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The Chestertown Transcript.

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

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

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FULL MARKET VALUE
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and sell you GOODS AS LOW if not CHEAPER than any "other man."

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FULL LINE OF MUSLINS,
Bleached and unbleached Canton Flannels from 6¼ cts. to 16 cts. per yard. Calico, Tickings, Cottonade Kerseys, red and white all-woo Flannels, and a general line of
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Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's HOISERY at Prices and Quality to please you.

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dealing direct with the manufacturers, can guarantee quality and price at all times. Call and see us, and you will be convinced that our prices are the lowest.

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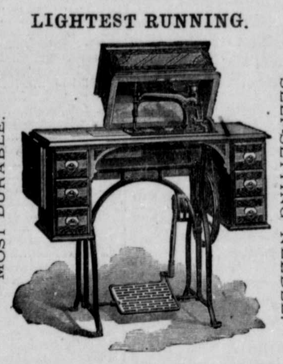
TO EQUAL THE NEW NO. 8 WHEELER & WILSON.

The only perfect family sewing machine. Accurate, simple, silent, swift, sure and strong. The only machine making a lock stitch without the use of a shuttle.

LIGHTEST RUNNING.

THE NEW NO. 8
Has more points of excellence than all other machines combined; gives better satisfaction and less trouble; is never out of order, and out-wears them all; it runs easier and faster, makes less noise and does better work than any other SEWING MACHINE in the world.



It has a Positive Double Feed; no springs; is adjustable; positive take-up; *Perfect Tension*; no shuttle; lock stitch; will run either way without breaking either needle or thread; will sew from lace to full cloth without changing stitch or tension, and make a perfect stitch on both; it is adopted to all wants and is called by many
SELF-SETTING NEEDLE.
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New wood-work, elegant finish, loose pulley, and the finest, most complete set of attachments ever applied to a sewing machine. We also have a full line of button-hole machines, button-hole attachments and Needles for all machines. The public are warned against buying *Bogus Needles* and parts; they are dear at any price. Buy the genuine—for sale at our office.
☞ All kinds of machines exchanged or repaired by competent workmen.

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AGENTS WANTED. C. J. REICHE, Agent, Chestertown.

PRICES REDUCED TO GRAIN BASIS ON
FIRST CLASS WORK!
GUARANTEED BY THE OLD RELIABLE FIRM;
Chapman & Lambert.

We are manufacturing some of the best work that was ever built in this State. We sell First-Class Work. If you want a Good Carriage it will be to your interest to buy of us as we are now—after Twenty-Two years' experience—better able to suit you in every respect.
Call and see our
LIGHT PHAETONS, BROWSTER SPR. BUGGIES, DAYTON AND JUMP-SEAT
CARRIAGES.
We do not offer this work in competition with the common shoddy work, but sell it on its merits, and our reputation. All kinds of Repairing done neatly and with dispatch. We give special attention to painting up second-hand jobs. Those wanting a nice job of painting should give us a call.
March 18, 1886. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

BENJ. F. FLEMING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Schuykill Quick and Slaked
LIME!
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE
QUALITY AS GOOD IF NOT BETTER THAN EVER.
This Lime has Stood the Test for Years
It has been used by the best Farmers of Mayland and Delaware, and has Grown in Popularity every year. Delivered by rail to any station on the Peninsula. We have boats to fill orders not accessible by rail.
TERMS EASY.
Benj. F. Fleming,
March 18—t015. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

To Corn Planters!
HOLLOWAY'S

Are the most concentrated, complete and durable FERTILIZERS ever offered to the public. It is the universal opinion of Farmers and Planters of Maryland and Virginia, after more than Twenty-seven years experience, in their use, that an application of 100 pounds is equal in its effects to 200 pounds of any other Fertilizer or Guano, therefore 50 per cent. cheaper.

UNIFORM QUALITY IS GUARANTEED.

Farmers, to secure the *ONLY GENUINE EXCELSIOR* and *PHOSPHATE* should see that every Bag is branded as above, with the *Analysis and My Name in Red Letters.*
J. Q. A. HOLLOWAY,
March 18. Originator and Manufacturer, 107 McElderry's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

THE HUMOR OF THE NEGRO.

His Practical Jokes and their Results—How, When, Where and Why he Laughs.

EUSTIS, Fla., May 10.—The genuine Southern negro is deficient in wit, but opulent in humor. His thick skull will turn the edge of the rapier, but is susceptible to the crush of the bludgeon. The humor must be of the broadest kind for him to thoroughly enjoy it. Practical jokes are his profound delight. They are not elusive, and are easily understood. Sambo not only laughs himself, but is a source of laughter in others. In this he is a public benefactor. He gilds many an hour that otherwise would be very gloomy. His grotesque looks when under excitement, his profound interest in abstruse questions, and the curious fatality with which he mixes information obtained from the higher walks of life make him a bas relief on the walls of time. Surely we are blessed beyond our deserts. In return for his freedom and the inestimable privilege of selling his vote he makes us laugh. He laughs, too, and laughs best. There may be an element of languor in our laughter, but his is hearty, rollicking and uncontrolled.

As the originator of a sense of humor in others, the negro is a success. One of them gravely regarding the efforts of his employer to open a burglar proof safe, broke the silence with "Boss, you done los' de composition, haint you?"

The same negro was the butt of the little town he honored with his society. Very fond of "red eye," he was continually in trouble with the law. It was his boast that he had built all the sidewalk from the hotel to a certain cross street two blocks away. The fines collected from him had been applied to that purpose. Arrested for being drunk and disorderly, he was bailed, the trial being put off until next morning. Some of the young white men of the place told him that if he would plead justifiable homicide the Mayor would let him off without fine or imprisonment. On the morning of the trial the court room was crowded. The Mayor, a venerable old gentleman of somewhat inflammatory temperament sat enthroned in awful dignity. The prisoner at the bar looked a little bit shaky at first, but seeing so many of his white friends present he regained his confidence and assumed the attitude of one who knows his rights, and knowing dares maintain them. Said the Mayor:

"Henry, you are charged with being drunk and disorderly. What have you got to say?"

"Boss," was the reply, "I pleads 'stifiable homeyside," and he beamed benignantly on his Honor.

There was an uproarious shout of laughter, in which the Mayor was forced to join. Henry escaped that time. Sent to the drug store after some tincture of cantharides, the nearest he could come to it was, "distinkshun peradies." A day or two afterward he was after some "ob dis vere peculiar intment." Mercurial was the word that had thrown him.

As a practical joker the negro has no superior, and if the joke is one that will cause distress he is so much the more satisfied. At Lake City, some years ago, some of them caught a hawk and dipped it in kerosene oil. Then touching a lighted match to the neck feathers, they tossed the bird into the air. It made a brilliant spectacle for a moment and then, with an agonizing squawk, came to the ground. The negroes were delighted beyond measure, and rolled over each other in paroxysms of laughter.

Sitting or standing around a camp fire along the track of one of our railroads were several section hands, talking over different good meals they had enjoyed. Sitting cross-legged on a horse was a young negro listening eagerly to the description of savory viands. At last one touched upon the coon, and the others, recognizing a superior soul, became silent.

"Take er nice fat coon," said the sable orator, "pa'bile 'im, roas' 'im, sarb 'im up, wid plenty graby an' sweet taters."

Here the negro on the horse could stand it no longer. He had followed every movement of the speaker, his nostrils flapping widely as if he would catch the scent of the coon, his lips working convulsively. Now he broke in with "Hush you mouf, you fool niggah, er I'll fall right off en dis hoss."

The nearest approach to wit on the part of the negro was that of the old preacher at a revival. Hearing some incoherent noise in the rear of the room that disturbed the pious proceedings, he exclaimed angrily: "What fool niggah is dat prayin' down by de do?"

Came the reply: "It's Brudder Johnson."

"Well, let some niggah pray what's better 'quainted with the Lord."

Johnson being a notorious chicken thief, the parson didn't have faith in his prayers.

Preachers figure largely in the humor of the race. Probably this is owing to their promixence as leaders of their people. One of them, at that time conducting a revival in Suanee county, was making a most uproarious prayer. He was shouting like the roaring bull of Bashan, and was as incoherent as the boss lunatic at Bloomingdale. He attempted to wind up his prayer by invoking a blessing on those present. He did it in this manner, and destroyed the equanimity of the white lookers on: "God A'mighty bless all dese yere niggahs here tonight."

It was a much respected negro preacher stationed at Possum Trot who astonished his congregation one bright and beautiful Sunday by announcing solemnly: "My frens, dar am two ways from dis worl'. One am de broad an' narrer road dat lead ter hell, an' de odder am de narrer an' broad road dat lead ter damnation."

There was breathless silence for a moment, and then one badly frightened coon, whose wool was rapidly unkinking, ejaculated: "Well, ef dat am de case, dis yere niggah am a gwine ter take to de woods."

To see a white man left by the train is a source of unfailing delight to the negroes who hang around the depots. At Live Oak one day a well dressed stranger jumped from the train and ran over to the barroom to take a nibble at the worm that never dieth. The train pulled out just as he was coming from the saloon. He made a dash for the rear platform of the last couch, missed it and went down on his knees on the ties. His flask was broken and his clothes torn. The train stopped for him a few yards away and he limped on board, followed by the derisive yells and laughter of the colored men. It is a standing joke among them yet how "dat white man got hu't tryin' fer ter jump on de kyahs." The joke they thoroughly enjoy must be seasoned with distress and mortification to others.

In the shifting panorama of the same town another scene comes to view. A little Irish school teacher is vaguely trying to find his way somewhere. He has an undue quantity of this world's goods aboard and has some trouble in navigating. He is continually meeting head winds and is obliged to tack. It has been raining heavily, and in the centre of the crossing is a puddle of water nearly a foot deep. Upon this is a frail board. Our pedagogue steps upon it. It gives away and down he goes into the muddy water. He rolls over and over, unable to get up. On the corner are half a dozen stalwart negroes, but they make no move to assist him. Instead, they are laughing and clapping their hands in a perfect ecstacy of enjoyment. He is finally rescued by the good white Samaritan who was passing by on the other side.

The negro is cruel by nature, and this cruelty is enhanced by his thoughtlessness. One of the most amusing things I ever knew of a negro's doing was the offspring of the genius of a negro gambler, who had some local reputation as a doctor. To him came a compatriot suffering from a disordered stomach and a sick headache. "Take a seidlitz powder," said the gambler, and out of the generosity of his heart he handed the sick man one, winking at the by-standers as he did so.

"How shall I take hit?" was the query.

"Mix one in this glass," was the reply, "and drink it down quick. Then mix the other one in the same glass and drink it down quick, too." The negro did as directed. Of course, when the powders met in his stomach there was a commotion. The gas nearly strangled the poor fellow, and poured out of his nose, eyes and ears. This caused so much laughter that a crowd gathered around, wondering what was up. One old gray-haired negro didn't recover his equilibrium for over an hour.

The negroes love a laugh raised at another negro's expense. They are very sensitive to a joke played upon themselves, but delight in seeing fun made of their brothers. Said a noted politician, then a candidate for the State Senate, to one of a crowd of negroes: "You say you don't steal. Why, blast your half-made soul, you'd steal the mother out of a barrel of vinegar or the fat out of a biscuit!"

The other negroes were delighted at this sally, and although the candidate lost one vote he gained ten others.—HAMILTON JAY *in N. Y. Sun.*

Faith-Healing.

Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Methodist Christian Advocate*, has a long and exhaustive article on "Faith-healing" in the June *Century*, which concludes as follows: "The faith healers represent God as interfering constantly, not by cause and effect in the order of nature, but affecting the result directly. Their want of superiority to those who are not Christians, but use either false pretences or natural laws, and their inferiority to Christ and his apostles, condemn their pretensions. Nor does it avail them to say 'Christ would not come from the cross when taunted by unbelievers.' They might perhaps with propriety refuse a test for *the test's sake*, though Elijah forced one. But in a close observation of their works the radical difference between them and those who they say have no divine help should be manifest. Some of them affirm that the Mormons, Newton and others do their mighty works by the aid of devils. If so, since casting out devils was a miracle-working power of a very low grade, it is wonderful that none of these persons have been able to cast out the devils from any of the great number who are working in this way, and thus demonstrate their superiority as the apostles vindicated their claims against Simon the sorcerer and others.

"Faith cure, technically so called, as now held by many Protestants is a pitiable superstition, dangerous in its final effects.

"It may be asked, what harm can result from allowing persons to believe in 'faith healing?' Very great indeed. Its tendency is to produce an effeminate type of character which shrinks from any pain and to concentrate attention upon self and its sensations. It sets up false grounds for determining whether a person is or is not in the favor of God. It opens the door to every superstition, such as attaching importance to dreams, signs, opening the Bible at random, expecting the Lord to make it open so that they can gather his will from the first passage they see, 'impressions,' 'assurances,' etc. Practically it gives great support to other delusions which claim a supernatural element. It greatly injures Christianity by subjecting it to a test which it cannot endure. It directs attention from the moral and spiritual transformation which Christianity professes to work, a transformation which wherever made manifests its divinity so that none who behold it need any other proof that it is of God. It destroys the ascendency of reason in the soul, and thus, like similar illusions, it is self-perpetuating; and its natural and, in some minds, its irresistible tendency is to mental derangement.

"Little hope exists of freeing those already entangled, but it is highly important to prevent others from falling into so plausible and luxurious a snare, and to show that Christianity is not to be held responsible for the aberrations of the imagination which belong exclusively to no party, creed, race, clime or age."

A Congressman's Admiring Wife.

Washington Letter to Galveston News.

Almost any day between 12 and 5 in the afternoon a visitor to the House of Representatives can see in the members' gallery a tall, handsome woman, with three pretty children ranging from one to eight years of age. The lady is Mrs. Rogers, Wife of Representative Rogers of Arkansas. The evident admiration with which her eyes follow every movement of her husband has become a matter of comment to the gallery habitues. She is usually in her place when the Chaplain begins his prayer and seldom leaves before four o'clock. Her face is a study whenever her husband rises to speak. It is a beautiful face, too—one of those dark, oval Southern faces, lighted up with black eyes, whose expression is a mingling of intelligence, refinement and passion. While Rogers is speaking her expression is a mirror of the current of his thoughts. Though Mrs. Rogers is the most conspicuous of the Congressmen's wives who like to listen to their husbands speaking she is by no means the only looker-on.

Mrs. Morrison is as frequent a visitor to the House. She is usually accompanied by one or more young ladies. When Mr. Morrison takes the floor, especially if any revenue matter is under consideration, she listens to his words eagerly but without any emotions expressed in her face; in fact, she seems to be giving a critical hearing to his arguments with a view of discussing them afterwards. It will seem the more likely that this is her purpose when it is remembered that she is fully abreast with her husband in political economy. All his tariff bills have been prepared with her assistance. She is a tireless reader of politico-economic works. Those who know her say she is as well versed in Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Ricardo as most women are in Bertha Clay's novels. Indeed, rumor has it that Mr. Morrison's speeches pass through her revising hands before delivery. It is only natural, then, that she is always at hand when productions of which she is the joint author are to be given to the world.

A Base Ball Dog.

The rival nines were made up of boys under thirteen and Major. As I reached the ground it was his inning, and his master who claimed the privilege of striking for him was at the bat. The dog was right behind with one paw in advance and his eyes on the striker. In came the twisters and Major made several false starts; but finally as the ball went scudding from the bat off he rushed for first base, his ears flapping and his plumelike tail out straight behind. But the short-stop was too nimble for the dog and just before he reached the base the ball arrived there and he came slowly back, his tail hanging low, and a very mournful expression in his great eyes.

'Maje's out—side out!'—cried the boys, and immediately conceiving a method by which he could retrieve this disaster, the dog seemed to regain his spirits, dashed into the field and was speedily in his position as left-fielder, before any of the others had reached their places.

In the preliminary 'pass around' that preceded the play, Major was not left out, and I saw that the balls that were thrown at him directly were quite as swift as those delivered from base to base; and in justice to him, I never saw him 'muff.' When a ball was thrown at him, he settled back, and dropped his great jaw, into which the projectile seemed to fit; then, with tail wagging, he would hasten to carry the ball to the next player. He was equally proficient with low balls, either catching them in his mouth or stopping them with his broad chest, and in fielding he could not be outdone. When he caught a ball, he carried it at full speed to the nearest thrower, and not a few players were put out by his quick motions and activity.—*From 'Dog Stories' in June St. Nicholas.*

Some Anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson

Col. Henry Kyd Douglas contributes an illustrated paper on 'Stonewall Jackson in Maryland,' to the June *Century*, from which we quote as follows: 'The next evening, Sunday, he went into Frederick for the first time to attend church, and there being no service in the Presbyterian Church he went to the German Reformed. As usual he fell asleep, but this time more soundly than was his want. His head sunk upon his breast, his cap dropped from his hands to the floor, the prayers of the congregation did not disturb him, and only the choir and the deep toned organ awakened him. Afterwards I learned that the minister was credited with much loyalty and courage because he had prayed for the President of the United States in the very presence of Stonewall Jackson. Well, the General didn't hear the prayer, and if he had he would doubtless have felt like replying as General Ewell did, when asked at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, if he would permit the usual prayer for President Lincoln—'Certainly; I'm sure he need it.' * * *

'The troops being on the march, the General and staff rode rapidly out of town and took the head of the column. Just a few words here in regard to 'Barbara Frietchie,' a touching poem which sprang full-armed from the royal brain of Mr. Whittier. An old woman, by that now immortal name, did live in Frederick in those days, but she was eighty-four years old and bed-ridden; she never saw general Jackson, and General Jackson never saw her. I was with him every minute of the time he was in that city—he was there only twice—and nothing like the scene so graphically described by the poet ever happened. The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction.

'On the march that day, the captain of the cavalry advance, just ahead, had instructions to let no civilian go to the front, and we entered each village we passed before the inhabitants knew of our coming. In Middletown two very pretty girls, with ribbons of red, white and blue floating from their hair, and small unions flags in their hands, rushed out of their house as we passed, came to the curbstone, and with much laughter waved their colors defiantly in the face of the General. He bowed and raised his hat, and turning with his quiet smile to his staff, said:

'We evidently have no friends in this town.'

And this is about the way he would have treated Barbara Frietchie!

An Underground Railway for New York City.

In March, 1870, the *Scientific American* published illustrations of an underground railway which had then been built, for a distance of one block under Broadway, New York. It was known as the Beach pneumatic tunnel road, the cars to be propelled by compressed air, but was never completed, except for a distance of about two hundred feet. From that day to this, the project of an underground Broadway railroad has come up at almost every session of the State Legislature, until a bill for this purpose has at last been passed, and received the Governor's signature. There are said to be grave doubts about the constitutionality of the act, which will have to be settled before the work of building is actually begun, but the names of the eminent capitalists and business men connected with the enterprise afford an assurance that this great undertaking will now be prosecuted in earnest.

By the plan adopted, the company is allowed forty-four feet under the surface, the least width between the sidewalks on Broadway being, for a short distance, thirty-nine feet, and the average width being about forty-nine feet. The sewers, water, gas and steam pipes, with tubes for wires, etc., are to be carried in vaults and subways of brick or iron, to be built and kept in repair by the company; they are to be open for entrance at every quarter of a mile distance, and it is estimated will cost $400,000 a mile. This will, of itself, be a great saving to the city, and obviate the necessity of the frequent tearing up of the pavement, at present so great a source of public inconvenience. The kind of power to be used is not specified; it may be electricity or any motor not emitting smoke, gas or sinders.

During construction, a temporary bridge is to be maintained over all places where the work is going on, so that travel will not be interfered with during the progress of work. The road is to extend under Broadway from the Battery to Fifty-ninth street, a distance of about four and a-half miles, with a branch at Madison Square to Forty-second Street, but both of these lines to be further continued, if found desirable in the future. The sections named are to be completed within five years, and the city is to receive for the privileges granted 3 per cent. of the gross revenue. The capital stock of the company is fixed at $25,000,000, and the cost of building is variously estimated at from $3,000,000 to $6,000,000 per mile.

The only work in the world at all similar to this proposed arcade subway under Broadway is the underground railway system of London, by which that city is belted by a nearly complete double circle of subterranean roadway, though with many open cuttings within high walls. These underground roads cost from $2,500,000 to $4,000,000 per mile, and pay from three to four per cent. interest on the capital invested. Although the total population of London is more than 4,000,000, while that of New York should not be placed higher than probably one-third of this, the rapid growth of New York city, and its peculiar configuration, determining most of its travel in main north and south lines, seem to indicate that the new road is likely to have as large a business, in proportion to its mileage, as its London predecessor. Let us hope that it will also be as well and solidly built, for the London road is, both in its building and operating, a most creditable example of a high order of engineering skill.—*Scientific American.*

Washington's Army at Cambridge.

It was a motley assembly, in all sorts of uniforms and without any uniform at all, with all sorts of weapons and with precious little powder. So little was there, that Washington was very anxious lest the British should find out how little he had; and so while he was urging Congress to provide supplies, he had barrels of sand, with powder covering the top, placed in the magazine, so that any spy hanging around might be misled. Some of the soldiers were in tent, some were quartered in one or two college buildings then standing, and some built huts for themselves. The most orderly camp was that of the Rhode Island troops, under General Nathaniel Greene.

The men were in companies of various sizes, under captains and other officers who had very little authority over the privates, for these usually elected their own commanders. A visitor to the camp relates a dialogue which he heard between a captain and one of the privates under him.

'Bill,' said the captain, 'go and bring a pail of water for the men.'

'I shan't,' said Bill. 'It's your turn now, Captain; I got it last time.'

But the men, though under very little discipline, were good stuff out of which to make soldiers. Most of them were in dead earnest, and they brought, besides courage, great skill in the use of the ordinary musket. A story is told of a company of riflemen raised in one of the frontier counties of Pennsylvania. So many volunteers applied as to embarrass the leader who was enlisting the company, and he drew on the board with chalk the figure of a nose of the common size, placed the board at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, and then declared he would take only those who could hit the mark. Over sixty succeeded. 'General Gage, take care of *your* nose,' says the newspaper that tells the story. General Gage, as you know, was the commander of the British forces in Boston.—*From 'George Washington,' by Horace E. Scudder, in St. Nicholas for June.*

THE most interesting conditions laid down in behalf of any set of strikers are those which we find in the *Indianapolis Sentinel* propounded by a lot of school boys inspired with an ardent desire for reform in the methods of public education:

1. A reduction in the hours of study.
2. An increase in the periods o recess.
3. Noon to begin at 11 o'clock and extend to 1½ or two, according to the condition of the weather.
4. School shall let out any afternoon when there is a base-ball match or a circus within fifteen miles.
5. Any scholar who wants a 'reward of merit' to carry home to his parents can have it at wholesale at cost price.
6. Ferrules to be made of soft wood.
7. The old-time custom of punishing boys by compelling them to sit with the girls shall be immediately restored.
8. A boy who holds up his right hand and says, 'Please, sir, may I go out?' shall be allowed to go, whether it be necessary or not.
9. The number of boys allowed to go and fetch a pail of water shall be increased from two to four, with proper allowance for time consumed in going and coming.
10. No boy shall be punished for offensive words spoken in debate with another boy.
11. While believing in arbitration on general principles, we insist that two boys who have a grudge to settle shall be allowed to fight it out between themselves. No teacher need apply a whip on account of it.
12. A boy who tells on another boy shall be boycotted.
13. No boy shall be kept in after school, except at his own request, as when another boy is lying in wait to lick him.

How to Disappoint a Balky Horse.

The Fitchburg *Sentinel* tells how a Leominster farmer cured his horse of a balky freak by gentle means.

He drove him, attached to a rack wagon, to the wood lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn, he would take that load of wood. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down, and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned, got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw; but soon as he saw me start for the house, he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person, and I claim this method, if rightly used, is better for both horse and man than to beat the animal with a club."

Foolish Fears.

There's a gentleman in the parlor, dear, who wishes to see you,' said the young wife.

Do you know who it is, dear? inquired the husband.

You must forgive me, love, but that cough of yours has worried me of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—and you don't know how anxious I've been, and—and oh, if I were to lose you my darling! she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

There, there, dear. Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellet?

N-no, it's not a doctor, it's a—a—life insurance agent.

Do you dislike bitter medicines? And have you found out that gelatine-coated quinine pills do not dissolve in the stomach and have no effect upon the system whatever? If so, purchase a bottle of Quineptus, and take your quinine in powder. Quineptus changes the most nauseous dose into a palatable and even delicious draught.