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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1885. VOL. XXIV-NO. 21

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL PURELY VEGETABLE

D. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA 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.

The 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, Pneumonia, 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, Tumples, 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.

Measles, 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 system 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 608, 610 & 612 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. DRUGGIST

PEABODY HOTEL.

NINTH STREET,

1½ Squares South of New Post Office,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

30 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 level head
Gains Wealth.

Patapsco Superlative Pateut, 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.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

—IN A—

Home Company.

The MUTUAL AID SOCIETY,

Of Kent County, Maryland.

OFFICERS:

JAMES A. PEARCE, President,
GEORGE W. HARPER, Vice-President,
HARRY RICKEY, Secretary,
CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Treasurer,
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To the Citizens of Kent County.

Having accepted the General Agency of the above Society I propose to use every effort to make it as successful as the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent County. I therefore ask the co-operation of every citizen of the county. I will be pleased to give any information in reference to it. A copy of the By-Laws will be furnished on application. I hope to have a liberal support from this county as I propose to canvass it thoroughly before going to others.

I will be in Chestertown every Monday and Tuesday to attend to my duties as Register of Wills and on those days any persons desiring to become members (residing out of Chestertown) can be examined by our physician, free of charge, at my residence.

JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,

July 23—tf. General Agent.

COAL NOTICE.

HAVING now recovered my health and being able to attend to my employer's business, I am ready to

RECEIVE ORDERS FOR COAL FOR AUGUST DELIVERY.

We are prepared to furnish the

Best Quality White Ash COAL

AS CHEAP AS CAN BE FURNISHED

delivered to your house in Chestertown, Cash on delivery.

Hoping that our customers and the public generally will favor us with their orders, I remain very respectfully yours,

J. B. McINTIRE, Agent for T. DEC. RUTH.

Aug. 13, 1885. Chestertown, Md.

Tolchester Line.

LOUISE DAILY,

leaving Tolchester at 10.15 A. M., and 6 P. M. Leave Baltimore at 8.15 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

3 HOURS IN BALTIMORE AND RETURN SAME DAY.

For further information apply to CHARLES LLOYD, or Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore

☞ James Russell will run a stage from Chestertown, connecting with boat each trip.

May 28, 1885.

PEOPLE'S

Transportation Line

Peach Schedule.

Steamer E. N. FAIRCHILD

will run daily (Sundays excepted) on and after August 10, as follows: Will leave Buckingham at 4½ p. m., Snitchel's at 5 p. m., Chestertown at 6 p. m., Burchinal's at 6½ p. m., Quaker Neck at 7½ p. m., and arrive in Baltimore at 1½ a. m. Returnig, leave Baltimore 7 a. m.

Freights of all kinds earnestly solicited. Will be carried on moderate terms and carefully handled and every effort will be made to accommodate. For further information apply to

CAPT. JAS. H. THOMPSON.

Aug. 13, 1885. Chestertown, Md.

SASSAFRAS RIVER LINE.

On and after Wednesday, June the 24th, the Steamer TRUMPETER will leave Georgetown DAILY (except Sunday), at 7 A. M., and leave Baltimore at 3 P. M., stopping at all the landings on the Sassafras river.

THE CHESTER

Will leave Buck Neck EVERY DAY (except Sunday), at 8.30 A. M., and Baltimore at 4 P. M., stopping at all the landings on the creek.

Passengers will have five (5) hours in Baltimore, and arrive at Buck Neck at 7 P.M.

Stages will connect with the boat daily at Buck Neck for Chestertown. Mr. Charles H. Davis will have charge of the stages.

WM. CUNDIFF, Superintendent.

☞ Orders left at C. F. Stam's and M. A. Toulson's drug stores promptly attended to.

June 18, 1885. C. H. DAVIS.

KEEP COOL!

WE greet you with a new card, Cummings' ICE-CREAM is known for its superior quality and purity of materials. Our parlors are pleasant, well-ventilated and are considered by competent judges to be among the most pleasant places in the town.

Ice Cream and Water Ices

ALL FLAVORS,

fresh every day, Wholesale and Retail. Picnics, Parties and families supplied. We have also fresh Bread, Rolls and Rusk, Pies, Cakes of all kinds, daily; Confectionery, Fruits and Nuts of all kinds.

Will be glad to see all of our friends and the rest of mankind.

CUMMINGS & CO.,

May 28. opp. the Bank

MATTING, MATTING.—Fancy, Check & White Matting to arrive. Carpets and Cloth at lowers prices.

J. H. SIMPERS,

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

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

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 or 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 enliance and increase the production of eggs.

25 cents per package.

COLIN F. STAM,

March 5. Druggist

MATTING! MATTING!! From 12½ per yard up.

J. H. SIMPERS

NOCTURNE.

[Belgravia.]

Still, still is the night; still as the pause after pain;
Still and as dear;
Deep, solemn, immense; veiling the stars in the clear
Thrilling and luminous blue of the moon-shot atmosphere;
Ah, could the night remain!

Who, truly, shall say thou art sullen or dark or unseen,
Thou, O heavenly night,
Clear o'er the valley of olives asleep in the quivering light,
Clear o'er the pale-red hedge of the rose, and the lilies all white

Down at my feet in the green?
Nay, not as the day, thou art light, O night, with a beam
Far more dear and divine;
Never the moon was blue as these tremulous heavens of thine,
Pulsing with stars half seen, and vague in a pallid shine,
Vague as a dream.

Night, clear with the moon, filled with the dreamy fire
Shining in thicket and close,
That from the lamp in his luminous breast the fire-fly throws;
Night, full of wandering light and of song, and the blossoming rose,
Night, be thou my desire!

Night, Angel of Night, hold me and cover me so—
Open thy wings!
Ah, bend above and embrace!—till I hear in the one bird that sings
The throb of thy musical heart in the dusk, and the magical things
Only the night can know.

WOMEN BETTING ON RACES.

Preferring to Back the Favorite—Placing Money on a Pleasing Name.

[Cor. New York Times.]

The average betting woman is, however, a very different creature—impulsive, illogical, and whimsical. A bet made she usually regrets it. Posted as to performances of horses and jockeys they are, but the knowledge is of little use, as it is not taken advantage of when they come to place their money. A favorite among the jockeys, no matter what his mount may be, often decides the way in which their money is to be placed. Oftener still the money is placed upon the representative of a favorite stable. There is hardly one betting woman in ten who will not place her money on a horse owned by one of the Lorillards. When both have entries for the same event a prejudice in favor of the one or other decides the placing of their money.

The second factor in leading them to a decision in such a case as that named is the jockey; the third, the positions of the horses in the bookmaker's estimation. Women, as a rule, have no use for short horses. They prefer to back the favorite on the theory that the favorite usually wins, and though the returns for their investment may be less, that it's better to make a little than to lose all. Risk they don't want to think of. Certainties are what they are after.

With the novices among betting women their entrance into the fascinating game is attended by many queer notions. They are ignorant as to the merits of horses and riders. The novitiate then looks over a list of horses, and finds a name that pleases her, and places her first $5 in the mutual pool-box to back a horse whose name she fancies. Old betting men say that Caramel has probably been more favored in this way than any horse on the turf, and hundreds of women have lost their first $5 because that is "such a sweet, pretty name." The women learn better after a while.

Another stumbling-block for the novices are the colors sported by the jockeys. A favorite color on a spruce jockey often draws out from the pocketbook of some fair one the first $5 she has ever bet on the uncertain chances of a dash around the track. If she wins, the color ever remains her favorite. If she loses, that color also loses forever for her all attractiveness it may before have had. Once a woman is "in the swim" of the running track, however, she will remain there just as long as her money holds out, and even then the fascination of the track clings to her, and she is ever its slave.

The Austrian Executioner.

[London Times.]

The public setiment has been shocked by some newspaper reports on the way in which the extreme penalty of the law was carried out on a recent occasion by Marwood's successor. May we not take a lesson from our neighbors in this matter? In Austria, for instance, where capital offenses are punished by hanging, the executioner is a government official, with a fixed salary and certain perquisites, and a staff of helpers under him. He is attired in a showy uniform, with a cocked hat and jackboots, and rides up to the scaffold on a prancing steed under military escort. Conspicuous are the new white gloves worn in performing his functions and thrown off afterward never to be used again. This functionary (der Scharfrichter) is not chosen from the scum of the population, nor is he treated with contumacy.

As was the case in France and may be now, the office is confined very much to one family, descending from father to son. A clumsy execution or any unseemly exhibition at the gallows such as we in this country are familiar with is a thing impossible in Austria. The henker, as he is styled in other parts of Germany, combines with his ghastly duties the business of capturing all stray dogs found in the highways and streets unmuzzled. At the time to which I refer—thirty years ago—the individual in question was a most polite, well-informed personage, and by no means ashamed of his calling. He lived rent-free in a house outside the city walls of Vienna and was glad to receive visitors. I believe England stands alone in not having a competent and properly accredited official to execute criminals.

Is Human Life Sacred?

[Dr. Amick in Cincinnati Medical Journal.]

Nature knows nothing of any such sacredness, for there is nothing of which she is so prodigal. And man has shown little sense of the value of human life when his passions or lusts or interests have been thwarted by his brother man, or seem likely to be forwarded by his destruction. A sense of the value of his own individual life man has, indeed, seldom been deficient in; and, by a kind of reflex action, this sense has slowly given birth to and always underlies the sense, such as it is, of the value of other men's lives.

But in Europe to-day the sacredness of man's life is thrown to the winds the moment national or political passions grow hot. Indeed, it is hard to understand the meaning of the word "sacred" when applied to life, except in so far as it may signify the duty laid on each man of using his life nobly while he has it.

Fore-Warned, Fore-Armed.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

No disease ever comes without a cause or without a warning; hence endeavor to think back for the cause, with a view to avoid it in the future, and on the instant of any unpleasant bodily sensation cease eating absolutely until it has entirely disappeared, at least for twenty-four hours; if still remaining consult a physician.

A Precocious Infant.

[Boston Transcript.]

They were sitting on the piazza, Pelham and the young lady whom his friends call "The Substitute," the future Mrs. Pelham being in Europe, and the inevitable piazza small boy was near, as usual. Pelham calls him an execrable little toad this year.

Last season he styled him a precocious infant, and the boy feels the difference, although he understands neither phrase, and, acting accordingly, he no sooner saw the two deep in converse, "Didn't say that right," he remarked, from the vantage ground of the piazza railing, after a time. "Heard you say it to Miss Alice, last year, and it went like this"—and at the top of his voice he repeated Pelham's best and favorite quotation. Where he learned it nobody knows, but Pelham suspects the teaching of a rival. And "The Substitute!" Men are too scarce at the hotel for her to say anything.

So many of the boys sent to West Point prove unable to pass the examination for admission that about fifty congressional districts are unrepresented.

ROOF AND BACK YARD.

A SPECIAL SUMMER RESORT FOR EVERY PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

Valuable Room on the Housetops Wasted—Reclaiming the Domain of the Nomadic Cat—A Charming Stay-at-Home Florida.

[New York Cor. Kansas City Times.]

It is surprising, also, that New Yorkers have not yet learned to get more good out of their roofs and back yards. The inhabitants of tenement houses have native (or imported) wit enough to take to the roof as a sleeping place in summer; but what the well-to-do citizen needs is not so much to go to sleep on his roof as to wake up to its pleasure-giving facilities. A night or two ago I was disturbed by some slight explosions on the roof under which I find shelter, and discovered that two young men from an adjoining house had come over to practice pistol shooting at a target against one of my chimneys. It is perhaps carrying the progressive movement a little too far to establish pistol ranges on the housetops.

But an important lesson may be learned from the illuminated summer garden on the summit of the Casino, and the open air restaurant on the roof of Mr. Cyrus W. Field's Washington building, near the Bowling Green, where one may dine in full command of view over the entire harbor and a large part of the city, with variegated and picturesque expanses of water dotted by the colored lights of ferries and shipping on the one hand and on the other dusky stretches of masonry furrowed with dim lanes of gaslight or irradiated from the circles of electric lamps in the public squares. There is no reason why every private house should not have its special summer resort provided with awnings and flowers on the roof. At such an altitude the evening air is nearly always cool and refreshing even on the hottest nights.

Nor need the usefulness of the housetop end with the warm months. In Twenty-seventy street, near Fifth avenue, is a stable on the roof of which stands a large hothouse, where a profusion of green plants and rose bushes grow all winter, making a pretty spectacle for the passer-by. The suggestion which it offers opens up a whole new order of delightful retreats which might be provided for winter, a sort of stay-at-home Florida, which could be enjoyed by the slight effort of riding up in an elevator. Invalids could get their sun bath in such places when unable to walk or drive out. Apartment houses and hotels in particular could maintain these conservatories to advantage; and they would be just as desirable in other cities as in New York. Eastern and western papers please copy.

I am led to these reflections just now by the experience of a recent call on some European acquaintances who have settled latterly in New York. I speak of them as Europeans because it would be hard to say exactly what country they claim as their own. They have lived in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin and Paris, in short, wherever the journalistic duties of the head of the house have happened to call him. On the evening of my call the parlors were darkened, but a distant murmur of voices gave assurance of the presence of the family somewhere on the premises. The servant took the card, disappeared and returned in a few moments with an invitation to "step out into the back yard."

Ordinarily this would be considered anything but a flattering invitation to a visitor; but feeling sure that, however mysterious the summons, I was safe, I allowed myself to be conducted to the basement and through a door, opening on the space usually reserved behind every New York house. The custom is to make this studiously forlorn enclosure about 40x20 or 25 feet. On Mondays and Tuesdays it is given up to the drying of clothes, and on the nights of all days in the week it is sacredly kept as a rendezvous for the nomadic cat, the tail-board fences between yards being used as highways by these small, tame tigers in their journeys from one enclosure to another. I found that my European friend had banished the cats and had erected a little pavilion at the rear end of his yard, furnishing it with chairs and tables and lighting it with gas. Trailing vines served to shut out the sun's rays in the daytime, so that in the evening the pavilion formed a cool and delightful family sitting-room.

"I had this place built as soon as we moved in," said my host, as I seated myself in a reclining chair and accepted the glass of beer proffered by his wife. "We have been the wonder of the whole neighborhood ever since we began to spend our evenings here instead of the hot parlors. The cats next door 'receive' on Mondays in August, but otherwise they don't trouble the neighborhood much now, and so we sit here enjoying the quiet, while all the other people in the block silently swelter indoors."

The prescriptive rights of the cat in New York are very strong; so that my friend's invasion of their territory is perhaps frowned upon by citizens who still believe in feline supremacy over the back yard. But in time this superstition may die out, and then his example will doubtless be imitated. By the way, I hear that a well-known electrician is completing a house in Thirty-sixth street which is to be quite a marvel in the number and variety of its electrical arrangements. The hall lamp lights by electricity at the opening of the front door; the clocks will all run uniformly by electricity; flowers and plants in the conservatory are to be grown by electric light; the electric engine will pump up water: thermometers in various rooms, connected by electric wire with a thermometer out of doors, will register the external temperature; there will be electric ventilating fans, and sundry other contrivances are contemplated.

Is would seem as if the list might be made complete by adding an attachment for giving a shock to burglars and for the expulsion of the above mentioned cat from the back yard. Life would then become comparatively endurable.

A Lawyer's "Effects."

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A celebrated lawyer had different "effects" for every kind of case he was engaged in. Thus in a trial for breach of promise, where he was counsel for the plaintiff, he used to wear a very elegant pair of lavender kid gloves, sewed with black, typifying, I used to think, that although the deceived one's sorrow was undoubted, still it was subdued and ready to be consoled or comforted, either by damages or by substitution of another and more faithful swain for the miscreant who had blighted her youthful affections.

When proposing damages, he had a habit of taking off his right hand glove and displaying a handsome diamond ring he wore and twirling it around his finger, alternately placing the plain side in front to look like a wedding ring, or flashing the diamond into the eyes of the foreman of the jury till it made them blink again. In divorce cases or murders black gloves were adopted, and in mercantile cases blue spectacles. Envy whispered that he was not good at figures, and hated investigating them; so a timely attack of ophthalmia made it necessary for his junior to propound them to the jury. He was certainly very great with the gentlemen of the jury.

The Turkey and the Grasshopper.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Young and guileless Turkey was Walking in the Field one day in search of something to stay his Stomach, when Luck brought him a fine, large Grasshopper. He was about to swallow the Insect, when the Hopper exclaimed:

"Hold on a Moment, my Friend! What's the use of picking up a small Insect like me when there are plenty of Hares in the Weeds just ahead?"

"That's so, and how foolish I was!" answered the Turkey as he let the hopper go and set out to find Hares. At the end of half an hour he leaned up against a barbed-wire fence, kicked himself fourteen successive times, and remarked:

"In the first place I couldn't catch a Hare, and in the second I couldn't have eaten one if I had."

Moral—The Mechanic who runs after Politics will go hungry half his time.

THE VANDERBILTS ON THE ROAD.

A Race Which Took Place in the Commodore's Day—A Surprise.

["Manhattan" in Chicago Journal.]

Mr. Vanderbilt was passing a group of brokers one afternoon, when one of them asked him if his horses were here yet. "No," he said; "they are not here—I'll have a good team here to-morrow. I'm lonely without them." He passed on, and the broker turned to his friends and said: "I rode with him once when for a second he wished he had either better horses or no horses at all. It was while the commodore was alive. He had invited me to ride, and we were sliding up St. Nicholas avenue in fine style. A little black box on wheels, you know, with two great, plunging bays, hitched far apart and pounding on the hard road as if it were a drum. Mr. Vanderbilt in a linen duster, was hunped up on the seat with the loop of a line in each hand, letting the horses go as they pleased—perfectly happy; too happy to break his delight by talking.

Suddenly we heard the clatter, clatter of a team behind us. Vanderbilt was all attention. It actually grew nearer and nearer. Vanderbilt braced himself, chirped once to his flyers and let them out. They just bounded forward and the millionaire chuckled as he thought of the surprise of the man who had been presuming to catch up to him. But thump, thump, thump came the sound of horses behind us. It was hard to believe, but there seemed no doubt that they were drawing nearer. The smile fled from Mr. Vanderbilt's face, he chirped loudly again and again to his bays, tightening the reins on them as they shot ahead. Then he settled back and grinned. But thump, thump, pound, pound, sounded the flying fleet behind us, and we knew they had quickened their measure and were gaining on us.

Mr. Vanderbilt sat bolt upright like a poker, and, grabbing the whip somewhat petulently, began to flip little bits of fur off the ears of his bays. Ginger! how it scared them. They probably did not feel a whip twice a year and never as hard as the biting little flicks of the lash were touching them now. The little black box grew uncomfortable. I clutched its side with one hand and my hat with the other. "Get," said Mr. Vanderbilt, chirping and flicking his whip as the horses shot ahead.

But clatter, clatter, thumpety-thumpety-thump came the team behind us. By Jove, we saw the heads of the racers beside us. It was painful to see how it hurt Vanderbilt to be pushed by, as he was; but fate is resistless, and we saw the heels of the rival horses—then the whiffletrees behind the hoels. When the carriage came abreast of ours, Vanderbilt peeped out of the corners of his little eyes at the successful driver. Instantly his face lighted up.

"Why, it's father," said he.

"Good horses," said the old commodore, looking critically at his son's beasts, 'but not fast enough, William.'"

Frank James a Physical Wreck.

[Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

It was easy to understand that Frank James yielded more possibly to the demands of his wrecked constitution when he surrendered himself than to the demands of law and order. He is in very poor health, and there seems from his appearance some foundation for the physician's statement that he is dying with consumption. He has not been well for several years. Lately he visited his mother in Clay county, and got back home complaining greatly of the physical torture he was enduring. His hair is thinning on the top of his head, his face is sallow and the bones show, his long nose is almost of the same hue with his yellowish mustache, and his hands and fingers are almost like those of a skeleton. The veins that are seen in the hands are frail threads of blue.

It is not easy to believe that these hands for twenty years kept close companionship with deadly revolvers, and that the swift movements of their forefingers have cost probably 100 men their lives. It is not easy to think that this fading head with its thin silken crop of hair is the one for which the state three years ago kept open a standing offer of $20,000; nor that his frame, now so shrunk that the clothes almost flap against the limbs, has seen the bitterest hardships and faced the fiercest dangers. If it were not for the unmistakably "bad eye" and the unusual development of the lower facial features, one might easily mistake Frank James for a preacher suffering from a heavy dose of malaria; but the cold glitter of the desperado's eye is still there, the slow, measured speech and the defiant, set expression of the countenance which belongs to men accustomed to value others' lives lightly as they value their own.

He looks no longer like the "wraith of slaughter" that he has been described. He says he is only 42, but his appearance makes him as old as 60. He is a sick and dying man, and he needs just such rest as he finds under the cedar trees around the Raiston dwelling, with the comforting hand of his faithful, loving young wife, who was often with him in the saddle, to soothe his closing hours, and the bright face and glowing eyes of his little 7-year-old boy to cheer and lighten the dark moments that are gathering over him.

Some Valuable Newspaper Property.

[New York Mail and Express.]

Millions of dollars have been sunk in newspapers in this city, and there is no easier way to waste money than in newspaper ventures; but it is nevertheless true that there is also no surer or swifter method of accumulating wealth than in a judicious investment of capital in the production of a daily newspaper. The most profitable newspaper in the world, The London Times, is valued at $25,000,000, and the most profitable in France, The Petit Journal, earns $600,000 a year net, although a dozen years ago it was insolvent. The London Standard is valued at $10,000,000. The Daily News at $6,000,000, and $5,000,000 would not buy The Telegraph, it is said. It may be questioned whether New York has any $5,000,000 newspapers, perhaps, but it has several which it would take $1,000,000 or more to buy. Mr. North, of The Utica Herald, reported in his volume of statistics of the newspaper press, issued from the government press a year ago, that the gross products of newspaper establishments in the United States amounts to $87,431,132, and the statement affords a basis of speculation as to the aggregate amount of capital represented by the newspapers of this country.

A Host of Ancestors.

[Chicago Herald.]

During eight centuries one's direct ancestors amount to a greater number than would at at first be contemplated. Three generations to a century, one has father and mother (2), grandparents (4), great-grandparents (8). At the end of the second century the number of ancestors springs to 64. Following the calculation, you will find that the end of eight centuries one is descended from no less than 16,000,000 ancestors. Intermarriage, of course, would reduce this estimate, and there is no doubt it must have largely prevailed. But the figures are so enormous that, in spite of all, a writer ventures to suggest that the words, "All ye are brethren," are literally true.

The People Who Must Travel.

[Jenny June.]

It is the commonest thing to find young tourists on the Rhine boat staring about from one side to the other of the wonderful serpentine stream, and making such remarks as these: "Dear me, and this is the Rhine! Don't think much of it, do you?" "It ain't as wide as the Hudson. Good gracious, is that old rock a castle?" "I'm so hungry. Don't you feel hungry? Wonder what time they have table d'hote." And these young enthusiasts, who have excited the envy of their friends by talking of the Rhine they were going to see, and will for years in the future expatiate on the glories of the Rhine they have seen, yawn at the first stage of it, lose the best and most characteristic part of it at the table d'hote, and bury the rest in a "seaside" by the "Duchess."

The Russian Thistle.

The Russian thistle, brought to this country by the Mennonites in their first importation of wheat, is becoming so thickly spread in parts of Dakota as to cause serious alarm.

A WRITER'S LIFE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S SUGGESTIONS AND EXPERIENCE.

The Business of Health Dependent Largely Upon Sleep—Go to Work Early—Breakfast and Other Meals—Various Items.

[E. E. Hale's Letter in Herald of Health.]

The business of health, for a literary man, seems to me to depend largely upon sleep. He should have enough sleep, and sleep well. He should avoid whatever injures sleep.

This means that the brain should not be excited or even worked hard for six hours before bedtime. Young men can disregard this rule, and do; but as one grows older he finds it wiser to throw his work upon the morning hours. If he can spend the afternoon, or even the evening, in the open air, his chances of sleep are better. The evening occupation, according to me, should be light and pleasant, as music, a novel, reading aloud, conversation, the theatre, or watching the stars from the piazza. Of course, different men make and need different rules. I take nine hours for sleep in every twenty-four, and do not object to ten.

As men live, with the telegraph and telephone interrupting when they chose, and this fool and that coming in when they choose, to say, "I don't want to interrupt you; I will only take a moment," the great difficulty is to hold your three hours without a break. If a man has broken my mirror, I do not thank him for leaving the pieces next each other; he has spoiled it, and he may carry them ten miles apart if he chooses. So, if a fool comes in and breaks my time in two, he may stay if he wants to. He is none the less a fool. What I want for work is unbroken time. This is best secured early in the morning.

I dislike early rising as much as any man; nor do I believe there is any moral merit in it, as the children's books pretend. But to secure an unbroken hour, or even less, I like to be at my desk before breakfast, as long before as possible. I have a cup of coffee and a soda biscuit brought to me there; and in the thirty to sixty minutes which follow, before breakfast, I like to start the work of the day. If you rise at a quarter-past 6 there will be comparatively few map peddlers or book agents, or secretaries of charities, or jail-birds, who will call before 8. The hour from 6:30 to 7:30 is that of which you are most sure. Even the mother-in-law or the mother of your wife's sister's husband does not come then to say she should like some light work with a large salary, as matron in an institution where there is nothing to do.

I believe in breakfast very thoroughly, and in having a good breakfast. I have lived in Paris a month at a time, and detest the French practice of substituting for breakfast a cup of coffee, with or without an egg. Breakfast is a meal at which much time may be spent with great advantage. People are not apt to come to it too regularly, and you may profit by the intermission to read your newspaper and lecture on its contents. No harm in spending an hour at the table.

After breakfast, do not go to work for an hour. Walk out in the garden, lie on your back on a sofa and read; in general, "loaf" for that hour, and bid the servant keep everybody out who rings the bell, and work steadily till your day's stent is done. If you have had half an hour for breakfast, you can make two and a half now.

It is just so much help if you have a good amanuensis; none, if you have a poor one. The amanuensis should have enough else to do, but be at liberty to attend to you when you need. Write as long as you feel like writing; the moment you do not feel like it, give him the pen, and walk up and down the room dictating. There are those who say they can tell the difference between dictated work and work written by the author. I do not believe them. I will give a share in the combination Protoxide silver mine of Gray's Gulch to anybody who will divide this article correctly between the parts which are dictated and those which are written with my own red right hand.

Stick to your stint till it is done. If Philistines come in, as they will in a finite world, deduct the time which they have stolen from you, and go on so much longer with your work, till you have done what you set out to do.

When you have finished the stent, stop. Do not be tempted to go on because you are in good spirits for work. There is no use in making ready to be tired to-morrow. You may go out of doors now; you may read; you may, in whatever way, get light and life for the next day. Indeed, if you will remember that the first necessity for literary work is that you have something ready to say before you begin, you will remember something which most authors have thoroughly forgotten or never knew.

This business of writing is the most exhausting known to men. You should, therefore, steadily feed the machine with fuel. I find it a good habit to have standing on the stove a cup of warm milk, just tinged in color with coffee. In the days of my buoyant youth I said, "of the color of the cheek of a brunette in Seville." I had then never seen a brunette in Seville, but I have since; and I can testify that the description was good. Beef tea answers as well; a bowl of chowder quite as well as either. Indeed, good clam chowder is probably the form of nourishment which most quickly and easily comes to the restoration or refreshment of the brain of man.

If this bowl of coffee, or chowder, or soup, is counted as one meal, the working man who wishes to keep in order will have five meals a day, besides the morning cup of coffee, or coffee colored with milk, which he has before breakfast. Breakfast is one; this extended lunch is another; dinner is the third, say at half-past 2; tea is