THE SILVER CLOUD.

I saw a silver cloud at eventide,
At eventide a little silver cloud;
With outstretched, moveless wings, a paly dove
She sailed toward the west, and thus she said:

"Ah, joy was mine! He bathed me in his beams,
He bathed me in his beams, and all day long
Over a thousand fields, a thousand groves,
My happy shadow floated like a dream.

"Kiss, kiss once more my lips, my pallid lips;
Bring me once more the blush I knew at morn;
Cast thou thine arms about me, ere I die,
Ere in a mist of tears I melt away!"

While yet she spake her cloudy pallor changed,
And she became a wreath of flaming fire
That did to scorn the sober evening star;
But ah! she darkened visibly as she went.

Slowly she darkened, slowly, till she was
Whiter than ashes or the face of death.
Then came a cold, low wind, and breathed on her;
She in a mist of tears did melt away.

—John Philip Varley in The Atlantic.

THE LADIES' TREE.

My husband and I remained on Mr. Cardewe's Dorsetshire property for more than a year, and after that Mr. Cardewe wrote to Charley to come up again to the Manor, as he wished to have him look after the young plantations which were being formed.

The first news that greeted us was that Mr. Hemphill, who had always been kind to us, was as good as engaged to be married to Miss Anderson, whose parents lived near Bournemouth. She was a very lovely girl; and every one was pleased to think that Mr. Hemphill and she had made it up together, after all. There was a little story connected with this young lady. She was something of an heiress, it was known, and many people had made offers for her to her parents. Capt. Martyn Henry, who had been at the Manor, and who was again expected this same summer, had, I knew, been one of her admirers. But although everything seemed satisfactory, the impending rumored engagement was ended. Capt. Henry went abroad in a hurry, and people said very unkind things concerning him. But Miss Anderson was evidently fond of him.

However, after awhile she appeared as pretty and cheerful as ever. Mr. Hemphill on his part seemed quite happy. Miss Anderson rode to the hounds to the very middle of April, and he wanted to marry her in June. Everything was preparing. She was certainly a fine girl. Such eyes!—bold black ones. Such lovely hair, and a figure which was, in her riding-habit, perfection. Her manner was quiet and shy at first, but they told me she "improved" wonderfully after awhile; and there was no daring or almost reckless thing she would not do if she was defied to it. That is not my idea of improvement, but being only a dressmaker, I hardly know.

However, she came and stayed with the Cardewes; and Mr. Hemphill rode over day after day. One day it was very thundery and stormy, and just as the rain was beginning, into our little house the young pair came for shelter. When the thunder stopped rolling they went into the porch; and the day being hot and sultry, though only May, the house-door was open. I was washing things, and could hear their voices, and sometimes even what they said, without minding.

The tones in which Miss Gladys contradicted poor Mr. Hemphill, and the mild, submissive way in which he put up with it all, astonished me. That any man would behave as he did I couldn't have believed! I'd like to see Charley put up with such "tantrums" as Miss Anderson's! Now, I said to myself, I see the reason of Capt. Henry's and Mr. Elliott's sudden "crying off." They could not put up with her temper, of course; and I wonder Mr. Hemphill did. He seemed afraid to contradict her.

The shower passed. The sandy soil licked up the drops, and everything remained as parched and dry as possible. A single match dropped in the underwood would have set the whole plantation and all the gorse in a blaze. The keepers were particularly desired to be on the watch for smokers, who might in a moment, by accident or for "fun," set fire to the whole of the furze, and burn us up too.

Mr. Hemphill and Miss Anderson were discussing this when Dr. Joliffe rode past, and stopped suddenly. He was a special friend of the Andersons, and often visited them, dined, and even slept there at times. Mr. Hemphill greeted him at once, but Miss Gladys looked sullen when he came up.

"I wish I had seen that fire," Miss Anderson was saying; "I would give anything to see a good fire. Some day we will have another."

"Have another!" cried Mr. Hemphill; "you can't mean that, Gladys!"

"Have you seen Capt. Martyn Henry, Mr. Hemphill?" inquired the doctor.

"No, has he returned?"

Miss Anderson's face was pale as death.

"Is there anything the matter, Gladys?" asked Mr. Hemphill.

"Nothing" she said. "Dr. Joliffe, will you come back to the Manor with us?" and they rode away.

When Charley came in he was in a terrible hurry.

"Let's have tea, Lucy," he said almost before he was well in the house. "I must go out at once and keep an eye round the plantations. There has been some "tippers" across to-day, and I doubt they'll have left something after them, and the place is all as dry as tinder. A spark would burn us in our beds."

Just then a messenger rode up from Mrs. Cardewe for Charley and myself to go to the Manor. She wanted to see me about some dressmaking. Mrs. Cardewe made me stay and take tea with Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, and she sent two of the boys to find Charley, and tell him to come back to the Manor when his work was over, and fetch me and baby. Then Mrs. Jones and I seated ourselves for a nice long chat, not that I care much for gossip, as a rule, but when with friends a little exchange of sentiments is pleasant.

We hadn't talked very long when Bill Swain came in all excited.

"Oh, mum!—awful, mum! Mr. Farmer he has sent me for help. The gorse is a-fire and the plantation's in danger. It's bad, that it is!"

I jumped up and called the girl Emily.

"Here, Emily; hold baby till I come back. The gorse is a-fire, and Mr. Farmer is there. Quick!"

I put on my things; and by the time I was ready the men and helpers were hurrying away to the place where the fire was. The smoke was already curling over the tree-tops; and as we knew the whole place was as dry as tinder, the fire would spread rapidly.

As I came out I saw Miss Anderson and Mr. Hemphill. He was trying to dissuade her.

"Gladys, my dearest——"

"Mr. Hemphill, please do not interfere. You have no right to prevent me. I will go to this fire. I particularly want to see it. You need not come unless you please."

He looked at her almost with tears in his eyes. But he was patient with her and said:

"Very well, dear, as you like."

She drew herself up haughtily. I could have boxed her ears had she been my girl. He was too gentle with her. Some women don't value a man unless he is pretty hard with them, and poor Mr. Hemphill wasn't hard enough for Miss Gladys.

She set off by herself, and he followed her; the doctor and all the stable-men had already gone. Bill Swain came with me. Round in the farm-yard the men were calling out for help; and the country was up.

All the men turned out—servants, grooms, boys, laborers. All hurried off towards the plantation, where, beyond the fir-wood, the flames, stirred by a westerly wind, were already advancing in their fiery progress. We had not got clear of the high road before we could perceive the flames high in the air, and great rolling curls and puffs of smoke rising over the tree-tops. Men with branches of trees, and spades and forks, were running along the road, and then up the lane towards the furze common, which was well alight. The young trees were standing out dark in front of the fire. It was a grand sight, and one I shall not easily forget. A fine sight, indeed, but terrible!

Beyond the belt of flame, in front of it, a number of men were endeavoring to cut away the trees and gorse so as to deprive the fire of its fuel. Close behind the flames, and at the sides, were men with branches of trees beating the fire out as well as they could. But more than once they had to retreat, as the tongues of fire darted suddenly at them, and licked up the grass and gorse almost under their feet. Three parties of men were converging towards an old decayed tree—a hollow dry trunk, as dry as touchwood. In a few minutes that tree would be in the very heart of the fire; nothing could save it.

Then the wind suddenly changed, and we saw the fire spread. We waited, and watched the great towering flames. Mr. Hemphill, the doctor, and other gentlemen came rushing up, darting hither and thither, beating, calling, directing. Mr. Cardewe, at the head of the laborers, was equally active. The fire was increasing. The old solitary oak was doomed; Nothing could save it. Poor old tree! Every one was sorry. It had been a landmark for years and years, and was called the "Ladies' Tree." There was some tradition, some old prophecy, about it, as it marked Mr. Anderson's property where it was divided from Mr. Hemphill's.

I knew the legend well. It was to the effect that when the tree was dead the Hemphill's would be childless—

"When passes away the Ladies' Tree,
No Babes in Hemphill's hall shall be."

The verse came into my mind, and I said to the ladies' maid, who had run out with the rest to see the sight:

"A poor look-out for Miss Gladys!"

But we had no time to talk much. The men, whether they believed in the legend or not, were doing all they could to prevent the fire from reaching the tree. They did not succeed. The flames seemed to rush round, and even to spring from the tree itself. We cried out, "Save the tree!" but no one could get near it, until the flames had united round the trunk and utterly concealed it, so fierce was this famous "bush-fire."

"My gracious me, Eliza, what's that? Look! There is something in the tree!" I exclaimed. "There is something alive!"

"Sure enough, it looks like it!" cried Eliza. "See, it comes out! It's a woman!"

A cry of alarm and horror rent the air—a groan of anguish from all. The figure was now plainly seen—the woman was standing upon one of the lower branches, waving her hand wildly!

It was Miss Anderson herself! She was calling for help. Help, indeed! But it looked as if no help could ever reach her. I heard her voice plainly now; and —you will scarcely believe me—she was laughing, a queer, wild laugh.

"Save her! Save her!" screamed men and women.

But no one would venture. The flames formed a barrier impassable. Death—a cruel death—awaited any one who crossed the terrible belt of fire, which roared and crackled like the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar.

Mr. Anderson spurred his horse recklessly toward the belt of fire. The animal reared and nearly threw him. Miss Anderson had, as we supposed, got into the tree thinking herself safe, but a sudden shift of wind had carried the flames toward her, and she seemed doomed.

"Five hundred pounds to the man who will make the effort! Five hundred apiece to any of you!"

One man had not waited. A man with his nose and mouth tied up in a wetted handkerchief rushed through the smoke. It was Mr. Hemphill, true to the last. But his courage was of no avail. He nearly reached the foot of the tree, but fell. Three men rushed in, but only two reached him; the third, black and scorched, came out again staggering, blinded, burnt. The others did succeed in reaching him, and at the peril of their lives dragged Mr. Hemphill to the windward side of the flames, which were still roaring to leeward, as Charley said.

We were all silent and horrified, when suddenly a loud shout came over the fields. A man, riding a beautiful black horse, leaped the hedge, and dashed, spurring hard, across the common land. The horse was blindfolded, and rushed recklessly on. The rider scattered the workers and spectators. They paused for a moment, and then, with a cheer, the horseman plunged into the flame and smoke, which were passing away from the tree now at the base, but the tree itself was burning. In another moment the rider was off his horse, which rushed away blindly by itself. The gentleman swung himself into the smouldering tree with desperate courage, tore Miss Anderson from her place between the branches, where she sat, half-insensible, and lowered her to the ground. She fell in a heap, apparently dead.

The gentleman dropped down and lifted her up. By this time some laborers had summoned up courage too, and rushed in as the fire abated. Between them they lifted and carried off Miss Anderson, who was borne to our little house, quite insensible. I hurried after them, and met them at the door. There I came face to face with Capt. Martyn Henry! He had saved Miss Anderson, then! Poor Mr. Hemphill!

She remained insensible for some time, but we got her round by degrees; and in our house she remained for three weeks. Mr. Hemphill called every day, and more than once a day, and at last was permitted to see her. She was sitting up then, and gave him her hand. You can imagine his greeting; but she was very quiet, and scarcely spoke. At length, after awhile, she said (I heard her; I couldn't help it, as I was in the next room):

"Arthur, you have been very kind and brave. I hear you risked your life to save mine. How can I thank you? You have suffered, too, I see. And for me!"

"My darling, there is one way in which you can make me supremely happy. If you will become my wife—soon—dearest—"

"Oh, don't, don't please! I can not! Oh, Arthur—Mr. Hemphill—I can not speak of that!"

"Well, not just now perhaps, Gladys, darling. But when you have quite recovered—when I am more presentable, then we will arrange it all."

She murmured something, and then she said, aloud, as if she had nerved herself to speak out:

"Arthur, would you think me very wicked if I said I can not—I would rather not marry you? Oh, forgive me! I can't marry you; indeed I can't!"

Poor Mr. Hemphill's scarred face became white. I peeped out, and saw him kneel down and take her hand.

"You do not love me, Gladys! Is that the reason? I have fancied so when you were so harsh towards me. But I never thought that you would have consented to even a semblance of engagement unless——"

"No," she interrupted; "I didn't know —all. But now I do. I—can not marry —you—because——"

She blushed, hung her head, and he finished the sentence for her.

"Because you love some one else. Is that so, Gladys?"

She merely bowed her head. Then he rose, and continued in such a manly, yet tender voice:

"Gladys, my dearest, my hope in this world has been to call you my wife. You have flattered me with the idea that you would be mine. But I have seen my error. Perhaps, had I rescued you, you might have loved me."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Miss Anderson. "Indeed, I always liked you, but when I consented to try and love you my heart had already gone. I told you that."

"Yes, you did; and this man Martyn Henry is my rival still. Oh, my darling, must I give you up? Give me one word of hope. What, not a word? Not one? Oh, Gladys, Gladys! I have worshiped you. My whole heart is yours, and you deny me even a crumb of comfort. All is over. Is it really true?—really true?"

The tears were running down her cheeks. His eyes were dry, but so mild and sad, as he turned away.

"Good-bye, Gladys. Our first meeting for three weeks, and our last for ever! God bless you, and—forgive you!"

He kissed her and went out, leaving her in a torrent of tears. I believe she cared more for him at that minute than she ever had done before. I know she declined even to see the captain when he called with her father. Poor Mr. Hemphill!"

He went away almost immediately. Miss Anderson soon got about, and became really engaged to Capt. Martyn Henry again, and will marry him in the autumn, as all has been made up.—Adapted from Lucy Farmer in Cassell's Magazine.

The Transporting Power of Water.

The carrying or transporting power of water increases as the sixth power of the velocity—a prodigious rate of increase, as may be inferred from the fact that a stream having a velocity six times as great as another will be able to transport material weighing 46,656 times as much as that carried by the slower stream. The data from which engineers commonly calculate the effect of a scour on a river bottom are about as follows: A stream flowing with a velocity of three inches per second barely produces an effect on fine clay; six inches per second will raise fine sand; eight inches per second will raise sand of the coarseness of linseed; twelve inches per second will sweep along fine gravel; twenty-four inches per second (or one and one-third miles per hour) will carry pebbles of about one inch diameter; thirty-six inches per second (which is about two miles per hour, or about two-thirds the rate of speed of a moderate walk) will sweep along fragments the size of an egg.—Boston Budget.

Incorrect Opinion of Steamboat Mates.

The impression the public have of steamboat mates is not the correct one. The mate who looks the fiercest and swears the loudest is often the best to his crew. A mate is noisy from mere force of habit. He deems it necessary to indulge in expletives, and the average roustabout would be a worthless ornament without the encouraging tirade of of the competent mate. Once away from the boat, the mate, as a rule, is like any other man, and I have known many noisy mates who were quiet and orderly as a Sabbath-school teacher on duty when they were off duty.—Capt. Asbury in Globe-Democrat.

G. Washington as an Aristocrat.

Washington's pompous ways were severely criticised at this time. His gorgeous, cream-colored coach with its six horses was talked of, and they said that it was ridiculous for one who posed as the great champion of American liberty to keep men in livery and to own 500 slaves. There was probably some truth in this charge. Washington was a great swell, and he liked to strut about and have his fellow-men toadying him. He believed in high honors being paid to the president of the United States, and his receptions as president were of the stiffest kind. He dressed in the richest of clothes, wore silk, satin and lots of gold lace, and I doubt not he was a little proud of his figure, which was tall and well formed, with the exception of the chest, which was sunken.

Washington had probably as fine an establishment in America as any man in the country at the time he lived. He kept the finest of horses in his stables, and had an army of liveried servants. At Mount Vernon he had 100 cows, and he entertained like an English lord. He always had wine on his table, and he drank several glasses at every dinner. His wife was addressed as Lady Washington in those days, and his friends gave him the title in private life of "your excellency." I have seen manuscript private letters to Mrs. Washington, and I doubt not that during the first administration of our government she was toadied like a queen. She and the president had their coat-of-arms, and George Washington had buttons made, at least there are such buttons in existence, with his initials on them. The Washington family had the finest of china. They liked good furniture, and even now at Mount Vernon one might keep up an establishment which would not discredit the times of to-day.—Cor. Cleveland Leader.

A Christening Dress for the Baby.

The christening dress of the first-born of the young Princess di Galatro Colonna (formerly Miss Eva Mackay) is perhaps the most unique specimen extant of the finest point d'Alencon lace of great beauty and rarity. The dress, made as a loose slip, is bordered with antique lace of a quarter of a yard in width, the remainder of the garment being woven to correspond, and having the arms of the Colonna family designed in lace upon the corsage. The Princess Anna Murat declared that the dress surpassed in beauty the famous christening robe of the late prince imperial.

The lace is the most superb that has been seen in Paris for years. Even the wedding flounces of the queen regent of Spain can not be compared to it. Mrs. Mackay, the mother of the princess, has a collection of lace that surpasses any of the royal houses of Europe—so it is said, at any rate. She possesses the celebrated tunic and flounces in point d'Alencon manufactured for the Empress Eugenie in 1869. This lace was copied from a piece originally in possession of Mme. de Pompadour.—London Court Journal.

Russia's Petroleum Balance-Sheet.

The magnitude of the items in the balance-sheet of the St. Petersburg Naphtha Producing company (Brothers Nobel) is impressive. The assets, taking the ruble at 2 shillings, amount to 2,531,000 pounds sterling and the profit last year was 200,000 pounds sterling. The company possesses factories valued at 438,000 pounds sterling, allowance having been made for depreciation; steamships stand in the balance-sheet at 427,000 pounds sterling, trucks and vehicles at 247,000 pounds sterling, storehouses and reservoirs at 404,000 pounds sterling. The kerosene in stock is put at 267,000 pounds sterling, residual products at 128,000 pounds sterling. Among the liabilities share capital stands at 1,500,000 pounds sterling and outstanding obligations at 428,000 pounds sterling. These are obviously the incidents of an immense annual producing power.—Foreign Letter.

Coal Formed in the Arctic Regions.

Commenting on Lieut. Greely's discovery of coal within the Arctic Circle in Greenland, Mr. W. Mattieu Williams expresses himself as dissatisfied with the prevailing notion which demands a subtropical climate for the formation of carboniferous deposits. He has himself described the deposition of coal that is in actual progress at the present time in Norway, within 4 degrees of the Arctic Circle, and believes that similar deposits may be found much farther north. No very violent alteration of climate, therefore, need be assumed to explain the Greenland coal.—Boston Budget.

GROWTH OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

Startling Facts as to the Development of the Body During Childhood.

During the international medical conference held in Copenhagen in the summer of 1884, a paper read by the Rev. Malling Hanson, principal of the Danish institution for the deaf and dumb, was listened to with marked attention and interest. It gave the results of the daily weighing and measurements of height which he had carried on for nearly three years on the 130 pupils—seventy-two boys and fifty-eight girls—of the institution, and demonstrated facts as to the development of the human body during the period of childhood that perfectly startled and astonished the assembled medical authorities, opening an entirely new field for investigation and reflection.

Since then Mr. Hanson has continued his observations, and, though he has yet a tremendous amount of work before him, he believes himself able to state now the outlines of the results he has obtained. The children are weighed four times daily in batches of twenty—in the morning, before dinner, after dinner, and at bedtime—and each child is measured once a day. The common impression is, no doubt, that increase in bulk and height of the human body during the years of growth progresses evenly all through the year. This is not so. Three distinct periods are marked out, and within them some thirty lesser waverings have been observed. As for bulk, the maximum period extends from August until December; the period of equipoise lasts from December until about the middle of April, and then follows the minimum period until August. The lasting increase of bulk or weight is all accumulated during the first stage; the period of equipoise adds to the body about a fourth of that increase, but this gain is almost entirely spent or lost again in the last period.

The increase in height of the children shows the same division into periods, only in a different order. The maximum period of growth in height corresponds to the minimum period of increase in bulk, and vice versa. In September and October a child grows only a fifth of what it did in June and July. In other words, during a part of the year—autumn and beginning of winter—the child accumulates bulk, but the height is stationary. In the early summer the bulk remains nearly unchanged, but the vital force and the nourishment are expended to the benefit of height. While the body works for bulk there is rest for the growth, and, when the period of growth comes, the working for bulk is suspended. The human body has, consequently, the same distinctly marked periods of development as plants.—Chambers' Journal.

To Make Up for Infant Mortality.

The turbot lays 14,000,000 eggs, well knowing that 13,999,999 will be eaten up in the state of spawn or devoured by enemies in helpless infancy, or drifted out to sea and hopelessly lost, or otherwise somehow unaccounted for. The fewer the casualties to which a race is exposed the smaller the number of eggs or young which it needs to produce in order to cover the necessary losses.

In fish generally it takes at least 100,000 eggs each year to keep up the average of the species. In frogs and other amphibians, a few hundred are amply sufficient. Reptiles often lay only a much smaller number. In birds, which hatch their own eggs and feed their young, from ten to two eggs per annum are quite sufficient to replenish the earth. Among mammals, three or four at a birth is a rare number, and many of the larger sorts produce one calf or foal at a time only.

In the human race at large, a total of five or six children for each married couple during a whole lifetime makes up sufficiently for infant mortality and all other sources of loss, though among utter savages a far higher rate is usually necessary. Even making allowances for necessary deaths and celibacy, however, I believe that as sanitation improves and needless infant mortality is done away with, the human race will finally come to a state of equlibrium with an average of three children to each household.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Source of the Ice Supply.

There is hardly anything about which families should be more careful than in scrutinizing the source of their ice supply. I do not mean this in seasons of expected epidemic, when people are afraid of cholera or yellow fever. Those plagues are principally feared so much because they are uncommon, but where they kill one in our climate, scarlet fever, diphtheria and those classes of disease kill hundreds. Now, it has been shown repeatedly that fatal outbreaks of such diseases that have occurred in otherwise healthy localities, and which at first seemed mysterious and unaccountable, have been due to ice taken from stagnant or polluted waters. Ice that seemed as clear as crystal has been found to contain disease germs, which only needed the application of warmth to restore to fatal activity. Such things have been demonstrated time and time again, and I repeat that too much precaution can not be taken in ascertaining the sources of family ice supply.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Saw Him at the Very Moment.

Mme. X., who has never been outside of Montmartre, has the innocent fault of trying to make her acquaintances believe that she has traveled all over Europe. "When you were at Venice," inquires a visitor one day to whom she was telling the story of her travels, "did you see the lion of St. Mark's?" "Did I see him!" replied she. "What a question! Why, I saw him at the very moment when they were giving him his dinner, and I gave him a piece of meat myself!"—Paris Figaro.

The Ghosts of Former Days.

In olden times ghosts were supposed to maintain an obdurate silence till interrogated by the person to whom they made their special appearance.—Boston Budget.

The Three Tunnels of the Alps.

The Alps are pierced by three remarkably long tunnels entering Italy from France, Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol. They are the Mont Cenis, seven and three-quarters miles long; the St. Gothard, nine and one-quarter miles long, and the Arlberg tunnel, only six and one-half miles long. The projected Simplon tunnel, by which the railroad from Geneva to Martigni will be carried through the mountains to Dumo d'Ossola, will be twelve and one-half miles long, and the estimated cost $20,000,000.—Chicago Journal

Singers Do Not Trust to Luck.

Adelina Patti sang a new song, called "Darling Mine," in London recently, with extraordinary effect. The author of the song relates that after having tried it over and over again some time ago, she sang it on the morning of the concert four times through, and in the artist's room, before going on the stage, she studied every note and floritura, as if her fame depended on the performance. She then turned around and asked him: "Etes-vous content?"—are you satisfied? Thus it is that great singers do not trust to luck.—Chicago Times.

The City of Palatial Residences.

Washington is becoming pre-eminently the city of palatial residences. Fifteen senators have erected magnificent domiciles within the past twelve months. A structure that costs less than $50,000 is now considered scarcely worth remarking in the abundance of architectural beauty seen everywhere at the capital.—New York Star.

Dechinite, or vandate of lead and zinc, has been discovered in Montana. Ore of this nature is worth $10,000 a pound.

OUR NAVY DURING THE WAR.

One of the Marvels of the Age—Money Value of Its Captures.

The growth of our navy was one of the marvels of the age. It cost the government, in round numbers, $480,000,000, or $120,000,000 for each year of the war, $10,000,000 per month, or nearly a third of a million dollars for every day of the war.

It employed over 600 vessels of war and over 50,000 men, which force greatly exceeded that of any other nation in the world.

It guarded over 7,000 miles of coast, including bays, rivers, etc., effectually preventing the importation of arms and munitions of war, and so compelling the earlier exhaustion of the Confederate forces.

It captured the immense number of 1,165 blockade-runners, many of which were fine steamers— a ratio of nearly 300 captures per annum, or almost one each day during the entire war. The money value of its captures was at least $60,000,000, or $15,000,000 worth for each year of the war and $1,250,000 in value for each month of the war from first to last.

It co-operated with the army wherever there was water enough to float a gunboat, while on the high seas our navy covered itself with glory. The river work of the navy on the Potomac, the York, the James and the Mississippi, with its branches, the coast-line work from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi, and its work on the high seas totally eclipse in martial valor and brilliant successes all other naval achievements of the world. While history records the names of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Island No. 10, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Fort Jackson, Fort St. Philip, Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, Mobile bay, Hatteras inlet, New Orleans, Port Royal and Fort Fisher, and a score more of such famous names, the American navy will be universally honored; while such deeds as the sinking of the Alabama in square naval battle will ever be named among the most brilliant victories of the age.

It opened the harbors by the perilous work of removing obstructions, torpedoes, etc., and by utterly destroying the hostile batteries which commanded them. It held in check the hostile elements of many a city and rural section while a dreaded gunboat quietly lay before it: in short, it displayed heroism of the noblest type and made our reputation on the seas equal that of any nation.—Admiral Porter's Book.

The Pictured Rocks of Virginia.

The famous Pictured Rocks on the Evansville pike, about four miles from this place, have been a source of wonder and speculation for more than a century, and have attracted much attention among the learned men of this country and Europe. The cliff upon which these drawings exist is of considerable size and within a short distance of the highway above mentioned.

The rock is a white sandstone which wears little from exposure to the weather, and upon its smooth surface are delineated the outlines of at least fifty species of animals, birds, reptiles and fish, embracing in the number panthers, deer, buffalo, otters, beavers, wildcats, foxes, wolves, raccoons, opossums, bears, elk, crows, eagles, turkeys, eels, various sorts of fish large and small, snakes, etc. In the midst of this silent menagerie of specimens of the animal kingdom is the full-length outline of a female form, beautiful and perfect in every respect. Interspersed among the drawings of animals, etc., are imitations of the footprints of each sort, the whole space occupied being 150 feet long by 50 wide. To what race the artist belonged, or what his purpose was in making these rude portraits, must ever remain a mystery, but the work was evidently done ages ago.—Morgantown (W. Va.) Letter.

Queen Victoria's Daughter-in-Law.

If reports be true, the princess of Wales is an eminently clever milliner and gives finishing touches to all her own bonnets and hats, and judging from the individuality of her taste in the direction, it is quite likely rumor may be safely credited. A very pretty story has long been current as to the royal lady's gift of art. Not a member of the royal family, not a person intimately attached to the court, could venture to suggest that after long years the queen's mourning might with advantage be lessened, whereupon the princess of Wales gently took the matter in hand.

Without a word to anybody she remodeled the queen's somber bonnet, removing the "weeds," and, with a few artistic touches, relieved her majesty's head-covering of its mournful aspect. Silently the queen submitted to the change, but all the court knew she did so for her daughter-in-law's sweet sake. —The Housewife.

Transmission of Power by Electricity.

French experiments on the transmission of power by electricity have resulted less successfully than was hoped. Theoretically the plan is feasible, but it is found to be more economical and practicable for manufacturing purposes to use the power directly at the source of supply. Modern railway facilities make it cheaper to transport goods than power, with its attendant loss of 50 per cent., not to mention its uncertainties.—Scientific Journal.

GENUINE MERIT
IS SURE TO WIN.

We believe the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE has real, genuine merit. It is this faith which has led us to put our money into it so liberally. We have put more into it than money —money could not buy the fair name we have gained by twenty years of honorable business dealing right here on Market St., Philadelphia, and yet so great is our faith in the Russian Rheumatism Cure that we are willing to stake our reputation on it as a safe, speedy and permanent cure for all Rheumatic troubles. Could we offer any better guaranty of good faith? Others besides ourselves have tested its merits, and add their hearty and unequivocal endorsement.

We send to all who ask it a pamphlet containing much of such testimony. And yet if you have Rheumatism why suffer one day longer than is necessary. It costs only $2.50 to be cured, and while you are making up your mind to try it you might be made well. The

RUSSIAN
RHEUMATISM
CURE

has saved every Rheumatic sufferer who has given it a fair trial. It is for you to decide whether or not it shall cure you.

Price $2.50. { If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

One box does the business.

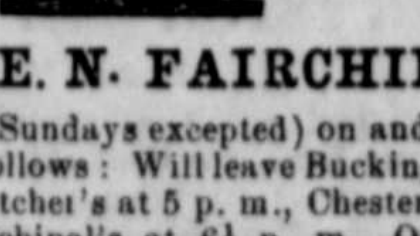
RUSSIAN TRADE MARK. RHEUMATISM CURE.

None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

PEOPLE'S
Transportation Line



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

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS & MUSIC

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

COLIN F. STAM
March 28. Druggist

WRIGHT'S
INDIAN VEGETABLE

PILLS
CURE
All Bilious Complaints.

They are perfectly safe to take, being PURELY VEGETABLE and prepared with the greatest care from the best drugs. They relieve the sufferer at once by carrying off all impurities through the bowels. All druggists. 25c. a Box.

TUTT'S
PILLS
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

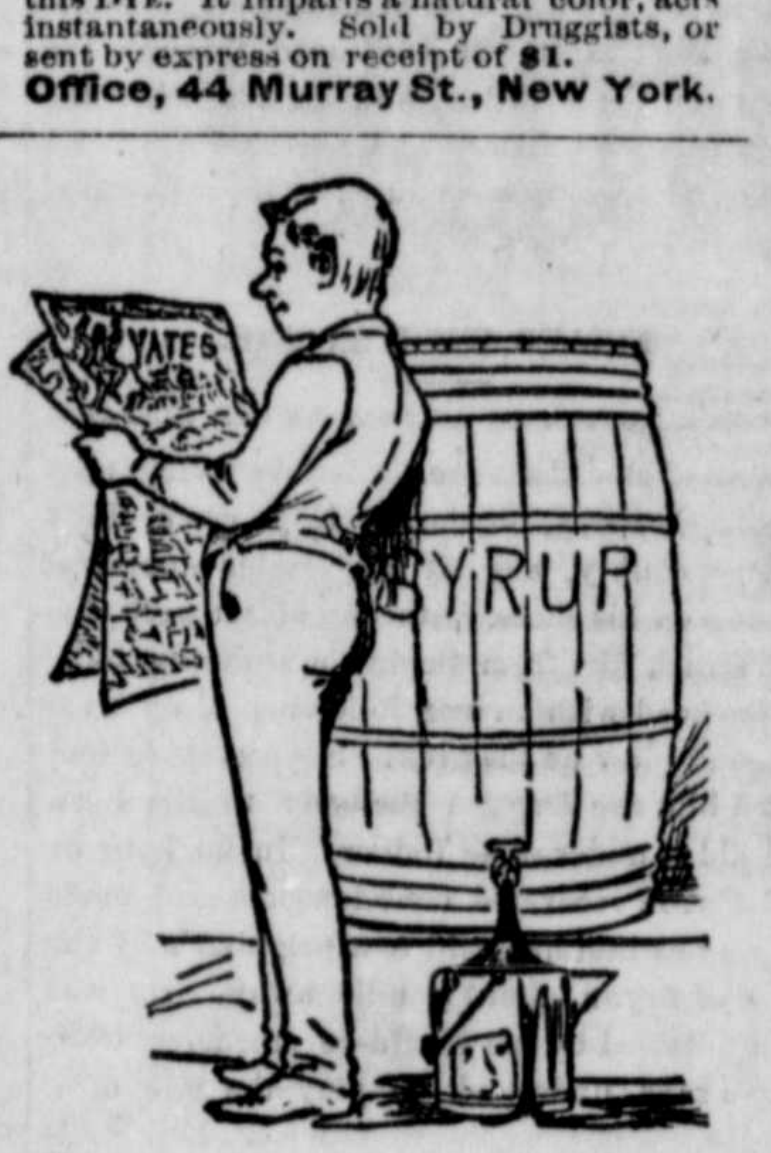
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.



The story of our Fashionable Clothing, at prices within the reach of all, has caught the attenton of our young subject. He reads that Yates & Co. give money's worth every time and their overflowing stock for Men, Youth, Boys and Children is the best in Philadelphia to select from.

A.C.YATES&CO
602-604-606 CHESTNUT ST..
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Good News.

SEASONABLE GOODS
At Cost!

HAVING determined to make a change in part of my business next year, I shall sell from to-day the following goods at cost:

Cups and Saucers, Toilet Sets,
MOUSTACHE CUPS & MUGS,
PLUSH GOODS,
Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Fancy Goods, Glassware,
Toys of All Kinds!
and many other Goods.
THIS IS NO HUMBUG!
but a solid fact, as you can see by pricing these goods elsewhere. We shall have a full line of
Candies, Fruits and Nuts
all kinds, for the Holidays. Call on us.

H. A. SPARKS,
Dec. 17. Opp. Court House.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

We have just received our very Large Supply of School Books and School Requisites. I extend to all Parents, Teachers and Scholars an invitation to call and examine our stock.

Very respec tf
M. A. TOULSON.

LIME! LIME!

No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,
—FOR—
BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING
LOWEST PRICES
by J. B. SAPPINGTON

DO YOU WANT
YOUR CARRIAGES PAINTED & REPAIRED

If you do, go to Chapman & Lambert's. They will give you first-class work and at a low figure. They have in their employ one of the best painters who has ever been in the State.

SMOKERS.

Those who would enjoy a FINE CIGAR Call at
TOULSON'S APOTECARY

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 the lowest. Those in want will do well to inspect our stock. J. H. SIMPERS.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. C. C. TIGHMAN. H. T. EARLE.

Wm. B. Tilghman & Co.,
Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,
General Commission Merchant
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BALTIMORE, MD.
Jan. 22, 1885—y.

SAML BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATHS,
PICKETS, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
BRICKS, LIME &c.
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DUFFY'S
PURE
Malt Whiskey.
ABSOLUTELY PURE & UNADULTERATED. TRADE MARK.

Absolutely Pure and Unadulterated. Entirely Free from FUSIL OIL.

FUSIL OIL—Do you know what it is? Ask your Physician or Druggist and he will tell you that IT IS A DEADLY POISON. Positive Sure Cure for Malaria, Pulmonary Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Bronchial Troubles, General Debility, Loss of Mental Power and all Wasting Diseases. Endorsed by over 3,500 Physicians' and Chemists. Invaluable as a STIMULANT AND TONIC in Typhoid Fever, Dysentery Diarrhœa, and all low forms of Disease. THE RECOGNIZED

ANTIDOTE FOR CHOLERA.

We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical Profession and Drug Trade an absolutely Pure Malt Whiskey, one that is free from FUSIL OIL and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the country, but also in the physician's dispensing room.

DR. ARENDT, *the great German Chemist, says:—"I have made an analysis of your PURE MALT WHISKEY, which gave a very gratifying result. Your Malt Whiskey, obtained mostly by extract of malt convusion and a very careful fermentation and distillation, is* entirely free from fusil oil *and any of those similarly obnoxious alcohols which are so often found in whiskey. I therefore,* RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Prof. VON VONDER, writes:—"Purity itself—Duffy's Malt Whiskey, is the purest liquor that I have ever analyzed. I must therefore unqualifiedly recommend it to the medical profession."

The late HARVEY L. BYRD, M. D., President of the Faculty, and Professor of the Baltimore Medical College, says: "I find it remarkably free from fusil oil and other objectionable materials so often found in the whiskies of the present day.

JAMES J. O'DEA, M. D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes: "When I prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, I order your famous Malt Whiskey, I know it to be wholesome, clean and unadulterated."

FRED. H. SAWERS, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., a graduate of the leading European colleges, says: "I prescribe your Malt Whiskey in my practice here, consider it a very superior reliable article and can heartily recommend it in low states of fevers, acute inflammations, and depressing maladies generally, and also as a tonic in feeble digestion and convalescence from acute diseases, where an alcoholic stimulant is indicated, and especially in Phthisis Pulmonalis."

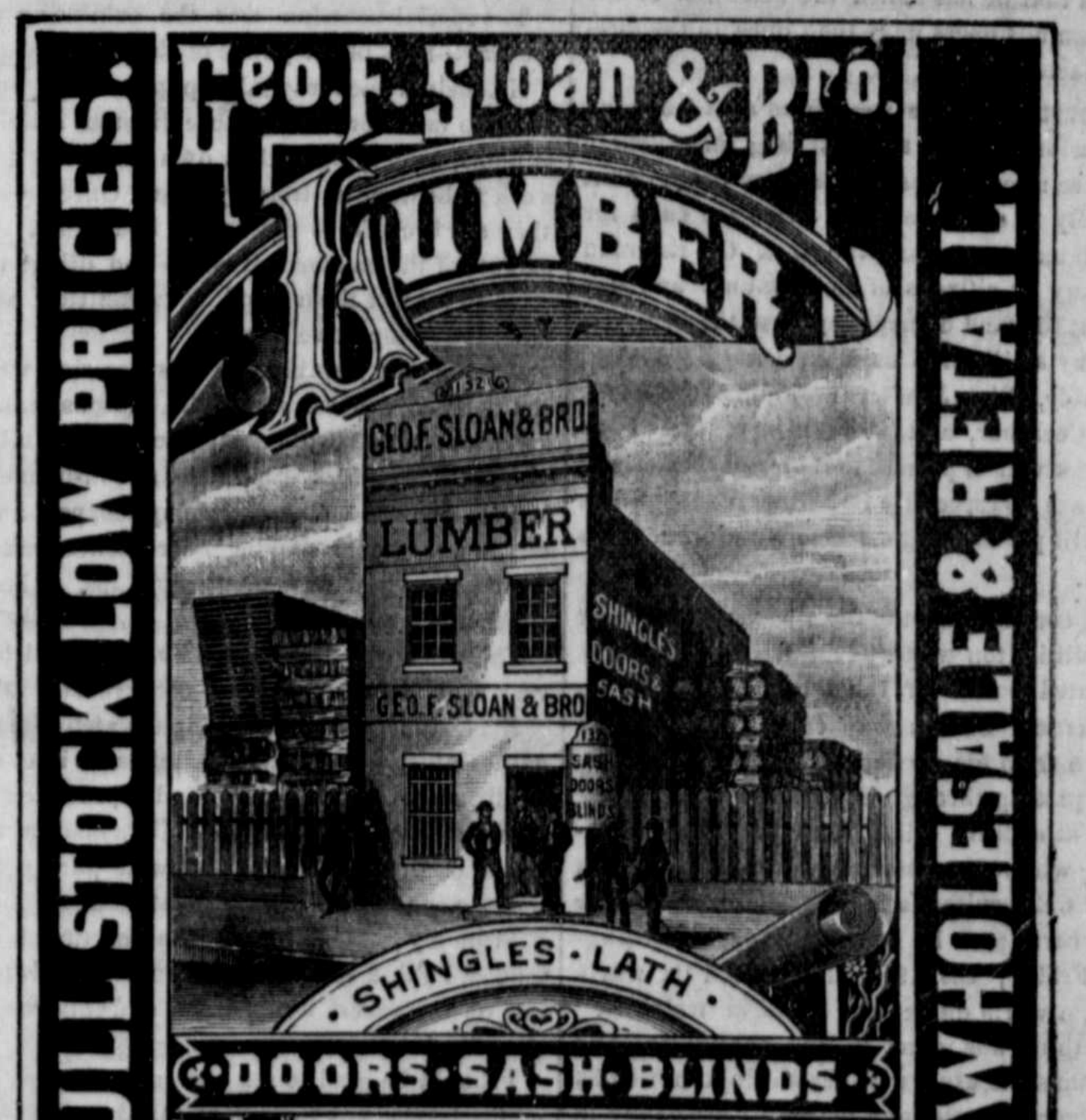
IN FACT, IT IS A BEVERAGE AND MEDICINE COMBINED.

TO CONSUMPTIVES, and those afflicted with HEMORRHAGES, WE WILL on receipt of SIX DOLLARS, send to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), all Express Charges prepaid a plain case (thus avoiding all opportunity for comment), containing Six Quart bottles of our PURE MALT WHISKEY and with it in writing, and under the Seal of the Company a SURE and POSITIVE CURE for CONSUMPTION and other WASTING DISEASES in their early stages. This Formula has been prepared especially for us by the great German Scientist, *Dr. Von Vonders.* It can be prepared by any family housekeeper at slight expense (Raw Beefsteak and our PURE MALT WHISKEY being of the ingredients.) After this preparation has been taken for a few weeks, the previously conspicuously prominent bones in patients suffering from Consumption and the like diseases, get covered with a thick coating of fat and muscle, the sunken and bloodless cheeks fill up and assume a rosy hue, the drooping spirits revive, while all the muscles of the body, and chief among them the heart, are stronger and better able to perform their functions, because of being nourished with a richer blood than they had been before. In other words, the system is supplied with more carbon than the disease can exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

—SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS AND FINE GROCERY HOUSES.—

Sample Quart Bottles sent to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), securely packed in plain case, *Express charges prepaid* on receipt of $1.25.

THE DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.



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LUMBER
FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
SHINGLES · LATH
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CHOICE BOOKS!

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JOHN B. ALDEN,
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A FINE LARGE ASSORTMENT
JUST RECEIVED.

THE CHEAPNESS AND NEATNESS OF THESE BOOKS WILL ASTONISH YOU.
We are sole agents for Kent county.
July 9. COLIN F. STAM

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,

Silverware.

An extra fine supply of the best quality at
STAM'S DRUG STORE

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW, Nos. 43 33, 23, 13, 133 and ORIOLE PLOWS.
For sale by
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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

HATS & CAPS—New fall and winter good at J. H. SIMPERS'.

Drugs

OUR STOCK IS LARGE AND FRESH!

We carry an assortment of the finest Drugs in the market.

Our Prescription Department is first-class in every respect and under our own personal care.

Feb. 12. C. F. STAM, Druggis

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 influence and increase the production of eggs. 25 cents per package.

COLIN F. STAM,
March 5. Druggis

C[illegible]
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Beautiful Boxes, the Nicest Assort own—at
STAM'S DUG STORE.

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Choicest selections from English and Amer's can authors. The low prices will astonish you at
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