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The Chestertown Transcript.

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Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE · FREE FROM · PURELY · CALIFORNIA · ALCOHOL · DR. WALKER'S · EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.

Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.

It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

As an Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

It Invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system. It is easy of administration, prompt in action, and certain in its results.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dreamness, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Typesetters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.

Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Tetter, Erysipelas, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.

Fever, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters. This wonderful remedy is especially adapted to the systems of children, for purifying herbs alone give it its remarkable curative powers. It contains no alcohol, opium or other poison.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 628, 630 & 632 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

LOOK AT THIS!

A few 6, 8 and 10 ASH EXTENSION TABLES at 80 cts. per foot; A few of same in Walnut at 90 cents per foot.

LOUIS K. STAM.

June 11.

SOAPS

FOR TOILET PURPOSES.

Beware of using the Common Soaps in the market! Many Skin Diseases are brought on by using common soap! We have been very careful in making our selections and we believe have the best in town.

COLIN F. STAM,

feb7. DRUGGI

PEABODY HOTEL.

NINTH STREET,

1½ Squares South of New Post Office,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

80 Rooms with Board $1.00 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $1.50 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $2.00 per day.
10 Rooms with Board, Bath and Dressing Room, $3.00 per day

W. PAINE, M. D., OWNER. Open Day and Night.

FLOUR.

Good Bread,
Good Health
And love bread
Gains Wealth.

Patapsco Superlative Patent, Patapsco Family, Patapsco Extra, Orange Extra, Clifton F. F. F., Kirkwood Extra, Occidental Extra, by the barrel, sack or pound. Get our prices on Flour before buying. We may save you money

J. B. SAPPINGTON

Question, What shall I read?

Answer, Examine Large Stock of Sea Side and Lovell's Libraries at C. F. STAM'S DRUG STORE. If you want any Books by Mail, send for a catalogue.

LIME! LIME!

No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,

—FOR—

BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING

LOWEST PRICES

by J. B. SAPPINGTON

May 22, 1884.

A Clear Skin

is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

PROMPT, SAFE, SURE

Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches.

Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

A. C. YATES & Co

THE EVER POPULAR

CLOTHING HOUSE

Of Philadelphia, are fully prepared to show a new and handsome variety of Fall and Winter Goods for Men, Youths, Boys and Children (all under one roof now).

A. C. YATES & CO.,

602, 604, 606 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

CUT RATES.

We have determined to have the very latest styles always, and to prevent any goods from being carried over to another season, have reduced the price for our first-class Clothing to figures that will soon make a clearance. To old customers and new friends, this is a special opportunity to obtain

THE FINEST CLOTHING

for gentlemen and their sons at the lowest prices,

Our Custom Order Department also competes for a share of the public favor.

Acme Hall,

THE GLASS OF FASHION,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMOEE, MD.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Partnership Notice.

A New Fertilizer Manufactory.

The undersigned have formed a partnership for the manufacturing of a Standard Phosphate in Chestertown and will use the factory formerly occupied by Connelly & DeFord near the depot in Chestertown. We hope by making a First-Class Goods, to obtain a liberal share of the patronage from the farmers of Kent county. We intend to make nothing but Standard Goods.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. HINES,
WM. H. CACY.

July 16—tf.

Egg-Making Feed

—FOR—

ALL VARIETIE OF POULTRY

The object of the Egg-Making Feed is to supply from artificial sources the chemical and physiological elements absolutely required to form egg shell, albumen and egg yelk. We believe the use of this powder will directly enhance and increase the production of eggs.

25 cents per package.

COLIN F. STAM,

March 5. Druggist.

WHITEWASH BRUSHES, all sizes, at to prices. J. H. SIMPER'S

CARPENTER'S EXCURSION.

FOLLOWED BY A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN BLACK, WHO MADE TROUBLE.

From N. Y. Sun.

Seven years ago Annie Dupell was married to Frank E. Carpenter, a young man who kept a butter store in Williamsburgh. The wedding took place on the 9th of September, the bride's birthday. She was 19 years old; the husband was two years older, and for two years they ran the butter store successfully and happily. Then Mrs. Carpenter declared that her Frank was too bright to stay in the butter business, and must do something more worthy of him. Mr. Carpenter said he was not rich enough yet to give up selling butter; but his wife said that if he would only study to become a doctor she would work and see that the money was forthcoming. So Frank Carpenter began studying medicine, and his wife went to live with her mother, worked in a store, did dressmaking and turned over the proceeds to be spent on his profession.

Three years of hard work for Mrs. Carpenter, and then her husband graduated from the Long Island College Hospital a full-fledged doctor, and hung out his sign at 1,107 De Kalb avenue, in Brooklyn. His practice grew fast enough to meet all the wants of two youngsters who had appeared on the scene, and up to within a fortnight Mrs. Carpenter was much pleased with the result of her hard work. Then she wished that she had been satisfied to have Frank remain in the butter business and leave medicine alone.

It was all on account of Mrs. Mary Dwyer, a married woman who lives with her young son at her father's house, 495 Washington avenue. The Doctor, who was called to see her six weeks ago, visited her house for a month, and excited the interest of his wife by telling her how unfortunate the new patient was. She could speak German beautifully, and was a very fine musician, he said, but she was poor, and her ill health demanded a doctor's constant attention. This story aroused the sympathy of Mrs. Carpenter, so that in spite of her misgivings she could not refuse when her husband proposed that Mrs. Dwyer should come to their house to live, and teach music and German to the children in part payment for her board and medical attendance. Two weeks ago Mrs. Dwyer came, and there followed in her wake the following tale of adventure, which yesterday stirred up Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Poughkeepsie, New York, the Yorkville Police Court and Police Justice White.

The trouble began when Mrs. Carpenter noticed that her husband was learning German much faster than the children were learning music, and it reached a climax when she thought she discovered positive evidence that her husband had forgotten all she had done for him and was deceiving her. She accused Mrs. Dwyer, who went home and sent for her trunks. Then Mrs. Carpenter says she would have been satisfied if the Doctor had been willing to reform, and write to Mrs. Dwyer that he would have nothing more to do with her; but he refused to do so, and when she said she would go away, he said she might if she liked. Even when his mother-in-law talked to him he paid no attention. Then Mrs. Carpenter went to consult an aunt as to what she had better do, and her husband got angry with her for that. Finally, day before yesterday, the Doctor said he would have to go away for a little while, and Mrs. Carpenter told her mother she feared the worst had come.

The Doctor's mother-in-law said she knew it had, but she meant that her daughter should have her rights, and told the young wife to trust to her. Then she went out, and returned before long with a bundle. Meanwhile the Doctor had been making preparations for his journey. Mrs. Dupell, the mother-in-law, called her daughter up stairs, and more preparations were begun. The big bundle was opened and Mrs. Dupell took out a complete mourning suit which she had borrowed from a friend, and which she ordered her daughter to put on. Next she hauled forth three black veils, which were fastened on Mrs. Carpenter's bonnet and made to hang down over her face. Then the mother and daughter looked out of the window until they saw the Doctor sallying gallantly forth with his satchel. Mrs. Carpenter grabbed her satchel. Her mother whispered, "Stick to him wherever he goes," and watched her disappear down the street in pursuit of her husband. That truant glanced around him once or twice, and seeing no one but a lady all in black following him tripped gayly on his way, and climbed aboard a car leading to Grand street ferry. He had never seen his wife in mourning, and so was not at all alarmed when she climbed aboard the car, too, and sat down behind him, with fire in her eye.

At Grand street he took the ferry-boat for New York, and Mrs. Carpenter did the same. On the other side the Doctor jumped lightly ashore before the boat was made fast, and got a little start, so that when Mrs. Carpenter rushed out of the ferry house she saw him on the platform of a car which was just starting across town. Tightly seizing her black parasol, in the handle of which a meditative wooden owl sat dozing, she waved it at the car and ran. The car kept going and she kept running, while the crowd gazed in amazement at the waving parasol and widow's weeds streaming in the wind. But after running a block her energy was rewarded, and she had the satisfaction of taking a seat where she could still gaze at her husband through the three thicknesses of her veil.

On the west side he left the car and walked down toward the steamer James W. Baldwin, which was waiting to carry people up the Hudson. The same eyes were on him all the way, and they soon had their reward. For as soon as the Doctor got to the boat, a woman with a very thick blue veil appeared with trunk checks in her hand, and kissed the Doctor as affectionately as she could through a blue veil. Mrs. Carpenter started forward, grasping the parasol in a way that endangered the wooden owl's existence. But she changed her mind before she reached the woman with the blue veil, and determined to take her mother's advice and follow. The Doctor boarded the steamboat with Mrs. Dwyer, whose face was back of the veil, and Mrs. Carpenter followed after them.

The Doctor bought two tickets for Rondout, and went with Mrs. Dwyer into stateroom 53. Mrs. Carpenter went to buy a ticket and found that she had no money with her but the change which she had paid out in car fare. She sent for the Captain of the boat and told him her story and asked his advice. The Captain hauled out a five dollar bill and advised her to keep right on. Then, becoming interested in the case, he gave her stateroom 50, right opposite her husband's and gazed in admiration when Mrs. Carpenter brought out a chair and camped right down before No. 53. When the runaways went down to supper Mrs. Carpenter went down, storing up every word of gallantry from the Doctor, noting every glance of tenderness that was shot through the blue veil, squeezing her umbrella tighter and tighter, and making the owl's life a very hard one.

The runaways got out at Poughkeepsie and sent their baggage to the Hudson River Railroad depot, and then went to the Poughkeepsie Hotel, where they registered as F. Ross and lady. Mrs. Carpenter waited until they had gone to their rooms, and then went out and asked the police to please come and get them. The police wouldn't, so Mrs. Carpenter got a room at the hotel and left word that she should be called when Mr. and Mrs. Ross were.

Seven o'clock yesterday morning found them all on board a fast train spinning back to New York, with Mrs. Carpenter sitting two seats back of her husband and his companion. The two appeared to think a great deal of each other, and at Tarrytown Mrs. Carpenter, who couldn't stand it any more, turned to a big man with a brown beard who sat back of her, and asked him to get her some policemen at Yonkers. The brown-bearded man said it was best not to depend on the Yonkers police, but that he would send a telegram to New York and get policemen who would be only too glad to arrest them for her.

He did send a telegram, and when the Doctor got off a car one detective slapped him on the shoulder, saying: 'I want you,' while another detective looked after the blue-veiled lady, who seemed to want to faint. The Doctor angrily demanded what for, and was getting very indignant, when a slender woman in black came up with a big brown-bearded man to back her. Out of the three thicknesses of crape came a voice which he knew well, and which showed a good deal of energy in telling him what kind of a man the owner of the voice thought he was. The Doctor asked his wife if she wanted to disgrace him, and she said she did. She said she would never hurt her eyes working all night and day for him again; and she drew answering indignation from underneath the blue veil by telling its owner, among other things, that she was old enough to be the Doctor's mother. Then all adjourned to the nearest police station, down under the railroad depot. There Mrs. Dwyer said she was only 33 years old; and Mrs. Carpenter got awfully indignant, and stayed so, until they came face to face again in Justice White's Court in Fifty-seventh St.

A big crowd was there, and enjoyed their arrival very much. The Doctor was small, with a boyish face, and a struggling black moustache, which he twirled while he tried to look fierce. He told a man who asked him that he desired to say nothing at all, and when Mrs. Dwyer said she had something to tell, he said: "Hush, Mamie, I can make them sweat if they say anything about us," and so pacified her into silence. At last they were all in a row before Judge White, who looked very fierce and indignant. Mrs. Carpenter drew back her veil and showed a pretty face, very pale, with curly brown hair, and the biggest blue eyes that Justice White had ever seen. The Judge was anxious to see how beautiful a woman it was for whom the Doctor had quitted such a pretty wife. But Mrs. Dwyer did not want to lift her veil until the Judge said she must. He was immediately sorry that he had said so. The wildest stretch of gallantry could not give to Mrs. Dwyer's appearance any milder name than positive homeliness. She looked quite as old as thirty-three, and her nose, which had been broken, bore painfully evident traces of the collision.

"What are you doing with that woman?" thundered the Judge, fiercer than ever.

The Doctor gazed straight into the Court's eye and began:

"On the 24th of last month—"

"Don't go so far back," thundered the Judge. "Begin with yesterday."

The Doctor said he must go back to the 24th; he had a right to go back. But the Court differed with him, and told him that he might go back to a dungeon until the next day at 3 o'clock. The Doctor was full of indignation, but the policeman didn't let him utter it. Mrs. Dwyer was indignant too.

"I'm perfectly innocent, Judge," she said. 'Can't I give bail?'

The Judge said she might, and the two were taken to the Grand Central police station again. Mrs. Carpenter went over to Brooklyn armed with a personal letter from Police Justice White to Police Justice Walsh, asking the latter to issue a writ to bring the Doctor over to Brooklyn, where his wife and mother-in-law will see about sueing him for abandonment. Eloping is not a crime, and why Mrs. Dwyer was locked up is not clear. But she was locked up, and as no bail was offered, remained there all night with the Doctor, who did likewise, and grieved because of his wife's refusal to grant him a half hour's interview. He says he is innocent, and tried to make it clear. It was not very clear. Every one admired Mrs. Carpenter, and the detective who escorted her to breakfast expressed the belief that she ought to wear a badge and be in the business, because her nerve was considerably superior to that of a lion.

A Gambling Room for Women.

THE GAMBLING CRAZE AT LONG BRANCH, AND THE WAR ON THE CLUB HOUSES.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The fight against the gamblers at Long Branch has gone so far as a raid on the Ocean Club, a big establishment standing in the grounds of the Ocean Hotel. This house is second only to the Pennsylvania Club in gorgeousness and exceeds it in size. It is one of the handsomest structures along the shore, being ornate in architecture, and situated in the midst of flowers and foliage. The interior is finished in natural woods. There are numerous private game rooms, a public restaurant, and chiefly a hall of large proportions and beautiful finish, wherein four faro tables, four roulette tables, and two red and black tables are in nightly use. Charley Ransom is the manager, but he is understood to have the partnership and backing of several capitalists.

The play is heavy, and the chips represented over $19,000 at a time when your correspondent made an inventory. Thirty-six men are required to run this single apartment and the crowd sometimes numbers three hundred.

The police of Long Branch are a comically rural and inert body, and they, with the Justices of the Peace, are very deferential to the gambling interest, but the Town Trustees, a majority of whom are rich summer residents, have resolved to exterminate the gamblers, and under their pressure a raid has been made on the Ocean Club. Five employees were arrested, and a Justice fined them $100 each, which Ransom paid promptly and they returned to duty in the club. But the sentiment of the cottagers has been aroused by the notoriety which the Branch has got as the world's gambling resort, and the gamblers are frightened. Their plunder has been unprecedented thus far this season, owing to the expulsion of gambling from New York city, and the unusual attendance at the Monmouth races, which are extended through the whole summer.

Losses of $5,000, $10,000, and, in the case of one Wall street man, as high as $14,000 in a single night, show the enormous winnings of the rascals. A feature of the evil lately developed is a roulette game for women. A room in the Pennsylvania Club has been set apart for this purpose. The enticement of a good supper precedes the play, and, unlike the gaming for men, entrance is somewhat restricted. A league for the extermination of the gamblers has been formed, and among the participants in the movement are Gen. Horace Porter, George William Childs, Jesse and James Seligman, Chauncey M. Depew and John Harper. It is hoped that the weight of this onslaught will be sufficient to break down the official support of the rich gamblers.

Anchoring a Button.

From the Detroit Free Press.

He drifted into a sample saloon the other day, wiped his forehead, felt around in his pocket, and said, with a pleasant smile:

"Well, as it seems I have just one ten-cent piece left to-day, I'll take a drink."

When the four fingers of Antioch nerve tangler had been secreted in his remotest recesses, the customer fumbled among his keys and laid something on the counter. As he did so he said:

"Great Scott! just look at that now!"

"I see it," said the barkeeper, scornfully regarding the alleged dime. "It's a suspender button. What of it?"

"Why, I didn't look at it, you know. I just felt in my pocket, and I'm blamed if I didn't think it was a dime. Ahem! I suppose you'll have to put it on the ice until to-morrow. I'll drop in and fix it."

"Oh, of course you will. Take this and fix it now." And the cocktail dispenser handed over a needle and thread.

"What's that for?"

"Why for you to sew that button on with, right now. You may make the same mistake somewhere else; sew her on strong."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL has a mastiff. Another visitor at the same hotel, the Rev. Henry Wadley, was accompanied by a dog of the same breed as Ingersoll's pet. A waiter says: "The two gentlemen was a dining together, out onto the veranda. They got to talking pretty fast and loud, and not waiting for one to stop before the other commenced." This seems to prove that a religious argument had sprung up. "The gentlemen smiled all the time, or else I'd a thought they was mad," the waiter adds. "The dogs guessed a quarrel was going on between their masters. Pretty soon Mr. Ingersoll said he'd got to go, and Mr. Wadley said he had, too, and they stood up kind of sudden, sticking out their hands to shake for good-by. Well, the dogs mistook it for a putting up of fists to fight, I suppose, for they pitched in like bulldogs in a pit." The infidel's dog was whipped.

TWO SINGERS.

[E. P. Crauch in New York Independent.]

One touched his facile lyre to please the ear
And win the buzzing plaudits of the town,
And sang a song that caroled loud and clear,
And gained at once a blazing, brief renown.
Nor he, nor all that crowd behind, there saw
The ephemeral list of pleasant rhymers dead—
Their verse once deemed a title without flaw
To fame whose phantom radiance long had fled.

Another sang his soul out to the stars
And the deep hearts of men. The few who passed
Heard a low, thoughtful strain behind the bars,
As of some captive in a prison cast.
And when that thrilling voice no more was heard,
Him from his cell in funeral pomp they bore;
Then all that he had sung and written stirred
The world's great heart with thoughts unknown before.

DRUNKENNESS NOT FASHIONABLE.

Irregular Habits Arising from Drink No Longer Excused in New York.

[New York Cor. Chicago Journal.]

The expression of views on the temperance question is sure to displease about three-fourths of the readers, so diverse are opinions on that subject; but I take it that everybody will like to be assured that drunkenness is unfashionable in New York. The number of arrests for intoxication are fewer year by year, although the police grow steadily more strict in keeping inebriety out of sight, and I think that the improvement comes of the disrepute into which intemperance has fallen. The change within ten years is remarkable. Irregular habits arising from drink are not excused as they used to be, either socially or in business. The employe who lets rum get the best of him is nowadays discharged. Mechanics exceed the demand anyhow, and so there is no necessity, as there certainly is no disposition to give work to bummers.

It is the same way in the professions. Drunkenness is no longer considered a mark of genius. People will not be doctored by Bacchus, nor intrust their law cases to him; and in journalism the reform within a decade has been wonderful. There was a time when broken-down clergymen, lawyers and physicians largely found a refuge in newspaper work as reporters; but now the recruits are almost altogether fresh college graduates, and sobriety is essential to retention on the staff of any except a journal unable to pay market rates for matter. So general has this rule become that not a single habitual drunkard is to be found on the staffs of at least three of the morning dailies, and he finds it hard to get a job anywhere.

"Bear in mind that Jim has a wife and two children to support," said an interceder for a discharged drunkard.

"And it so happens," replied the editor, "that the sober man whom I have put in Jim's place has a wife and four children. It should always be remembered that every expulsion of a bummer leaves a position for a decent man. We don't run an inebriate asylum or a moral reformatory."

That sound theory seems to have come into practice throughout this busy city, and intolerance of drunkenness, in all the walks of life, is doing more for the cause of temperance than all the laws that have been or can be made.

Perhaps it is carrying the rule too far, however, when the doors of a hospital are shut against inebriates. The man with a broken leg, or a fever, can get first-rate free treatment in a public hospital, if he is too poor to pay; or he may get admission into one or another of a dozen excellent institutions maintained by individual benevolence, but there are several charities which strictly exclude all who are perceptibly addicted to strong drink.

Ancient Origin of Certain Chestnuts.

[Boston Transcript.]

Ice cream, female appetite for: Traces of this joke found in the early Aryan inscriptions. Figures found on monolith at Cunaxa, representing a male and female figure seated at a banquet. The female has a large mound of some edible before her. The expression on the male's face that of astonishment and anxiety, while he looks at a small coin, supposed to be one of the Aryan tenmill or common coins. On the other side of the monolith is a group representing one man falling down a steep flight of steps, having evidently been thrown by a grinning group who stand at the head of the descent. Dr. Schliemann thinks this spirited representation is indicative of the fate of those who took the ice cream joke into Aryan newspaper offices.

Goat and Tomato Can. Abnormal appetite: This is a favorite with college papers. Believed to have been brought from Syria by the returning crusaders. De Joinville in his "Chronicles" relates: "Ye goode King Richard dyd then ask hys jester to tell unto hym a merry fantasy or tale. Thereupon ye varlet in surly mood, mislyking to be disturbed of hys victual, did grudgingly begin: 'Once upon a tyme a goat feeling ye pangs of hunger dyd go out into ye field for to find wherewithal to eat. Hys eye did then light upon a tomato can—' Angered beyond hys royal patience, ye great kyng did fetch ye jester a mighty blow wych laid out ye varlet cold. 'Gadzooks,' said hys majesty, 'dost you varlet think he is telling stories to my royal great-grandfather, ye saints rest hys soul?'"

Mule's Hoof, examination of: Pedro of Cordova says that this joke is found in some of the Moorish jest books which the Saracens brought into Spain. It was their merry custom to tell the credulous that each Saracen placed a diamond in the centre of his mule's hoof, which any one might have for the taking out. Many there be, says Pedro, "who have found ye hoof, but few there be who have found ye diamond." Sometimes the Saracens put a soft cushion on the hoof in order that the credulous might not be too severely punished, whence came the expression, "Padding the hoof."

A Dance of Death.

[White Sulphur Springs Letter.]

One of the best dancers here in former days—now, alas, no more—was the daughter-in-law of one of New York's many millionaired monopolists. Her residence was in a city not quite so remote. Her physician told her that, though outwardly in comparative health, her days were few. To give the people of her own town something to remember her by, after her own heart, she determined to give "a memorial german," and the favors were to be bonnets, wraps and spring overcoats and hats for the men, articles both useful and ornamental. The decidedly unique german came off, and with her own hands she distributed the favors. Those who witnessed the never-to-be-forgotten scene speak of it to this day with a half-shudder as Mrs. ——'s "memorial german."

Drinking in the South.

Southern drinkers are reported to be abandoning brandy and whisky for wine, ale, and beer. They are beginning to understand that strong liquors won't do in that climate.

History Repeats Itself.

[New York Journal.]

"Papa, did you ever smoke when you was a boy?" asked a 10-year-old Brooklyn lad who was vigorously chewing coffee to disguise the vile odor of a cigarette which clung to him still.

"Yes, once," replied the father, as he sniffed the smell of tobacco in the air.

"What did your papa say?" asked the boy, with unusual interest.

"He didn't say a word, my son; but this is what he did when he found it out."

When the father finished the temperature of his scion was several degrees hotter than the ambient atmosphere.

Taking It Coolly.

A New Haven dude distinguished himself on a recent hot Sabbath morning by rigging himself in a bathing suit, and then seating himself upon the front lawn under the spray of a sprinkler attached to a garden hose.

A Thrifty Rose-Tree.

A Marechal Niel rose-tree of London, though 20 years of age, produced this season more than 3,000 choice blooms. In 1882 more than 2,500 roses are recorded from this wonderful tree.

THE PIPE IN PERSIA.

A SMOKING APPARATUS OF COMPLICATED CONSTRUCTION.

The Persian's Fondness for His Water Pipe—Filling a Pipe on Horseback at Full Gallop—Etiquette Among Smokers.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The Persians, whose boast is that they, of all the nations of western Asia, have the most highly educated and refined taste, peculiar mental advantages and the oldest civilization, have certainly attained the highest pitch of refinement in respect to pipes and tobacco. The Persian tobacco, known under the name of tambaku, is somewhat different from other sorts, added to which the apparatus out of which it is enjoyed is decidedly different. Its several parts are as follows: First of all is the vessel for holding water, which is made either out of clay, of which the best are prepared at Nisvahan, or of glass, which are imported from Russia or Bohemia, or, lastly, of cocoanut mounted in silver. This last is justly accounted the most luxurious, for the nut is carefully selected and then set in silver or gold, splendidly chased, and often adorned with precious stones.

Then the headpiece is hollow; often as much as a foot high, made of black wood, but, among the richer classes, sometimes of silver, and is adorned with little chains or other ornaments. On the top of this is set the pipe bowl, which is made either of clay or wood. Its inner surface is smeared with chalk; the outer surface, on the contrary, is, by the rich, plated with silver or gold, and often covered with all sorts of ornaments and jewels. For this purpose enamel is especially employed, on which exquisite patterns are painted, and the artists of Ispahan and of Shiraz, who are the most celebrated in this line, often receive as much as from $20 to $40 for painting and adorning one of these bowls. The last piece of the complicated apparatus is the thin tube, which is fixed in the vessel containing water. In its place is sometimes used a long snakelike tube made of leather. This, however, is considered a piece of luxury, and seldom used except when traveling or riding on horseback. On such occasions, the servant, who rides behind his master, carries the apparatus, while the latter only holds the mouthpiece.

Taken all in all, the Persian water pipe is, when tastily made, a very ornamental piece of furniture. It is also more Oriental in its character than the chibouque, as the smoker is obliged to sit down while using it. The Persian is passionately fond of it, and when, leaning forward from his seat, he breathes around him the light wreaths of perfumed smoke, he has attained the highest enjoyment. The Turkish chibouque is at all times and places equally agreeable; but the Persian water pipe is considered to be most enjoyable in the early morning, and just before sunset. Every Persian house has, in the middle of its court, a small fountain, by the side of which they especially love to smoke.

The best tambaku is grown in Shiraz and its neighborhood, especially in the village Zergna. It is there produced in tolerably large quantities and the yearly export of this article amounts to some $50,000. It is, for the most part, packed in sacks, with the leaf entire, and, as it is very friable, the consumer prepares it for use by merely rubbing it between his fingers. The tobacco should never be allowed to remain wet for a longer time than an hour before being smoked, and the water in the water holder should be changed for every fresh pipe. Altogether it requires more careful attendance than the Turkish pipe. Consequently a Persian keeps more servants for this end. At least two are necessary—one to fill the pipe, and the other to hand it when filled to his master. When on a journey, such a servant has a horse especially set apart for him. On one side of the saddle hangs the leather water bottle, on the other the pan of live coals, while pipe and tobacco are packed in a case fixed to the pommel of the saddle. These servants are for the most part very nimble in doing their work, and it is interesting to see such a one on a journey put together the different parts of the whole concern and with outstretched arm give his master the mouthpiece while both are in full gallop.

As the Persian is on all occasions a careful observer of etiquette, he has numberless ceremonies to be observed with regard to the pipe. He has summer pipes and winter pipes, pipes for different ranks, ages and sexes. When a party is given it is customary that pipes be offered to the whole company simultaneously. The servants approach in line, each offers his pipe to the smoker for whom it is destined at one and the same moment, and it is only when they have retired that the master of the house opens the gurgling concert, all the guests carefully keeping time with him. After a few puffs the pipes are exchanged, both parties observing set formalities and making many bows as they mutually give and receive this token of esteem and confidence. Neglect in this ceremony is considered the height of bad breeding, and to put the pipe more than half an inch in the mouth as a mark of great greediness. It must, however, be observed that these niceties of behavior are not observed merely by the higher and better educated classes, but are in vogue among the lower orders also, for every Persian wishes to be considered polite.

The ladies, who in Persia enjoy considerably more freedom than in Turkey, can indulge themselves with smoking with less constraint than in the latter country. Young girls and elderly matrons alike spend hours over their pipes, the richer ones accompanying every third whiff with a bit of sugar. As smoking out of the same pipe is accounted as a sign of friendly feeling and confidence, the pipe plays an important part in interviews of a tender nature. The expression "to eat out of the same dish" is in Persia applied to the pipe. As the fair sex here are even more assiduously devoted to the practice of smoking than in Turkey, the mouths of princesses and peasant women alike have a very strong smell.

Some Curious Statistics.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A noted statistician, Edward Atkinson, insists that there is an abundance of room yet in the world. The 1,400,000,000 persons supposed to be on the globe could all find easy standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and by the aid of a telephone could be addressed at one time by a single speaker. In a field twenty miles square they could all be comfortably seated.

Then take the land of the globe suitable for growing wheat; not more than one-twentieth is under cultivation. The average crop of wheat in the United States and Canada alone would give one person in every twenty of the population of the globe a barrel of flour in each year, with enough to spare for seed. We can raise grain enough on a small part of the territory of the United States to feed the whole world. If, therefore, there is hunger anywhere, it is not the fault of God or nature, but because of the incompetency or want of management on the part of those who direct the affairs of mankind.

An Apothegm.

[New York Herald.]

Robert Collyer tells us of one of the best and wisest things Gen. Grant ever said. "Men are more scarce than heroes," said the soldier, with the brevity that is begotten of wit.

The hero is apt to be linear—he goes further in one direction than any of his fellows; but the man who, according to Grant, is scarcer than heroes, is one who is great all round the circumference of duty and achievement. Heroism is sometimes born of a single noble impulse; true manhood is the calm result of strong convictions. Grant was right.

Turkish Paper Money.

[Chicago Times.]

A set of Turkish paper money is among the most valuable possessions of the Numismatic Antiquarian society of Philadelphia. The particular value of this set arises from the fact that no bank notes are now used in Turkey, the many forgeries compelling the government to stop their circulation.

Biffraff Clippings.

A Russian paper says: "During the last fifteen years the inhabitants of a malarial locality in Kharkoo Government in Russia have used the *crab powder* with great success against the fevers. The powder is prepared in the following way: Live crabs are poured over with the ordinary whiskey until they get asleep, then they are put on a bread pan in a hot oven, thoroughly dried and pulverized, and the powder passed through a fine sieve. One dose, a teaspoonful, is generally sufficient to cure the intermittent fever; in very obstinate cases, a second dose is required. Each dose is invariably preceded by a glass of aloe brandy, as a purgative. The powder is used in that locality in preference to quinine."

A CURE OF PNEUMONIA.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected. 2.3,2t.

The Cabinet officers, who are comparatively new to public life, have adopted an excellent plan to avoid displaying their want of acquaintance with the names and faces of statesmen. They have retained the private secretaries of their predecessors, who had under the former administration become acquainted with all prominent gentlemen who were in the habit of visiting the departments. As soon as any one whom the Secretary does not know enters his room he whispers to the private secretary, who promptly whispers the name and station of the visitor, if he is at all prominent. This whispered information enables the Secretary to greet his caller as though he was an old acquaintance.

NOT A SINGLE GRAY HAIR.

'You may laugh and think me a vain thing,' writes Mrs. J. R. C., of San Francisco, to a friend in this city, 'but I have not a gray hair in my head, and yet (sad to say) I am fifty and a day. Recently my hair was not only quite gray but quite thin, too. Parker's Hair Balsam—made in New York, I think—did wonders for me. Try it if you have occasion. It really does what I say, and restores the color also.' Not a dye, not greasy, highly perfum