# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1884. VOL. XXIII-NO. 31



**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, t 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

July 17.



## TO THE LADI

The Pickling and Preserving

IS UPON US,

To meet it we have laid in large stock of

SPICES,

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MUS

CLOVES, ALLSPICE, NUT

CINNAMON,

MUSTARD SEED, CEL

SEED,

RED AND BLACK PE

TUMERIC,

GREEN & GROUND GI

all select goods, and prices

COLIN F. STA

July 31, 1884.

Something We overo

in our Seed advertisement.

OSAGE ORANGE SE

A Choice Fresh Lot.

*BY POUND OR BUSHE*

COLIN F. ST

FOR SALE.

Post! Post! Po

SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, White Oak and other kinds of POSTS erent sizes and lengths. They lay in the s fourth and fifth districts. Also White an Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak pilit railroad ties.

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

WILLIAM PERKINS

March 8, 1883.

CAL! WOOD! LIM!

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

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

Oak and Pine WOOD

we flatter ourselves in saying that it canno beat in quality or length.

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

J. D. BACCHUS

Feb. 28—y.

LOT OF BRACKETS,

WALL POCKETS, &c.,

Will be closed out about cost.

Jan. 24. LOUIS K. STAM

EXTENSION TABLES—

new lot just received, very l

Feb. 14. LOUIS K. STAM

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridl Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

INSECT POWDER.

DALMATIAN.

Guaranteed to exterminate Roaches, Ants and kindred Pests.

M. A. TOULSON,

March 27. Druggist

OUR line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to $1.00 pound. Our 2 for 5 cts. Cigars the best town, at

J. B. SAPPINGTON'S



## 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,

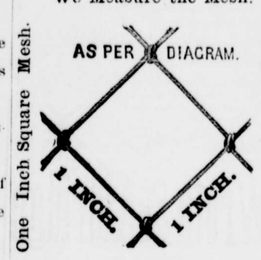


NETTING,

—FOR—

SEINES AND POUNDS.

We Measure the Mesh.



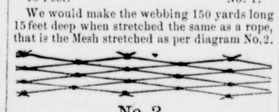

Parties ordering Netting or sanes, will give the length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is, if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 YARDS



10 Feet. No. 1.

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



No. 2.

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

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

Send for price list.

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO.

*Wm. J. Hooper & Son,*

6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore Md.

Dec. 27—y. (Mention this paper.)



## Wroth & Aldridge

Have received their Full Invoice of

SPRING GOODS!

**Summer Goods!!**

Everything desirable kept in a First-Class Store now in stock.

Extra Inducements offered this season! The ladies are especially invited.

Large Stock of White and Fancy Matting from 12½ cts. up.

Floor and Table Oil Cloth in all widths a styles.

Straw Hats! Straw Hats to suit all ages 20 doz. of one kind.

Spring and Summer Dress Goods! Cho ot of Percals and Lawns. India Linens fr 12½c. to 35c.

Our stock of Shoes and Slippers is comple

Our Grocery Department is Full of Cho Goods. Best Granulated Sugar 9c.



## 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.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

**D. B. STEWART CO.,**

General Commission Merchants

and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, ried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c., Southern Fruits and Vegetables a Specialty.

**150 W. Pratt Street.**

Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwal Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. [Feb. 21.

THE Cooler Creamer, with elevator attachment. The Davis Swing Churn, and agent for all goods made by the Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.

J K. ALDRIDGE

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

TO arrive—A Large Lot of Fruit Jars and Jelly Glasses. Prices as low as the lowest WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

YOU can get a Box (containing 50) Good Cigars for 87½c. Best 50c. Tobacco in Town. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.



Joseph Turner

SCOTT'S POINT.

Sept. 25, 1884.

NEW MACKEREL in barrels, halves and kitts, cheaper than you think at

J. B. SAPPINGTON'S


### A THANKSGIVING STORY IN VERSE.

'Thanksgiving!—for what?'
—and he muttered a curse—
'For the plainest of food
and an empty purse;
For a life of hard work
and the shabbiest of clothes?
But it's idle to talk
of a poor man's woes!
Let the rich give thanks,
it is they who can:
There is nothing in life
for a laboring man.'
So said John White
to his good wife Jane,
And o'er her face
stole a look of pain.
'Nothing, dear John?'
and he thought again;
Then Glanced more kindly
down on Jane.
'I was wrong,' he said;
'I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health,
and the baby, too.'
And the baby crowed—
'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face
came a look of joy;
And she kissed her John
as he went away,
And he said to himself,
as he worked that day;
'I was wrong, very wrong;
I'll not grumble again,
I should surely be thankful
for baby and Jane.'

*Boston Globe.*

### Woman's Work and Equal Rights.

The supreme right of every human being is an opportunity to expand, unfold and perfect the native powers and faculties of each individuality.

The supreme benefit of association and what is termed civilization, is the protection of each person in such opportunity, and to make all institutions contribute to this.

What is needed, then, is such systems of political, social and domestic economy, that no one class of persons shall be more limited, hindered or oppressed than any other class.

A large proportion of the women in insane asylums are farmer's wives, wrecked by too much work, too little leisure for cultivating different faculties.

These women need the equal opportunity with men of the household to stop toil at the close of the day, and read the newspaper or some interesting book that will efface the monotony and friction of recurring tasks.

They need, too, some portion of [redacted] taking a pupil in music.

At the time referred to she had received $10 from a scholar of which her father was aware.

She was a young woman of twenty-two; but finding himself minus ready money, (he had heavy deposits in bank,) he demanded the $10 from his daughter as peremptorily as though she had been a little child, who had seized what had belonged to himself.

He was not in special need of money; but it was a pity, he claimed, if he could not have $10 in his pocket as hard as he worked, and he stormed and demanded till he tired her out, and she threw her pocket book at him.

This man did not dream he was a despot or trespassed upon the rights of his child. They had worried him into an allowance, but, none the less, he considered himself the sole producer and provider of the household, and fully entitled to carry in his own purse all the spare change, or, even as in this instance, to take what was to be applied on payment for articles of apparel, which both mother and daughter were to furnish themselves out of their allowance.

The question uppermost in my mind while suppressing expression of my boiling indignation, was whether this respectable citizen, this man who stood well among neighbors and in community, would have ventured thus to bully a son of the same age, because he happened to want to carry some money in his pocket.

If the mothers of this generation do not strangle this contemptible tyranny by some persistent and effective training of boys to award equal rights to sisters, and by magnifying the value of woman's work in the home, they will not deserve that their daughters shall rise up and call them blessed.

Man has wrenched his rights from despots by physical struggle. Woman must wrench hers from despotic custom and man's rulership by a moral struggle. Justice cannot be established in the earth, till in the home there is a complete recognition of the value of woman's saving with man's productive labor, an equal compensation for the work, and an equal division of the proceeds of joint accumulation.

Work is not less valuable because performed by a woman. Well paid labor everywhere, and the independence which the individual Worker earns in possessing the fruits of labor is a fundamental condition of equal rights and social justice.—LUCINDA B. CHANDLER *in Woman's World.*

THE question of tombstone inscriptions is very important for the public in Paris. There exists a permanent committe, composed of cemetery inspectors, whose special permission is necessary before an inscription can be placed on a tombstone. The inscriptions themselves are often a source of trouble and anxiety to heirs and executors, inasmuch as the wording laid down by a testator in his will is sometimes of such a nature that the committee refuse to sanction its reproduction on his tombstone. A case in point arose last month, when an old man of seventy-five, Felix Durijet, once a great celebrity in the culinary art, died in Paris. He had been assistant to the head cook of Louis Philippe, and afterward chief of the famous Freres Provencaux Restaurant, in which establishment he amassed wealth, which was further increased by successful speculations on the Bourse. Instead of the usual headstone to his grave, he required of his heirs that they should erect a marble column, merely inscribed with his name, and supporting a frame containing a moveable board. 'Every day,' said the will, 'my heirs shall affix on said board, and in a legible manner, a recipe for the kitchen. For this purpose I leave a list of 365 recipes, which will be found in my cash box. In this manner, while paying a visit to the graves of relatives, people desirous of acquiring information may obtain it in the cemetery.' So far the clause had nothing very terrible about it; but the following rider threw the heirs into a cold perspiration: Should my heirs fail to carry out said clause, the whole of my estate shall revert to the public charities!' The Committee on Inscription, unanimously rejected the 'broken column surmounted with the frame containing a recipe for each day,' and the notary intrusted with the execution of the will refused to put the heirs in possession of their inheritance. The latter had nothing left but to submit the case to the courts. It will soon be before the civil tribunal.

### The Trick of an Artist.

[*Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.*]

A clever artist has caught some of us with his brand-new notion. He is what may be called an adapter of the human face. He works in water-colors and is really a good dabster with the brush. Oriental scenes are his specialty—that is to say, he made a great many of them, but they remained in his studio, for he hadn't the reputation necessary to make his products salable. The scenes depicted were Moorish, Japa- [illegible] Indian and so on, and [illegible] appreciates re of a native girl, [illegible] ll not be indolence charac- [illegible] ft in the stern life. One day [illegible] d duties, [illegible] ionable visitor to [illegible] the dis- [illegible] ined that the Japa- [illegible] e will be [illegible] icture bore a resem- [illegible] w view [illegible] own oval, brunette [illegible] ns of the [illegible] at account bought the [illegible] nce, but [illegible] ideas of [illegible] my paintings lack to [illegible] narketable,' said the [illegible] enough, [illegible] able can be remedied. [illegible] that the [illegible] ces into likenesses on [illegible] not the [illegible] of 1776, proved captivating. [illegible] nd pop- [illegible] al damsel in his stock [illegible] nigh- [illegible] transformed into a por- [illegible] 000,000 [illegible] New York belle, on [illegible] rights [illegible] and then he began to [illegible] untain [illegible] ush on new subjects. He [illegible] at making a likeness [illegible] t, not- [illegible] same time preserving [illegible] of the [illegible] tive type a nationality demanded. A little water-color picture hangs before me as I write, in which I am a Mongol sure enough, and yet recognizable, so neatly are the ideal and real blended. In one case a facetious girl has had her olive complexion, pouting lips and inky hair adapted to the features of a mulatto; but generally we order ourselves turned into something more romantic. The Turk holds the lead, and I know a dozen girls who have had themselves put by paint into harems.

### ARID ARIZONA.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SPARSELY SETTLED TERRITORY.

In a letter from Chino Valley, Arizona, to the Chicago *Times*, the writer says: I am afraid I was somewhat hasty in my last letter in saying that Arizona is not progressing as well as could be desired. I think more gold and copper are being taken out this year than ever before and less silver, the latter on account of a strike of the miners: There is less talk about gold and gold hunting, as the men who own paying claims do not care to say much about them, and are not at all anxious to sell out. They go plodding along, and whenever they visit the town bring considerable amounts of shining gold with them. Mining is not dead in this country by a good deal, and there are more houses being built in Prescott this season than ever before in one year. The cattle business, too, is receiving a good deal of attention, and many fortunes have been made in it, though not as large and satisfactory ones as will be made in the next few years. If you say cattle to an Eastern man nowadays he immediately runs his hand in his pocket to bring out money if he has any money to invest. There is no lagging back in this matter at least, and now that the Indian troubles are settled in this Territory vast herds are being raised in every county.

People sleep out of doors here with perfect impunity—some from choice—others to overcome the effects of bad whiskey. I have seen several lying under bushes while the sun was shining brightly, and upon inquiry found they were 'night herders,' or men employed by the freighters to look after the mules to prevent their straying off. The wagons they use for freighting in this country are immense, and frequently there are ten span of mules in front of them. Two or three wagons are drawn along at once, one behind the other, after the manner of a railroad train. The wagons behind the first one are called 'back-action' wagons, and are complete, each one having a barrel of water on either side. Loads of copper from the mines are thus hauled to the railroad stations, the trains taking back merchandise from the States. It seems to me that one of these wagon boxes will hold as much as a small house. Of course, freighting in this way is slow, but it is very sure, and the miners are bound to get their food in time, but frequently a good deal of patience is required. Everything costs a good price in a mining region necessarily, and fruit brings a sum of money that Eastern farmers could scarcely realize. In the sheltered nooks many of the old settlers are turning their attention to fruit raising, in which they are remarkably successful, and raise apples, peaches, grapes, and melons in considerable quantities.

The Ava-Supi Indians come in once in a while from their secluded homes in a valley near the little Colorado river, which is almost inaccessible. The trail leads down the sides of a mountain which is very steep and rocky. In this valley the aborigines have a nice home, where they raise good crops and remain unmolested, our troops never having found it necessary to beat up their habitations or war upon them in any way. These habitations are mostly in a deep canyon of Cataract creek, which rises in the Bill Williams mountain. These Indians are very peaceful; elect their own chief, and seem to progress well enough. There is a considerable strip of good farming land along the creek on which they live, which is cultivated most successfully by the Supies. They sometimes leave their secluded retreat for the purpose of bringing in dried peaches and dressed bear skins, which they barter for cotton goods and other stuffs. Especially do they drive good bargains with the Moqui Indians, whose pueblo is above them in Arizona. Anyone who supposes for a moment that a red man does not know how to make a good trade is mistaken. From early youth they are trained to make the most of their worldly goods and look out for their own interests. A buckskin in their hands has a value which a white man never dreamed of, and it certainly is astonishing to see how soon they learn the value of money.

Tucson, which a few years ago was a poor Mexican village, has become a respectable-looking city of some 16,000 inhabitants. The world moves and this Territory moves with it, and notwithstanding the heat in many portions of it, and other drawbacks, will soon make itself felt in the great body politic. Our surplus population in the older States must find homes, many of which will be in this arid zone. Metals are as essential to the happiness of the human family as anything else, and here, where there is such an abundance and so great a variety, we may look for branches of industry which will give employment to a great many men. Prospectors are out in the mountains all the time searching for mines, and a hardy class of men they are, too. They take their pack mules and riding horses, and, having laid in a few weeks' supply of provisions, roam about from place to place as careless and happy as any men in the world. They make their camp wherever night overtakes them, and, after picketing out their animals, lie down on their blankets, with the broad blue dome as their only roof overhead. They sleep well and have excellent appetites, and with their rifles often add a haunch of venison or wild turkey to their cooking department.

### TAUGHT AT A DOG SCHOOL.

A CANINE TEACHER DISCOURSES ABOUT HIS PUPILS.

"A pup's natur and a boy's natur is nigh the same, 'ceptin' that you trains a pup the way he should go an' when he's growed into a dog he keeps it up; but you trains a lad the same way an' you can't depend whether or no he's likely to stick to his bringin' up. No two pups is alike an' no two boys is alike, I've had 'em both. Some you has to lick an' some needs but a word." The speaker stood before a long, narrow inclosure, on one side of which several kennels were ranged. In his hand he held a short, stout whip-handle, to which was fastened a light cotton cord. This cord, if brought down energetically, might do deadly injury to a fly, but as an implement of chastisement to either boy or dog it would have to appeal alone to the imagination. The old man stood tall, erect and strong, despite his many years. The long inclosure with its many kennels was a boarding-school for young dogs, and the old man was the professor of the institution. Inside, half a dozen or more young dogs of various breeds ranged up and down, or stopped to poke their noses through the slats of the fence and get a better view of their teacher and the visitor. One magnificent English setter, with a head fairly human in outline, was chained to a kennel. He sat in apparent indifference to what was going on, only eviucing his interest by continually turning his eyes so as to scrutinize the company. He appeared to feel that he was in disgrace, and to assume indifference to counterbalance it. The other dogs, having satisfied themselves that there was really "company to school," began, in genuine schoolboy fashion, to show off.

"To kennel!" suddenly shouted the professor, as he swung open the gate and he and the visitor walked in. There was a sudden whisk of tails and every dog was out of sight. Then they began peering cautiously from the floors of their respective bedrooms, which were arranged on the dormitory plan.

"Come out, Jack!" called the master. Instantly out walked the English setter as far as his chain would permit. The old man laid his hand on the dog's head caressingly for an instant. Then Jack slanted first one eye and then the other for punishment. Knows he's better'n this one, an' that he ain't got no owner, you see, an' it makes him cranky like. This 'ere one's worth 'bout two hundred."

A small and beautifully marked English pug was discontentedly frisking around at his master's heels, waiting for recognition. The old man laughed as he stooped over and took it up in his arms. "He's a little scoundrel, but he's a dandy," he said. "Now, I've been learnin' him tricks, an' if you had him to perform for you you would have no call to go to the circus, theatre or any place of amusement. He belongs to a gambler on Clark street. He's a valleyble specimen, too, fur he'd bring $500 in a minute.

"How do I train the hunters? I takes 'em out with the gun, an' I has stuffed ducks. Oh, I begins right there in the yard just by snappin' caps an' learnin' em' to 'down charge' an' then runnin' to pick up the stuffed duck. Then I takes 'em out every day, an' I soon has 'em so they'll 'to heel' or 'down charge' or bring in the game. I wants to take a dog when he's six months old to begin. Then I wants him three months, an' he'll have his edication. Twenty-five dollars is my price fur his learnin' an' board fur that time.

"I wish I had a 'Rob Roy' to show you," said the old man, as he ran his eyes over his pupils. "They are fine dogs, but wondrous skeerse in this country. They're built like a red Irish setter, but pure white, with liver-colored ears. The hair on their tails is nearly half a yard long, an' fine as Cashmere wool. Water spaniels is good retrievers," continued he as he closed the gate, "but they are awful easy-goin' dogs. No one ever wants to keep two of 'em together, 'cause they're so easy-goin' that one's dumbed sure to shift all his responsibilities on 'tother, 'cause he don't want to trouble himself thinkin'. But dogs and humans is mighty near alike. There's good ones an' bad ones, lazy ones and ambitious ones, smart ones and stupid ones. The dog comes nigher to man than any other brute in his ways. I ain' kept no dog school for sixty-odd year not to find that out."—*Chicago News.*

### ARTHUR'S TARIFF VIEWS.

SOME POINTS WHICH IT IS SAID THE PRESIDENT WILL RECOMMEND IN HIS MESSAGE.

*Washington Dispatch to Hartford Times.*

It is very likely that President Arthur will offend some Republican newspapers by his views on the tariff, which will be a part of his next message to Congress. He will take a more advanced step for revenue reform than any Dmocratic papers have. It is reported that President Arthur has arrived at the conclusion that the interests of the consumers has been neglected long enough and that while consumers have no great combination to represent them before Congress, the monopolists and manufacturers have. He proposes to show that they have some rights, even if they have not been respected. He will not accept all of Blaine's talk about protection, and will say outright that the real reason why protection has had so many strong advocates is not because it helps the people, but because it increases the profits of the monopolists.

The President will favor free raw material and he will say that the country at large has paid tribute long enough to the iron mine owners of Pennsylvania and that there should be some reduction of duties in the iron schedule. Mr. Arthur also thinks that Congress should do all the work on the tariff and not allow tariff commissioners to do it. There will be efforts to dissuade the President from sending out his real views upon this matter in his message.

### GEN. WASHINGTON'S APPEARANCE.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—HIS MODE OF LIFE.

[*Letter in Cleveland Leader.*]

An old gentleman whom I met above the Braddock Hotel told me he had for years heard George Washington Custis talk of his adopted father. Said he: "Custis looked up to Washington as a god. He described him as straight as an American Indian and as free in his walk as the savage. From the stories I have heard of Washington I have tried to picture him in my mind's eye. He was a tall man, padded with muscle. He was six feet two in his shoes, and he weighed 210 pounds in his prime. He wore about No. 11 shoes, and had gloves three times as large as the average. His hands were so large that they were a curiosity, and his whole frame was bony and large-jointed. He had a broad chest, but not a full one. It was rather hollow, and he was troubled in his last days with a cough. His mouth was firm and his lower jaw gripped the upper with a determined grip. In later years he lost his teeth, and the false ones he got did not fit well and pushed out his lower lip. He had eyes of cold light gray, which could look stern and angry upon occasion, and which seldom smiled. He was as wide at the hips as at the shoulders, and kept his straightness of stature to the last. He had large legs and was a good rider and runner. You have heard the stories of his wonderful strength of arm and how he threw stones wide distances. His nose was rather thick and coarse. I have never heard that it had a blossom on it. He was rather fastidious as to his dress, though he wore plain clothes when not on military duty. He always shaved himself, but had a servant to comb and tie his hair every morning. I have heard Mr. Custis say that he rose very early at Mt. Vernon, often before daybreak, and as early as 4 A. M. He would, at sunrise, go to his stables and look at his blooded horses. When he came back he had a light breakfast of corn cakes, honey and tea, or something of that sort, and then he ate nothing more until dinner. I am speaking of his later years. After breakfast he rode over his estate, and at three had returned and was dressed for dinner. Dinner was a big meal at Mt. Vernon, and Washington ate nothing after it. He usually drank five glasses of Madeira wine at dessert, but I have never heard of his being drunk. He was not opposed to the moderate use of liquor, and when he was first elected to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, among the items of his election expenses were a hogshead and a barrel of whiskey, thirty-five gallons of wine and forty-three gallons of beer. In the Virginia House he did not cut a great figure. He was not much of a speaker, but he was popular or he could not have held his place for fifteen years, as he did. I have understood that he treated his slaves very well, but that he made them work and would allow no foolishness among them. Washington liked the theatre, and he was fond of dancing in early life."

"Do you think he was a religious man?"

"No," was the reply; "I do not. He was a church member, you know, and a vestryman, but the vestry in those days was a semi-political and charitable board. I have heard old citizens say that Washington would often leave the church before the services were over. Communion, you know, is served at the last of the service. The fact that Washington slighted communion is evidence to my mind that he was not a Christian of the cast iron kind. Another evidence is the fact that he had no preacher at his bedside during his last sickness. He was sick, you know, for several days, and there must have been ample time to have gotten a preacher if he had desired it. He was thoroughly conscious until the last, and it is said that he timed his pulse as long as the breath was in his body. As it left him his hand dropped from his wrist and he sank back dead. During his last hours he gave the most minute directions as to business matters, directing his wife to go and get the two wills which he had made and burn the one which he wished annulled. He directed that his corpse be kept for three days, and Tobias Lear, his private secretary, says among his last words were those in regard to his burial. He died on Saturday night, and on the next Wednesday he was buried in a walnut coffin lined with lead. Many years after this his body was changed from this box to the marble tomb in which it now lies.

### Take Care of Farm Implements.

Some one once drew a graphic pen picture of a mortal foe of the farmer—one who labored for his destruction by night as well as by day, on Sundays, holidays and work days alike. It was a "mortgage" that the writer of the sketch wisely regarded as one of the most active enemies to the farmer's purse and peace of mind.

There is, however, another agent for evil quite as active, to be found on every farm. It is known as rust. And although it annually destroys in the aggregate a vast amount of property, farmers too frequently neglect to take the measures necessary for protection from the ravages of this insidious foe. Hundreds of agriculturists are buying farm machinery, which, if properly cared for, the *Forest, Forge and Farm* suggests, ought to last at least ten years. Most of it will be worthless in one-fifth of that time for lack of a little care.

A machine that is taken apart and properly cared for when not in use will do good work years and years after its counterpart has been thrown away by the man who had the habit of leaving it unprotected. Then the delays caused by broken machinery, loose bolts and rotten or twisted frames, discovered just at the time when the loss of time means danger to the crop, more than counterbalance any time, trouble or expense incurred in properly putting away the machine. The provident farmer will always clean and house his implements as soon as the harvest is ended. Whenever the paint on an implement shows signs of wearing off, it ought to be renewed. And when tools and implements are housed they should be placed just where they can readily be found when again sought for.

THE *War Cry*, the organ of the Salvation Army in England, issues 300,000 copies a week. Here is a specimen of its style in announcing a meeting at Boston, Lincolnshire: "Hello! Here WE Come! Who? Why, the Salvation Army. What will they do? Why, pull down the Devil's Kingdom, and lift up Jesus to a Dying World. Where are they to be seen? At Federhen Hall, North Russell street, every evening during the week, till Gabriel blows his Trumpet, when all will have to account for the Deeds done in the body. Everybody come and hear. Capt. Anne Shirley, the Gospel Trumpet; Capt. Happy Jack, Lieut. Hallelujah Faith, Singing Alice and a Host of Blood-washed Warriors!"

THE following concluding sentences from an unpublished letter of Charles Dickens, dated Nov. 16; 1808, are interesting as proof of the earnest fashion in which the novelist succeeded in identifying himself with the characters of his own creation at the time when he was reading to enthusiastic audiences certain passages from his own works: 'Come early in January,' he writes 'and see a certain friend of yours do the murder from 'Oliver Twist.' It is horribly like, I am afraid. I have a vague sensation of being 'wanted' as I walk about the streets.'


**"I Don't Feel Like Work."**

It makes no difference what business you are engaged in; whether you are a preacher, a merchant, a mechanic, a lawyer or a common laborer, you can't do your work well while you are half sick. Thousands try to, but all in vain. How much better to keep your organs in good order by taking Parker's Tonic when you feel "a little out of sorts." It would be money in your pocket. One hour of good, rejoicing health is worth half a dozen hours full of languor and pain. Dec. 4—4t.


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