The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 39

SPECIAL NOTICE!

—OF—

LOUIS. K. STAM.

New Goods!

Immense Stock!

Low Prices!

BED ROOM SUITS, BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, WARDROBES, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS of almost every style, REED CHAIRS, Rattan Chairs, Carpet Chairs,

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS, in many beautiful styles.

BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

Library and Stand Lamps!

Old Gold and Antique Patterns—give an immense light.

Corner and Side Brackets, Wall Pockets, Comb Cases, Picture Frames, Chromos, Oil Paintings, &c., &c.

Mustache Cups, Shaving Mugs, Chamber China Set.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the different articles.

☞ I believe I have the largest line of useful Presents that can be found in town. Do not fail to visit my place and you will be convinced that my statements are strictly true.

LOUIS K. STAM.

Dec. 20, 1883.

AT STAM'S

DRUG STORE.

PEPPER,

SAGE,

SALTPETRE.

LOWEST PRICES,

LARGE STOCK.

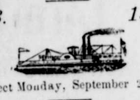
COLIN F. STAM.

Nov. 15, 1883.

Chester River Steamboat Company

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

1883. *1884.*



To take effect Monday, September 24th, 1883.

The Steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., making all the above landings.

The Steamer CORSICA will leave Pier 7, Light street wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at midnight for Centreville via Corsica creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown. Returning, will leave Chestertown every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M., making all the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD
Sept. 27, 1883. President.

COAL AND WOOD.

HAVING now laid in a Full Supply of Coal and Wood for the winter, we wish to inform our friends and the public generally that we are prepared to supply you with Coal and Wood of the best quality of White Ash and Lykens Valley Coal, and of Hickory, Oak and Pine Wood, at prices as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and see if we cannot please you.

Yours respectfully,

T. DEC. RUTH,
Chestertown, Md.
J. B. McINTIRE, AGENT.

P. S.—My employer is pushing me to make a full settlement for all outstanding bills, therefore all indebted must pay at once. Pay now, we must have the money.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. McINTIRE,
Nov. 15, 1883. AGENT.

To The Public!



HAVING arranged for the Schooner BONITA, capacity 4000 bushels, we are now prepared to handle freights with quick dispatch and promptness, and will receive Grain at Travilla's and Double Creek public wharves; Buckingham landing, Chestertown, Quaker Neck wharf, and other landings on Chester river. Any orders left at the office of Joseph Turner, Esq., will receive personal attention.

JOS. W. THOMPSON.

☞ N. B.—GRAIN PURCHASED.
Dec. 6—tf.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Toilet Sets and Vases, beautifully decorated. Exceedingly Low in Price—we want you to especially examine these.

COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.

CORSETS.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET—Indestructible Hip. For sale by T. W. ELIASON JR.

PURE SUGARS.

Cut Loaf, Granulated, Standard A, Extra C, and best light Brown. Call and see how CHEAP at

J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT.



1883. 1884.

On and after Saturday, September 22d, steamer

Enterprise

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

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at o'clock, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock, stopping at Newnam's, Wilkin's and Quaker Neck. Leave Centreville at 8 o'clock, stopping at Corsica, Poplar Grove, Emory's and Earle's, in Corsica creek. Arriving at Baltimore at 12.30 midnight.

Returning, will leave Piers 12 and 13, Light Sreet wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Thursday night at 12.00 midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Pleasant accommodations for passengers. Freight received daily until 6 p. m.

RICHARD J. FOARD,
Sept. 27, 1883. President.

COLIN F. STAM,

DRUGGIST,

PREPARES MEDICINES

from only the

Purest and Most Reliable Drugs

in the market.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN

—TO—

Physicians' Recipies,

Which are prepared in the

Most Skillful Manner

and in accordance with all the improved methods of Pharmacy.

Moderate Prices.

Absolute Accuracy, Neatness and Pharmaceutic skill are what we claim for our work.

Drug Store on corner—sign—Illuminated Mortar.

March 1, 1883.

T. J. MANN

Has Enlarged His Store,

and keeps on hand a Larger and More Complete Stock of Goods than formerly. His stock embraces not only

DRY GOODS

of all kinds,

HARDWARE, NOTIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,

WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, but New Orleans Molasses, the best Syrups, Broiling Beef, Flour, Meal and Feed. Canned Goods a specialty. All goods will be sold at bottom prices for cash or trade.

T. J. MANN,
opposite Kent National Bank,
Feb. 8, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

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.

HEATING STOVES, ten to fifteen kinds on hand, some very nicely finished with nickel foot rail and trimmings. Call and examine Stoves and Prices at

J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Standard Authors, Leading Novelists, Poets and Children's Books (beautifully covered in bright and attractive covers). We carry a very large stock of these goods, and sell them low.

COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.

St Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM

Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Merchant Tailoring

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened near the Catholic Church, in Chestertown, a

Merchant Tailoring Establishment

and has on hand a fine assortment of

Cloths and Cassimeres.

He will make suits to order and

GUARANTEE A FIT

and satisfaction in every case. A call and examination of his goods is solicited.

☞ Prices Moderate. ☜

Sept. 20. LOUIS STOLL.

FOR SALE.

Post! Post! Post!

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

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

WILLIAM PERKINS.

March 8, 1883.

5 CENT Sheet Music

—AT—

Stam's Drug Store.

THE CHOICEST SONGS,
DANCES, WALTZES and MARCHES,

Only 5 cents per copy.

Call and look over our stock.

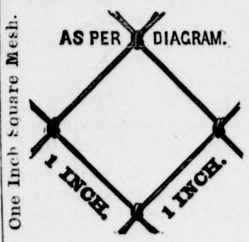
COLIN F. STAM.

NETTING,

—FOR—

SEINES AND POUNDS.

We Measure the Mesh.



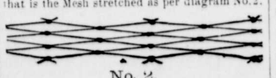
Parties ordering Netting or seines, will give the length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is, if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 YARDS



10 Feet. No. 1.

We would make the webbing 150 yards long 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the Mesh stretched as per diagram No. 2.



No. 2.

In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

☞ Send for price list.

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO.
Wm. J. Hooper & Son,
6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore Md.
Dec. 27—y. (Mention this paper.)

Buy The CHAPMAN & LAMBERT, IRON FRAME Cultivator.

For putting Corn Ground in order for Wheat.

We made great improvements in our Cultivators for this fall's trade. Every tooth is adjustable and guaranteed not to choke in any filth or corn stubs.

We have the finest lot of best Cultivator TEETH we ever had. We made some this fall that are stronger than any made before by us.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Sept. 13, 1883.

COOK STOVE COOK STOVES!

RANGES! RANGES!

The EXCELSIOR is ahead, one of the *BEST* Cook Stoves in use for wood or coal. 6 or 8 kinds of cook Stoves, and *guarantee* all the stoves we sell. Ranges of three or four manufactures, and selling at *very* reasonable prices at

J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

To the Reading Public.

I keep on hand or can supply at short notice, any Periodical published. Harper's, the Century Company's, and Appleton's publications can be furnished either by the year or by the single number. Munroe's Seaside Novels, among which are represented the best English and American novelists, kept constantly on hand, at

M. A. TOULSON'S
Drug Store, Chestertown, Md.
Nov. 30, 1882.

OUR stock of HARDWARE just opened, is full and complete in every particular. Call and get our prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

THE FAMILY GHOST.

At the Old Manor House and ancestral Hall,
Where the ivy climbs over the gable-end wall,
A Rookery lends the domain a charm,
And the rats and mice within-door swarm;
And, time out of mind, as the talk hath been,
There's a spectral thing to be heard and seen.
O, the Family Ghost!
O, the Family Ghost!

A sound, as it were, of a rustling train,
That sweeps into the chambers and out again,
And anon there appeareth an ancient Dame,
Like a figure stepped out of a picture-frame,
In a stomacher, frill and farthingale,
And her eyes glimmer through an antique lace-veil.
O, the Family Ghost!
O, the Family Ghost!

There's a room where the Ghost is given to keep
So in that one apartment none dare sleep.
No man-servant, maid-servant, girl or groom,
Will adventure a night in the Haunted Room.
Should the Host any stranger away there stow,
The Ghost of the Family lets him know.
O, the Family Ghost!
O, the Family Ghost!

A something in sooth it may be to boast,
That a fellow hath gotten a Family Ghost,
For a Family Ghost to a Family Name
Is a sort of appurtenance much the same
As a coat-of-arms, or a Family Tree;
No such Ghost but for persons of pedigree.
O, the Family Ghost!
O, the Family Ghost!

In your stuccoed Villas it scorns to dwell;
Stands only the hold of your high-born Swell,
It disdains to appear—having too much pride—
To the family circle at Christmastide,
Where, if ghost-stories then be but truly told,
It could, an it listed, a tale unfold.
O, the Family Ghost!
O, the Family Ghost!

From Punch.

FLORIDA'S BRIGHT AND DARK SIDES.

PROSPECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE GLIMPSES OF A LAND OF PROMISE.

The tide of travel from the North to Florida is at its highest just after the holidays. Returning steamers at this season bring comparatively few passengers. Conversation aboard the south-bound boats is on Florida topics almost exclusively. So it is on the north bound steamer; yet there is a noteworthy difference. This year the Florida boom is stronger than it has been at any other time since the advent of the victorious Northerners who at the close of the civil war beat their swords into can openers, and began opening condensed milk, hermetically sealed cooked meats, and salmon canned in axle grease—all to be served at the rate of $2 a day or $10 a week to invalids in search of a mild climate and nutritious fare.

There were about sixty of us passengers going down. One of the first to make himself known to the others was an extremest from Maine. He had abandoned ice culture in the Pine Tree State, and was going to raise tropical fruits on the shores of the Manatee. His pockets were full of maps of Florida, and on each map was the scene of his future operations indicated by a deposit of plumbago from the pencil he used as a pointer when showing how far south of the frost line his "banana groves" would be. There seemed to be a considerable unoccupied territory between the plumbago and the nearest printer's ink; but the appearance of isolation is deceptive, he said, there being already two families from Maine and one from Kentucky on that stretch of river bank, and a prospect that the region was going to fill up rapidly with an excellent class of settlers from the North. He had his family and household goods aboard.

The Maine man found a good listener in an elderly person from northern New York, who was compelled to stay where his attendant put him, unless the sea happened to be very smooth. The New Yorker was on crutches, but was intending to engage in orange culture immediately after disposing of his rheumatism at one of the warm sulphur springs. As often as the Maine man allowed him to put in a word, he drew a verbal picture of the fount for which he was bound—with men going down to the pool on stretchers and crutches, others prancing away from it in the joy of regained agility, and the air almost darkened by flying crutches and canes cast from them by sufferers restored to health. These pictures were drawn from outlines furnished by real estate agents and other dis interested persons. There were several passengers who were going to seek lodges among the pines in the hope of getting relief from pulmonary diseases; three young English men who were to paint the State red with the blood of alligators slain with their fowling pieces; a sharp featured man from Connecticut, who had a steam saw mill on board, had been in Florida before, and knew just where he was going to put his mill up; a widow from Brooklyn, who was on the way to take charge of her winte: boarding house which she evidently regarded as a better piece of property than an orange grove; several young men who were eager to reach the upper St. John's, and begin their havoc among the wild ducks and other game; a Canadian who, despite the fact that his frame had been horribly twisted by rheumatic gout, was as chipper as anybody aboard, now that his twinges were giving him respite; besides young men with a few hundred dollars to invest or with trades to depend upon, Florida business men bound home from New York, and well to-do families going down as usual to spend the months of cold weather at their winter homes.

It was a hopeful party of travelers, taken all together. Those who had seen the region for which they were bound kindly encouraged the anticipations of those who had only read about it. They nodded in confirmation of each stage in the mental process by which prospective settlers demonstrated how easier than rolling off a log it would be to buy at $2 an acre ten acres of pine land, set out eighty three-year old budded orange trees to the acre, and in four or five years pick a couple of thousand oranges from each of the 800 trees, sell the 1,600,000 oranges at the low price of a cent apiece, and clear upward of $10,000, say in 1889, above the expense of picking and boxing. Hardly less to be congratulated were those who were going into strawberry raising, and who preferred the returns of a few acres of berries sold next winter at $3 a quart to the greater but delayed profits of orange culture. And not to be despised were the prospects of those who were to engage in truck farming for the Northern market, or in peanut raising, or in the wholesale production of motherless chickens by vapor encompassing engines of incubation.

Each morning as the passengers met on deck and greeted one another it seemed as though their hopes of wealth and health had been raised another peg by the nearer approach of the steamer to the land of promise; and when, separating on Florida soil, they exchanged shipmates' adieus, it was with such exclamations as 'Drop over on the Gulf side and see my banana grove.' 'Let me know when you get located, and I'll send you a brace of ducks." "When you get your rheumatism fixed up, come down to New Smyrna and we 'll finish out the winter camping along the Indian River."

There were ten of us passengers on the return trip. Two of that number lay in coffins on the forward hatch. We had been in Florida on the average aoout a month. That warm fellow feeling which took possession of the passengers going down was slow to manifest itself on this trip, and conversation did not flow freely in the saloon till we were up along in the latitude of Charleston. It had to do with the weather at first. There was a sheeting of ice on the steamer's bow and up around the pilot house. It was impossible to wash the deck, because the salt water froze before it could be swept off. We had used our overcoats and night shirts on the previous night, and had slept cold at that. The weather was favorable only to the two passengers on the forward hatch. The gale was from the northeast, and Hatteras was ahead. From the weather the talk went to Florida topics in general. One of us was, or had been, an enthusiastic sportsman.

'When I go after ducks again,' he said, 'it won't be in Florida.'

'Why?' asked an elderly traveler whom we afterward came to know as the Doctor.

'Mainly because I like my fish and fowl separate. It don't seem natural, after you've shot your game on the wing and cooked it brown, to have it taste as though you had speared it on the muddy bottom of the river. But it wouldn't be so bad,' the sportsman added reflectively, 'if the fish the birds live on were of good quality and wholesome at first hand.'

'What you always want to do with Florida wild ducks,' said the Doctor, 'is to parboil them thoroughly and then brown them in the oven—parboil them thoroughly, mind you. You may not believe me,' he went on, with the inflection of one about to put forth a preposterous proposition, 'but I don't think Florida is the worst place in the world, and inside of a year and a half you'll see me down in Dade county with a better thing than an orange grove. An orange is perishable fruit. You are at the mercy of the transportation lines. But s'pose your crop is cocoanuts? If you can't get anybody to bring them to market, you can put them in cannons and fire them up North by stages, and it won't hurt 'em. I tell you, gentlemen, you'll see me with a cocoanut grove inside of—"

'Talking about game,' said a rotund man from Ohio: 'did you ever study the 'Florida hog? Why, he can outrun a horse—a Florida horse—and is so thin that he won't cast a shadow unless he has a poke on. You know how they tell whether he is fat enough to kill?'

'When I get my coco—' the Doctor broke in, taking advantage of the pause; but he was interrupted with the question, asked in concert by several of the passengers, 'How do they tell when the hog is fit to kill?'

'Well, they lift him up by the ears, and if his snout overbalances the other half of him they tie a knot in his tail and throw him over into a pen to fat up a little more,' said the Ohio man.

'Why do they t t tie a knot in his t-t-tail?' chattered a man who had been suffering with dengue fever, and whose blood was rather sensitive to the cold.

'So that he can't crawl out through the cracks in the pen,' was the reply.

'If they run to snout so much as that,' observed a school teacher from Vermont, 'they must be well fitted to root for a living.'

'Quite right,' said the Doctor; but which would any man here rather have, a thousand orange trees bearing perishable fruit or a thousand coco—'

'On the contrary,' the Ohio man remarked in reply to the school teacher's suggestion, 'a Florida hog would starve to death if he were alone and had to root for a living.'

'How so?' asked the Vermonter.'

'Because he's so light that he can't root at all unless there are several together, so that each can have his turn being held down by the others while he roots, the authority on hogs explained.

'His lot, then, if he was alone,' said a young man who had been reared on a dairy farm in Otsego county, 'would be, about as sad as that of the calves born in Florida.'

'What about 'them?' somebody asked.

'Very little about them,' replied the young dairyman. 'Only the cows give so little milk that the calves starve to death before they can be weaned.'

'Has any man here reflected how valuable the milk of the coco—'

'D—d—doctor,' the fever patient broke in, 'isn't it generally believed that the worst thing about the climate in the North—in New York State, for instance—is the great changes in temperature within brief period?'

The Doctor said that it was.

'Well,' said the shivering man, 'on a recent morning, thirty miles south of Jacksonville, the thermometer indicated 24 degrees, and ice nearly half an inch thick formed in pails of water left outdoors. I am not positive as to what the temperature in the sun was at noon on the previous day, but my impression is that it was about 80 degrees, and that the fall within a few hours was over 50 degrees.'

'But they say,' observed a passenger, 'that Northerners should not go out in the heat of the sun.'

'So they do,' replied the victim of fever, 'and they also warn Northerners against going out before sunrise or after sunset.'

'I've always lived in Vermont,' said the school teacher, and, although we don't brag of our climate, there is no time in the twenty-four hours of the day when it is not healthful for an able bodied man to go outdoors, and there is seldom a day in the year in which the temperature falls 50 degrees.'

'If there is any expression that makes me tired,' said the invalid, wearily, 'it is Especially at this yer season of the year.' I am asked by one of the year-around residents of Florida if I am suffering with fever. I say that I am, and inquire whether that is often the fate of visitors from the North. Oh, yes, I am told—especially at this yer season of the year.' That is in December or January. A friend of mine came North in October to get rid of the dangue, and he had been told that such an illness was not uncommon, especially at this yer season of the year.' A friend of his was consoled with the same phrase in June, and I'm ready to believe that in whatever month a stranger falls a victim to the climate, he will be told that 'especially at this yer season of the year' Northerners are liable to suffer as he is suffering.'

'I see,' remarked the Vermont pedagogue, 'that you have been associating with educated Floridians.'

'What tells you that?'

'Their pronunciation of h e r e. The uneducated negroes and crackers pronounce it 'yar,' and none but cultured Floridians pronounce it 'yer.''

Thus ran the talk till the group of passengers broke up for the night (leaving the Doctor in the act of telling what he would do down in Dade county when his coco—), and in similar strain it ran whenever the passengers came together. Contrasted with the voice of the hopeful shipload that sailed down the coast a month previously it was as the wail of a feeble minority. Yet that minority claimed in behalf of itself that, including the silent two on the forward hatch, it was made up of persons who had 'been there.'

FREAKS OF RICH MEN.

STRANGE WHIMS INDULGED IN BY OWNERS OF MILLIONS.

A few years ago one of the millionaires of this city, in company with his aristocratic daughter, left Cincinnati for a visit to the scenes of his boyhood. His daughter accompanied him with a great deal of reluctance, as she was in no way interested in her father's humble origin. She was still less interested when she discovered his birth place to be a broken-down shanty, surrounded by all the marks of squalor and starvation.

'This is where I was born,' said the father, proudly.

'Ugh! I've seen it; let's go,' replied the daughter, pulling at the governor's arm.

'Wait a bit. I have engaged a photographer to meet us here and he is due now. I want a photograph of this house, my old home, the home of my mother.'

'What! you are not going to preserve the likeness of this old, tumble-down place and take it home to Cincinnati, are you?'

'That's just what I'm going to do,' was the inexorable reply.

'I'll be mortified to death,' pouted the daughter.

The photograph was taken—a large and elegant one. 'It has proved a powerful weapon for me,' said the millionaire, in speaking of it to a friend a few month's later. 'No more talk about 'royal ancestors,' the 'Lord's annointed' and all that, now, in my family. No more 'blue blood.' Just as soon as the subject is mentioned, this old democrat—(pointing to himself)—this old democrat takes out the photograph, with the remark: 'There is where your old, aristocratic, blue blooded ancestors was born.''

The writer was once standing in the office of Congress hotel, in Rochester, N. Y., when old Cornelius Vanderbilt, father of the present great railroad king, walked in, accompanied by several magnates of the New York Central.

'Hand me down that box,' said old Cornelius, speaking to the clerk behind the cigar counter and pointing to a box, each cigar of which sold for one dollar.

The old man selected four cigars, and, throwing down a five-dollar bill, again said to the clerk: 'Hand me down that ten-cent box.' The clerk obeyed, and the old man clawed out a handful and tossed them to his companions, saying:

'Here; these are good enough for you.'

The affront was Vanderbilt's, and Vanderbilt's hirelings had to swallow it.

Less than a decade ago at Alliance, Ohio, an octogenarian worked daily in a rolling mill, and averaged a monthly salary of $150. His individual bank account ran up into the hundred thousands. On the morning of every pay-day he and his wife, with whom he lived alone in a little cottage, would go to a beer saloon, buy a pretzel and a glass of beer for each, and in the afternoon he would take the train for Cleveland, where he would deposit the bulk of his hard earnings, reserving only a small share to pay for the bare necessities of himself and wife, during the ensuing month.

The beer and pretzels were indulged in but once a month.

Old James Faulkner was a widower, a millionaire, and somewhere along in the forties, lived in Oswego Falls, a town situated on the Oswego river, twelve miles south of the city of Oswego, N. Y., and made famous at the time by J. Fennimore Cooper, who located there the scenes of his thrilling story entitled, 'The Pathfinder.' Faulkner had more eccentricities than is common to rich men, and he had a son who shared these eccentricities with him. The two lived in the plainest possible style in the little village, and dined daily at a table spread for them by an humble housekeeper. Faulkner, sen., delighted in wearing clothes of the coarsest quality and most uncouth pattern, whether at home or abroad. When away from home Faulkner, jun., was conspicuous for following the other extreme, and dressing more flashily than any of his boon companions. Both men were generous to a fault.

At one time old Faulkner, arrayed in his ugly homespun, the bottom of his trousers tucked into the tops of his great, red cowhide boots, stalked into the dining room of the old Empire house, then the finest hotel in the city of Syracuse, and, looking about him a moment, carelessly selected a table at which were seated a number of elegantly dressed ladies, and planted himself in a chair by their side, and in a strentorian tone summoned a waiter. Instantly the ladies, with noses elevated to an angle of forty five degrees, expressed their indignation by shoving back from the table preparatory to leaving the Jining hall. Old Faulkner felt the contempt thus expressed, and, believing it was aimed at his coarse clothing, instantly sprang from his chair, jumped on to the centre of the table and began kicking castors, tureens, silver and a miscellaneous assortment of crockery over the dining hall. Then he jumped up and down on the table till it caved in, and in less time than it takes to tell the story he had completed the wreck, and tables and broken chairs and crockery were heaped up in a miscellaneous mass. Meantime the guests of the hotel had hurried screaming from the room, flying, they believed, from a madman. The landlord, hearing the racket, and supported by several men from the hotel office, hurried to the side of Faulkner, and was about to seize him, when the latter turned from his work of destruction and demanded:

'What's my bill?'

'Five hundred dollars at least,' was the excited reply.

'Here's your money,' said Faulkner, as he drew from a big roll a bill of the denomination named by the landlord. 'Here's your money and let me give you a little advice, which you can in turn give to your fool guests. Don't judge a man's rank and position in life by the clothes he wears.'

When the old man died his son succeeded to his wealth, and soon squandered it all. On one spree in New York he laid a wager with several moths who were flitting about him that he would eat the most expensive supper of any of them. There were a half dozen in the party, and they all in their turn exhausted their knowledge of expensive viands and wine in their orders. Each one of them had contracted a bill amounting to upward of a $100, when it came Faulkner's turn.

'Bring me a slice of bread and butter,' he called to the waiter, and his companions began to stare.

The bread and butter was brought, when Faulkner divided it into two equal parts, and with them and two $100 bills made a novel sandwich, and then while his astonished companions looked on, quietly devoured it. Faulkner won.

Not many years after this occurrence the young man, prematurely old by excessive debauchery, was buried in Potter's field.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THOSE who have never seen the much talked of dynamite explosive will be interested to know that it looks very much like moist brown sugar. Nitro glycerine which is formed by the action of nitric acid upon glycerine, at a low temperature, is the active agent in dynamite, but is mixed with some absorbent substance to render it safer to handle than the liquid glycerine. The absorbent material thus used is a silicious earth—a fine white powder composed of the remains of infusoria, and resembling powdered chalk; this takes up two or three times its weight of the nitro-glycerine, without becoming pasty, and the ingredients are easily mixed, leaden vessels and wooden spoons being used to avoid dangerous friction. When flame is applied to this mass it burns with a strong flame, without any explosion; but when ignited by a detonating fuse, or even by a sudden blow, its explosive force is tremenduous.

A WONDERFUL bedstead, made for an East Indian prince, is on show in Paris. It is made partly of silver. At each corner stands a beautifully modelled female figure (life size), holding a delicately constructed fan, and wearing a wig of real hair. This is to be regularly dressed by the court barber once a week. On the great potentate getting to bed the weight of his body sets certain machinery in motion, the effect of which is, that the silver maidens gently fan the sleeper. If the figures at the foot of the bed are required to exert themselves, in like manner this can be accomplished by the aid of a clock like apparatus. Moreover, should the dusky owner of the bed wish to be lulled to sleep by the dulcet sounds of soft music, this can be done by touching a spring. The bottom of the bed contains a music box.

I CLIMB TO REST.

Still must I climb, if I would rest;
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf on the tree-top high
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds, the hills to crown;
The plant arises from the root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away!
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own;
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend.
All things are beckoning to the Best;
I climb to Thee, my God, for rest!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Story of two Brave Men.

From the Times-Democrat

In that desperate battle of Murfreesboro, or as some call it, Stone River, on the 31st of December, 1862, a gallant and daring charge was made by Breckinridge's brigade on the masked batteries of Gen. Rosecans, so placed as to do fearful work. The charge was one of the most desperate of the war, and among the foremost in it was the First Louisiana Regiment.

In this regiment a brave soldier and intrepid officer was Lieut. J. B. Trist of this city. Manfully he went forth to the terrible ordeal, and while leading his men was struck down, mortally wounded. It was impossible to withstand such a rainstorm of missiles, and decimated and torn, Breckinridge's brigade was forced back. The Federals swept over the field, which was covered with the dead and dying, and while the bloody work was still going on, one of their number, Sergeant Geo. W. Kent, who was afterward First Lieutenant of Company B. Eighty-eighth Illinois Volunteers, saw poor Trist fast sinking from his wounds, lying on the field.

Sergeant Kent went to the side of the dying Southern Lieutenant and gave his parched throat a refreshing draught of water from his canteen, and then to protect him from the cold carefully wrapped him up in some blankets picked up on the battlefield. In such a bloody hour such brotherly attention met with a grateful response in the heart of the dying man, and taking off his sword he presented it in almost his last words to the succoring Kent. The war went on and Sergeant Kent became Lieutenant. He treasured the sword dearly, and when the contest ended he had Lieut. Trist's name, date of battale, &c., engraved on the scabbard, intending to preserve it as a souvenir of the war.

Some months ago, thinking that relatives of the dead Lieutenant might desire to recover the sacred relic, Lieut. Kent wrote to the Association of the Army of Tennessee, and the family was put in communication with him. A few days ago the sword reached this city, and the brother of the gallant dead officer, Mr. N. B. Trist, received it, twenty-one years after the battle. Lieut. Kent of Gridley, Ill., will ever be remembered here with sentiments of the warmest regard.

Our Little World.

Some physical results of the Java disturbance help us to understand how small the world is. Take a bowl of water, agitate the fluid in the centre, and the undulations you excite propagate themselves in smooth swelling concentric rings till they lap against the sides of the bowl. There they break, and slop up in mimic tidal waves. This is an exact illustration—*magna componere parvis*—of the oscillations of the sea reported from both hemispheres this week. The tidal irregularities, as might be expected, were most violent on the northwestern seaboard of Australia, which lies right opposite to the scene of the Java disturbances. On that coast the sea retreated and advanced a hundred yards. A day or two later oscillations appeared on the Atlantic seaboard of America. The particular undulation which, on the fifth day out, slopped up on the east coast of New Zealand must have come by way of Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, and had nearly completed the circuit of the globe. Australia lies as a sort of breakwater between us and Java by the direct route. It gives one a new conception of the littleness of what Henry Ward Beecher calls "this fi'penny ha'penny world," when a man can stand on the Ocean Beach at Dunedin and watch the ripples from a splash made in the Straits of Sunda.—*Otago Times.*

How to Fertilize Fruit Trees.

Here and there on all farms, and in most fruit gardens, will be seen an occasional tree or grape vine which seems to lack vigor—does not grow well, and yet seems to have no particular disease. The probabilities are that the tree is dying of starvation and needs a liberal supply of food. When you give it this ration, do not pile a load of manure around the trunk of a tree or the body of a grape-vine.

This is just the place where it will do the least good. Nearest the trunk of the tree the roots are all large. The fibrous roots, the feeders, are farther off near the end of the roots. These only can take up the nutriment. It is always safe to assume that the roots extend as far from the trunk in every direction as do the limbs of the tree, and to properly fertilize, spread the manure all over that area. Then fork it in, and you have done a good work and done it well.

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