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The Chestertown Transcript.

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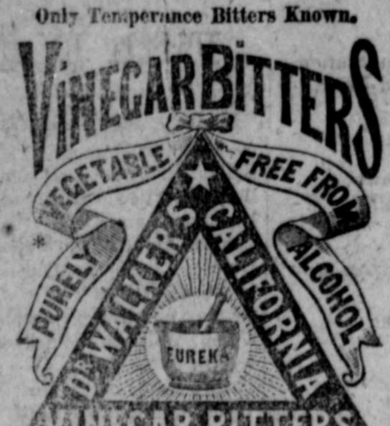
Only Temperance Bitters Known.



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, Type-setters, 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, 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.
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 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 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.
Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

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.

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, Druggi
feb7.

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.

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridle Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

OUR line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to own, pound. Our 2 for cts. Cigars J. B. SAPPING

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS. HUMPHEY'S, at M. A. TOULSON'S, Drugg

THE ROLAND FARM BELLS. For sale by
March 27. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FOR

Man and Beast.

Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

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,
W. FRANK HINES, Medical Director,
JOEL C. SLAUGHTER, General Agent.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

James A. Pearce,	W. F. Hines, M. D.,
George W. Harper,	Joel C. Slaugter,
Charles T. Westcott,	George E. Harrison,
Wm. B. Usilton,	William E. Temple,
Harry Rickey,	E. S. Valliant,
William J. McFeely,	J. E. Graham, M. D.

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.

ALL PERSONS

Irrespective of age, color or sex, whether interested or not in the present nomination or Administration,

ARE INVITED TO CALL AT
W.H.Lambert's

where they can find a Fresh Stock of Goods, such as are kept in a first-class

GROCERY, PROVISION AND CONFECTIONERY STORE,

viz.: Flour, Meal, Oat Meal, Buckwheat Meal, Dried Beef (chipped to order), Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Canned Goods of all kinds, Pickles of Superior quality, Catsup, Chow-Chow, Jellies, Cakes, Crackers, Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currents, &c.

Excellent Seed Potatoes,
JUST ARRIVED, BOTH IRISH & SWEET.
Call and inspect.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO A SPECIALTY.
Being very thankful for past favors we hope a continuance of the same.
Respt.,
W. H. LAMBERT,
Apr. 9. opp. Kent News office.

At Sparks',
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
POSITIVELY AT COST!
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,
PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING-GLASSES & PLATED-WARE.

Contemplating a change in our business we will sell all of the above named goods

At Cost!

A $12.00 China Tea Set we will sell at $9.50; a $10.00 China Tea Set at $7.50; a $13.00 Lamp at $10.00 a $7.50 Lamp at $5.50.—These are really bargains. Come and see.

OUR CONTECTIONERY, CIGAR & TOBACCO
department we keep well supplied with the best goods at fair prices. We offer no baits, but give full value every time. Come and give us a trial.
H. A. SPARKS,
April 16, 1885. opp. Court House.

PEOPLE'S
Transportation Lin
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., Snitcher'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. JA. H. THOMPSON,
Au. 13, 1885. Chestertown, Md

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 lowest prices.
J. H. GAMPERS.

HAGAN'S
Magnolia Balm
is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and *you can't* tell.

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.

FIRE SALE
OF MEN'S AND BOY'S
Clothing.

The recent Fire on our premises has compelled us to clear out the whole Stock amounting to

$100,000.00

of Finest Clothing at prices which will surprise many people who have often paid double the money for goods of the same quality, we are offering at *CLEARANCE PRICES.*
Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats, all equally sacrificed. We lose money; the insurance companies lose money. The public reap the benefit. Do not miss this opportunity, it may never occur again.

Acme Hall,
THE GLASS OF FASHION,
209 W. BALTIMORE ST.
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE approaching season calls into service the stovepipe man—a gentle reminder of an equal necessity for CLOTHING. Our stock for cool and the colder weather is prepared on a large scale for Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

A. [illegible] & O.,
602, 604, 606 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Grain
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN DAILY.

I also have C. W. WARREN at Kennedyville, and J. H. IRELAND at Locust Grove, buying for me.

All communications by telephone promptly answered. Telephone call 64.
E. T. COMEGYS,
Sept. 3—tf. Chestertown, Md.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark. —THE BEST TONIC.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

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.

NEW GOODS.
Paper Flower Materials. A large and choice assortment just received from the N. Y. factory. For sale at City Prices.
COLIN F. STAM, Druggist

Books for Children.
Choicest selections from English and American authors. The low prices will astonish you at
STAM'S DRUG STORE

WHEN DAY MEETS NIGHT.

[Charles W. Coleman, Jr., in Harper's.]

But to the west the spent day kisses night,
 And with one parting glow of passion dies
 In gold and red; a woman's wistful eyes
Look out across the hills, a band of light
Plays on her parted hair, there softly dwells,
 And throws a glory o'er her girlish dream,
 The sheep slow nestle down beside the stream,
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.

The clouds, sun-flush'd, cling 'round the day's decline;
 The woman's eyes grow tender; shadows creep;
Gold turns to gray; a sharp dividing line
Parts earth and heaven. Adown the western height
 The calm cold dark has kiss'd the day to sleep;
The wistful eyes look out across the night.

HOSPITALITY IN AFRICA.

Features of a Town—Morning Ablutions of a Family—A Daily Necessity.

[Congo Cor. Boston Bulletin.]

Giving the surplus baggage to a native—one will always appear when wanted—we hastened forward and entered the town of Ishore just as the sun was veiling its face behind the forest line stretching across the western sky. No new features were marked in the town; the same narrow lanes, same mud huts, same general appearance. A few points of difference may be noted. They partake more of the Youruba color—a brown rather than black. They take on more of the energetic spirit of the Houras than the Guinea nations to the west of them.

We find a comfortable hut in which to pass the night and to which we are welcomed with true hospitality. This is rendered more intense by a small dash of tobacco. A good evening meal is served and we throw ourselves down upon a couch of skins, and with Outchie where we can reach him with a word, we fall off to sleep and dream.

The first sun opens our eyes in the morning, and to a novel scene. Outchie gives a short laugh, a cross between a choke and a sneeze, as he sees me with open eyes, and attempts to apologize for the freshness of the morning custom.

It seems two or three members of the family had occupied the room with us and were now engaged in the morning ablution. Standing in a large English bath-pan, some three feet in diameter, was an African Pocahontas, enveloped in a cream lather of soap from head to foot. A servant was washing her down, and with soft native sponges made from the shavings of an elastic bark he left her dry and polished as a black marble statue.

A full morning bath is a daily necessity in Africa if health and comfort is a desideratum, and the 3 p. m. bath in some portions of Guinea is an observance seldom departed from except by the lower classes. Our turn comes next, and at a word from Outchie, Pocahontas and her attendants vanish, and two servants put me through the same refreshing ordeal, finishing with the lime juice bath. This fits the skin for performing its proper functions during the trying hours of an African mid-day.

Farm Management in Italy.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

A Roman farm-house is quite unlike our ideas of such a place. The casale, or house, is a bare, unfurnished barrack; sometimes it has a mediæval tower, a remnant of those old days when the casale was fortified. Its only inhabitants are the agents and chief workmen. First there is the general agent. He is usually on horseback, watching the crops, the laborers, the wool-shearing, gathering in of hay, grain, olives, overseeing the oil and the vintage, the herds of cattle, etc. Like his chief, his duties are manifold. Then there are the chief of the stud, the head of the cattle-rangers, the chief of the shepherds. On a large farm there will be thirty or forty of these chiefs or sub-agents, whose business is not to work, but to make others work.

There is a large army also of herdsmen, shepherds, carters, etc., who live on the farm; they are well paid, as a rule, well looked after, and remain for life, or for all their working years, in the employ of the mercante. They manage also to lay aside something to make their old age easy. But the tillers of the ground, the day laborers, have a rough time. They all come from distant places, as there are no villages of farm laborers on the unhealthy Agro Romano. They are employed just as they are needed, some by the season for a certain kind of work; some for the harvest. As soon as the ground is thoroughly saturated with the autumn rains laborers are turned in to work.

If you have ever strolled about Rome with an intention of observing you have surely noticed on Sunday mornings certain Roman piazzas, such as the Piazza Barberini, the Montanara, Tartarughe, and the like, crowded with contadini. These are farm laborers who are engaged by the day or week. They go into the piazza with their leaders to seek engagements for the coming week from the farm agents, who find them there.

Mrs. Theodore Tilton.

[Chicago Letter.]

Mrs. Theodore Tilton, though not known to more than fifty people in Chicago, is one of the frequent visitors at the art galleries and picture shops along Wabash avenue. She dresses plainly, but very neatly. Her hair is iron gray; there is much of the old fire and animation in her eyes, but her voice is tremulous, and there is an ineffable sadness in her face. She is not what would be called a brilliant conversationalist, nor even a voluble talker, but the pathos of her voice is irresistibly fascinating; and when she looks at you with her timid, honest gray eyes you are involuntarily drawn to her.

She makes her home with her daughter Alice, who is now the wife of Mr. Gardin, an Englishman, engaged as a bank correspondent. Mrs. Gardin has a number of art pupils. Florence Tilton, who married a German philosopher of Bavaria, was in the city last spring, but went back to her husband and father after a short visit. Mrs. Tilton never goes into society, and her daughter is her sole companion. They are never seen in public excepting in the picture galleries.

Through French Spectacles.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Paris newspapers are engaged in a discussion of the English girls' physique. It is gravely set forth by one of them that the fine physique of the English girl is produced artificially by means of baths, soap and milk during infancy, and that the English girl owes her healthy constitution to a diet of underdone "beef seasoned with cayenne pepper, and to the absorption of a quantity of strong malt liquors." The same writer finds two types of faces among English girls—the nose of the one is "wedge-shaped," and of the other slightly retrousse, and he adds their eyes are "uniformly blue" and their feet "long and square-toed."

A Wonderful Cane.

A cane containing 1,060 different pieces of wood, all cemented upon a musket ramrod found on a southern battle field, and nicely polished, has just been finished by a physician of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

A Crooked Noise.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Lou is a wee lassie of four summers, with a quaint use of English. The intermittent tooting of a locomotive caused her to clap her chubby hands to her ears with a funny little frown expressive of disgust.

"What's the matter, Lou?" her mother asked.

"Oh, I'm fastening out that crooked noise."

The other day she was asked whether she would rather go boat-riding to the island or spend the afternoon with grandmamma.

"I want to go both wheres," was the prompt reply.

The Swiss Army.

The Swiss army now numbers 477 commissioned officers, and its effective strength is 20,754 men. The highest rank recognized in the Swiss army during peace is that of colonel.

Small Mediterranean oysters, considered by gormands as the most delicate of all bivalves, are now canned for exportation from Italy.

A WOMAN'S HAIR.

A REPORTER FINDS A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A Starving Woman Sells Her Tresses and So Regains Her Husband — Luck May Lie in a Lock of Hair.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"I had a strange experience once in human hair," said a member of a well-known firm of human hair importers the other day. "A French lady of noble blood, who has been my friend for years, wrote me a few months ago, enclosing a lock of hair, which was a peculiar shade of drab and of silky fineness. She wanted me to match it, and I set about doing so. I dispatched my agents all over Europe, but nowhere could they find a thread of hair that would match the sample.

"I then inserted an advertisement in the principal Philadelphia, New York and Boston papers, offering a liberal reward for a switch of the desired quality and color. One day a woman of about 20 years of age, shabbily dressed, but with a form and face that Venus might have envied, entered my office.

"'I came in answer to your advertisement,' she said, and, removing her hat, unbound a luxuriant coil of hair, that called from me an involuntary cry of admiration. 'Will this do?' she asked.

"I examined her hair, and compared it with the sample sent me by the countess. The two were so similar that when I mixed them together I could not distinguish one from the other.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS AN OUNCE.

"'This hair is exactly what I want,' said I, 'and I will give you $200 an ounce for it.'

"'Take it off,' she said, with a nervous trembling of her voice that at once attracted my attention. 'I am starving, I and my baby, and what you are willing to pay is a fortune to us.'

"I became interested and questioned her. After a little hesitation she told me her story. Her husband had been a sea captain and shortly after they were married had sailed for the west coast of Africa. His vessel was never heard of after leaving port, and it was presumed that she had foundered at sea and all had been lost. The presumed widow had struggled to maintain herself and infant child, but with indifferent success. Finally, when suffering from the pangs of hunger, she had read my advertisement and hastened to my place of business, praying inwardly that her hair, which had been her husband's pride, might be of the required shade.

"Well, to make a long story short, I bought her hair, which weighed four ounces, and paid her $800 for it. I sent the switch to my customer, the countess, and wrote her the history of the hair. She is a woman of great wealth and goodness of heart. The return mail brought me a letter authorizing me to pay the poor little sailor's widow $1,000 extra. I did so and wrote an account of the affair to our official journal, which is published in New York. The story was so romantic that the daily papers copied it and I received several letters from charitable people offering pecuniary assistance to the sailor's widow. She was proud and refused to receive any help.

THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

One day, about three weeks after the publication of the story, a man, who was bronzed and bearded, came into my office very much excited. He held in his hand a copy of a New York paper and unfolding it pointed to my story.

"'Can you give me the address of this woman?' he asked eagerly. 'She is my wife. I thought her dead.'"

"While I wrote down the address he told me his story. His vessel had been shipwrecked on the African coast, and he and two others of the crew alone managed to reach the shore. It was several months before they managed to reach a civilized port. He immediately sent word of the disaster to the owners of the foundered vessel and wrote to his young wife. From the former he received a reply, but he heard no word from his wife, and when he reached Philadelphia he discovered that she had mysteriously disappeared.

"One day in looking over a paper he came across my story and had hurried to my office to learn fuller particulars. I sent him to his wife in my carriage, and you can imagine what occurred at the meeting, for each believed the other dead. I wrote to the countess, giving the sequel to the story, and the result was that the shipwrecked captain now cammads her yacht, and the wife who sacrificed her hair to buy bread sails with him on every voyage."

The "Then and Now" of Wealth.

[New York Letter.]

Any one who has lived here even twenty or twenty-five years can see how prodigality has increased, and citizens aged 70 or thereabout are amazed at the change that has occurred in their day. I have talked with old men who say that New York was a small city with simple habits and tastes in their early youth. Then not a single Manhattaner, not indeed a single American except John Jacob Astor, was worth $1,000,000; and now a million is considered barely a competency. Then the giver of a party who expended in all more than $300 or $400 would have been reckoned as rushing upon bankruptcy; now the flowers ordered for entertainments often cost alone from $1,000 to $1,500, sometimes much more. He who could earn $1,000 annually was thought fortunate, and $5,000 from investments was accounted a princely revenue.

At present the most self-denying bachelor would find it difficult to subsist on $1,000, and $5,000 is declared to be the smallest sum a married man, having possibly one or two children, can get on with. A New Yorker is not thought to-day to be rich unless he has a property of $3,000,000 or $4,000,000, and the very rich have four, five, six, ten times as much. There are hundreds of families who spend from $100,000 to $150,000, and dozens who spend from $250,000 to $500,000 a year.

The Feet of Women.

[Chicago Journal.]

The American woman, as a rule, have smaller feet than the English women. But this is not altogether a matter of temperament. Habit in a large measure determines the size of the feet. The Spanish women are celebrated for their high insteps, which for a long time were held to be a sign of good blood and fine breeding. But that notion has been exploded of late years by the investigations of Darwin and others, who find that the osseous formation of the foot follows certain unknown congential laws which make it possible for the peasant's daughter to have a Cinderella foot, while the princess of the blood may be born with large and ungainly feet.

A Tea Company's Instructions.

[Boston Transcript.]

To make tea to perfection, boiling water must be poured on the leaves directly it boils. Water which has been boiling more than five minutes, or which has previously boiled, should on no account be used. If the water does not boil, or if it be allowed to overboil, the leaves of the tea will be only half opened, and the tea itself will be quite spoiled. The water should be allowed to remain on the leaves from ten to fifteen minutes." This is in a direct line with the Delmonico wisdom about the proper way to cook water, and its solemn warning that water which was boiled too long was loaded with mineral impurities and unfit to drink.

Widows in India.

[Exchange.]

The Times of India says there are 22,000,000 widows in India, none of whom can ever marry again. For the rest of their lives they are deprived of ornaments and colored garments, their heads are shaved, they are condemned to the coarsest and poorest food, and wear out their days in seclusion as the lowest drudges of the household.

The Handsomest Costume on Earth.

Worth says: "The costume of the Persian women is the handsomest on the face of the earth. It consists of a loose waist, short skirt, and trousers not too loose. I have made this costume beautifully, and hung it up in Paris; but the women will not wear it. They must suffer until they are willing to adopt it."

A CABBAGE FARM.

A VISIT TO THE SAUERKRAUT SECTION OF CHICAGO.

The Largest Cabbage Field in the World—A Grand Total of Twenty Million Plants Necessary—Shipments to the South.

[Chicago Herald.]

Very few people are aware of the fact that Chicago has the largest "sauerkraut" factory in the world; or, more strictly speaking, the only one, and that almost within her city limits is the most extensive cabbage farm in this country, or perhaps on the globe. The cabbage district, as it is called, lies to the west and southwest of the stock yards, and comprises upwards of 2,500 acres of rich, heavy soil, especially adapted to the cultivation of mammoth cabbage heads.

A reporter, in company with a South Water street commission man, went over the cabbage plantations and witnessed the finishing touches being put to cultivation and the preparations for the gathering of the harvest. The first visit was made to a field containing 160 acres—the largest single cabbage patch in the world. Adjoining this field are thirty acres of cabbage of the same varieties, making a farm of 190 acres, all belonging to and cultivated by a single firm.

PREPARING THE GROUND.

The preparation of this field for the reception of the plants in the spring is no easy task. Every foot of land has to be as carefully attended as if it were to be devoted to floriculture. In the fall the surface of the ground is covered with an abundance of rich fertilizers and then plowed, harrowed and rolled. Early in the spring the soil is again disturbed by the plow and harrow, and the surface of the ground is made as smooth and free from lumps as is possible. The ground is then laid off with a check-rower, the rows being from thirty to thirty-three inches apart according to the variety to be planted, the first crop being planted thirty inches apart, and the other variety thirty-three inches.

The rows are straight as an arrow in order to allow cross-cultivation, yet at this season of their growth, the broad leaves covering every inch of ground, the systematic method of planting is not easily discernible. After the ground has been carefully prepared, 1,114,000 plants alone are required for these 190 acres and for the entire district some 15,000,000. This number of plants is required for the first "setting," and since many are destroyed by vermin—the maggot and the fly—fully one-third more plants are required, making a grand total of 20,000,000 plants necessary to supply the Chicago cabbage district.

Many of the plants are destroyed by the cabbage fly or flea, the maggot the worm, and careless cultivation. Replanting is a small factor in the product; therefore, if the farmer obtains 4,000 good average heads to the acre he has a big crop, and 3,000 heads would be an excellent average. When the harvest begins 100 experienced laborers will march through the early cabbage crop and select the largest and choicest heads for shipment to the south.

THE SOUTHERN MARKET.

"Don't they raise any cabbage there?" asked the reporter.

"Plenty of it," was the reply. "I have been asked the same question a thousand times during the past eleven years. I will explain it to you as I have to others. Down south, in the vicinity of New Orleans, they plant their cabbages along in September, and they always have new cabbage for Christmas. They depend upon it just the same as southern Ohio folks expect new potatoes for their Fourth of July dinner. Their cabbage season runs out just about the time Memphis and Nashville cabbages are ready for the market. After it matures, you know, they have got to eat it or throw it way. They can not bury it in the ground like we do here in the north, or store it away in cool cellars. It has to be eaten before it decays.

"They then depend upon the up-river country until in turn they exhaust the St. Louis market, which, in a couple of weeks more, will be able to send no further supplies. Then they have to depend upon the Chicago cabbage district until they can grow their own cabbage. When I say 'they' I mean the whole south, including St. Louis. Each section in turn helps to supply the others, but Chicago ships more cabbage than all of the rest put together. Chicago ships from Aug. 1 to Nov. 15, and some years a little later. This year, owing to a backward spring and vermin, we are nearly two weeks backward."

"You certainly sell some cabbage in Chicago?"

"Not a single head. The best cabbage goes to a foreign market south, east and west. Such cabbage as is usually found on the Chicago market is made into sauerkraut. Do not understand me to say that the refuse is made int kraut, for that is not the fact. It's the small heads which are perfectly sound, but loosely leaved, and, having no market price alongside of prize heads, that are used for, and which make, the choicest and best kraut, being freer from large stalks, and therefore more valuable for kraut than for the market."

LOADING THE CARS.

Of the 2,500 acres of cabbage in the district a single firm controls about 1,900 acres. It will commence shipping next week, and to begin with will ship one car load per day, and as the heads develop it will increase its shipments up to twenty or more cars per day, according to the rate of supply and demand. The first shipments of cabbage are placed in open or stock cars, and carefully packed to insure their arrival in good shape, no matter how far their destination may be. The stalks are cut off and outside leaves trimmed. The first layer on the bottom of the car is placed with the stalk butt resting on the floor of the car. The remaining layers to the capacity of the car are placed top downward. The heads are placed in layers three feet deep, when decks are placed in horizontally and perpendicularly, so as to equally divide the layers and to prevent pressure from above, and laterally, to give perfect ventilation.

Loaded in this way, no crates being used, hundreds of car loads are shipped from Chicago annually, and the cabbage arrives at its destination in good order. Later in the season box-cars are used.

She Helped Herself.

[The Rambler.]

Little Jennie was capsized in a boat one day and would probably have been drowned had she not had presence of mind enough to keep her hands and feet moving, and thus keep herself afloat until help came. When she was retiring that night her mother told her that she must thank God for having rescued her from a watery grave, which she did in the following way: "Dod, I am oblidthed to oo for helping to thave me fwom dwoning—and then I had a little thenth mythelf."

The Original "Wellingtons."

Peter the Great's boots, the original model of the "Wellingtons," are still exhibited as curious relics in St. Petersburg.

Peculiar Parasols.

[New York World.]

The really peculiar parasols may be summed up under three heads—the ribshirred, the high-barreled, and the pagoda, but besides these three classes are the miscellaneous and unclassable inimitable conglomeration of exceptions to all the prescribed rules and customs, each one individual in its oddity, an idea not sufficiently developed to make it the mother of a species.

A Hospital for Chinese Women.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A North China paper gives an account of one of the most severe operations known in surgery having been successfully performed by a woman, Miss Elizabeth Reifsnyder, of the American Woman's Union mission. The lady is now engaged in founding a hospital for native women at Shanghai, which is being designed and constructed with all the recent improvements in sanitary science.

This has been the worst season for circuses in years. It is said that not one on the road has cleared any money.

THE FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA.

Extraordinary Heights of the Roses—Peculiarities of the Cacti—"Monotonous."

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

One of the most surprising things that one sees in California is the extraordinary height to which many of the roses grow, climbing into the highest trees, covering the whole side of a house, and exposing to view one vast mass of rose buds and roses in full bloom. The Marshal Niel rose is one of the most beautiful flowers to be seen in California, surpassing other kinds in the luxuriance of its growth. It is claimed that the California roses do not possess so fine a perfume as those in the east. This may be so, but for size and beauty of color, and luxuriance of growth, they probably compensate for any lack of fragrance.

Heliotropes and geraniums can be found in bushes almost as large as lilac trees, and calla lilies can in some dooryards be counted by the hundreds; but from their very numbers they seem to give us an impression of coarseness. The various cactus plants of California are worthy of closest attention and examination. In many localities hundreds of acres are covered with them. Their peculiar shapes and sizes, some tall and slender, others short and thick, with bright flowers nestled among the jagged spines, give a striking appearance to the landscape. In some places in southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico the cacti form an almost impassable barrier.

The luxurious foliage, flowers, vines and fruits give us an idea of the climate that can bring about all of these things. After all it is a good deal as a Massachusetts boy said after spending a winter at Los Angeles. His father came out in the spring after him and after taking a walk through the orange groves at Pasadena and Sierra Madre, the boy asked his father what he thought of California. The Massachusetts man said he thought it was a paradise. "Yes," said the boy, "but it is terribly monotonous."

I think this little story shows how age tempers the views of people. California with its sunshine, flowers and fruits, combined with one of the finest climates in the United States, must appear monotonous to the young heart and blood, sighing for the active pursuits and stirring atmosphere of other portions of the Union, but to the older man who has seen the picture of life come and go, and who seeks repose and contentment, and who is willing and even anxious to relinquish his former ways, California has an attraction that does not appear monotonous.

All the Bad Gone Out.

[Detroit Free Press.]

They were going to whip a man at the public post at Glendale, Va., and three or four of us rode over from the Malvern Hill battle-field to see the operation. The culprit was a burly, big negro, and the audience, numbering about 500, was mostly composed of blacks. When we reached the scene the man was already triced up. They had his wrists lashed to a cross-bar on the post, his sleek and greasy back was bare, and he was trying hard to work his courage up to meet his fate like a white man.

"Hi! dar Moses—doan' you wish you hadn't?" queried one of the crowd.

"Nigger, you go 'long!"

"I'll bet he'll squirm like an eel!"

"An' you'll h'ar him holler a mile away!"

He answered most of them gruffly, but one could see that he was "rattled." When the official finally appeared, strap in hand, Moses broke down and began to beg. Not one black person in that whole crowd seemed to pity him. Indeed, his own wife pushed into the front rank, her face covered with a grin, and called out:

"I dun tole ye, ole man! Reckon dey am gwine to tickle ye all over!"

The official laid on the strap and counted out one—two—three—and so on in a loud voice, and when he had reached thirty-nine old Mose was the worst licked darkey in Virginia. After the third blow he yelled and whooped and prayed and begged, and his wife sat down on the ground and waved her arms around and shouted:

"Jist you harken to him! He hain't got no mo' grit dan a boy fo' y'ars ole!"

After the licking one of our party inquired of Moses how he felt.

"I feel dat de bad has all gone outer me, sah."

"And you won't steal again?"

"No, sah. If you should lay a millyun dollars down dar in de road dis chile wouldn't never tech it. No, sah. He'd jump de fence an' make a break fur de woods!"

"This will be a warning to you."

"Yes, sah. From dis time out I ain't gwine to do nuffin' but git up camp-meetin's and show dese yere niggers de path to glory!"

Some Strange Habits.

[Cor. Chicago News.]

Talking of gum-chewing, I learn that the practice is gaining every year. A confectioner told me that he sold nearly double in 1884 what he did in 1883, and so far this year the sales slightly exceeded all those of last year. Men acquire strange habits. There's a certain justice of the peace of this city who is forever cutting up wooden toothpicks while listening to cases. He uses up a box containing 2,500 picks in a month. He has a sharp knife, the blades of which are worn to a mere wire from constant use. He takes out a pick when the first case is called, and then he proceeds to slowly whittle it down—the pick, not the case—letting the shavings fall upon the floor. Pick follows pick until the whole floor is littered, and the judicial left thumb is scarred with slashes from the razor-like knife. I know at least two business men who are forever chewing rubber bands. They buy them by the box and chew them until their jaws are tired, then bite the rubber into minute particles and spit them out. This morbid desire is akin to the appetite of school girls for chalk and slate-pencils.

The "Sabbath" at the South.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

We hesitate to put the home of the Huguenots and the Cavaliers in comparison with the land of the Puritans, whose fathers, on landing at Plymouth Rock, resolved that they would observe God's laws until they could get together and make better ones. But it does look as if the observance of the Sabbath, the holding of God's day holy, is finding its last stronghold in the south. The descendants of the stern men who punished bear baiting, not because of the pain it gave the bear, but because of the fun it gave the people, ought to hold their own in so simple a thing as securing one day in seven over the sons of the loose ordered Cavaliers, whose love locks and whose rapiers are the bywords of history. But, all the same, it stands as a fact that the mellow church bells, whose chimes are lost in the clamor of heedless pleasure-seekers in New England, still have voice in the towns and villages of the south.

In the Meat Business.

[Exchange.]

Jones—What business are you in now? Smith—I am in the meat business. Jones—(incredulously)—Where is your shop? Smith—I haven't any shop. I am the ham in an advertising sandwich.

How a Lady Gets Aboard.

[Cor. New York World.]

Eventually, I learn enough rowing to be able to think backwards and so get out of scrapes before I get into them. A new accomplishment now presents itself to be mastered, and that is to learn how to start my own boat from the beach instead of being ignominiously pushed out or being obliged to put one foot in the boat and shove off with the other. Doing it guide-fashion is a difficult matter, and for a week to me an unattainable ambition. The way is to put one hand on each side of the boat a little back of the bow and run the boat into the water as far as you can send it forward, still retaining your hold.

This is comparatively easy, but now for the art! Just as the boat is at arm's length, and body's length, too, you must give a jump from the beach and land on the bow-board—exactly upon the middle, or over you go into the water. But if you jump square, and far enough, and not too far, you have only another little jump to take, between your own arms, and there you are in your boat. Sometimes you are not there, though. The first four or five times I tried the boat shot out without me, and I landed, full length, face down, in the water. Crawling out under such circumstances has as much ignominy as sweetness about it.

A CHAT WITH BARNUM.

HOW HE MANAGES TO ENJOY SUCH VIGOROUS HEALTH.

His Fatal Disease—Personal Habits—Temperance Sixty Years Ago—A Cast-Iron Will — What the Showman Has Done for Bridgeport.

[Croffut's Letter.]

My neck burned with the unaccustomed sun and my head was heavy with too much of seaside dissipation which we call rest. Into the smoking-car I strolled for an empty seat to lounge in. As I sat down a cheery voice saluted me from the next seat—it was P. T. Barnum. I had not seen him looking so well in twenty years, and told him so—his eye bright, his step elastic, the grasp of his hand firm.

"No," he protested, "I am far from well; I have caught a disease which daily grows worse. The doctors have given me up, and tell me it is incurable."

He placed his hand over the cardiac region and looked at me for sympathy. I thought of malaria, softening of the brain, and the affliction through the medium of which the late Dr. Bright succeeded in immortalizing himself. But I knew he had none of those.

A FATAL DISEASE.

"I've got it bad," he continued, smiling, "all over me. It has, I suppose, some Latin name, but common folks call it 'old age.' It's got me. It's going to carry me off. Old age is the disease that has got its claws on me and is going to fetch me in the end. Yes, as you say, I'm making a good fight of it. I'm 75 years old. I have first-rate digestion. I sleep well. I have recovered from the effects of the sunstroke of five years ago, and am in perfect health."

I asked him about his personal habits.

"Well," he said, leaning back in the seat and reflecting, "let's see. I am economical of my life forces. I try to go to bed at 10 every night. In the morning I answer my correspondence and attend to my tenants and communicate with my partners by telephone and telegraph, finishing up everything before dinner, which I take in the middle of the day. After dinner I generally doze in my chair for a moment. If I can lose consciousness for five minutes it is just as refreshing to me as a genuine sleep. I take a drive mornings and afternoons. In the evening we read or have music, or play cribbage or whist. I am up at 7 in the morning. I never drink nor smoke."

WHEN HE WAS YOUNG.

As I expressed some curiosity about those habits, he said:

"When I was a young man in Danbury, everybody drank. Cider brandy, called 'gumptior,' was the favorite drink. Every occasion was the occasion for a 'horn.' Parties and weddings, and christenings and house raising and husking bees; and even at funerals the clergymen and mourners all drank liquor. At auctions the auctioneer held a bottle of liquor in his hand, and when bidding was slow he would cry out, 'A dram to the next bidder!' lifting his bottle to emphasize the offer. Up would go the bid, and the bidder would take his deadhead dram. Everybody drank. Those who think that the world has degenerated and is fast going to the dogs would not think so if they could remember the times as they were in 1812 as I can. I drank a good deal in those days, for it was the fashion. If this year was 1825 instead of 1885, this smoking-car, instead of being quiet, would be full of noisy roysterer, drinking and carousing. Only there wouldn't be any car then—would there?"

NO NEW SCHEMES.

I asked Mr. Barnum if he intended ever to go into any new schemes.

"No," he said; "anything new would worry me. I think I can see a dozen new ways in which I could make piles of money, if I were twenty, or even ten years younger; but what's the use? I have as much money as I can properly use, and am increasing it all the time. I shall leave my children and grandchildren more than will be good for them."

"You have executed a cast-iron will," I said.

"Yes; there is so much contesting of wills on the ground of incompetency, that I have done what I could to prevent it. I provided that if any legatee makes a contest he shall by that act forfeit his bequest, and I left $100,000 to the executors to fight any contestant. Then I had three physicians witness my will, who made oath that I was of sound mind."

We left the cars at Bridgeport, and separated—he for Waldemere on the west, I to find a friend with whom I had business. Next morning he took me out riding (yes "riding," not "driving"—at any rate I didn't drive). Bridgeport has doubled since I was there last, and from being the fourth city in the state, has grown to be the second. I told my friend, as we rode, about the talk with Barnum on the way down from Newport.

AT BRIDGEPORT.

"He's a remarkable character!" he continued. "He is making more money this year than he ever did before in any one year. He'll take, it is estimated, $150,000 out of the big show as his share. He gets $25,000 a year as the rent of the big building at Broadway and Houston in New York. He will get $50,000 in rents here, and as much more in the rise of real estate here. Everything he touches turns to greenbacks. Even his greatest schemes of benevolence have poured money into his pockets. He gave the city more than $100,000 worth of swamp land for a park which had been recovered from the sea by a dyke on the west of town. Then he naturally and prudently bought all the adjoining land and cut it up into town lots. This row of cottages is his. And that row over yonder. He owns nearly 200 cottages, and has helped workingmen build as many more.

"This end of Bridgeport has been so much made by Barnum that it ought to be called Barnumville, or Phineasia, or something suggestive. There was a great old graveyard up here. Barnum got a bill through the legislature authorizing him to remove the dead to a new cemetery. He gave thousands of new lots, and superintended the transfer, cleaned out the old burial ground and cut streets through it, and it is now one of the most attractive spots in the city—that street over there, with prim cottages the whole length."

Atlanta's Fort.

[Chicago Herald.]

Fort Walker, which crowns the highest point within the limits of the present park at Atlanta, Ga., and was in 1864 the stronghold on which the Confederate forces relied during the battle about the city, has been restored to its original proportions. It is proposed to place in the center of the fort a peace statue, to symbolize the nobler uses of its second existence, and a massive pedestal of oolitic stone, appropriately carved, is already in position.

The Oyster and the R.

"It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their names to eat an oyster." Thus wrote Butler, in his "Dyet's Dry Dinner," as long ago as 1599.

One Way to Save Money.

[Hartford Post.]

Of course, on such a bright morning she couldn't resist calling around to see how many of her friends had returned from vacation.

"Why, Cicely, dear," she exclaimed, "so you have returned?"

"Ye-es, I—I—that is, I haven't been away."

"But you have a beautiful tan on your complexion."

"Oh, yes, that cost me 25 cents, while a vacation would have cost me $125. I'll have a new cloak this fall, and you'll have to fix up your old one."

It was cold enough to put the cloak on immediately.

Physique of Men of Genius.

[Exchange.]

A French journalist has exhumed an essay written in 1831 by Theophile Gautier, who endeavors in it to prove, contrary to general opinion, that men of genius are generally stout. At the present day the proportions in numbers seem to be reversed, although it is stated that in general the poets and dramatists are lean and the prose writers fat.