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The Chestertown Transcript.

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Sheriff's Election Notice.

To the Judges of Election and Voters of Kent County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the Judges of Election and Voters of Kent county, that an ELECTION WILL BE HELD

ON TUESDAY,

The 2d day of November, 1886

at the usual places of voting in the several Election Districts of said county, that is—

For District No. 1, at Massey's;
" " No. 2, at Kennedyville
" " No. 3, at Smithville;
" " No. 4, was divided by a law passed by the Legislature of 1883-4 into two precincts—the voting place of the 1st precinct is at the Court House in Chestertown. The voting place of 2d precinct is at Pomona.
For District No. 5 at Edesville.

And the Election so to be held is for the purpose of choosing the following officer, viz:

One person to be a member of the House of Representatives in the United States Congress, from the First Congressional District of Maryland.

The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock A.M. and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

The returning Judges are requried and directed to make their return on the second day, (Thursday), following the election to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and also to the Governor of Maryland.

J. P. HATCHERSON,
Oct. 7, 1886—te. Sheriff.

NOTICE.

FORBIDDING THE SALE OR GIVING AWAY OF LIQUOR ON ELECTION DAY.

For the information of all persons concerned, the following Act of the Legislature, passed March 24, 1875, is published:

CHAPTER 191.

AN ACT prohibiting the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors in the several counties in the State on the day of election.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assemby of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment, or other place where liquors are sold, *or for any person or persons* directly or indirectly to sell, barter, give or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer, or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the day of election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating the provisions of this act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offense is committed, and shall, upon conviction before any Judge of any of the Circuit Courts of this State, be fined a sum not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offense, one half of the fine to be paid to the informer, and the other half to the County Commissioners for the use of the public roads.

J. P. HATCHERSON,
Oct. 7, 1886—te. Sheriff.

CONCEALED WEAPONS —ON— ELECTION DAY.

The following act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at the January Session of 1874, and approved April 6, 1874, is also published for the information of the public:

AN ACT

To prevent the carrying of guns, pistols, dirks, dirk-knives, razors, billies, or bludgeons, by any person in Kent, Queen Anne's or Montgomery counties, on the day of election in said counties.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That from and after the passage of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person in Kent, Queen Anne's or Montgomery counties to carry on the days of election, secretly or otherwise, any gun, pistol, dirk, dirk-knife, razor, billy or bludgeon, and any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, before any Justice of the Peace, in either of said counties, shall be fined not less than five nor more than twenty dollars, and on refusal to pay said fine shall be committed by such Justice of the Peace to the jail of the county until the same is paid.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the fines collected under this Act shall be paid by the officer collecting same to the School Commissioners of the county where such offense shall have been committed, for school purposes.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That any constable of either of said counties, or the sheriff thereof, who shall refuse to arrest any person violating any provision of this Act, upon information of such offense, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof before the Circuit Court for such county, shall be fined not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars, and shall forthwith be discharged from office.

Oct. 7—te.

Betting on Elections.

The attention of all persons is particularly called to the following section of Article 35, Code of Public General Laws of Maryland:

46. No person shall make any bet or wager on the result of any election to take place in this State.

47. Any person offending against the last preceding section shall be liable to indictment in the Circuit Courts, if the offense be committed in any county, or in the Criminal Court of Baltimore, if the offense be committed in Baltimore; and on conviction, shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars, to be paid to the State for the use of the School Fund.

48. Every deposit of money in any part of the State as a wager or bet upon elections in this State or elsewhere shall be forfeited and paid over to the County Commissioners of the county where deposited for the use of the county, and if deposited in the city of Baltimore, to the Mayor and City Council.

JAMES P. HATCHERSON,
Oct. 7, 1886—te. SHERIFF.

WE ARE TO HAVE What? A TOWN HALL

We already have a Shoe Store where you can buy all the latest Styles in the Finest and Cheapest makes of Shoes at prices that are as Low as you can buy in Philadelphia or Baltimore. As you know Goslee is an Exclusive Shoe Dealer, and aims to have everything in the Shoe line and at prices that will suit the times.

We will call your attention to a few articles that we are making a Specialty of this month:

SCHOOL SHOES,

For Girls and Boys. We can guarantee them, as we have them manufactured exclusively for our trade. The time for Heavy Dress is approaching; unless you keep your feet dry you will have the malaria.

The doctors and druggists are our friends, but we want to give you a word of advice, take care of your soles, and do not go in the dews unless your feet are well clothed, and to clothe them for the least money go to the

Shoe Store,

Ask to see our stock, get our prices, and be convinced that the place to save money in footware is at

GOSLEE'S,

THE SHOE MAN,

Next to the Bank, Chestertown, Md.

Prices Reduced —ON— FFOUR —AT— LIEBERMAN'S,

MELITOTA.

I have this day *Reduced* the price on all my brands of

FLOUR.

Flour sold at manufacturers' prices, and delivered free of charge to any part of the county.

Call or write for prices.

Telephone call 36.
Respectfully,
N. LIEBERMAN,
June 10. Melitota, Md.

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.

Pure Salad Oil!

Genuine Imported Article!

COLIN F. STAM,
Aug. 26, 1886. Druggist

Fall Goods!

Fall Goods!

JUST RECEIVED AT

J. H. Simpers'

Chestertown, Md.

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS.
QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES, &c.,
Which he offers

At Lowest Prices.

Call and examine goods and prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.
Sept. 23, 1886.

Dry Goods!

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,

BALTIMORE STREET,

East of Charles St., White Marble Building,

BALTIMORE,

ARE

Large Importers, Jobbers & Retailers

—OF—

Dry Goods.

Their assortment includes goods of every class that pertain to a well arranged, first-class Dry Goods House.

We aim to keep nothing that will not prove of good value to purchasers for the money paid, and the best goods for the price can invariably be found with us.

Our business reputation for the past 56 years, and the fact that every article has the price marked on it in plain figures, thereby giving the assurance to those who do not know the value of goods, that they are paying no more than those who do, is a great inducement to deal with us.

In addition to our Retail Trade, Country Merchants can buy from us the better class of goods, not usually found in Jobbing Houses, at the Wholesale Price.

We send Samples when we receive plain and explicit direction in regard to color, and about the price wanted. s.23-3m.

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED

We would be pleased to call your atention 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 receving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,
July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

Volina Cordial

CURES

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

IT is Invigorating and Delightful to take, and of great value as a Medicine for weak and Ailing Women and Children.

IT gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.

TRADE Volina Cordial MARK

CONTAINS no hurtful Minerals, is composed of carefully selected Vegetable Medicines, combined skillfully, making a Safe and Pleasant Remedy.

A Book, 'Volina,' by leading physicians, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, mailed, together with a set of handsome cards by new Heliotype process, on receipt of 10 c.

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. If you find the dealer near you not keep VOLINA CORDIAL, remit $1.00, and a full size bottle will be sent, charges paid.

PREPARED ONLY BY
Volina Drug and Chemical Company,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Sept. 23, 1883.

BEFORE purchasing your Underware, call and see what we have in that line. Gents' Undershirts from 25c. to $2.00; Ladies' and Children's Vests at popular prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

AURORA.

What airy form is this, all grace,
That loiters down the walk,
A-plucking in the garden-place
The rosebud from its stalk?

Uplifted, in her finger-tips
She holds a baby rose
Close to her bow-shaped, scarlet lips,
And in the pink leaves blows.

How soon it wakes; as if it knew
A zephyr from the south,
Or felt a drop of morning dew—
A breath—a kiss—her mouth!

How vain to hold, O foolish bud,
Your rivals in such scorn
Because her kiss has stirred your blood,
—My sweetheart, and your morn!
—Frank Dempster Therman in Outing.

LIKE CURES LIKE.

"How have I offended you, Alice?"

The question was asked with just a touch of hauteur in the low flexible tones; yet, in spite of his wounded pride, Dean Radnor's eyes were full of passionate entreaty as he looked down into Alice Wier's disdainful, half-averted face.

They were standing together in the curtained recess of a deep bay-window in her father's drawing-room. A pleasant murmur of voices, as the few informal guests there assembled engaged in there after dinner conversation, fell dreamily on Radnor's ear, but he was conscious of nothing but his own anxious suspense.

Miss Wier presently lifted to his gaze a fair, proud face, every feature of which seemed to have frozen into unutterable contempt. Her blue eyes flashed a little too ominously, perhaps, to bear out the impression of cold indifference which her answering words were designed to convey; but Dean Radnor, blind as all his sex are, heard the words and believed in them, without perceiving the subtle contradiction that eyes and voice, in spite of her, contained.

"That you should need to ask this, Mr. Radnor," she said haughtily, "is even worse than your offense. I can not condescend to point out the special act of discourtesy which has reversed my former good opinion of you. The simple fact that you are unconscious of it is a sufficient proof that you are not the perfect gentleman I once believed you to be. Let this explain my request that we meet no more as acquaintances."

Dean Randor stared at the speaker now in dumb and stupefied amazement. To any ordinary observer it would have been perfectly plain from Miss Wier's whole speech and manner that she was thoroughly, uncontrollably angry, and uttering words that did cruel violence to her own feelings, as well as the feelings of the one whom she was addressing; but Radnor, although unquestionably lacking in cool wisdom where Alice Wier was concerned, had not the penetration of an ordinary observer, and therefore failed to make what must otherwise have been a most gratifying discovery.

Stung by the contempt in her tone and words, angered by a criticism which he felt to be preposterously unreasonable and unjust, he answered with a manner quite as haughty as her own, while his eyes met hers with a look as cold as steel.

"Very well, Miss Wier, since you regard it as an impossible condescension to explain the sudden coldness and disdain with which you have treated me to-day, after the flattering cordiality and friendship of the past few months, I must consider it equally a condescension on my part to ask further for this explanation. As to your request that we meet no more as acquaintances, I shall cheerfully accede to it. Believe me, I can take no pleasure in the acquaintance of a lady who, while dwelling with such emphasis upon the courtesy due to herself, quite ignores the fact that there is an equal courtesy due from her to others. I have the honor of bidding you good-bye."

Did he really mean it? Were there to be no protestations, no entreaties, no frantic admission that he was in the wrong and pleading for her pardon? Alas for Alice's fond expectations—no, none of these! There was coldness, hauteur, even contempt in Dean Radnor's handsome face, as scarcely glancing at her while he uttered his formal farewell, he pushed aside the heavy Persian drapery and stepped back, that she might pass out from the window recess. And when she had done so, white and trembling with anger and disappointment, which it took all her pride and self-control to conceal, he followed her with a careless, indifferent air, joined for a few moments in the light chatter of the other guests, and then, taking leave of his host and hostess, bowed himself out of the drawing-room. Only Alice Wier knew that he had gone forever; and upon her heart the conviction settled with all the icy calm of despair.

Everyone wondered why Dean Radnor, the most eligible bachelor in Hastings, should leave town at the very beginning of an unusually brilliant season. He told no one why he went or whither he went; and no one suspected that he took with him a sore and angry heart, whose wounds he hoped to heal by a long absence from her who had so cruelly inflicted them. And no one suspected that in her luxurious home, surrounded by fond and admiring friends, Alice Wier was hiding a sore and angry heart beneath a cold and flippant exterior. If the thought crossed her mind, sometimes, that she had been unreasonable in her treatment of Radnor—that she might have explained to him the cause of her displeasure without compromising her dignity or pride—she put the idea from her impatiently and persisted in justifying her own conduct and utterly condemning his. And while she was passing through this daily conflict of doubt and self-justification, Dean Radnor, miles away in the safe refuge that he had chosen, was thinking constantly of her, in spite of his resolution and effort to forget her, and wondering with vague amazement that grew more hopeless and helpless every day, what it could have been that he had done, in his innocent unconsciousness, that had given her such deadly offense.

Alice Wier was in the first stage of conviction, which would have been followed in due time by repentance and confession, if events had been propitious, when suddenly Dean Radnor returned to Hastings, as unexpectedly as he left, and flashed out once more with all his old-time brilliancy as "a bright particular star" in society.

His first appearance was at a ball given by the wealthy young patron, Mrs. Chalmers, who had seized upon him on the very instant of his return home and bidden him to her "crush" at the eleventh hour.

Alice Wier was among the guests; and her first intimation of Radnor's presence was when she came face to face with him in the hall, whither her partner in the last valse had taken her for a quiet promenade.

If there was a throb of insane joy in Dean Radnor's heart at this sudden sight of Alice, no one but himself was ever the wiser for it. In an instant the scornful words flashed before his mind, as distinctly as though the rosy lips now quivering and paling before him had just uttered them, "It is my wish that we meet no more as acquainances." Had he not returned from his cowardly retreat to prove to her that he could grant this request with no effort nor pain to himself? Verily, her wish should be respected! And so, with a cold pride before which Alice's painfully throbbing heart sank in utter and helpless despair, Dean Radnor stepped aside with the graceful bow that he would have given to the merest stranger, and allowed Miss Weir and Col. Shepperson to pass on; then, making his way to the call-room he sought out the beautiful Miss Temple, and throughout the remainer of the evening devoted himself to her with a conspicuousness that no one failed to observe.

There was no deliberate trifling on Dean Radnor's part. He was a consistent believer in the principles of homeopathy; and in affairs of the heart, as well as in the more tangible ills that flesh is heir to, he held the truth to be self-evident that "like cures like." He was determined to cure himself of his useless love for Alice Wier, and how was this to be done? Why, by opposing it with a strong, manly, sensible love for some worthy girl; and there was no young lady in all his wide social acquaintance (next to Alice Wier) whom he esteemed so highly as Miss Temple. Hence, his deliberate determination to fall in love with Miss Temple, marry her and live happily forever after.

And Alice? Well, she observed the assiduity of Radnor's attentions to Miss Temple, and soon became convinced that their motive was sincere admiration and affection, their object matrimony. Very good; she had been quite mistaken, then, in imagining that he had ever loved her; what she had foolishly believed to be love was but the hypocritical pretension of a selfish, mercenary, insincere trifler, who could easily console himself when he found that she was not to be won by his professions of devotion. Oh, how thankful she was that she had had the pride, the spirit to send him away from her before he had won her whole heart by his empty words and his deceitful tenderness of tone and glance! Glad—why, all that she reproached herself for now, was that she had not been ten times more angry with him than she was, and that she had ever dreamed of such a thing afterward as admitting herself in the wrong.

And, at this point, Alice herself became a convert to homeopathy; to this extent—she resolved upon the same cure for her wounded feelings that Dean Radnor had prescribed for his own. Why should she not love Col. Shepperson, who for long months had been fluttering around her in silent but unmistakable admiration? He was wealthy, he was fine looking, he wasn't so very old, and rumor had it that he would some day be in congress. Surely any girl in her senses would be thankful and proud to encourage such a lover; and Alice Wier, disdainfully admitting that she had been decidedly out of her senses in allowing herself to think so much of Dean Radnor, resolved now, with a thrill of new life running through all her nerves, that she would conquer her foolish fancy for Radnor by a sensible love for Col. Shepperson; and, marrying him—as of course he would soon ask her to do!—live happily for ever after.

And now the grand work of cure began. The gayest season that Hastings had ever known drew toward its close, and society, looking on with amiable approval upon the four most conspicuous "eligibles" whose unusual prominence in all social affairs had contributed so largely to the brilliant success of the season, was waiting with bated breath for the announcement of the engagements which every one had so long been predicting. Radnor, having danced attendance upon Miss Temple until nothing was left him in ordinary reason and honor, but to make a formal offer of his heart and hand, found himself putting off the speaking of the decisive words from time to time with a dread which he little understood. Did he fear his fate too much, or were his desserts small? Or why did he hesitate about pronuoncing the final "Wilt thou?"—taking, as it were, the last sugared pellet that remained before his cure could be effected. Perhaps there was something in Miss Temple's manner which warned him that, although willing enough to be woed, she yet did not care to be won. At all events, he faltered and hesitated on the brink of a proposal.

And Col. Shepperson, gallant and gay and devoted swain—what ailed him that the sentiments of the heart, whenever they forced themselves into speech, melted away into "airy nothings," that made very delightful small talk for flirtation, but bound him no more firmly to the one to whom they were uttered than the veriest threads of gossamer would have done? Had Alice Wier been impatient to accomplish her ambitious scheme of marrying this prospective member of congress, she would have been ill-pleased with his tardiness in declaring himself; but, for some reason, she was strangely content to wait; and every time the dangerous tenderness that showed itself for an instant in Col. Shepperson's eyes when they met hers, in his voice when he spoke to her, in the pressure of his hand as it held hers, resolved itself into the gray airiness of jest, and the threatened crisis thus passed away, she breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness. Verily, homeopathy may be sure; but in these two cases it was unquestionably slow.

But affairs could not go on thus forever. With wonder and impatience at his strange faint-heartedness, Dean Radnor resolved at last to make the fatal leap and give Miss Temple the long-deferred opportunity to accept his hand and fortune. And, by an odd coincidence, he chose the very time and place for making this declaration that Col. Shepperson, likewise goaded to desperate resolution, had chosen for a similar duty.

They were again the guests of Mrs. Chalmers; the occasion a lawn party, just previous to the breaking up of society for the summer exodus to seashore and mountains. It was evening, and the elegant grounds were illuminated with Japaneze lanterns, making an effective picture with the auxiliaries of flowers, shrubbery, fountains, statuary and the beautiful costumes of the ladies who were all in fancy dress.

Dean Radnor, possibly with a view to preparing himself for his meditated coup d'etat, had wondered off alone to a quiet portion of the grounds, where the moonlight, undisturbed by the brilliant glare of the Japanese lanterns, was doing its best to turn night into day; and there, pacing to and fro behind the cover of the tall shrubbery, he was communing with himself, when suddenly he heard voices just at hand; two voices—one a man's deep baritone, the other a woman's sweet, clear treble—both softened into the most gentle, tender tones. Could it be—could it be that one of them was Col. Shepperson's voice and the other Miss Temple's? Yes, even so; and this is what they said, and what Dean Radnor, unconsciously eavesdropping, overheard:

He—Oh, my darling, you can not imagine how happy this renewal of our engagement has made me! And only last night—to-day—this very evening, I was so near despair! How could you flirt with Dean Radnor as you have been doing, when all the time you loved only me?

She (sweetly)—Oh, Philip, could you ever have been so blind as to imagine that I cared anything for Dean Radnor? We were excellent friends—nothing more. I confess that I tried to like him, just at first, for I was determined to make myself forget how much I cared for you; but that was—

He (rapturously)—Impossible, darling! Oh, how happy you make me!

She (shyly)—Yes—I don't mind telling you now, Philip—it was impossible. But oh! [with sudden emotion that seems to threaten tears] how could you flirt with Alice Wier as you have been doing, if all the time you loved only me?

He (laughing)—You dear little goose, did you really believe that I was in love with Miss Wier? A cruel little flirt, with no more heart than an icicle! I'll admit to you that I did think of making serious love to her just at first, for I was so stung by the way you had thrown me over; but bless your dearest and sweetest of little hearts! do you think I could ever care for Alice Wier, after loving you? Why, the idea, you know—

And here followed some inarticulate but distinctly audible demonstrations on Col. Shepperson's part at which Miss Temple faintly demured; then, before another word was spoken, they had passed on beyond reach of Radnor's ear.

In a state of dazed wonder, of half-stupid comprehension, Dean Radnor turned mechanically to retrace his steps toward the gayly-lighted grounds, whence came the sound of sweetly murmuring voices and laughter, when a startling apparition met his eyes.

There, in the broad, full, merciless moonlight, with her misty white dress falling around her like a filmy cloud, stood Alice Wier, white and motionless, and beautiful as a statue; and thus face to face these innocent eavesdroppers looked into each other's eyes long and steadily for the first time since their foolish estrangement.

Yes, and they saw now with clearer vision than ever before into each other's hearts and into their own. The shadow that had hung between them so long was suddenly lifted; and with new gladness thrilling their hearts and shining in their eyes, each moved a step forward, with one common impulse, until Alice was folded in Radnor's arms, and the words were spoken that brought joy to their hearts, and made peace between them forever and ever.—Miss S. S. Morton in Cooper & Canard's Fashion Monthly.

He Was Green but He Got the Job.

"A young man from the country came in the other day looking for a situation," said one of the managers of a wholesale house on Lake street. "I rather liked the boy's looks, and, after inquiring about his mercantile experience, his education, his expectation in the way of salary, etc., I asked him if he had any references.

"'References!' he exclaimed. 'What are they?'

"'Why,' I tried to explain, 'can't you give us the name of some prominet man in your town so we can write him? We want to make some inquiries about you, you know.'

"'Inquiries about me?' he replied with an open mouth and in his frank way, 'great jewhillikens, man, if you want to know anything about me just ask me. I know more than anybody else, and there's no use writing way down in the country for that.'

"You couldn't have any doubt of the honesty of a man like that could you?" concluded the merchant. "The boy is now working in our store, and will make a success, too."

A Coffee That Intoxicates.

Bolivian coffee is newly introduced into this market. The berry is large, lustrous and although of good flavor, is of surprising strength. Used as Mocha, Java, or Rio coffees are, in infusions, it is so much richer in the active principle of coffee that its effect upon the nervous system are almost like delirium tremens. It promises to be of much use in mixing with weaker coffee or giving strength to adulterated mixtures.—Chicago Herald.

At the Queen's Table.

At Queen Victoria's table there are three servants to every six guests. When the meal is finished her majesty is the first to leave the room.—New York Graphic.

Keeping His Hand In.

A garcon had been challenged to a duel. The meeting was fixed for an early hour at a well-known trysting-place in the wood. Our hero arrived at the spot a quarter of an hour before the appointed time and found lying on the ground the dead bodies of a couple of swordsmen who had run each other through and through. The garcon made himself a seat of the two corpses, squatted down, and awaited the arrival of his opponent, who soon afterwards appeared and asked him what he had been doing. "Been amusing myself with these two gentlemen, just to keep my hand in, you know!" was the reply. His opponent offered an apology on the spot.—Le Monde Pittoresque.

Progress in Celluloid Manufacture.

The manufacture of celluloid has made rapid advances since the first patents were taken out in 1870, and is controlled thus far by one parent company, which not only sells the crude article in bulk, but receives a royalty from net sales. A few years hence, after the United States patents have expired, a much larger development may be expected. While so much jeopardy exists in this industry from chemical reactions in the midst of heat and friction, it is extremely difficult to obtain workmen to observe the requisite care.—Boston Budget.

Timber for Ship-Building.

A government inspector of timber in France recommemds for timber used in ship-building one year's immersion in river water, two years in fresh, or three in brackish water, constantly being changed, to be followed by two years of air-seasoning.—Boston Budget.

The Secret of Success.

A very successful man of affairs, quoted by an English contemporary, when asked for the secret of his success, replied: "I had the physical constitution to begin work at 6 o'clock in the morning, and keep on till 8, 9, or 10 at night, and that for twenty years."

American clocks fitted with Oriental faces are found all through Asia Minor.

Blue grass is being received in Oregon from Kentucky for breeding purposes.

THE MATING OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Not a Matter Beyond the Science of Man —Food for Serious Thought.

It has been lately said that the mating of human beings is a matter beyond the science of man, because "as near as may be God joins two souls. The causes of selection are unknown, and we have little hope of their discovery. Whatever breeding to secure brains has so far been had has been a complete failure. Now and then there has been a line of smart men—often a family of smart people—but we believe the union of a poet with a Philistine is more apt to produce a remarkable issue than the union of two poets." Does it not seem to be almost blasphemous to charge upon God the responsibility for the marriages of money, of greed for rank, and of course of animal passion, of the evil effects of which the divorce courts and the scandal columns of the press are so constantly full? Is it not true that every person of clear brain can tell what were the causes that led to his or her choice of a life partner? What intelligent person will admit in this day that he or she was led by fancy alone, or by impulse only, and that calm reason and due regard for the laws, written or unwritten, had no part in deciding the question of mating for life? Who except the ignorant or the reckless will confess that, without a thought of possible consequences, they assumed the responsibility of creating new ties and of bringing into the world new beings to affect its destiny? Is the mating of human beings beyond the science of man? If that were true—if the laws of man do not exercise an almost irresistible power over that mating—why do not men of high intelligence and irreproachable character wed women of depraved tastes or of infamous reputation, yet of beauty of exterior?

Is there proof that breeding for brain has been a failure? Can it be shown that the children of people of genius have failed to show like genius because their parents possessed great talents? Have not the failures been the result of other causes not so deeply hidden for discovery? It is a truth well known to breeders that often a reversion to an old type of ancestors will appear to apparently set at naught the best art of the breeder. None know better than do breeders of the highest skill how tediously long is the task of firmly fixing any peculiarity of form, or color, or temperament, or action in animals completely under control as to mating, and of short generations. None know better than they that like will produce like, immediately or remotely, and they are therefore not discouraged by failure, however much they may be disappointed. It is scarcely reasonably to expect to develop and permanently establish by a single effort a talent for any branch of the serious work of the world, or a remarkable genius for any art; but history furnishes evidence showing that the breeding of men with a steadfast purpose of developing certain physical or mental traits has been successful; and also showing that, while by this means mankind has at times advanced greatly, he has often slipped back when he has neglected the observance of correct principles of breeding.

None will deny that the royal families of Europe, the Ptolemies of Egypt, or the Incas of America possessed marked genius for ruling. They were bred and, in many cases, closely inbred for the strenghtening and intensifying of their powers of governing. How great a measure of success attended the exercise of the breeder's art in their cases was shown by the grand works of Egyptian kings and by the results of European ruling and indicated by the magnificent ruins of Central and South America—structures that have no equals among the products of the boasted and conceited civilization of to-day—structures that we would find difficulty in reproducing with the aid of all modern appliances, which give proof that their builders had a marvelous ability to govern multitudes of men in tasks that, with the crude appliances they used, would be to us impossible, because we lack the power to manage great masses of men.—E. W. Perry in Chicago Times.

Some Facts Concerning Wigs.

The cost of a wig varies from $8 to $200 according to color, length, fineness of hair and quality of workmanship. The most costly are those made on a foundation of hair lace. Each hair is carefully selected and knotted to a mesh of the lace. Such a one is an "invisible wig." It can be parted anywhere like natural hair. An extra fine full wig, with twenty-inch hair naturally curly, costs from $20 to $50. A lady's invisible day wig costs from $50 to $150. A lady's full invisible wig, in fine blonde, drab, auburn, gray or white, of any length of hair up to thirty-six inches, costs from $125 to $200. A feature of the business is the ladies' half wig. A great many women, it is stated, have an abundant growth of hair on the back of the head, while little or none remains in front or on the top. To part with the natural hair on the back of the head, so as to admit the adjustment of a wig, very few feel inclined to do. It is in order to accommodate ladies thus afflicted that the half wig has been made. They cost from $10 to $30.—New York Mail and Express.

A French Executioner's Book.

The book of the notorious executioner Samson, for which the historical library of Paris recently paid $60, is declared to be sought with more eager curiosity by the citizens of the capital than any volume in the national library. It is the record of judicial sentences carried out by him from 1808 to 1832, and is in his own autograph. That terrible creature had a morbid fascination for the French while he was alive, and something of it seems to remain in this bloody relic of his after death. In twenty-five years he decapitated nearly 2,500 persons with a calmness and skill that awoke a horrible admiration. The French appear to be divided between their love of art and their passion for the hideous and revolting. Voltaire's dictum of his countrymen, "half monkey, half tiger," seems to have an element of truth.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Increased Use of Spectacles.

The increase in the number of persons using glasses is fully 33 1-2 per cent. over previous periods. I speak from an experience of over thirty years. I attribute this increase partly to the practice people have of buying spectacles from dealers who are unskilled in fitting them properly to the eyes of those who buy them, and partly to the false economy employed by many in using spectacles whose only recommendation is their cheapness. Here in St. Louis fifteen years ago there were only three men engaged in the business of making and selling optical instruments, and these barely made a living out of it. Now there are fifteen in that line, and ten of them have all they can do.—Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

Venezuela has been favored with blue and rose-colored hailstones.

THE SLAYER OF TECUMSEH.

Col. Richard M. Johnson Undoubtedly the Man—Details of the Fight.

Col. Richard M. Johnson had Tecumseh for his combatant, with a force three times his number. As was their custom, the Indians were concealed from view by lying in the grass and bushes and trees. Col. Johnson selected twenty men, with whom he advanced a few rods in front of the main body to bring on the battle without exposing the whole to the first fire of the Indians. While thus advancing they were fired on and nineteen of the twenty fell. The shot brought the Indians from their ambush, when Col. Johnson immediately ordered his men to dismount and advance to combat. A dreadful conflict ensued. The colonel alone remained, and, moving forward amid the Indians he observed one who was evidently a commander of no common order. He did not know him, but saw it was necessary to dispatch him to secure the victory.

The colonel had already received four wounds and was greatly weakened by the loss of blood. His horse, also severely wounded, was unable to move faster than a walk. He could not approach the chief in a right line, on account of the trunk of a large tree, and turning directly toward the chief, advanced upon him. At the distance of a few yards his horse stumbled, but fortunately did not fall. This gave the Indian the first notice of his approach, when he instantly leveled his rifle at the colonel and gave him another wound, the severest he had received in the battle. He did, not, however, fall, but continued his movement toward the Indian till he came so near that the Indian was raising his tomahawk to strike him down. The colonel had a pistol in his right hand, charged with a ball and three buckshot, which he held against his thigh, so that the Indian had not discovered it.

At this moment the colonel raised his pistol and, discharging its contents into the breast of the Indian chief, laid him dead upon the spot. The Indians near him, seeing their commander fall, gave a horrible yell and instantly fled. The colonel, covered with wounds, twenty-five balls, it was said, having been shot into him, his clothes, and his horse, was conveyed from the ground faint and almost lifeless. Although, probably from political considerations, doubt was at one time raised as to whether or not Col. Johnson killed Tecumseh there appears to be no good ground for such doubt. Both the American and Canadian historians agree that the account here given is substantially correct. Mr. Coffin says that, after being taken from the field, Col. Johnson was told that he had killed Tecumseh and that he (Col. Johnson) always afterward gave his story simply and not boastfully, but others scrambled for credit where a brave man found cause for pain. There is every reason to believe that Johnson did slay Tecumseh. On his body was found the marks of four buckshot and a bullet. These wounds had caused his death. From their direction, they must have been inflicted from above as from a man on horseback. Johnson was the only man on horseback in that part of the field.—Ex-Postmaster General Horatio King in Boston Herald.

A TOO MATHEMATICAL LOVER.

It Isn't Always Prudent to Let Figures Tell Too Much Truth.

We have read of oriental arithmetics that put silver castors under the multiplication table and cover it with Damask drapery; but even oriental imagination could never make it serve as a pleasant piece de courtship. There is no concord between sighing and ciphering; statistics are sure death to sentiment.

A young English statistician who was paying court to a young lady thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his note book she thought he was about to incite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following question:

"How many meals do you eat a day?"

"Why, three of course; but of all the oddest questions!"

"Never mind, dear, I'll tell you all about it in a moment."

His pencil was rapidly at work. At last fondly clasping her slender waist—

"Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures."

"Goodness gracious! What can you mean?"

"Now just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness of my life."

"But I don't want to hear."

"Ah, you are surprised, no doubt, but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen. You are now 17 years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed oxen and calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs, 324; vegetables (bunches), 700; fruit (baskets), 603; cheese, 103; bread, cake, (in sacks of flour), 40; wine (barrels), 11; water (gallons), 3,000.

At this the maiden revolted and, jumping up, exclaimed:

"I think you are very impertinent and disgusting besides, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into the house.

He gazed after her with an abstracted air and left, saying to himself:

"If she kept talking at that rate twelve hours out of twenty-four her jaws would in twenty years travel a distance of 1,332,124 miles."

The maiden within two months married a well-to-do grocery, who was no statistician.—Good Cheer.

The Decoration in Autumn.

The autumn is a time of special delight to the decorator. One of the things she will do will be to take a dozen fluffy thistles and as many cat-tails, with a smoothly-planed pine board to her workroom. She will gild the board in dark gold. Around the edge she will tack two rows of rope, drawing them into a bow knot at the left-hand upper corner, will fringe out the ends of the bow and then gild the rope and bow in bright gold. The cat-tails she will carefully touch in gold and will bronze the stems. She will gild the stems of the thistles and then spatter the liquid gold over their puff-ball tops till they sparkle like the sun. Then she will take a bunch of autumn leaves and gild them as near to nature as she can, leaving a few of the dark green and dull brown leaves to neutralize the whole. She will lay the cat-tails on the board, grouping her thistles beneath them, and finishing with the leaves at the bottom. She will tie the bunch with a bow of coarse cord, and then gild the cord. The plaque is then ready to be hung up, and is a credit to anybody's room.—New York Herald.

The cost of cremating a corpse in Paris has been reduced to $3.