The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1883. VOL XXII-NO. 5

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Tuesday, May 10, 1883,

STEAMER PILOT BOY

Will leave Tolchester Beach for Baltimore, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Baltimore, for Tolchester, from Pier 15 Light street Wharf, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 o'clock A. M., and 2.30 P. M.

Excursion tickets, 50 cents, good on day issued. One way ticket, 40 cents. Children from 6 to 12 years, half-price.

Steamer LOUISE,
Daily after June 1st.

For further information apply to CHAS. LLOYD, Tolchester Beach.

W. C. ELIASON, Manager.
May 17. Pier 15 Light St., Balto.

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 Merchants
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 National 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.

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.
NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
PIET'S UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
KERNEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
SCHARF'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.
JOHN B. PIET & Co.
PUBLISHERS.
BALTIMORE.
Catalogue Mailed on Application.

May 3, 1883.

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..
Oct. 20, 1881. WM. PERKINS.

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 al customers. April, 1881.

OIL STOVES! OIL STOVES!! OIL STOVES!!! A very large assortment on hand. Prices from $1.00 to $18.00. Call and examine, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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

SHEEPSHEARS.
HINES & CLEMENTS.

A Large Line of Ladies' Misses, Children's and Infants *SHOES*, and of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Fine and Heavy Shoes. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

DR. WORTHINGTON'S
"Cholera & Diarrhoea Medicine" TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
CHOLERA CRAMP AND DIARRHOEA CURE
USED OVER 25 YEARS.

The best remedy for **Cholera, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Dyspepsia,** and other affections of the stomach and bowels. Introduced in the Army, 1862, by Surgeon-General C. S. A. Recommended by Gen. Warren, Purveyor-General; Hon. Kenneth Rayner, Solicitor U. S. Treasury, and others. Price, 25 cts. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. Only genuine if our name is blown in bottle. Sole proprietors. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, 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 ARRANG MENT.

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 HA 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.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Chestertown, Md.

Prompt attention to the collection of claims. Loans negotiated.

Office opposite the Court House, on Main St., next door to the store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Feb. 1, 1883.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
☞ If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
KIDNEY-WORT
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

THE WORLD FROM THE SIDE.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
In the glare of the city lamp,
And list to the tread of the million feet
In their quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging crowd goes to and fro
'Tis a pleasant sight I ween,
To mark the figures that come and go
In the ever changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud,
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motley crowd
With Lazarus, cheek by jowl.
And the daughter of toil with her fresh young heart
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
In the midst of the city's ills!
As freshly pure as the daisied grass
That grows on her native hills.
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye
And his lean, wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by,
And he gives him little or much.

When time has beaten the world's tattoo,
And the dusky armor dight
Is treading the echoless footsteps through
The gloom of the silent night.
How many of these shall be daintily fed
And shall sing to slumbers sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed
And never a crumb to eat.

Ah me! when the hours go joyfully by,
How little we stop to heed
Our brothers' and sister's despairing cry
In their woe and bitter need!
Yet such a world as the angels sought
This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love that the Father taught
Was felt by each for all

Yet a few short years and this motley throng
Will all have passed away,
And the rich and the poor and the old and the young
Will be undistinguished clay,
And lips that laugh and lips that moan
Shall in silence alike be sealed,
And some will lie under a stately stone
And some in the potter's field.

But the sun will be shining just as bright,
And so will the silver moon,
And just such a crowd will be here to-night
And just such a crowd at noon.
And men will be wicked and women will sin
As ever since Adam's fall,
With the same old world to labor in,
And the same God over all.

SELF-POSSESSION.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

There is a certain feeling of calm power that always attends the fact of possession. When we are struggling and hoping for what we desire, we are eager, excited and in a measure unstrong; but when we finally obtain it, we become, as far as that one thing goes, restful and assured. Now of all possessions that can possibly be secured, there is none which gives this quiet and dignified sense of power so thoroughly as the possession of *self*. To feel quite sure that we truly possess any single power or faculty, that we have it under our control, and can use it at our pleasure, is a source of great happiness and peace of mind, and those who are fortunate enough to have this sense of possession extended over many of their faculties are to be warmly congratulated.

Self possession, however, is something apart from ability. It is more in one direction and less in another. Many persons of great abilities are painfully lacking in self possession, and others of very small powers are rarely at a loss. It comes rather through a fair degree of self knowledge and a practical exercise of those abilities, great or small, which we do possess. Our own experience shows us this. Most of us are self-possessed in at least one direction, and that we shall find to be the one in which we have had the most constant practice and the best opportunities of testing ourselves. The Mechanic or business man, or artist or philosopher, may be undecided, vacillating, constrained and ill at ease in general society or in political circles, or in a hundred other situations, but in their respective employments or in matters closely connected with them, they at once assume a calm and assured manner that tells of their regained self-possession. The business partner who has charge of a manufactory will sometimes lose all his self-possession when obliged to attend to a customer, while the regular salesman will be utterly confounded if left to deal with the operatives. One woman will be cool, dignified and assured in her home, but timid and nervous in society; another is thoroughly self-possessed in the presence of strangers, but trembles before her own servants. One person hates to write letters, putting it off from day to day, afraid of his own handwriting, or of the blunders he may commit, while in conversation he is ready, fluent and self-possessed. Another writes easily, without fear or hesitation, but dreads to open his lips in company. An intelligent man of sixty years of age stood at one time stammering for five minutes before a number of waiting people, when all he had occasion to say was "Yes." His self-possession had left him, and had taken with it almost the very power of utterance. Some persons are cool and self possessed in moments of emergency; when every one else is quivering with terror they know just what to do, and at once take command of the situation. Others, whose knowledge may be in no way inferior, lose all control of it in sudden exigencies. Most of the panics that occur in times of fire or accident, and that sacrifice thousands of lives, are due, not to ignorance, but to the utter loss of self-possession by the crowd. Could each individual obtain authority over himself, and do what he actually knows to be the best thing, the panic would cease, and the chief danger would be over.

Much of this valuable quality is gained by a sensible education in early years. There are certain things so sure to be needed in every life that they ought to command particular attention in youth. Every child should be accustomed to express himself freely and often, both in speaking and writing, and be taught the proper methods of doing both; he should become used to the presence of strangers, and the attentions due to them; he should be habituated to changes of scene and employment, and above all, should be led to fix his attention upon things outside of himself, so as to save him from that self consciousness which lies at the root of much painful bashfulness, timidity and nervous apprehensions. Thinking much about self, especially about the impressions we have made, or are going to make upon others, tends always to deprive us of self-possession. We grow anxious and perturbed, lose our simplicity and naturalness and fall into the very blunders that we dread. These frequent failures weaken our courage and make us shrink more and more from what we ought boldly to approach.

Of course, there is a vain self-confidence, which rushes unabashed into every scene and feels equal to undertake whatever is presented. This, however, is very different from the self possession which comes from a true estimate of our own powers. He who possesses himself this latter sense will be as careful to abstain from what he is unable to perform, as to execute whatever rightly falls to his lot. He will be as modest and unassuming as he is energetic and unflinching, for he will know his limitations as well as he does his powers. The best practical way of securing this self-possession, where we feel its lack, is in continual practice. As we have said, there are certain things which every one should be prepared to do, certain senses that every one should be prepared to enter, certain crises that every one should be ready to meet. These none of us must shrink from when they come, but do our best every time, manfully and resolutely, calling to our aid all the reason and good sense that we can command. Each time we force ourselves to this course the task grows easier, and at length we arrive at that condition of calm assurance with regard to our performance of them, which alone gives self possession.

California Stage Driving.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

The skill of the drivers in the downward drives is something wonderful. The roads are a continuous succession of the letter S, winding in and out about the heads of gulches, in many places the turn being so sharp as to let the three teams of horses form the three sides of it. They are also rough and rutty at this season of the year, and at the rapid motion the roughest places must be avoided.

The driver, on his high seat, with his six lines and long whip in hand, and one foot on the brake with the other as a brace on the foot board, appears to have as perfect control of the whole turnout as if it was a puppet. He will throw those six horses from one side of the road to the other to straddle a rut or avoid a stone as if they were one animal. Sometimes the hub will scrape the bank on the upper side, and the next instant the wheels will be on the very verge on the down side. When approaching a sharp corner and one's impulse is to slow down, crack will go his whip, and we dash around it like a gush of wind. The reins seem to be nerves, or living tissues, conveying the driver's thoughts, and their pulses beat and their hearts throb in unison.

An accident seldom happens with those drivers, for extreme caution, coupled with absolute control of their team and vehicle and perfect knowledge of the laws of stage motion, governs all their acts. They are compelled to make rapid progress down hill to compensate for the slower motion up, and they have learned by experience all its safeguards, and practice them. One driver will make this drive of seventy-five miles into the mountains one day, and back again the next, every day of his life, until he knows every [illegible] uncertainty ever arises in trials as to those questions. But here is the case of spoken words that were not heard by the person in whose presence they were uttered, and who is to be put on the stand to repeat them. Nor were they written down or in any other manner recorded. A young man was paying marked attention to a young woman, which it was believed would lead to marriage. Suddenly he ceased his attentions, and their cooing became altercation. She says that on a certain evening he asked her to become his wife, and that she forthwith gave an affirmative reply. He says that he never did anything of the kind. It would be one's word against the other's, for there are no rings or letters to assist a jury, if it were not for the fact that a sister of the prospective plaintiff was present at the time when the engagement is claimed to have been made. The girl is deaf. She has never in her life heard a human voice. But she has learned the art of lip reading, as taught in the institutions for the deaf and dumb, by the movements and positions of the lips in articulation. The girl avers that in the case of persons whose mouths are mobile and expressive she can discern every word they speak. Therefore she knew all that was said by the lovers on the occasion in dispute. But what will be the ruling of the Court when her testimony is offered?

The Self-made Man as a Political Leader.

An editorial in the June *Century*, in "Topics of the Time," discusses "The Outlook for Statesmen in America," and speeds as follows the retirement from political leadership of the "self-made man" as distinguished from the cultivated man: "Once in a while the instincts of the self-made man (as distinguished from the college made man) are fine enough to lead to broad views, but in general his horizon is narrow and bordered by prejudices; he speaks well of the bridge that has carried him over, but of no other. Such a man is apt to regard legislation as the science of applied selfishness, and to legislate for one type (himself) or for his other self—the party. But, even if we consider legislation on a merely selfish plane, the fact remains that laws must be made for a wide diversity of selfishness, and this requires not so much ideas as the capacity for dealing with ideas. The more successful the self educated man has been,—whether in railroads, or silver mining, or sheep-raising,—the more likely he is to be incapacitated for the broad work of the legislator. Indeed, to do his constituents justice, he is usually chosen, not for his knowledge of tariff principles or of constitutional distinctions, but in outright advocacy of some interest for which he is certain to stand up and be counted, on every occasion. This was well enough in war times, when there was one overmastering interest. But with the inauguration of President Garfield the war spirit expended the last of its momentum, and the country once more recovered the civic temper and turned to economic questions pure and simple. The result is inevitable that the current of progress will sweep past this type of public man and leave him in a shallow bayou of his own. He will have his uses, but his days of leadership are numbered."

Ensilage.

Professor Voelcker, the foremost agricultural chemist of England, is to be counted among the latest converts to the system of saving green fodder in silos. Mr. Atkinson of Boston sent him two casks—one of maize fodder, the other of rye—of which Professor Voelcker returns analyses, and, what is of more importance, the report that the substances reached him in good condition, the maize fodder being perfectly sound, the rye very slightly moldy. He adds that, while he prefers the maize to the rye, both remained perfectly wholesome food for cattle, and the bulk of what had been sent him from the neighborhood of Boston was fed, with a little cotton seed meal, to cows on an experimental farm. The animals "took to the ensilage at once and liked it much."

On this Mr. Atkinson relates that he has himself kept two cows from fall feed to summer pasture on the ensilage got from half an acre of good land; and he believes that with careful management four cows can be kept to the acre of ensilage, with a proportion of cotton-seed meal added, and maintained in good condition. He makes two suggestions which seem to us valuable to small farmers and to those engaged in the transport of cattle across the ocean. "The fact that fodder could be taken in the pits, packed in casks and sent to England in good condition is suggestive: First, as to the feeding of live cattle in crossing the sea. Would not good corn fodder, packed in casks, be better than hay, and more suitable, bulk for bulk? Second, may not persons who live in city or village raise fodder at some distance, permit it to wither on the field, so as to lose its elasticity, and then pack it in flour barrels or sugar barrels, using a lever to press it, to be brought in from the farm to the city or village, as needed for the family cow?"

Why should not farmers near villages and towns make a profitable business of preparing and selling ensilage to those who keep cows but have too little ground for their maintenance the year round? Such persons now buy dry feed. Why would they not prefer to buy ensilage? There is here a hint for a new industry which would give added value to land near towns and villages and profitable employment to men.—*New York Herald.*

MORERE, the celebrated tenor of France, has just become incurably mad, and has been shut up in a private lunatic asylum. This singer possessed such extremely powerful lungs that he could whistle with as much force and intensity as a railway engine, and he practiced this peculiar art so often that it became a mania with him. On several occasions, while walking on the Boulevards, he let off steam in this fashion to the great terror of all nervous passers-by, and even succeeded in making the Parisian cab-horses restive—a feat which most people who know the calibre of those wonderful animals would deem an impossibility. In one instance he was arrested and taken to a police court where he was fined and severely reprimanded for thus disturbing the public peace. One evening when Morere was singing in "Faust" at the Grand Opera his voice was in such bad form that the gallery began to hiss, and continued to do so until the disturbance became general. On this the tenor leaped down into the orchestra and shouted out, "Since you have begun to hiss, let me tell you that you don't understand the art in the least." Thereupon he treated them to his loudest and most prolonged whistle, and the Parisians, always good-natured, forgave him his false notes and cheered him to the echo. The unfortunate singer's present mania is that he exists for the purpose not only of surpassing the shriek of a railway train, but even the bells of Notre Dame.

THE man who is in the wrong uses hard words and soft arguments, while the man who is in the right uses soft words and hard arguments.

OPINIONS.

Inside a window, by a public way,
A little diamond lay exposed to view;
Its rays were small, but all its light was true—
Few saw it as they hurried by that day.

One, looking, cried: "O, what a brilliant gem!
No fairer one is there in all the land!
See how it flashes out on every hand!
'Tis fit to deck a royal diadem!"

"A gem, no doubt," another said, "but small,
And roughly cut. Its setting, too, is poor.
Then see where it is kept—a third-class store!
Don't look at it; it cannot please at all."

"Mere paste!" a third remarked, with careless glance;
"The world is full of such. Their mocking glare
Meets us on every hand. Diamonds are rare;
To think all true displays great ignorance."

"How lovely!" said a fourth. "What may this be!
I am not wise in gem or treasure lore,
This may be true or false. I know no more
Than that it is a pleasant thing to see."

The little diamond, with a steady light,
Beamed from its cushion all that sunny day,
No bitter comment dimmed a single ray;
No flattering words brought out a gleam more bright.

O, heart of mine, I said, can you not read
A needed lesson, though in senseless stone?
Leap not at praise; Sink not at censure's tone.
Words cannot change your worth. Why give them heed?

THE PRINCESS.

A princess sat high in her palace tower;
A youth came nigh and played on his loor.
"Why playest thou always? Be still! Do not so!
It narrows my thought, that afar would go,
When the sun goes down!"

The princess sat high in her palace tower;
The youth was nigh, but he played not his loor.
"Why keepest thou silent? Play on! Do not so!
It widens my thought, that afar would go,
When the sun goes down!"

The princess sat high in her palace tower;
The small youth nigh again played on his loor.
Then cried out the princess, while sighs her words seal,
"O tell me, kind heaven! what is it I feel?"
And the sun went down.

W. G. D.; *from the Norwegian of Bjornstjerne Bjornson.*

How a Corn Doctor Cheated a Great Man.

From the Denver Tribune.

Some twenty years ago David Davis was suffering with a severe bunion on his left foot. At least the Senator supposed it was a bunion, although, as he hadn't seen his feet for a generation, it was pretty much a matter of guesswork. However, it hurt him more than the Republican successes, so he called in a chiropodist, and when that specialist inspected the damage and came to the surface once more, he reported that the excrescence was about as big as a 10 cent leaf, and that nothing but the most careful treatment would save the foot. Mr. Davis accordingly procured a shoe of the six-day go-as-you-please description the toe of which he could almost see himself when he kicked out pretty hard. It was a sad sight to watch the presiding officer of our most dignified body hobbling up the Capitol steps, supported by a big cane and the leather pedestal referred to, for six months after that. It was a new edition of Bunion's Pilgrim's Progress, bound in calf. Sometimes the bunion would grow better and sometimes worse. Meanwhile the corn doctor sent in his regular bill 'for digging out the Senator's foundation,' as he facetiously called it. At last the sufferer became imbued with an absorbing desire to visually inspect the cause of his torments, and, one day yielding to a sudden impulse, he limped into a photograph saloon, pried off his shoes, and requested the operator to take a tintype of his foot. When it was completed he almost fell off his seat in an apoplectic fit of rage for the picture disclosed a small iron clamp attached to his little toe, the screw of which the chiropodist evidently tightened or loosened at pleasure. The Senator determined upon a frightful revenge, and the next morning, when the corn doctor knelt to remove the shoe, the man of weight deliberately turned around and—sat on him. But why dwell upon the sad particulars? The corn doctor was removed to the hospital, where, three months after, he died to slow music, after having made a full confession and in the full hope of a glorious immortality.

Morbid Anatomists in Fiction.

The modern school of morbid anatomists in fiction get a thorough and well deserved scourging at the hands of the late Sidney Lanier, whose lectures on the English novel have just been published. The theory that the novelist should simply reproduce the lives he meets with, dirt and all, the only test of merit being the accuracy of the delineation and the brightness of the dialogue, is the most degrading view of the domain of art that has ever been formulated. A novel without a purpose is the counterpart of a man without an object. One written for mere amusement may be either good or bad, but, at the very best, is only the lowest form of art. A picture which tells a story is infinitely greater and oetter than one which has none to tell. A work of imagination which conveys a useful or ennobling thought performs the true function of the novel. It may be, like Scott's wonderful creations, designed only to make the dead past live again for the reader; or, like Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it may be designed to paint some form of woe for which the universal heart ought to throb with boundless pity; or it may undertake that grander and broader work which is ever unfulfilled—the depiction of the good and true in contrast with the weak and false, as a stimulus to virtue and a scourge to vice. In either case the novel, according to the theory of Lanier, becomes the message of a strong, brave individual addressed to the heart and brain of his fellowman. It may be a message of piety or patriotism; it may be one of self-sacrifice and devotion to the right; it may be one of humility and cheerfulness—whatever it is, it must always be the story of a soul, and not the picture of a mere animal. The three most perfect examples of the story written merely to reproduce a form of life, without purpose or aim other than the mere exhibition of skill in delineation, are probably "The Decameron," "Tom Jones" and "Nina." Of these, the last is the worst in its moral effects, simply because it is the best in its execution. Zola is the most skilled artist that the school of morbid anatomists has yet produced. He depicts vileness with just the same brilliancy as purity, and cares not a fig for the contrast, save to give the proper light and shade to his picture. The novel with a purpose has rarely done any evil to the reader. The novel without a purpose has lent itself easily to human degradation. Art which debases is as much lower than art which elevates as the fallen angel is below the white-winged messenger of life and love. —JUDGE TOURGEE, *in the Continent.*

A NOVEL OCCUPATION.

AN OLD MAN WHO CATCHES CATS FOR A LIVING.

A New York *Journal* reporter in the course of his wanderings through the city met an old man carrying a sack from which the plaintive wails of several imprisoned cats occasionally emanated. After striking up an acquaintance with the man the reporter was invited to his home in a cellar.

The old man led the way down, opened the door with some difficulty, ushered the reporter through a narrow hallway, reeking with a confusion of odors, into a room beyond. The walls of the apartment were lined with feline skins arranged on 'stretchers,' undergoing the tedious process of 'seasoning,' rendering the atmosphere heavy with foul effluvia.

'There,' said the old man, 'is my stock in trade. I branched out in this business thirteen pears ago, in the city of Glasgow, where I was born. Before that I was a rat-catcher, but I can make more money by catching the 'rat-catchers.' In the summer time I believe I really do a great service to the people who like to sleep nights by bagging all the cats I can get my hands on. Business is lively then. About this time I have to breed the animals in order to make a living, and in the course of a year I suppose I turn loose probably fifty cats a month on an average. I have a place fitted up in the sub-cellar expressly for this purpose, and there are five litters of kittens down in 'the hole' now. Hear'em squeal? When they are old enough to go alone, I put a dozen or so in a gripsack and carefully drop them in any likely garden, where I think they will thrive, and a few weeks after I gather 'em in. If I fed them all they would eat up all the profits.'

'What do the skins sell for?'

'Ah! that's a leading question. But I don't mind giving it away,' Well, the skin of a black cat is worth all the way from 15 cents to 50, while a pure Maltese will bring about 40 cents. All the other varieties of brindle, yellow, tortoise-shell, spotted, striped and white sell for from 10 to 20 cents each. It all depends upon their size.'

'Who are your customers?'

'The furriers. Of course, cat skins are not used for furs, because the hair pulls out easily, but they are in much demand for trimming ladies' and children caps, cloaks and hats.'

'What becomes of all the cats you bring home?'

'I dump them all in those barrels you see standing over there. Each is connected with a hose to the faucet. When they're all in I screw on the covers and turn the water on. In ten minutes the tragedy is enacted, but I allow them to remain twenty-four hours, because water distends the hide and makes it more valuable.'

'Are there many in the business?'

'I believe there are six now in the city, but for a time I enjoyed a monopoly of the profession. I don't know how much they make, but if they all operate as I do, they must fare pretty well—say $700 a year.'

The reporter intimated before departing that quite a harvest might be gleaned by appropriating the silver plate, bootjacks, old shoes and miscellaneous paraphernalia thrown at these midnight warblers, but the old man appeared hurt and indignantly repudiated so low a profession. 'No,' he said, on emerging again into the open air, 'I leave that business to my immediate rivals—both of 'em east side men.'

A Roman Pageant.

The tournament in the Villa Borghese at Rome in honor of the marriage of the Duke of Genoa was an interesting spectacle. It will be remembered that the Piazza di Scena, which was planned for pageants of this kind, and where many have been given since the days of Pope Paul V., has exactly the outline of an ancient Roman circus. The seats which had been erected along the sides and semi-circular ends were filled with about thirteen thousand spectators. In the royal pavilion, on the middle of one side, hung with crimson velvet and decorated with flowers, were the King and Queen, the bride and bridegroom, the Duke of Aosta and Prince Arnulph of Bavaria, with their respective suites. On their right was a pavillion for the foreign ambassadors and envoys, and on their left others for their families and for the Cabinet Ministers. The cavaliers, all young Italian nobles and cavalry officers, divided into four squadrons of thirty-four riders each, two representing Bavarians and two Italians, were mounted on richly caparisoned horses and wore hand-some sixteenth century costumes of gay colors, with plumed hats. They rode into the lists preceded by the herald, Prince Odescalchi, trumpeters and standard bearers, and were led by the young Prince of Naples, who acquitted himself gallantly. The sports were of the various kinds practiced at such pageants—since tilting went out with the use of armor—the Turk's head, the hunt of the rose, and the like. The men rode well, and the evolutions, especially those at a hand gallop and over hurdles, were admirably executed, and elicited loud bursts of applause. So gay a spectacle has not been witnessed in Rome for many years.

How many slovenly readers are to be found in these times. They will, in their slovenly fashion, read a newspaper article, perhaps a very excellent one, and when they have got to the end of it, or, as they say, when they have 'looked through it' or 'glanced over it,' you will find that they are unable to give any accurate account of its argument, or that they do not apprehend its fundamental points, or that they have lost one of its links, or that they have overlooked an important illustration, or that they have failed to seize a word which is the very hinge of the writer's thought, or that they have wholly misunderstood the drift and purpose of the article which they have wasted their time in glancing over. These slovenly readers are an affliction to careful and correct writers. When such a writer sees how his reasoning and his language are distorted by them, his mind is apt to become ruffled, and every one knows how a ruffled mind unfits a man for the work of perspicacious composition.

We are of the opinion that the prevailing pestilence of slovenly reading is largely due to the slovenly way in which children are often taught to read at school. Teachers must be very careful about this thing; they must teach their scholars to read with precision and understanding, thinking of every word, getting the sense of each sentence, and grasping the full meaning of any piece that may be before them. —*N. Y. Sun.*

As to the proverbial good luck of Billy Harper, a lately deceased gambler, a Chicago admirer says: "Well Billy was as wicked as they make 'em. Not any one of us was worse, I guess, and most of us were a blamed sight better—for he was a crossman as well as gambler. Besides, he didn't ever have any qualm's of conscience. When some of us would get concerned—not seriously, but just enough to set us thinking and talking—about reforming for the sake of saving our souls, and would express a dread of dying right slap in the midst of our devilties, Billy would say that he would be sure to come out all right. He wasn't a bit of an infidel, you understand, but just as orthodox as any preacher in town. He believed that he could repent and be saved, exactly according to the Church doctrine. He always went to repent just in time, and he decided to take his chances of being able to. Well, he has won, as usual. He had nearly a week's warning, and he just let your chaplain fix things all up right for him. So he's gone to heaven, after being an outrageous sinner clear to the end. Yes, sir; a lucky Billy was he."

A BRIDEGROOM, alighting at the house of his intended bride in the Rue St. Denis, in Paris, a few days since, was struck by a bullet fired from a revolver, and fell bleeding to the ground. Before the would-be murderer could be seized he had swallowed prussic acid, and in two or three minutes expired. He proves to be the uncle of the bride, a man of about seventy-five. A letter was found upon him stating that he loathed the man chosen by his niece, and had therefore killed him. The bridegroom whose wounds were serious, was carried into the house where the wedding party were ready to start for the Mairie.

After They Went Fishing.

They didn't catch many fish, although they had a great deal of fun and got themselves wet all over when the log they had been sitting on rolled over and dropped them into the water. The biggest catch of the day was the severe cold they caught from not being properly dried when they came out. A summer cold is quite as dangerous as one in winter, but Perry Davis' Pain Killer is the sovereign remedy in case of either.

A CHICAGO glove merchant employs girls for clerks. They average well in good looks, but have remarkably big hands. "I won't employ them," said he, "if they can wear less than No. 8 gloves. I mean that their hands shall always be larger than those of the customers, who are flattered by the contrast, and thereby put into a good humor for making purchases."

***"Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone." Disease is an unbidden guest which Kidney-Wort almost invariably "shows the door." Here is a case in point: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."

A TURIS jeweler has made a tiny boat formed of a single pearl, which shape it assumes in swell and concavity. Its sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at its prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. It weighs less than half and ounce. Its price is $5,000.

A Traveler's Guide.

The Hon. Kenneth Rayner endorses it. Travelers should have a sure and speedy cure for such complaints as cholera, diarrhoea, pains of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Worthington's old and reliable Cholera and Diarrhoea Medicine can be carried in the pocket. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle.

LAST winter a Missouri girl leaped into a river for suicide, but, finding the water distressingly cold, she got out as soon as possible. She declared that she simply postponed her death until she could drown more comfortably; and now, with the first warm weather, she has executed her purpose.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parkers 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.

IN twenty-nine months the population of Berlin has increased 80,000.

Loss of hair and grayness, which often mar the prettiest face, are prevented by Parker's Hair Balsam.—Adv.

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