The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1884. VOL. XXIII-NO. 33

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 county. July 17.

TO THE LADIES!

The Pickling and Preserving Season

IS UPON US,

To meet it w 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.

J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.

COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a good article of SOFT COAL for Steam Threshers. Also, a good quality of Anthracite (White Ash) Coal, 2,240 lbs. to ton.

All persons in want of Coal will do well to call and see us before buying.

July 12—tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

FIRE Place Heaters! Fire Place Heaters! The New Golden Sun, and the Nos. 13 and 14 Golden Sun. More in use in Kent Co than any other Heater; put up with galvanized pipe and flue board and give perfect satisfaction Call and look at the *New Golden Sun* of 1882 at

J. K. ALDRIDGE'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,

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—m.

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.
FINSISHING 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.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS & MUSIC.

A New Lot of VIOLINS and a new lot of 5 cent Music just received.

COLIN F. STAM,

March 27. Druggist

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

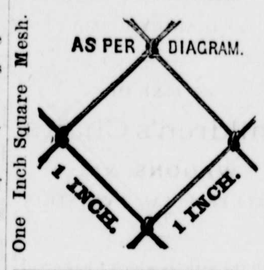
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

NETTING,

—FOR—

SEINES AND POUNDS.

We Measure the Mesh.



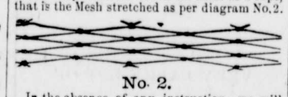
Parties ordering Netting or sanes, will give the length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is, if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

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.)

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

HORACE FAIRBROTHER.

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

A. G. EMMA GEDNEY."

150 West 125th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

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.

SHEEP SHEARS! SHEEP SHEARS!! A very large assortment on hand, and prices *very* low, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S

SOME REMINISCENCES FROM A MAN WHO SAW THE LAST DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT GO OUT.

W. A. Croffut in N. Y. World.

This last week I have spent in Washington, so, these little somethings picked by the wayside will mainly have to do with affairs at the national capital.

Nearly twenty-four years ago I saw the last Democratic President drive down Pennsylvania avenue in a landau, and at his side loomed the marked figure of his successor, Abraham Lincoln, going to be inaugurated. The great avenue was crowded with a host mostly hostile. From the overhanging windows leaned thousands of spectators, curious rather than enthusiastic, and on the roofs of many houses were Government detectives keeping watch lest the new-comer should be shot dead in his carriage at Mr. Buchanan's side. I hurried to the east front of the Capitol, and there were tens of thousands standing in the mud, acres wide, as close as they could be packed. Pretty soon the official procession came through the Capitol and out on the broad steps above us—Chief Justice Taney, bent and wizened, Mr. Chase's white head and imposing form, some of the generals of the army, members of the Senate, and conspicuous among them the tall President-elect, and Stephen A. Douglas, gravely holding his successful rival's hat! The ceremonies of introduction were short, then Lincoln rose—a fine target—his address in his hand. I never saw a more attentive assembly. Men a thousand feet away leaned forward to listen. I was near a lamp-post, and standing on a large stone at its base was James W. Nye—"Jim" Nye—the famous orator and wit, afterwards Senator from Nevada. At the end of every sentence or two Mr. Lincoln paused deliberately, and then murmurs of disapproval ran through the crowd, with broken ejaculations and cries of "Too late!" "Twon't do!" Towards the close this became very annoying, and when the speaker's last words invoking charity were followed by a growl in the crowd and applause around the steps, Nye arose and with a shout called to himself the attention of those about him. He said, with a grave earnestness: "Hear ye! That's the best speech that has been delivered since Christ's Sermon on the Mount!" The occasion saved it from irreverence.

The Presidential procession had started from Willard's, as all Presidential procession's do, marched to the White House, and then countermarched to the Capitol. On Friday I visited the President's rooms at the famous hotel—occupied in turn by Grant, Hayes and Garfield before their inauguration. The parlor is a fine corner room twenty five feet square, overlooking Pennsylvania avenue and Fourteenth street. This, I am told, Mr. Cleveland will also make his point of departure on the morning of March 4th next, though he has accepted Corcoran's invitation to be his guest for the previous week.

Williard's is now run by Staples, who invented the Thousand Islands as a watering-place, and he has on foot a project for rebuilding the whole Pennsylvania avenue front, raising it to six or eight stories and equipping it luxuriously. He tells me that every room in the hotel is engaged for Inauguration Week, with 800 cots in the halls, and that he has been compelled to decline an offer of Hubert O. Thompson for 500 rooms for the New York County Democracy. They will sleep in cars on a siding. Among his guests will be the Cook County Democratic Club, 100 Chicagoans and the Americus, of Philadelphia, with twice as many more.

I have made a canvass of the hotels here, and have come to the conclusion that about seventy-five thousand Democratic visitors will be roosting in the trees on Inauguration night.

During the week I have talked with prominent men of both parties about the probability of many changes in office on the incoming of Cleveland. A Republican of prominence, who was Mayor of Washington for several years, says: "There will not be so many changes as there would be if Blaine had got in. He had promised the post-offices and farmed out the auditorships three deep." A Democratic Senator tells me, but requests me not to use his name: "Of course there will be many changes, and radical ones. The Republican party has for years violated the spirit and letter of the Civil-Service law by keeping incompetents in office—those who are incapable ot doing their work and those who shirk it. There are scores of these—perhaps hundreds—in every department, and the new auditors and bureau chiefs whom Cleveland will appoint will weed them out." Another class will probably go; those who have got rich or become independent while in office. There are scores of both sexes who, by inheritance, by usurious practices, by speculation, or by mere saving, have accumulated enough to support themselves without work. These will be permitted to resign unless their services are of peculiar value to the Government. It is probable, moreover that the great number of clerks now on the Government pay-roll will be diminished one-quarter during the next four years.

I am surprised and sorry to find among the wives of prominent Republicans here a feeling of relief that the Blaines are not to stand at the head of Washington society during the next four years. Mr. Blaine they speak of as forgetful of his friends, and Mrs. Blaine as haughty and arrogant. Said a lady to me yesterday: "Mrs. Blaine would have made it uncomfortable for a good many people if she had come back as the President's wife. She laid great stress on 'classes' and 'position' and even 'rank' as she called it, and told Mrs. Garfield that she thought the common people ought not to be admitted to the White House at all. Blaine is much more democratic, but he has a bad habit of breaking engagements and of passing old friends without seeing them."

Being in Washington recalls the old wartime and its heroes. I wonder if the country will ever know Charles Sumner as he really was—a man of high purpose, but headstrong, domineering and unmannerly. I remember poor Oliver Johnson's fate. For fifteen years he had almost worshipped Sumner, and his position as an anti-slavery editor gave him a chance to do the orator eminent services. Sumner had visited him in his editorial rooms more than once and given hints that were always worked up to his benefit. At last Johnson came to Washington, waited at the Senate door and sent in his card. Not receiving any answer for a quarter of an hour he sent another card. Sumner came out foaming, holding the card in his hand, and pounced upon his panegyrist hotly, "Don't you know any better?" he exclaimed. "Don't you know I'm too busy to speak to you? How *dare* you send your card in a second time? Would you send your card to the Chief Justice on the Bench?" Oliver didn't hold up his platter for any more, but hurried away, crestfallen. I met him an hour later, and tears of grief came into his eyes when he narrated his experience.

I know another illustration. The *Independent* had been a thick-and-thin eulogist of Sumner and held him up for the adoration of New England. D. W. Bartlett, now Secretary of the Chinese Embassy, was its Washington correspondent—a most fair minded and discreet man. Every afternoon about 4 o'clock Sumner and Fessenden got into a squabble in the Senate, because Sumner was patronizing and contemptuous, especially when tired, and Fessenden was afflicted with dyspepsia and therefore irascible. Bartlett had a factious paragraph one week about this daily spectacle. The Massachusetts Senator sat down in a rage and wrote to the editor demanding the "immediate discharge" of its correspondent. "I will not have the *Independent* using such language about me," said the Senator imperiously. Theodore Tilton answered him, of course declining. "You mistake the theory on which the paper is managed," he said, and added, though writing to the one he deemed the greatest man on earth excepting Henry Ward Beecher: As we do not permit ourselves to dictate to our correspondent as to what he shall say, we cannot, of course, allow anybody else to do so."

When I was clerk under Secretary Chase he once sent me to Mr. Sumner on an official errand. When his secretary ushered me into his presence he refused to see me, and when I addressed him, he refused to answer. At last, exasperated, I said: "Mr. Sumner, Secretary Chase wished me to see you; I shall return and tell him of my reception." Then he unbent, ungraciously, and listened.

UP IN A BALLOON.

HOW FITZ JOHN PORTER MADE AN ASCENSION DURING THE WAR.

Ben Perley Poore, in the course of his reminiscences, published in the Boston *Budget*, says:

President Lincoln was much interested in the account of a perilous balloon ascension by General Fitz John Porter on the 11th of April, 1862, near Yorktown, Va. About 5 o'clock in the morning he stepped into the car of Professor Lowe's balloon to go up and make a reconnoissance, then to be pulled down to terra firma. He supposed that the usual number of ropes were attached to it, whereas there was only one, and a place in this, it was afterward ascertained, had been burned by vitriol, used in generating the gas. Taking his seat in the car, unaccompanied by any one, the rope was let out to nearly its full length—the length was about 900 yards—when suddenly snap went the cord and up went the balloon. This was an unexpected part of the programme. The men below looked up with astonishment, and the general looked down with equal bewilderment.

"Open the valve," shouted one of the men below.

"I'll manage it," responded the general.

Up went the balloon, higher, higher. It rose with great rapidity. Its huge form lessened as it mounted into the regions of the upper air. It became a speck in the sky. The wind was taking it in the direction of the enemy's territory. By this time every staff officer and hundreds of others were looking at the moving speck. It is impossible to describe the anxiety felt and expressed for the fate of him, the central object of thought, in that far away moving speck, every moment becoming less visible. It seemed to move toward the Union army, and the countenances there brightened with hope. It passed over the heads of the Union men. Soon it began to descend, but with a rapidity that aroused renewed apprehension. Quickly a squad of cavalry plunged spurs into their horses and dashed away in the direction of the descending balloon.

The rest of the story is as received from the general's own lips. While the rope was being played out he adjusted his glass in readiness for his proposed view of the enemy's territory. A sudden bound of the balloon told him in a moment that the rope had given way. He dropped the glass, heard the call, "open the valve," made the response given above, and set about looking for the valve. He was sensible of being flighty, (the general loves a pun as well as the next one,) but was not at all nervous. He saw the wind had taken him over the line of the Confederate intrenchments. Having no wish to drop in among them, he let the valve take care of itself, and proceeded to take advantage of his position to note the aspect of objects below. Crowds of soldiers rushed from the woods, and he heard their shouts distinctly. Luckily he was above the reach of their bullets, so he was not afraid on this score.

The map of the country was distinctly discernible. He saw Yorktown and its works, York river and its windings, and Norfolk and its smoky chimneys. A counter current of air struck the balloon, and its course was reversed. Its retreat was rapid. He opened the valve, the gas escaped, and down he came. He could not say how fast he came down, but it was with a rapidity he would not care to have repeated. The car struck the top of a shelter tent, under which, luckily, no one happened to be at the time, knocked the tent into pi and left him enveloped in a mass of collapsed oil silk. He crawled out and found himself in the middle of a camp, not one hundred yards from General McClellan's headquarters.

THE NEEDS OF THE MODERN CHURCH.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY BISHOP FOSTER, PREACHED AT THE OPENING OF THE METHODIST CENTENARY.

The church of today and of the future will have need to make great account of the mind; of its appeaseless desire for truth, of its power to apprehend truth, of its determination to have truth. It must keep in constant recollection that in the pews and among the masses from whom it is to win its converts there are hungry minds, looking this way and that way for light upon the deep and great questions which emerge in every human consciousness as it advances toward eternity. It is the church whose teachings, oral and written, will satisfy these beings, that will not attempt to repress them or ignore them, or feed them on the husks of fable, or the wind of mere sound, or the swash of sentiment, that will possess the future. It must to make good its inheritance, grapple with the great problems, and master them, and so be able to furnish the solution which educated and trained reason will discover to be worthy and adequate.

The future will demand, with every increasing emphasis, that men who wear priestly robes, and minister at holy altars shall be worthy to wear the sacred vestments—capable to speak to men, and deserving to be heard by men.

There is we are bold to say, no greater need to the church of to-day than it give heed to the character and quality of its priestly order. For its pulpit and its altars, it must have men who intelligently understand its divine creed, and who are competent and faithful expounders of it. Men, not novices. Priestly men of unsullied robes. Holy men, whose hands are washed of mammon, and whose lips are pure and clean—keep the law of God. Men of creed; not of wealth, or fame, or applause of men, but of soul. Men who quarry in the mines of truth, and have skill to bring forth its precious ingots and kohinoors. Beyond also question, there is need for improvement in the matter of intellectual training for the pulpit, and the quality of its utterance. The men who, by the appointment of God, are called to lead the age, must be abreast—in advance—of its highest thought. It will be impossible for the pulpit to hold its place of power without this. The prophets were far in advance of their times. Whenever religious teachers have fallen behind the great thinkers, religion has declined, and will.

But if there is demand for increased intellectual vigor, what shall we say of spiritual power? Is there not alarming reason to fear a still greater want here? The deep, dead earnestness of the fathers was their power. It inspired them, made them go beyond themselves, put meaning and emphasis in plain crude words, and common thoughts, which without graces of speech or aid of learning, made them mighty. They burned, and men felt the heat. They aimed at results, and reached them. Am I mistaken when I say there is to-day a vast amount of aimless, spiritless preaching? Is it any marvel that men are not moved when they are plied with platitudes—when there is not a ripple on the dead sea of stagnant thought—not a breath of desire even to stir it? Is it a wonder the cry is raised about empty churches, about the masses that never enter the sanctuary? There is a reason. Can we affirm with truth that it is because men feel no interest in religious things? Is it that we are averse to concourse? Can it be ascribed to a disrelish of harangues or public addresses? Is worship distasteful? Or must we find the cause in some other reason? Men weary of platitudes. They have a disgust of crudities. They tire of spiritless, dry and heartless forms. They believe in sincerity and earnestness. They relish manly words. They like to feel the pull of a great soul on their souls—the tug and draw of a sympathetic heart. They require the grip of mind. They must believe in the absolute honesty of the preacher. In every service of worship they demand with the force of an instinct that it shall be worship—it must have soul.

Let the pulpit flame with thought, with earnest gospel images and other truths which illustrate and give force to its teachings; let the preacher feel the gravity of his great commission, and let him propound and expound the doctrines of faith as if he believed them, felt them, and the complaint of deadness and neglect of the house of God will cease. I have the profound conviction that one of the most crying needs of the Church of God to day, if not the very greatest, is a revival of the spirit and fervor of religion in the pulpit, and sorry I am to say it, in no pulpit is it more needed than our own. The need is both with respect to the mind and heart, one as much as the other. There is lack of manly strength, lack of devotement and devotion, lack of earnest piety, lack of priestly propriety, lack—it is to be feared—of any proper purpose, and in some cases of desire even. The people are hungry, and for bread they are fed on husks—worse than that, often, mere wind and sound. These are unsavory words, but I dare not withhold or moderate them.

If this convention might result in setting us all to think upon this point alone—if, standing here at the door of our second century, it might be so laid upon our hearts that the pulpit of Methodism should be roused to its ancient zeal, its ancient hunger for souls, its ancient heroism—it would send a thrill of joy through a thousand discouraged, starving churches, and a quickened life that would stir the land from rim to rim. There is no mistake, brothers, it is the great need of the hour. There are thousands of honest, great souled, earnest men of God in the pulpit, deeply feeling the situation, and who save the cause from perishing, but they are weighed down and neutralized by, I fear, an equal, if not much greater, number of intellectually and spiritually half-dead pastors, who study only their ease and support. O, for the awakening of the pulpit of Christendom!

As between the honest earnestness of unlettered rustics—but, alas! rustics are not all earnest—our most educated and cultured ministers are not the deadest; on the contrary, I think that they are by far the most alive—the dead are ignorant and untrained more frequently; but as between the honest, earnest rustics, who, out of their souls, speak as they feel and what they feel, simple truths in homely garb, and the dilettante, who reads or speaks his vapid nothings with a parade of literary finish and rhetorical and elocutionary flourish, let us have the rustic. But why have either in God's pulpit? Is this a place, in this age of crudeness, for pantomime, for tricks and acts to show off insipidities? Is this a time for wind when the battle of ideas and principles which are to determine the destiny of the world is raging? The man who has the effrontery to stand in a Christian pulpit in the nineteenth century, ignorant of its thought and hunger, unconscious of the forces about him, without a sense of the gravity of the situation, to waste the time and abuse the patience of a long-suffering congregation in trashy sentimentalism or the frippery and syllabub of meaningless and spiritless quirks and fancies, or pompous and hollow rodomontade, deserves to be whipped from the temple as a harlequin.

The Tale of a Telegrapher.

A party of men were telling stories in St. Louis, when one of them said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fe road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers.

'I was in the office in the evening,' he said, 'getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the look-out for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little, and seizing the key, I broke in with, 'Everybody—Don't stop the express at Granada to-night, whether signaled here. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five.' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About 10:30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently and would go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it, I had thought the thing over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open, so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew that it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road away, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. They released me and I told them what had happened. A couple of them stayed there with me and the train went on. If any express came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than that one, I'd like to know it."

AS ILLUSTRATIVE of what imagination will do, the case of a woman who imagined that a frog had found lodgment in her stomach may be recited. The woman in question is the wife of an industrious mechanic living out near the Presidio, and in some unknown manner conceived the idea that the reptile was in her stomach. Argument by her husband and friends that it was a hallucination availed not, and matters grew worse and worse until one day, when the woman was down town, her imaginary complaint was so bad that in desperation she entered a drug store and, stating her case, asked for relief. The apothecary happened to be a physician, and seeing at once that his customer's complaint was an imaginary one he resolved to humor her. Calling his clerk he despatched him to a rotisserie near by to procure a frog, and administered an emetic to the woman. The frog was slipped into the pail, and when the victim of the hallucination saw it she expressed her thanks, and said she felt much relieved. It was only a few days, however, before another hallucination that there were more frogs, offspring of the ejected reptile, in her stomach, took possession of her. She at once repaired to the apothecary and told him of her fears. The druggist scratched his head for a moment, and then remembering that he had chucked the frog into a jar of alcohol took it from the shelf, and after looking at it intently for a few moments, returned to the woman with a satisfied smile on his face, and said: "Madame, you are mistaken; this is not that kind of a frog." The woman was cured and since then has been troubled with no further hallucination of this kind. —*San Francisco Call.*

ABOUT THE HAIR.

HOW TO DRESS IT AND HOW TO CARE FOR IT.

From the English Hairdress.

To have beautiful hair keep it in health requires as much care as the teeth, nails or face. So many twist the hair up in some becoming fashion the year round, and wonder that it gets streaked, thin in spots and seems harsh and dry. The hair should be loosened every night before retiring, combed free from all tangles with a bone comb (rubber combs have done much to split and break the hair—nearly all have too much electricity to use rubber); then use a stiff brush for a long time, brushing from the top to the very ends.

It is well for the lady who has a maid, for it is impossible to properly brush one's hair if very long. Then braid and fasten the ends with soft silk braid for the night.

The scalp should be kept clean and healthy; wash occasionally, and have it shampooed two or three times a year as well.

To wash, braid the hair loosely in several braids, take a raw egg and rub thoroughly into the scalp (if beaten first it rubs in better), then rinse in cold water with a little ammonia incorporated in it, wring the braids in a course towel, sit by a fire or in the sun until dry, then comb out the braids. The braiding prevents much snarling. Where one's hair is thin a quinine lotion will prevent its falling out and give life to the roots. The Parisian fashions for dressing children's hair are as follows: Ringlets are most favored for babies. Little boys have curls in the back and bangs in front.

Little girls have their hair waved and falling down the back, with a colored ribbon to keep it in place. Some young girls have revived the fashion of light hair nets, with large meshes, in which the hair falls loose and as low down as the middle of the back. This style shows the hair to great advantage, and will probably meet with general approval. From sixteen to seventeen years of age the hair is worn high and twisted on the top of the head. With this method of arranging the hair round hats have no elastics, so as not to conceal any part of the pretty waves which the hair forms when thus raised from the nape of the neck. The hat is fastened to the hair by a steel pin with a shell or jet head.

Headgear, Footgear and Such.

[*Found in the Fashion Columns.*]

Bonnet strings are quite short.

A band of beaver or otter makes a coronet for a velvet or felt bonnet.

Bronze slippers and royal cardinal silk hose are popular for afternoon wear at home.

Gray and black ostrich feathers are speckled with white, as if sprinkled with snow.

Gloves are black, white, drab, fawn and tan. The Suede are still the most popular and handsome.

Choice sprays of faded velvet flowers appear upon some of the most elegant little opera bonnets from Paris,

A terra-cotta poke bonnet is lined with old gold satin. Waves of creamy lace and birds of fridescent plumage form the trimming.

A white cloth capote, with plaited crown, bound with wide brown velvet woven with tiny gold loops, has large pompons of zephyr wool.

EXPERIMENTS at certain school centres of London have proved that a penny is sufficient to pay all expenses for a substantial and nutritious dinner for school children.

FOUR masked burglars got into an office in Cleveland a few nights ago, and after pinioning the watchman and blowing open the safe, found, much to their surprise only sixteen cents.

AMUSEMENTS are necessarily few in the Michigan State prison, and two light-hearted convicts relieved the dullness of their life by holding a companion's head in a furnace door to burn his hair off.

For jackets the short jaunty shape, called in London the gentleman's jacket, is popular with young ladies. This fits the figure smoothly without back pleats, curves out plainly over the tournure, and is shorter behind than in front. A full trimming of some kind should edge this jacket all around, such as a fluffy feather border or fur of full thick fleece.

Tone up the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make you feel like a new person. Thousands have found health and relief from suffering by the use of this great blood purifier when all means failed.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to the alarming mortality among Bishops' wives. It appears that at present there are six Bishops who are widowers, five who have been married twice, and one, the Bishop of Liverpool, who has been married three times.

Forty years' experience, in every clime on earth, has proved Ayer's Cherry Pectoral to be the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung diseases. Neglected colds often become incurable ailments. Deal with them in time, and prevent their becoming deep-seated in the system.

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