The Chestertown Transcript.

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1850. *1883.*

W. N. E. WICKES,

AGENT FOR

Lister's Fertilizers,

BASIS BONE.

Wheat and Grass producers and permanent improvers of the soil. Long tested, well known and universally approved.

LISTER'S STANDARD PHOSPHATE,
LISTER'S AMMONIATED BONE PHOSPHATE,
LISTER'S U. S. PHOSPHATE,
LISTER'S PURE GROUND BUTCHERS' BONE

Are offered to the farmers at reasonable prices, and on accommodating terms.

The goods will be delivered at any of the wharves or landings of the river or bay.

It is very desirable to have orders filled early in the season. This will secure the goods in dry and fine condition for the drill.

Orders left at the store of Wickes & Brother will receive prompt attention. [Aug. 2—3m.

T. W. ELIASON, JR'S.,

STANDARD BRANDS OF FERTILIZERS.

No. 1

Ammo. Super Phosphate

OF LIME & POTASH.

CHESTER COMPOUND.

Prompt, Permanent & Reliable; Always in Fine Dry Condition.

These Fertilizers are pronounced by many of the best farmers in the county as being the *BEST ON THE MARKET*, and increasing popularity is evidence of THEIR SUPERIOR MERITS. They are offered on reasonable and accommodating terms. Delivered at any landing in Kent or Queen Anne's counties. Also for sale

Dissolved Bone Phosphate and Alkaline Salts.
Dissolved South Carolina and Kainit.
Dissolved South Carolina Plaster.
DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONES.

Early orders licited and promptly filled.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Aug. 9, 1883.

FARMERS FAVORITE!

BRADLEY'S

SUPER PHOSPHATE

is too well known to need more than the agent's name selling it.

We warrant it to be a first-clas article

AND TO DRILL IN EVERY CASE.

When we say warrant it to drill we mean that the farmer shall return the Phosphate if not found in drilling condition. Prices as low as any goods on the market—analysis being equal.

We will deliver Free of Freight to any landing on the bay or river.

Call and give your orders early.

Hines & Clements.

August 2, 1883.

Wheat Seeding for 1883.

OFFICE OF

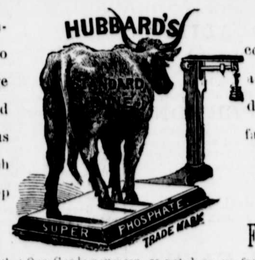
T. R. Hubbard & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HUBBRAD'S STANDARD & EXTANT BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATES

AND SOLE PROPRIETORS AND IMPORTERS OF

Ocean Bird Guano!



We have just completed in addition to our Factory Large Ware houses and wharf, rendering us full capacity, which enables us to keep constantly on hand and in stock in addition to our manufactured phosphates

Dissolved Bone AND Fertilizing Supplies

It is not surprising that Our Goods have been so noted as we for their Superior condition for drilling, as for general Excellence, as Every Ton is made from Bone dissolved a head in the self-same way by the best machinery in use, to the inspection of which all farmers and the public generally are most cordially invited. We give below names of reference of a few of our many patrons who have used our goods with full satisfaction:

Luther Handy, Hanesville.	John Gale, Hanesville.	George R. Beck, Hanesville.
George R. Stephens, "	Abe Crofford, "	Hyland P. Smith, "
John Brice, Lankford,	W. Archibald, jr., Lankford.	Cordray Loud, near Chestertown
Hiram Brown, near Chestertown.	Wm. G. Trew, near Chest'w'n.	Philip E. Trew.
Lucus Aldrich,	Wm. L. Bowers,	Col. R. C. Johnson,
Stonewall Johnson,	T. A. Jacobs,	Wm. E. Sanders,
	Edward B. Pennington,	L. R. Shewel.

For further reference see circulars of cirtificates which will be mailed to all parties upon application.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Chestertown, Md.

August 16, 1883—12t.

LUMBER

FOR THE SPRING OF 1883.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.,

takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of

White Pine, Virginia Pine and GEORGIA PINE

LUMBER

on the Peninsula, embracing in part:

White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " " undressed;
" " 6-4 Plank " "
" " 8-4 " "
" " 4-4 Picks and Select, dressed,
" " 7-8 Rabbeted Weather Boarding;
" " Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;
" " Cull " 12 in. stk. 16 ft.
" " 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft.
" " 5-8 Siding, dressed and undressed.
" " 4-4 12 in. stk. dressed.
" " Frame Stuff.
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff.
" " Flooring,
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.

Shingles Laths, Doors, Door Frames Window Frames Sash Mouldings &c

Specially Low Prices to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.

TERMS LIBERAL.

Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

June 21, 1883.

SOME REASONS WHY!

IN THE MILLING BUSINESS.

Why has SPICER been successful in the milling business? We answer:

1st.

Because he is a jolly old fellow, and has a good word for everybody.

2d.

He is a millwright and keeps his mill in first-class order without going to Baltimore for a millwright.

3d.

He is not only a millwright, but enjoys the reputation of being a first-class miller.

4th.

In his mill you can always find flour, meal, chops and all kinds of feed for sale at the very lowest prices that the market will allow it to be sold for.

5th.

He has but one price for the rich and the poor. His prices are the same to all.

6TH AND LAST, though not least, he is very careful how he uses the todish, as all his customers will say.

To the ladies of Kent county who delight in good flour, we wish to say that we have at last succeeded in getting Radcliffe Mill, at Chestertown, in first-class order, and to-day we are making better flour than ever before. We keep the best millers that money will get. None but first class millers handle our wheat mill. Gentlemen we will willingly take back and pay cash for any bad flour we may make from good wheat. We are very thankful for all past favors and as we have the mill in first class order, and are making first class flour and meal, with plenty of water that we'll run us day and night, we hope to secure a full share of public patronage.

Spicer & Bacon.

July 14, 1883—3m.

TO THE LADIES

—OF—

Chestertown

And Vicinity.

MRS. KATE GILL has opened her SPRING and SUMMER MILLINERY, of the Latest Styles in

BONNETS AND HATS,

including all the novelties of the season. Also a nice line of Neck Wear, of Laces and Crape Lesses' newest line of Parasols in differen styles. Call and examine my stock.

MRS. KATE GILL.

May 10, 1883.

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, MANAGER.

March 30, 1883—y.

J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.

COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a good article of SOFT COAL for Steam Threshers. Also, a good quality of Anthracite (White Ash) Coal, 2,240 lbs. to ton.

All persons in want of Coal will do well to call and see us before buying.

July 12—tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

DR. T. H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, assisted by his brother.

Having permanetly located in Chestertown, can be found all day and evening at office, except otherwise professionally engaged.

Special attention given to women and chil

June 21, 1883.

OIL STOVES! OIL STOVES!!

GOLDEN STAR

OIL STOVES

with Extension Tops, Ovens, Broilers, Tea Kettles, Steamers and Sad Iron Heaters, for sale at reasonable prices by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

1883. 1883

Hines & Clements.

T. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENT

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.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,

SPRING! SPRING! 1883!

Look at these Points:

1st POINT. We have just opened a full line of ladies' Dress Goods, in striped buntings, Nuns Veilings and other prevailing styles, in the new tints and shades. White goods in India linens, Nainsooks, Pequies, Lace Stripes. Nice assortment of Hamburg Edgings and laces.

2d POINT. We have Malalieu's all-wool cassimeres at 75 cents per yard, besides cassimeres and cottonades of other makes, ranging in price from 15 cents to $1.25 per yard.

3d POINT. We have one of the largest and most stylish assortments of Men's and children's straw hats—all new this season. Price from 12½ cents to $3.00

4th POINT. 650 YARDS OF STRAW MATTING, in ten different styles, will be sold cheap.

5th POINT. SHOES. We have in stock a nice assortment of men's, ladies' and children's Shoes. We keep Clement, Weail and Ball's well-known city-made Shoes, every pair guaranteed.

6th POINT. We have a large variety of goods not mentioned, such as ladies' cotton and lisle gloves, from 12½ cents to 75 cents. Nice assortment of kid gloves. Gents' gauze shirts, gents' drawers. Segars, tobacco, groceries, queensware and glassware. Come and see us, and we will endeavor to prove the correctness of all our statements. No trouble to show goods. Goods delivered free to any part of the town. All kinds of country produce taken at highest market price in exchange for goods.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

May 3, 1883.

Don't you Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions, and Groceries a Specialty,

Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour,

CHOIEST CONFECTIONARY.

Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco a specialty.

All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.

Feb. 15, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

To Our Customers.

We have a large supply of Coffees, Flour, and Provisions, &c., prior to the late sharp advance in prices, and are prepared to give our patrons the advantage of our good luck: we have a good article of New Orleans Molasses at a *reasonable* price.

J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Leader in Low Prices

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

AN INCOMPLETE REVELATION.

(*From "Bric-a-Brac," in the October Century.*)

While Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,
When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,
There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an oldtime Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her toes;
Sweet red bird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a batchelor of forty years or so,
A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow,
And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling, nasal tone,
Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
As oft before in meeting time, and, sure of his request,
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

'Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed,
I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said
That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,
So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day.'

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore,—
(She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, child-like mind,)
And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see
The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto *me!*"
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate,
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will, and Fate.

Richard A. Jackson.

The Sowing and Reaping.

A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate and hate to life will spring,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.—*Anon.*

COLLECTORS WITH QUEER TASTES.

KNIVES, CANES, INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, AND OTHER HOBBIES.

'It is commonly supposed,' said a dealer in curiosities, 'that people collect things because they take a fancy to them. I haven't found this to be generally the case. Even where the objects collected are really beautiful, the ordinary collector only values them in proportion to their importance as a part of his collection.

'I noticed a print collector at a sale some three years ago examining a rough-looking little etching by Berghem. 'I am going $200 on that,' said he. I showed him how, for less than a quarter of that sum, he could get a very beautiful impression of Raphael's Fornarina, which I knew he did not have. It was really one of the finest of the old plates. 'Yes,' said the collector, 'but I have other Raphaels. The reason I want the Berghem is that it fills a gap.' When this man became reduced in circumstances last winter, and had to sell most of his collection, he retained but five prints, not one of which was beautiful, but all were rare.

'But there are collectors of a different sort—men with fantastic and sometimes morbid tastes—of whom comparatively little is known. Their peculiar hobby generally starts up in some accidental way and grows into so strong a habit as to become a passion, or even a mild form of mania. They are much more interesting people than the ordinary men with hobbies.

'I have met some very queer collectors. One old fellow used to call on me regularly once a month to see if I had added any further varieties of knives to my stock. He was originally attracted to my store by a curious little wooden-handled knife in my window, which purported to have been made out of a tenpenny nail by an African boy. It seems that a missionary had discovered the little chap pounding the nail into shape with a stone, and the good man told a nice story about it as being a remarkable instance of the power of civilization. I was grieved to learn that he had sold several of these articles to other dealers, and had helped their sale in one instance by telling how the boy had half killed an Ethiopian chief with the article. I fear the estimable missionary manufactured the things in his back yard, for the handles looked remarkably like split clothes pins. This collector did not generally examine too closely into such little discrepancies, however, and he certainly had five or six hundred of the most curious-looking tools I ever saw. A most inventive instrument, for which he had a great affection, consisted of a long thick, finely pointed blade, hollowed out so as to contain two other blades worked with springs. It was so arranged that when a man was stabbed with the knife the interior blades would fly outward, and the assassin, by pulling on the handles, would thus be able to cut his enemy terribly.

'He showed me an innocent-looking, umbrella, from the end of which a short barbed blade would fly out and become inserted in a man's clothing. The object was not to kill an enemy, but to embarrass his movements by opening the umbrella wide after inserting the barb. This device was said to have saved the life of a celebrated Quaker coffee merchant. A long dirk knife of Belgian make make was arranged with a sort of bellows in its handle for the purpose of throwing pepper into the eyes of the victim before striking him. He showed me also a curious Spanish dirk, which had a half rounded blade, and looked like a sort of gouge with very sharp sides and a fine point. The idea was to turn it in a wound and take out as the proprietor remarked with a grim smile, 'pieces as big as a Bologna sausage at every clip.' In spite of his fondness for deadly weapons this collector was a very mild-mannered man. He had knives of peace as well as of war, and said his hobby started with a set of very old Italian carving tools which had been given to him by a dying model maker whom he had assisted.

"By the way, he had a weapon which I believe to be unique; it dates from the thirteenth century. It consists of a round shield of hammered iron about eighteen inches in diameter, containing a very powerful brass spring, which which the owner winds up before marching out to meet his antagonist. His aim is to rush to close quarters, and as soon as the shield touches his opponent, to let the spring go. Upon doing this four curved knives, like broad sickles, fly out and revolve with great force and rapidity. This is the machine for which the collector had the greatest affection; he used to keep it by his bedside to disembowel burglars with. But, as he used to say, 'they would never drop in.' Did you ever hear of a 'devil's hat?' Well, he had one of them, and a visitor of his nearly lost his ears by putting it on one night while waiting for him. It was a common-looking stiff beaver hat externally, but after you had it well settled on your head, razors and similar implements projected inward from the sides, and you could'nt get it off without enormous sacrifices. This last blood-curdler was constructed by a Russian hatter for an enemy; but the tradition goes that the intended victim got wind of it, and as the hatter was about to put it on him, the fellow seized it and clapped it on its maker's head.

A man used to haunt my shop some years ago for canes. He must have had a wonderful collection; I never saw him twice with the same stick. One day I said to him in joke, 'Why, Major' (he was an army officer), 'you seem to have a walking stick for every day in the year.' 'True enough,' he said, 'true enough; and I haven't worn the same stick twice in three years.' He had fine old Malaccas, Whangees, Penangs, crabs, blackthorns, hazels, sloes, lignum vitæ sticks. He had a ten-pound ironwood stick mounted with a heavy walrus tooth, set in worked bronze. This was one of a powerful set of canes reserved for use in the dog days. Some of his Oriental carved ivory sticks were very valuable. They were joined so neatly that I never could discover a break. He was a great buyer of doctors' gold-headed presentation sticks. They were usually engraved with the legend. 'From a grateful patient,' and were of very thin gold. I think he picked them up in the pawn shops. His favorite was a so-called 'necromancer,' that is, a straight stick, around which a spiral one had grown. It was like a screw, of which the threads were two inches apart. He had some very fine cane heads carved in silver in renaissance style, and some excellent portrait heads of court beauties in onyx, ebony and ivory. The finest one in ivory was an exquisitely tooled Venus de Medici, nearly eight inches long. He had laughing and crying heads, and some which could be made to move their eyes, mouth, or ears. I suggested one day that he seemed to choose his cane according to his mood. 'Not at all,' said he, 'I choose my cane for the day, and it gives me my mood.' He was an eccentric old fellow. He wanted me once to put a 12-inch ferule on a Joseph Bonaparte stick 'to prevent its wearing out.'

"But perhaps the most deeply absorbed of the queer collectors are those whose tastes tend exclusively toward what we call 'morbid curiosities.' I used to have a customer who was always hunting for those rusty razors which are supposed to have been the instruments of murder. I need not remark that many of these are, not entirely authentic; yet a dealer can dispose of them if he has 'nerve' enough to put on a high price, and refuse absolutely to take less. To accept a reduced price for a curiosity gives your customer's confidence in its genuineness a terrible shaking up. This man had several of the ropes with which criminals had been hanged. His great ambition has been to get a genuine guillotine knife, or at least one of the execution blocks and axes, which, I believe, are not to be seen out of the Tower of London. He has some interesting shackles, balls and chains, and convicts' collars, and a really fine assortment of torture. His Spanish boot is a genuine old relic. When I first called on him—I had a curious collection of thumbscrews to dispose of—he asked me to sit in his very comfortable armchair. As I was settling into the seat I heard a clicking noise, and steel bands, proceeding from the arms and legs of the chair, encircled my limbs and held me fast. The collector chuckled with delight, and bestowed unlimited praise on the article. I sold the thumbscrews, and tacked on an extra $5 damages for false imprisonment. In flesh-tearing pincers his collection was rich, and he had a first-class history for each of them, with names and dates complete. I fear that some of the articles were carpenters' nailpullers, though he may have had genuine ones among them.

"The circumstance may seem strange to you, but most of the queer collectors are not only jolly fellows, but seem really kind-hearted. This man who bought my thumbkins had a very consoling theory about the sufferings of martyrs. He used to say that the exalted state of their feeling and their great nervous excitement benumbed in a certain degree their physical senses. 'Now, if I should heat this pincers white hot,' he once said to me, 'and take out a small piece of your shoulder—I holding you deep in conversation—you would not feel it much.'"

Dress Reform in California.

From the San Francisco Call.

'Now, we ain't a bit discouraged,' confidentially remarked Mrs. Stow yesterday morning, while waiting for an audience for the Social Science Sisterhood Reform-dress Exhibition in Ixora Hall. 'The women are tired out with the conclave reception or have other engagements, or else they would be here, for the era of short skirts is upon us, and the movement for reform in women's dress is a popular one.' The speaker gave her own trousers a familiar hitch, and strode off to encourage a lonely visitor in another part of the hall.

In the morning session, which was attended by only about ten persons, Mrs. Stow wore what she calls the 'Tripple S' suit, consisting of a cutaway coat, a pair of silk trousers, and a silk skirt falling to just below the knees. In the afternoon, when it was announced that there was to be an exhibition of reform dresses, there was a much larger attendance. Before the exhibition proper Mrs. Stow read a paper in which she asserted that, whereas, as woman's legs are useful members of her body, and capable of much attractive dressing, they should, and in the near future, be displayed without any of the silly prudishness which now insists upon their never being mentioned, and always hidden by clumsy bags. 'The legs may be encased,' said Mrs. Stow, 'either in trousers, leggings, or stockings, according to time, place, and occupation. The stockings and leggings may be made very beautiful in color and decoration, and should be in keeping with the sleeves of the costume. Women will very soon as fearlessly display their legs—properly dressed—as they now do their arms, and it will be a satisfaction to women who pay $100 or $1,000 for a pair of stockings, as some of them now do, to be able to display them as they now do their gloves—while worn.'

The speaker then held up for inspection, explaining their points the while, a number of reform costumes which had been sent there for that purpose. The Sacramento contribution to reform created a sensation, as it apparently intended a reform in human anatomy before it would fit. Mrs. Stow pointed out that the legs of the trousers were cut full and with a swell in front below the knee. 'Now, my legs,' said the speaker, 'swell behind below the knees, as I suppose every woman's do; so, you see, this is wrong.' The speaker held the peculiar garment up to the astonished gaze of the reformers and suddenly made another astonishing discovery. There were several male reformers among the audience, who must have made the same discovery that the *Call* reporter did, namely, that the speaker had unaccountably got the Sacramento garment reversed from the position its inventor intended it should occupy; but none of the males were bold enough to point out the confusing error.

Living models, in the shape of two pretty young women, were next exhibited on the stage, wearing the costume invented and used by Lady Habberton, the English dress reformer, and by New Jersey women, the latter being a model of a dress which took one of the prizes in the London Dress Reform Exhibition. These were much alike in design, each consisting of short cutaway coats, trousers baggy at the knees and tightening at the ankles, and skirts falling to the knees. A doll was used as a lay figure, on which several designs of a Burlington reformer were exhibited. One of the latter designs did not include a skirt, and was called a 'bicycle dress;' a bicyclist would experience no inconvenience in wearing one of that design.

Mrs. Stow announced hatt next year there will be a new exhibition in the same hall, when several London and Paris designs will be exhibited.

What the Soil Needs.

Analyses of the constituents of growing and ripened plants are a safe means of ascertaining what constituents they take from the soil, and their proportional and absolute amounts. With these data the intelligent farmer can estimate, with an approximation to certainty, what in the way of special fertilizers he should return to the soil. The occasional—periodical—bulletins from State experimental stations are of value as guides to the cultivator of the soil in this direction.

From the August bulletin from the New York Agricultural Experiment Station to Geneva, N. Y., the following is copied as an analysis of the ashes of a yellow flint corn, the 'Waushakum:'

Potash	34.36
Soda	0.50
Magnesia	11.64
Lime	10.76
Oxide of iron	1.28
Phosphoric acid	10.43
Sulphuric acid	2.60
Silica	19.59
Chlorine	2.93
Carbonic acid	2.76

The demand for nitrogenous materials by the maize plant is shown in the statement, from analysis, that the corn in the dry state demanded and absorbed in one instance 1.86 per cent. of all its nourishment, as shown by the residuum of ashes, the highest percentage of any of the constituents resolvable into ashes, the water, of course, passing off as vapor. The result of this series of experiments, extending over the period when the pollen of the corn impregnated the ear until the full growth of the grain, shows the necessity of frequent re-enforcements of the successful growth and ripening of the corn crop. —*Scientific American.*

FRANKFORD, Pa., furnishes this temperance lecture: Pollins's two daughters had saved $800 from their earnings of some years in a mill, and having determined to buy a house, sent their father to the bank to draw the money. Late that evening he was found helplessly drunk in a barroom, with only $65 of the $800. He could not tell whether he had lost the money or been robbed.

CHASED BY AN AVALANCHE OF FLAME.

ENGINEER BROWN'S DASH DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE IN FRONT OF A BLAZING OIL TRAIN.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Sept. 22.—"I don't expect to live much longer, and after I am dead I want you to put in the papers the story of that ride I had from Prospect to Brocton in 1869."

The speaker was Duff Brown, an old locomotive engineer, who was lying at his home in Portland, this county, dying with consumption. This was several weeks ago. On the 7th of this month he died. He was nearly 60 years old. His story of the awful ride is this:

"In 1869 I was running a mixed train on the Buffalo, Corry and Erie Railway. The track between Prospect or Mayville Summit and Brocton Junction is so crooked that, while the distance is actually only ten miles, the curves make it by rail fourteen. The grade for the whole distance is over seventy feet to the mile.

"About nine o'clock on the night of Aug. 17, 1869, we reached the Summit with a train of two passenger cars, six oil cars and a box car. The latter contained two valuable trotting horses, and their keepers with them, on their way, I believe, to the Cleveland meeting. There were fifty or sixty passengers in the two cars. I got the signal from the conductor to start, and I pulled out. We had got under considerable headway, when, looking back, I saw that an oil car in the middle of the train was on fire. I reversed my engine and whistled for brakes. The conductor and brakemen jumped off. They uncoupled the passenger cars and set the brakes on them, bringing them to a stop. Supposing that the brakes on the burning oil cars would also be put on, I called to a brakeman on the box car to draw the coupling pin between that car and the head oil tank, backing so that he could do it, intending to run far enough away to save the box car and the locomotive. As I ran on down the hill, after the pin had been drawn, what was my horror to see that the burning cars were following me at a speed that was rapidly increasing. The men had not succeeded in putting on the brakes. I saw that the only thing to be done was to run for it to Brocton, and the chances were that we would never reach there at the speed which we would be obliged to make around those sharp reverse curves, where we had never run over twenty miles an hour.

"When I saw the flaming cars—for the whole six were on fire by this time—plunging after me, and only a few feet away, I pulled the throttle open. The oil cars caught me, though, before I got away. They came with full force against the rear of the box car, smashing in one end and knocking the horses and their keepers flat on the floor. The heat was almost unbearable, and, do my best, I couldn't place more than thirty feet between the pursuing column of fire and ourselves. By the light from the furnace, as my fireman opened the door to pile in the coal, I caught sight of the face of one of the horsemen in the box car, he having climbed up to the grated opening in the end. It was as pale as death, and he begged me for God's sake to give her more steam. I was giving her then all the steam she could carry, and the grade itself was enough to carry us down at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We went so fast that the engine couldn't pump. Every time we struck one of those curves the old girl would almost run on one set of wheels, and why in the world she didn't topple over is something I never could understand. She seemed to know that it was a race of life and death, and worked as if she were alive.

"The night was dark, and the road ran through woods, deep rock cuts, and along high embankments. There we were, thundering along at lightning speed, and, only a few paces behind us, that fiery demon in full pursuit. There were fifty thousand gallons of oil in those tanks, at least, and it was all in flame, making a flying avalanche of fire five hundred feet long. The flames leaped into the air nearly a hundred feet. Their roar was like that of some great cataract. Now and then a tank would explode with a noise like a cannon, when a column of flame and pitchy smoke would mount high above the body of the flames, and showers of burning oil would be scattered about in the woods. The whole country was lighted up for miles around.

"Well, it wasn't long, going at the rate we made, before the lights of Brocton came in sight down the valley. The relief I felt when these came in view was short lived, for I remembered that train No. 8, on the Lake Shore, would be due at the Junction just about the time we would reach it. No. 8 was the Cincinnati express. Our only hope, all along during the race, had been that the switchman at the Junction would think far enough to open the switch there, connecting the cross-cut track with the Lake Shore track, and let us run in on the latter, where the grade would be against us, if anything, and where we could soon get out of the way of the oil cars. The switch, of course, was now closed for the express, and our last hope was gone, unless the express was late, or somebody had sense enough to flag it. While we were thinking of this we saw the express tearing along toward the Junction. Could we reach the Junction, get the switch, and the switch be set back for the express before the latter got there? If not, there would be an inevitable crash, in which not only we but probably scores of others would be crushed to death. All this conjecturing did not occupy two seconds, but in that two seconds I lived years.

"'Good God!' I said to my fireman, 'what are we to do now?'

"The fireman promptly replied—and he was a brave little fellow—that I should whistle for the switch and take the chances. I did so. That whistle was one prolonged yell of agony. It was a shriek that seemed to tell us that our brave old engine knew our danger and had her fears. Neither the fireman nor myself spoke another word.

"Thanks be to God! The engineer on the express train, seeing us tearing down that mountain with an eighth of a mile of solid fire in close pursuit of us, knew in a moment that only one thing could save us. He whistled for brakes, and got his train to a stand not ten feet away from the switch. The switchman now answered our signal, and we shot in on the Shore track and whizzed on up by the depot and through the place like a rocket. The burning cars followed us in, of course, but their race was run. They had no propelling power now, and after chasing us for a mile they gave up the pursuit, and in three hours there was nothing left of them but smoking ruins.

"My fireman and I were so weak when we brought our locomotive to a stop that we could not get out of the cab. The two horsemen were unconscious in the box car. The horses were ruined. And how long do you think we were in making that sixteen miles? We ran two miles up the Lake Shore track. Just twelve minutes from the Summit to the place where we stopped! A plumb eighty miles an hour, not counting the time lost getting under headway and stopping beyond Brocton."

A BOSTON engineer has been turning his attention to the power going to waste in the Niagara river. He estimates that a motor could be submerged in the river which would furnish half a million horse power—sufficient to run all the machinery in Buffalo and pump all the city's water. His plan is to place a giant iron wheel in the water perpendicularly, so that it shall be turned by the current. The power would be taken from the shaft of the wheel by either belts or gearings, or would be sent through electric cables

THE Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says: "A woman's glove is to her what a vest is to a man. When a man is agitated or perplexed he attacks his vest buttons. A woman's vest doesn't admit of this; but her glove is always a source of inspiration and a refuge from any embarrassment. She smooths on the fingers, rearranges the buttons, drags out the wrinkles, looks critically at the fit, and does a dozen little things with her glove that allay nervousness."

BOSTON is reminded by the London *Times* that she is not the only city to suffer a downfall from intellectual supremacy. Edinburgh has been deposed from a rank more exalted. Welmar has sunk to be a petty residence town, Geneva has gone into trade and politics, Florence is no longer a literary centre, and Oxford and Cambridge retain no dictatorship in letters. New York has "merely taken precedence of Boston."

THE New Mexico town of Shakespeare was ridded of scoundrels, two years ago, by the hanging of a few of them and the flight of the rest. Russian Bill was one of the former. He had been a very bad man—a horse thief, highwayman, and bummer. The Sheriff of the county has received a letter from the American Consul at St. Petersburg, making it clear that Bill was a son of a Count Telfin.

VIRGINIA is beginning to make flour of peanuts, of which she raises 2,000,000 bushels this year. Peanuts, so called in the Old Dominion, were introduced from Africa, and are known in North Carolina as ground peas, in Tennessee as goobars, and in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi as pinders.

MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT.

'Tis evening, and the round, red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver pad and a gouty toe and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose and fear lest a panic come—
Far better be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself,
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,
With a stone-bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe;
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home." *Harper's Monthly.*

Aphorisms of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

God bless all good women. To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart it seems to be like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressible nature, it is very well, but if that is all there is in a man he had better have been an ape and stood at the head of his profession at once.

Travelers change their guineas, not their characters.

There are three little wicks to the lamp of a man's life, brain, blood and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute and out goes all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and darkness.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles not dimples.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographers. But we don't care most for these fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

Faith always implies disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.

I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie, which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess and feed on strange fruits, which shall make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow.

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?

Payment of Debts.

A large number of people seem to fancy, when paying a bill, that they are conferring a great favor upon the man who has entrusted his goods to their home for weeks and even months. They act as if they had received actually nothing in return, and were simply doing a work of charity. The man who buys commodities of any kind usually does so of his own accord; ordinarily there is nothing compulsory about the transaction. He makes his purchase and gets the worth of his money, presumably, in goods of whatever kind. This places buyer and seller on an equality. If the buyer could make a better bargain elsewhere, very likely he would do it—for in trade, when dollars and cents are involved, friendship doesn't count for much. People go where they can get the most for their money. Having done so, the seller confers a favor upon the buyer, at least equal to that which the former receives in payment of his bill. Then why should a collector be subject to so much discourtesy? A well-bred man, one who has a proper appreciation of what is due to others, is never guilty of such impoliteness. The collector who calls for his money is treated with as much respect and consideration as is shown the buyer when he calls to make purchases. This deportment should be universal, and the man who departs from it pays money he honestly owes gr