The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 45

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.

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.

AT STAM'S

DRUG STORE.

PEPPER,

SAGE,

SALTPETRE.

LOWEST PRICES,

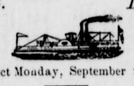
LARGE STOCK.

COLIN F. STAM
Nov. 15, 1883.

Chester River Steamboat Comp

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMEN

1883. *188*



To take effect Monday, September 24th, 1

The Steamer B. S. FOR

will leave Chestertown every Monday, W nesday and Friday at 8 o'clock. M., for B more, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Qu Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent land, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every T day, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock M., making all the above landings.

The Steamer CORSICA will leave Pier Light street wharf every Monday, Wednes and Friday at midnight for Centreville via sica creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's Chestertown. Returning, will leave Che town every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o' P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M., makin the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD
Sept. 27, 1883. Presid

COAL AND WOO

HAVING now laid in a Full Supp Coal and Wood for the winter, we to inform our friends and the public gene that we are prepared to supply you with and Wood of the best quality of White As Lykens Valley Coal, and of Hickory, Oak Pine Wood, at prices as cheap as the che Give us a call and see if we cannot pleas

Yours respectfully,
T. DEC. RUT
Chestertown
J. B. McINTIRE, Ag

P. S.—My employer is pushing me to m full settlement for all outstanding bills, t fore all indebted must pay at once. Pay we must have the money.

Yours respectfully,
J. B. McINTIR
Nov. 15, 1883. A

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.

Writing Paper

In Beautiful Boxes, the Nicest Assortment in town—at

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Christmas Cards!

The Largest assortment in town at the CORNER DRUG STORE.

C. F. STAM.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE GAMES

From 10 cts. up.

great variety at C. F. STAM'S.

VERY BEAUTIFUL line of Window Shades, very low at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

CHAIRS—very large lot of many kinds cheap, LOUIS K. STAM.

ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT

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.

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.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PUMP, call at
J. K. ALDRIDGE

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

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.

GENTS Undershirts at 25c., 37½c., 50c., 75c. $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 each.

J. H. SIMPERS.

A FEW Chamber China Sets, very low in price at LOUIS K. STAM'S.



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Special Notice.

ANOTHER LOT

of those Beautiful Polished Brass

LIBRARY LAMPS!

which I sold so many of during Christmas holidays.

I buy these goods direct from factory, and

SELL THEM VERY LOW.

LOUIS K. STAM.

HANDSOME LINE

—OF—

LATEST PATTERNS OF WALL PAPER.

CITY PRICES

—AT—

LOUIS K. STAM'S.

RAMBO'S

Schuylkill Valley

Lime.

ROBERT McCOY offers to farmers this high grade of Lime which, by a century's use, has obtained the highest reputation for its fertilizing qualities.

ATTENTION

of those desiring Lime is especially called to my products, and reference desired to the following gentlemen, all of whom have made practical use of our Lime and expressed their full satisfaction with it:

S. Dobbs, N. J.	B. F. H. Caulk, Md.,
Geo. Lippincott, N.J.,	J. L. Reeves, N. J.,
G. A. Vorheis, "	S. F. Evans, "
J. C. Hutchinson, Del.,	J. M. Jennings, N. J.,
Sam'l Matlack, N. J.,	Thos. Bittal "
I. McGorgow, Md.,	W. C. Dudley, Md.,
A. W. Webster, Del.,	Thos. Dubois, N. J.,
Isaac Thuax, Del.,	Chas. H. Misler, "
Wm. Mathis, N. J.,	S. Thompson, Del.,
Wm. Francis, Del.,	John Wright, "
John Pratt, "	Thos. Pratt "
Jos. Roberts, "	Henry Davis "
G. W. Lockwood, Md.,	Wm. R. Cochran, Del.,
Manlove Davis, Del.,	N. Williams, Del.,
R. W. Cochran, Del.	

Prices and any further information will be furnished on application,

ROBERT McCOY,
Feb. 14—3m. Bridgeport, Pa.

EXTENSION TABLES—new lot just received, very low.
Feb. 14. LOUIS K. STAM.

LOT OF BRACKETS, WALL POCKETS, &c.,
Will be closed out about cost.
Jan. 24. LOUIS K. STAM.

STAIR RODS—CHEAP!
at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

THE ANGEL ASLEEP.

When the day is done and the shadows fall,
Over the earth like a dusty pall,
Then from the mystic, the silent deep
Rises the beautiful Angel Sleep.

O'er field and forest he spreads his wings
Where the cricket chirps and the wood bird sings,
And the murmur of voices dies away,
Still by the Angel calm and gray.

Human passions that surge and swell
Are silenced under the mystic spell,
And tired hearts that are used to weep
Yield to the power of the Angel Sleep.

Soft he broods till the morning gray,
Then as noiselessly glides away,
And the spell is lifted and hearts again
Take up their burden of care and pain.

We call him Death! 'Tis the Angel Sleep
That comes at last from the silent deep,
And smooths forever the brow of care,
And calms the fever of passion there.

So we sleep and rest, till the morning gray
Breaks once more of an endless day,
And into the mystic, the unknown deep,
Flies forever the Angel Sleep.

Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

BUT ONE VOICE ANSWERS THEN.

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly
And silence against which you dare not cry
Aches 'round you like a strong disease and new,
What hope—what help—what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reasons' subtle count. Not melody
Of viols nor of pipes that Faunus blew;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws,
Self-chanted; nor the angels' sweet "All hails!"
Met in the smiles of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak Thou, availing Christ, and fill this pause.

Mrs. Browning.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

THE GRAPHIC STORY TOLD BY A NEW HAVEN SOLDIER.

'Were you at the battle of Bull Run?' a New Haven veteran was recently asked.

'Well, yes—I was there. I wasn't exactly in the battle, but I helped the run part of it all I could. Run was no name for it. It was a race—the biggest skedaddle there ever was on earth. I saw more ridiculous sights that hot Sunday afternoon, and laughed more than a man will ordinarily in ten years. You see the time of the three-months men was out, but the army was ready to move forward on Manassas and the regiments took votes to decide whether they should go forward or demand discharge. There was a company of New York artillery, well-to-do men—butchers, I believe they were—who had provided their own battery and outfit and who voted to go home. And as they moved to the rear a perfect storm of hoots and jeers assailed them, but they didn't notice it. I didn't know of any others who voted not to go forward. At that time I was detailed to drive a four-horse team for General Keys, who had command of these Connecticut regiments and the Second Maine. It was my business to move his personal baggage, and I had a splendid team of horses. The wagon had a white canvas top which opened at both ends. I sat outside the top, the front curtains closed benind me. I moved out to Falls Church, nine miles into Virginia, then moved forward to Centerville. At two o'clock on Sunday morning, July 21, the general's mess chest, ten gallons of whisky, groceries, two officers' tents and two young colored girls were loaded into my wagon and I was ordered to drive ahead. Our troops were close upon the Johnnies, and a battle that day was considered a dead moral certainty, and an overwhelming victory was believed to be quite as sure. The two colored girls were going to the front as officers' cooks. A continual stream of army wagons was pouring along the road, and these civilians on horseback and carriages and buggies containing Washingtonians whose voices were still for war, and who were ambitious to take part in it by eyesight at a very safe distance. It was seven o'clock before I was allowed to swing into the long current and move forward. It was a very sluggish stream. As I reached the top of a hill Quartermaster Hodge of our brigade ordered me to turn out and halt under the shade of a tree. I did so. The contents of the wagon were removed, a fire was built and the girls prepared breakfast. I took a share; then lying down beside my wagon I fell asleep, for I had slept little or none for two nights. It was near noon when I awoke, and firing had been heard at the front for some time. There was a lull for an hour, and then it resumed fiercer than ever. In another hour horsemen and carriages came tearing down the road, their riders and drivers shouting: 'Turn back! turn back! Drive for your lives, the rebs are upon us!

'Along came a hack containing four Congressmen. Each man sat with a cocked revolver in his hand and all yelling to the driver to drive for his life. I expected to be made prisoner in a few minutes and the prospect was not a pleasant one, but I had to stop the work of loading up my wagon and laugh at those four heroic legislators brandishing their pistols, threatening their driver in one breath and offering big wealth in the next if he would get them back to Washington. The current in the narrow road turned and rushed backward. I watched my chance and turned into it. As I did so a big Dutch sutler, with a wagon load of goods, in turning around upset his wagon into the ditch beside the road. He jumped to the ground and took to his heels, leaving his horses struggling to free themselves from the harness. It seemed as if the very horses had caught the panic and were as anxious to go North as the men. Every few rods I came to wagons deserted or broken down in attempting to get ahead by turning out. I saw teamsters draw the tailboard of their wagons and let their freight fall out into the road while ascending hills. The fields on either side of the road swarmed with horses and soldiers in full rout. Artillerymen had cut the traces from the guns and had ridden away before a shot came near them.

'There were regular army men, and in my four years at the front the poorest soldiers I saw were regular army men. If ever men made good time these soldiers did. The afternoon was terribly sultry and hot. The men ran in all stages of undress uniform, even to shirt and drawers. Few knapsacks were to be seen. Many had thrown away their guns, but some trailed them on the ground behind them. I was troubled with but few applications for a ride, because my team's pace was slow. Suddenly, a big drum major, bare-headed, bare-footed, and his uniform covered with dirt and dust, climbed up beside me and pitched himself headlong into the wagon, groaning, 'Oh dear! oh dear! I never was so tired in all my life, I don't believe in war anyhow.' I saw a chance where by turning out into the field and driving fast, I could cut into the road again much further on. No sooner did my bold drum major notice that I had left the road than he thrust his head through the curtain and shouted, 'Where are you going?' 'Oh, out here in the country a little way to rest the team.' Then count me out,' said he, and tumbled to the ground, landing on his head, but picking himself up he ran to regain the road. Then I discovered that my two colored girls had caught the new panic and were making their exit through the rear. 'What's the matter with you?' I shouted. 'Us niggers is gwine back to Washington, massa, we is. We didn't come out here on no picnic for the Confederates to sketch.' It took me several minutes to explain my movement and induce them to return to the wagon. Along came a party of Ellsworth's zouaves worn out and foot sore, who offered me handsful of gold to allow them to ride; but I had to use all alike and kept them off.

'At about 7 o'clock next morning I reached Falls Church, at which place I had been ordered to halt. Next day I was ordered to Fort Corcoran, where the brigade followed the day after, and from thence we were sent to Washington and discharged.'—*New Haven Palladium.*

A TALK WITH MR. TILDEN.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

General T. J. Clunie arrived from the East yesterday and greeted a *Chronicle* reporter cheerily.

"Tell me about Tilden, General," said the reporter.

"I'll do it. I'm glad to do it, for it's very satisfactory. You see, when I went East I was determined that I would hear from Mr. Tilden's own lips just how he stood on the Presidential question. Quite a number of prominent Democrats here had sent letters to Mr. Tilden, telling him I was coming. On my way I went into Wisconsin, Iowa and Connecticut—I have relatives there—and up into Butler's kingdom—that's Massachusetts—and nine out of ten of all the Democrats I met wanted Tilden and Hendricks over again. When I got to New York I sent my card around to Mr. Tilden, but he was out, and so I went out. When I got back I found a note saying that Mr. Tilden was waiting to see me. I went right around there and found that after waiting an hour he had gone out for a drive. Just after I arrived he returned and I watched him get out of the carriage, I expected to see, from what I had heard, a decrepit, weak old man. But I didn't. He was straight in figure, with the face that everybody knows, white hair and a walk that was as quick as could be expected in a man seventy years old. He crossed the sidewalk, went up the steps and flung up his arm for his valet, who ran to him and removed his overcoat. His secretary told him I was waiting and he at once entered and shook me cordially by the hand. 'Mr. Clunie,' he said, 'I am very glad to see you. I had heard of you and knew that you were coming.'

"'Now, Mr. Tilden,' said I, 'where I came from we are all Tilden and Hendricks men, and nine out of every ten Democrats I have met in the States I have visited think the same. Now, I would like to ask and they would like to know whether you will be a candidate before the next convention?'

"'Well, Mr. Clunie, to reform the country after twenty-five years of Republican misrule would be a herculean task, and I should prefer to pass the remainder of my days in retirement and quiet.'

"Now, you know that answer did n't satisfy me," continued the General, "for I wanted to know precisely how he thought. So I said: 'Well, Mr. Tilden, supposing the people want you, will you take the nomination?'

"'Well, Mr. Clunie, I don't know. I wouldn't like to disappoint the people as to my ability in this connection, and I would want the people to be sure and make no mistake.'

"'But, Mr. Tilden, supposing the National Democratic Convention should ask you to serve, would you?'

"'Well, Mr. Clunie, I should prefer to remain in quiet. But if the Democratic party or the people called upon me I should be willing to aid them to the full extent of my power.'

"That satisfied me that Mr. Tilden would take the nomination if he was properly called upon."

THEY who do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

BE happy if you can, but do not despise those who are otherwise, for you know not their troubles.

The Forests of Germany.

Of the vast tracts of forest that Germany has, there is not a square rod that is not under careful inspection. This is necessary in order to keep up the supply of fuel, because the Germans cannot be induced, to any great extent, to burn coal, fearing its noxious gases.

The forests of Germany have also as much a history as those of England. In the time of the crusades, when the nobles wanted to get money to go to the East, the towns would buy their woodlands; so it happens that there is hardly a town in Germany which does not possess fine forest tracts. And it is well that they should have got hold of them, as the private owners seem to have been irresponsible personages. In the sixteenth century so many of them got into the hands of the money-lenders that many of the estates were forfeited. The new owners, in order to get at their money in the quickest way, proceeded to fell the timber. Thus large tracts were devastated. At this juncture the government stepped in and took the forests under its immediate protection, and that was the beginning of the forest royalty. They appointed a class of officials to look after the welfare of the trees. Before entering one of those schools it is needful to have graduated from one of the public schools; then to have spent a year in the forests, as assistant, in order to have some practical knowledge of the art, another six months must have been devoted to the study of forest bookkeeping in order to be able to superintend the cutting and selling of the wood. At the end of this time the student is ready to enter the school, when a year and a half must be devoted to the science and theory of the business. The course of study covers the greater part of the physical sciences, botany, geology, chemistry, mathematics, mechanics, arboriculture and agriculture.

The cost of attending the lectures at the school is about forty dollars a year; while the previous half year given to the study of forest bookkeeping has been at the rate of seventy-five dollars a year. While at the school the students are called forest practitioners, and affect the air of the university students. They also affect a peculiar costume. This is a short, bright green cloak, a hat with the wing of a forest bird arranged on one side, and high hunting boots. After graduating they go into the forest for five years as assistants, at a salary of $112 a year. At the end of that time they become foresters at a yearly salary of $500. After five years as a forester they may be promoted to the position of forest inspector, in which position they have four districts under their charge, receive an annual salary of $700, with some gratuities, and look out for the moneys accruing from the timber. They have now reached the topmost bough to which they can hope to attain. There is, of course, the position of head of the forest school at a salary of $2,000 odd (very munificent for Germany), but as the chances for each one are only one in a hundred, and as it is only the most talented who are chosen, it is to be presumed that they do not reckon on it with any confidence. These foresters support thirteen newspapers especially dedicated to their science, two of which are illustrated, and, by them, the science of arboriculture is carried to the highest pitch of perfection. As one expressed it, "the forests of Germany are as carefully looked after as a garden patch."—*New York Mail and Express.*

Goose Bacon.

'As a feature of my business,' said a Harrison-street packer to a reporter in Chicago, 'I am introducing smoked geese breasts.'

'And do you find it profitable?' was asked.

'I do, very.'

'Will you tell me what you mean by smoked geese breasts?'

'Smoked geese breasts? Why, it is a kind of delicacy, I suppose, but there are places in the world where they are as common as bacon. It is not always easy to make the business profitable, owing to the high price of fowls. We can only preserve the breast and legs. When the legs are preserved,' said the man, smiling blandly, 'they are called hams.'

'How do you dispose of the other portions of the fowls?'

'Well, some of it we are compelled to throw away. Other portions can be used in making goose-lard. That you know sells for forty cents per pound. We get from one to two pounds from each fowl. This is a small yield, you must understand, but we do not hunt for fat geese in buying for the trade. We want those that seem to have plenty of meat but as little fat as is consistent with their health and flavor. The breasts, when smoked and dried, weigh on an average about three pounds. Three and a half pounds is about as heavy as we can get them generally. They are cured almost the same as pork hams, except that we add a little garlic to the sugar and salt. When offered for sale the meat is as dry as dried beef and is chipped and eaten raw. To tell you the truth there is nothing better in the way of dried meats. I ship a great deal of the dried meat or "goose-bacon" to New York, and some I sell here, where the other material is always disposed of. The only product sold in its green or fresh condition is the livers. These I sell under contract to one man, who pays me fifteen cents apiece for them. You know they are very small. All healthy livers are, though the most unnaturally enlarged ones bring the most money.'

'You speak only of geese; do you distinguish between them and the ganders?'

'Oh, no! there is only a trifling difference, if any, in the flavor, and we pay no attention to sex in replenishing our stock of fowls.'

'Who are your patrons?'

'They are divided chiefly among the Jews and Germans, and by both goose-bacon is considered a rare delicacy. You would be surprised to see the kind of people who buy of me. I have people who come here in carriages to make purchases and leave orders, I often have more orders than I can fill. During the last cold spell I was unable to do much business on account of the high price of fowls. The price always advances, by the way, whenever it grows cold enough to ship the dressed fowl East.'

Living in a Whirl.

To-day we live in a whirl. We cultivate civilization at the expense of mental health. It is one grand rush from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; a scramble for riches, for fame, for place, for power, for bare existence itself. We rush to catch trains and ferry-boats, and having caught them rush to get out. We walk—when we do walk—in a hurry, talk in a hurry, think in a hurry, are taken ill in a hurry, and die with scarcely time to say our prayers. That this abnormal condition of unrest pervades all classes of workers, particularly brain-workers, is an admitted fact. We have, as a people, got into a way of rushing things which it seems difficult to avoid. Competition has kept pace with high pressure desires, and now a man must keep pace with the times, or sink out of sight. Instances are thick as leaves in autumn of persons in the prime of life breaking down under the strain of overwork and over-worry. The streets are filled with men who carry about with them spots on their brains—the victims of speculation, overwork or extreme business cares. They may be found at the bar, in the pulpit, at the editorial table, in the banking house, the office, the studio and the study.

English advices inform us that William Black, the novelist, who is still a young man, has already worn his nervous system out, and that Sullivan, the brilliant composer, is a mental and physical wreck. Such deplorable conditions could undoubtedly have been avoided had these two men been content to grow old slowly and gracefully, and to acquire fame and fortune in a moderate and sensible way. Life is worth living if a man will only make it so. There is a time to work and a time to play. It is the true philosopher who understands how to make the best of both. The most colossal fortune that was ever amassed, the proudest name ever acquired, are not worth the sacrifice of health and happiness. The humble shepherd on the hillside, with his dog, "his clean hearth stone, his thrifty wife's smile," the man who knows no physical pain, no mental unrest, is a happier being by far than the Rothschild who cannot sleep, or the Carlyle whose life is one long sorrow. Ambition is all as a stimulant; where it becomes a craze it is a poison. Each human brain is only capable of accomplishing so much; it should make a point of studying just how much that is. Every man should strive to be, as far as lies in his power, a philosopher. Philosophy might teach him that happiness at the heart is the truest mental hygiene, and that such happiness can only be obtained by doing the duty that lies nearest, by looking upon ambition as a means to an end, by the pursuit and enjoyment of refined pleasures, by cultivating domestic peace, by curbing the temper and by performing kindly acts.—*New York Hour.*

Balmy Sleep.

Prominent physicians tell us a person should never be waked except in cases of urgent necessity. A man in his natural state is healthy. The ailments of parents are often visited upon the children, not because it is a source of pleasure to the Almighty, but because it is nature's law. One of nature's laws is that a man is benefitted by sleep. If it had been intended that a man should work twenty four hours nature would have made the sun shine all the time.

The man who disregards the demands of his body and mind for the amount of rest that nature claims suffers sooner or later. Nature is the best book keep the world ever saw. You may overdraw, but you always pay back the last penny, and often give up the ransom. *Shylock* demanded of *Antonio*, and sometimes even more than the pound of flesh. The man who attempts to steal from nature finds his mistake.

When a man falls asleep he is in a shop for repairs. All the intricate machinery of his body is being overhauled and put in order for the next day's work. Nature knows what the tired body needs. She lays it on a bed, surrounds it with the refreshing air of night, covers it with darkness, and lets the man rest. 'Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep,' visits him, and as the hours pass by his energies are renewed, his strength comes back, and finally, when the sunlight steals through the window, he opens his eyes and feels like a new man. If he is early to bed he awakes correspondingly early.

Now, who will go to that man's side an hour before he opens his eyes, and say to nature: 'Stand aside and let him up; he has had enough of rest?' Well, nature will say: 'You can take him if you will, but I will charge him with an hours loss of sleep, and I'll collect it out of his bones and nerves and hair and eyes. You can't cheat me, I'll find property to levy on.' The old law used to be eight hours for sleep, eight hours for the usual vocation, and eight hours for the service of God. The day was divided into three equal parts, and each part was devoted to its own purpose. Do we obey the promptings of the inner life, and give both soul and body their needful rest and recreation? A day of settlement will sure come, when each one will see how his bank account stands with his Maker.

THE THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, Hope and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life surges rudest roll,
Light when thus else were blind.

—*Schiller.*

EVENING SCENE.

I stood at eve by the river side.
Watching the flow of the falling tide.
Out of the west came a gleam of gold,
Far in the east the thunder rolled;
Over the fields for miles away
Came stealing night in his robe of gray.

Out of the harbor into the bay,
Over the waters far away,
Into the west, where the glorious sun
Sinks to rest when the day is done,
One by one the good ships sail,
With wings outspread to the evening gale.

Over the hills a sudden gleam
Lit up the breast of the peaceful stream;
The glorious light but a moment stayed,
Then faded away in the gathering shade,
The far-off ships slow sank from sight
Into a sea of dreary night.

—*Windrift.*

To Equip a Wheat Farm in Dakota.

"The amount of machinery necessary to plant and harvest the crops of the Northwest," according to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "is enormous. The principal crop of the Northwest is wheat, and as nearly all the labor required to seed and harvest it is performed within a few months, usually from the first of May to the first of October—rarely six months—everything must be done with a rush. Farmers who raise nothing but wheat cannot afford to employ help all the year around, and this fact renders it very difficult to obtain the necessary assistance when it is needed during the busy season. Wages are high on account of this fact, and the wheat raiser finds himself compelled to depend upon mechanical help instead of muscle. It is questionable whether it is more profitable. To properly equip a farm of even 160 acres with all machinery necessary to plow the ground, seed it, harvest and thresh the grain, requires a large outlay of money. The total outlay for wagons, plows, harrows, seeders and harvesters necessary to work a farm of this kind is about $700. This is an outlay that must be made before the farmer can realize from his first crop. It is not to be supposed that cash is required to buy all this machinery. The farmer can buy his entire outfit on credit. Mortgages are often taken, but not as a rule. The agents of reapers and harvesters require no security beyond a simple note of hand. Early in the spring a perfect array of "machine men," as the agents are called, invade the Northwest to take orders. A farmer can buy a harvester or whatever he needs and have it delivered in his field, set up all ready to start, even to being supplied with twine for his binder, by simply giving his note of hand, without security, and drawing 7 per cent. interest. These notes run from two to three years, and are often renewed if the interest is properly paid. Some idea of the amount of machinery sold in the Northwest every year may be gained from the statement that during 1883 nearly 1,700 carloads were received at Minneapolis alone, the total number received at St. Paul and Minneapolis reaching nearly 3,600."

The Advantage of Living on the Border

From the El Paso Herald.

At El Paso, Mexican dollars are worth eighty five cents in American coin. At Paso del Norte, just across the river, American dollars are worth eighty-five cents in Mexican coin. One morning a car driver started from the American side with a Mexican dollar. On his arrival at the Mexican town he took a drink of chain lightning, which was fifteen cents, and received an American dollar in change for his Mexican. On his return to the American side he took a drink of equally bad liquor and received a Mexican dollar for his American, and so repeating the drinks at intervals during the day and at night, he closed up business with the Mexican dollar he started with in the morning.

BUDD DOBLE, the turfman, was gratified to a high degree when he visited Goldsmith Maid in Trenton the other day. 'Did she know me?' said Mr. Doble. 'Bless your soul, the minute I entered her stall she came up to me and rubbed her head against my arm and face. She neighed and frisked around the stall like a colt and did everything but speak. You remember, she had an unusually long tail. I used to teach her to lie down so that her tail would be clear of everything. I asked her to lie down this time, and you would have laughed to see her turn round and round and switch her tail about until it was just so and then lie down with it extended on the clean straw.'

Out in Arizona.

Hon. A. W. Sheldon, Associate Justice, Supreme Bench of Arizona Territory, writes as follows: "It affords me great pleasure to say, from my personal observation, and you know the scope of such has been very extended, that St. Jacobs Oil is the great and wonderful conqueror of pain, the sovereign cure for all bodily aches and pains, and I cheerfully bear this testimony."

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