeland, the codfish-ball. After the caplin go away, in July, the squid come in, and after them the herring, so Providence has provided a triple series of cod baits, without any one of which a third of the season would be lost.

ON THE FISHING BANKS.

His bait once assured, the fisherman begins his toilsome season on the fishing grounds, seeking the Grand Bank heretofore referred to, the inshore fisheries, or the coast of Labrador. The fish off Labrador, or on the Grand Bank, are always largest and most valuable, but the fishermen there must incur vexatious delays in securing fresh bait or in coming shoreward to dry his product. His is an arduous and perilous calling. The cod usually bite best at sunset or sunrise, and often tug at the lines all night. So by darkness and day the fisherman is at his post, save when a storm forces him to heave-to on the banks, or, nearer shore, drives him to port. The tasping line, drawn up often from a depth of 200 feet, cuts his fingers, the poisonous squid and salt used in canning the fish wear the skin to the blood, hunger, exposure, danger, are all the lot. Here, in Newfoundland, no fisher is also for a hard master, the wholesale dealer, who furnishes the equipment, taking as security a chattel mortgage, thus bringing the poor, ignorant fisherman in debt at the opening of the season. It is reckoned a fair season's catch if the fisherman comes out with profits of $120, on which he must, weather through the piercing winter months. During his absence the wife tills the ground, rears the children, and even cures the fish which her lord brings home. On his return from the remoter banks, often after an absence of five months, the fisherman relapses into sulky idleness for the rest of the year. He sits by the fireside with his pipe, leaving his wife to do the household work, and becoming by comparison with his decidedly better half a most inconsequential and good-for-nothing creature. He may be captain on the water, but his wife is captain on shore, and the subjection to which these imperious fishwives reduce their nominal lords and masters is a funny side of social phenomena in this queer little island.

The cod is anything but a gamesome fish. A few initial struggles way down in the depths, and he comes up with a dead pull like a log. Unless very large and hungry, he bites daintily, and out of ten that bite probably but one is hooked.

In "trawling" the fisherman sinks a long rope fitted with short snoods and hooks. The rope is ingeniously buoyed to logs, to which is attached a staff and flag in such a way that, each wave throws the flag in air and signals the spot. Two men in a boat, often several times a day, "under-run" the trawl—the man in front drawing up and taking off the fish, while his companion baits. The "seine," so-called is here a net of great length and depth, so arranged as to "purse" at the bottom by a drawn cord, and secure the fish in the same manner that menhaden are caught on our coasts. The local title of "trap" is applied to a contrivance much like our fish pounds, but made entirely of nets. The seine and trap are both used effectively when the cod is gorged with caplin or squid and refuses to bite.

CURING AND MARKETING.

To cure a codfish well requires care and experience; and unless done well all the fisher's toil may go for little. The cod is usually passed to a gang of four men. One rips up the fish, a second takes out the entrails and cuts off the head, a third—usually the best man of the lot—by a deft movement cuts out the backbone, a fourth spreads on the salt and lays the fish in a pile. Then the heap of cod are distributed on the flakes, or fir-strewn platforms, reared along the shores. Everywhere in the neighborhood of the unnumbered fishing villages these broad platforms appear now perched in a cleft of the rocks, now rising in tiers, but always placed near the sea in which the offal is dropped.

During the curing, which lasts two or three weeks, the fish must be watched carefully. If left too long on one side, they become "oversalted." The sun in that case draws the salt to one side, leaving the other soft or rank, and the fish is almost unsalable. Then they must be heaped up at night, covered with canvas or oilcloth against rain, and tended almost as babes. When ready for market they are sold to the wholesale dealers, bringing at St. John's, during a scarce season like the present, only five cents a pound. Newfoundland finds her chief market in Roman Catholic countries, where the fish are consumed during Lent. Lately, however, the Norwegians have become hot rivals of the Newfoundlanders in the European markets. American housewives may be glad to know that the local tests of a good salt codfish are a surface hard and well dried on both sides, white flesh, and an absence of salty crystallizations. Efforts thus far to utilize as compost the thousands of tons of offal annually wasted have failed, and the same is substantially true of attempts to preserve the delicate caplin in some permanent edible form.

Taken as a whole, the life of the poor island fisherman here is far from enviable. Half-starved at home, cheated by the merchant, sunk in squalor, filth, and misery, he drifts easily into dull routine and a kind of mental stupor. He somehow—partly it would seem by his very lack of aspiration—preserves his good temper; he becomes a marvelous seamen, and he can dress fish with the precision and speed of a machine. But his whole horizon, like his island, bounded by a circle of foam, and even Paradise, to his vision, resolves itself into an Eden whose seas teem with codfish and whose markets the Yankee and Norwegian never can invade.

C. D.

Ploughing for Frost.

The time for fall ploughing is at hand, and the plough should be kept at work wherever it can be run. Two ploughings, one in fall and one in spring, are an advantage. We overlook one of nature's agents in pulverizing out, I will tell you my way. Plough the ground in May and sow three-fourths bushels to the acre. Fit the soil thoroughly before sowing. The crop will be in blossom before June, when it should be rolled down and chained under as he ploughs. Not later than July 10th reduce surface for a good seed bed and sow the same again. This crop will be grown large and be in blossom soon enough to turn under and prepare the ground for wheat. I have had a second crop grow 4 feet high. I bought a farm, some parts of which were very poor, hilly, and not easy of access. On these fields buckwheat has been the key to success in bringing them back to what they once were. After two crops of buckwheat have been ploughed under clover will "catch." The wheat crop ought to be dressed with three to five wagon loads of well-rotted manure to the acre. I place red clover first to put power and life into the land, and buckwheat second. For worn soil buckwheat is the best by far, as it grows so rapidly and can be turned down in one season and soil fitted for wheat.

A London burglar carried a razor in his pocket whenever he went out at night to commit a robbery, not to defend himself with, but for suicide in case he was caught. His pals knew of this habit, but did not believe that he would ever use the razor. They were mistaken. Being captured after breaking into a house, he promptly killed himself according to promise.

An Old Man's Belief.

Have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for my bad cough and hemorrhage I had twenty-five years. I feel like another man since I used it. Am 66 years past. Believe it sure to cure younger persons. A. Orner, Highspire, Pa.—Adv.

Boys and "Boys."

It is Charles Dudley Warner, we believe, who urges that boys should be caught young, put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until they have arrived at years of discretion. And yet after many and forcible reasons for regarding boys as blessings in disguise, and so well disguised as to be mistaken for something quite the contrary, most everybody will agree with the eulogy he pronounces upon the boy. "After all," he says, "there is something I like about a boy."

Boys are the terror of cats, their mothers and their elder sisters, but the cats would lead but a dull career without them, while a mother would scarcely know what life really is if she was freed from the constant anxiety she feels about her boys. What unruffled but unprofitable hours of lazy enjoyment would fail to the lot of elder sisters, were it not for their younger brothers. Sloth and ease and a mistaken belief that this world is not a world of annoyances and discomforts would enervate their characters. Boys make them feel that we are not put here simply to enjoy ourselves, but to develop our characters. So with teachers. What a monotonous existence would be theirs were it not for boys. A teacher of girls alone would mistake earth for paradise, and so not having any use for Heaven and not believing in any such place as a refuge from earthly miseries would never strive to get there. But a teacher of boys every week looks forward to a better and brighter world awaks good use of Sunday in fitting himself for it, and in hoping that he will get there sometime, to make up for his trials here.

The ash man who should not get a snowball down his back; the rag peddler who never found the wheel of his cart suddenly coming off; the street car conductor who did not have to drive the boys from the rear platform; the passer-by who did not get a base-ball in his abdomen or a bean in his ear; the nurse girl and her baby who were not scared out of their wits by the sudden rush of a velocipede upon their heels, would not enjoy their tranquil intervals of existence nor fully know the value of peace and quietness. So that after all boys are of very great use—especially as a discipline and a means of moral improvement; and they are not to be despised, but rather to be cherished and loved, as they are very apt to be as soon as they have passed their eighteenth year.

But there are "boys" and boys, "boys with a quotation mark and boys without. It is the "boys" with these marks that do not deserve much charity, and do get but precious little liking and admiration. It is the "boys" with these marks that frequent drinking saloons, stand on the street corners, become rowdies at an early age, are riotus, foul-mouthed, violent and even bloodthirsty before they are twenty-one. This is the kind of "boys" that are not entitled to the name. They become street roughs, if not burglars and highway robbers; or are dissipated, vicious, lewd and going to perdition in droves. It is gangs of this sort in large cities and on the frontiers, who are known as "boys," but belie the name. A mean but true specimen of them are the Malley "boys"—young men well advanced in manhood, but covering up their debauchery, dissoluteness, riotus living, and even graver offenses by pretending to the giddiness and thoughtlessness of boyhood. They have no claim to any such excuse or any such exemption. They are men mature in wickedness and crime, and cannot hide their sins under cover of boyish folly.

The same may be said of the "James boys" who long since arrived at mature life, and instead of being pushed into crime by the frolicsome impulsiveness suggested by the word "boy," long since resorted to robbery and murder as the sport of irrepressible and hot headed youth.

The politicians, too, love to hide their tricks and their games with public service by pretending in a jocose and lightsome way that it is the "boys" who are really responsible for the evil deeds of caucuses and conventions, of wire-pulling and political devilry generally. They imagine it softens the offense if they assume that it is the "boys" who must be looked after and looked to for the wrong-doings in politics, whereas the majority of these "boys" are gray with many years they have given to learning and practicing their contemptible political frauds and manouevers. No: in justice to the real boys, whose youth excuses much because it is "their nature to," the "boys" of the street-corners, the frontiers, and the political managers ought to have the name taken from them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Parasol Ant.

A correspondent of the London Field, writing from the Island of Trinidad, W. I., says:

"We were about returning to the boat when one of Mr. B.'s sons, who had been some little distance away from us sauntering about in the bush, called to me to come back, and, on going to where he was, he pointed to what seemed a broad band of moving leaves right across the path, and, on looking more closely, I saw we had met with one of those enormous swarms of the "parasol ants," which are so destructive to plantations in the tropics.

"They were crossing from one side of the wood to the other, and were traveling in a column of more than a foot and a-half in width; and as each insect carried in its mouth a piece of leaf, which entirely covered the body, they presented a singular appearance, like a Lilliputian grove in motion; and, although we watched them for some time, still they came, their numbers seeming to be inexhaustible.

"Nothing can turn them from their course; and although they be destroyed by thousands, enough will swarm upon the intruder to make him repent interfering with them. On the mainland of South America I have known a fruit tree stripped in a single night by a swarm of these ants."

Thoughtful Thoughts.

A thief thinks every man steals.

Time was given us to make use of, not to waste.

A thousand probabilities can't make one truth.

We can derive some profit from every experience.

Try to make life pleasant for those around you.

A willing helper does not wait until he is asked.

A probable story is the first weapon of calumny.

Very near together are hearts that have no guile.

A word and a stone once let go cannot be recalled.

The best people stand lowest in their own estimation.

Live up to the principles of the religion you profess.

Silence is the wit of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Letter Writing.

Let us remember our absent friends by correspondence, particularly when as grown children we leave the parental roof to make homes of our own. I know an affectionate mother who had for many years been busy providing for the wants of a large family, so that letter writing and penmanship almost became one of the lost arts. But when her children began to leave her, some of them to settle in distant States, she took time daily to practice with her pen. It was hard work at first, for her muscles had become stiffened with hard labor, but she persevered. She used to copy pieces of poetry from the newspapers as an exercise. She said to me one day: "I must hear from the children, and this is the best way for me to do it. I don't mind if it does come awkwardly." She gradually succeeded in writing easily and well. One of her daughters showed me some of the scraps that had been written as an exercise, which she had treasured up as a touching evidence of a mother's love. So let us remember the old folks, who in the silence of the old home look often and sometimes long for letters from absent children who are not unloving but unthinking.

Two women went beyond their depth while bathing at Horne Bay, England. A man swam out to them, and they clung wildly to him, though he begged them not to do it, declaring that all would drown unless they left his arms free. A boatman came to the rescue, and the women were saved, but the hero lost his life.

Murphy disturbed a meeting of the Salvation Army at Oldham, England. Private Kershaw, a muscular exhorter, accepted his challenge to go out and fight. The encounter was a protracted and desperate exhibition of pugilism, but the sinner was whipped.

A New View of the Earth's Evolution.

The assumption that the earth was at one time in a fluid condition, as held by Laplace and by many astronomers and geologists, was disputed with a suggestive array of evidence by Dr. Houghton, of Dublin, before the Science Association at Montreal.

Following are some of his reasons for doubting the fluidity of the earth or any other planet at any stage of its evolution:

1. The possibility of the equilibrium of the rings of Saturn, on the supposition that they are either solid or liquid, has been more than doubted, and the most probable hypothesis concerning them is that they consist of swarms of discrete meteoric stones, discrete meaning that they are separate from each other in space.

2. It is difficult to understand the low specific gravity of Jupiter and the other planets on the supposition that they are either solid or liquid, for we know of no substance light enough to form them. If the outer planets consist of discrete meteoric stones moving around a solid or liquid nucleus, the difficulty respecting the specific gravity would disappear.

3. The recent researches connecting the periodic showers of shooting stars with comets tend in the direction of showing that comets in cooling break up into discrete solid particles, and that probably the solar nebula cooled in like manner into separate fiery tiers, which soon modified by radiation into the cold of space.

Mr. Huggin's recent comparisons of the spectroscopic appearances of comets and incandescent portions of meteoric stone shows the presence in both of hydrogen and nitrogen compounds, confirming the conclusions drawn from the identity of the path of comets and meteoric shooting stars.

From all these and other considerations it is allowable to suppose that the earth and moon, when they separated from the solar nebula, did so in the form of solid meteoric stones, each of them having the temperature of interstellar space—that is, something not much warmer than 460° Farenheit below the freezing point of water.—*Scientific American.*

A Cheerful Face.

There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sonrest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog and cloud and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illumined landscape as the "blues" and moroseness try combat jovial speech and exhilerating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content, but the difficulty will vanish when we fairly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us providentially as good—and is as good, if we rightly apply its lessons. Why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting?

Mexican Change.

Almost anything may be made to do duty as currency. In one of the small towns of Mexico I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap, the size of a water-cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer who witnessed the incident hastened to inform me that soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country for small sums. I examined my change and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town, and of a manufacturer authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth one and one-half cents each. Afterward in my travels I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that, I discovered, was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of mine more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them.

A Busy Belgian City.

"Antwerp is mortally busy," writes Mr. Edward King; "yet to a stranger it seems quiet. The streets are not crowded with bustling people; but ring at this quaintly-carven door, enter this courtyard, and go up a flight of stairs. Here are counting rooms, hum of trade, and much smoke of cigars. So it is all over the city. In a corner left over from the middle ages—an old corner—you may step into the bourse, or exchange, where thousands of merchants herd together twice a day, not merely to buy and sell stocks, but everything else. The Antwerp merchant does half his business in these two visits to the bourse daily. In his office he simply notes down and carries out the results of his visit. He is a stirring man, full of ideas about exportation to South America and the Indies, full of jealousy of Rotterdam, and very much afraid of his gigantic American competitor over the sea."

Task for a Student in Politics.

In response to a letter of inquiry recently written to Senator Edmunds by a young lawyer, asking information as to what were the best political works from which to gain a thorough knowledge of both parties, the Senator said: "