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The Transcript,

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, March 3, 1887

THE NORTH WIND.

From wintry realms where the wizard Sleep
Folds his dream flocks by the dawnless deep;
From the frost flowered meadows
Whence trooping like shadows
At their father's call they southward creep;
From the caves of the north
'Mid the night's dominions,
I come tempesting forth
On mine ice ribbed pinions,
And the snows are my robe and the frost is my crown and the clouds are my minions.

DETHRONED.

Any one who has crossed the ocean must have noticed that there is always one man on board who is immensely popular with the ladies and who is detested by all the gentlemen. He generally pays more attention to dress than the rest of the masculine passengers do, and he is more polite to the lady voyagers than the average man passenger. For these commendable qualities the men form a dislike to him, and this dislike increases as the voyage is prolonged and as they see how much more his superficial accomplishments (as they call them) are prized by the ladies than their more solid and more manly attributes. In the sacred precincts of the smoking room (which it need hardly be said he does not frequent) he is generally alluded to as "the masher" or "that (adjective) dude."

E. Charles Townsend, as the passenger list called him, was a very handsome young man, with a clean shaven chin and a well kept mustache that was pointed at the ends, the points taking a sprightly upward angle. In the morning he walked the deck with a light, joyous, springy step, and he wore a check overcoat, with a cape on the shoulders. The lapels of this cape were flung backward and he breathed the morning air with an innocent, childlike delight that caused the young ladies to say: "What a good young man Mr. Townsend is. How he loves the pure, fresh air and never goes into that horrid smoking room." You may be surprised that we knew what the young ladies said, but it was all on account of Bliffins. Bliffins' wife was on board and was very much in the confidence of the young ladies. She told him and he told us—in the smoking room. We tried to get Bliffins to prejudice his wife against E. Charles Townsend, in the hope that she would poison the minds of the young ladies against him, but Bliffins wouldn't do it.

To return to Townsend's walks on deck. In the morning he wore a sort of fore and aft cap made of the same check material as his overcoat—a cap that fitted either end foremost. In the afternoon he wore a dainty little silk turban cap and a nice overcoat of black. Toward evening he put on an ulster with great buttons and a huge belt, and on his head was a brown Tam O'Shanter, in which I regret to state he looked exceedingly handsome. In these deck walks he never spoke to any of us as he passed by—nor we to him. But when a lady came on deck he was there every time. He stopped in his walk, brought his heels together in a half military way that quite fascinated the girls (so Bliffins' wife told him), and swept his cap off with what Bliffins called a most cap-tivating bow. Then, as the lady gracefully reclined on her steamer chair, Townsend in the most dainty manner would tuck her rug around her, fixing it just right, neat and trim, in a manner which no one else on the steamer could even imitate, and with another elegant bow he would resume his walk, after receiving a sweet smile of thanks from the young lady so snugly ensconced in her reclining chair. The sight of these dainty tuckings up drove the more susceptible members of our party into the wild dissipation and cloudy atmosphere of the smoking room. Bliffins reported that his wife said that the young ladies told her that they hated to move after the dear Mr. Townsend had tucked up the rugs, for he made them such a perfect picture of comfort. Then one after another the ladies walked the deck with Mr. Townsend. He accommodated his steps to theirs, and inclined his head to hear what they said in such a confiding way, with such a frank and genial smile on his face that again all the masculine passengers took to shuffleboard or to moodily walking the deck alone.

Of course Townsend had most to do with the getting up of the usual concert, and during the days of preparation we all kept out of the main saloon, where his rich tenor voice could be heard with the tinkling of the piano, played by Miss Granger, the prettiest girl on board. At the concert E. Charles sang "My Queen" in a way that called forth great applause from the ladies, and he gave "Then You'll Remember Me" as an encore. When it became evident that he was going to sing the second time John Muggins rather ostentatiously got up and went out with an air that said: "Oh, I can't stand any more of that kind of singing," and yet Townsend sang exceedingly well. In the smoking room that evening Bliffins sat on the edge of one of the little round tables with a cigar in his mouth, dreamily puffing and gazing at the ceiling. At length he said: "Well, boys, I don't know when I heard a finer voice than that of Townsend's. Cultivated, too."

"Cultivated jackanapes!" cried Muggins. "I make it next. It's your play, Brooklyn."

"It's all very well to call him a jackanapes," continued Bliffins, serenely, "but I could tell you something about E. Charles Townsend that would make you sympathize with him."

"Oh, stop it!" This from Muggins. "It's my deal. We've heard plenty of Townsend for one night."

"It seems," said Bliffins calmly, "that he is a lonesome young man, who has never had the sweet and elevating influences of a sister's affection. He admits that he has become cynical and at times is very despondent. But he thinks that under the refining care of a young lady who would take a sister's interest in him he is capable of a higher and nobler purpose than has yet animated him."

"Rats," cried the enraged Muggins. "Do you want to be thrown overboard, Bliffins? Go on, deal out—deal out. Refining fiddlesticks!"

"My wife informs me," went on the imperturbable Bliffins, "that Miss Granger believes it her duty to do what she can for Townsend. You will all be pleased to know that she is succeeding admirably, and that Mr. Townsend already feels his doubts disappearing one by one. She is reading him extracts from a book she has entitled 'True Nobility,' by the Rev. Dr. Scrudner, of Chicago, I think, and she tells my wife that Townsend's eagerness to be guided by all that is noblest, and his childlike"——

"She means childish," muttered Muggins.

——"Childlike interest he takes in all that goes to the elevating of the human heart, has touched her deeply. What she hopes"——

Muggins rose and uttering a very, very reprehensible word dashed down his cards on the table, drew his cap over his eyes and went out on deck.

"Now, see here, Bliffins," said Brooklyn slowly, annoyed at having his game of euchre broken up in that way, "it's a little too bad of you to worry Muggins like that. You know he's struck on Miss Granger, and it isn't pleasant to hear that she's so gullible as to be taken in with that masher's sister-and-sympathy racket."

Bliffins sighed wearily, and knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar and said:

"I'll take Muggins' hand," which he did, and peace was restored—in the smoking room at least—although the maddened Muggins savagely paced the dark, wet deck alone. Next day was very fine, and most of the passengers were writing letters to be posted when land was reached. E. Charles had a most dainty little writing case, and he sat on his steamer chair and wrote page after page. As some of the girls passed him they joked with him about writing to some unknown fair one in America, but he shook his head with a sigh, and looking up with a sad smile said no, it had been his misfortune in life not to have any lady friends. He had a very dear gentleman friend in New York, however, and to him he was sending the letter, in proof whereof he showed them the first page, which began: "Dear old Jim."

Muggins leaned with one arm on the bulwark of the steamer and looked at Townsend with murder in his eye. The masher ignored him. When the gong for lunch sounded Townsend arose, slipped on the wet deck, but quickly recovered himself. As he did so, however, he dropped his writing case and the wind scattered written and unwritten sheets far and wide. Some went out to sea, some Townsend managed to recover, one unnoticed whirled aloft, doubled around a rope in the rigging and there fluttered in the wind like a little flag of truce. When every one went down, Muggins said to a sailor:

"Do you see that bit of paper in the rigging?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you get it for me?"

"I think so, sir."

"Well, do so and I'll give you five shillings."

The sailor quickly climbed up the ladders till far above the fluttering paper, swung out on a rope that he twisted his foot around, slid down the rope like lightning, snatching the paper as he passed it, and jumped on the deck with the nimbleness of a cat.

After lunch in the smoking room Muggins, who was all excitement, said:

"Gentlemen, I want to read you something. It is part of a letter that our Townsend wrote."

Protests rose all over the room.

"Oh, that's all right," continued Muggins. "I take the risk and the blame. I am going to fight the devil with fire."

"Look here, Muggins," said Brooklyn, "that's just what the devil wants to fight with. That's his ammunition. You'll just burn your own fingers and won't scorch him."

"Brooklyn knows all about the devil. That's where satan stays when he comes to New York," put in Bliffins, who occupied his usual seat on a round topped table.

"Those who don't want to hear me read," cried Muggins, "can go out."

There was a moment's pause, but every one seemed comfortable where he sat.

"This page begins with a broken sentence. Then it goes on:

"So they all are, in fact, but the silliest is a girl named Granger. My dear Jim, she's completely gone on me. One of those 'unconditional surrender' cases, you know. She's awful pretty, but an awful fool. She's undertaken to convert me. Rather a heavy contract, you will say. Well, I should smile. But, Jim, it's dreadful. Never had such an attack before. Took to writing this letter to get rid of the 'morning lesson.' Reads all sort of goody goody rot to me which I don't listen to, but merely heave in a sigh now and then. I only stand it to make the other fellows green with envy—besides they're a villainous set"——

"Oh, see here," cried Brooklyn, "that's not there, Muggins. You're putting that in to prejudice the jury. Even Townsend couldn't say that of us."

"Here it is in black and white," persisted Muggins.

"Well, all right. We've heard enough of that letter. Besides I want to play euchre. What are you going to do with it, Muggins?"

"Do? I'm going straight to Miss Granger with it. I will tell her that this is a letter from Townsend that concerns her. That's what I'm going to do with it."

"Good boy," drawled out Bliffins. "Do you know what Miss Granger will do? She'll take that sheet, walk straight to Mr. Chawles with it, give it to him unread and leave you standing there like the idiot you are. No, Muggins, you've got the trump cards there and will win the game if you let me play your hand. I'll take that letter and give it to my wife. I'll tell her that I found it and can't think to whom it belongs. I'll also tell her, Muggins, that when I went to read it aloud to the smoking room that you, sir, you, indignantly protested, believing it was written by Townsend, and that rather than hear it read you departed for the cold and pitiless deck."

"Bravo, bravo," cried Brooklyn. "That's a great scheme."

"You see, Muggins," continued Bliffins, as Muggins handed him the letter, "I understand women better than you do. I'll tell my wife not to read it."

That evening in the saloon after dinner when E. Charles Townsend went to take his accustomed place beside Miss Granger, that young lady rose with much dignity and went over to where a couple of her lady friends were chatting and entered animatedly into the conversation. During the rest of the voyage Mr. Townsend was completely isolated. Even when he walked on deck alone he was not happy for through the open windows of the smoking room there floated with the smoke a chorus in which Brooklyn's shrill voice could be distinguished. It was:

Good by, Charlie, when you go away.
Write me a letter love, send me a letter love,
Good by, Charlie, when you go away
Don't forget your Muggins, darling.

—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

A Mexican "Masher."

The impudence and daring of some of these characterless Mexican adventurers whom one meets in tertulias here is almost beyond belief. During the reign of the late Emperor Maximilian and his "poor Carlotta," one of these fellows, with ideas more hardy and enlarged than are usually to be found among such gentry, not content with having run the gauntlet of fortune with success and impunity, nor satisfied with the advantages which his youth, good looks and assurance had procured him, had actually the vanity to imagine that his manifold attractions had won the notice of the empress. After various preliminary reconnoiterings with his opera glass of the royal box at the Teatro Nacional, he determined on a closer investigation. Through one of those persons who are only too apt to lend their influence to such abuses of royal condescension, he requested and obtained an audience with the empress.

On being admitted to her presence he made a grandiloquent speech, concluding in the oriental manner by presenting to her between his forefinger and thumb a fragrant nosegay. Carlotta, invariably kind and affable to every one, though greatly astonished at the fellow's presumption, received the gift with her usual urbanity, not meaning to hurt the feelings of the donor. A perfumed billet, couleur de rose, dropped from the bouquet to the carpet. The adventurer was very thankful to be only kicked out for his daring, but the forbearance of the empress emboldened him to continue his indiscreet attentions to the royal box at the teatro until his conduct was observed by Maximilian, who on finding him to be the hero of the bouquet, ordered him off immediately to the penitentiary of Belem. On the fall of the empire he was released, whereupon he immediately made his reappearance in the tertulias of Mexico and was received as readily as if he had just stepped out of the purifying waters of the Jordan.—Mexico Cor. Kansas City Times.

Courting in Ancient New York.

Grant Thorburn, the seedsman, won his wife in spite of a Mr. Casteel, whom he describes as "a rich merchant. At that time there were not six men in New York of equal wealth." What constituted a rich merchant in those primeval and halcyon days? Here is Thorburn's inventory of Casteel's wealth: "Mr. C. * * * owns two houses and stores in Broadway, besides a well filled store of jewels, etc." Think of that for a merchant prince!

His story of the conduct of his courtship gives a hint as to the size of the New York city of the last decade of the Eighteenth century. "New York was like a village compared with its present appearance. You could walk from the City hotel to the Battery at 9 o'clock in the evening and not meet a passer by. After supper we walked out together. * * * We now stood by the gate of Trinity church. * * * I raised my arm, she bent her swanlike neck, and on that spot received my first kiss. A full orbed moon and the eyes of Omnipotence alone witnessed that kiss."—New York Times.

The trawl fishing enterprise recently undertaken in Puget sound has proved very successful, soles, cod and rock cod being caught in abundance.—Chicago Times.

The Chinese minister recently called on the president with his jade ring, a charm against evil influences, on his hand.

Lucky Negro Squatters.

Fifteen years ago that portion of Washington which is now the center of fashionable residences was the favorite camping ground of negro squatters. Some of the more frugal squatters purchased bits of ground at a mere nominal sum, which they cling to yet. What cost $100 at the time mentioned can now be sold for prices ranging from $15,000 to $20,000, according to location. One aged negro woman, who still works by the day when she can get work, has been offered $14,000 for her little cabin and bit of ground. As she would not know what to do with that amount of money should she accept the offer, she declines to part with her property.—Chicago Times.

It is well enough to be generous, but don't be generous to a fault. A fault is not entitled to any such consideration.—Boston Post.

MOMENTS.

Oh, there are moments in man's mortal years
When for an instant that which long has lain
Beyond our reach is on a sudden found
In things of smallest compass, and we hold
The unbounded shut in one small minute's space,
And worlds within the hollow of our hand—
A world of music in one word of love,
A world of love in one quick wordless look,
A world of thought in one transluscent phrase,
A world of memory in one mournful chord,
A world of sorrow in one little song.
Such moments are man's holiest—the divine
And first sown seeds of love's eternity.

GENIUS AND STUDENT.

The old man said: "One must not abandon oneself to whimsical desires." There is a story which well illustrates this saying.

Once upon a time there lived in China a man of great learning and much talent. But cupidity, a vice which brought his learning to be of little worth, had so perverted his heart that he came at last to lose even the house he lived in.

Finding himself ruined and without resources of any kind, he abandoned the society of men, and, wandering at random, found his way into a wilderness of mountains capped with white clouds. There he sat down upon a rock, folded his arms and began to commune with himself in great perplexity as to what he should do.

He was on the point of yielding to despair, when an old white haired man, clad in a garment made of the leaves of trees, approached him noiselessly as a ghost. This old man, after looking at him very hard for a long time, said:

"Long ago I used to be a school comrade of yours."

Then as the other prostrated himself at his feet the old man continued, with a severe look:

"Long ago you used to study, just as I did the essence of the moral law.

"But your heart, which by nature is not wholly upright, became totally perverted by covetousness; therefore you now suffer, even in this world, and you have even lost your house.

"On the other hand, I purified my heart from the covetous desires of this world; and by diligently practicing the essence of the law I became a great genius, having to depend upon no one, and possessing supernatural power. Nothing can now oppose my will.

"Now you also must endeavor to change your heart and free yourself from desires by turning your thoughts to that which is good."

When the student heard that the genius had acquired supernatural powers which he could dispose of as he pleased, he began to shed hypocritical tears. And he cried out:

"Even as my lord says I have suffered in this world because my talents were not equal to the gratification of my desires; and this has brought me to such a condition that I now suffer with hunger and with thirst.

"I beg of you, kind genius, to remember the friendship which drew us together of old, and to obtain for me a little rice by the exercise of your supernatural power. For such a favor I shall be grateful to you as long as I live." And he prostrated himself at the feet of the genius.

The genius laughed heartily at this, and said to the student: "You are now like a flint in an oven, and you are suffering so because your heart is full of envy. Still, as it is easy for me to obtain you some rice by exercise of my supernatural faculties, I will grant your wish."

Lifting his index finger he cried out: "Ha-mu!" and immediately a multitude of sacks of rice rose out of the ground, to the number of four or five thousand. Then, turning to the student, he said to him:

"In the enormous quantity of rice I have now provided you with, you have more than enough to support you for the rest of your life. As the proverb says, 'He who has riches enough never wishes for anything,' I suppose you will understand that you have now sufficient for all your necessities, and that you should at once endeavor to banish all covetousness from your heart. Certainly the need of nourishment is the greatest of all necessities."

The student exhausted himself in expressions of gratitude and bows of thanks. "Your kindness," he cried, "has indeed more than fulfilled all the desires of my life—yet I have one little thing more to ask from you. If you grant my request I will prostrate myself before your further generosities."

The genius answered in irritation: "Is your heart, then, absolutely insatiable? What greater desire can you possibly have than that which I have already satisfied?"

The student, in a respectful voice, replied: "It is true that by your help I have been placed in possession of a quantity of rice more than sufficient for my needs; but if I have no storehouse to keep it in what am I to do with it? If you would only be so kind as to get me a storehouse by the same means!"

"Ah!" cried the genius; "how violent are the desires of this man! Why could you not build yourself a storehouse by selling some of this rice—so much at a time? Nevertheless, extravagant as your request is, since I began to try to satisfy you, I shall endeavor to continue. Ha-mu!" he cried again, lifting his finger.

Immediately a multitude of storehouses appeared, and when all the bags of rice had been stowed away in them the genius said: "Oh, man of many desires, I trust that you are now satisfied?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the student in his joy; "in giving me these splendid storehouses you have indeed done all for me that I could wish. Truly your goodness has no limits, and my soul is filled with gratitude—still—let me ask—could you not listen a moment? I have a little request so make?"

Then, stricken with astonishment, the genius said: "What more can you possibly want?"

The student answered: "Of course I know that all this rice and these storehouses are admirable; but some sort of a place to live in I must have—without a dwelling my position would be altogether false. Does it not occur to you that people, on seeing you had furnished me with storehouses and no lodging, would say that the great genius was neglectful? It would really pain me a great deal to hear any one speak ill of so great a sage as you are. I just leave the question to your own high intelligence!"

Then said the genius: "O covetous and shameless man, great a rascal as you are, I feel that I must now give way to your desires, even as a ship whose destiny has been intrusted to the high seas."

And as he once more lifted his finger and cried: "Ha-mu!" there arose, on a sudden, rows of lordly mansions—palaces worthy of the mikado—whose roofs, covered with ornamentation, all stretched away in one level and luminous line.

"Oh, thanks!" cried the student, bowing his head nine times to the ground. "At your command seas of rice and streets of storehouses have come to me, and now, indeed, dwellings also are given unto me. Assuredly, no man could wish for anything more.

"And yet, as thoughts pass through my mind, I cannot help fearing that people will laugh at the stupidity of a man who dwells in splendid mansions and possesses multitudinous warehouses, and yet never has a cent in his pocket; yea, they will not simply laugh at the man who hides his poverty under a merely exterior wealth, but they will also calumniate you. Think of that!

"If you will kindly help me by granting my new request; if you will kindly grant me five or six chests full of silver and of gold, and 200 or 300 cases full of all sorts of wearing apparel, then I would, indeed, be fully satisfied; I should never again be tormented by immoderate desires, and I would not think of asking you for anything more—no, not even for a favor as small as a single hair from the head of a newly born child."

While the student thus supplicated him, with joined hands, the genius was so overcome with wrath that he could not utter one single word. He thought to himself: "I have gone so far already in trying to satisfy his desires that it is possible I may be able, by granting his new requests, to find the limit of his cupidity."

Then calming the angry aspect of his face he said: "Since I have so far yielded to all your wishes, and since you assure me that if I grant this new one you will be perfectly satisfied, and will not want anything more—not even anything small as a hair from the head of a newly born child—very well. Ha-mu," he cried, lifting his index finger, and four or five thousand big chests, all full of silver, gold or fine clothing, made their appearance.

At the sight of them the student bowed down, so that he almost buried his face in the ground. He shed tears of joy, and sobbed "Thanks! thanks!"

The genius laughed very heartily at him and asked: "Is it really possible that in so covetous a heart as thine there are no more desires? I wonder if you can imagine anything further to ask?"

The student, without lifting his head, replied:

"As you say, I have indeed a very small thing to ask you, but nothing nearly so important as gold, silver, clothing, houses or store rooms. I beg of you, I entreat you—it is such a very little thing, you can satisfy me so easily."

And as his face became all covered with perspiration through the agony of his anxiety, the genius answered him with a frown:

"Let me hear—let me hear what this little thing is which you think is not nearly so important as gold, silver, clothing, houses or store rooms!"

At these words the student, full of joy, cried out:

"What would surpass all your other favors and benefits would be—would be—to cut off your august finger and give it to me."

Then the genius, unable to endure any more, asked himself if he ought not forthwith to destroy that man.

* * * * * *

By this funny story it may be perceived that all men in this world are like the student; when they are rich they still pursue riches, and their covetousness becomes their ruin. If, on the other hand, they be in want they keep lamenting their poverty; and as they only aggravate their position thereby, their lamentations make them appear stupid.

Man's life is limited; if then it be devoted to the gratification of desires which have no limit whatever, how can one hope to enjoy even one day's peace of mind during the whole of one's earthly existence?

Long ago I told the above story to an old man, who said, when I had finished: "What happened me as a very curious fact is that the genius cries out, when he lifts his finger, 'Ha-mu!' Now ha-mu is a Japanese word meaning 'half.' And as nothing in this world of ours is ever really complete or perfect, if one can learn just to content oneself with half, that half becomes as good as a whole."

Such is the mysterious art of the genius gifted with a supernatural power which he is able to use as he pleases. In this story, where the magician lifts his finger, always bent instead of straight—always demanding only the half instead of the whole—is there not a good sound moral about the true way to prolong one's life and one's enjoyments? It must be granted that the following criticism which my amused old friend made at once upon the legend is worthy of attention:

"There is no greater error than desire—no greater misfortune than not to know how to remain content."—Translated for New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Habits of English Statesmen.

It has long ago become the mode of the ambitious young members of parliament to abjure sack and patronize instead the less stimulating "Apollinaris," which latter is the more frequent drink than the once universal bottle of champagne or claret. At one time Mr. Gladstone had in his cabinet a large number of sworn teetotalers, but I am sorry to say that their resolution did not hold out, and that Sir Charles Dilke was the one man out of the whole crowd who persisted in remaining a teetotaler to the end. Mr. Gladstone never smokes, but he drinks wine at dinner and always winds up with a glass of port, which is his especial favorite. Mr. Chamberlain never has a long and strong cigar out of his mouth and drinks champagne at meals. Mr. John Morley also drinks champagne, but has not been able to get beyond the cigarette in smoking. Sir W. Harcourt, who, though he looks extremely strong, is one of dyspepsia's many parliamentary martyrs, was a teetotaler for some time, but has gone back to claret. Lord Randolph Churchill drinks very little, but smokes very considerably. Mr. Labouchere is so inveterate a smoker that he usually carries about him a box about four times the ordinary size and he rushes to the smoke room every spare moment during the evening of the parliamentary session. Lord Salisbury is compelled by his health to be most moderate in his use of stimulants, and he never smokes. Lord Dufferin neither drinks nor smokes.—Liverpool Post.

BOGUS LITERARY REPUTATIONS.

Fashionable Folks Who Masquerade in Other People's Talent—A Curious Craze.

I have a young friend, a really talented fellow, who if he had been cast upon the town would have made a place for himself in literature. He happens to enjoy a competency, however, and takes life far too easily to disturb himself with more serious employment than the killing of time. He is fond of making literary experiments in his more industrious moments, and has quite a collection of manuscript stowed away in his desk, which he is continually promising himself to revise and polish up for publication. Some of these affairs, stories, sketches, little farces, fragments of verse, he has read to me, and they have invariably been sufficiently ingenious in construction and good in quality to impress themselves upon my memory.

Judge my amazement, therefore, when I found one of the stories I had listened to over the cigars and grog in his apartments printed in a prominent magazine a week or so ago. Judge of my further astonishment when I noted that it was credited not to the real author but to a certain woman who enjoys quite a literary reputation in society, one of the swell amateurs who have made writing for the press a fashion. There had been a sort of sentimental weakness on my friend's part for this person I knew. It was evident now that it had gone the length of his lending her his talent to masquerade in.

I got quite a collection of her other stories together, or rather of those she has been credited with writing, and read them attentively. There was no mistaking their authorship. Every one bore the earmarks of my idle amateur, who would not take the trouble to seek an outlet for his talent, but was ready to bestow it on a woman who had caught his platonic fancy. When I next met him I taxed him with this injustice to himself, but he laughed the reproof lightly off.

"Bless your innocent soul!" he said. "They all do it. Do you suppose the stories Miss X. and Mrs. Y. sign are any more original with them than Mrs. Z.'s are with her? The only difference is that they buy theirs from some professional scribbler. Mrs. Z. happens to get hers for a less substantial price."

Curiously enough, only a couple of nights later, I encountered at the theatre an able literary hack whom I have known for many years. He looked unusually prosperous, considering his old estate. He was, he said, earning a good salary as sub-editor on a morning paper, and putting in his odd time writing stories and poetry. As I had never seen any of these in print I remarked upon it. He answered, a little embarrassed:

"Well, you see I don't print them over my own name."

I supposed he meant that he used a nom de plume, and as he exhibited no desire to be confidential I pressed my inquiries no further. I have since learned that he has for months been supplying one of our society geniuses with manuscript which that person adopts as her own. She pays him handsomely for the work, and probably gives the manuscript away for the sake of getting it into type.

There must be plenty of kindred cases to these, for the literary craze is fairly rampant in society, and where two examples of this form of fraud are to be found you may be bound that others exist. However, it is so rarely that literature gets the benefit of a fashionable fad that we can condone an evil that has a certain alloy of good. In the excesses to which vanity will run, this is perhaps the most curious.—Alfred Trumble in The Journalist.

Cure for Hydrophobia.

The London Lancet recently reported a case of hydrophobia which was successfully treated with subcutaneous injection of corrosive sublimate, while the nervous symptoms were controled by the hypodermatic use of atropine. The existence of hydrophobia in the dog which bit the patient was established beyond doubt, and the man suffered the well marked symptoms of the same disease.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Colored Legislators.

Hiram P. Revels, the first colored man elected to the United States senate, is now a well-to-do farmer in Mississippi. There have been two negro senators and thirteen representatives.

It is now the thing to have photographs taken in toboggan costume.

To clean furniture: One pint linseed oil, one pint vinegar, one-half pint wine or alcohol.

NEW YORK EVICTIONS.

TWENTY THOUSAND FAMILIES DISPOSSESSED IN THE CITY IN 1886.

The Item of Rent Out of Proportion to a Poor Man's Income—What Becomes of the Families?—Justices as Peacemakers.

If the number of families in New York which hire their rooms from month to month be taken to be between 150,000 and 175,000, then over one-tenth of these families have been turned out of their homes during the year. The records of the eleven district courts prove it. Four district courts alone will show that they have issued some 10,000 dispossess summonses, each one of which was a notice to a family to pay up or go.

To say that there were some 20,000 families driven out of their homes last year carries only part of the meaning. The average number of persons in those poor families is greater than in rich or well-to-do families. It is a fair estimate to say that in those 20,000 families there were 120,000 men, women and children, most of whom were unable to earn a sufficient living. The item of rent was a great one with them, out of proportion to what it is to a man with a moderate income. A laborer earning $1 a day, or $26 a month, has to pay from $6.50 to $10 rent, or over a third of his income, while a workingman who gets $3.50 a day will not pay over $18 a month rent. With a majority of those 20,000 families the rent was more than they could bear and they succumbed. The head of the family may have been sick, on a spree or out of work. The family could economize in food, fuel and clothing, but they lived in the cheapest tenements already and the rent forced them out. It is a puzzle where they go.

UNDER THE LAW.

The dispossess proceedings in the courts do not by any means give the full number of families who are forced from their homes by various reasons. Under the law the landlord must give notice to their tenants first, and thousands of tenants, knowing that to disregard the notice will only bring forcible eviction, sell or cast away their furniture, and wander out into the city at once. On the money obtained from the sale of their furniture they may live a while, and then nobody notices how they are swallowed up.

Of course there is another side to it a few cases, and there are professional rent evaders, who take advantages of the technicalities of the law, the leniency of the justices to the poor and the multitude of worthy cases, to escape paying rent when they could if they would. When a tenant hires from month to month he can hold over for another month if not notified to go five days before the first day of the next month. Otherwise he can hold on, and if he rents by the year he can hold on for another year. Or if he is behind in his rent he can make the landlord prove ownership, previous notice, specific contract and violation of it before he can be forcibly ejected. It is not easy for the landlord to do all this if the tenant chooses to fight.

Notwithstanding the general impression, drunkenness and shiftlessness in themseves are not the immediate cause of many evictions. A man's drunkenness may cause him to lose his place, and then, without work, he has no income, but as long as he works his wife usually manages to get enough of his pay to pay the rent. Lack of work and sickness or death in the family are the main causes of falling behind in the rent. The family get so far behind in their rent that it is next to impossible to pay up, and they are evicted, sell all they can of their furniture, and start over again in a new neighborhood. If the father gets work then and is in good health he may regain a home. If he doesn't, his family breaks up, and he may become a tramp, a criminal or a pauper.

JUSTICES AS PEACEMAKERS.

As a rule, the civil justices try to act as peacemakers between the landlord and tenant. Where the tenant is able to pay they usually succeed. In all cases they give the tenant time, and try to prevent forcible ejection by the marshals. In not over quarter of the cases is it necessary to call in the assistance of a marshal to get the tenant out. Attached to several of the district courts is a charitable organization. In extreme cases the justices and clerks at the court chip in to pay the rent.

Several of the justices talked about their experiences with eviction cases. They are much alike. The following from Justice McCarthy speaks for the other east side districts:

"There were some 2,500 dispossess proceedings in the Fifth district court this year. In not over a third of them was forcible action taken. In the others the tenants moved as soon as they saw it was inevitable. Three-quarters of the cases were for arrears in rent. The others were where the landlord had given the tenant notice to leave at the end of the month and the tenant had not left. Some of the cases are professionals. They come up several times a year. They would rather move than pay rent, even though they are able to. They get in arrears and hang on till the last moment, when they pack up and move.

"Most of the cases are Irishmen and Jews. Native Americans are rarest and Germans next. Jews do not always go on a summons, but they often fight the case in court, and cause the landlord a lot of trouble to prove his side. Jews are good pay, but litigous. Many of them have picked up a good knowledge of the law, and conduct their own cases admirably. I do not know where the evicted tenants go, but probably to cheaper quarters. We look after all that we can, and often we raise the money among ourselves to pay the rent. Sometimes we are imposed on, too."—New York Sun.

Jamaica's Laboring Population.

The island of Jamaica is suffering in consequence of the withdrawal of large numbers of its laboring population, who have been tempted to the isthmus by the offer of high wages, and are digging the Panama canal. During the years from January, 1883, to January, 1886, about 54,000 such laborers left for the isthmus. It is estimated that 35,000 have returned, and that with those who have gone out the present year as many as 22,000 are still absent. The immediate effect upon the condition of Jamaica has been to raise wages until it is with great difficulty that the planters carry on their sugar business, and, at the present price of that article, many of them are contemplating suspending operations to avoid loss. The negro laborers who have returned are reported to have quite generally saved their earnings, which some of them place in banks of deposit, while others are buying land, a hopeful indication for the future of the race.—Boston Transcript.

Mary—Stop your flatteries, or I shall hold my hands to my ears. John (wishing to be complimentary)—Ah, your lovely hands are too small.

Hints to a Guest.

A truly polite guest will try to be equally agreeable to each member of the family, and by noticing some awkward or shy child may do much toward developing her. Never allow an aged, infirm or otherwise unfortunate person to feel that you are not interested in him.—Ladies' Home Journal.

To Cure a Bad Breath.

A bad breath may be cured as follows, no matter what the cause: Three hours after breakfast a teaspoonful of the following mixture: Chlorate of potash, two drams; sweetened water, four ounces; wash the mouth occasionally with the mixture and the breath will be as sweet as an infant's.

The Model Husband.

The model husband does not assume that he is a pattern man, that he is all wise, and that his word must be law, but recognizes the married state as a republic wherein each is entitled to an opinion and the expression of it, and where each will regard the wishes of the other.

If the sufferers from consumption, scrofula and general debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. B. H. Brodnax, Brodnox, La., says: "I gave Scott's Emulsion to Mrs. C., troubled with a very severe bronchial affection. Added to this the birth of a child and subsequent illness, she was in a very bad condition. I ordered Scott's Emulsion, which she commenced taking, giving at the same time some to the baby, which was very poor (weight three and one-half pounds.) Since taking the Emulsion, cough is gone, looks fresh, full in the face, flesh firm, good color; baby same, fat and in fine condition." Feb17-4t.

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

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

We have gone into Winter Quarters WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF Lumber!

And can fill all orders coming in during the winter for House and Barn bills without delay.

We have on hand every length needed of 4x8, 6x8, 6x6 and 8x10 GEORGIA SILLS.

All sizes Virginia Posts, Plates, Ties, Joist and Scantling, seasoned.

White Pine 5-8 Dressed Weatherboarding.
" " 5-8 Rough "
" " 7-8 Dressed, Rabeted.
Cypress 7-8 " German.
" 5-8 Beveled "
Virginia Pine 5-8 Rough "
" " 5-8 Dressed "

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, Made of Dressed Lumber.

CYPRESS and WHITE PINE for Casings, 6-4, 5-4, 7-8.

15,000 feet SHINGLE LATHING.

200,000 CYPRESS SHINGLES,

Sufficient stock of Georgia and Virginia Flooring, etc.

JOSEPH TURNER, Jan. 13, 1887. SCOTT'S POINT.

You can be cured of RHEUMATISM by using RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE.

It is not a cure-all. It cures nothing but Rheumatism but it is a safe and sure cure for that disease. Thousands who have been cured will testify to its reliability.

MR. G. B. ULMER, of 1621 N. 12th St., Philada., wrote four months after he had been cured by the Russian Rheumatism Cure (waiting to see whether it would not return), saying he was bedridden with the disease, and thought he would lose his reason from the agony he had to endure; and inside of two weeks he was cured by this remedy, although he had his house physician, and used other remedies without result, previous to trying this wonderful remedy.

MR. CHAS. A. COX, American and Morris St., Phila., said: "My wife was bedridden, and her condition made me despair. Doctors and everything else failed. The Russian Rheumatism Cure cured her in one week."

RUSSIA NO TRADE MARK RHEUMATISM CURE. REGISTERED. EVERY BOX HAS BOTH TRADE MARKS AND SIGNATURE. Twice this Size. None Genuine without this Signature and both Trade Marks. PRICE $2.50 PER BOT. For Rheumatism Only.

For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free.

For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFAHLZER BROS. & CO. 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED: WHEAT & CORN DAILY.

I am always prepared to pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for any amount of Grain that can be offered in Kent county.

E. T. COMEGYS, AGENT FOR THE WM. LEA & SONS CO., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del. Oct. 7, 1886.

STRAW WANTED

HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to see to take a little extra pains in stacking, and not put the chaff with their straw.

☞ Mr. James Brice is my authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON. Aug. 5, 1886.

FRAME HOTEL. LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU, Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

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

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1886.

Connecting with Delaware Railroad at Clayton

On and after Monday, Dec. 20th, 1886, until further notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

GOING NORTH	Pass & Fr'e No. 1 daily	Passe'r & freigt No. 3 Thursdays only.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
Chestertown	6 15	1 35
Worton	6 35	1 55
Lynch's	6 39	2 02
Still Pond	6 45	2 12
Kennedyville	6 57	2 27
Blacks	7 13	2 43
Lambson	7 28	2 58
Masseys	7 40	3