The [redacted]tertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. [redacted]TOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 43

Farmers', Builders'

—AND—

MECHANICS' HARDWARE

Our Stock is complete in every department and the public are invited to call and examine our goods and prices.

For the Farmer we have Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Feed Cutters, Corn Crushers, Corn Shellers, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Hoes, Axes, Wagon Hames, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing Knives, &c., which we are selling at very moderate rates.

Joel R. Clements.

For Builders we have everything in the way of Hinges, Locks, Bolts, Catches, Sash Locks, Cord and Weights, &c., &c.

For Mechanics we have all kinds of Tools, such as Planes, Saws, Chisels, Hatchets, Braces, Bitts of almost any quality; Saw Files, Spirit Levels, Plumbobs, &c., which we are selling as cheap as can be had in the city. Call and see us,

JOEL R. CLEMENTS.
adjoining Kent Nat'l Bank,

Jan. 31, 1884.

AT STAM'S

DRUG STORE.

PEPPER,

SAGE,

SALTPETRE.

LOWEST PRICES,

LARGE STOCK.

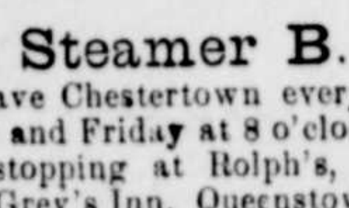
COLIN F. STAM.

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
President.

Sept. 27, 1883.

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.

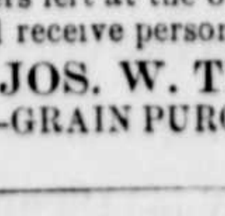
Yours respectfully,
T. DEC. RUTH,
Chestertown, Md.
J. B. McINTIRE, AGENT.

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,
AGENT.

Nov. 15, 1883.

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.

Plows. Plows. Plows

The new Remington Carbon Plow is not surpassed in any particular, and it is superior in form, finish, metal and light weight to any other cast plow made, being one-half cast steel, has all the hardness and scouring qualities of the chilled plow, and is much stronger. The above plow is sold on a guarantee. We respectfully refer parties to Messrs J. Z. Clark, Fletcher Melvin, Louis C. Justis, and others. Call and examine this plow, and you will buy.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

Christmas Cards!

The Largest assortment in town at the CORNER DRUG STORE.

C. F. STAM.

AMUSING A D I STRUCTIVE GAMES

From 10 cts. up.

A great variety at C. F. STAM'S.

New Goods!

For Fall and Winter Trade.

—AT—

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S,

DRYGOODS of all kinds, such as Dress Goods from 10c. to 75c., Black and Colored Velveteens, Red, White and Gray Flannels, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Bleached and unbleached Muslins, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Prints, &c.

GLOVES, large variety, from 12c. to $1 50. Kid Gloves a specialty.

Men and Boys UNDERSHIRTS and Drawers, Ladies' Vests, Bal. Skirts, Nubias, Children's Knit Sacks, Hoods and Muffs to match. Ladies' JERSEYS in all colors.

Large assortment of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Collars and Cuffs, Silk Handkerchiefs.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's SHOES, Men and Boy's Winter Boots, all grades. Gum Shoes.

HATS AND CAPS,
Latest Styles
in Stiff Hats, Soft Hats in Fur and Wool, from 50c. to $3 00.

Ingrain CARPETS from 35c. to 75c., also, a full line of Samples always on hand in higher price Carpets.

Floor and Table OIL CLOTHS in all widths.

GROCERIES—Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Tobacco and Cigars.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Nov. 22, 1883.

Blooded Stock.

For sale by E. J. Plummer, Worton Md., as agent for the well-known importers and breeders, N. P. Boyer & Co., of Chester county Penn.

Seventy-five head of Jersey Heifers in calf, for Sale Cheap.

To make room for new importations we will sell sevensy-five head of pure blood Jersey Heifers in calf, at $85 to $125 each, as to age, style and earliness in calving. They are all very large and handsome, good colors and finely developed in all points that go to make up a first-class dairy cow, for butter or milk. Are all from first-class thoroughbred Jersey cows, making 14 to 17½ pounds of butter per week, and are served by solid colored Herd Registered Jersey bulls. Due to calve in March, April, May and June.

These heifers are all sired by the celebrated Herd Registered Jersey Bulls, Lord Darnley No. 3730 Lowrie No. 2484, and Earl of Willow Glen No. 2843; all solid color, full black points. They have been served by Imported Devon bull No. 7910 (of the celebrated Cocmassie strain), one of the best young Jersey Bulls that ever left the Island. Rapier No. 3743, Winsome Boy No. 5496, Maurus No. 4639, and Hercy Douglas No. 3769. These bulls are all from the very deepest milking strains, and from the very best butter families. Solid colors, full black points. They cannot fail to produce very fine calves.

Carefully boxed, delivered on board the cars, free, with feed, &c., for their trip, warranted to reach purchasers safe. Also, for sale, thoroughbred and imported sheep; thoroughbred and imported hogs; improved breeds of poultry. Full information as to prices may be had upon inquiry of

E. J. PLUMMER,
Worton, Md.

The following certificate is held:

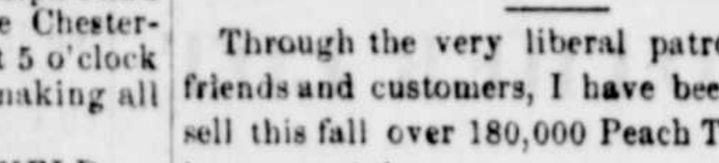
COATSVILLE, PA., Dec. 12, 1883.

This is to certify that E. J. Plummer is our duly authorized agent in Kent county, Maryland, for the sale of blooded stock, seeds, &c.

N. P. BOYER & CO.

Dec. 20, 1883—y.

NURSERY STOCK.



Through the very liberal patronage of my friends and customers, I have been enabled to sell this fall over 180,000 Peach Trees, and still have remaining

8000 first-class trees

and about

30,000 Second Class,

consisting of the leading popular varieties.—These 2d Class Trees will run from 2 to 3 feet in height; have good roots, and are healthy Trees. Almost all my own planting has been of this class, and some even prefer them. Price $30 per 1,000; 1st class, $60 per 1,000.

Other Nursery Stock, and especially Strawberry, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants, for sale in quantity. Catalogues ready.

Thankful for past favors I hope to merit a liberal share of patronage.

N. BARNARD,
Stanely, P. O., Kent co., Md.

We, the undersigned, having known Mr. N. Barnard for the past 15 or 20 years, take pleasure in recommending him as reliable and trustworthy, and trees that we have purchased from him have proven satisfactory and true to name.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT,
Pres't Kent Nat'l Bank.
WM. T. HEPBRON,
H. T. JUMP,
ISAAC PARSONS,
THOS. J. F. SMITH,
GEO. R. BECK,
RICHARD C. SMYTH,
J. W. COREY,
M. A. S. MAXWELL, M. D.,
W. S. MAXWELL, M. D.,
JOHN B. PARROTT,
R. S. DIEHL.

Nov. 29, 1883.

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.

Baber Shop.

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

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

IFYOU WANT A GOOD PUMP, call at J. K. ALDRIDGE

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchahge fo goods.
WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

BOOTS & SHOES—Men's and Boys' Heavy Boots and Fine Shoes. Ladies, Misses and Children's Button and Lace Shoes for fall and winter wear at low prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

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

HINES & CLEMENTS.

[redacted]

Unwritten songs to sunshine wed,
Celestial dreams by fancy fed,
From early morn to midnight hour,
Each day, each day,
Must I betray,
And ever prove,
Oh, Love! ah me!
How much am I in debt to thee!

Oh Love!
I here protest
By every bond and fetter
I am an insolvent debtor,
With but thy revenue
To cancel debts long due.
Early and late
I liquidate
With Love whate'er I owe
To either friend or foe;
With pitying heart and willing hand
Responding unto each demand
With Love's accruing interest.
Life ebbs, and yet
I'm in thy debt;
And, dying, prove,
Oh, Love! ah me!
I cannot get release from thee.

Josephine Pollard.

A Negro Church Revival.

NOVEL SCENES FROM SOUTHERN LIFE.

Philadelphia Times.

It was a strange scene that the visitor encountered last night as he shook the rain from his umbrella and entered the little colored church on Lombard street, under the 'guidance of old Uncle Peter. It was a small room and the whole sanctuary bore an appearance of general dilapidation. The walls were dirty and broken patches exposed the bare laths, where plaster once had been. But the church was crowded almost to suffocation. The rickety wooden benches swayed treacherously under their weight of worshiping humanity and the aisles no longer afforded standing room for the zealous negroes still clamoring for admission. A few sputtering lamps lit up the radiant faces of the enthusiasts and a stove roared away in the corner until its sides were red hot and the damp garments of the worshipers gave forth a cloud of warm steam. A thermometer, had the place contained one, would have marked the summer temperature of Southern Georgia. It was, in fact, a scene from Southern Georgia transplanted into the heart of Philadelphia. Here the religious zeal of the negro was unchecked. With that abandon peculiar to the devout but ignorant of their race, every brother vied with his neighbor in displaying his emotion until the rude little sactuary rang with fervent "amens" and rapturous snouts of "Glory!" Could some subtle thermometer have registered the fever of that ecstatic zeal surely the mercury would have risen quite to fever heat. There was no need for good Uncle Peter to whisper to his guest that "old Br'er White"—the swarthy saint who has for three years exhorted, perspired and toiled for the souls of his unregenerate flock—was "enjoyin' a season of revival with a series of spirituous protraction meetin's."

SACRILEGIOUS SCOFFERS.

All, however, were not absorbed in spritual devotion. The scoffers, too, were there. A group of irreverent yellow girls, who occupied the rear benches, greeted the fervent exhortations of their elders with suppressed titters, and a party of worldly young men sorely tried the Christian forbearance of an old deacon by their untimely comments.

'Say, Mose,' remarked a South street 'gent' to his companion, who sported a loud buff necktie, 'observe dat old Br'er White parts his hair in de middle. Mus' be a dude, eh?'

The worthy deacon, who seemed to unite the functions of spiritual adviser with those of tipstaff or sergeant at arms, overheard the jeer and turned upon the youth with righteous indignation.

'Hi, you young coon,' he retorted, 'ef you doan' stop your blasphemin' I'll fro you right out in de rain.'

Br'er White has finished his sermon now and for a moment there is a pause and the Lombard street hoodlums can be heard thumping a tattoo on the front window. Then Sister Hannah Scott, one of the elect, rises to offer a few words of advice and state some homely truths.

'Some folks,' says Sister Hannah, 'tinks dat de ole cullud woman ought to keep still in meetin'. Now, I say, let de wimmen steer clar ob de church financials. Dat's de men folks' business. But ole Hannah's bound to say a word for Jesus every time. Some of you young men makes me ashamed of yourselves. You dvow dat you only comes in here for to git warm by dat stove, an' old White he has to pay fer de lights an' de fuel, but you nebber puts a cent in de hat fer to help him out. You comes in dis church an' shouts yourself hoarse an' den goes about an' gets drunk ha'f de week time. S'pose somebody goin' along see dat young coon what jes' came in here drunk an' had to be put out. Dey say, 'he was in de protraction meetin', an' consequencely Br'er White shoo to git de blame of his sacreligesness. I want you young uns to go to glory wid ole Hannah. Don' you know about dat Prodigal? Didn't de Lord promise to put a big gold ring on your finger and give you de new coat of many colors, an' kill de fatling lamb soon's you come home to de house? Didn't He, Massa White?'

'Yaas. He did,' 'Shure 'nuff,' 'Bless de Lord,' came the fervent responses from all over the room.

And then old Hannah turns to the young girls.

A SERMON TO YOUNG LADIES.

'Oh, you gals, Hannah mus' talk to you, too. Some ob you tinks more 'bout your ribbons an' your furbellows than 'bout the everlastin' gospel. You can't be a trugenerate chile ob de Lord while you'r gaddin' about in your birds' feathers an' your rabbits' feathers an' your furbellows. Pull 'em off now an' han' em' over to de devil' and suiting the action to the word old Hannah seized a bundle of coats from the front bench and carried them over to an aged brother, who took the bundle and nursed it in his arms, as he rocked to and fro and shouted: 'Dat's a fac'.' 'Oh, yes, girls, Hannah's goin' to glory jes' as shoo as you see dat gaslight,' the sister continued, as her trembling hand pointed to a kerosene lamp, 'an' she wants to meet you there.' And now an old brother from Baltimore mounts the rostum.

'Oh, my friends,' says the good man, as he mops the perspiration from his brow, 'I'm glad I'm a cullud man. The cullud people are foremost in the Gospel band. When the Lord was carrying de cross to Calvary an' it got too heavy Alexander came along an' helped Him tote it. Alexander was a cullud man!' The expounder made this revelation with the air of an orator who knows just where to touch the most effective point. The worshipers are on their feet in an instant and such a chorus of shouts and half singing breaks forth that the speaker's voice is totally drowned. Before the spectator has recovered from the effects of this novel statement a white haired old brother begins a hymn in a slow monotone, occasionally broken by an explosive metrical inflection. The brother sings off one line at a time, the congregation joining in the refrain:

"De Debil am walking ober de land,
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!
And he nabs everything dat comes to hand,
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!
He nabbed me too, and hel' me fast,
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!
De Lord he set me free at last,
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!
CHORUS.—Praise de Lawd, praise de Lawd,
I'm goin' on to glory.

"Oh, sinner, doan you stan' and wait,
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!
Go foolin' round until too late,
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!
I look at my hands an' my hands seem new,
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!
I look at my feet an' I got new shoes.
Oh, yes, praise de Lord!

Meanwhile, as the old man sings, the female portion of the congregation keep up a subdued wailing and moaning. All with rythmic precision beat time gently with their feet.

The strange music grows faster and faster. An occasional shout breaks in upon the singing and the listener almost feels himself moved by the wild spirit of fantastic devotion that pervades the room.

Now the white haired brother who is leading is upon his feet. He is almost hoarse from vocal exertions; but his eyes are full of fire and his frame full of motion as he sways his body and throws out his arms, still stamping his feet in time with the hymn. The strange music suddenly ceases and the leader drops exhausted. A deep silence broods over the place. At last it is broken by some one who leads in prayer, and then with renewed strength all join voices again in a tune that runs like one of the old melodies of Florida:

"I'se got on de back of the Mefodis' mule,
Sinner doan ye stan' dar lookin' like a fool.
De bridle, it am silber; de saddle, it am gol'.
An' I'se bound fur to go to Abraham's fol'.
And I'll ride, yes I will,
An' I'll ride right on to glory."

Queer Virginia Customs.

Time in Virginia has no value whatever, and, as it is the universal practice there never to do to-day what can be put off until to morrow, little inconvenience arises. The railroads are run on a happy go-lucky schedule, which is extremely diverting to those who have time in abundance, and the few who are pressed for minutes, being in a hopeless minority, rather afford occasion for mirth when they begin to kick at Virginia methods. The railway time tables are in perfection in the rural districts. Not long ago a night train with a party of New Yorkers on board was bumping along comfortably at a ten miles-an-hour gait through a remote part of Virginia, when all at once, with a tremenduous jerk, it came to a standstill. The natives in the sleeping car did not think it worth while to ask the reason of the sudden stoppage; the aliens did, though, and when the conductor strolled through the car a roar of indignant inquiry went up. The conductor soothingly explained that they always stopped at a switch for fear it might not be set.

'But, good gracious,' exclaimed an irate New Yorker, 'where is the switchman?'

The conductor explained that the particular switchman they then needed was probably asleep. Followed by objurgations, the conductor got off the train, went to the station house, and pounded vigorously, shouting at the same time:

'Git up, Jim; the train's here, and a passel o' them durned folks from up North is raisin' a breeze 'cause the switch ain't set.'

Jim called back, 'I'm a comin',' and evidently turned over and went to sleep again. The Virginians on the train began to chuckle. Their sympathy was entirely with Jim and the conductor. The latter continued to urge Jim, who was always 'comin',' but didn't come. The conductor, at first apologetic, became pressing.

'Do, Jim,' he anxiously said, git up and set the durn thing so the train can go by.'

Jim continued obdurate until one of the New Yorkers arose from his berth, and, clad in rage and a checked ulster, got off the car and threatened to set fire to the station house and make a burnt offering of Jim if that switch was not set in ten minutes. Within the specified time Jim appeared, boiling with indignation, and threatening to resign if he were again subjected to similar inconvenience.

It is the custom along these provincial roads to stop the train at any point upon being signalled. People can be taken on and put off anywhere they like. A fast train—that is, what they call a twenty-mile an hour train—was going through a plantation a month or so ago, and the passengers observed three little girls on the wayside waving their white aprons frantically at the conductor. The train, of course, stopped. The tallest of the girls, a ten year old, with long eyelashes, bashfully remarked: 'Won't you please give me and Katie and Fanny and the doggie a ride?' The conductor promptly consented, and assisted Miss Eyelashes, her companions and the doggie on board. They rode on for a mile or two, and then they announced their readiness to get off. The train was stopped, and they jumped down and scampered off. Just as the train had started Miss Eyelashes rushed wildly back.

'Oh, mister, if you please, don't go away till we get across the creek, Mamma don't let us go over it 'less somebody's watching us, and we have to carry the doggie.'

The conductor waited until a final waving of white aprons on the other side of the creek signified that his passengers were safe. Nobody in the train expressed surprise except the aliens. Nobody who has ever been there before rushes to meet a train in Virginia. When the first railway train went through the ancient town of Williamsburgh in October, 1881, it was advertised for 9 o'clock. It was the time of the Yorktown centennial, and the town was full of strangers. These rashly appeared at the station at 9 o'clock precisely. The natives meanwhile went about their business. Toward 12 o'clock those of the natives who meant to board the 9 o'clock train assembled. After waiting a while they went off and sat on the Court House steps, leaving orders with a negro to call them when the train came. It did come some time in the afternoon, and the negro, running about the town, informed the passengers when the train would start.

The present Norfolk and Western road was once the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio. Then Senator Mahone gobbled it up. The Senator refers to Mrs. Mahone always as 'Otelia,' and she is popularly supposed to own more than her dower in all the Senator has. One day, as a train of freight cars marked 'A. M. and O.' was backing into the freight yard in Norfolk a pessimistic gentleman remarked dolefully: 'Yes, there it is. "A. M. and O." That means, All Mahone's and Otheha's.'

Krakatoa and the Rain Storms.

The red sunsets appear to have been tracked to their origin. Among the various theories at first set up to account for the wonder by far the most plausible is that which attributes it to the presence in the air of innumerable particles of volcanic dust, thrown up from the eruption and ultimate explosion and destruction of the volcanic island of Krakatoa. The red sunsets and green sun were first noticed in India, then were tracked westward to England and lastly were conspicuous in this country. Mr. J. Wharton, of this city, has found volcanic dust in the air, and has since identified it with volcanic dust that was known to have come from the scene of the explosion. The area affected by the outbirst was enormous. The geography of straits and coasts has been changed by it. Islands have disappeared and been thrown up, and ports have been separated from the sea by huge floating banks of pumice. But this grand convulsion of nature occurred in a thinly inhabited region. No great town, no centre of the world's commerce, was destroyed. Only some fifteen thousand natives of an obscure corner of the Sunda Islands perished. Therefore the civilized world has taken little notice of the catastrophe, and is slow to believe that it can in any way affect peoples dwelling in Europe and America. Yet reasons hard to disprove can be given why the present unprecedented rainfall can be connected with the Krakatoa outburst. Water is believed to be a potent agent in the production of volcanic phenomena. The interior of the earth, whether solid or liquid, is certainly hot. The original gaseous ball has first liquefied and then more or less entirely solidified; but it has not yet become cool, except upon its surface. Whether any material of which the earth is composed exist in a solid, liquid or gaseous state at any given depth depends upon the relation between the pressure to which it is subjected by the superincumbent strata and the heat at that depth. The greater the pressure the higher the temperature necessary to change solids to liquids, or liquids to gases.

This holds true of water as well as of metals and their compounds. The exterior of the earth is a solid crust of metallic slag, much of which has been worked over and over again by the ocean, by running water and by other agencies that act on the earth's surface; but the crust is folded and fissured in every direction. We know it to be so on the land, and in many spots streams disappear into or appear from subterranean depths. Thus water penetrates inward from many points of the continental area, and probably penetrates in even greater quantity from the ocean bottom, under the pressure of miles of water. The percolating water in its course downward becomes heated. It continues to descend until it reaches a point at which the temperature is in excess of the pressure, when it is ejected as steam. Recent physicists tell us that we have no need to postulate a centre of liquid fire to account for volcanic phenomena. In the presence of water containing alkali (as sea water) the rocks can be dissolved at a comparatively moderate temperature. If, at any given depth below the earth, there exist a body of such dissolved material mingled with superheated water, all that is needed to bring about an explosion is a small additional amount of water. This will raise the level of the heated mass to a point where the pressure is not great enough to counterbalance the temperature. Immediately the upper waters flash into steam, and clear for themselves a passage through the opposing strata. The pressure is now removed, and the first burst of steam is followed by the whole body of dissolved material below, the water flashing into steam, the earthly material into boiling lava that devastates the country round, while showers of ashes and scoriæ fall for many a league. Water, therefore, is the principal agent and invariable accompaniment of a volcanic eruption. This volcanic water is so much more added to the moisture in the atmosphere, and must ultimately descend as rain. It is not quite correct to say that evaporation and precipitation are equal. To the moisture evaporated by the heat of the sun must be added that which is thrown out from the earth's interior. May we not, therefore, with good reason suppose that the long-continued and excessive rainfall from which we are suffering is the precipitation of the water which was thrown up as steam by the Krakatoa outburst? Much of the belt of the earth's surface intervening between us and the Sunda Archipelago is a comparatively warm one, so that the moisture could not condense near its place of origin. Moreover, the cloud of fine volcanic particles would increase the heat. But the effects of the earth's rotation threw the moisture toward the poles, and, when a portion of it reached our latitude, our weather was of Arctic severity. Hence rapid condensation of the watery particles, and wide spread floods, disaster and misery in our land.—*W. N. L., in Philadelphia Record.*

DO.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG LADIES, BY A CRABBED OLD BATCHELOR.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standing argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do, at least once in a while, reflect; most things, if worth consideration at all, look differently upon reflection.

Do, if a man says he loves you, try to find out what he means by it. A good many men love themselves when they imagine they are loving you.

Do, if you hear a scandalous story, even from your bosom friend, forget it; try to remember only what is to the credit of others.

Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to some one—probably to some one less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with some relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do, when you talk, keep your hands still.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do put your hairpins in so that they will stay; it looks slovenly, to say the least, to see them half dropping out.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourselves sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do remember that to read a novel while you are dressing is not a good way to begin the day.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

Do speak intelligibly, and not as if you had pebbles in your mouth; and do remember that your nose was given you to breathe through, and not as a vehicle of sound.

Do lift your feet when you walk; a shuffling gait is exceedingly unbecoming; Venus, be very sure, never shuffled, although she only wore sandals.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do try to remember where you put your gloves and card case; keep the former mended and the latter filled.

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without the one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do avoid whispering; it's as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be strictly truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

Do sign your full name to your letters.

Where Life Begins.

Professor Joseph Leidy, M. D., LL. D., read the sixth lecture of the University course at Association Hall, Philadelphia. It was entitled "A Glance at the Lowest Forms of Life," and was amply illustrated by a series of colored drawings. After defining in a general way the theory of evolution, Dr. Leidy touched up on the close and often indistinguishable relationships of plants and animals, comprehending in these two words all living beings. Though these two forms of life are never confounded, the lines between them sometimes fade away. The food of plants is chiefly drawn from the mineral world and the air. The animal lives on plants or on other animals which feed on plants, therefore the plant is the originator of life. It probably preceeded animal existence. The lowest order of plants is mostly free and possessed of locomotive powers like the higher animals. The higher forms of life are composed of an infinite number of organic cells. A drop of blood may contain a hundred millions of them.

The smallest plant known is the bactrican, which magnified one thousand times is as large as a grain of sand. It is difficult to give any comprehensible idea of the smallest animals. It has been asserted by high authority that there are as many individuals in a drop of water as there is human population in the entire world. The most minute of the bodies is the microcopis, which grows in the throats of patients attacked with diphtheria. All living bodies originate from a common material, a jelly like substance called protoplasm. Each organic cell is a small mass of protoplasm. The lowest members of the animal kingdom have been named protozoa, or simple protoplasmic cells. Fungi are often single cell organisms, and the seeds of the fungi are called spores. The lecturer then explained the more common forms of reproduction among the lowest forms by divisions. The bactrican, for example, will increase by division from each individual sixteen millions per day.

How Much People Lose for Want of System.

[*Bow Bells.*]

It is astonishing how much time people lose for want of "system." A girl rises, dawdles about dressing, gets late for breakfast, and then the best part of the day is done.

A young fellow has finished his work; he idles about with a few friends, and before he knows it, it is past 9 o'clock, and the evening is practically wasted.

Any quantity of work can be crammed into a lifetime if there is only organization and application.

No matron or maid, sitting down, for instance, to make a knitted counterpane, could do the whole at one sitting; but a quarter of an hour's work every day would accomplish the whole task, long as it is, in the course of a few weeks.

The minutes, too, have an odd trick of slipping away so swiftly that, if they are not caught, and applied to a good purpose, they are wasted in a manner which leaves the years periodically a blank.

The young husbands who come home in the evening and grow sulky because their wives are untidy, and the fireplace dirty with the day's ashes, and who are told by their spouses there has been "so much to do" that time for "tidying up" could not be found, may make sure that "system" is lacking somewhere.

The heaviest day's work can be got through, either by the fireside on the wife's part, or out of doors on the husband's side, if time is only taken by the forelock, everything begun early, and everything, too, systematically carried out.

Spring Planting of Bulbs.

As we have more than once said heretofore, those who neglected to set out their flowering bulbs last Novemoer, as we advised, can do so as soon as the frost is out of the ground, inasmuch as the earlier they are in the less will the loss of the autumn advantages be felt. No doubt but that it will be of service to some to be informed of the depth which some of our leading florists plant the different kinds of bulbs. They tell us that hyacinths, large lilies and pæonies should be set four inches below the surface; crown imperials and polyanthus narcissus, five inches; tulips, double narcissus, jonquils and colchicums, three inches; bulbous iris, crocus, small fritillaria, gladiolus byzantinus and snow drops, two inches; ranunculus and anemones, one inch. Following these directions and planting in rich, deep soil, the result cannot but be satisfactory.

NOT YET.

"Not yet," she cried, "not yet!
It is the dawning, and life looks so fair,
Give me my little hour of sun and dew,
Is it a sin that I should crave my share,
The common sunshine and the common air,
Before I go away, dark shade, with you?
Not yet!"

"Not yet," she cried, "Not yet!
The day is hot and noon is pulsing strong,
And every hour is measured by a task;
There is no time for sighing or for song,
Leave me a little longer, just so long
As till my work is done—'tis all I ask.
Not yet!"

"Not yet," she cried, "not yet!
Nightfall is near and I am tired and frail,
Day was too full, now resting time has come;
Let me sit still and hear the nightingale,
And see the sunset colors shift and pale,
Before I take the long, hard journey home;
Not yet!"

And to all these in turn,
Comes Death, the unbidden, universal guest,
With deep and urgent meanings in his eyes,
And poppied flowers upon his brow, his breast,
Whispering: "Life is good, but I am best;
And never parted soul looks back and cries,
Not yet!" *Susan Goolidge.*

CAUGHT IN THE CROWD.

Dan Wallace, alias Texas Dan, one of the few old-fashioned cowboys of the Southwestern frontier, was arrested at State and Washington streets, Chicago, recently by Detective George H. Hartman. He was turned over to Sheriff M. C. Walker of Kendall county, Kansas, who immediately paid the detective the $1,000 reward offered for the arrest. The offense charged is the robbery and attempted murder of Dr. Leander B. Bowen, a San Antonio ranchman.

At 2 o'clock a man and woman got off the stock yards car at Madison street and started north. The woman was dressed in loud colors, and her face showed a thorough acquaintance with the ways of the world. The man was of medium height, and at about the meridian of life. He wore a high-crowned black slouch hat. The top and the sides were crushed in. The rim hung low over his face. A pair of brown corduroy breeches, with smoky pearl buttons on the outer seam, were visible below a short-waisted overcoat of black that came to his knees. His coat and vest, of the same material as the pants, were open, and exposed a buckskin shirt. He wore a red handkerchief about his neck. He walked leisurely along, gaping at the street scenes, and his hands clasped the lapels of his coat, when Hartman caught his wrist, and, shoving a cocked revolver into his face, shouted, "Hands up!" The man crouched a little as he stretched his hands vertically above his head. The woman walked on and said nothing. One of the man's wrists was placed in irons and then the other was bent downward until it also could be placed within the cuff. He was held under cover of a weapon all the time. When his wrists were secured he turned to a man who stood at his side and coolly said, "How are you, Walker?" The sheriff replied, "Hello, Texas."—"Well, I guess you've got me. For that Bowen scrape, I reckon," the desperado continued, without the least expression of emotion. Sheriff Walker assured him that he had named the offense. The scene lasted but an instant, yet it made a great commotion, and the people who gathered around the officers were astounded with alarm when the sheriff reached into the prisoner's overcoat pocket and drew a 42-calibre double-action Smith & Wesson revolver, and throwing back the coats, put his hand on the butt of a weapon that was sheathed beneath the prisoner's left arm. As the sheriff pulled it forth the people were treated to the sight of a cowboy's trusted and typical companion. It was a Remington revolver, nearly two feet long, and having seven chambers of 48 caliber.

Three hours later Texas Dan sat in the office of Justice Lyon. He wore an overcoat, his hat was pulled low over his face, and both feet rested firmly on the floor. He had rested in that position since his arrest, and, beyond occasionally changing the position of his chained hands he did not display a symptom of unrest from the monotony of his position.

"Dr. Bowen had sold his cattle at San Antonio, and on Nov. 24 was going back to his place across the plains," said Sheriff Walker, in telling the story of the crime, "when he met Texas, who was known to have gone that way. The Doctor's horse, with an empty saddle, galloped into a distant ranch that evening. It was recognized, and on the day following the Doctor was found on the trail, unconscious. He had one bullet hole through his body, piercing the right lung, and another through the scalp, the course having been changed upward over the forehead by the resistance of the skull. He remained unconscious for a week or more, and then told how Dan had met and shot him so that he fell from his horse. Dan then got off the horse he was riding, and, taking $3,500 out of the Doctor's pockets, remounted and rode away. He thought the Doctor was dead. That was the last seen of Dan. He went north through the Indian nation, and, striking Caldwell, Kansas, made his way to Kansas City. Soon after his arrival he went over to Wyandotte, where he met a dance-house girl he had known at Laredo. She was in company with a spectacle agent known through the Texas towns as Specky Mike. Dan asked the girl to become his companion, and, when she refused, he whipped her and Specky. The girl, however, joined him, and it was not long until he told her the story of his crime. To get even she wrote to me, telling the whereabouts and plans of Texas. I started in pursuit at once, but when I got to Kansas City they had gone. I wrote to Hartman here, and he got a man to work up the case. A man was employed who offered Specky a big sum if he would get some dance girls to take to Denver. Specky said he knew where one was, and he at once wrote to the girl, who was with Texas. The address was procured by our agent and sent here. We soon located the couple. A note was sent to the girl to come to a jewelry store down town to-day at 2 o'clock and bring Texas with her to meet one of her old friends. She did so, and that is the way we got him."

"Is Dan a genuine cowboy?"

"He is one of the old-fashioned fellows who have made cowboys known over the world. He was raised on the plains, is now 42 years old, and is as well known as any man on the border. He is very quiet, but dangerous when under the influence of liquor; fearless when alarmed, but as quick as lightning; very fleet of foot, a dead shot with a revolver, and one of the best horsemen on the plains. He has traveled over Mexico, Texas, Colorado, and the West. I have seen him sit on his horse and kill blackbirds on the wing with his revolver. He can pick his hat off the ground while riding his horse bareback at a dead run, and is a great hand with the lasso."

Texas retained his stoical demeanor as the Sheriff told the story of the crrime. When the reporter asked him for his side of the story, he looked up, his jet eyes, bright as a weasel's, glistened, and he said:

"Pard, sit down. I lived in Texas. I was a ridin' along one day and saw old Doc a comin'. Him an' me'd had trouble about a hoss. You see I'd swapped with him and kin' o' beat the ole man, and he'd said, 'Texas, I'll get even.' I knowed what that meant; all us Texas fellers know what a man means when he says 'I'll get even.' So when I saw him a comin', thinks I to myself, that's ole Doc Bowen and he's been a drinkin'. I'll fix fer him. I was ridin' one hoss an' leadin' another, I pulled out my little revolver an' held it in my rein hand behind the saddle bow. When old Doc come up, says he 'Texas, throw up: I got the drop on yer.' I kin' o' thought he hadn't, so I put a couple o' pills in him an' he fell. His hoss run away. I looked at him a minute from my saddle; an' thinkin' he'd passed in his chips I concluded I better make myself scarce in that neighborhood, so I rode off across the plains. I crossed into the Nation, struck a cattle train at Caldwell; I got to Kansas City night afore Christmas, stayed two weeks, and then come here."

"Why did you let the officers arrest you?"

"Pard, when a man like me comes into a town o' this kin' he goes a gapin' about. I was doin' that. I had my hands up on my coat collar when the feller caught me and shoved the gun against my snout. Says 'e: 'Hands up,' and I put 'em there. I never do anything to a man when e's got the drop on me. A man's a fool that will."

"How do you account for the absence of the doctor's money?"

"Some o' the boys must o' come along next day, an' seein' the old man layin' there they went through 'im. When I got to Caldwell I sold that horse o' mine for $250, with his mate, an' I wouldn't a parted with him for twice that sum if I hadn't been hard up. I tell yer I loved that hoss. I never was a married man, but I reckon I must o' loved that hoss about like a man does his wife. I had 'im so well trained. When I was goin' through the brush I could make that hoss lay down while I slept with my head on his neck for a piller. He wouldn't flinch in twenty-four hours unless there was somethin' up, and then he'd let me know it. He was a great hoss."—*Chicago News.*

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