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The Transcript,

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, March 17, 1887

GOD, THE BELOVED.

The faces of the beloved, the sun and the moon,
are all three one;
Her stature, the cypress and the pine, are all
three one.
I have not the least need either of honey or of
sugar;
For the lips of the beloved, honey and sugar, are
are all three one.
When I am reclining upon my couch, without her
by my side,
Fire, thorns and this couch of mine, are all three
one.
When I am soiled with any dust of the alley she
dwelleth in,
This dust and musk and amber are all three one.
Oh, God, make no one acquainted with absence
from his love,
For invasion, massacre and such absence are all
three one.

—From the Afghan.

Frank Pierce's College Fun.

Frank Pierce was rather wild when he was a student at Bowdoin college. One of his pranks occurred when Lafayette, who was everywhere hailed with joy, was visiting the New England states. The renowned patriot had got as far east as Portsmouth, when it became doubtful if he would proceed further. It had, however, been reported that he would pass through Brunswick, and so it was proposed by Pierce to give Lafayette a reception. Accordingly the students hired carriages, secured a cannon and went at the proper time out on the Brunswick road to meet the general and his staff.

About 9 o'clock in the evening there was seen coming up the road the procession of students all ablaze. By a preconcerted arrangement it was announced at the moment through all the town that Lafayette was near. The people rushed out of their houses, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and cheer rose upon cheer. The general bowed in acknowledgment, and finally got down from his carriage and condescended to kiss several of the fair young ladies. That man was not Gen. Lafayette, but John Cleveland, a student, who had personated the character to perfection. The whole affair wound up with a supper, a good joke, and so the people of Brunswick never saw the real hero.—Ben: Perley Poore.

A Fortune Teller's Confession.

Aside from those ordinary implements of our profession, the cards, I find that cabalistic signs impress most of my clients with the truth of my knowledge and readings. Go to a fortune teller of the better class who has some education, and, if by the power he or she has of judging human nature in a general way, it is seen that ignorant jargon will not catch you, you will be reached through signs. Now, these cabalistic signs are nothing of a special nature, and our stock in trade embraces Barret's "Magus," opening it at one of the pages ornamented with them. I make effective use also of the third volume of "Perry's Japan," containing the maps of the constellations where, according to Japanese astrology, an answer can usually be found that suits such queries as may be asked by the client. The idea of the ordinary visitor (female gender especially) when they consult a fortune teller is that something of a mysterious nature is going to be supplied, and we realize this happy idea by a combination of somber effects and a fair knowledge of human nature. We contrive to satisfy their curiosity in an innocent manner and at the same time enjoy a prosperous livelihood as a result of harmless credulity.—Fortune Teller in Globe-Democrat.

A Modern Inquisition.

I was under the impression that the peine forte et dure system of inquisition was obsolete in England; but, to judge from the proceedings consequent on an attempted burglary at the Manse house, Shipton, Oxfordshire, not long ago, I was wrong. Mr. Parrott, it seems, heard a noise in his house one morning, and threw up his bedroom window. He then saw a burglar escaping through the dining room window. Having a gun, he challenged him, but the man only ran the faster, until he stumbled and fell on the lawn. Mr. Parrott fired, seriously wounding the runaway, who was then shut up in the stable till a policeman arrived two hours later. Removed to the Radcliffe infirmary at Oxford, the man "obstinately refused his name or address;" but, according to the reports in the papers, the doctor was equal to the occasion, and applied the galvanic battery to the wounded victim. A few smart shocks seemed to have had the desired effect, and the tortured man stood, or lay, confessed as Thomas Wilson, of the Plasterers' Arms, St. Thomas.—Labouchere in London Truth.

Thieves in the British Museum.

Something ought to be done to guard against the consequences of the sudden collapse of the electric light at the British museum reading room. An accident of this kind was threatened two or three weeks ago, and last week it came off in earnest. The room was plunged in darkness for some minutes, and in the confusion which followed there would have been no difficulty in any of the two or three hundred readers present eloping with what books or other portable property they could lay their hands on. This is not an imaginary danger. It is well known that some of the readers at the British museum go there in pursuit of other things besides knowledge. An attendant there once told me that many of them would steal anything that could be carried away. It has been found useless for this reason to provide soap in the lavatories, and the nail brushes have to be chained up. Even the rollers upon which the towels hang have been stolen.—London Truth.

New York's Japanese Club.

The quaintest club in New York is the Japanese club. It was established several years back by the leading Japanese merchants and attaches of legation settled in this city and now numbers some twenty-five members. They are all men of means and influence and entertain any of their countrymen who may pass through the city in the most hospitable way. It has imported a native cook and has commenced to give dinners prepared and served in the Japanese style, at one of which recently the first Caucasian guests the club has dined were entertained. The dinner was given in honor of Mr. Okakura, the visiting commissioner of the fine arts for Japan.—Alfred Trumble.

Ministerial Qualifications.

We were speaking of preachers having fine voices, and one minister said: "They tell a grand story on Brother S——, whom you all know. He was detailed to do a little missionary work among the negroes. When the time was up he was reappointed. One of the class leaders of the darkey church came to him and said: 'Brother S——, we's glad dey done sent you back to preach to us.'

"'Why so?' queried the minister.

"'Kase de culled folks all lack you. Dey say you got de mo'nfulles' voice.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Marriage and Divorce Laws.

There is a gradually extending opinion that the marriage and divorce laws of the different states should be made uniform. In twenty-three of the thirty-eight states a prior undissolved marriage sets aside a new union. In twenty insanity does the same; in seventeen non-age, and in thirteen fraud. These are grounds for declaring marriage null and void ab initio. Desertion as a ground for divorce varies in length and character in many states.—New York Sun.

A Healthy Skin.

Very cold or warm baths when used to excess diminish the elasticity of the skin and its power of resistance to external irritants. Dr. Auspetz, of Vienna, says a healthy skin is not necessarily beautiful and water is serviceable to it in only moderate amounts and in moderate temperatures. The same authority says that a sponge soaked in oil should be applied to the scalp and roots of the hair at night.—Atlanta Constitution.

Beginning in Time.

"James, I don't see but what I shall have to have a new bonnet if I'm going to the Permanent exhibition with you."

"Perm—why, that's three or four years from now. You'd better read up."

"Oh, yes, James, I do read up. But three or four years are none too long beforehand to begin if I am going to get the money in time."—Washington Post.

TURNING A PENNY.

HOW A BARKENTINE'S STEWARD VICTUALED FOR A VOYAGE.

Beans, Dried Fruit and Chickens—Onions Forgotten—What the Captain Said—In a Dead Calm—A Serious Situation—A Close Call.

The barkentine Maple Leaf in 1872 was engaged in trade between New York and Brazil. Her cargoes south were a miscellaneous assortment of domestic goods, and on the homeward trip she usually carried hides and horns. I was on my second trip as supercargo, and, with a Yankee's natural turn for speculation, saw an opportunity to "turn a penny." Space on shipboard, like space in a widely circulated newspaper, is very valuable. As supercargo I was also steward and cook, and the galley, with its lockers, was my personal domain. As steward it was my duty to victual the ship for a voyage which might last four or even five months, but which was usually performed in from forty to seventy days. When fully victualed for the longest possible voyage, as the rules required, there was hardly room in the galley or storeroom "to stick a pin."

In Pernambuco I had seen clear horns sold at ten cents each and cloudy ones for seven and even less. I knew also that their value in New York at that time was from thirty to twenty-five cents. I possessed four doubloons, about $60, and quietly invested the sum in horns. I had them conveyed on board surreptitiously as "provisions" and stored in the darkest portion of the storeroom. Then I victualed the vessel with beans, rice, dried fruit—such articles as were not calculated to decay in an equatorial climate and which possessed the desirable property of "swelling" during culinary preparation. As a tempting attraction, and to encourage the idea that I was a "good provider," two coops of eighty chickens cackled and squawked on the quarter deck, and I had no trouble in persuading the sailors to take charge of a large bag of chicken feed for the sustenance of the fowls until they should be needed from time to time for pot pies. Thus provisioned, with the customary amount of salt meats and flour, we cleared from Pernambuco for New York.

THE DENOUEMENT.

Tolerably fair sailing weather lasted until we were off the Isle of Pines, and then for eleven days the barkentine did not move an inch. The eighty chickens, like the last rose of summer were faded and gone. Then I began to exercise all the culinary art I possessed in making the "staples" palatable. One day, however, the captain remarked that he had seen no yams. Yams were a bulky vegetable, and I had given up their space to the horns. I said I could find only indifferent yams in the Pernambuco market, and was sure they would spoil in crossing the equator.

"But onions," said the captain; "you have onions?"

Unfortunately I had forgotten onions.

"Let me see what you have," said he, leading the way down into the galley. I was aware that the denouement was coming, and so lighted a small lamp and led the way straight to the horns. Hitherto, Capt. Ellsworth had always professed friendship for me; but when he saw the nature of my provisions—the vessel thirty or forty days from port and in a dead calm—he exhibited symptoms of decided impatience.

"If I were to tell the crew of what I have seen," said he, "they would throw you overboard."

Time hangs heavily on one's hands when becalmed at sea, even under the most favorable circumstances; but to a steward who is likely to starve his messmates through his own folly it is simply intolerable. Had I not awakened on the following morning to find the vessel bowling along before a clipping breeze I think I might have saved the crew the trouble of feeding me to the sharks.

On the day that we reached New York, and while the barkentine was passing through Hell Gate, the captain came forward to where I was leaning over the rail and said in a low and confidential tone:

"Steward, how much longer could you have served full rations?"

"Till dinner time to-morrow," I answered.—Detroit Free Press.

Wedding in Old Virginia.

The wedding was lovely—the bridesmaids, or, as the old fashioned expression here is, the ones who wait on her, did charmingly, and I must tell you about it. The church, built by an architect who had no knowledge of latter day wedding processions, had no center aisle, but this was no difficulty to a Virginia girl futile in resources. First of all up came the ushers, two by two from each side; they met in front of the altar and crossed over; then a pair of maids in pink and blue came up the right aisle and crossed over to the left side; then two of the groomsmen just behind them, forming an effective background and giving a real southern air of protection. This way of coming first from one side and then another was continued until all were in their places, and then came the bride on her father's arm, a veritable vision of loveliness in white satin, and the becoming tulle veil.

Tender hands had arranged the veil, loving hearts were beating with emotion all about her, and the happy man did look happy, and said the "I will" with an emphasis worth recording. A girl near me said that the constant effort to look first on one side and then on the other to see the procession of rosebud girls was rapidly making her cross eyed. After the service, back to the house we went, and then there was a supper—no miserable rich supper from a caterer, but turkeys brown and tender, hams pink and really sugar cured, salads dressed with recipes that had been treasured for years, and oysters not only as the Lord ordained they should be, but in every way that the ingenuity of the darkey cook could arrange them. A really Virginia supper is, as you know, Dolly, well worth eating.—"Bab" in New York Star.

Knew Something Would Happen.

Snobson—Did you wead this in the papaw about Blinks, oie fellaw? Cadley—Blinks? That vulgaw cweechaw! Naw. S.—But it says his father died. C.—Haw! S.—Left him a pot of dollaws! C.—Hay! Left Blinks a pot of dollaws? S.—Yaas. C. wegulaw bonanza, bay Jawve! C.—Demmit all! I suppose a fellaw will have to wecognize him now. I knew something would happen to me if I didn't go across the water this wintaw.—Town Topics.

Artesian Wells in New York.

Many large establishments in New York have been driven to the necessity of boring artesian wells, partly from economy and partly from the gradual lessening of the supply of Croton water. The water from the wells is harder than the Croton and "flat" to the taste.—Chicago Times.

A Study in Shoes.

It is to be feared, on the whole, that the unfeeling people who say that Artie was spoiled and had no bringing up may not be far wrong. Nevertheless he had two aunties. For reasons of his own he called them respectively "Vevvy" and "Pitty Baby."

Pitty Baby was a weak coaxer, but Vevvy was a great disciplinarian and a firm believer in the application of the slipper.

One morning in particular the Slipper Sonata was going on in her room, with a wild accompaniment of juvenile remonstrance very trying to the hearts of Pitty Baby and Bridget, outside the door with tears in their eyes and fingers in their ears.

Presently, when justice was satisfied, the dear little culprit was released, howling like a dervish, and, banging open the door, he burst upon the two outside.

"Och, darlin'," said Bridget, "whatever in this world did she do to you, sirr?"

"She whipped me," roared Artie, "with Pitty Baby's red shoe, and it hurts worse than any shoe in this house."—Boston Record.

It is estimated that over $500,000 has been spent in unsuccessful attempts to establish newspapers in Portland, Ore., during the past twenty years.—Chicago Times.

The great bulk of cheap pocket cutlery is punched in dies from sheet steel. Good cutlery is hand forged.

Training a Morning Glory.

There is but one flower more beautiful than the morning glory on the outside of the bay window, and that is a morning glory trained up on the inside of the window and in full bloom while the winter storms are raging and the thermometer indicates zero. It can be grown with very little trouble.

The Paint Pot for Stolen Horses.

All the horses that are stolen in New York or its vicinity find their way to the horse market. If the dealer is sharp enough to perceive that the horse offered to him is stolen he buys him very cheap. Then he uses all his ingenuity to change his appearance. Painting is frequently resorted to. If the horse has any white markings they are deftly painted over; if not, and his color is dark, a few white spots are painted on. So skillfully is this done that even dealers are deceived. As soon as a case of horse stealing is reported to the police a detective is usually sent to the market. It is the exception for him, however, to recover the horse. The owner himself would not recognize his animal after the paint pot had been used. A detective of the Fifty-ninth street police station informed the reporter that he knew of an instance in which a livery man bought his own horse from a dealer at the market without knowing it. Although many arrests have been made in such cases the traffic continues. Capt. Killilea had a detective in the market for six weeks at one time before he could trace a horse that had been stolen from a stable in West Forty-seventh street. Some of the dealers have stables elsewhere in the city. When the stolen horse is of such color that he cannot be painted he is removed to one of these private stables until the affair blows over and he can safely be brought out and sold.—New York World.

The War in Sumatra.

The hostilities that have been going on more or less in the northern part of Sumatra for the last thirteen years between the Dutch and the Achinese are no nearer than ever to a conclusion. Acheen is the principal native sovereignty on the island, and has kept its independence against European efforts to subjugate it for nearly four centuries. Through a great part of the time commercial treaties have been maintained with the sultan of Acheen by European occupants of the island, but the piracies indulged in by his people and his alleged violation of faith have of late greatly exasperated the Dutch. An expedition sent from the Netherlands in 1873 to crush the Achinese was defeated with much loss. Since then the war has been prosecuted with varying success. Of late the natives have begun to smuggle in rifles and even artillery, so that they have put the coast fort at Segli under seige. The Dutch troops also suffer severely from disease. Altogether Sumatra has cost the Netherlands much in money and men, with a prospect now of costing much more.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Winter Railroading in Dakota.

Railroads are not seriously inconvenienced by snow in this part of the country, for they know how to take care of it. Up in Dakota, where it drifts and banks up on the track, is where the delays occur. I remember an engine that was covered entirely for eleven days. We kept a fire going in the furnace all the time, and by that way finally got out of the snow. One of the dangers that have to be watched during such weather as the present is the snapping of rails. But, considering the number of steel rails in use, those that are broken by the cold are exceedingly few, and the break is so small—generally a few inches—that the cars pass over it without being derailed. I remember of a break where a three foot piece of rail was broken off and fell to one side. A train passed over the ties and continued on without interruption. Then, again, there was a long train of empty freight cars that was derailed, and, as the ground was flat and hard, were pulled about 200 yards away from the track before stopping. There was great trouble experienced in getting them back to the track.—Globe-Democrat.

Circulation of Paris Daily Papers.

With the exception of Le Petit Journal, no Paris daily has what would be regarded in the United States as an enormous circulation. The Figaro prints about 60,000 copies and the Temps about 15,000, while Le Matin, which comes nearer an American daily through its newsy character than any other paper, gains ground continually. There are daily journals published in Paris which do not circulate to the extent of 1,000 copies, but are kept alive by politicians that require a mouthpiece or by financial enterprises needing a trumpet. The Petit Journal, however, makes up for the small tirage of many of its contemporaries. Upward of 900,000 copies are printed daily, and it is computed that it is read by one sixth of the population of France. The profits of the paper last year exceeded 4,000,000f. Nor is The Figaro a particularly unprofitable sheet. Its shares were issued originally at 60f. apiece, and they now command 11,000. Everybody connected with these two papers has grown wealthy.—New York Times.

Miss Rose Cleveland at Home.

Miss Cleveland is now resuming her old habits in her old home and taking up her old books and studies, and old life generally. She is very regular in her habits. She breakfasts at 8, goes into her library at 9, and spends the morning there. At 1 o'clock she dines, preferring while in her country home to have a midday dinner. The afternoon she spends in driving or walking, visiting with her friends and guests. She is utterly defiant of wind and weather, driving in the rain rather than not at all, and her solitary figure at all seasons mounting the hills, crossing the meadows and disappearing off in the woods, has been long familiar to the lookers-out-of-windows along the village street or in the more scattered farm houses. Her visits are mostly to those whom she can serve in some way. Her mother was very thoughtful for the poor, and in this respect her daughter imitates her.—Laura C. Holloway in Brooklyn Magazine.

Realistic Novel Writing.

There is no man, nor woman either, who resolves to set down precisely all that he or she may see or hear in four and twenty hours, say of waking life, but shall turn you out your realistic novel, as the Grand Lama of Thibet will turn you out your prayers—by the yard. Such work needs not invention, nor imagination, nor fancy. The only quality of the artist it calls for is the sense of proportion, the faculty of selection; and that, anybody who has once experimented on this school of fiction will know well it rarely, if ever, gets. A writer, content to produce this sort of stuff, may write, as Theseus sits, for ever; and, according as his taste leads him to Mayfair or to Seven Dials for his copying ground, so will his literature be a polite industry or the reverse.—Macmillan's Magazine.

An Eloquent Argument.

A lawyer in New London county, Ct., while eloquently arguing a case of great interest, is said to have used the following beautiful phraseology: "When this slander, gentlemen of the jury, reaches the ear of the strong arm of the law, it will kick away every obstacle and with its lips declare: 'No, sir; no, siree, sir.'"

John L. and the Young Boxer.

"Can you remember any case where you brought any special tactics into play?"

"Yes," said John L. Sullivan, "I just happen to remember one circumstance, and I'll tell you of it. A young and pretty clever boxer—I won't mention his name now—undertook to stand up before me for four rounds. Now, I wanted to give the public a good show for their money's worth, so I allowed the young man to hammer away to his heart's content. When, after the second round, I was being sponged off in my corner I said to my second: 'About half a minute before this next round is over you call out 'John!' loud enough for me to hear you. Time was called, and after a few passes I rushed in and laid my head upon that young man's breast and let him belt away at me as hard as he could. The audience cheered because they thought he was knocking me out, sure, but at that close range his blows hurt me about as much as you could now by fibbing me on the top of the head with a soft glove. There I lay, as snug as you please, taking a great deal of amusement out of the enthusiasm of the audience. Presently my second, who had kept his eyes upon his watch, called out 'John'—and then I stepped back and landed my young man one under the ear, and that was the last of him."—Sacramento Bee.

Pages and Their Pay.

At the beginning of a session of congress it is a common thing to see rich ladies alight at the Capitol from their splendid equipages, leading their petted sons in to ask that they be appointed pages. Members of congress bring their boys to put them on the pages' roll. "Oh," said one lady of wealth, when asked why she consented to have her darling son serve as a page, "his pay makes such convenient pin money." These attendants upon senators and representatives get $2.50 a day during the sessions of congress.—Chicago Times.

A "PHONE" EXCHANGE.

TROUBLES AND ANNOYANCES TO WHICH THE GIRLS ARE SUBJECT.

Young Women of Good Physique Less Liable to Get Confused While at Work. Business Methods in a Vocal Sensorium.

I visited the telephone exchange for the first time to-day. I beheld, as the door was opened, twenty comely young women sitting in a long row in easy arm chairs, before tables, with endless apparatus before them. That was the first fact that I grasped. The next one was that these girls were not shouting at all. There was a low, indistinct murmur, and that was all. As I approached nearer I could hear, in tones not much above a whisper, the ever monotonous "Hello! hello!" "No. 428." "Hello, hello!" "Ye-es!" "Good-by!" but one clear voice, in a good speaking tone, might have been heard plainly across that whole room above all the business of making the connections for over two thousand people.

THE GIRLS AT WORK.

Every girl had strapped upon her head, or at least held there by its own grip, an apparatus composed of crossed steel bands, which held a small telephone receiver to her ear. Before her, dangling by a long wire in just such a position as to hang exactly in front of her mouth, was the transmitter. Each girl leaned back in a comfortable attitude, and seemed entirely cool and unconcerned, while both hands were occupied in inserting wires with metal plugs at their ends into certain holes before her and pulling them out again. There were rows upon rows of these little apertures, and every one of them represented somebody's telephone number. Each girl takes care of a limited number of calls, which are signaled to her by the dropping of a little metallic tablet with the number of the caller's instrument upon it, but she has within her reach, in those little apertures that I have mentioned, every one of the telephone numbers within the radius of the exchange.

"These seem to be young women of excellent physique," I said to the superintendent, Mr. Carty, as he invited me to a seat by his desk.

"We insist upon that," said he; "we have found that girls of good physique, healthy young women, are much less liable to irritation and impatience, much less likely to 'get rattled,' than those who are a little weak or ill. It is not that the work wears upon them so that only women of unusual physique can stand it, but that we must have operators who are likely to keep their tempers and maintain coolness of demeanor. Does it deafen them? I know of but one case of an operative's hearing being affected, and that might easily have been from some other cause. They do not seem to suffer much nervously, though there was one case of hysteria here last week.

CALL FOR A SUBSTITUTE.

"One of the girls—that one with the slender figure and dark hair, near the end of the line—got confused and 'rattled,' as we call it, over a series of vexations, and asked to have a substitute placed in her chair. You see that we keep five substitutes in the room to relieve those who desire to be relieved at any time. Well, this young woman went into the girls' waiting room and had an attack of hysteria there. Not infrequently something occurs on the line—somebody gets impatient and loses his temper—which troubles the girls. They generally go into their room and have a good cry, and come back feeling better. They certainly seem to like the work, though the pay is only $7 a week. The hours are not long, they sit all day, they are relieved when needful and the actual work seems to be agreeable to them."

There was a strumming sound under the superintendent's table. He held a telephone receiver to his ear and talked through a movable transmitter on the table. "Certainly," he said in a low tone, "I will relieve you." He summoned a young woman from the window and motioned to her to take the chair of one of the operators. He had been talking with one of the girls not fifteen feet away over the telephone. She could have spoken to him through the air by turning her head, but it would have made a little noise and confusion in the room, and this modern tower of Babel, this vocal sensorium of a whole city, is as quiet as a public library reading room. The substitute girl took the other's place, two "calls" came tumbling down at the same instant, and somebody was undoubtedly vexed because he was not answered for an instant while she was making the other connection. But it takes but an instant.

"We like to have people who have telephones come up here," said the superintendent. "It gives them an idea how the thing is done, and we notice that they seldom get impatient in the use of their telephones afterward." Certainly these girls were not trifling with their work. The superintendent by merely putting an instrument to his ear can hear every word that passes between any operator and the people with whom she talks, and that seems an almost unnecessary restraint. Vexation makes the work harder for the operator, and she avoids it. Women are found to be better operators than men though boys must be employed at night, and that is why the day service is better than that of the night.—Boston Post.

Prison Life in Siberia.

Prison life in Siberia is of many varieties, according to the offense of different individuals and the sentences which have been decreed in their cases. The lowest sentence is to simple banishment for three years, and the highest to hard labor for life. The simple exile without imprisonment is appointed to live in a certain town, district or province, and must report to the police at stated intervals. He may engage in certain specified occupations, or rather in any occupation which is not on a prohibited list; for example, he may teach music or painting, but he may not teach languages, as they afford the opportunity for propagating revolutionary ideas. He may become merchant, farmer, mechanic, contractor or anything else of that sort, and it not infrequently happens that prison exiles enjoy a degree of prosperity in their new homes that they did not have in European Russia. Exiles and their sons have become millionaires in Siberia; a former Vanderbilt of Irkootsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, was the son of an exile serf, his enormous fortune having been gained in the overland tea trade.

Many exiles become so attached to Siberia that they remain there after their term of banishment is ended, but it should be understood that their cases are the exceptions rather than the rule. The wife and immature children of an exile may follow or accompany him at the expense of the government, but cannot return to Europe until his term of service has expired. The object of exile is to furnish a population to this sparsely inhabited region, and it goes without saying that a family man is much more likely to be a good citizen when his wife and children are with him than when they are thousands of miles away. The name of "prisoner" or "exile" is never applied to the banished individuals; in the language of the people they are called "unfortunates," and in official documents they are termed "involuntary emigrants."—Thomas W. Knox.

Jordan Water for the Royal Baptism.

A curious offer was made the other day by a lady who recently returned from traveling in Palestine. She had brought back with her a keg full of the water of the river Jordan, which she sent to Windsor with a note offering it for the baptism of Princess Beatrice's baby. The queen at once accepted the gift and sent to the donor an autograph letter of thanks.—Liverpool Courier.

A Stretch of Nevada Desert.

The stretch of desert lying between Palisade and Wells is noted as being by far the coldest region in Nevada, thermometers frequently marking a temperature of 50 degs. below zero.—Chicago Times.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for consumption, throat affections and bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—Tho. Parr, M. D., Alabama. "I gave Scott's Emulsion to a gentleman 65 years old troubled with chronic bronchitis, with the most excellent results."—J. C. Cason, Broken Arrow, Ala. Mar17-4t.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE. Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison. SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts. 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.

WORTON MANOR STOCK FARM.

Imported Ram J. J. Coleman No. 16, Regist American Southdown Record No. 1001.

THOROUGHBRED SOUTHDOWNS, YEARLINGS and LAMBS.

The above named Buck stands at the head o my flock of pure Southdown Ewes. The Yearlings are ready to deliver at any time. The Lambs will be ready by August 1st.

A few choice Boar Pigs from my registered Chester White Hog.

Also, some Hereford Calves by our registered Bull Adventure, No. 12794.

JOHN GALE, Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

WOOL WANTED AT GALE'S WHARF BY JOHN GALE. Apr. 29.

HAVE YOU RHEUMATISM? A Remedy that has been in successful use for many years in Europe, and was only lately introduced in this country, is the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE. This Remedy has the endorsement of Continental Physicians and Government Sanitary Commissions, as well as the thousands of sufferers to whom it has brought relief. It has saved others—all who have tried it. It WILL CURE YOU from further agony, if you'll only give it a chance. EVERY BOX HAS BOTH TRADE MARKS AND SIGNATURE Twice this Size. None genuine without this signature and both Trade Marks. PRICE $2.50 PER BOX. 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, PEARLZEER 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.

THE COLUMBIA BOLSTER SPRING —FOR— FARM AND PEACH WAGONS TO CARRY from 2000 to 6000 lbs. For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

CIGARS! CIGARS!! Come and try our Edward Allen Pee CIGARS. M. A. TOULSON, March 27 Drugg

Grain Wanted. SAMUEL B. FOARD, Chestertown, Md., Agent for L. J. COX & CO., BALTIMORE, MD. Highest CASH Price Paid for GRAIN AT ALL TIMES. Give us a call before selling. SAM'L B. FOARD. AGENT FOR L. J. COX & CO. Oct. 14, 1886.

1887. Harper's Magazine, ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Magazine during 1887 will contain a novel of intense political, social and romantic interest, entitled "Narka"—a story of Russian life—by Kathleen O'Meara; a new novel, entitled 'April Hopes,' by W. D. Howells; 'Southern Sketches,' by Charles Dudley Warner and Rebecca Harding Davis, illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson; 'Great American Industries'—continued; 'Social Studies,' by Dr. R. T. Ely; further articles on the Railway Problem by competent writers; new series of illustrations by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons; articles by E. P. Roe; and other attractions.

HARPER'S PERIODIGALS. PER YEAR;

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year 52 Numbers	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year 52 Numbers	15 00

Postage Free to all subscribes in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the *Magazine* begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of *Harper's Magazine*, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $3.00 per volume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid.

Index to *Harper's Magazine*, Alphabetical, Analytical and Classified, for Volumes 1 to 70, inclusive, from June, 1850, to June, 1885, one vol., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Dec. 2, 1886. New York.

1887. Harper's Weekly. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly maintains its position as the leading illustrated newspaper in America; and its hold upon public esteem and confidence was never stronger than at the present time. Besides the pictures, *Harper's Weekly* always contains instalments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, finely illustrated, with short stories, poems, sketches, and papers on important current topics by the most popular writers. The care that has been successfully exercised in the past to make *Harper's Weekly* a safe as well as a welcome visitor to every household will not be relaxed in the future.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS. PER YEAR:

HARPER'S WEEKLY	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Ne Year 52 Numbers	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year 52 Numbers	15 00

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The Volumes of the *Weekly* begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the current Number at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of *Harper's Weekly*, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Dec. 2, 1886. New York.

1887. Harper's Bazar. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading. Its stories, poems and essays are by the best writers, and its humorous sketches are unsurpassed. Its papers on social etiquette, decorative art, house-keeping in all its branches, cookery, etc., make it indispensible in every household. Its beautiful fashion-plates and pattern sheet supplements enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by being their own dressmakers. Not a line is admitted to its columns that could shock the most fastidious taste.

HARPER'S PERIDICALS. PER YEAR:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year 52 Numbers	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year (52 Numbers)	15 0

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the *Bazar* begin with the first Number of January for each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of *Harper's Bazar*, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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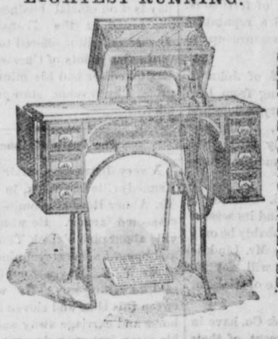
Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Dec. 2, 1886. New York.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD! TO EQUAL THE NEW NO. 8 WHEELER & WILSON.

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; runs easier and faster, makes less noise and does better work than any other SEWING MACHINE in the world.



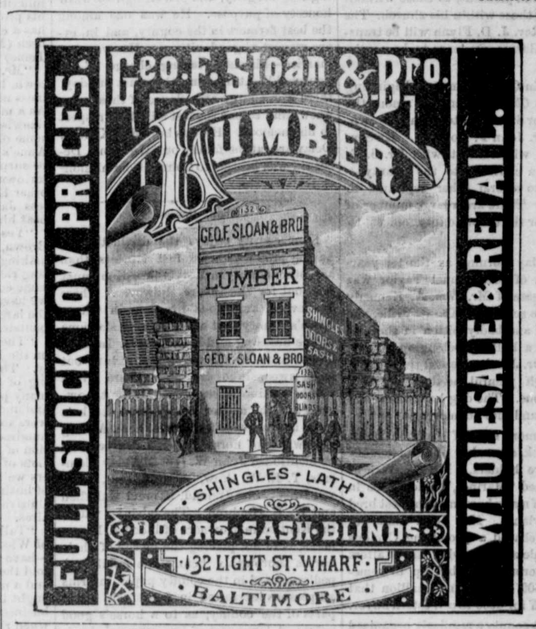
It has a Positive Double Feed, no springs; is adjustable; positive take-up; *Perfect Tension*; no shuttle; lock stitch; will run either way without breaking either needle or thread; will sew from lace to full cloth without changing stitch or tension, and make a perfect stitch on both; it is adapted to all wants and is called by many SELF-SETTING NEEDLE, MOST DURABLE.

THE MAGIC SILENT SEWER.

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.

Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co. 1312 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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



THIS GREAT PREMIUM ABSOLUTELY FREE!

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STEM WINDER AND SETTER
WITH GOLD PLATED CHAIN.
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