The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1884. VOL. XXIII-NO. 29

Elliott & Gemmill's

Farmers' Agency

Will furnish at short notice and Bottom Prices, any Implement manufactured in the United States.

We make a specialty of the Iron Turbine Wind Mill, manufactured by Mast, Foos & Co.; also, the Buckeye Force Pump, especially adapted to deep wells and forcing water.

Any one needing a Wind Mill we say try a Turbine. They are strength and durability itself. We control this Mill for the county, and have no sub-agents. Will make prompt estimates for any one desiring a Mill.

We would also call the attention of Farmers to our

NEW BUCKEYE GLASS FEED FERTILIZER DRILL,

which we pronounce, after thorough testing it last season, to be the best combined Grain and Fertilizer Drill ever offered to the trade. Our reasons are—

First, It is a perfect Wheat Seeder

Second, You have no cog wheels to take off or put on to chance quantities.

Third, With the Glass Feed for Phosphate you can sow any quantity of Fertilizer without clogging, gumming or pasting, from 100 to 500 lbs., and can make the changes while walking along.

Fourth, Both wheat and phosphate are distributed within plain view of the operator.

Fifth, It has double force feed for wheat, which makes it sow regular in whatever position it may be placed, especially when seeding side hills. All other drills will seed more or less according to position.

Call and examine it before buying, it will pay you.

Farmers clubbing together can make it pay.

Remember we have no sub-agents Save money by giving us your orders direct.

We have in use in Queen Anne's county eighty-three of the Buckeye Drills. In 1882 we sold there 28; in 1883 we sold 55.

WM. A. ELLIOTT,

Chestertown, Md., Agent for Kent county. July 17.

TO THE LADIES!

The Pickling and Preserving Season IS UPON US,

To meet it we have laid in a very large stock of

SPICES,

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MUSTARD, CLOVES, ALLSPICE, NUTMEGS, CINNAMON, MUSTARD SEED, CELERY SEED, RED AND BLACK PEPPER, TUMERIC, GREEN & GROUND GINGER all select goods, and prices low.

COLIN F. STAM,

July 31, 1884. DRUGGIST

Something We overooked in our Seed advertisement.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED

A Choice Fresh Lot.

BY POUND OR BUSHEL.

COLIN F. STAM.

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.

COAL! WOOD! LIME!

TO those in need of COAL would do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

Having purchased from four to five hundred cords of the very best seasoned

Oak and Pine WOOD,

we flatter ourselves in saying that it cannot be beat in quality or length.

To those interested in LIME, HAIR, CEMENT &c., would do well to give us a call before buying, as we have bought at reduced prices. Give us a call. Thankful for past patronage, I remain yours respt.,

J. D. BACCHUS.

Feb. 28—y.

WOOD! WOOD!!

Hickory, Oak and Pine.

THE subscriber has purchased 1000 cords of the very best seasoned Oak, Hickory and Pine that has been in this market for some time, and is sell'ing it, delivered, at $5 00 per cord for oak, and $6 00 per cord for hickory; wood sawed and split to order.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

Pine KINDLING WOOD for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,

Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown

Nov. 22, 1883.

WHITE Wash Brushes, all sizes at low prices. J. H. SIMPER

Acme Hall,

"The Glass of Fashion."

shows the acknowled fashionable Stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits in Baltimore.

We manufacture at our own factory the Clothing we sell.

They possess all the beauty of made-to-order work, without the cost and bother.

Every Garment in our house this Season's manufacture.

No Sham Here!

No False Prices!

The very best way to convince you that we are selling the Finest Clothing, is a personal examination of our Stock. We specially invite you to inspect it.

All the nobby, fashionable patterns (only shown by us) in Sacks, Double and Single-breasted, Cutaways, Prince Alberts, &c., &c., for young men, and a full stock of elegant modest patterns for gentlemen of quiet tastes.

Our Stock of Children's Clothing, not equalled in America.

Overcoats, all shapes, in plain, fancy and elaborate patterns.

Acme Hall,

FINE CLOTHING,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

near Charles St.

ONE PRICE.

Oct. 23—1m.

Levi Bar's

Tailoring House,

COR. GAY & FAYETTE STS.,

BALTIMORE, MD

We have made special efforts to produce a handsomer line of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

for the

Fall Trade

than any previous season, and can confidently assert that our goods, besides being cheaper, will be found Superior in Quality, Style and Finish to any that are offered in our city, besides being all of

OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

We will also call attention to our extra line of

Piece Goods,

for measured work. Our trade in this line is constantly increasing; we make this a separate and distinct business, and turn out as nice a suit of Clothes as any tailor in Baltimore. We solicit a visit to our establishment.

L. BAR.

Aug. 28—6m.

Lumber! Lumber! Lumber!

I not only ask you to patronize home industry but I offer you for sale the largest assortment of Seasoned

HOUSE SIDING.
HOUSE FLOORING.
SHINGLES.
LATHS.
FINISHING LUMBER, Etc.

In stock in any one yard on the Eastern Shore, and at prices that make it your interest to examine directly in person. Orders given us for all the material in Houses or Barns can be shipped by rail or water promptly.

ROUGH LUMBER

In Large Quantities a Specialty.

Yet Dressing and Shaping such of this to your order as may be necessary, making your Frames, Sash, Blinds, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings, &c., with the most Improved Machinery. We guarantee our shipments to fit and give satisfaction.

Joseph Turner

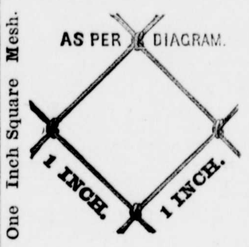
SCOTT'S POINT.

Sept. 25, 1884.

NEW MACKEREL in barrels, halves and kitts, cheaper than you think at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S

NETTING,
—FOR—
SEINES AND POUNDS.

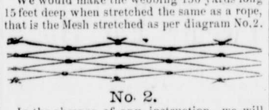
We Measure the Mesh.



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.



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.)

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 25, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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 Pharmaceutical skill are what we claim for our work.

Drug Store on corner—sign—Illuminated Mortar.

March 1, 1883.

Wanted.

100,000 BUSHELS

—OF—

Wheat!

For the WM. LEA & SONS CO., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware.

E. T. COMEGYS,

LOCUST GROVE,

KENT COUNTY, MD.

July 10, 1884—y.

WE Give a China Cup and Saucer or Fancy Fruit Plate with every Pound of Henkle's Baking Powder; also, with Half-pound, a Fancy Cup and Saucer. The Baking Powder Guaranteed to be as Good as Any on the Market, or Money Refunded.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW, Nos. 43, 33, 23, 13, 133 and ORIOLE PLOWS. For sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SAIL ON, OH SHIP OF STATE.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

—*Bryant.*

A Profession, or a Trade.

M. Quad says: As I told you at the outset, if you have arrived at the age of 15 or 16 it is time you looked matters square in the face and had some idea of your future. If you were to answer at once you would say that you would take a profession in preference to a trade. A profession means several years of hard study, quite a large cash outlay and then trials and rebuffs to get a start in business. It is one thing to graduate as a lawyer or a doctor, and quite another to pick up clients and patients. If you have fully decided on a profession be careful of your first move. If you have a large head your grandmother has doubtless many times exclaimed: "What a great lawyer this boy would make!" Don't try to make one on the size of your head. We've got any number of that class in the country now, and they can't pay their grocer's bills. If you can pull a sliver out of your finger without winking, it may be a sign that you would make a great surgeon. It may also be a sign that you are born to be a butcher.

How will you know what to pursue? Your own feelings are the safest guide. If left to your parents and to circumstances you may be forced into a trade or profession which you can never make a success. When you come to realize that you must make your own way in life your particular fort will be apt to reveal itself. One of the best lawyers in Detroit was intended for the ministry; another served three years as a journalist, but all the time feeling that he was out of his element; another was forced by his father to learn the trade of harness maker. I know a machinist who at first studied medicine; of a watchmaker who tried to become a lawyer; of a carpenter who threw away three years of his life trying to become a dentist.

After you have selected your trade or profession, what then? Strive to master it in all its details and to excel. If you become a carpenter don't be satisfied when you can saw and plane and match. Don't be satisfied with $2 per day. Make yourself worth $3. Master details and push yourself from carpenter to builder. Don't imagine that a man in search of a lawyer walks down the street and stops at the first sign hanging out. It is the lawyer who has climbed above his fellows, that he seeks out. If our friends are ill we want the best doctor. We want the man who has made himself the best by study and energy. The blacksmith who is content to mend old wagons will never iron a new one. The machinist who stands at the lathe to do about so much work in ten hours need not hope to be better off. It is the men who put their hearts into what they do, who succeed.

Among Alaska Glaciers.

A letter from Alaska to the Providence *Journal* says: A vast ice field, the accumulation of ages, stretches back as far as the eye could reach, or rose till like seemingly limitless walls they met the horizon. Icebergs whose wonderous colorings and grotesque formations exceeded our wildest imaginings, surrounded us on all sides. A huge blue pyramid, growing fainter toward the apex, where rested a mass of snowy whiteness, sailed slowly by to be followed by another, black at the water line, growing bottle-green, lighter olive, and then by inexplicable transformation becoming tipped with a delicate turquoise. Pinnacles, arches and domes in turn drifted by, till the speed of the Ancon was checked, and we found ourselves ready to drop anchor, while before us rose a vertical ice-wall 500 feet in height and with a frontage of three and a half miles. Not daring to attempt a pen-picture, I quote the words of Muir, the State geologist of California: "The whole front row of this majestic glacier is dashed and sculptured into a maze of yawning chasms and crevices, and a bewildering variety of strange architectural forms appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond description. Clusters of glittering, lance-tipped spires, gables and obelisks, bold outstanding bastions and plain mural cliffs adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlements, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow were filled with light shimmering and pulsing in blue tones of ineffable tenderness and loveliness." When at the firing of a cannon huge masses of ice became detached and plunged into the water, with a force that threw the spray hundreds of feet into the air, and even at the distance we were, caused our steamer to sway violently, the excitement culminated, and the cheers of the party mingled with the echoes of the fall as the distant crags sent them back to us. We were landed on shore, and after almost the entire afternoon spent climbing the side moraine, looking back at our ship, an atom in the distance, we returned, feeling the half had not been told us.

More Converts for Utah.

From the N. Y. World.

The Guion steamer Arizona landed at Castle Garden yesterday 164 English converts to the Mormon faith. The party had intended to come here on the Nevada, but the fire on board that vessel at Liverpool compelled them to remain in port ten days. With them are ten returning Mormon elders, who have been abroad doing missionary work. Mr. J. Alma Smith, the leader of the party, in conversation with a *World* reporter said: "This party will be the last to come here until next spring. Many missionaries are abroad all over Europe and will work unceasingly during the winter. Their task is a difficult one, but they will succeed in adding to our colony in Utah."

"Why difficult?"

"We had hoped this year to succeed in inducing some newspaper abroad to voice us, but in this we failed. We also met with much unlooked for opposition from all classes. We were compelled to preach harder than ever before."

"Therefore you do not consider the season has been a successful one?"

"The season? You mistake, young man. Our work this year has been good, but not as successful as we had anticipated."

"To what do you attribute the falling off in the number of converts?"

"I think one reason is that the Church offers no inducements to persons coming here. Those who come must pay their own way to Utah and must buy their land and farming implements or must look out for themselves in case they intend to engage in other business than that of farming. Of course the Church assists them in finding employment. We offer them only the sweet liberty and protection of our religion. Formerly the Church paid their passage and railroad fares to Utah, and frequently gave them money. Another reason is the increasing opposition to us among other religious sects, who put every barrier possible in our way. But, nevertheless, we are not discouraged and will keep up the good work."

The party were mostly in families and all had money. They were by far the best-looking class of converts which has arrived this year.

Two little children, named Thompson, a girl and a boy, aged eleven and ten years respectively, excited much sympathy in the Garden from their innocence and evident ignorance as to where they were going. The little girl said their parents had died, almost together, two months ago, and that an uncle whom she "did not like" turned them over to one of the elders with money sufficient for them until they grew up. Neither she nor her brother knew where they were going. The party started late last night for Salt Lake City on a special train on the Erie Railroad.

What Butler Cost.

[*Templeton in Boston Herald.*]

As I am in an inquiring mood this week towards my Republican friends, I would like to further ask them if they think the employment

[redacted]

and provide it with funds with which to operate all over the States of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana and Michigan, to say nothing of Massachusetts. When the $50,000 gave out he went right on, putting in more money until the amount expended ran up to $110,000. Mr. Parsons was correct when he said on the New York bank with which the Republican National Committee did business. But the money came hard towards the last. The sum realized from the famous and now historical Jay Gould banquet in New York on the eve of the election was partly used to pay up Butler's arrears. One of his followers asks if this can be true, when Butler was really helping Cleveland rather than Blaine, in Michigan. It was a mistake to go into the State, and Butler so wrote while he was there to the Republican managers, suggesting that he had better come on to some place where he could be more useful. The outlay does not seem to have been judicious in any point of view. Candor compels me to say that it is not even sure that it saved the vote of Massachusetts to Mr. Blaine. As regards the local ticket, this subsidy to Butler was a complete failure. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's friends are attributing his defeat to the Butler alliance to which it led. I can't find one case in which the Republicans soiled themselves by nominating Butler candidates where ignominious failure did not attend them.

Island of the Hesperides.

Constantinople is notoriously a city built on ruins. Every time a new house is erected numbers of ancient relics are brought to view. The trustees of the American Bible House in that city are making an addision to their fine building, and have found a regular maze of ancient foundations at from ten to twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Some of the old walls contain great bricks, fourteen inches square, as hard as stone, and each stamped with a name in Greek characters. It seems to be uncertain whether the name on the bricks are that of the maker or that of the Emperor. Some the bricks are marked 'Koctan'—others 'Konctans.' Others yet have besides a name a date which corresponds to the year 507 A. D. The cement in which these bricks are laid is as hard as rock and it is difficult to get them out unbroken, but specimens of quite a number of stamped bricks will be preserved at the Bible House for the inspection of those interested.

In one part of the ground is a large cellar which extends under an adjoining street and of which the vaulted roof is supported by great monolithic columns which bear the cross on their capitals. It is quite probable that a Christian church or monastery once occupied this site, although not a single inscription has been found whereby to identify the structure. Under the foundations of this Christian edifice were found fragments of sculpture that date from heathen times. A Corinthian capital and some fragments of cornices in beautiful red marble suggest that a splendid building stood here before the Christian church was built. In one part of the ground were found several graves. Each one was covered with tiles evidently made for the purpose. The tiles were about sixteen inches wide and thirty inches long. They were, when in position, arranged on edge, meeting over the body like a roof to keep the earth from contact with it. There was no inscription on any of these tiles, and nothing to fix the period of the tombs, except the copper coin which has been placed in the mouth of each corpse for Sharon's fee. These coins are from 260 to 282 A. D. in date. The skeletons found in these tombs were naturally mere dust after 1500 years of inhumation. The skins fell to powder at once upon exposure. In each tomb was a glass vessel, but in every case hopelessly broken. In one part of the ground several feet nearer the surface than these tombs, three skeletons were found erect in an old well. These had been but a century or two in the ground, and perhaps marked the scene of some tragedy of the harem. At all events those three grim forms emerging under the pick from a mysterious past would insure for weeks to the bravest of us the habit of looking over the shoulder when left alone in the dusk.

Minerals and Water as Food Constituents.

The mineral parts of our food play an important part in the maintenance of the frame. We thus require iron for the blood, phosphorus for the brain and nerves, and lime for the bones; whilst a variety of other minerals is likewise found in the blood and other fluids of the frame. The uses of the mineral constituents of our body are still a matter of speculation. Small as may be the quantity of certain minerals required for the support of the body, serious health-derangement may result when we are deprived of these substances. Thus, scurvy appears to be a disease associated with the want of the mineral potash in the blood; and the cure of this disease is therefore accomplished when we supply to the blood those mineral elements which have previously been deficient. Common salt, or chloride of sodium, as it is chemically termed, although, not entering into the composition of the body, appears to form an important part of all the secretions; and there can be little doubt that this mineral aids the formation and chemical integrity of the gastric juice of the stomach.

Of all foods, water is, perhaps, the most important, seeing that it is a substance which, in the absence of all other nourishment, can sustain life for a period numbering many days. Thus, whilst a man dies in from six to seven days when deprived of solid food and water, life, may be prolonged to as many as sixty days on water alone. The high importance of water as a food is abundantly proved, when we discover that it constitutes about two-thirds of the weight of the body; that it enters into the composition of the brain to the extent of eighty per cent.; that the blood consists of nearly eighty per cent. of water; and that even bone contains ten per cent. of this fluid. Entering thus into the composition of every fluid and tissue of the body, and being perpetually given off from lungs, skin, and kidneys in the ordinary work of life, there is little wonder that water assumes the first place amongst foods. Regarding the uses of water as a food, we see that it dissolves and conveys other foods throughout the system; that it assists in removing waste products; and that it also takes a share in regulating the temperature of the body through its evaporation on the skin.

THIS is not the only country in the world in which too many persons desire to become lawyers. A French woman has recently written an instructive little work on Hungary, in which she says that the entire country swarms with lawyers. It is the ambition of every poor man in Hungary to educate one of his sons for the legal profession. An amusing story is told of the son of a small farmer residing in the neighborhood of Pesth. He was set apart for the law at an early age, and most of the earnings of his parents, brothers and sisters were spent on him. He was sent in time to the primary, grammar and high school, and to college. On graduating from the latter he was entered at a famous law school. He attended the usual time necessary to complete the course, but owing to lack of ability or poor application he failed to pass the qualifying examination. Not daring to return home, after so much money had been wasted on him, without a diploma, he forged one on paper made in imitation of heavy parchment. His father was not so ignorant as not to know that college diplomas were made out on real parchment, and asked his son to explain why this was not written on that sort of material. The boy, who knew that heavy parchment in Hungary was made of dogskin, promptly stated that young lawyers had become much more plentiful than dogs, that there were not enough dogskins to go round, and that the faculty of the law college had done the best they could under the circumstances; they had given him a diploma written on paper that was as thick as the dressed skin of a dog and of the same general appearance.

An Election Day in Ancient Rome.

From republican Rome—our early teacher—we borrow most of our political ideas, and even language. Our elections vary little from those of the Roman forum. To the Latins we owe our candidates and our orators, our tribunitian arts and tribunitian veto, the ballot and ballot-box, the register and the polling, the conception of personal independence the sovereignty of the people. The free Roman would bow to no man; and Cicero and Cæsar were forced to solicit the votes of their fellow-citizens with a humility that was never feigned.

To obtain an office at Rome the candidate toiled for months, and even years. Clad in his white robe he walked the forum and the busy streets of the city saluting every one, asking votes, and seeking what we now call popularity. He spoke to every citizen he met familiarly, he grasped his hand, he begged his support; he spoke of his own merits, decried his opponent, promised to advocate some liberal measure, and sometimes a bribe. Cicero, who was above bribery, has left us in his letters a curious picture of the toils, anxieties and interior life of the Roman candidate.

An election day at Rome was a scene of singular excitement. Every year the chief magistrates of Italy were renewed, and every year the voters crowded the capitol. The city was agitated by intense party feeling. The rural population from Latium and the distant colonies over the Tiber hastened to exercise the prized right of suffrage. Chariots filled with citizens came from the Sabine villages, footmen crossed the Rubicon bridge, a great multitude wandered through the streets of Rome, astonished at the great magnificence of the city.

If it was a consular election the people gathered at sunrise in the Campus Martius, where the voting was to take place. The candidates in their white robes before daybreak were seen mingling with the voters, followed by their partisans and proclaiming their political principles. Sometimes they stood on a high position, where they could be seen by all; sometimes the great multitude covered the tops of the houses and filled all the extensive plain from the capitol to the river.

At length, at the sound of a horn, the voters assembled in the Campus Martius. If the auspices were favorable and no peal of thunder heard, a standard was raised on the Janiculum, and the consul began the ceremonies with prayers and sacrifices; the people, deeply superstitious, awaited awe stricken until he closed. The spectacle was one of rare interest; it was an assemblage of Roman freemen. In the later comitia, at least, all were equal. The rich noble, accustomed to luxury and power; the equites, who had sprung from poverty to wealth; the properous traders of the Forum and the Suburra; the farmers, even sometimes the freedmen, the manumitted slaves—were blended by the Roman law into one harmonious and momentary equality. Each was gifted with a vote.

The voting next began. The excitement rose. The people, arranged in centuries or hundreds, passed over a bridge of wood into the polling-place. Here, in the earlier age, they voted orally, and later with wooden tablets. Each vote was recorded and counted at once, and the result announced. The ballot-box and the register were watched over by citizens of undoubted honor, and fraud was scarcely possible. As one by one the centuries gave in their ballots the excitement was redoubled.

The candidates and the people hung breathless upon the cries of the heralds as they proclaimed the progress of the election. Livy has left many a picture of these fierce struggles. Now on one side, now on another, the balance hung. At last it was fixed forever. A Scipio, a Cato, a Graccus, a Cæsar, had triumphed, and the victors shouted in a wild strain of southern enthusiasm that echoed far away over the capitol and the crowded hills. The beaten party turned silently homeward. The excitement was over, and the Roman voters went quietly again to their usual pursuits.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Saved by the Overground Railroad.

'Mr. Garrett's death reminds me of a story,' remarked an old railroader not now in service. 'It was before the war. I was running an engine on the B. and O. In those days there were a good many slaves getting away from their masters in Virginia and making for Pennsylvania. So the owners clubbed together and established a patrol along the B. and O. For more than a hundred miles they kept an average of three men to every mile where there was timber, watching the track nights with dogs and guns to catch any slave that would attempt to cross. One night I was running a freight west. All of a sudden before me in the light from my head lamp I saw a colored man on the track. He had a heavy stick in his hand, and was fighting for life with a pack of dogs. Down the track I saw three slave hunters running toward the negro. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I shut off steam, whistled down breaks, and set up fearful whistling. I also released the safety valve and made her blow off steam. I hoped to frighten the dogs, and did. They turned and looked at the big light of the engine, and some of them ran away.

'But the slave was nearly as badly frightened as the dogs. He stood motionless on the track. To this day I can see his figure as it was outlined against the darkness. It was a statue of despair. Fearing that we would run over him, I clambered out to the pilot and shouted to him just in time. He roused with a start jumped to one side as I passed, and I called to him to get on the train, which by this time was running slow. I watched him get on, when I gave her a full head of steam, whistled off breaks, and we sailed by the slave hunters so fast that they could not get on. They fired at me, but missed. My fireman carried my dinner bucket back to the negro. He devoured it like a starving man. He must have been a peculiar negro, for when my fireman came back there were streaks down his coal-begrimed face. He had been crying. He said that negro had embraced him with joy and prayed for him on his knees on the top of a box car. My bucket was empty when it came back, and then the fireman took his back to our passenger. It was emptied too. The man was famishing.

'Well, that slave got into Ohio, and after an investigation my case was laid before Mr. Garrett. To satisfy the slave owners he discharged me, but got me a job on the Pennsylvania road, and paid me full wages all the time I was idle.'

A Spider's Ingenuity.

A correspondent writes as follows to *Science:* Last summer, while at Lynchburg, Va., I observed a spider—probably an Epeira—spinning a thread down from the upper section of a large fountain on the lawn of the Arlington hotel. He was some eight feet from the surface. I watched him descend to the water, where he captured a beetle that had unfortunately fallen into the large basin. The beetle must have been an inch long. Our Epeira made a turn of his line around his captive, and ascended all the way to his nest; immediately descending, he threw another loop around his prey, and again ascended to his nest, continuing this process for full ten minutes; to my surprise, while the spider was at his web, apparently overhauling and tightening the several threads that he had spun to and from the beetle, it left the water, and, evidently by elastic contraction of the threads, ascended full an inch from the surface. The spider spun down another lasso, and threw it round his victim, then retired and was busy with his lines, when the beetle again moved upwards. These operations were repeated, until, at the end of forty-five minutes, he had snugly secured his prey in his nest, at a distance of at least eight feet from the water, by this curious and interesting method.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Thomas Jefferson's ten rules are worth reproducing for the benefit of the rising generation, They are:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened?
9. Take things always by their smooth handles.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, count a hundred.

Don't Look Like a Wreck.

'When a man is going down hill everybody is ready to give him a kick.' Yes, that is so. It is sad, but natural. Why, many a man and woman, seeking employment, would have got it if their hair hadn't been so thin and gray. One bottle of Parker's Hair Balsam is then the best investment. It stops falling hair, promotes new growth and restores color. Clean, highly perfumed, not a dye. A great improvement over any similar preparation, and sold at the low price of 50c. Nov. 6—4t.

A WINE merchant died in Paris from the bite on his thumb by a dog. The wound healed quickly but gangrene set in and in five days later the man was dead. The *Lanterne* recalls a similar case in 1877. A contributor to the *Presse* had a dog which used to bring his master's copy in his mouth to the office, delivering it to a gentleman in the editorial rooms. One day the office boy attempted to take it from the animal, which snapped at him, causing a slight abrasion of the skin. Two days later the youth was taken ill. The latter died six days after the bite. The dog was dubbed mad, but an eminent 'vet,' said 'no.' The dog was kept and showed no sign of hydrophobia, and ultimately the doctors came to the conclusion that the cause of death was the tartar of the dog's teeth, which had caused blood poisoning, the blood of the boy bitten being already in an unhealthy state.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla thoroughly cleanses the blood, stimulates the vital functions, and restores the health and strength. No one whose blood is impure can feel well. There is a weary languid feeling, and often a sense of discouragement and despondency. Persons having this feeling should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify and vitalize the blood.

BEGIN now to gather up litter and other material to put upon the fields as soon as the crops are removed. Do not forget that vegetable matter is the source of all improvement, and so utilize all that your farm affords. Haul it on the fields and spread it as early in the fall as you can.

MR. WM. H. COYLE, Chief of Fire Department, Houston, Texas, writes that while in discharge of his duties he was very severely injured by a falling wall. He could scarcely move about when he was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, the magical pain-reliever, and to his surprise he was cured of his lameness.

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