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KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN

JAS. S. KIRK & CO'S WHITE RUSSIAN

The only brand of Laundry Soap awarded a first class medal at the New Orleans Exposition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, and for general household purposes is the very bes

SOAP.

June 30, 1887—y.

LUMBER.

VIRGINIA PINE,
NORTH CAROLINA PINE,
GEORGIA PINE,
CYPRESS,
BILL TIMBER,
FLOORING, CEILING,
VA. PINE SIDING,
WHITE " "
CYPRESS WEATHERBOARD'G
WHITE PINE "
SHINGLES, SAWED & SHAVED
PICKETS, LATHS,
DOORS, BLINDS, SASH,
FRAMES, &c.

Prices Low!

Quality Good!

☞CALL AND EXAMINE.☜

All inquiries answered promptly.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Steam Engines,

Steam Threshers!

I am agent for

S. W. WOODS & SON'S ENGINES

AND

A. W. STEVENS & SON'S

Engines & Threshers

They Have Given Satisfaction

to all purchasers.

For terms, &c., call on

A. F. HUEY,

May 5—2m. MASSEY'S, MD

DON'T YOU BUY

B 4 U C

THE FINE ASSORTMENT OF

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES!

now being received and opened at

H. A. SPARKS

consisting in part of

Fancy Goods and Novelties and Hammered and Polished Brass, Gilt, Bronze, Plush Goods, Dressing Cases, Odor Stands, Albums, Shaving Sets, Satchels, Toilet Sets, Vases, Cups and Saucers, Mugs, &c.

In Toys we shall not have as large a stock perhaps as some others but will try and show you a nice assortment and at lowest prices.

In our Confectionery and Fruit department we claim to take the lead and have one of the best stocks to be found in the county, they will speak for themselves and prices will please you

Don't forget our Lamps. We have them at lower prices than ever. We will sell a nice Hanging Lamp for $2.50. Stand Lamps, Hall Lamps and every other kind of Lamp.

Fine Groceries, Canned Goods, English Pickles, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Jellies.

Triple-Plated Ware very cheap. Clocks, Clocks, Clocks, price them before buying.

These are a few of the many goods to be found in our stock. We have many other goods which space will not allow us to mention. Give us a call. H. A. SPARKS,

Dec. 9, 1886. opposite Court House.

ICE CREAM MANUFACTORY

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Ice Cream

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Cool and Pleasant Ice Cream Parlors for ladies and gentlemen.

Cream put up in Boxes for Families.

IN OUR CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT

you will always find just what you want, and always

Fresh Bread

ROLL AND RUSK DAILY.

CUMMINGS & Co.

May 5, 1887.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

A SMALL FARM, suitable for Peach Growing. Address or apply to

JUDEFIND BROTHERS,
April 14—tf. Edesville, Md.

FOR SALE.

GOOD FARM of 280 Acres, in 5th district, this county; Fine Peach Orchard, fair buildings; very low price, easy terms. Address or apply at once to

JUDEFIND BROTHERS,
April 14—tf. Edesville, Md.

J. W. BRYANT. HOWARD BRYANT.

J. W. & H. BRYANT,

Attorneys at Law,

303 ST. PAUL STREET,

COR. SARATOGA, - - - BALTIMORE.

April 7--3m.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's counties. sep16.

A CARD FROM DR. PHELPS.

I am now able to perform all Dental Operations successfully, having recovered the use of my fractured arm. I am very thankful to the many who have deferred their dentistry until my recovery, and shall be happy to wait professionally upon one and all.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.

June 30, 1887.

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.

REMOVAL.

Dr. C. P. Gilpin has taken the dwelling house on High street adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past.

Jan. 6, 1887—tf.

RAG CARPETS.

Buy from the maker. Another big lot ready for inspection. Hundreds of yards to select from. Biggest Variety and lowest prices ever offered.

JOHN BARTLEY,
Apr. 7—3m. Cross St., near the jail.

TAX-PAYERS, TAKE NOTICE.

I MUST settle my levies, and therefore I must collect taxes that are due. Those who have not settled will please take notice and settle immediately. I shall regret if I am compelled to advertise. I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday, and at Hanesville every Saturday, until further notice.

M. M. RASIN,
Jan. 20—tf. Collector Third District.

TAX-PAYERS, TAKE NOTICE.

THOSE who are yet owing me for taxes must settle. All levies are now due, and unless those owing pay promptly, I must proceed to advertise. Interest will in all cases be charged from the 1st day of January. I will be at the sheriff's office, Court House, Chestertown, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 11 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M.

STEPHEN LECATES,
Jan. 20. Collector for 4th district.

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.

JOS. E. WEER & SON

are prepared to do

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WHEELWRIGHTING

In all its branches at their shops in Kennedyville. Special attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING.

Give us a call.

JOSEPH E. WEER & SON,
May 26—6m. Kennedyville.

12 H. P.

TRACTION ENGINE,

Used Two Short Seasons on Fresh Water.

WOODS' MAKE,

and in Perfect Order. For sale by

JOSEPH TURNER.

June 16, 1887.

THE STEAMER METEOR

will in a day or so land for

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

A LARGE LOT OF CHOICE

CYPRESS FENCING.

☞Call and examine.☜

June 16, 1887.

JACOB WOLF,

Dealer in WINES & LIQUORS.

OLD RYE FROM	$1.50 TO $2.00
" SHERWOOD,	2.50 TO 6.00
" MONTICELLO,	2.50 TO 6.00

CORNER OF LIGHT AND CONWAY,

opposite Chester River Steamboat Co.

May 19—6m.

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED.

We would be pleased to call your attention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,
July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

RHEUAMTISM

USE

BLAIR'S PILLS

At TOULSON'S Druggist.

AN OMEN.

A star fell from the zenith bright,
Adown it swept, a track of light.
A spirit left its earthly home,
Through boundless unknown tracts to roam.

They marked the two, the star, the soul;
They said, so long as time shall roll,
When falls a star from boundless height,
A spirit too shall take its flight.

Unknown, unseen by mortal eye,
Each night a star falls from the sky;
Unknown, unsung by mortal song,
Each second bears a soul along.
—Alice M. Schoff in Commercial Gazette.

THE DAYS OF GIANTS.

No Important Difference in the Size of Primitive and Modern Men.

An opinion was current, in the last century, that our ancestors, at some time in the past, were the equals or superiors in size of the largest men now to be found. M. Henrion presented to the Academie des Inscriptions, in 1718, a memoir on the variations in the size of man from the beginning of the world till the Christian era, in which Adam was given 123 feet 9 inches and Eve 118 feet 9¾ inches. But after the first pair the human race, in his imagination, suffered a regular decrease, so that Noah was only 100 feet high, while Abraham shrank down to 28 feet, Moses to 13 feet, the mighty Hercules to 10 feet 8½ inches and Alexander the Great to a bare 6½ feet. The communication, it is said, was received with enthusiasm and was regarded, at the time, as a "wonderful discovery" and a "sublime vision."

The complaint about the degeneracy of the human race is not new, but dates as far back as the time of Homer, at least; for the men of his day were not like the heroes of whom he sang. It is not confirmed, but contradicted, by all the tangible facts, and these are not a few. Human remains that are exhumed, after having reposed in the grave for many centuries, as in the catacombs of Paris, have nothing gigantic about them. The armor, the cuirasses and the casques of the warriors of the middle ages can be worn by modern soldiers, and many of the knights' suits would be too small for the cuirassiers of the European armies; yet they were worn by the selected men, who were better fed, stronger and more robust than the rest of the population. The bones of the ancient Gauls, which are uncovered in the excavations of tumuli, while they are of large dimensions, are comparable with those of the existing populations of many places in France.

The Egyptian mummies are the remains of persons of small or medium stature, as are also the Peruvian and Mexican mummies and the mummies and bones found in the ancient monuments of India and Persia. And even the most ancient relics we possess of individuals of the human species, the bones of men who lived in the tertiary period, an epoch the remote antiquity of which goes back for hundreds of centuries, do not show any important differences in the sizes of the primitive and of the modern man.—Popular Science Monthly.

Gastronomic Possibilities.

There is one aspect of the question which is of such extreme importance that it should have received attention long ago. It is possible to combine vegetable and animal flavors, and thus produce an infinite variety of new flavors. I do not refer to the combinations made in the kitchen—as in stews and vegetable soups—but to far more subtle and delicious combinations in the living animal. It is well known that many birds and beasts are unpalatable at certain times of the year, owing to the food they eat. On the other hand, it is proved that the canvasback duck, the most delicious morsel known to mortal palate, owes its exquisite aroma entirely to the so called wild celery on which it feeds in the Chesapeake bay; for if the same bird is killed in the state of New York or in New Jersey its flavor is not superior to that of other ducks. Again, the flavor of Congo chickens is described by an African tourist as being of peculiar excellence, and he adds that these chickens are fed almost exclusively on pineapples.

Why should not the principle here involved be applied in a systematic manner? By rearing poultry and other animals on food of a special fragrance this quality might be imparted to their meat, and the producers, like certain winegrowers, might make fortunes by securing an international reputation for the excellence of their special "brands." Such original nuances of flavor would not only delight the epicures, but stimulate anew the flagging appetites of invalids, prove a potent weapon in combating the most prevalent of modern disorders—dyspepsia—besides opening a wide field for the exercise of human ingenuity and creating a new industry.—The Contemporary Review.

"Per Acre" Not Always Reliable.

You know the fellow who lived at the rate of $500,000 a year for ten minutes. He's first cousin to the fellow who lives in the country and values things per acre. Per acre sounds very big, but it is not always reliable.

"I once lent a fellow $100 when I was well off," said a friend to me a few days ago, "and he never paid me back. Well, I am not as rich now as I was then, and it pleased me a week or two ago to meet a man from the same district where my debtor lives. 'How is Jones getting on?' I asked him. 'Splendidly, splendidly!' he said. 'I'm glad to hear it,' said I. 'Yes, Jones is making money, doing well. He's making $500 an acre off canary seed.' 'You don't tell me,' I said. It occurred to me that it would not be a bad time to tackle Jones for that $100 he owed me. So I wrote to Jones and congratulated him and asked him incidentally if it would be convenient, etc. I felt quite sure of getting it and I ordered a suit of clothes on the strength of it. I got a letter from Jones. There wasn't any remittance in it. He said it was perfectly true he would be making $500 an acre off canary seed if he had an acre, but he only had twenty square feet and that was about as much as he could do with."—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

Outside the Baseball Grounds.

The most appreciative spectators are those who can't afford to pay to see the game. The more active of them shin up the telegraph poles outside the ground and perch on the cross trees, getting a fine bird's eye view of the diamond. They know all the players by sight and watch every point of the game. When a big game is on, the chaps on the telegraph poles watch and describe it for a mob of youngsters down below.

"Say, Jimmy, who's at the bat now?" inquired one of the groundlings.

"Roger Connor. He's two strikes and three balls."

A yell from the inside causes great excitement among the groundlings, and the man aloft is eagerly looked to for an explanation.

"That's a dandy. Way over to left field. Go it, Roger!" shouts the man up aloft.

"Three bagger, ain't it, Jimmy?"

"Bet cherlife. Hi, yi! Outside the cinders. Run, Roger, yer got ter run! Whoop! Home run!"

The groundlings who haven't seen it are just as excited as the crowds on the grand stand, and they dance and yell and slap each other on the back. Some of the barelegged little fellows throw handsprings to express their delight.—New York Sun.

The Cramp of Swimmers.

People are drowned by an attack of cramp because of the terror accompanying it, when the arms are invariably thrown up over the head—a sure way of going to the bottom. I teach even little children, from 5 years up, to propel themselves through the water with one hand only, or one foot, or with hands or feet alone, and through familiarity with such movements, if an attack of cramp should overtake the swimmer, she will be prepared for the emergency and keep cool until a landing is effected, when a vigorous rubbing of the cramped muscles will make matters all right.—Kate Bennett in Herald of Health.

A Porter at the Door.

At all of the leading hotels of London there is a uniformed porter at the door. If there are one or two inside doors, you will find a porter in uniform at each one of them. At the elevator often stands a porter in the uniform of a chasseur. You will find at every turn and bend in any great London hotel a gayly uniformed servant, ready to step across your path and insist upon helping you in the most trivial way, but expecting always in return for each act a sixpence.—London Cor. New York World.

Reform is Needed.

Professor F. A. Marsh, of Lafayette college, ex-president of the Philological association, in pleading for a reform of English spelling, says that we throw away $15,000,000 paying teachers for addling the brains of our children with bad spelling, and at least $100,000,000 more paying printers and publishers for sprinkling our books and papers with silent letters.—The Epoch.

The doctors have condemned the poniere. They say it absorbs dust, odors, malaria, and other infections, and is decidedly unhealthful in its present multiplied condition.

A good penwiper for steel pens is a piece of raw potato. It removes the ink crust and causes a smooth flow of ink.

THE BIG NEWSPAPER.

HAS THE LIMIT OF THE READERS' PATIENCE BEEN REACHED?

The Newspaper of the Future May be Smaller Than the Present Average. Condensation in the Judicious Sense. The Pictorial Practice.

When the big newspaper becomes still bigger how is it to be delivered? Newsdealers and carriers have already complained of the hardness of the task of handling so many pounds of paper. How will it be when still more pounds are added? Why, it will be impossible, certainly at the prevailing low rates. The days of the cheap press will be passed. The price must be very considerably increased to induce the middlemen to dispose of Mr. Jones' larger sheets and more of them.

The newspaper of the future will be smaller instead of larger than the present average. And it will be no worse a newspaper on that account, but rather better. This result will be reached by condensation in the judicious sense. I don't mean by this "boiling down everything," so that there is little of spirit or substance left in the article or paragraph, or anything much but the heading. The process to which I refer is condensation by exclusion. The newspaper of the future will publish only what it is really worth while to publish. The newspaper of the present prints a vast mass of matter upon which space is wasted, which nobody is profited by reading, or actually wants to read, or having read recalls a moment later. If all of this were omitted the newspaper would shrink rapidly.

IN OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

But it is not only the literary department that condensation is advantageously practicable. The commercial department is inviting a field. I doubt that the present system of advertising will be in operation in 1987, or even in 1937. An illustration will point the case. If all the newspapers in New York should agree to double their advertising rates, and if in consequence the advertisers should buy half as much space as heretofore, it is, of course, mathematically demonstrable that the newspapers would be no worse off pecuniarily. I think it is morally demonstrable that the advertisers would be no worse off in respect to the publicity of their business, but that all hands by and by would be a great deal better off in every way.

The advertisement would attract very nearly as much attention. It would get quite as much if the advertisers agreed to stand upon a level. It is the competition in magnitude—the struggle for a longer announcement and for bigger letters, the enormous alphabetical blotches which disfigure so many daily journals—that characterizes the system. Then there is another sort of competition within the paper itself, between the literary and commercial columns.

THE PICTORIAL PRACTICE.

Mr. Ottendorfer says: "I think the habit of presenting illustrations in such journals is foolish and in very bad taste." I certainly agree with him; but if we should trace the genesis of the pictorial practice might we not find that it originated in part in a supposed necessity for an offset to the black, street poster letters of the advertisements? There was, perhaps, a disposition to restore the balance between the departments, and to do it bloated headings, monstrous "cuts" and diffuse padding of all sorts were resorted to. This policy of the literary half in turn stimulates the commercial half to fresh efforts.

If journalism could recover from this madness of magnitude the two sides would still act and react upon each other, but in a more wholesome way. Both would learn that there are effective opportunities in compactness of space and moderation of statement. It seems to me that the hope of journalism lies in some such reform as this. Otherwise its fate threatens to resemble that of an overgrown, gigantic vegetable, not nutritious, but running to useless pulp and unproductive seed.

I think the newspaper of the future will have smaller pages and fewer of them. The tendency almost everywhere seems away from the blanket form.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Cookery in the South.

It has been the habit of some to speak and write slightingly of cooking in the south. The itinerant journalist travels through a southern state, stops at a railway station, buys a cup of badly prepared coffee and a sour roll, or hastily bolts a wretchedly cooked dinner; jots down his unfortunate experience in his notebook, and at his next sleeping place writes his letter to the northern daily or weekly; graphically portrays the barbarities of southern cooking, and would almost persuade his readers that he is journeying in a land outside the pale of civilization. The man who keeps the eating house may be, like himself, a stranger to the south, stopping there only for the purpose of making money; or he may be as inefficient as some who preside at similar houses in the north, since even there a railway station dinner is not often the most tempting meal to a discriminating palate.

But the mind of the journalist is in no mood to appreciate conditions; he must seize upon facts. During his journey he has not, perhaps, entered one southern home, has not been once seated at a family table. With the capricious gods of the station and the saloon he has had some dealings, but the lares and penates of the southern fireside have neither welcomed him nor revealed themselves to him. What, then, does this Munchausen know of southern cooking and southern tables?—Zitella Cocke in American Magazine.

The German Flag in Africa.

The German flag now floats over fourteen white stations, and a district twice as large as Prussia today admits the sovereignty of Emperor William; but the German pioneers have secured for their country still further advantages. In the recent treaty between Germany and England the immense region between Victoria Nyanza and Kilima-Njaro on the north, and Nyassa and the Rooruma river on the south, and from the Indian ocean west to Tanganyika, is designated as the zone of German interests into which England agrees not to intrude. This vast domain joins the Congo independent state, and together they form a wide belt across the continent from sea to sea, in which hundreds of white men are now striving with all their might to find what benefits equatorial Africa may be made to confer upon the world.

These Germans have in view a broadly conceived and clearly defined plan, whose practicability it is their first purpose to test thoroughly. It is their belief that large plantations for the culture of cotton, tobacco, sugar, rice and other products may be developed on these uplands with the aid of native labor, and that when means of communication with the coast have been perfected a large amount of capital may find profitable employment. All their stations are scenes of agricultural activity and training schools for native workmen. About 600 acres are in crops, practical farmers and gardeners are experimenting with all the tropical and European grains, vegetables, fruits and nuts, the stables are filled with cattle, goats, asses and fowls and several hundreds of workmen, whose native systems of irrigation and many herds and fields show that they are not wholly lacking in skill and industry, are being trained in white methods of manual labor. Thus the German East African society is striving to open new fields for home enterprise, to instruct and elevate the natives, and it is not without hope that some portions of its domain may prove to be adapted to the needs of German colonists—New York Sun.

The Fashions in Dogs.

I have often wondered whence issue such mysterious mandates as: "Newfoundlands to be called in," "St. Bernards to be all the rage," so that one breed succeeds another in fashion's esteem, and, literally, "every dog has his day." Old style dogs disappear as completely as "the flowers that bloom in the spring." At present you are allowed a huge St. Bernard of the pure Swiss stock to stroll beside baby's cab, and to guard baby while white capped Marie flirts with the policeman in the park. You may be followed by a team—two there must be—of English pugs, harnessed in dark red leather studded with brass. For house protection the black and tan is fashionable, but he must be tiny as a rat and of the costliest breed.

For the house, too, gray poodles are just coming in; but the thing is the Japanese dog, which closely resembles an ape, with white and yellow clinging hair. He is simply sublime in his ugliness. Nowadays a fashionable woman might as well be out of the world as out of a dog, but his style of beauty must be carefully studied in selecting a collar. Much depends on this. In nothing does a parvenu so brand herself parvenu as in this particular, selecting, for instance, the costliest of jeweled gold collars for a Japanese dog whose style of severe simplicity demands only a ribbon. Poodles and other long haired dogs are now dyed to match the favorite costume of their mistress.—Cor. Pioneer Press.

PLANNING AN ESCAPE.

PLOT OF LIBBY PRISON'S INMATES TO CAPTURE RICHMOND.

Help from a Brave Union Woman—Co-Operation from Washington—The Plans Well Laid—How the Scheme Was Defeated at Last.

We opened correspondence with the notorious Abbey Green, a brave Union woman living in the city, noted for her outspoken patriotism and the bravery with which she approached the columns of Federal prisoners, where, despite the bayonets of the guards, she gave what relief she could, often tossing loaves of bread to them at the peril of life.

The noble woman gave relief and cheering words to thousands, and bravely staid in Richmond, known to and feared by the rebels, whom she defied. If there was a plot to execute, she was the one to co-operate. So we opened correspondence with her through a faithful colored boy on menial duty at the prison. We carefully stated our desires, and in return received a plan of the city and location of the arsenal, a correct statement of the number of troops in the city, the strength of the home guard and all other information needed.

After the plans were matured all prisoners willing to co-operate were formed into battalions and companies, and drilled as carefully and frequently as possible. Everything that could be was converted into a weapon, and several pistols and bowie knives had been received among the contents of the boxes first delivered to us before an examination was required, and these we had kept well concealed, and they would help greatly in our strike for freedom. A few weapons in the hands of desperate leaders would do bloody work.

In order to make our plot a success, it was deemed necessary to inform the government at Washington, and get, if possible, its aid. A fine opportunity of doing this occurred when the surgeons were released. Statements of our plans were written on very fine paper, and this folded up tightly was concealed in the staff buttons of their uniforms, which were constructed so that the heads of the buttons could be removed, showing quite a space capable of holding a large piece of fine paper. The button heads on being replaced gave no evidence of the valuable deposits beneath. Thus we succeeded in informing Mr. Lincoln and the secretary of war of our intentions.

A cabinet meeting decided the plans so submitted perfectly feasible, and preparations were at once made to aid us, and an officer was sent down to the peninsula to draw the Confederate forces all out of the city to repel him in his supposed attempt to enter Richmond. He did so, and we saw from the windows of Libby the Confederates march by to meet him. There were left only about 300 home guards. Our plan was to assemble on a certain evening in the lower middle room, burst open the front doors, seize the guards in front, disarm them, and with the arms, so gained intimidate and take prisoners the officials of Libby, then march to the arsenal, fighting the home guard if encountered on the way, and, with the arms in the arsenal, we would march to Belle Isle, and, arming the prisoners there, march back, an army of 6,000 strong. We could then easily have taken possession of and held Richmond against any force until Gen. Butler, marching up, would have re-enforced us, and the city would have been ours.

Our plans, as we supposed, were well laid, and everything in regard to their successful completion progressed as favorably as we could desire up to the very evening of the night on which we determined to make our exit. From the windows we observed, about 5 o'clock p. m., a "jackass battery," as it was derisively styled, being located in front of Libby, and a greatly increased guard put on duty, while a company of the home guards stood in front.

Presently Maj. Turner, with a squad, ascended the stairs, and in a loud tone announced the order that all prisoners were to descend to the lower middle room. Not dreaming of the trap about to be sprung on us, and thinking there was to be an inspection of some kind, we obeyed the order without reluctance, there being no necessity for guards to enforce it with the points of their bayonets, as they seemed inclined to do at the least hesitancy to march forward quickly. When all were below guards were stationed at the head of the stairs, and we were told it would be perilous to attempt to come up until ordered to do so.

Hour succeeded hour, and darkness set in; still we received no intimation of release, and at last the truth began to dawn upon our bewildered understandings. We were prisoners in a twofold sense in Libby, and under close surveillance, in one of the rooms. What did it mean? Had some one turned traitor and disclosed our plot? If such a one had been known he would have been thrown a corpse from the windows or torn to pieces, but we could not fully realize that such had been the case. Our plan was nipped, but we could try it again. We were kept in the room described several hours and then released and permitted to occupy our accustomed places, but we found our rooms had been thoroughly ransacked and everything in the shape of a weapon taken. Evidently our plot had been disclosed and frustrated. Our privileges were fewer afterwards, and a closer watch was had over our actions. The outside guards were increased, and so much vigilance manifested that we concluded not to make our attempt for a time at least.

The manner in which the prison officials were made cognizant of our plans was for a long time a mystery. The generally accepted solution of the problem was that some one of our number had sold us out. I never knew the true cause until after the war. I met one day in Washington city Capt. Jackson Warner, described before as the quartermaster who furnished us beef and bread. I asked Capt. Warner the question. He said he remembered he occasion well and what excitement it caused. When a spy, who had for a long time been among us, dressed in similar uniform, to report our sayings and doings daily or weekly, as was deemed fit, announced that we had formed a plan to escape, he was instructed to watch closely and report progress, which he could easily do, for we talked and planned without secrecy. Like a cat playing with the mouse, they played with us, and when tired, and just at the proper time, came down in force.—Dr. John Henry, Fifth Ohio cavalry.

A Big New York Restaurant.

There is a cheap restaurant in New York that feeds 8,000 people a day! It is never closed, night nor day, and has three different relays of waiters, cooks, cleaners, cashiers and other hands. It is not noted in the city, but is famous in all the country towns and villages in this state, New Jersey and Connecticut, which are its chief source of patronage. How many reservoirs of soup and how many tons of beef it consumes daily are matters for the consideration of metropolitan correspondents of country newspapers. But the figures are astounding and interesting without sensational elaboration.—Good Housekeeping.

BUSINESS OF BEGGARY.

Confessions of One Who Knew All About It—Several Examples.

"A year ago I kept a boarding house on Carver street, which was the general headquarters for the crowd. At no time were there less than a dozen men and women who earned their living solely 'working the street.' The average number of boarders was about twenty. They were mostly natives of Belgium, who spoke French freely and were frequently mistaken for French people. Some were Italians and a few Germans. Perhaps half a dozen Frenchmen might be found among them, but some way they did not seem to like the business, or else they were too proud to follow it up.

"I was master of the house and got so much money every week for board and lodging, besides the professional advantages. If they didn't pay up prompt they had to get out. It was a principle of the house not to do a losing business. Yes, I'll show you over the house.

"That bed over in the corner used to be occupied by an old fellow who worked Temple place on the blind musician racket. He looked like a wreck any way, and if it hadn't been for his red nose and easy way of finding his way around he would have made a big success. As it was he didn't do very bad. After four years' work in New York, Philadelphia and Boston he carried away $4,000 back to Belgium. He has a son who expects to start next summer with as much more.

"In the next room lodged a fellow by the name of La Fitte, who was over six feet high and strong enough to knock out an ox. He played the broken arm racket one whole winter, and used to average from $6 to $10 a day.

"How much did your boarders make?" inquired the reporter.

"It all depended upon their professional ability," was the reply. "Some used to make as high as $10 a day on the average. Why, there was one feller with both legs cut off who used to room here, who got $5 a week from a woman on Beacon street one whole season. He was walking up Charles street one day, and near the Beacon street crossing tried his old trick of getting nearly run over by a horse car. Two old ladies saw him as he waddled along, using his sticks to help the leather stumps which he uses for feet. The driver didn't see him until he seemed almost under the horses' feet. Then he put on the brakes. Those ladies were scared, it seemed like such a narrow escape. They needn't have been, because he was a stumper in long practice and knew just what risk he could afford to run. At just the right minute he got out of the way. Pretty soon the old ladies overtook him, and pitied his bad luck in being cut off that way. He told a good story about a sickly wife and hungry children.

"Those old ladies told him to call next day, and he came down to the house and bet the boys a bottle of wine that he would stick the old lady for a 'ten.' He went to see them per agreement, came back with a new crisp $10 bill and an order on a downtown lawyer, who was the old lady's attorney, for a weekly pension of $5. This caused much fun among the boys, and they helped Jacques spend the whole amount before morning. That gift made seven of the dirtiest beggars in Boston royally drunk."—Boston Globe.

NEW JERSEY SAND.

Its Transmutation into California Gold at the "Long Branch."

After the war of 1861 was over these peaceful villagers, who, having contributed their part toward it, were just settling down again for another fifty years' nap, were awakened again by certain capitalists, who bought up all the cheap land they could find within sight, smell or sound of the ocean, and proceeded to invest money in it. Our old school speakers contained an affecting poem about little Alfred, or Charley, or some similarly named child, who found a shilling coming home from school one day, and exclaimed, "I'll have a fortune, for I'll plant it right away." These capitalists imitated little Alfred or Charley, with much better luck. They planted not a shilling, but thousands of dollars here in the sand; they seeded these acres of the shore with more money than Capt. Kidd has ever been proved to have buried anywhere, and they finally have harvested a large area of golden financial wheat.

One of their first shrewd methods of tillage was to make their new, straggling, one streeted town the summer capital of the United States. They built a miniature White House near the edge of the sea and invited President Grant to live there two months in the year. He came, with that simplicity of greatness which never enjoys pleasure any the less because it happens to be a source of profit to others. The "long branch" of Shrewsbury river, which gave name to the whole locality because it had its arm half way round the older town, leaped in one season into world wide fame.

The old war chief of a hemisphere settled down here with as little ostentation as he now rests in Riverside park; but there were plenty of commonplace people, with commonplace wealth, willing to furnish all the style necessary for such a village, and to see that the new town was well painted with gorgeous colors. Many of the dollars that had been planted in the pulverized gravel of the shore grew into gold bearing roof trees. The cities brought here their hotel luxuries for sale; money drawers were opened wide for summer snow storms of bank notes, and fortunes were made here between spring and autumn. Hundreds of acres of New Jersey sand had been transmuted into California gold!—Will Carlton in New York Star.

The Boston Mending Bureau.

The Boston Mending Bureau and Laundry company is a new thing in our city, though a similar establishment has been in successful operation in New York for some time. Their plan of work and object can be told in a few words, and the whole thing is so extremely sensible and feasible that the only wonder is that it was not thought of years ago. The bureau comprises a laundry, a dye house and a repair shop, in the last of which experienced tailors and skillful needlewomen are constantly employed in putting into order every sort of wearing apparel.

Work is done here for both men and women, though it is especially useful, of course, to bachelors and other lonely men who have no one to keep their clothing in order for them. Wearing apparel when soiled or worn may be taken to the bureau or called for on postal card order, and put into thoroughly good condition again. The linen is washed and done up, missing buttons are replaced, stretched out buttonholes reduced to their proper proportions, worn tapes and strings renewed, gaping holes in the stockings filled up, while the outer clothing is cleansed, dyed, pressed, darned, patched or otherwise attended to as it may need. These things are all done at a very moderate price—a pair of socks darned for five cents, unless too far gone—and other things in proportion, the the price being fixed in most instances by the length of time which the task requires.

Frequently also the bureau makes a contract with gentlemen to press, repair and keep in order their clothing by the year or month, the principle being the same as that by which the Chinese pay their physicians to keep them well. The bureau has a dozen branch offices in the suburbs and different portions of the city, so that patrons living at a distance may be easily accommodated. There are numberless busy men and women for whom the bureau will save many dollars in the course of a year. "A stitch in time saves nine," according to the proverb, and mending the ravages of wear and tear upon one's clothing saves a good deal else at the same time.—Boston Globe.

Famous Generals as Cadets.

Charles Ward, a hackman at West Point, has a fund of information about the military academy and some of the now famous generals who were once cadets. A reporter visited West Point the other day and was driven through the grounds of the college by Ward. He appears to be 51 or 52 years old, is a large, broad shouldered man, with a full beard, streaked with gray, and an honest countenance. He was born in the town and has been there ever since.

"You knew them all, then—Lee, Sheridan and Grant?" asked the reporter.

"I knew the first two—that is, I saw them when a boy and remember how they looked and acted. Gen. Lee was captain of the post here in 1853, and my father used to sell him milk every day. I can remember how Gen. Lee would say, with a smile, to my father: 'Now, I desire you to be careful and not get too much water in your milk. The milk you gave me the other day had a suspicious taste.' He said it, though, in such a kindly, nice way my father never took any offense. Capt. Lee was the most soldierly looking of any of the cadets. Why, sir, when started to walk on the parade ground or from one quarter to another he went as straight as a bee line, and never looked back, it made no difference how much noise the other cadets made in his rear. He was straight, too, as an arrow, and not very stout. I shall never forget him as he looked in those days."—New York Mail and Express.

Manufacture of Tin Cans.

A striking instance of labor saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process solders the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream; of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop left on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket and a saving of $15 worth of solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans is a day's work for this machine.—Boston Transcript.

A Marketable Husband.

In Siam a man who has sold himself at gambling can compel his wife, if she has the money, to redeem him, but he thereupon becomes her property and chattel. This is a very equitable arrangement. The wife, if she desires, can sell her husband off, along with his summer pah'ben, for a plaster of paris image of Bismarck or a spotted dog. And we are not surprised a woman with such a husband should so desire, as was proved the other day when Ma Samut exchanged her better half for a share in a house near Wat Chang, a cow and twenty ticals in silver.—Bangkok Times.

Ices in Paris.

Paris confectioners have a fancy to serve ices in the shapes of the fruits with which they are flavored. Very careful freezing and dexterous coloring are required to make successful entremets of this kind. Peaches of ice are served in halves, the kernel being imitated with a preparation of coffee ice. Strawberry ices in the shape of large strawberries are served with artificial stalks and leaves. Asparagus ices also are made, the stalk being a piece of bone or ivory, and the eatable part a compound of lemon and pistachio ice.—Home Journal.

BEFORE DAWN.

On topmost bows of lofty trees
Birds sing beneath the golden stars,
Which pale before the coming dawn;
Naught else is heard save the dull rote
Of ocean on the shore, sounding
The same as erst at Nature's birth,
"When morning stars together sang;"
As if the organist in some
Cathedral vast, with minor keys
And pedals soft, filled holy space
With melodious monotone,
While some lone nun her matins chants,
In murmurs soft behind the screen.
—J. H. Goodwin.

A GOOD SCHOOL TRADE.

The Kind of Business Done by Candy and Cigarette Shops in New York.

"CANDY, cigars, stationery and notion store; doing good school trade. — East — st."

"CANDY STORE, opposite big public school; first class trade in confectionery, cigarettes and stationery. Apply at — West — st."

A young man with a few hundred dollars to invest answered several of these advertisements. In each case he found a small dingy shop with great heaps of painted candy, packages of cheap cigarettes and plentiful supplies of blood and thunder literature on the shelves. A few dusty school books completed the stock. In each case, too, the little shop was near a public school. Some nestled close up to the big buildings. Others were across the street or on corners diagonally situated. All were less than a stone's throw distant.

"Our trade comes almost exclusively from the school children," said the proprietor of one grimy little shop. "They are lively customers before and after school and at recess. This is the dull season, because vacation has just begun. Trade will pick up again in September. Then it is sure and steady until spring. Last year I made a net profit of no less than $1,200."

"The demand for school books must be pretty heavy."

"Oh, no; we sell very few school books."

"What do you sell that makes your trade so profitable?"

"Candy and cigarettes, principally. You'd be surprised at the quantity of candy those youngsters devour. The little boys and girls rush in here with their pennies and buy a stick of painted candy whenever they get the chance. All the larger boys buy a cigarette or two every day. It's only a penny business, of course, with penny profits. But when you take care of the pennies the dollars'll take care of themselves, you know. Why, I made $700 clear profit last year on candies alone. For, to tell the truth, the sweet stuff is the very cheapest sort. But the children like it just as well. I wouldn't sell out at all if it were not that I am going to leave town before fall, when trade will be resumed at its liveliest."

Similar statements were made by all the other candy store advertisers, and strong inducements to purchase were held out to the young man. Being of a nice moral sense, however, he decided not to invest in a business which seemed to him like corrupting the rising generation by supplying them with cheap and perhaps poisonous painted candy and cigarettes. This idea impressed him so strongly that he asked a school principal about it.

"You are right," said he. "This candy shop business is one of the most pernicious features of school life. We call the shops 'candy hells.' The red, green, blue and yellow coloring matter annually used in its manufacture would paint the town in alternate stripes from the Battery to Harlem bridge. Five cents' worth of the stuff would lay a professional athlete on his back for a week, but a forty-pound schoolboy can consume five cents' worth every day for six months and be a sixty-pound schoolboy at the end of that period. The ways of the infantile stomach are inscrutable, and even the candy shop cannot affect it. Still, these 'candy hells' are literally training schools for future generations of dyspeptics and men with handmade sets of teeth. But we are powerless to prevent it."—New York Sun.

Swedish Women at Home.

Swedish women are, in their own country, models of neatness. The private house at which Mr. Lancaster and myself had procured board was presided over by a widow lady named Ritzen, and the scrupulous cleanliness of the apartments we occupied was indeed marvelous. There were no carpets on the floor, but the latter were always kept beautifully clean, being daily and I might add almost hourly scrubbed by our hostess and her natty little