The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883. VOL XXi-NO. 48

Chester River Steamboat Company.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO FARMERS AND SHIPPERS.

With every facility we are now prepared to receive GRAIN on consignment, or the highest CASH PRICE paid for the same by

J. R. CLEMENTS, AGENT,

July 6, 1882—tf. Chestertown Granary

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 ful and complete assortment of new

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY,

Hats and Bonnets.

THE LATEST STYLES OUT.

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

A full line of Ladies Nice Neck vear.

May 4, 1882.

COAL. COAL.

T. deC. RUTH

Having laid in a large supply of the

BEST QUALITY

White Ash COAL.

Also, Coal for ENGINES and BLACKSMITHS' use, he is now prepared to fill all orders promptly, as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST, with

2240 lbs. PER TON.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. We feel assured that we can give satisfaction. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

Very respectfully,

T. deC. RUTH.

J. B. McINTIRE, Agent.

Nov. 23, 1882—4m.

STRAW.

The Chestertown Straw Board Company desires to purchase Straw, either to be delivered at their mill or to be hauled by the company. Those anticipating a sale of their straw should have it well put up in stacks or ricks, so as to keep it dry and sound. It must also be free from chaff.

The company is now prepared to make purchases for future delivery.

For further information call on or address

C. T. WESTCOTT, Pres.,

or

T. W. ELIASON, Jr., Treas.,

Chestertown, Md.

June 15, 1882.

D. B. STEWART.

WITH

T. H. KEPNER,

General Commission Merhants,

and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds

Of Country Produce,

No. 2 Bowley's Wharf,

Baltimore, Md.

Special attention given to the sale of fresh and evaporated Fruits and Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Calves, &c., &c.

Consignments solicited and promptly attended. Reference—Our Patrons' and Citizen's Nationla Bank. [Oct. 12, 1882.

Special Notice!

SOMETHING LONG NEEDED SUPPLIED AT LAST

WM PERKINS has fitted up hi Lady's Parlor, for the Winter; and ladies from the country, or elsewhere, will find a warm room, when they come to town with their husbands or friends, and do not wish to wait in the stores, or to call on friends, while their gentlemen companions are attending to business matters, in which they can sit, and read, and pass away their time; free of charge.

Lunches Served at All Hours.

He also has an upper room, propery fitted up, in which dinner and supper can be privately furnished at all times, at short notice, and moderate prices.

P. S.—All meals served in the upper saloon will be at an extra charge.

Dec. 18, 1879.

NOTICE.

Having consolidated with Crpt. James W. Thompson, thereby securing ample storage room for grain and merchandise, at Chestertown, we are now prepared to receive Grain at the well-known stand, Thompson's Granary, and will forward the same to market promptly. Schooners "Hattie Stark" and "W. S. Cope" will accommodate the public at any point on River or Bay.

R. J. FOARD,

President Enterprise Transportation Co.

Nov. 16, 1882.

Barber Shop.

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

WOOLFORD

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1881.

Lime for Sale.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, 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.

FOR SALE.

Post! Post! Post!

SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar, White Oak and other kinds of POSTS of different sizes and lengths. They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also White and Red Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak piling and rail-road ties.—

Charles W. Jones, living near Mr. P. A. M Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to delive all orders, but the sales Must be made by me All persons are forbidden to take anything out of the said woods unless by my or Charles W. Jones' permission.

WILLIAM PERKINS.

March 8, 1883.

BLACK CASHMERES, Black Silks, Black Satins. Black Alpaca worth 50 cents rice 25 cents. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,

Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,

Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,

AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.

(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

1883. 1883.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

T. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS.

We purpose making our stock of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Wooden-ware, Farming Implements, &c., &c., complete in every department, and hope by earnest endeavor and strict attention to business to merit extensive patronage.

Among the many articles comprising our stock, we may mention the following, viz: Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing-knives, Axes, Chisels, Augers, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Chain Traces, Back Chains, Tongue Chains, Breast Chains, Grubb Hoes, Ropes of all kinds, &c.

Also a full line of Table & Pocket Cutlery, including a complete line of Rogers' Plated Spoons, Knives & Forks.

We will manufacture our own Tin-ware, and will be prepared to do all kinds of *Roofing & Spouting*, Repairing Old Tins, &c., &c.

We can furnish Cook & Heating Stoves at lowest rates and as good and durable as can be had anywhere, *Stoves Guaranteed.*

There are many other articles we might mention, such as Tubs, Washboards, Rolling-pins, Butter Prints & Paddles, Slaw-cutters, Water Buckets, Mouse & Rat Traps, Wire Clothes Lines, Dust & Scrub Brushes, &c., &c.

It will be our pleasure to keep everything in the Hardware line consistent with the demand of the public.

We shall be glad to have all our friends and the public generally to call and examine our stock & prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

Jan. 11, 1883.

ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Tuesday, March 13th, the steamer

"Enterprise"

Will make tri-weekly trips between Crumpton and Baltimore, running as follows:

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M., touching at Spry's, Deep Landing, and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock P. M., Newnam's at 6:30 Quaker Neck at 7, Hooper's wharf (Centreville) at 8, touching at Earle's and Emory's in Corsica Creek, arrive at Baltimre at 12 o'clock midnight.

Returning will leave Baltimore, Piers 12 and 13, Light St. Wharf, every Tuesday and Thursday at 12 o'clock midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, stopping at all the above landings, and arrive at Crumpton at 8 A. M. on Wednesdays and Fridays, 11 o'clock P. M. on Saturdays.

We have remodelled the steamer and added a number of staterooms and can now offer the public very pleasant sleeping accommodations.

Freight received at wharf in Baltimore on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Carried at reasonable rates and handled with care and dispatch.

GRAIN and heavy freight of every description carried by our steam barge "A. J. Whitney" and schooners "Copes" and "Hattie Stark," upon short notice. All orders left with the agents at the wharves.

RICH. J. FOARD,

March 8, 1883 President.

"COME AND SEE US."

PRICES LOWER

THAN THEY HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

In part as follows:

Java, Maracaibo, Laguayra and Rio Coffees; Teas, Spices, Cheese, Gelatine, Chocolate, Cocoa, Chow-Chow, Corn Starch, Dry Yeast, Graham Flour, &c.; Wm. Lea, Sons & Co's. F. F. F., Kirkwood, and other grades of FLOUR, by the barrel, sack or lb. "Hecker's" Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour.

Full stock of Canned Goods; Best Sugar Cured Hams and Shoulders.

TOBACCO and SEGARS,

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

GLASS & CROCKERY-WARE.

Our entire stock was bought at *Cash* prices, we are satisfied with *small advances*, hence we claim to sell as *LOW* as the *LOWEST*, and don't forget it.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

Jan. 25, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED

The SUREST CURE for

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Acts at the Same Time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

CHEAP Carpets and Oil Cloths—at J. H. SIMPERS'.

FRUIT Jars and Jelly Glasses, as cheap as the cheapest. SPARKS.

CLOVER SEEDERS at city prices at HINES & CLEMENTS

JEANETTE'S HAIR.

'Oh, loosen the curls that you wear, Jeanette,
Let me tangle my hand in your hair, my pet,
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Jeanette,
It was finer than the silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet,

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jeanette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Jeanette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet:
They were gray with the chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Jeanette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the Spring is young, and the roses are wet
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set,

[redacted]

AN OLD PLANTATION.

SOME ODD CHARACTERS OF MANY YEARS AGO.

From Phila., Times.

There is no longer such a thing as an old Virginia plantation. Many readers of the *Times* are glad that it is so, while some of us regret "the good old day." All of us, perhaps, are interested in any faithful picturing, though it be but a charcoal sketch, of times never to be revived. I offer my charcoal sketch.

The three thousand acres of land had been granted by George III, to the "great-grands," as we called the bewigged portraits in the hall and library; and the grant, an old yellow parchment, was shown us on State occasions. It did not stir our young Republican blood much, and I think our chief sensation was one of surprise that kings should write on such dirty paper. Neither did the little crested spoons impress us much, nor the great dishes and plates of rare old china, nor the high-carved backs of the stiff chairs, nor the brass claw-feet of the antique dining table; but we thought George must have been a generous fellow to give away such trees as those which gave its name to Oakenwold. The great lawn contained eighty old trees. Fifty of these were oaks of such a size that the thirty hickories, locusts, etc., were positively not seen at all. Each oak was a giant, and when he had stretched his boughs out to an incredible distance from the huge trunk they were met by the equally far-reaching boughs of a brother giant.

AN OLD PLANTATION.

Jack and I had been born among the thrifty Scoth Irish of the Valley of Virginia, and next to the trees we wondered most at the number of servants it took to do the work. There were over a hundred slaves belonging to the place, not counting the children, who, indeed, seemed as hard to count as little black ants swarming about. Of course, most of these men and women were field hands and worked the large wheat and tobacco crops. But, compared with our simple experience of village life, there seemed a little army of servants about the house. There was, for the care of two pair of carriage horses and four or five riding nags, an old coachman, Isham, who had young Manuel as an assistant. Isham had been stable boy for an earlier generation and was an old man of sense and character. He honestly believed himself indispensable to the white folks at the "gret hus" (as the family dwelling was called on the plantation) and to the whole black settlement. His estimation of himself was equaled by the readiness with which he found excuses for his shortcomings. He was sent on one occasion to meet the canal boat, and reached the landing so late that the expected guest had taken a shorter route and walked to Oakenwold before the carriage returned.

"Isham, you wretch," said my aunt, "what made you so late?"

"You sees, mistess," gravely, bowing, cap in hand, "dese wheels 'fuse to tu'n."

SOME PLANTATION CHARACTERS.

Manuel, Isham's assistant, was a powerful young fellow, black, shiny and good natured. He was as strong as a bull; could have tossed Isham up with one hand, but was dreadfully afraid of the old man and entirely under hack.

The horses were brought under my uncle's window a little after daylight every morning for his inspection. To this early conference came also Ralph, the gardner, who had two grievances that served him in all weathers: "De mizry in de back" and "dem onnat'ral lazy nigga boys what the mistiss pesters him by sendin' in de garden for to help."

The dining-room was supplied with three waiters: Shepherd, the aristocrat, who carried the keys; Abner, put under Shepherd "to larn," and Godfrey, a boy whose use I could never see, unless it was to wait on Abner. Shepherd could not hand your plate nor fill your glass without impressing you with the solemnity of life and particularly of this occasion; but Abner was a wag, an undeveloped Mark Twain; he was a young elephant for clumsiness, and the very fact of his being put into the position of waiter was itself a good joke. His agility in making excuses, however, was like "Uncle Isham's" something fine. For his many breakages he had one ever-repeated defense: "But you knows, mistiss, ax'dens does happen in de bes' reg'lated fam'lies." Being sent one day to the dining-room for a little table, which he had just smashed by falling over, he earnestly declared that "de top ob dat table don lef' de legs!"

A VIRGINIA KITCHEN.

Each successive cook, always a man, was kept for several years at a first-class restaurant in Richmond "to learn good manners and jump Jim Crow," I suppose, for I am sure my aunt's kitchen could have afforded him sufficient instruction. The kitchen was some distance from the house, and you will wonder how four kinds of hot bread for every breakfast and four hot meats for dinner could issue from it when I tell you there was nothing like a stove on the whole plantation. The most elaborate dinners were prepared in the big wide fire-place, furnished with spits and iron pots and ovens. Besides these men there were two laundresses, a dairywoman, two chambermaids and my aunt's maid, attended by satellites, supposed to be "larnin." Then a host of carders, spinners, weavers and seamstresses, for all woollen clothes were spun and woven and both woolen and cotten cut and made under my aunt's personal supervision for the hundred slaves. As for the children, their costume consisted in what was called a "Come-here-Cæsar," from an old family joke that their one garment was shaped by the mistress' calling to the first urchin she could catch, "Come, here, Cæsar," holding up a piece of unbleached cotton cloth to him and whacking it out the proper length and width. But when you remember that this carding, spinning, weaving and making of clothes, summer and winter, was only one of the responsibilities of Oakenwold's mistress, you will not be surprised that my aunt should say her own freedom began when the slaves were turned loose to shift for themselves.

THE NEGRO QUARTERS.

The negroes lived in two settlements, 'the quarters' and the 'woods quarters.' All who were employed at or about the house lived in log cabins in one corner of the lawn; this was the quarters. The field hands had a settlement of such cabins in the woods, and a few favored house servants had frame buildings in the rear of the 'great house.' I take it for granted that these cabins were not models of neatness, but it must have been mighty clean dirt, for my recollection is that sickness was rare among them and they lived to a tiresome old age.

Indeed, their old age was one of the sad things in their condition. They were not neglected, for as soon as a woman got too old for field work she was put to taking care of the very old people and the little children. Constantly baskets of the 'white folks' vittals,' went from the family table to these old creatures, in addition to their regular rations, while the mistress and her children made frequent, sometimes daily, visits to their cabins. But it was sad for all that. Their children and grandchildren kept very little affection for the old people (this was their heathenism cropping up!) and the old minds, never trained or furnished in youth, sank into a sort of stupor when they had to lay aside work. It was only now and then that they held on to any realization in a hereafter.

FACING AN ANGRY MOB.

Let me tell you a story of the Oakenwold negroes that belongs to a later time: During the war my aunt lived at home (the four sons being in the army), with only a daughter-in-law and a niece. There was not a white man on the plantation, except the overseer. One midnight some of the negro women came in terror to my aunt's chamber to tell her that the overseer had killed a negro, had run for protection to one of the cabins back of the house, and was now lying hidden there; that the plantation negroes had armed themselves with axes and clubs and were on their way to avenge Jeff's death. My aunt threw on her dressing gown, and taking a candle in her hand went out alone to speak to the excited crowd. She met them at the front gate, half a mile from the house, and fearlessly ordered them to halt. She spoke calmly and kindly to them; told them how grieved she was at poor Jeff's death, but that if Mr. Roebuck had killed him in self-defense nothing should be done to him; they should all, however, have a chance to tell what they knew and if the overseer had shot Jeff in anger he should not go unpunished. Then, after giving directions about the man's burial, she ordered them all to go to bed. They obeyed, silently and at once. The faint light from the candle struck up through the towering oaks as the solitary woman's figure made its way back to the house and before she reached it all danger was over. Next day the overseer, who had done this cowardly act from the wildest terror (Jeff having threatened to kill him), was handed over to the authorities.

Another story takes a lighter tone. After the war, when the number of servants in attendance at Oakenwold was divided by four or five, two negro girls, eighteen and twenty, went to the nearest village 'to hire out.' The lady to whom they applied could hardly tell the story for laughing: "I asked if they could cook; 'no'm, we ain't never bin cook none; Phil allus cook.' Can you wash? 'No'm, we ain't bin wash none neither; Aunt Sally, she wash.' Can you clean house, then? 'No'm, least we ain'n never bin clean none,' and so," said Mrs. Nash, "I went through the whole list of qualifications, receiving always the same negative answer. Well, what in heaven's name, said I at last, have you been accustomed to do? Lucinda's dusky face brightened—'Sukey, here, she hunt for master's specs and I keep flies off ole miss!"

Emerson as a Poet.

In a masterly essay on Emerson, in the April *Century* (of which the frontispiece is a fine portrait of the Concord philosopher), Edmund Clarence Stedman refers in part as follows to the poetical side of Emerson's genius:

Hermann Grimm recurs to the dispute whether our sage was a poet, a philosopher, or a prophet. The fact is that he was born with certain notes of song; he had the poet's eye and ear, and was a poet just so far as, being a philosopher, he accepted poetry as the expression of thought in its rare and prophetic moods, and just so far as, in equisite moments, he had the mastery of this form of expression.

Emerson's prose is full of poetry, and his poems are light and air. But this statement, like so many of his own, gives only one side of a truth. His prose is just as full of everyday sense and wisdom; and something different from prose, however sublunary and imaginative, is needed to constitute a poem. His verse, often diamond-like in contrast with the feldspar of others, at times is illcut and beclouded. His prose, then, is that of a wise man, plus a poet; and his verse, by turns, light and twilight, air and vapor. Yet we never feel, as in reading Wordsworth, that certain of his measures are wholly prosaic. He was so careless of ordinary standards, that few of his own craft have held his verse at its worth. It is said that his influence was chiefly, like that of Socrates, upon the sensitive and young, and such is the case with all fresh influences; but I take it that those who have fairly assimilated Emerson's poetry in their youth have been not so much born poets as born thinkers of a poetic cast. It is inevitable, and partakes of growth by exercise, that poets in youth should value a master's sound and color and form, rather than his priceless thought. They are drawn to the latter by the former, or not at all. Yet when poets, even in this day of refinement, have served their technical apprenticeship, the depth and frequent splendor of Emerson's verse grow upon them. They half suspect that he had the finest touch of all when he chose to apply it. It becomes a question whether his discords are those of an undeveloped artist, or the sudden craft of one who knows all art and can afford to be on easy terms with it. I think there is evidence on both sides;—that he had seasons when feeling and expression were in circuit, and others when the wires were down, and that he was apt to attempt to send a message at one time as at the other. But he suggested the subtilty and swiftness of the soul's reach, even when he failed to sustain it.

The Material for Good Superintendents.

The *Northwestern Lumberman* mentions a conversation had with a gentleman largely interested in the lumber trade at the West, when he said that there are grand chances for young men, of the right stamp, to find employment in the lumber business. The gentleman further remarked that it was almost impossible for him to find the right kind of men to superintend the different branches of his business. They must have a quick and sound judgement, and know the business from the stump up. He advertised for men, and out of seventy applicants there were but two that he dared to give a trial. There are plenty of men who are willing to step in as managers, but they want to begin at the top. If anything goes wrong under them, they are ignorant as to the way to correct it. The boys who began work moneyless and friendless have succeeded best. They began at the bottom round of the ladder, did not know more than their superiors, were willing to work and learn, were temperate, and now some of them are filling positions of trust and profit, while others are doing a good business for themselves.

It is not in the lumber trade alone where the boy commencing on the bottom round of the ladder has made his way upward and been crowned with success. But it is a fact, patent to all observers, that the successful men in all branches of business are generally those that commenced on the bottom round, and by their own unaided exertions worked their way upward, some to the top of the ladder, others to various heights, but most all who possess those qualifications our contemporary suggests as reqisite for a manager in the lumber business to have, are sure of a fair degree of success at almost any business they may undertake.

How to Make an Æolian Harp.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Apropos of your recent article on the subject, perhaps some of your readers may be interested in knowing how to make an Æolian harp as cheaply as possible.

It consists, when finished, of a thread held taut just above the long narrow opening at the middle of an ordinary window, by two wedges pressed firmly down between the upper and lower sashes.

The thread may be from eighteen to thirty inches in length, and may be fastened by making a knot in the end and drawing it into a longitudinal split in the top of the wedge; and sufficient tension may be obtained by separating the wedges to the proper distance while pressing them down.

Enough air will come up through an opening one sixteenth inch wide to operate the harp, provided the wind is blowing against that side of the house.

Several threads may be fastened to the same pair of wedges if desired.

Any kind of thread may be used, and, for a louder tone, a fine wire may be substituted for the thread.

To the young physicist and musician this simple monochord will be a help in the study of harmonics.

S. F. P.

East Chatham, N. Y., Mar. 5, 1883.

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

The world is growing better!
Thought takes a wider sweep;
The hand of sturdy labor
With a friendly hand we greet;
We will not drink the bitter
When so little makes it sweet.

The world is growing richer,
In wealth brought from the earth—
But, better far, with treasures found
In mines of sterling worth,
For noble deeds are honored more
Than simple clams of birth.

The world is growing better!
With fewer musty creeds,
With more of human strivings
To answer human needs,
With precious harvests garnered
As the growth of precious seeds.

FORTUNE TELLING.

Her little hand lay soft in mine,
While, o'er its pink palm bending,
I traced with care each wavy line
In hope the secrets to divine
Hid in their graceful blending.

I spoke of fortune's gifts in store,
Of prospects bright and pleasant,
Of wealth, ease, travels, sea and shore,
Discarded suitors, full a score,
Of him who sighed at present.

'His ardent wooing must succeed,'
Said I, as plainly written,
But she, quite pitiless, indeed,
Softly replied, 'Pray, can you read
The meaning in this mitten?'

The Four Henrys.

From the French of Frederic Soule.

An old woman who passed in the country for a sorceress, once dwelt in a humble cabin in the forest of St. Germain. One evening, while the rain fell in torrents, she heard a knocking at her door, which, hastily opening, she saw a cavalier who craved hospitality. Putting his horse in a shed close at hand, she bade him enter, and by the light of a smoky lamp observed that her guest was a young gentleman; his person bespoke youth, his dress was that of a man of rank. The old woman stirred the fire into a ruddy blaze, and asked the youth if he would have something to eat.

A stomach of 16 years is like a heart of the same age, eager and easily pleased. The young man signified his assent, and a bit of cheese and half a loaf of bread were brought from the cupboard, all the provisions the old woman had.

'I have not much,' she said to him. 'This is all I have to offer a chance visitor after paying taxes and the excise on salt, without taking into account the neighboring country people, who call me sorceress and disciple of the devil, in order that they may steal with an easy conscience the products of my small garden.'

'By my soul!' said the stranger, 'if I were King of France, I would suppress these imposts, and thus benefit the people.'

'God hear you,' responded the old woman. At these words the young man approached the table to partake of his frugal supper, but at the same instant another rap at the door arrested his attention. The old woman opened it and saw another cavalier drenched with rain, who also asked shelter, which was granted him, and who, having entered, she saw that he, too, was a young man and a noble.

'What, you here, Henry?' said the newcomer.

'Yes, Henry,' said the other.

Each called the other Henry, and the old woman learned from their conversation that they belonged to a numerous party of huntsmen led by King Charles IX., and which the storm had dispersed.

'Old woman,' said the second comer, 'hast thou not something more to give us?'

'Nothing,' replied she.

'Then,' said he, 'we will divide this.'

The first Henry made a wry face, but, observing the resolute eye and sinewy presence of the other, said in a voice of chagrin, 'Divide it, then,' and there was behind the words this thought, which he did not venture to express: 'Divide, but deal fairly.'

They seated themselves opposite each other, and already one had cut the bread with his dagger when a third knock was heard at the door. The recontre was singular; this was another young man, another nobleman, another Henry. The old woman looked on in grim surprise. The first wished to conceal the bread and cheese, the second replaced it on the table and laid his sword beside it; the third Henry smiled.

'You do not wish, then, to share you supper with me. I am very tired and equally as hungry.'

'The supper by rights belongs to the first comer,' said the first Henry.

'The supper,' said the second, 'belongs to the one who can best defend it,'

The third Henry colored with anger and said fiercely:

'Perhaps it belongs to the one who conquers it.'

These words were hardly spoken when the first Henry drew his poignard, the other two their swords. As they were about to come to blows a fourth knock was heard and a fourth young man—a fourth nobleman, was introduced. At the sight of the drawn swords he drew his own, and placed himself on the side of the most feeble, and attacked with force. The old woman in dismay concealed herself, for the clashing swords seemed determined to strike whatever came within their reach. Soon the lamp fell, went out, and each struck in the dark. The noise of the swords lasted some time, gradually subsided, and finally ceased altogether. Then the old woman ventured to leave her hiding place, relit the lamp, and saw the four young men stretched on the floor, each wounded. She examined them; fatigue, rather than loss of blood, had suspended animosities, and raising themselves, one after the other, ashamed of having fought over so trifling a matter, they laughed, and the first Henry said, "Come, let us renew good feeling by partaking of this supper together." But when they looked for the supper it was found on the floor trampled under foot and mixed with blood, which, simple as it was, they regretted.

Glancing to the other side of the cabin, they found everything bore the marks of their violence, and the old woman, seated in one corner, fixed her reddish colored eyes upon them.

"Why do you look at us thus fixedly?" said the first Henry, whom this glance troubled.

"I see your destinies written on your foreheads," she replied.

The second Henry rudely commanded her to reveal to them what she saw, while the other only laughed. She answered: "As you are all four united in this cabin, so you will all four be united in the same destiny: as you have trampled under foot and mixed with blood the bread that hospitality offered you, so you will trample under foot and mix with blood the power you will share; as you have devastated and impoverished this cabin, so you will devastate and impoverish France; as you have all four been wounded in the dark, so you will all perish by treason and a violent death."

The four young noblemen laughed derisively at this prediction as they flung her some gold and prepared to leave the cabin, but the sequel testified to her prophetic power. These four nobles were the four heroes of the league, two as its chiefs, and two as its enemies.

Henry of Conde, poisoned by his servants.

Henry of Guise, assassinated by the Forty-five.

Henry of Valois (Henry III), assassinated by Jacques Clement.

Henry of Bourbon (Henry IV), assassinated by Ravaillac.

A Strange Malady.

From the Charlotte Observer.

One of the strangest cases that has ever been brought to the attention of the physicians in this section of the country is recorded from Cabarrus county, and we relate the circumstances as given to us by parties who saw the patient themselves and know what they say to be true. Mr. A. M. Wilhelm of No., 10 township, Cabarrus county, passed through Concord on Monday night with his sick son John, aged 20 years, on the way to Salisbury to consult with Dr. Wilhelm, in regard to the extraordinary malady with which his son was afflicted.

It is a most peculiar case, and the disease is what the doctors term "hyperæthesia." An ordinary bathing tub can be filled with cold water and the boy's feet placed therein, and in less than ten minutes the water will be made so hot that one can feel the heat through the staves of the tub. The boy suffers agony, as if he had his feet in a bed of coals all the time, and was carried from his father's house to Salisbury with his feet in a tub of water. Between his house and Concord Mr. Wilhelm had to change the water four times, and shortly after being changed each time it would become hot again. At times the pain suffered by the boy is almost beyond endurance. Morphine, used in treble doses, has no effect upon him, but at times whisky is used to good advantage. He has been suffering about one month.

Mr. Wilhelm is running a steam mill and this boy is his chief help. On the day that his malady appeared one of his little brothers was at the engine, and by chance a very strong head of steam was put on. The machinery was soon in violent and rapid motion—so much so that all left but the little fellow, who climbed on the engine and was at the steam gauge trying to regulate matters. The older boy, John, coming up and seeing the perilous condition of his little brother, hastily put up a ladder and mounted it for the rescue, but upon reaching him the rocking of the boiler and engine was so great that he could not get the young fellow down, who was manfully trying to manage the gauge. The machinery was stopped and everything righted. The excitement and strain upon John's nervous system in this case is supposed to be the formation of his disease, as he was attacked the same day with a strange, stinging sensation in his arms and from that to his legs and feet, where he is now suffering.

Animals and Men Who Never See Daylight.

According to the Philadelphia *Record*, seventeen hundred mules employed by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company in connection with mining operations toil under ground daily. At many of the mines the mules do not see the light of day for a year at a time, and very often a mule spends ten years of his life under ground. The effect of daylight upon mules that have been so long under ground is blinding. In many instances this blinding is permanent, the shock of sudden light being too great for the eyes; but it is the general rule that the mule staggers around in blindness for a few days, always, however, finding his way to the feeding bin, and taking true aim with his heels. At the end of the week eyesight returns, he brays with all the vigor of lung for which his kind is celebrated, elevating his tail as an accompaniment.

There are, in round numbers, 2,300 of these animals employed in all capacities by the Reading Coal and Iron and Railroad Companies. Many of them are taken up and down on the cage at the mines daily. An officer of the company said yesterday that, in an economic point of view, they are thirty-three per cent. cheaper than horses, but that this is offset by the risk run in employing these animals. No wagon boy has been thoroughly initiated until he has felt the weight of a mule's heel.

In the mining region, where disputes of almost all kinds are settled by fisticuffs, the mule plays an important part in the miner's training for battle. He approaches the mule, which seems to be sleeping, and gives him a few taps on the rump with his bare knuckles as a reminder that he is to take part in a sparring match. The mule responds, the blows are parried, and the sturdy miner gets in one or two from the shoulder which knock the animal out of time, the latter retiring with backed ears and looking deeply humiliated. A number of gentlemen in this city, prominently identified with the anthracite coal trade, who have been practical miners, relate this as an actual fact.

Pearls.

A republic is not founded on virtue but on the ambition of its citizens.

The earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven of futurity.

One man is no more than another only inasmuch as he does more than another.

No soul is desolate so long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well, or not enough judgement to keep silent.

Prosperity can change man's nature; and seldom is any one cautious enough to resist the effects of good fortune.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

In the long run truth becomes its own means of conviction. Error is circuitous and confused in its announcements; truth is simple and direct.

A slave has but one master; an ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortune.

Silence is the universal refuge, the sequel to all dull discourses and all foolish acts, a balm to every chagrin, as welcome after a satiety as after disappointment; that background which the painter may not daub, be he master or bungler, and which, however, awkward a figure we may have made in the foreground, remains ever our inviolable asylum, where no indignity can assail, no personality disturb us.

Unconscious Brain Work.

Wordsworth has testified that his best poetry was created by allowing his mind to direct itself intently upon all the phases of his subject, and then waiting for a spontaneous outflow of poetical imagery from his mental mechanism. Mozart, whose musical faculty had from childhood been trained with most assiduous care, had only to think out the general plan of a composition, deciding as to the place to be given to solo, recitation, duet, quartet, etc., and then allow his thought to work of itself and evolve its own results. In the same way trained mathematicians solve difficult problems. But most instructive of all is the action of memory. We endeavor to recall some half forgotten fact, name or date. After fixing the attention upon the subject for a certain length of time, and recalling every accessible circumstance, we find it better to withdraw the attention, to "hang up" the subject, and leave the matter to time. The general result will be a sudden return of the missing fact to the consciousness.

An old man was threatened with death by a really harmless negro at Somerville, O., and several of the village wags kept him in terror for months by making him believe that his life was in peril. When the lapse of time had reassured him, they laid a plan for reviving the fun. He was told one evening that the negro intended to waylay him and several young fellows volunteered to escort him home. At a dark spot on the way a blackened joker sprang out, and pretended to fire upon him. The frightened old man fell instantly and died.

Don't Stop on a Rolling Stone!

That is what Captain Allen of the Fire Department did, and that was how he hurt his ankle so badly. After the doctor set the broken bone, Captain Allen used Perry Davis' Pain Killer as a liniment. The suffering was soon over, and the captain was well in a short time. Knowing the accidents to which firemen are constantly subject, Captain Allen advises everybody connected with a fire department to keep a bottle of Pain Killer always on hand.

According to *Les Mondes* the consumption of tobacco in Russia, France and England amounts to one pound yearly for each inhabitant. In Italy it is 1½, in Austria 2 2-5, and in Germany 3 pounds. In Belgium the amount rises to 4 4-5, while Holland takes the highest place with 5½ pounds. In the United States the amount per head is 3 pounds.

Six Years

Is a weary time for a man to cough without getting relief. Yet this was the unhappy lot of Thomas D. Fullerton, 618 W. Fayette Street, Balto., Md. But he has found relief at last. Hear him: "I have been using New Life for some time with most beneficial results. My cough is almost gone and I am satisfied it will make a complete and permanent cure."

In Norway the peasants travel over the snow with a snowshoe consisting of a board between seven and eight feet long, four inches broad, up in front It is called a ski, and is pronounced shee. There are ski clubs in Norway similar to the Canadian snowshoe clubs.

"Evil dispositions are early shown." Evil tendencies in our systems are to be watched and guarded against. If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great assistant. Use it as an advance-guard—don't wait to get down sick. Read adv't.

GARRY REED believed that a person crossing before him brought bad luck, and for years before his death, at Waterbury, Mass., his dodging behind horses and men was a familiar street sight.

Invigorating Food

For the brain and nerve is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies and brings good health and joyous spirits quicker than anything you can use.—*Tribune.*—Adv.

THE schoolmasters of Scotland, in a recent meeting at Aberdeen, concurred in the belief that "present educational demands are prejudicial to the health of children."

FADED hair recovers its youthful color and soft, silky texture by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam.—Adv.

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