msa_sc3326_scm8207-0288 ©Maryland State Archives

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1886. VOL. XXIV-NO. 52

LADIES!

Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the *Mack Publishing Co.*, 528 and 530 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated "**Ladies' Books.**" It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their famous household game **Verba.**

For ten cents they will also send a book containing complete words of "The Mikado," and music of its most popular songs, together with ten exquisite chromo cards.

QUINEPTUS!

A very pleasing, harmless glycyrrhized aromatic compound for disguising the taste of quinine and other bitter drugs, either solid or fluid. Price, 75 Cents per Pint Bottle. Prescribed by thousands of physicians in Europe and America. Formula accompanies every bottle. For Sale by Druggists.

Manufactured by

The Academic Pharmaceutic Co.,
LONDON AND NEW YORK.
532—536 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK CITY.

ROYAL VINER ELIXIR.

An elegant English pharmaceutic preparation for bilious, malarial and blood troubles; the result of over twenty-five years of most eminent scientific research.

Approved by the highest medical authorities. In use in the hospitals in every part of Europe. Especially helpful to ladies, children and people of sedentary habits.

Entirely vegetable; free from harmful drugs.

In Handsome Packages, Price 50 Cts.

Prepared solely by

The Royal Pharmaceutic Co.
LONDON AND NEW YORK,
Chemists by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and to the Royal Family.

NEW YORK BRANCH:
130, 132, 134 Charlton St.

ROYAL PILLS.

Same medicinal properties as ROYAL ELIXIR, in boxes, 30 pills to box, for 25 cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR!

Vinegar Bitters CORDIAL, { delicious taste, } 50c.
Vinegar Bitters POWDERS, 50 doses, 50c.
Vinegar Bitters, new style, { pleasant taste, } $1.00
Vinegar Bitters, old style, bitter taste, $1.00

The World's Great Blood Purifier and Life Giving Principle.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The past fifth of a Century the Leading Family Medicine of the World.

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL — PURELY — CALIFORNIA — DRAKE'S — PLANTATION — VINEGAR BITTERS

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors,
SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK.

WE ARE MAKING

A SPECIALTY

OF

WHITE PINE FENCING

AND

White Pine RABITED SIDING,

1x6. 16.

Having a Special Figure with a Western manufacturer on Boards that Rip to Advantage for the above, and working the Select Edges into Mouldings, &c., in the *Sash Factory*.

On any kind of Siding our facilities are unsurpassed.

Apply to

Joseph Turner,
Scott's Point, Chestertown
Oct. 27, 1885.

Wedding Pesents

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES
SOLID GOLD JEWELRY,
PLATED JEWELRY,
ROGERS' BEST SILVER WEAR
CLOCKS,
Novelties,

and many things suitable for Wedding Holiday Presents can be found at

C. M. LUCAS'
opp. Kent News office, Chestertown.
1884.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

STEDMAN T. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.
☞ Office near the Court House, adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq. feb.25-6m.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF T. W. ELIASON, JR.
will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's counties
Jan. 22, 1885.

CARPENTERING.

James Chilcutt, formerly of Centreville, having moved to Chestertown, offers his services for doing all kinds of House Carpentering, work on dwellings, barns, &c. Work done by contract or by the day. Jobbing especially attended to. Good references can be given. All he asks is a trial by the public.

JAMES CHILCUTT,
April 30, 1885. Chestertown, Md

For Sale or Exchange.

I have at Hall's stables, Chestertown, Md., a lot of Superior Young Western Mares, which I will sell cheap.
March 5—tf, C. H. DAVIS.

TO ALL PERSONS
Interested in Coal.

WE, having made arrangements by which we have our Coal shipped direct from the mines to Chestertown, perhaps it would be to your interest to call and see us before buying elsewhere.

J. T. TWILLEY & CO.
July 2, 1885.

DAVID S. STEWART. GEORGE W. DUNNT
D. B. STEWART CO.,
General Commission Merchants
and Wholesale Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c., Southern Fruits and Vegetables a Specialty.
150 W. Pratt Street.
☞ Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwal Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. [Feb. 21.

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED

We would be pleased to call your attention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,
July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

COLUMBIA HOUSE.
REFITTED AND REFURNISHED.
Nos. 111 & 113 N. Broad St., above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa.
E. A. HUTTON, - - - PROPRIETOR.

Opposite the Academy of Fine Arts; one square from the Broad street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the new City Hall and Masonic Temple. Three squares from Philadelphia and Reading Railroad depot. Also convenient to the leading places of amusement.—Rates $1.50 and $2.00 per day. Special rates by the week or month. May 7, 1885—1y.

JOS. L. DOWNES. S. JENNING
DOWNES & JENNINGS,
Merchant Tailors.
33 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
Sept. 17, 1885.

Chestertown Plumbing House!
CLEMENTS & YORK.
WATER, GAS AND STEAM, WINDMILLS AND PUMPS.

WE are now prepared to make contracts, and do all kinds of work appertaining to water, gas and steam; also, a full line of steam valves, faucets, stop and waste valves, and a full line of brass work and fittings for plumbing work. Pipe of all sizes, both plain and galvanized. Bath-tubs, kitchen sinks, hydrants, street sprinklers and water closets, terra-cotta pipe, bends and benches of all descriptions.

Work done by Practical Mechanics.
Repairing promptly attended to.

SANITARY PLUMBING, DRAINAGE & VENTILATION A SPECIALTY,

Estimates Made Free of Charge. Office—under *Kent News* office. Jan. 29.

T. J. MANN
Has Enlarged His Store,
and keeps on hand a Larger and More Complete Stock of Goods than formerly. His stock embraces not only
DRY GOODS
of all kinds,
HARDWARE. NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, but New Orleans Molasses, the best Syrups, Broiling Beef Flour, Meal and Feed. Canned Goods a specialty. All goods will be sold at bottom prices for cash or trade.

T. J. MANN,
opposite Kent National Bank
Feb. 8, 1883. Chestertown, Md

The Seeker

after the luxurious in Men's and Boy's Clothing can here be as well served as the searcher after the merely serviceable, while in our enormous assortment of Novel Shapes and Styles both are certain to be pleased. The reputation of our house for Elegance of Style and Perfection of fit, together with lowness of prices is a guarantee at all times of perfection. The great surprise of the Season is undoubtedly the unexpectedly low prices for goods universally acknowledged the best in the market.

We can fit the Boy 2½ years old, as well as the man of Weight (300 pounds).

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

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. T. COMEGYS,
AGENT FOR
THE WM. LEA & SONS CO.,
Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID
FOR BOTH
Wheat and Corn.

The above firm uses about Seven Thousand Bushels of Grain Daily, and we never have too much offered us. I am always prepared to Pay More for Grain than it will net in Baltimore or other markets. Reference, the Solid Cash.

Telephone Call No. 64.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Bordley's Corner, Chestertown, Md.
March 11, 1886.

THE
OLD ESTABLISHED
Firm of Geo. Lambert, now
J. O. LOWE
offers the best workmanship, style and effects in
New Carriages,
that can be furnished by the employment of the most skilled workmen. They are qualified by long experience to meet the requirements of Kent county.
ALL STYLES OF CARIAGES
made to order to suit the particular case.
Carriages and Driving Wagons repainted in accordance with their original design. Painting, trimming or refurnishing a specialty in styles to suit,
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Jan. 28, 1886.

DO YOU WANT
YOUR HORSE SHOD?
We have a First-Class professional Shoer. Mr. Lambert has recovered his health and will personally superintend the Shoeing Department.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!
Come and try our Edward Allen Poe CIGARS.
M. A. TOULSON,
March 27 Druggist

FOR SALE.
Post! Post! Post!
SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar White Oak and other kinds of POSTS of different sizes and lengths. They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also White and Red Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak piling and railroad ties.
Charles W. Jones, living near Mr. P. A. M Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to deliver all orders, but the sales must be made by me. All persons are forbidden to take anything out of the said woods unless by my or Charles W. Jones' permission.
WILLIAM PERKINS.

WINTER BOOTS—We have them for men and boys at prices that will be found as as the lowest. Those in want will do we spect our stock. J. H. SIMPERS.

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

VELVETEENS—In the leading color Cheap at J. H. SIMPERS

THREE LITTLE DUDISH FOOLS.

From the St. Paul Globe.

Three little dudes all on a spree,
Three little canes and three little hats,
Three little straws with sangaree—
Gay little dudes are we.
Three little dudes all on a bat,
Three little slims piled in a hack,
Three little heads without a hat—
Tired little slims are we.
Three little dudes and three little beds,
Three big doctors, three swelled heads,
Three little tombstones—epitaphs read,
"Dead little dudes are we."

One of Our "Has-Beens."

An old man.

A shuffling, dreamy-eyed, high-shouldered, lean and almost slippered pantalooned old man.

Who is he?

One of the Has-Beens; perhaps, indeed, we might call him the chief of the Has-Beens, for surely never was a ascending rocket more admired, never dazzling monarch more implicitly obeyed, never favorite of fortune more envied, never star more apparently fixed than Leonard W. Jerome, once a dashing, brilliant entertainer—once the impulsive leader of society, triple millionaire, courted patron, bon vivant, capitalist, originator, exploiter, pusher to success.

But that was long ago?

Yes, very long ago.

And now—

Just this side of nothing he is what an undertaker would call the "remains."

The present generation knows that there is a Jerome Park; that there are some Jerome girls married to titles across the ocean; that there is a story-telling kind of "funny" man by the name of Jerome who reflects in some manner the old-time effulgence of "the" Jerome, but who of the readers of to day's *World*, save a few old timers, knows or cares about Leonard W. Jerome, who, twenty-five years ago, was a millionairistic power in the city of New York, a friend and intimate of the great men of the day, a force in Wall street, a person to be considered in bank circles, one of the five Wall street manipulators whose names were known to every man in the realm of finance; the man who, in 1863, stood all night at the breech of a Gatling gun in front of the *Times* Building, he being one of the proprietors, and kept at bay a mob of yelling, shouting, screaming rascals, who held possession of the town; the originator of an idea which resulted in the establishment of the Jerome Park with its once fashionable race course; a patron whose nod carried fortune and public favor to artists in concert, room or hall, or on the stage?

But all this, was, and isn't is.

WHERE HE BEGAN AND WENT.

Bred to the law, but not of it, Jerome began life in Rochester, where he dabbled in journalism and, like all dabblers, failed to achieve success. He came to New York and entered Wall street at a time when money was more plenty than brains. He had a head packed with ideas and unquestioned nerve, with a happy temperament, buoyant in a marvelous degree. Between him and Uncle Daniel Drew soon grew a common dislike. In 1864 Jerome euchred Drew out of $250,000. Next year Drew got the better of Jerome in the sum of $200,000. In spite of extravagant habits, Jerome saved much money, for fortune perched invariably upon his speculative banner. He bought into newspapers, he secured a magnificent tract of land now known as the Jerome Park, then called the Bathgate Farm; he erected the Union League Club House, now occupied by the University Club; he had a magnificent residence, he drove the most admirably equipped equipages.

He dashed through life.

Over his head floated perennially a golden crown. He bathed in champagne, he slept on rose leaves, he trod on velvet. Breathing the upper oxygen of continuous prosperity, he felt himself allied to the gods who rule the earth. He rivalled Lucullus in the courtly splendors that attended his entertainments, and the colossal endeavors along the line of physical enjoyment indulged in by the most pecuniarily robust Roman regent paled their ineffective fire in the presence of the refined magnificence that attended Jerome's daily progress along the highways and in the byways of Sardanapalusian æstheticism.

He was a big man.

But he wanted to be bigger.

Along about 1861 the stock of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was not in favor. There were 40,000 shares, representing $4,000,000 of stock. Twenty-six thousand of these shares were owned in a block by a combination which had agreed to hold it for five years, leaving 14,000 shares on the street or in the hands of private investors. Jerome was selected as the representative of the ring owning the 26,000 shares. They had bought somewhere in the vicinity of 70. In thirteen months it had risen to one hundred, later to 145, then to 200 and finally settled along in the vicinity o. 180. For fourteen years, from 1850 to 1864, that stock had been twisting and twirling, shooting upward and flying downward, dazzling the brain, piling up or scattering riches and driving to suicide the men who dealt in it. For two years in succession it moved up with periodic and tremendous strides. In 1865 its capital was increased from $4,000,000 to $10,000,000 and the price stood at 240. In 1866 the capital was further increased to $20,000,000 and an assessment of $3,000,000 was levied on the stockholders and dividends made in full scrip to the amount of $7,000,000. Even then the price stood at 180 and its assets were reported at $34,000,000. Jerome and others who had bought at par in 1862 and had bought at 70 in 1860, holding their stock to the autumn of 1866 would have made, had they sold the stock, including the regular yearly dividends of 20 per cent., a profit of over 1,000 per cent.!

Jerome made millions!

His rocket whizzed in the upper air, leaving behind it a tail which puts to the blush the splendors of Oriental magnificence. He scattered rubies, diamonds, precious stones and golden ducats over all the circles in which he moved. Money was to him like dust in the balance. Palms of gratulation were spread before him, and the air was filled with hosannahs as he marched proudly along the highway of prosperity.

Jerome! Jerome!! Jerome!!!

Jerome the magnificent. Jerome the fortunate. Jerome the great big, big, big man of the day.

Until—

Until what?

Until the report of the Pacific Mail in the autumn marked down its assets from $34,000,000 to $22,000,000, showing the actual value of the stock to be 110. It fell in a few days from 170 to 163, from 163 to 115, and then, hat in hand, the prince appeared before his masters, begging release from his contract to the extent of 40,000 shares, and owning up to a loss of $800,000, and then—

Oh, there was no then; that was the end.

Jerome was quoted no more, his magnificent equipage ceased to attract attention in the park, the droop of his moustache was no longer copied; he had fallen from his perch, and no one cared to pick him up. Humpty Dumpty on the wall, Humpty Dumpty had a fall, and all the doctors in the land could never make poor Humpty Dumpty stand.

Chief of the Has-Beens, he scuffs along the pavements that know him no more forever, a splendid illustration of the saying that "Has-Beens don't count."—*N. Y. World.*

At Breakfast, Fortress Monroe.

To an angel, or even to that approach to an angel in this world, a person who has satisfied his appetite, the spectacle of a crowd of people feeding together in a large room must be a little humiliating. The fact is that no animal appears at its best in this necessary occupation. But a hotel breakfast-room is not without interest. The very way in which people enter a room is a revelation of character. Mr. King, who was put in good humor by falling on his feet, as it were, in such agreeable company, amused himself by studying the guests as they entered. There was a portly, florid man, who "swelled" in, patronizing the entire room, followed by a meek little wife and three timid children. There was the broad, dowager woman, preceeded by a meek, shrinking little man, whose whole appearance was an apology. There was a modest young couple who looked exceedingly self conscious and happy, and another couple, not quite so young, who were not conscious of anybody, the gentleman giving a curt order to the waiter, and falling at once to reading a newspaper, while his wife took a listless attitude, which seemed to have become second nature. There were two very tall, very graceful, very high bred girls in semi-mourning, accompanied by a nice lad in tight clothes, a model of propriety and slender physical resources, who perfectly reflected the gracious elevation of his sisters. There was a preponderance of women, as is apt to be the case in such resorts. A fact explicable not on the theory that women are more delicate than men, but that American men are too busy to take this sort of relaxation, and that the care of an establishment, with the demands of society and the worry of servants so draw upon the nervous energy of women that they are glad to escape occasionally the irresponsibility of hotel life. Mr. King noticed that many of the women had the unmistakable air of familiarity with this sort of life, both in the dining-room and at the office, and were not nearly so timid as some of the men. And this was very observable in the case of the girls, who were chaperoning their mothers, shrinking women who seemed a little confused by the bustle, and a little awed by the machinery of the great caravansary.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, *in Harper's Magazine for April.*

No Woman Could Make a Fool of Him.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Of all the fools in the world," said an elderly passenger on a Michigan Central train, "I think Senator Jones takes the blue ribbon. The idea of a man of his age making such a dunce of himself over a woman. The woman never lived that could hit me so hard as that. They can't throw any of their dust in my eyes. I am too old a bird to be caught with feminine chaff."

These self congratulatory remarks were uttered at 11 A. M. At noon a woman with a face once pretty, and still passable with the aid of a skillfully applied coat of rouge, came aboard at a way station and occupied the seat next to the elderly man. At 11.30 she struggled vainly with the window blind, and at 11.31 her neighbor went to her rescue. At 11.45 they were seated side by side. At 1.30 he took her out to dinner. At 2.30 her head rested upon his shoulder, and his nigh arm lingered along the seat back, with a spasmodic tendency to droop. At 3 sharp the train stopped five minutes to change engines and a telegraph messenger came into the car. At 3.05 the woman was wringing her hands in despair and her companion was reading the telegram which she had placed in his hands, and trying to comfort her in her grief at this sudden intelligence at the death of her mother in Boston and equally sudden call upon her to return immediately. At 3½ the elderly passenger was standing with his open pocketbook in hand, counting out $40 in crisp bills, and placing them in the hands of his fellow traveler. At 3.20 the unhappy woman had controlled her grief and stayed the flood of tears. At 3½ she alighted from the train, after an affectionate and thankful parting with her benefactor, promising to write him from Boston, whither she was to fly by the next train for the East. At 3.31 she entered a cab which was waiting near the platform, and which was occupied by a moustached man with a high hat, a loud scarf and a wicked eye. At 3.32 the train started on its way, and a roguish, laughing face looked out the cab window and waved an arch and gay good-by to the elderly passenger. At 3.33 something seemed to come over the old man. He flew into a fit of rage, showed his teeth, looked into his pocketbook, shook his head, clenched his fists and muttered:

"Cuss an old woman fool like me, anyhow."

Fatal Effects of Alcohol.

According to Dr. Richardson, alcohol cuts down by disease in England and Wales alone 1,000 persons a week. What, adds the Doctor, if any other cause of mortality did the same? What if 1,000 persons per week died, in the same area, from the bite of a rabid dog or the snake, by the swallowing of arsenic, opium or prussic acid? What if some thousand persons a week were known to be killed by the secret devices of the slow poisoner, who, under the guise of friendship, went about and instilled into his victims some subtile drop which led to the shortening of their life and to the production of lingering organic fatal disease? What, indeed, then would be the cry and the action? Why, all through the ranks of the great profession of medicine there would be a tumult of labor and toil, such as never before was seen, to remove the calamity. Men would be ambitious to be first to discover by experiment, by experience, the cause of so fearful an evil, and to remove it instantly; while he who won the victory over the calamity would be extolled as illustrious and, crowned with honor, become a household word from among the children of Esculapius. Yet here one single cause making the deadly havoc, a cause well known and easily removable, in spite of its evils and in face of its easy removal, is permitted to remain in sight with a majority of the army of medicine looking on in apathy, pitying us "poor foolish fanatics" who are exercising our limited powers to uproot it, and some, with the rest of the world, so sharing the calamity as to become co partners in the destruction which follows from the participation.

New York Bricks.

The forty-five brickyards at Haverstraw, N. Y., on the Hudson river 32 miles above New York city, the largest brick making center in the country, with a capacity for making 340,000,000 bricks annually, turned out 300,000,000 in 1885, against a like number in 1884. About 2,000 men are employed, besides 300 in the river carrying trade, which keeps 44 barges and 50 small vessels busy. Haverstraw bricks are of ordinary grade, but bring 25 to 50 cents per 1,000 more than other bricks of like quality, owing to the excellent sand and clay used. They brought an average of $5 per 1,000 in New York last season, after paying $1 river freight and $1 to $1.25 per thousand royalty to the owners of the land where the yards are located. The works use in a season 42,000 cords of wood for heating kilns, at $5 per cord; 12,000 tons of coal dust at $2 per ton; and 4,000 tons of coal at $4.25 per ton; a total cost for fuel of $251,000. The total royalties were, as above, say $337,000 and wages (averaging $2.25 per day), say (six months) about $776,000. Two hundred patent brick-pressing machines costing $1,000 each are employed. The total gross receipts last year are given at $1,800,000. This particular industry began fifty years ago. At that time $3 per 1,000 was a fair price. Quotations have been as high as $9.

Too Much Idle Capital.

There are in the city of New York forty-five national banks with a capital aggregating forty-five million four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The statement made by these institutions on the first of March showed that there was due to their depositors two hundred and nine million seventy-one dollars. Add to this enormous sum the millions in the vaults of the banks organized under our State laws, and with private bankers, as well as the great sums held by our trust and insurance companies, and it is evident that there is a great deal too much unemployed capital lying idle in this city.

If this large sum and the surplus funds in other monetary institutions throughout the country could be put into circulation, it would give an impetus to all kinds of business, and bring about that condition of prosperity for which the public have been looking for the past few years, and are now realizing only in part. —*Scientific American.*

Extracting Teeth with the Pistol.

Old Dr. Monsey extracted teeth by fastening a strong piece of catgut securely to the tooth, to the opposite end of which he affixed a bullet. With this bullet and a full measure of powder a pistol was charged, and when the trigger was pulled the operation was performed effectually and speedily. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment exclaimed, 'Stop, stop, I've changed my mind!' 'But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward for your pains,' answered the Doctor, pulling the trigger. In another instant the tooth was extracted, much to the timid patient's delight and astonishment.

THE Macon *Telegraph* hopes that Mr. Edison will invent a method whereby the baby's midnight shrieks will be carried off on a wire to frighten away the cats on the roof.

Artemus Ward.

Calling upon Mr. Lincoln on one of the darkest days in the late war, I was surprised to see upon his mantel-piece a couple of volumes—one a small Bible, the other *Artemus Ward, his book.*

'Do you read Artemus Ward?' I asked him.

'I don't read anybody else,' he replied, with a smile on his care worn face; 'he is inimitable."

In the plain building before which we are standing the inimitable showman first set up his 'wax figgers;' and if we enter here we may encounter the assistant editor of the *Plaindealer*, who was the associate and intimate friend of 'A. Ward' when the latter was the city editor of this journal. He has many anecdotes to tell of the genial showman. He describes his appearance, when he first came to the office, as decidedly rustic. He was, he says, long and lank, with flowing hair, and loosely fitting coat, and trousers too short in the legs and bagging at the knees. His humor was irrepressible and always bubbling over, and he kept all about him in a constant state of merriment. He was a wag—nothing but a wag—but in that line a genius. He could see only the ludicrous side of a subject. Going away once on a short vacation, he engaged this gentleman to perform his work during his absence. He carefully instructed him as to his duties, and in doing so drew from his pocket a tow string about a foot and a half long, and told him he must furnish that amount of copy per day, leaving on his desk the measure as a reminder of the quantity. About this time he was called upon to respond to a toast to the Press at a Ben Franklin festival held in Cleveland. He rose to his feet, hung his head for a few moments in silence, and then sat down, having said nothing. In his account of the festival in the next day's *Plaindealer* his speech was reported by a blank space of about half a column of eloquent silence.

This gentleman remembers that soon after 'A Ward' entered the lecture field he was invited by a theatrical manager in San Francisco to deliver a course in California. The season being close at hand, the manager asked him by telegraph: 'What will you take for forty nights in California? Answer immediately.' Ward answered immediately, by telegraph, 'Brandy and water.' The joke was noised throughout the State, and the result was, when Artemus went there to lecture on his own account, he was met everywhere with overflowing houses.—While engaged in lecturing in the West, he wrote this gentleman the following epistle:

'MY DEAR GEORGE—I want you to do me a favor. I relied on one of my men to save me the press notices. He didn't. Will you collect them for me at once, and send them to me at the Bates House? Now this is taxing your good nature, but you'll do it for me—won't you, George? Do you know that you remind me more and more of the noble Romans? I don't know who they were, but you remind me of them; you do, indeed. And could I have appealed to one of those noble Romans to cut out some press notices for me in vain? I guess not. Go on, young man, go on. Deal kindly with the aged. Remember that we are here for only a little while, and that riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. Intoxicate the shunning bowl. Support your county paper. Love the Lord, and send me those notices.—Write likewise. And now, kind sir, farewell. Farewell.

"'When other lips and other hearts—'

"Your'n, my pretty gazelle,

"A WARD."

—EDMUND KIRKE, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

Shying Horses.

This trick or vice is generally the effect of nervous timidity, resulting from an excitable temperament. It is aggravated by improper handling. To punish a horse for shying introduces a new cause for fear. The horse will be more alarmed and show more tokens of fear at the prospect of a whipping than at the imaginary object of danger in the road. Hence one bad habit is confirmed by the introduction of another. It is impossible to whip terror out of a horse or pound courage into one. Kindness and gentle persuasion are the best weapons to correct the pernicious habit of shying. The less fear exhibited by the driver, and the less notice taken of the shying by using hash means, the sooner it will be given up. A careful, experienced horseman can generally detect an object likely to cause a nervous horse to shy, and by word or touch will encourage him to pass it unnoticed. When this fails, give him time to look at the object of his fear; pat him and coax him up to it, then take him past it two or three times, till he takes no notice of it.

When defective sight is the cause of this bad habit it is incurable, and if the eyesight is failing, the horse for ordinary driving or riding will be perfectly useless. A mare we knew that had gone quietly in harness for two or three year, suddenly took to jumping the white stone crossings of an ordinary macadamized street, as if they were water brooks. In three months she was stone blind.—*Scientific American.*

A Peculiar Illumination.

A brilliant phenomenon has been noticed at Beaver Falls and other places in Western Pennsylvania, where natural gas blow-off pipes send out their large volumes of flames into the frosty night air, which has aroused particular interest both from its beauty and the absence of any fully satisfactory explanation.

At those works which receive their supply of natural gas directly from a well, and are running only during the daytime, the gas is permitted to escape into the atmosphere at night, and to avoid the roaring sound is usually ignited as it issues from the top of the blow-off. These gigantic torches light up the country for miles around, the effect being particularly noticeable in cloudy weather, when the glare is reflected. It has been observed that in certain conditions of the atmosphere a vertical, feathery and very brilliant arrow of fire extends above the flame almost to the zenith. Its greatest brilliance is perhaps at its highest point, where it is described as being quite as bright as a rod of iron at a white heat. The natural pulsations of the gas, as it rushes from the blow-off, affect the outpouring flame, and give the luminous arrow a leaping, flashing motion which adds greatly to its beauty. The observers agree in stating—and the fact is significant—that the conditions necessary for the appearance of the phenomenon depend upon the presence of a frosty atmosphere and an appreciable haziness, or else it is visible either during or immediately preceding a light, fleecy fall of snow, the temperature being somewhat below the freezing point.

Bearing these facts in mind, it is not difficult to explain the arrow. The minute crystalline faces of the suspended snow or ice particles catch the light from the burning torch, and reflect the rays in precisely the same manner as the ocean, or other expanse of water, on a moonlight night, gives us a long, silvery path of reflected moonbeams. This explanation finds further confirmation in the fact that the arrow extends only to the upper limits of the haze, and when the lower atmosphere is clear, begins at some distance above the flame.—*Scientific American.*

THE inhabitants of the beautiful town of Montclair, New Jersey, pride themselves on the scholarship and intellectual acumen of its young ladies, who have a literary club at which is discussed weekly the respective standing of the principal poets of the world. A short time ago the subject was Dante Alighieri whose merits and demerits were diligently subjected to the penetrating light of modern criticism; and last week, in the lecture-room of the Congregational Church, before a large and interested audience, one of the members of the club stood on the platform and read a brilliantly logical and well balanced estimate of Victor Hugo's poetical works. It was generally admitted that no man in the town could have equalled the performance.

MRS. HORATIO SEYMOUR, who died recently at ex-Senator Conkling's home in Utica, was one of the women whom Nature seems to have designed to be the wives of statesmen. She not only sympathized with the public work of her husband in all its various phases—political and philanthropic—but created for him a home which he loved more than any other place on earth.—Those who knew her best have often recognized her impress on the spirit of that memorable address to the prison convicts in which the ex-Governor told them how he had profited most by the most serious mistakes of his private life, and urged them to make stepping-stones of their crimes to higher things.

A WELL KNOWN American novelist while conversing recently with a friend expressed his appreciation of black dresses for women. 'I never saw a woman,' he said, 'who didn't look better in black than in colors. Just now I have in mind a charming creature, whose only facial disadvantage is a slight predominance of jaw; but last evening I saw her in a black dress, and her jaw did not trouble me at all.'

Biffraff Clippings.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has often proven itself to be the best Blood Purifier ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, all Nervous disorders and Debility, Bilious Complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

Christian Glauser of Reading, Pa., is one of the few dealers, if not the only dealer, in dogs' meat in this country. He keeps it on hand to sell to persons who think it may be good for their health, and also tries out the fat and sells it as a cure for colds, rheumatism and troubles of the chest. He says that the meat of a fat dog has a delicate flavor that everybody relishes who tastes it, and there is no finer-looking meat than dressed-dog.

IMPAIRED VITALITY.—When you feel as if the vital powers were giving way, strength gone, spirits depressed, memory failing, appetite lost, exhaustion stealing over every sense and paralyzing every energy, then is the time to resort to that powerful ally of nature, Dr. Walker's Vegetable Vinegar Bitters. It soon works a glorious renovation in the system.

Ten-year-old Harry Weil, of Allentown, Pa., wrote to President Cleveland calling his attention to the fact that his and the President's birthdays fell on the same day. Harry, by return mail, received the following, written by Mr. Cleveland himself: "Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., March 18, 1886, Grover Cleveland to Harry Weil."

ACCORDING TO HOYLE.—A gentleman, who is fond of whist, says that he never enjoyed a rubber so much as when he had rheumatism, and his wife cured it by rubbing him with St. Jacobs Oil. Then when he had a severe cough a few doses of Red Star Cough Cure effected a complete cure.

A farmer in Passumpsic, Vt., made $100 apiece from the milk of his 22 cows last year; and the same cows gave him $2,400 during '84.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.