msa_sc3326_scm8207-0615 ©Maryland State Archives

KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN

JAS. S. KIRK & CO. 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

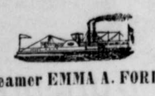
SOAP.

June 30, 1887—y.

Chester River Steamboat Company

DAILY EXCURSIONS TO BALTIMORE!

Commencing May 11th, the



Steamer EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown Daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and Queenstown. Will leave Queenstown at 8 45 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 11 o'clock A. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore at 3 o'clock P. M., arriving in Chestertown at 7 15 P. M.

THE STEAMER B. S. FORD

will leave Centreville daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at the wharves in Corsica River, at Grey's Inn and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 11.15 A. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore at 2.45 P. M., arriving in Centreville at 7 P. M.

FARE FROM ALL POINTS,

$1 ROUND TRIP.

SINGLE TICKETS 75 CENTS.

Tickets Good Until Used.

GEO. WARFIELD, PRESIDENT.

May 12, 1887.

BEGINNING SATURDAY, JUNE 4th, 1887,

THE NEW STEAMER

EMMA GILES

will run to Tolchester

DAILY,

(Except Sunday) THEREAFTER.

Leaving Baltimore, at 8.15 a. m. and 2.30 p.m.
Leaving Tolchester, at 10 a. m. and 5.30 p.m.

TOLCHESTER STEAMBOAT CO..
Office Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore

June 9, 1887.

JOSEPH TURNER

Lumber,

SHINGLES, GRAIN, &c

Flooring Mills and Sash Factory.

Every facility for competing with city houses. June 16.

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.

W. D. MILLER,

Fire and Burglar Proof

SAFES!

Vault Doors,

Bank Work.

5 S. Charles St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

April 7—y.

NOTICE!

WHITEWASH LIME!
BUILDING LIME!
WHITEWASH LIME!
BUILDING LIME!
WHITEWASH LIME!
BUILDING LIME!

AT GREEN POINT.

THREE-FURROWED Peach Tree Plow: a splendid plow for working Peach Orchards; for sale at

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

SPECTACLES!

I have the agency for the celebrated

Diamanta Spectacles

AND EYE-GLASSES.

They are ground on scientific principles; they are perfectly Colorless and do not tire the eye as common glasses do. If persons who need glasses will call on me I will test their eyes with an optometer and give them glasses to suit their eyes.

I also have on hand a Nice

ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES

JEWELRY, CLOCKS,

and

ROGERS & BROTHER SILVERWARE.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

C. M. LUCAS,

March 10, 1887—y.

A Few Things

ONLY.

WE DESIRE TO CALL ATTENTION TO JUST NOW.

GRINKLED SEERSUCKERS

ARE IN SEASON.

We have a large and beautiful stock also of

SATINES

—AND—

OTHER SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

You cannot fail to be pleased. Call and see us.

JOHN H. SIMPERS.

COAL!

WE will again call the attention of our friends and the public generally to the fact that with our present arrangement for transporting coal, we can furnish them the best quality of White Ash Coal, as low (or nearly so) as you can buy a lower grade of Coal. It is a fact without controversy (to them that know the difference between the grades of White Ash Coal), that the LEE Coal which we handle is the Best Coal that is brought to this market. The time will come when our people will find out that there is as much difference in the grades of White Ash Coal as there is in any other product. Some people seem to think that Coal is Coal. So it is, and wheat is wheat, but it is not all alike. We are ready to fill all orders for summer or winter use at the very lowest cash price. In future we expect to do business on a cash basis. Although Coal is from 30 to 40 cents higher this year than last. The outlook seems that it will be higher as the season advances. Remember that 2240 lbs. is a ton of Coal. Probably it will be to your advantage to examine our stock of Coal before buying.

Yours respectfully,

J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

July 6, 1887—tf.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

has just received per steamer Meteor direct from the swamps, a large lot of strictly

NO. 1

Heart Cypress Shingles

If you wish to see a Shingle that cannot be beat in size and quality, call and examine them

June 16, 1887.

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVING leased the ARMSTRONG HOUSE in Chestertown I am prepared to accommodate the general public.

MY TABLE

will be supplied with the best the market affords, and I shall use every effort to insure the comfort of those favoring me with their patronage. On Tuesdays and Saturdays extra preparations will be made to secure our county friends a First Class Dinner.

FREE HACKS will connect with the Steamboats and Trains. First Class Livery attached.

TERMS—$1.50 per Day.

jan6-3m. ALBERT I. DUGAN.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

[FORMERLY HALL'S HOTEL.]

HAVING Leased the House, which is fitted up in the very best manner, I am prepared to accommodate parties at very reasonable rates. I will leave nothing undone that will add to the comfort of my guests. I shall aim to have everything in season, and no effort will be spared to make this the BEST HOTEL ON THE SHORE. The House has a

FIRST CLASS LIVERY ATTACHED,

and parties will be conveyed from Boat or Cars free of charge, and to any part of the Peninsula at LOW RATES.

SAMUEL H. CRAWFORD,

Jan. 8, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

Soda Water!

FRESH AND COLD.

Those who can appreciate a good glass of Soda give me a call.

TOULSON'S.

WHEN LOVE AWAKES.

You say the dear old love is dead.
Love does not die, dear heart of mine;
We may not kiss the sweet lips, red,
No love light in the eyes may shine,
But love, once born, decreed by fate,
Sleeps transiently or turns to hate.

And is this hate, my own dear heart,
That comes and gently strokes my hair?
Hate does not bid the swift tears start
At hasty words, nor does it care
To fondly raise the drooping head
And breathe good cheer. Love is not dead.

It sleeps, it wanders, wanders far
Beyond the horizon's outmost rim,
Goes blindly on, from star to star,
But evermore comes back to him
Who worthily will calmly wait,
Love's wakening comes. You will not hate.
—James Clarence Harvey in Home Journal.

A FRONTIER HERO.

My first introduction to Dakota was hardly one to impress either—that is, the territory or myself—with any very great liking for the other. But we were both young at that time, and Dakota, at least, has greatly improved.

It was early in the '70s—fifteen years ago—that I found myself on a Missouri river steamboat leaving Omaha and headed up stream. I was not altogether clear as to where I was going, but I had an idea that I would stay by the boat as long as my money held out—which would not be very long. I hoped at least to reach Dakota. Not that I had any particular reason for going to Dakota more than to Texas; but, on the other hand, had Texas been as near I should certainly have been as apt to have gone there.

About all I knew—or any one else, for that matter—concerning Dakota was that Yankton, in the extreme southeastern part, was the capital, and that there was a little settlement in that region, a little more in the northeastern corner, with perhaps a very few scattering settlers along the rivers elsewhere and a number of forts, each with a few United States troops.

The reason that I came to think I was going to explore the west was that several weeks before I had run away from home with that determination—not a very good reason, but the only one I had. My reason for running away from home was even less obvious. But I was away and too proud to go back—though subsequent events reduced my stock of pride several hundred per cent.—if I may be allowed to put it somewhat strongly. I was almost beginning to consider myself a man, though I have since looked back at the time calmly, and could not remember that anybody else ever acted as if he considered me anything more than a boy.

On the occasion of which I write the boat Sadie Bolton plowed her way up the thick, muddy waters of the Missouri. The mate swore at the deck hands as occasion required, the pilot swore at the river, the engineer swore at the fireman and pilot by turns, and the captain occasionally appeared and swore at things in general.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, I explored the lower deck and got into conversation with one of the crew. From him I learned that Buck Hawkins was on board. I had heard of Buck Hawkins as the most dangerous man in that part of the country. He staid up the river in the neighborhood of Yankton most of the time, but I understood from my informant had been down to St. Louis on some sort of business and was returning to Yankton. I felt anxious to see him as soon as I found he was on board. The man told me I doubtless could do so if I would take the trouble to hunt up the bar, as he and some friends were indulging in a poker game in the immediate vicinity.

I soon found the place, and to my whispered inquiry a spectator informed me which of the four gathered around the card table was Hawkins. I was somewhat surprised, as he did not look as I had pictured him. He was small, not over five feet and seven or eight inches, and evidently weighed less than 150 pounds. He had brown hair and gray eyes, and although his face showed determination and force, there was nothing of the reckless desperado which I knew he had the reputation of being. I watched the game for some time. I learned that the other three were all professional gamblers and that Hawkins was losing. The room was full of spectators, as it seemed to possess interest for every one on the boat. Everybody expected trouble. There were great stacks of chips and money on the table and Hawkins and the gambler opposite him each had a heavy six shooter lying on the table in front of him, while the others had similar weapons in their belts. Every one knew that the gamblers were not playing a square game, and that it was only a question of time when they got all of Hawkins' money. That was the time trouble was expected. He had been drinking heavily, and should he detect them cheating it was known he would not hesitate to shoot them all unless they shot him first.

All the afternoon I remained close by the table watching the game intently. I had become almost as much interested as the players. Hawkins' money was slowly but surely going. Once when Hawkins was dealing he happened to touch a pile of his chips and they rolled off on the floor. Instantly I sprang and gathered them up and placed them on the table. He just glanced at me and said "Thank you," and was deep in the game again. A few minutes later there was a jack pot. Hawkins and the gambler went in. They raised each other till there was several thousand dollars in it. At last they laid down their hands. Hawkins had four kings, but the gambler had the four aces, and reached for the money and chips.

"I reckon that was all fair, parson?" said Hawkins as he looked across the table at his opponent.

"Ye bet it was, Buck; ye know I never play no other way," replied the gambler, showing some signs of nervousness.

"I'm glad of it," said Hawkins, picking up his revolver and holding it carelessly, "ye all know what I'd do if I thought it wasn't."

"Shoot, of course, Buck, that would be all right—but it's squar', an' ye can bet on it."

"All right," and Hawkins arose from the table and went out. I saw nothing more of him that night.

The next day he approached me on deck and talked a few minutes. He guessed that I had run away from home and advised me to return, saying that it was no country for boys. I could scarcely conceive as he gave me this advice, which I knew to be good, that he had without doubt killed a dozen men—perhaps more. But it was a fact.

Hawkins left the boat at Sioux City and I went on to Yankton. The next five or six weeks I spent in the vicinity of that place working on various farms. I did not get very high wages, but I managed to make my living. After some time I hired out to a man who was driving some stock up the river to the Yankton Indian agency. There were some 200 or 300 head, and there were several men along with them. To make this trip I had invested in a pony. We arrived at the agency after several days, and, finding that my services would no longer be required, I started to return on my pony. I was opposite Niobrara, Neb., and back some four or five miles from the river, when I met two men on horseback, each leading a string of five or six horses. Some of the ones which were being led were wild, and were giving the men considerable trouble. They hailed me, and after, as I thought, asking an unnecessary lot of questions concerning who I was, where I came from and where I was going, one of them said:

"I'm sheriff down in Newbrasky, an' my podner here is dep'ty. We've got some hosses what was stole that we're takin' back. They don't lead very well, and I'll give you $5 to go with us this afternoon an' to-morrer an' help us."

"All right," I said. "Where are you going to cross?"

"Down at Chouteau creek."

"I should think there were better"——

"That's the best crossin' 'round here—we know this country like a book."

I saw that no information was wanted from me, so I said no more and went along with them. I soon saw they were remarkably well acquainted with the country, and appeared to rather avoid what few roads and trails there were than otherwise. We soon struck Chouteau creek and started down it, frequently crossing from one side to the other. I noticed that the men were both heavily armed, and appeared rather nervous and in considerable of a hurry. I thought nothing of this, however, as nearly everybody went armed, officers especially, and it was likely they wanted to make the crossing that night, and possibly they feared that the thieves might attempt to recover the stock. We passed through several groves of large cottonwood trees, and then turned up the river.

"Do you mind riding all right?" asked the sheriff.

"No," I replied,

"I'll make it a couple o' dollars extra. We want to cross up here an' get 'cross the p'int of the reservation an' over to Red Bird on the Niobrara 'fore we stop."

"Go ahead, I'll stay with you."

A little later I heard the sound of hoofs behind us. This gave me no uneasiness, but the moment it struck the ears of my companions they took their Winchesters from where they were fastened on the saddle and began to look back intently. A moment later a dozen horsemen came around the point of a bluff at full speed. Several of the party fired at us. My companions returned the shots and dashed away, leaving the horses they were leading. I had no doubt that the thieves from whom they had recovered the horses were in pursuit, so followed as fast as I could. We were in an open place near the river and headed for some cotton woods about a quarter of a mile distant. Our horses were on the run, and though when I glanced back I saw that our pursuers were gaining on us, still we could easily have reached the timber ahead of them had not a shot from the party behind hit the deputy sheriff. He fell forward and struck the ground heavily, while his horse dashed away. The sheriff stopped and returned to him, while a ball whistled so uncomfortably close to my own ears that I concluded to do the same. Our pursuers came up and surrounded us. It was growing quite dark by this time, and I could not well make out their features, though I thought they looked more like farmers than horse thieves. In a moment my suspicions were confirmed.

"I reckon we've got ye this time," said one of the party, "an' ye bet we'll show ye what this 'ere vigilance committee considers good for hoss thieves!"

The wounded man was taken up and placed on horseback, two men were detailed to guard each one of us and we started back. I tried to explain my connection with the others, but was silenced by the gruff voice of the leader, who assured me that I would have a chance to explain things at the trial. This relieved me somewhat, as I had no doubt that I could easily prove my innocence. We rode till about midnight, when we came to a small cluster of houses called Mineral Springs. We drew up before a long log house, which proved to be a saloon and hotel combined. The bar room was lit up and there were a number of men inside and horses tied outside. They gave a loud cheer when they saw the prisoners, and there was a great deal of hurried conversation. We were taken inside and placed under guard. Twenty or thirty men gathered in the room, when a man said:

"Well, boys, we've brought 'em in, an' we got the hosses. I reckon we'd better try the men an' fix everything up to-night. The cheerman will please come for'ard."

A man elbowed his way through the crowd and took his seat on a box behind a card table. It was Buck Hawkins. I felt still easier, as I had no doubt he would recognize me and set me at liberty.

The trial was very informal, and the other two were quickly disposed of. They claimed that they had found the horses cached further up the creek and never stole them. It was admitted that perhaps they found them hidden, but it was charged that some others of the gang put them there. "Besides," said one man, "s'pose they did find 'em cached—what bus'ness they got tryin' to run 'em out the country?"

"That's it," said Hawkins, whose judicial mind instantly grasped this important point, "they hadn't no business at all, an' I reckon we'd better hang 'em fer luck."

This was assented to with a yell and Hawkins started to get up. I saw that I had been included with the others and that I must crowd in my defense. I accordingly asked them to hold on and told my story. When I finished a short thick set man shoved his hands a little deeper into his pockets and said.

"Gentlemen, I want 'o remark I've heered that air story occasionally before this!?

This was greeted by a loud laugh and everybody agreed to it.

"But see here, Hawkins," I said, my heart beginning to sink, "you know me—you've seen me before."

"Oh, I reckon I seed ye once," he replied without looking at me.

"Then you know I'm not a horse thief."

"Can't say that I do. I saw ye on a steamboat a couple of months ago, but hoss thieves can ride on steamboats."

Like nearly everything else this was agreed to with loud applause. I saw that my chances were growing desperate, and used every argument in my power to convince them that I was innocent. The men I had fallen in with put in their testimony in my behalf, but to no effect. They were especially anxious to see me hang after one of the committee closely scrutinized me, and identified me as Doc Billings, one of the leaders of the gang. "He looks young, but he's a hard one," explained the man. So it was settled that I should hang with the others. All seemed to be in favor of carrying the sentence out immediately. Here Hawkins rose and said;

"Gentlemen, it wouldn't be a fair shake for the other boys—wait till mornin' till they come in to help. Besides, they may bring in some more of the gang an' we can string 'em all up together."

This was agreed to as readily as everything else, and we were taken to an empty log house a little distance from the rest and three men detailed to guard us.

We were each given a blanket, and I wrapped mine about me and sank down in a corner with the most terrible feeling I had ever experienced. My past life came before me vividly, and my mother and the home I had so recently left without cause rose up before me and caused me more bitter anguish than it seemed I could endure. My companions, hardened by a desperate life and perhaps by former hair breadth escapes, conversed in whispers for some time, and seemed to take it very coolly. After some time the leader said:

"Young feller, I reckon ye got to dance on air 'long with us."

Whether I replied or not I do not remember, but he continued:

"I'm mighty sorry we got ye into it, but we 'lowed we'd get 'way all right. Ef they swing ye jes' keep up and show yer sand. They say ye're a hoss thief; act 's if ye was one. A feller can't die but once;" and with this philosophical reflection he rolled himself in his blanket, and he and his companion were soon fast asleep.

I tossed and rolled in the corner unable to sleep, and, I might almost say, unable to keep awake. I felt dazed and stupid.

It must have been 3 o'clock when I was startled by the door opening and one of the guards stepping in. He came over to my corner and told me to come out. I did so, and as I stepped through the door I saw a man on horseback and another horse saddled and bridled.

"There's your hoss," said the man as he leaned down from the saddle, and I recognized his voice as that of Hawkins. "Get on, an' I'll show you out o' this."

At first I could hardly comprehend him. The prospect of deliverance—and that by the judge who sentenced me—fairly overpowered me. He warned me to be quick, and I scrambled on my pony and rode away by Hawkins' side, none of the guards offering any resistance.

We rode for some distance in silence. Then Hawkins said;

"There's a loose board in the floor, an' they'll think ye got out there. I can't go with you very far, but I reckon ye can get away. Keep north o' Yankton, an' don't show yerself to anybody ef ye can help it. Skip down into Iowa, an' then go home an' stay there."

"I'll do that," I replied, "if I get away."

"That's right—this is no country fer boys. Ye did me a little favor pickin' up them chips on the boat that time an' I'm willin' to do as much fer ye."

"Why, Hawkins, I can't tell you how thankful I am—but that was no favor I did on the boat—nothing at all, and this saving my life—look at the difference."

"Oh, that's all right—no difference at all—jes' what we both had a chance to do, an' neither of us couldn't do no more. Don't say no more 'bout that. I knew ye didn't steal them hosses an' didn't want to see ye hang fer it."

"But how did you know I didn't have something to do with it after all?"

"Why, cuss it, ye see I stole the hosses myself!"

"You?"

"Yes, me an' some other fellers. We cached them up on Chouteau creek an' these Nebraska fellers tried to run 'em off. I reckon the moral health o' the community demands that they swing."

"But was that crowd horse—that is—were they all your friends?"

"Oh, no, some of 'em were farmers. Ye see I'm cheerman of the Anti-Horse Thief society, and all my gang are prominent members. We have to have in some o' the farmers an' other people to lend respectability to the society, ye know, but I'm elected cheerman every time, an' we generally put the outsiders in as vice presidents or something. I find my position mighty handy in my profession. Well, I can't go any further with ye; hurry 'long an' I reckon you'll be all right, though the vice presidents will be lookin' fer ye in the mornin' an' we may hev to hunt easy like ourselves. Go back home an' stay there!"

He turned and rode back in the gray dawn of morning. I went on as fast as possible and got safely out of the country. I went home and appreciated it, and when I struck the territory again five years after I can truly say that it was with regret that I learned that Buck Hawkins had been treacherously shot and killed by a member of his own gang, who was also treasurer of the Anti-Horse Thief association.—Dakota Bell.

Where Are the Manly Boys?

Can you find me in any of our great cities a manly boy?

If so, he is an exception. Where are the roystering youths of our early days? Where the boys who defied the police, upset ash barrels, raced around the block, played ball in defiance of authority, climbed trees, flew kites, played marbles, wrestled with each other by the hour, had hearty appetites, red cheeks, sturdy muscles and dirty hands?

You can't find them.

There is no such thing in existence within the bounds of any city. Your boys now are milksops, with long tail coats and dude collars that hold their chins in air, rings on their fingers and jewels on their shirt fronts, pale, weak eyed, puny fisted, cigarette stinking machines. If in the very heyday of youth, when red blood should pump thro' their veins with the vigor of an avalanche, if when sleep should be sweet and restless occupation a continuous desire, they are flabby muscled, feeble kneed, listless as to manner, aping the manners and fashions of the vile, what will they be when age settles upon them and the duties of life confront them? And yet these are to be the husbands of our girls, these effeminate, puling, monkeyfied babblings are to be the fathers of our grandchildren, whose votes are to shape the destinies of the republic, whose faculties are to be the props of great enterprises in years to come.—Joe Howard's Letter.

Mexican "Lover's Guide."

There is on sale everywhere and in universal use a cheaply printed little pamphlet entitled "El Secretario de los Amantes." It is the guide and hand book of lovers. It contains the language of flowers, the significance of the varied wearing and handling of the sombrero, the language of fan, the language of fruits the meaning of the varied use of the handkerchief, emblems in designating the hours of day and night in making appointments, the use of the numerals in cipher writing, several short chapters on the conduct of a love affair, and the deaf mute alphabet for one hand. This literary gem seems to be more studied than any other in the republic.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

All genuine truth is orthodox.—Uncle Esek.

PINE WOODS OF GEORGIA

Old Habits of Southern Hospitality—The Small Economies of Poverty.

In an hour they were in the pine woods. At long intervals there were openings in which was a wide, low, many galleried house, with its appendage of dilapidated negro quarters and neglected farm lands—a gray, hoary wreck of prosperous days. The snow, which still lay in drifts in the woods, had melted here from the saffron stubble fields. The houses usually appeared to be over full; all of the windows shone redly in the closing dusk; the rooms were alive with children, with gay young people; matrons with delicate, fastidious faces bent over their work; portly, handsomely dressed men loitered in the galleries or rode down the long avenues.

"You would find the old habits of hospitality kept up in these houses," said Lola. "Family connections are large in the south. A Georgian of the higher class has cousins all through the Carolinas and the gulf states, just as the Virginians and Kentuckians are really all of one blood. From five to ten guests may drop in uninvited for any meal or come to stay a week. They are always sure of a welcome. The old class of southerners would rather give up their chance of heaven than the pleasure of keeping open house for their friends on earth."

Mr. Ely's face flushed. "It is a gracious, beautiful custom!" he exclaimed. "We lost much that was worth keeping with the old feudal systems."

"Yes," said Miss Pogue coyly; "I have known a dinner prepared in our house for four persons, and before it was served twenty guests arrived unexpectedly. So it goes on all the year round."

"That is delightful," hesitated Mrs. Ely. "It takes one quite back to patriarchal life. But it would not suit northern housekeepers nor northern cooks and chambermaids."

"It does not suit here," said Lola, promptly. "Our mothers were used to it when they had plenty of money and of servants. But now that we have not enough of either, the custom keeps many a family poor, and makes life a treadmill for most women. The generation I belong to, Mrs. Ely," she said, after a pause, her thin, decisive features heating, "have learned to practice small economies in poverty, and they are forced to see that there is a great leakage in their incomes through these old customs which seem to you so beautiful and grand. Yet," she added, with sudden pride, "I doubt if the southerner will ever give up that custom."

Mrs. Ely, talking matters over that night as usual, declared that "the Georgian girl talked and thought precisely like a New Englander. And, as far as I can see, she is not an uncommon type now in this new south. I have met women, since we came here, capable, shrewd and alive with energy. They manage plantations and shops; they raise stock, hold offices, publish newspapers. Indeed, while northern women have been clamoring for their rights, southern women have found their way into more careers than they. They keep up with all the questions of the day. Miss Lola actually gave me some new hints on drainage. I suppose we Americans have but one blood, after all, and a hard struggle with poverty will produce the same woman in Georgia as in Connecticut."—Rebecca Harding Davis in Harper's Magazine.

What an Empress Eats.

The Empress of Russia has quite as vigorous an appetite as any member of her family could boast of. But she is an indefatigable dancer, often tiring down all the aides-de-camp admitted to her dancing parties, and she accompanies the czar in his walks and rides. This keeps her in health. If one eats heartily and does not take it out in strong physical exertion the ills to which flesh is heir break out and have it all their own way. A breakfast, with meat and eggs, taken in bed in the morning, a refection later on, a dinner, followed at 5 by a "high" German tea, and then a cold tray supper of an essentially meaty kind, served at night in the boudoir, are too much for a fragile woman, whether of royal or non-royal lineage, and only serve, if she be sedentary, to nourish gouty and other affections.—Chicago News.

Swedish Social Freedom.

The most surprising freedom prevails among the lower classes, and, for that matter, it is openly hinted at Carlstead among the aristocracy as well, promiscuous kissing being indulged in upon every occasion, more especially at hotels, where it is expected that upon settling one's bill the chambermaid and waitress who attended the traveler must be both kissed before the entire company. This peculiar custom was particularly trying to my companion, who upon every occasion chose rather to incur the displeasure of the young ladies than to sanction a practice that certainly can lead to no good result.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Perpetual Ache.

Nobody but the boy on the farm knows how agricultural pursuits make the back ache. He is never erect in his work. He bends to the scythe, the hoe, and the plow handles; he stoops to plant corn, to spade and weed the garden, to pick potatoes, to to pile up stones in the meadow. Everything, whether mowing away hay in a white hot loft in summer, carrying heavy pails of swill to the clamorous hogs, cocking hay in the windrows, turning the grindstone for the ax or the scythe—all of these affect his spinal column, and afflict him with a perpetual ache.—"Pluto" in Chicago Times.

DAILY EBB AND FLOW

OF THE HUMAN TIDE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

The Tin Bucket Brigade—Long Lines of People Hurrying to the Big Bridge. Running for the Ferry Boats—The Return Tide.

I live in Brooklyn, and every morning and evening make one of the innumerable throng (about 260,000, they think) who cross and recross East river, and see a deal of curious humanity in the process. As I come over at all hours from 6 to 8 a. m., and return with the same latitude, I alternate my company very agreeably. First is the tin bucket brigade; but I only see them when I walk down to the bridge before breakfast. About 5 o'clock the throng begins. First come the scavengers and sweepers, the women who sweep out the offices, the boys who do the early morning work, the first relief of messengers and their contemporaries. A little later every car is crowded with laborers, brawny men of the pick and hammer; about 60,000 of them come over before 7 o'clock. Then there is a lull for a few minutes; but soon after breakfast one sees long lines of people on all the streets near the bridge, hurrying to the stairs—merchants, Wall street men, clerks, shop girls, writers and people of a hundred other occupations.

Before 7:30 the entrance stairs are jammed with moving humanity. The tickets are dropped in the box below (three cents each or forty for a dollar), the cars are opened and filled in ten seconds—first comers seated, late comers hanging on to the straps—then the clamp is turned on to the running cable and we are whirled across to Park row in two minutes. Each car will seat forty persons and generally holds fifty; there are three cars in each train, and one train a minute; so 9,000 people per hour are brought over in the cars. The foot passengers way, below the car track, is crowded at the same time, and the carriage way, too; so at least 40,000 people come over on the bridge every morning.

ALL THE FERRY BOATS RUNNING.

Meanwhile all the ferry boats are running at their best. For two hours each morning and evening they charge but one cent for passage—the same as footmen pay on the bridge; at other hours two cents. Walking to the foot of Fulton street, Brooklyn, any morning about 7:30, I observe several hundred people break into a run all at once; the clang at the dock has warned them that a boat is in, and time is so precious that they don't want to lose the two minutes and a half of waiting for the next boat. But it is a well established principle of my constitution not to "kill myself to keep myself," and I never run for a train or boat. The roomy passenger depots are nice places to wait in, anyhow; but it is curious to see the fidgety people press against the big iron gate, ready to jump for the next boat as soon as it is made fast and the gate run back.

And is all this rushing and crowding good for humanity? Certainly not. A fellow is swallowed up; his individuality is lost; he is not a self existent and respected man, but merely one unit in a vast aggregate of numbers. Nobody knows anybody; and from the rush for first place, and the push for seats, I should guess that nobody cares for anybody. I have crossed on the cars a dozen times, and can't remember that I have seen the same person twice. Soon after 8 a. m. there is a perceptible thinning of the crowds, both on bridge and ferries; then people of more leisure come over, and from 10 o'clock till 2 p. m. one may see rich dresses on the cars or elegant carriages on the roadway. About 3 p. m. the return tide begins to rise, and about 5:30 the throng is much more dense than in the morning. The crush is awful. Almost every day some one is painfully squeezed against the iron railing, and occasionally some feeble one is badly bruised. Going over from 5 to 6 one sees only a dense crowd of wearied people; about 7 or 7:30 the return cars contain some of these people, cooled and refreshed, bound for the evening entertainments in New York; the shop girls who went east in plain and shop worn dresses are now, many of them, going west in rather elegant evening costumes. A dozen first class theatres and at least fifty second and third class bring some thousands; the others scatter among scores of churches, lyceums, clubs, concert halls, and social gatherings of every conceivable kind.—J. H. Beadle in Rockville Tribune.

The Sultan's Mother.

The person that has perhaps the most influence in the seraglio is the mother of the sultan. This proves the extreme veneration in which Turks hold their parents. The father of a sultan can never be living, for if he is alive his son will not be sultan. But nothing prevents the mother from still being in the world when her son ascends the throne. Woe to the people if this woman is wicked, greedy and capricious, for often she does everything without being responsible for anything. The sultan himself is afraid to disobey his mother. Moreover, she is usually the source of all disgraces and all favors, and the supreme art of the ambitious is to get acquainted with her and to obtain her good will by the intervention of other women that have the right and the opportunity to approach her.

Concealed behind her son, she makes and unmakes grand viziers, ministers, valis or provincial governors. She is the invisible thread that elevates or lowers, the mysterious roulette that enriches or ruins. Then, as she is most frequently ignorant, inexperienced and narrow, it is always best for the state that the sultans be orphans entirely when fortune seats them upon the throne.—The Cosmopolitan.

Mrs. Garfield as a Critic.

Ex-Congressman Amos Townsend, of Cleveland, told me the other day that Gen. Garfield had regarded his wife as his most severe and relentless critic in literary matters. She had been the general's pupil at Hiram college and kept pace with all his literary work. He was erratic at times, but her mind was steady and even, and he submitted all his orations and speeches to her critical analysis and judgment, and frequently made corrections and amendments suggested by her.—New York Tribune.

This Is No Joke.

We forgot to join in with our paragraphic brethren of the country and help joke the shallow strawberry boxes, but this is no joke: A Kentucky grower lost over $40 on one shipment by being away from his place and the new man putting the berries in the bottoms of the boxes, he thinking they, being the deepest, were the tops.—Kentucky State Journal.

Not a Bit Annoyed.

"I hope our chatter does not disturb you, sir," said a miss to a gentleman who was composedly reading a paper in the midst of the hubbub caused by half a dozen vivacious school girls. "O, not at all," was the reply; "I have eight daughters of my own."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mark Twain's Mood.

Mark Twain's mood in writing is just the reverse of Burroughs'. He says that he cannot write in the cold months. Pointing from his billiard room one March day down to the summer house in sight, he said to the writer: "There, when I can get in that with the leaves and birds about me I can write. In the winter I can do nothing that suits me."—The Epoch.

Awakened Their Jealousy.

A slim young beauty, who is the happy mistress of a tawny St. Bernard dog, has a witching way when visitors are with her of taking off "Czar's" silver collar and fastening it round her slender waist. It is just a fit, and in nine cases out of ten the admiring spectator remarks he wishes he was "Czar," or the collar. They all tumble to it.—Boston Herald.

Many People Refuse to Take

Cod Liver Oil on account of its unpleasant taste. This difficulty has been overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It being as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy known for the treatment of Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis, General Debility, Wasting Diseases of Children, Chronic Coughs and Colds, has caused physicians in all parts of the world to use it. Physicians report our little patients take it with pleasure. Try Scott's Emulsion, and be convinced. Dr. Thomas Hall, Holly Creek, Ga., says: "I am using Scott's Emulsion in the case of a little child one year old, wasting away, and it is improving fast. Before nothing would stay in its stomach, but the Emulsion agrees with it perfectly." Aug18—4t.

IMMENSE STOCK

Paints, Oil, Glass, Wall Paper!

And Everything in That Line.

IN PAINTS I HAVE A VERY VARIED ASSORTMENT.

ARTISTS' MATERIAL to begin with. Coach, Carriage, and Car Colors, ground in Japan. Carriage Varnishes of many kinds. Full line of House Painters' Paint and Supplies.

VERY BEST AND PUREST

LIQUID PAINT!

by half pint, pint, quart, half gallon, gallon and barrel. VERY LOW PRICES!

I HAVE A

LARGE STOCK OF WALL PAPER

on hand, and my stock is being constantly replenished with Very Latest Designs. Estimates cheerfully given and Paper Hanger furnished at reasonable rates, and all work guaranteed.

Remember, my Stock is the Largest, my Styles the Latest and Prices Low a ay.

LOUIS K. STAM,

June 2, 1887. PAINT, WALL PAPER AND FURNITURE STORE.

WILLIAM H. CACY,

(Late HINES & CACY.)

—:0:—

Standard, New Life, Reliance.

I offer the Farmers of Kent these Reliable Brands of Fertilizers. For the past two years they have been largely used in this and adjoining counties and have given general satisfaction. Many farmers who at first only used a few tons of these goods as a trial, last year used nothing else and have again given me orders for their entire consumption this fall. This in its effect is a sufficient guarantee of their quality and reliability. Their mechanical condition and drilling qualities cannot be surpassed and have always given perfect satisfaction. Before purchasing your goods this fall call and see me and compare analysis of above goods with that of the many so-called cheap fertilizers and you will see for yourselves that by buying

STANDARD, NEW LIFE OR RELIANCE

you get more Fertilizing Material for less money than by buying low grade goods which consist mainly of ingredients which are not only worthless but positively injurious to your lands. Having been able to purchase materials at slightly lower rates than hitherto, I have given the benefit to my customers and am confident that the same quality of goods cannot be bought for less money anywhere than I am now offering them.

For Farmers wishing Special formulas or ingredients to mix themselves, I have on hand a large stock of

Pure Bone Meal, Dissolved Animal Bone,
Bone Black, South Carolina Bone, Dried Blood,
Tanking, Muriate of Potash, Kainit, &c., &c.

Read the Following Testimonials:

Chestertown, Aug. 3, 1887.

W. H. CACY, ESQ.:—For the past two years I have largely used your Fertilizers, last year using over fifty tons, and in all my experience in the management of land have never used any Fertilizer that gave me more general satisfaction. The goods have always been in good order and easly drilled and gave excellent results both in grain and grass. I can confidently recommend it to others as a good reliabel Fertilizer. RICHARD HYNSON.

Sassafras, Aug. 6, 1887.

W. H. CACY, ESQ.:—The Phosphate I bought of you last fall has grown me one of the largest fields of wheat I have ever raised. I can recommend it as being thoroughly reliable. J. T. SHALLCROSS.

Millington, Aug. 13, '87.

W. H. CACY, ESQ.:—Your fertilizer is the best I have ever used. For two years I have tried it alongside of what is considered one of the best brands sold here. In both cases yours has given best results. It drills perfectly. J. S. NEWNAM.

Cox's Station, Aug. 10, '87.

W. H. CACY, ESQ.:—On the fifteen acres where I used the phosphate bought of you last fall, I got 34 bushels of wheat per acre. It is equal to anything I have ever used, and I heartily recommend it to others. C. WEEDMAN.

Chestertown, Aug. 11, 1887.

W. H. CACY, ESQ.:—The nine tons of Phosphate bought of you last fall and used by my tenant, Mr. Roeder, gave very satisfactory results, drilling without trouble and yielded five bushels more wheat per acre than I raised on my home farm. A. M. BROOK