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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1887. VOL. XXVII-NO. 46

Hardware.

We keep in stock whatever pertains to our line of trade—embracing a variety of wares widely diversified. Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carpenters' and Farm Cutlery. Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces and heating appliances of numerous designs. Breach-loading, bird and duck Guns, and sportsmen's furnishings generally. In fact, it would require a very large amount of space simply to outline our stock. We do not propose to do so, but if you will call upon us, we think we can supply your want.

JOHN K. ALDRIDGE & CO

—OUR—

SPECIALTIES!

We expect and have prepared for a large trade this winter, and think we will not be disappointed. People have gone without many things they needed for the last year, and goods are down so cheap now, and times are getting somewhat better, that we are satisfied we will have a lively trade.

OUR STOCK

was carefully selected, bought at the very lowest cash prices, and we are selling at such low figures that you will be pleasantly surprised when you find what excellent bargains we can and will sell you. Don't keep back, or stand on the order of your coming, but come and see what your money will do for you out of our stock.

OUR STOCK

of holiday goods is just first class in every particular, and if you will give us a call we know we can please you.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Dec 30, 1886. Chestertown.

THE OFF SEASON

January and February are somewhat of an off season with merchants. But, during the off season as well as the on season, we keep a line of goods in every department, that meets the wants of the public, and our prices are made as low as judicious buying and close selling will warrant.

Give us a call during this off season.

J. H. SIMPERS.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY,

For Young Men and Boys, Media, Pa

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly.—Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to college in 1883, 15 in 1884, 10 in 1885, 10 in 1886. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Bal Ground. 1500 vols. added to library in 1883 Physical apparatus doubled in 1883. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate) Media, Penn'a.
Aug. 26—y.

T. H. MCGAW. A. E. DROMAN.

McGAW & DROMAN,

DEALERS IN

PURE RYE WHISKIES, WINES & LIQUORS

108 SOUTH CALVERT ST.,

Between Lombard and Pratt Streets.

BALTIMORE.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

The Demijohn and Medicinal trade a Specialty. f.10-6m.

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

COMMISSION CARDS.

J. E. HENDRICKSON. R. A. BRICE.

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

328 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We respectfully solicit correspondence and shipments. Returns promptly made. Refer to Union and Produce Banks.
March 3-y.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.

CREW & LOANE,

Grain & Fruit

AND GENERAL PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,

New No. 51. BALTIMORE, MD.

GRAIN AND FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

March 17, 1887.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY

D. B. STEWART CO.,

—GENERAL—

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

150 W. Pratt St., Balto., Md.

Mr. Berry has an experience of fourteen years and Mr. Stewart four years as salesmen of different kinds of produce in the Baltimore market Shippers contemplating changing their commission merchants this season will do well to give us a trial. We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday. Oftener if desired.

We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also, The Peoples Bank, of baltimore. [June 24

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Tolchester Line.

On and after Tuesday, March 8th, 1887, the

Steamer PILOT BOY

Leaves Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday at 7 o'clock A. M, and 2.30 P. M.

Leaves Tolchester at 9 o'clock A. M. and 4 30 P. M.

Freight received in Baltimore daily.

For further information apply to

TOLCHESTER STEAMBOAT CO..
Office Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore.
March 10, 1887.

Chester River Steamboat Company

FALL AND WINTER SCHEDULE.

On and after Monday, Sept. 20th, the steamers of this Company will run as follows:

Steamer EMMA A. FORD

will leave Chestertown for Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock a. m., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, will leave pier 7 Light Street Wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 o'clock a. m., for the above landings.

Steamer CORSICA

will leave Crumpton every Tuesday and Thursday at 3 o'clock p. m., and on Saturday at 12 m., stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and landings on Corsica river.

Will leave Chestertown Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o'clock p. m., and on Saturday at 3 o'clock p. m.

Returning, will leave pier 7 Light Street Wharf at 12 o'clock midnight, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD,
March 17, 1887. PRESIDENT

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R, R

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1886.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road 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 08
Delanys	7 55	3 22
*Bingham	7 59	3 26
arr Clayton	8 25	3 40
leave "	8 38	5 08
" Middletown	9 00	5 35
" Wilmington	9 42	6 35
arr Philadelphia	10 32	7 40
" Baltimore	11 10	8 32
	A. M.	P. M.

GOING SOUTH.	Pas'er & Fr'g't No. 2 daily	Passenger No 4, Th'r'd'ys only
LEAVE	a.m.	p.m.
Baltimore	6 40	2 30
Philadelphia	7 27	3 01
Wilmington	8 30	3 50
Middletown	9 33	4 37
arr Clayton.	10 00	4 58
leave "	11 05	5 10
" Binghams*	11 14	5 17
Delanys	11 19	5 22
Masseys	11 34	5 35
Lambson	11 46	5 44
Blacks	12 00	5 53
Kennedyville	12 16	6 03
Still Pond	12 31	6 09
Lynchs	12 37	6 14
Worton	12 47	6 19
arr Chestertown	1 15	6 37
	p. m	p. m.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freight for Bingham, Flatland and Nicholson's must be prepaid.

The morning trains make connection at Clayton with trains on Delaware Railroad going North and South.

Pasengers to and from Baltimore change at Porter's.

Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time in order to insure dispatch.

Excursion tickets issued at reduced rates.

The above arrangements will give passengers four and a-half hours in Philadelphia, 3 hours and 20 minutes in Baltimore, and return home the same day.

Dec. 20. FRED. GERKER. Lessee.

DR. T. H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., Sundays excepted.

Special attention given to women and children. j.20, 1887—tf.

KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

NO BAD EFFECT.
NO HEADACHE.
NO NAUSEA.
No Ringing Ears.
CURES QUICKLY
Pleasant, Pure.

A POWERFUL TONIC

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

and all Germ Diseases.

Bellevue Hospital, N.Y., 'Universally successful'
St. Francis Hospital, N.Y. 'Every patient treated with Kaskine has been discharged cur'd'

Dr. L. R. White, U. S Examining Surgeon, writes: "Kaskine is the best medicine made."

Dr. L. M. Glessner, 360 East 121st St., New York City, has cured over 290 patients with Kaskine after quinine and all other drugs had failed. He says: "It is undoubtedly the best medicine ever discovered."

Prof. W. F. Holcombe, M. D., 54 East 25th St., N. Y. (late Prof. in N. Y. Med. College) writes: "Kaskine is superior to quinine in its specific power, and never produces the slightest injury to the hearing or constitution."

Rev. Jas. L. Hall, Chaplain Albany Penitentiary, writes that Kaskine has cured his wife, after twenty years suffering from malaria and nervous dyspepsia. Write him for particulars.

Thousands upon thousands write that Kaskine has cured them after all other medicines had failed. Write for book of testimonials.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

KASKINE CO.,
Jan. 27. 54 Warren St., New York

GOSLEE

THE

Shoe Man,

Keeps in Stock Constantly:

Shoes for the multitude,
Shoes that are staunch and strong,
Shoes that are made to wear,
Through all the seasons;
Shoes that are dry and warm,
Shoes that are fine to see,
Shoes that are boots, you know,
Made to stand the sleet and snow,
Through the wet season.
Ladies' Shoes of finest make,
Men's Shoes to order made,
Shoes for the rich and poor,
Shoes for all classes.
Call at his new glass front,
Under the new town hall,
And he thinks he can please you.
At any rate he will show you one of the finest and largest stocks of Shoes on the Peninsula. Prices always as low as the market will allow.

M. T. GOSLEE,

UNDER STAM'S HALL,

CHESTERTOWN, - - MARYLAND.

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.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

[The following story is by a bright little girl, who undoubtedly has a literary turn that will some day make itself felt.]—EDS. TRANSCRIPT.

In a certain house, in a genteel neighborhood, there was an old closet in which dwelt a number of articles. Among them were a doll, a pair of tongs, a pin, a dust pan and several other things. Now it would be well before commencing my story to give an account of the peculiarities of each of the occupants of the closet. The doll was very pert and saucy, and remarkably pretty. She was constantly saying cute things in the coolest manner. The dust pan, a very meek and humble individual, was frequently giving offense to the pin, who was *very* arrogant, *very* haughty and VERY violent tempered. The tongs were quiet, never giving an opinion on any subject whatever,—therefore they were regarded as amiable individuals who never gave offense. The other articles were quiet, inoffensive creatures, who were the most time asleep. I had almost forgotten to mention an old "potpourri jar" which stood in the corner and had probably outlived two or three generations. For the sake of such of my readers who do not know what a potpourri jar is, I will say in the olden times the New England housekeeper kept in the parlor an old jar full of scattered fragrant flower leaves, to make the room sweet smelling: this was called a potpourri jar. Potpourri meaning mixture. Having I hope explained this satisfactorily, I will now proceed with my story. As all these individuals wanted everything their own way, there was a great deal of confusion; therefore it was thought necessary there should be a ruler—but who should be that one? Everybody wanted to be, excepting those before mentioned creatures who were asleep. At length it was decided that each person present should tell the story of his life, and the one whose story was the most wonderful should be the ruler. But who should begin first? They agreed to draw lots, and it so fell out that the dust pan was first (which angered the pin, who thought it should have been first), the pin second, the doll third and the tongs last. The poor old potpourri jar did not even draw lots. He would have gone last anyway;—that was because he was so quiet. As for the other things they were not deigned worthy a thought. This settled, they (not noticing the pin's anger) asked the dust pan to commence his story. "Well," said the dust pan, speaking slowly, "I don't know as I have anything in particular to relate, but—" "Look here," said the pin, standing up straight in its wrath, "you have nothing to say, and I have, so please let me speak. A useful article like myself is surely better than a mere rubbish holder." "You forget," mildly observed the dust pan, "that you may some day be included among the rubbish, as you call it." "Never," said the pin, almost fainting with rage. "But are you going to let me tell my story, or are you going to tell yours?—But I will put it to vote. If this company chooses to let you tell yours"—here the pin cleared its throat as much as to say "If the company here prefer to listen to the communications which this rubbish pan may care to make they will wait forever for me. I never go second to any one." The company present felt this, and voted unanimously for the pin, for they reasoned, "The dust pan will surely not be offended at going second, and the pin will; therefore let the pin go first. It is better to have peace in the family on any terms." The pin bestowed a withering glance on the dust pan and began his story:—

"The first I remember of myself is: I was stuck in a very conspicuous position in a young lady's dress." Here the doll interrupted: "But did you not come in a paper with other pins your size and just like you?" The pin cast a scornful glance at the doll and exclaimed sharply "No! I was the only pin of the kind ever seen, much better and brighter looking than any other," at which piece of vanity the dust pan looked surprised and exclaimed innocently, "I thought all pins looked just like you." "That shows how much you know about it," said the pin, tartly, at which the old potpourri jar gave a groan of horror at the conceited pin, who deigned not even a look at the jar but went on with his story: "As I was saying, I occupied a conspicuous position in a young lady's dress.—The young lady's name was Mary. I held in a large bunch of roses, and every one who passed admired me, and all of Mary's friends bent over me with expressions of delight." "How do you know," interposed the incorrigible doll, "they were not admiring the roses instead of you?" "I have proof of it," roared the pin. "Did not Mary say as she fastened me in her dress—" "I guess you mean as she fastened the roses in with you," put in the doll. "I mean what I say," screamed the now infuriated pin. "Miss Mary said as she pinned me in, 'This is lovely, but it pricks one's fingers so.' Now can't you see she meant me? I am lovely and can prick; bouquets are ugly and cannot, therefore she must have meant me." Here the dust pan feebly observed: "Roses have thorns, and possibly Miss Mary may have meant the roses after all." At this the pin became so angry it danced up and down, and roared: "She didn't! She meant me! Don't I tell you she meant me! If you can tell this story so much better than I you had better do it." Here the inhabitants of the closet perceived they had gone too far, and tried their best to conciliate the pin, assuring him they only interrupted him because they were so intensely interested in his story; they wanted to find out exactly the true case of affairs. "So at last," the pin continued, sulkily, "I arrived at this house, to which the lady was traveling. No sooner had we reached here than Mary presented the bouquet to one of her cousins and gave me to a lady who was dressing a baby and had asked for a pin. This lady was Mary's aunt. My heart throbbed with pleasure when she took hold of me, for, thought I, surely this *sensible looking* lady will think me beautiful and praise me. But to my horror she only said, 'Oh, what a blunt pointed pin,' and actually threw me! me!! on the floor. How long I might have lain there I do not know had not the grandmother (who proved to be the only sensible person in the house) come in. She at once spied me. 'Mary, I see something shining on the floor. Pick it up.' 'Oh, grandma, it's only a pin.' 'Still, a pin is worth something,' says grandma. 'In my young days they used to say "It is a sin to waste a pin" and "Wilful waste makes woful want."' 'Oh, grandma, the pin isn't worth so much talk,' said Mary, as she picked me up and placed me in the cushion. There I stayed some time, two or three weeks probably. One night the young ladies were going to a ball. Of course we pins were in great requisition. 'Now is my time,' thought I; 'I will go to to the ball, too,' but I was thrown aside on the bed and said to be blunt pointed. They returned home late, and Mary came to bed and went to sleep without once noticing I lay beside her. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the smell of smoke. The house was on fire! What could I do? Mary was sound asleep and so tired there was no likelihood of her awakening. As these things ran through my brain Mary turned over in her sleep. Now my time for action had come.—I stuck in her as hard as I could. She screamed and awoke. The house was saved, and *all through me*. But I was not thanked as I should have been, but was thrown around till I reached this closet, where I shall probably end my days unappreciated in this uncongenial society.

BELLE M. FRAME.

40 Charles St. Ave., Balto.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Encounter With a Monster Serpent on a Steamboat on an Indian River.

The annual statements put forth by the Government of India as to the number of people who fall victims to the poison of insects and reptiles, seem appalling to one who has never visited that country and realized for himself the insecurity of human life against those ever-present foes of humanity. I was for several years employed in the surveys made of the Brahmapootra and Ganges rivers, both of which have several mouths, and I had various adventures in connection with wild animal and reptile life. There was never a week, and sometimes hardly a day, that some one of our party was not put in peril of his life. In thre months, having five white men and sixty natives in our party, we lost one white man, had a second crippled for life, and buried forty odd of the natives, every one of whom was a victim of reptile or insect poison. I was personally present when as many as fifteen of them were snake bitten, and not one of them lived three hours after being struck.

Our party was provided with a small steamer, a barge in which the natives lived and a fleet of three open boats. We were towed from point to point by the steamer, but there was sometimes a week in which she did not have steam up. We not only took the depth, but sounded out and marked channels, and took observations on various points, such as the wearing away of the banks, the filling in, results of freshets, &c., &c. We were on shore more or less of the time, but danger lurked aboard the boats and steamer, as well as in the jungle.

One morning as the survey boats started out I felt too unwell to accompany them, and when they had pulled away I went back to my stateroom and lay down. Our craft was a light-draught, flat-bottomed steamer, and when not in use was always tied up at the bank. She had been in her present position four days, and was moored to the right bank of the Brahmapootra, about thirty miles from the sea. There was no human habitation near us, and the dense jungle extended for miles above and below and right to the bank where we rested. My stateroom was on the starboard side, and therefore next to the jungle, and, of course, all doors and windows were open. The engineer of the boat had taken a canoe and anchored 3000 feet away to fish, while all others belonging to the boat were off on the survey. I should have excepted the cook, who was, of course, a native. He was a lithe young fellow whom we called Jack, and he had been reared in Calcutta, and could speak English. When I went to bed he was doing up his breakfast dishes, and making ready for dinner, and I heard him singing a native song in a soft key as he moved about. I did not fall asleep, but I became drowsy, and but for an alarm would soon pass into slumber. The window of my stateroom hung on hinges, was at the forward end of the room, and was wide open. My bunk was on the left-hand side, looking forward, and the right-hand wall was fitted with hooks for my clothes. I lay with my head to the stern of the boat, and therefore faced the window, while the open door of the stateroom was at my right hand and swung back against my bunk.

I have put in all the details in order that the reader may fully comprehend what happened. My eyes were half shut, and the flies were buzzing around me in a dreary way, when I felt, rather than heard, something crawl aboard the boat, and the next instant a shadow darted past the open window. My eyes flew open, my heart gave a jump, and I was really startled. Before I could make a satisfactory explanation to myself the shadow returned, and I now beheld the wicked head of a large serpent at the window. The reptile was looking in, and his head swayed from right to left as he peered about to satisfy his curiosity. The distance from my head to the window was not over nine feet, and, of course, I had a plain view of him. I realized at once from the size of the head that the serpent was a monster, and I was certain that he would attack me. Had I sprung up he would either have fled or struck me. Being too startled by his sudden advent to plan just what to do, I did nothing, and thereby saved my life. I was fully dressed except my boots, and as I had no covering over me the snake must have seen me, but after a moment I became satisfied that he would not meddle with me if I kept quiet. I made no effort to suppress my breathing, but otherwise I was as quiet as a corpse.

The serpent was a couple of minutes in deciding to come in, and as soon as his head touched the floor he began crawling through the open door into the hallway. As he slowly passed along I estimated his length at thirty feet. I was lying partly on my right side and partly on my back, and could see every inch of him. The end of his tail had scarcely disappeared over the threshold when I sprang up and closed the door. Five seconds later I closed the window, and was then perfectly safe. The first thing I wanted to do was to raise an alarm and give the cook a chance to escape. His kitchen was on the deck below, but doubting if he would hear my shouts, I made ready to fire one of my pistols. Then came the fear that the cook, fearing some accident to me, would come rushing up and fall a ready victim. The serpent might pass through the hall to the port guards of the boat, but the chances were that he would turn into the smoking room. After a little reflection I decided that it was better to let the man take his chances. He was a vigilant fellow, always on the watch for scorpions, tarantulas and the like, and the instinct of danger might serve him better than any effort of mine.

A long half hour slipped away without my hearing or seeing anything further of the serpent. Then I began to abuse myself for a coward in leaving the cook to take his chances, and I got out my shotgun, dropped a dozen buckshot in on top of the wads, and opened the door with the determination of hunting out and slaying the snake. As I had my hand on the catch there came a sort of shuffling in the hall, and the noise slowly passed through the door out upon the port guards. I believed it was the snake going back to the jungle, and with my gun at the cock I opened the door and passed out. A part of the serpent was on the rail, and into this I fired both barrels as fast as I could pull trigger.—That portion of the snake struck by the heavy charges was about ten feet above the tail, and at that point he was as large around as an ordinary man's ankle. He was cut almost in two, as I afterward came to know. The moment I fired I dodged back into the stateroom, and it was well I did. Mortally wounded as he was, the serpent returned aboard in such a violent manner as to rock the steamer, and, in his struggles in the narrow gangway and in the hall, he carried the door off its hinges and knocked a part of the railing into kindling wood. He was thrashing about for at least ten minutes, and when I dared to venture out again his head was on the bank and the rest of his body in the gangway, while the blood was spattered about as if a butchery had occurred. I was ready to fire again, but the snake was quite dead.

The reports of the first discharge had alarmed the engineer, and he came paddling up just as I discovered that the serpent could do no further injury. Then we at once began a search for the cook, and it was not until we had explored every part of the boat twice over that we thought to look on the bank. There we found his body, limp and lifeless, and showing half a dozen bites. From certain signs and clues in the kitchen, where some wild fowl were boiling on the stove, we concluded that the savory odor drew the serpent aboard and down stairs. He probably came upon the cook so silently that no alarm was given, and as there was only a stool overturned, there could not have been much of a struggle. How the serpent got the body off the boat I cannot say, but perhaps he dragged it, and that accounted for the shuffling noise I heard in the hall. At noon, when the boats came in and the men learned what had happened, some of the natives fired the jungle, and the result was a conflagration which ran for miles and lasted two weeks.

Treatment of Bright's Disease.

Semmola, of Naples, in an article in the *Winter Medizinische Blatter*, No. 49, advises strongly against allowing a patient who is suffering from nephritis to come in contact with cold in any avoidable way. Such patients are excessively sensitive to cold, and cold baths are followed by great shock and depression. Violent massage and exercise of the muscles the author also strongly deprecates as followed by great shock and weakness.

He would advise the patient to live in a dry and equable climate; to strictly avoid all exposure or going about in severe winter weather; to practice mild gymnastics in a comfortable room rather than venture into a temperature below 18° or 20° C. The author emphasizes the remarkable sensibility of the skin of the sufferer with Bright's disease to all variations of temperature.—Sodium iodide and chloride is advised in doses as large as tolerated. When, after two or three weeks, albumen has not entirely disappeared and dropsy has been relieved, phosphates of sodium or calcium are given in quantities as large as 40 grains or a drachm daily. The efficacy of these drugs the author believes consists in their power to promote the assimilation of albumen.

The methodical inhalation of oxygen, which Semmola has urged since 1867, has been repeatedly proved to be of the highest benefit. Albumen soon disappears after its use, and although casts may remain in the urine, the patient's general condition is so much improved that the author thinks we have an argument for the dyscrasic or hæmatogenic origin of Bright's disease.

All astringents are considered not only valueless, but also injurious. Especially is the action of ferrum sesquichloratum and plumbum aceticum thought injurious, because of their astringent influence on the capillaries of the skin.

A Typical American Boy.

Lyons (N. Y.) Republican.

There is a farmer boy over in the town of Phelps who is indeed a model of industry, and is bound to make a sterling citizen. He is 17 years of age. His father died two years ago, leaving a wife and four children and a mortgage of $1,800 on the farm. The boy was the oldest of the children, and the funeral was scarcely past before he set resolutely to work to help the family out of their financial embarrassment. With the advice of a kindly neighbor he has since been the sole manager of the farm of over ninety acres. He has, with only a little assistance, plowed the fields, sowed, cultivated and reaped; he has had sole charge of a large number of cattle and horses on the farm; he has managed a retail milk business and has himself marketed all of the farm products.

Last summer he found time after his work in the fields to paint the house twice over and built five new fences. In the winter he not only attends to the necessary work about the farm, but teaches a country school three miles away, fells timber in the woods on Saturdays, writes excellent letters to the local newspapers, and pursues the course of reading as laid down in the *Chautauquan*. The farm is not only out of debt and in splendid condition, but the lad and mother have enough money on hand to buy twenty more acres of land this season.

AMUSEMENTS are scarce at Lead City, Dak., so that at a recent trial before a justice, while the court went out to take a drink, the attorneys and spectators formed a ring and allowed the plaintiff and defendant to fight until the court returned, when the trial was resumed.

FUNNY BUSINESS.

Laughing at Ma.

Texas Siftings.

Miss Birdie McHennipin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into the sublime heights reached by Susan B. Anthony, but to use the cold language of selfishness, she is very much the same kind of young lady that Gus De Smith is of young man. Not long since he proposed matrimony. He proposed in good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and, arising from his knees, his anger found vent in words. He was mad—too mad almost to speak.

"Miss Hennipin," he finally ejaculated, "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you see anything ridiculous about it?"

"You must excuse me, Mr. De Smith—really you must, for I am not laughing at you; really, now, I am not; ma's so funny, you know; really, she is just too funny for any use; yes, I was laughing at ma."

"At your ma?"

"Yes; you see ma told me only this morning, 'Birdie, you are so green that some donkey will take you yet,' and here you come—"

But he was gone. He was in the past tense. It was he who banged the door so violently.

"I wonder," said the suddenly deserted Birdie, "I wonder, now, really, if he is offended at what ma said? But then, ma always was too awfully funny for any kind of use."

No Extra Session.

Washington Critic.

"My dear," said a Congressman to his daughter at breakfast, "wasn't young Brown here last night until 12 o'clock?"

"Yes, papa," she replied with a pretty little blush.

"Well, my dear, you should not permit it. It has been that way for several nights, hasn't it?"

"Yes, papa."

"Don't you know that is hardly the proper thing?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then why do you do it?" he asked impatiently.

"Because, papa, I expect to go away next week, and I am rushing the business so that there will not have to be an extra session."

Selecting a Pastor.

Providence Telegram.

First Young Lady—"What is that big book you are poring over, my dear?"

Second Young Lady—"It is the Church Encyclopedia, and it has pictures and biographies of all the leading men in our denomination; papa is on the committee to select a pastor for our church, and as I want to have something to say on that question I am studying over this work."

"And do you read all that long stuff?"

"Bless you, no, I'm trying to find a nice face; now that man has lovely flowing side whiskers, but I can't tell what color they are; I'll leave the church if they don't get a pastor with a blonde beard and blue eyes."

Knew the Book Must Be Good.

Chicago Tribune.

"I understand," said Mr. Lowell, affably, in conversation with one of the local patrons of art and literature, "that William Black did scarcely justice to Chicago, or at least to the Chicago character, in his novel, 'White Heather.'"

"Dunno," was a hearty response of the grocer; "I haven't read his books yet.—There's one of them, though, I've heard my daughter speak of that I'm bound to look over; that's his 'Green Pastures and Piccalilli.' Many a time have I gone out in the pasture myself when a boy and got green walnuts and things for them pickles. I've an idea that book will recall old times."

Keeping Him from Temptation.

Elmira Gazette.

"Now, Tommy, why don't you be a generous little boy and lend Willie your sled for a little while?" asked a fond mother of her youthful son the other day.

"Well, mamma," he replied thoughtfully, "I would be glad to, but it seems to me Willie ought to be thinking of more serious things during Lent, and it would hardly be right for me to tempt him away from his Sunday school lesson."

And there is a good deal of selfishness in this world just like Tommy's that older people try to cover up with the cloak of religion.

Honest But Boastful.

Youth's Companion.

A Sunday school teacher began his questioning at the end of the old year with the query:

"Are you better than you were last year?"

A good many of the little fellows had replied, "Yes, sir;" but a croupy boy on the back seat had the courage of his convictions.

"I hain't no better nor I ever wuz," he said; "but," he added, by way of softening the harsh statement, "I got'e sorest throat of anybody in this class—I—I—I—most got dipferia."

His inflamed larynx might not have been a means of grace, but his honesty certainly was.

A KANSAS farmer advertises his cow for sale as follows: "I will sell at my residence in town 29, range 18, west, according to Government survey, one crushed raspberry colored cow, aged six years. She is a good milkster, and is not afraid of the cars—or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently. To the man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present by the means of a trace chain; but she will be sold any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double-barrelled shot-gun which goes with her. In May, she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf, with long, wabbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident."

THE WELL'S SECRET.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

I knew it all my boyhood; in a lonesome valley meadow,
Like a dryad's mirror hidden by the wood's dim arches near,
Its eye flashed back the sunshine and grew dark and sad with shadow,
And I loved its truthful depths, where every pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched the sensate quiver
Of the rippling rings of silver. As the drops of crystal fell
I pressed the richer grasses from its little trickling river,
Till at last I knew, as friends know, every secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it on a sudden, unexpected,
When the sun had crossed the valley and a shadow hid the place,
And I looked in the dark waters, saw my pallid cheek reflected,
And beside it, looking upward, met an evil, reptile face.

Looking upward, furtive, startled at the silent, swift intrusion,
Then it darted toward the grasses, and I saw not where it fled;
But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-time sweet illusion
Of the pure and perfect symbol I had cherished there was dead.

Oh, the pain to know the perjury of seeming truth that blesses!
My soul was scared like sin to see the falsehood of the place
And the innocence that mocked me; while in dim, unseen recesses
There were lurking fouler secrets than the furtive reptile face.

And since then—ah! why the burden? when joyous faces greet me,
With eyes of limid innocence and words devoid of art,
I cannot trust their seeming, but must ask what eyes would meet me
Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets of the heart.

Practical Politics.

Memphis Avalanche.

Col. H. G. Williams, of North Carolina, is a grandson of Col. Arrington, an old-time Democrat, who, years before the war, used to represent Ashe county in the upper House of the General Assembly. During one campaign, over fifty years ago, Arrington and Drake were contesting candidates, and none but freeholders being allowed to vote for State Senators reduced the electors to such a small number that a single vote sometimes decided the issue. Major Floyd was a strong friend of Col. Arrington, and, while visiting the latter one morning, looked out and saw coming a gentleman of the name of Underwood, whose sympathies were all in favor of Drake.

"We must win Underwood to our side," said Arrington to Floyd. "When he comes in I will ask you both to take a drink; of course you'll both agree. I'll step out to draw a pitcher of apple brandy. While I am gone you must insult Underwood. Tell him he is a rascal to drink a gentleman's brandy and then vote against him. In the midst of the row I'll return. You appeal to me, and I'll take Underwood's part.—You leave in high dudgeon. As you do so swear you are going to vote for Drake, and I'll see to the remainder of the performance."

It all came off according to programme. Col. Arrington returning to his guests with the apple brandy, found them at the point of coming to blows. He turned on his friend Floyd for having wantonly insulted Mr. Underwood.

"It doesn't matter," said he, "how my neighbor Underwood votes. You are clearly in the wrong. I invited him to drink, sir, and it was none of your business whether he is for me or against me. Leave my house."

"You've lost my vote for good and all, I'll give you to understand, Colonel Arrington," Floyd shouted back as he went out.

"It doesn't make a d—d bit of difference if you have," roared Underwood, turning to Colonel Arrington, "I'll let Drake go to the devil this time and vote for you. No man shall lose anything by taking my side in a difficulty and treating me as a gentleman."

The little by-play was a complete success. Col. Arrington made a vote by it and was elected.

A Row in a Circus.

A Mexican pony, which ran at will about the winter quarters of John Robinson's circus in Cincinnati, incurred the anger of an elephant the other day, and the big beast seized the little fellow and threw him against the cage of a young African leopard. The leopard was apparently waiting for just such game, for it bounded against the bars of its cage and sunk its claws into the unfortunate pony's side. The force of the leap started two bars of the cage, and in a jiffy the leopard had squeezed its lithe body between them and was free. He at once pitched into the elephant, and in less time than it takes to tell it was so badly used that he retired to a corner of the barn to nurse his wounds. As he lay there his tail stuck through under the boards and was seen by attaches of the circus, who grabbed it from the outside of the barn and hung on while the leopard screamed and spit and hissed in his efforts to get free. He was thus held until a box was pushed up, into which he was forced.

How to Promote Health.

After all that has been stated of the effects of the atmosphere in high altitudes or at the level of the sea, the influence of forests and ocean, of sea coasts and interior places, humidity and dryness, cold and heat, the winds, electricity, the ozone, and no matter of what other conditions, the paramount considerations for the promotion of health are an *abundance of pure air and sunshine and out-door exercise.* Without these, no climate is promotive of health or propitious for the cure of disease; and with them, it is safe to say, the human powers of accommodation are such that it is difficult to distinguish the peculiarities of any climate by their joint results on the health and longevity of its subjects.—*Bell's "Climatology."*

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.—*Adv.*