The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1883. VOL. XXII-NO 24

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-class 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

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 MRKET*, 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 Ann'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 liced and promptly filled.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Aug. 9, 1883.

850. 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.

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 Warehouses 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 conditio for drilling, as for general Excellence, as Every Ton is made from Bone dissolved a head in the 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:

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

For further reference see circulars of certificates which will be mailed to all parties upon application. T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Chestertown, Md.

August 16, 1883—12t.

LUMBER

FOR THE SPRING OF 18

T. W. Eliason, Jr

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

White Pine, Virginia P 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 Boardin
" " 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 undresse
" " 4-4 12 in. stk. dressed.
" " Frame Stuff.
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff.
" " Flooring,
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.

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

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

TERMS LIBERAL.

Be sure and get my bid for your bill be 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 will 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,
March 30, 1883—y. MANAGER.

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.

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

HERE AND YONDER.

I walk in the crowded city,
And the pavement pains my feet
And nothing but piles of buildings
Shut in the stones of the street;
But I only see the meadow
And the wood so cool and sweet.

I walk in the crowded city,
And mix with the noisy throng,
And the din is like to the beating
Of a great, incessant gong;
But I only hear the brook flow
And the brown wood thrush's song.

I walk in the crowded city,
And daily the many grow more,
And they fill up the street like a mill race
As hither and thither they pour;
But I only see a cottage
And a maiden at the door.

I walk in the crowded city,
And buy and sell in the mart,
But still in its crush and clamor
I feel that I have no part;
For the s[illegible]
Forev[illegible]

I walk in the crowd[illegible]
But see the green mead[illegible]
And look through the piles of bu[illegible]
To the wood that crowns the hi[illegible]
And alone with the cottage maiden
I wander afar at will.

—*Edward Willet, in N. Y. Sun.*

THE GOLD-SEEKER'S DREAM.

WONDERS OF THE BLACK HILLS DESCRIBED.

Peculiarities of the City of Deadwood—The Fascination of Mining—Children Driving Tunnels and Sinking Shafts.

A Deadwood (Dakota) letter to the Pittsburg (Penn.) *Chronicle* says: From the level plains a days journey east of the Cheyenne river the weary traveler sees a cloud about the size of a man's hand rising above the western horizon. Morning never silvers nor evening gilds this sullen cloud, that seems to frown in perpetual challenge to the northwest winds. This cloud is the Black Hills, this marvelous realm that only a little decade ago was included in the great American Desert that convenient phrase of geographers, and map makers. To-day a thousand trails traverse these hills, and they are destined to become famous before this hoary century dies. The Indians from time immemorial have avoided this country and regarded its mountain solitudes, where storms are almost continual, and where the note of the song-bird is never heard, with a superstitious awe, having its foundation perhaps in a legend that the evil spirit lurks in these rocky fastnesses.' It has only been eight years since the gallant Custer vainly attempted to check the current of emigration that set in simultaneous with the reported discovery of gold. But the interpreid argonaut and the reckless adventurer eluded the vigilance of the army and poured into the hills, accounting the perils by the way as nothing in mad quest after fortune. The story of their coming is mutely chronicled in the line of unmarked graves stretching across the desolate plains. Rich placer mines awaited the newcomers, and every gulch yielded up its hidden treasure—a prize to the daring. Fabulous fortunes were made in a short time, as is always the case in a new mining country, and the means of spending them were soon at hand. About a year later, the Government having bought the mineral-bearing lands of Dakota from the Indians, the country was opened for settlement, the city of Deadwood organized and provisional courts established. Deadwood was so named from the dead timber everywhere abundant. In 1879 Deadwood was burned to ashes, the losses aggregating over a million of dollars. Last June a disastrous flood destroyed about half the city. Despite these terrible reverses, Deadwood is still the metropolis of the Black Hills, and the loveliest town on the frontier. Its population is about 4,000. The nearest railroad is at Pierre, 250 miles away. A single telegraph wire out of order six months in the year sings in the breeze. And so Deadwood enjoys a sense of isolation quite oppressive until one gets used to it. The arrival of the mail is the event of the day. The streets are crowded in front of the postoffice, and everybody seems hurrying for news from the States.

Deadwood has at least two hotels equal to any in the East in all of the conditions that go to make up comfort. The table is supplied with all manner of game, elk, deer, grouse, buffalo and prairie chicken. All the vegetables you get here are canned, but an abundance of wild berries are quite as acceptable as sliced tomatoes and new corn.

Everybody succumbs to the fascination of mining. I watched little children playing in the sand the other day. They were driving tunnels and sinking shafts. Professional men, mechanics, Chinese laundrymen—all of them have mines. The Hills are full of prospectors; long, gray-bearded men, many of them, who have followed the beckoning of their star all over the continent, with pan and mortar wandering here and there, waiting for that happy moment to come when they will strike it rich. These miners never work except for a grub stake. Then they lay in flour and bacon and coffee and resume their pospecting. Many of the mines here have suggestive names, as for instance, The National Debt, The Sub-treasury, The Paymaster-General, and so on. The Homestake mine, located four miles from Deadwood, is the largest mine in the world. It pays over $50,000 every month in dividends. The De Smet, a close corporation, is supposed to be paying equally well. The ore worked by these mines is of low grade, but the deposits are so large and the process of milling so cheap that they are said to be much more profitable than refractory ores of far higher grades. The Iron City Mining company have mines in Spruce three miles from Deadwood.

Gambling in every form is carried on here openly and heavy games are frequently played. The cowboys and the freighters are the disturbing element, and do a little promiscuous shooting occasionally and hold up a man now and then, but beyond these little pleasantries Deadwood is as quiet as Pittsburg. After the railroad reaches here the Black Hills will come to the front as a health resort.

Postal Rates Ninety Years Ago.

From the Elmira Advertiser.

Now that the two-cent postage law has gone into effect, the following provisions of the first law of Congress on the subject will be read with interest:

Feb. 20, 1792, was the date of the first act fixing rates of postage on domestic letters, and established the following rates, to take effect June 1, 1792:

Act Feb. 20, 1792, section 9, by land: For every single letter not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cents.

For every single letter over 30 mile and not exceeding 60 miles, 8 cents.

For every single letter over 60 miles and not exceeding 100 miles, 10 cents.

For every single letter over 100 miles and not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents.

For every single letter over 150 miles and not exceeding 200 miles, 15 cents.

For every single letter over 200 miles and not exceeding 250 miles, 17 cents.

For every single letter over 250 miles and not exceeding 300 miles, 20 cents.

For every single letter over 350 miles and not exceeding 450 miles, 22 cents.

For every single letter over 450 miles 25 cents.

For every double letter, double the said rates.

For every tripple letter, triple the said rates.

For every packet weighing one ounce avoirdupois, to pay at the rate of four single letters for each ounce, and in that proportion for any greater weight.

THIS time the husband didn't find them living as husband and wife. F. L. Rafferty left his wife and children in Lockport, Ill., two years ago, and went westward, ostensibly to find a new home for them. Mrs. Rafferty heard nothing of him for a year, and then she got a despatch from St. Louis describing a drowned man resembling her husband. She went to St. Louis and identified the remains, and returned with them to Lockport. About a year later she consented to take a new protector for her children, and Sunday last was fixed for the nuptials; but on Sunday morning the long-lost husband stalked in and gave a satisfactory apology for his absence and silence.

A VALISE MADE OF HUMAN SKIN.—Colonel J D. Crawford, of New York, has sent Jim Britton, of Sherman, rather a singular valise. It is made of a negro skin tanned at Tewksbury, Mass., and lined with the tanned skin of a delicate female prepared at the same charitable institution. It was presented to Col. Crawford by Governor Butler and by the Colonel presented to his friend, Captain Britton.—*Galveston News.*

Signs of an Open Winter as Revealed by an Aged Indian.

From the Terre Haute Express.

'What kind of a winter are we going to have, uncle?' asked an *Express* reporter of an old squirrel hunter and mink trapper, who makes his home in the hills across the river.

'I kinder calculate that we will have a rather mild winter; all the indications point to such.'

'What signs do you go by, uncle?'

'I have a good many signs, and I never knew one of them to fail yet. When I say we are going to have a mild winter, you can depend on it. Haven't I lived in this county for forty years, and haven't I watched the winters right along, and oughtn't I be able to tell?

'Are the corn husks thin this year?'

'You better reckon they are. There are only two or three layers of them, and they are as thin as calico. Why, the corn is all dry enough now to go through a snow without injury. The one or two frosts we have had have sucked all the sap out of it.'

'Are there any other indications besides the corn husks?'

'You better believe there are. Now, when the geese crossed the line the wind blew from the quarter that indicates a mild winter every time. If it had blown from the north you could have been prepared to hear the wind blow great guns.'

'Is that all?'

'Not by a long ways. I could tell you enough to fill a book. My dog holed a ground hog the other day. I had nothing to do, so I set to work and dug the animal out. He didn't have a leaf or a twig in his hole; hadn't nothing in the shape of a nest.'

'Isn't it too early for ground hogs to make their nest?'

'Now I see how little you know about a ground hog. A ground hog has his hole dug, or has picked out his hole, by the first of September. If it's going to be a cold winter he has it filled with leaves by this time.'

'Is there anything else?'

'Yes. The coon's haven't commenced to gnaw the corn. That is a splendid sign. And another sign, and a sign that never fails, the woodpeckers haven't commenced to drum. Now, if this was going to be a cold winter all the old dead trees would be covered with red heads pecking away at a hole in which to store nuts.'

'Isn't it too early for that yet?'

'Not a bit. They should have their holes all pecked by this time, and be ready to fill them. There is not a smarter bird than the woodpecker; he knows what he's about when he is pecking away at an old limb from morning till night.'

Speed of Horses.

We are not of those who believe that any good comes of training horses for speed only, and we are confident that horse-races are an unmixed evil. But it is interesting to know what are the results of this training. Last week at Providence, R. I., a horse named Jay-Eye-See trotted a mile in two minutes, ten and three-quarter seconds.

From an article in *Harper's Magazine* we learn that horses are now raised that make much faster records than they did thirty years ago. This is a list of the greatest feats:

Lady Suffolk,	one mile	1849	2 28
Flora Temple,	"	1859	2 19¾
Dexter,	"	1867	2 17¼
Goldsmith Maid,	"	1874	2 14
Rarus,	"	1878	2 13¼
St. Julien,	"	1880	2 11¼
Maud S.,	"	1881	2 10¼

As to the market value of trotters, Mr. Bishop in this article states, 'that when a horse has entered the ranks of the great 'flyers,' there is hardly any limit to his value. One with a record of 2.30 may be estimated in a general way worth $10,000. From 2.30 down to 2.20, 1,000 may be added for each successive second. When we come into the teens, and near the head of the record, juggling with gold and diamonds is a coarse occupation in comparison. Mr. Bonner is said to have paid $33,000 for Dexter, and $36,000 for Rarus, and Mr. Vanderbilt $20,000 for Maud S. But this last was before she had made her great time; now that she has made it, you are told confidentially that a person stands ready to draw his check willingly for $75,000 whenever he can get a horse that will lead her, and give him the distinction of having the fastest trotter in the world. But how does it *pay?* Well, it pays first in stock-raising; it pays next in the opportunity to take purses and stakes afforded by the great system of racing circuits; and no doubt even those gentlemen who withdraw from racing, and do their driving in private life, find it pays in a pleasure and improved health from this kind of recreation, extravagant as it is, which they might not be able to procure so well from the expenditure of equal sums in any other direction.'—*N. Y. Observer.*

Food and Brain Work.

An organism which is doing brain work as well as muscular work requires higher and better food than an organism in which the brain is comparatively idle and only the lower centers and the muscles do much work. Undoubtedly the effect of brain work is to strengthen the brain and to render it less likely to become abnormal in its structure or disorderly in its activity than if it were idle. Such exercise as the brain receives in education, properly so-called—that is, development of the faculties—stimulates nutrition, and in so doing increases the need for food. Excessive activity with anxiety is not good at all, and ought to have no place in the educational process. Worry is fatal to good work, and to worry the growing brain of a child with work is to maim and cripple its organization, doing irreparable, because structural, mischief, the effects of which must be life-long. Tension in work is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. A well developed and healthy grown brain works without tension of any kind. The knit brow, straining eyes, and fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but of effort. The true athlete does not strain and pant when he puts forth his strength. The intellectual man with a strong mind does his brain work easily. Tension is friction, and the moment the toil of a *growing* brain becomes laborious it should cease. We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain work done with effort that we have come to associate effort with work, and to regard tension as something tolerable, if not natural. As a matter of fact, no man should ever knit his brow as he thinks, or in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it.—*Lancet.*

Tarring a Rat.

Rats are wonderfully clean animals, and they dislike tar more, perhaps, than anything else, if it once gets in their jackets they find it most difficult to remove it. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrance of their holes was a good remedy, also placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are not effective. The rats may leave the old holes and make fresh ones in other parts of the house; they don't, however, leave the premises for good. I thought I would try another experiment—one I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire-cage rat-trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese, and next morning I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I had ever seen, which, after I had besmeared him with tar, I left loose into his favorite run. The next night I tried again and succeeded in catching another equally big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two besmeared rats into their numerous runs to see what would happen, but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crestfallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen them or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day, in 1875, till now, 1883, my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats; and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never come back to the house again.—*Chambers Journal.*

OF Mr. Blaine's house in the city of Washington, the Baltimore *American's* correspondent says: 'Mr. Leiter, who has rented it, gives for it $11,000 a year, and an authority on affairs of this kind has estimated that it will cost $35,000 a year to run the house on a scale commensurate with its grandeur and Mr Leiter will be called upon to expend something like a quarter of a million in Washington in the way of living and keeping up appearances during the coming five years.'

THE OLD SETTLER'S WARNING.

HE NOTES A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PIKE COUNTY AND THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE MORAL.

MILFORD, Pa., Sept. 22.—The nights have been growing so cool of late that the fire has been renewed in the Crissman House base-burner. The atmosphere has not taken on that delightful degree of crispness that might make it worth while to set the teakettle singing, but it approaches that interesting period near enough to make the glow of the base-burner fall like a benison on the Old Settler, the dog Cæsar and the boys.

'Ah-h-h!' exclaimed the Old Settler, as he came in the other evening and spread himself around the stove. 'This is the weather ez sends the blood a scootin through a feller's system, an' takes the squeak out'n his jints. Why, durn it, it's a wipin' the rust all off'n my ole hinges, even, an' they're workin' ez glib ez if they was jist put on new, an had sperm oil slopped all over 'em. The trouble is, though, that the frost has dropped down on us too suddint, an' come so airly that it's took all the tuck out'n the buckwhit. Consekently, the pancake crop'll be kinder nipped in the bud, an' we'll hef to sop up our sassige with slapjacks an' sich this winter.'

'Yes,' said the County Clerk, sorrowfully, 'I don't s'pose there'll be buckwheat enough this year to make a decent meal for a wild pigeon sick with the pip. Agriculture in the Pike county hills is getting to be as uncertain as politics in New Jersey.'

'An' d'ye know the reason for why?' asked the Old Settler, warming up a little. 'D'ye know the reason for why? Railroads! an' tanries! an' sawmills! an' cordwood! an' hoop poles! That's the reason fur why, b'gosht 'l-mighty!'

'Oh, what are you givin' us, Major?' said the Sheriff, quietly.

'What be I a givin' of you?' exclaimed the Old Settler, with a thump of his cane; 'I'm a givin' of you fac's, that's what I'm a givin' of you; I'm a givin' of you fac's, b'gosh—sumpin ez you wa'n't never yit heered on ez givin' to me nor to nobody else! An' I'm a givin' of you skientific fac's. What is woods fur? Woods is the nat'ral pertectors o' the th'mom'ter. The less woods they is the sooner the degrees on the th'mom'ter tumbles t'ords the little nub at the bottom, an' fetches frost. Look at them air Ar'tic deestricks. They's jist ez much snow an' ice out thar on the Fourth o' July ez they is at Christmas, an' they tell me that the olest inhab'tant can't recomember when they had a Janiwary thaw. What's the reason o' all that? No woods! They ain't no woods out thar, that's the reason! They ain't a tree on the hull plantation, an' the only stick o' timber ez ever was heerd on out thar were the North Pole, an' they tell me that ez soon ez a lot o' fellers ez is lookin fur it kin find it, they'm goin ter take that away. The th'mom'ter don't git no pertection at all in them Ar'tic deestricks, an' the consekence is that they can't git no holt on the weather at all, an' it goes ez it durn pleases. What I'm a givin' of you, Shurf, is skientific fac's, an' I want you to know, b'gosh! mighty, that larnin' how ter chaw plug t'backer an' keep it all to yerself ain't all they is to larn ez you travel through this vale o' tears.'

The Sheriff took the hint and passed the Old Settler his plug.

'An' then, agin, on the contrairy,' continued the old gentleman, 'look at the hemispear what lays off to the south of us. Look at Cuby. Look at any o' them countries down thar. The only way they kin tell New Year's an' Decoration Day apart in them countries is because New Year's is a notch or two warmer than Decoration Day, an' they's a leetle bigger passel o' flowers in Janiwary. The frost never ketches the buckwhit down thar, an' if they want to, b'gosh, they kin set a raisin' o' new crop batter ev'ry month in the year. Things jist grows an' grows, an' grows, an gets ripe ez often ez they durn please, an folks jist gathers em an eats em or ships em to get rid of em. Why, durn it, things cant help growin in Cuby! You kin graft a slip off n a bananner tree outer a fence post down thar, and in half a day it will be blossomin like the rose, an nex day you kin go out an eat bananners off n it till you think you mus surely be from Jersey, an in town on circus day. They tell me that they dont hef to hev no nub on the bottom o the th'mom'ters in Cuby, cause they aint no use fur it, but that they put the nub on top, cause the degrees always climbs upards in that pushin climate. An what's the skientific fac that strikes you here? What makes them countries the garden spot o creation? Woods! They'm full o woods, an the th'mom'ters pertected, an it's pertected right up to the handle, b'gosh! D'ye see the pint now, consarn ye?

Well, said the Sheriff, let me see if I do. In the Arctic regions there aint any woods, and consequent it is too cold to raise crops. In the equatorial countries—

Hol on! hol on! exclaimed the Old Settler, excitedly. I never made no reference to any o them, b'gosh! I mentioned Cuby, my roarin roe buck! If I recomember distinctly, I mentioned Cuby.

Well, in Cuba, then, said the Sheriff. In Cuba the woods are extensive and deep, and in consequence the climate is warm and crops are easy and sure. Do I understand that it is because of this that the railroads, saw mills, tanneries, cordwood and hoop poles killed the buckwheat in Pike county with an early frost this season?

The Old Settler gazed at the Sheriff for a minute as if he felt sorry for him. Then, with great calmness, he said:

Shurf, I member when you was born, and I know you had durn good bringing up. I've heerd that you was the bes speller in school, an could beat the teacher a cipherin; an they tell me that arter you got too old to go to Sunday school you didnt furgit yer teachins, but give it out that you could lick anything ez run the canal. An you did. Bimeby you run fur office, an got lected evry time. You ve killed a deer or two, and say that you ve rasseled with a bar. You kin git on the sooburbs o your sheer o the ole stuff, an aint usually backard in askin the boys what they ll hev—t'night, seeminly, bein one o the onusual casions. Now, Shurf, one d natrally spose that a man showin sich a record as yourn d hef to be tolable slick an cute. But t'night I dont think you be, b'gosh! continued the Old Settler, growing warm. You cant git on to that simple little idee that I braced up with skientific facs, an I ve got to poun it inter ye that if wed never had no railroads we wouldnt a had all our chesnut an oak trees stole fur ties. If they hadnt a been no tanries nor sawmills, look at the hemlock and pine woods we d hev to-day. Whars all our finest hickry saplins gone but inter hoop poles? An whars our beech an birch an ash an maple? Inter ash heaps, b'gosh, long o bein sold for cordwood by a lot o bushwhackers ez d cut down the Charter Oak, b'gosht lmighty, to git wood to fry a mess o suckers with! An I ve got to hammer it inter yer conk that the Pike county woods is goin so fast that its a gittin colder an colder every year, an that it taint stopped twont be long fore you ll see experditions up yer lookin for the North Pole on the High Knob, an people ll hef to buy their thmometers by the yard to git any good out of em, b'gosh! t'mighty!

When Frank closed the house, however, the Old Settler was so warm that you would have had to use one of his Cuby thermometers to get the register of his temperature. ED MOTT.

Art in the Home.

As to the hanging of pictures, let there be one inflexible rule, to hang them flat. There is something always suggestive of insecurity in seeing a picture tipped forward. The picture cords are better not to show at all; but if they do show, let them not start from each top corner of the picture and meet at a point on the wall just over its center, thus forming a triangle, inharmonious with the lines of the room; but let a separate cord be attached to each top corner and go straight to a hook directly above it.

And there should not be too many pictures, and pictures having purely a family interest. Family portraits, if themselves works of art, are not altogether out of place in a parlor; but photographs had best be kept for the more private rooms. The subjects of pictures should be such as can be quickly understood by anybody: a picture that has to be explained is almost as bad as the picture that has to be apologized for.

THE cowboy has been seen by a correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, who writes from Carbon county, Wyoming: "We found him first at Rawlings at night, and he seemed to be slightly on a tear.' He was across the street in a saloon, imbibing Territorial lightning at 25 cents a drink. He was fast whooping it up with 'the boys,' and as steam rose in the flues of his boiler he gave vent to shrill and sharp war whoops. After weeks, or possibly months, on the range or trail, he collects his pay—from $40 to $50 a month—and goes to the nearest trading post and 'blows in' his hard earnings, first taking pains to buy the finest 'flop hat,' a white felt with a broad brim, the neatest-fitting boots, the brightest silk handkerchiefs, and spurs with rowels as big as a blacking-box lid. Then, after shedding his old toggery, he is ready for a 'fly' with any of the boys who may be in town for the same purpose."

LULLABY.

'Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen.'
Rockaby, lullaby, all the day long,
Down to the land of the lullaby song.
Babyland never again will be thine,
Land of all mysterias, holy, divine.
Motherland, Otherland,
Wonderland, Underland,
Land of a time never again to be seen;
Flowerland, Bowerland,
Airyland, Fairyland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, thy mother will keep
Gentle watch over thine azure-eyed sleep;
Baby can't feel what mother-heart knows,
Throbbing its fears over your quiet repose.
Mother-heart knows how baby must fight
Wearily all through the fast-coming night;
Battle unending,
Honor defending,
Baby must wage with the powers unseen.
Sleep now, oh, baby dear,
God and thy mother near;
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, the days will grow long;
Silent the voice of the mother-love song.
Bowed with sore burdens, the man-life must own
Sorrows that baby must bear all alone.
Wonderland can never come back again;
Thought will come soon—and with reason come pain.
Sorrowland, Motherland,
Drearyland, Wearyland,
Baby and Heavenland lying between.
Smile, then, in Motherland,
Dream in the Otherland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

—*From the German.*

Playing It on Mr. Fouchee.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"About the sharpest bit of gambling that I have seen for sometime occurred up at our town a few days ago," said a Lexington sport last night to a little crowd of congenial companions.

"You all know Ernest Fouchee. I guess every sport in Kentucky knows Ernest. He is the last man in the world to be plucked up for a sucker. Well, a short time ago Ernest went to Chicago to lay in a supply of cards and chips for his poker room. He went to one of the big card houses and bought his goods. He gave directions where to send them, and left. That evening he steered straight for home. He had hardly left the card store when two men came in and asked if Mr. Fouchee's package had been sent. The clerk replied that it had not, and they said that Mr. Fouchee had changed his mind about sending it, and that as they were going to Lexington they would take charge of the cards. They asked what the bill was, and paid it. Of course the clerk had no idea of any job, and as the men paid for the cards he let them take them off. The two men took the cards around to their rooms and marked them, or put marked cards in their places. They then took the package down to the express office and left word there to have the goods sent to Lexington. They then got on board the first train and started for the Blue Grass capital. The sports of Lexington were surprised and dazzled by the way the strangers spent their money. None of the poker players made their bets half so recklessly, and none of the faro players piled their chips up so carelessly. In two days they got rid of about $1,000. One Friday night the Chicago cards came, and Fouchee gathered a little party in his room to try the new stock. Luck ran toward the strangers, and as the night began to wane the piles of money in front of them grew steadily. At length, at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Ernest rose from the table. He had lost everything, and as the strangers counted over their winnings they found themselves $6,000 ahead. Fouchee doesn't keep a poker room now."

The Duke and the Dude.

The following story is told of an English nobleman, recently deceased: "The duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly toward his rival as if he would say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket."—*Family Herald.*

IN Corea a death penalty against intruding foreigners used to be strictly enforced, and is still on the statute books, though recent treaties have nullified it. The Corean ambassadors cannot get the idea out of their heads that they are in danger here, a New York correspondent says, and all the persuas