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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

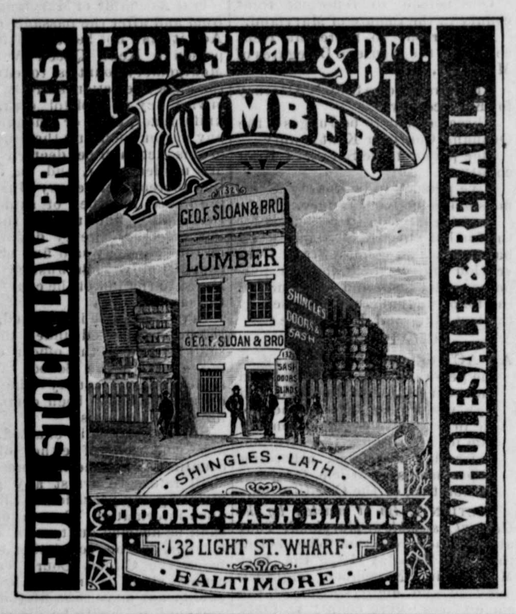
LARGE STOCK OF WALL PAPER

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 as Low as any.

LOUIS K. STAM,

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



FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS

—AND—

Pure Chemicals for All Formulas.

ANALYSES:

Pure Ground Raw Bone	*Pure Dissolved Raw Bone*
5 to 6 per cent. Ammonia,	*3 to 3½ per cent. Ammonia,*
50 to 52 per cent. Bone Phos.	*32 to 36 per ct. Bone Phos*

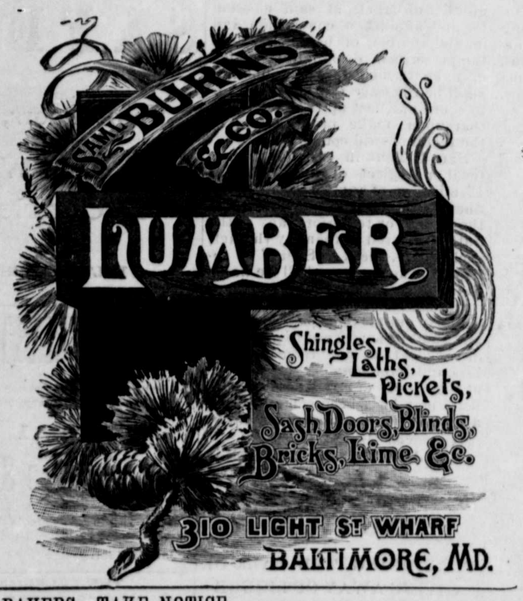
t is no longer a question for the farmer to determine whether Fertilizers pay him or not it but remains for him to determine the kind and quality which pay him best. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We sell it separate or will manipulate and mix it to order according to any formula which may be required. Our brands of Ammoniated Bone Super Phosphates we guarantee to be made of the best and purest materials, and which have stood successfully the test and competition of 40 years, we respectfully commend to farmers who are not governed in their purchases by the low prices regardless of the more important considerations of quality. We have also a carefully prepared Fertilizer for Peach Trees, Corn and Oat Fertilizer, Bird Guano and Potash. Pure Dissolved South Carolina Bone Phos., Muriate of Potash, Kainit, Sulphate of Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, Agricultural Salts, Ground Plaster, and all Chemicals used for ertilizing purposes.

SPECIAL FORMULAS COMPOUNDED.

LOW PRICES FOR CASH. FREE ON BOARD IN BALTIMORE

All orders promptly attended to by addressing

Feb. 17, 1887. FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, CHESTERTOWN, MD.



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. Collecter for 4th district

STRAW WANTED

HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am

READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW

that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to see to take a little extra pains in stacking, and not put the chaff with their straw.

Mr. James Brice is my authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON,
Aug. 5, 1886.

IMMUNITY.

Leaf of the deep leaved chestnut tree,
Long spared the weather god's disdain,
Have not thy brothers borne for thee
June's inavertible raging rain?

And they are beautiful and hale,
Those sun veined revelers; and thou
Still crippled, still afraid and pale,
Sole discord of the singing bough!
—Louise Imogen Guiney in Lippincott's.

DEATH OF A WILDCAT.

A Typical Case of a Bank Failure Before the War.

As a typical case of the abjectest failure the Nemaha Valley bank of Brownville may be taken. After the time when the cashier, seeing reason to anticipate a run, had thoughtfully locked the front door and slipped out the back one, the editor of The Brownville Advertiser obtained leave to examine the books, and announced in the next issue of his paper that everything was sound, only time was needed. According to his account there was $33,000 of the Nemaha Valley currency in circulation. The assets of the concern consisted of "stock notes, $73,000; discounted paper at thirty and sixty days, over $5,000; cash, over $1,000." It surely required a western journalist, characteristically impressed with the need of maintaining public confidence, to state that such a condition of things indicated soundness.

Suppose, for instance, that it should transpire that the "stock notes" were virtually worthless. Such a thing was not uncommon, as the stockholders of the old state banks used often to "pay up" their capital by giving their personal notes, and then when occasion offered they could take measures to make these notes entirely worthless. Suppose, further, that the discounted paper had been received from those who were not reliable, at least in a financial crisis. Suppose also that the alleged "cash" consisted of the bills of other banks as worthless as the one under investigation, and suppose, finally, that the books had been "fixed," and that in reality much more than $33,000 of currency had been issued.

Such was very nearly the condition of the Nemaha Valley bank. The machinery of the courts was put in motion to enforce the redemption of the currency, and nearly $1,000 of the old bills are stored among the records of the district court. Property was levied upon that usually turned out to belong to some one else, and finally the sheriff reports having levied upon and sold a safe, a table, a stove and a letter press, which altogether brought $63. The last plea which the absent president ventured to make was, that the so called "Nemaha Valley bank" could not be sued, since in reality it had not been legally incorporated at all.—Overland Monthly.

America and Australia.

I found myself constantly making comparisons and discovering similarities between America and Australia, though when I began to analyze the points of similarity they did not amount to much beyond wooden houses, trees, stacks of sawn timber, watermelons, bananas and sweet potatoes, close plaited straw hats, and a general suggestion of bigness, freedom, undress and don't-carishness.

It seemed to me as well that there was a likeness between the American type of character and the Australian. The same open air of nonesty, and some of the same open air self assertiveness struck me; the same curious combination of utilitarianism and spiritnality, and the power of adaptability, particularly to be noticed in the women of both races—much, too, I thought, of the same originality and individual way of putting things; much also of the slavish adoration and imitation of everything English. But some cultivated Americans to whom I mentioned this fancy of mine did not take to the suggestion. I think that they looked upon Australia as still in a state of barbarism; whereas one of them assured me that American civilization was the concentrated result of deliberate selection from everything of good involved in the course of many centuries. Europe, he said, had created an experimental civilization; but America, meaning the United States, had taken hers ready made, and had improved upon it.—Temple Bar.

Book Stalls on Board Ship.

Nowhere is light literature in such request as on board ship, and yet no plan has been hit upon to reach the enormous floating custom of eager purchasers out of reach of the existing sources of supply. I see no difficulties in the way, nor any reason why book stalls should not be opened on board passenger ships as well as at railway stations. Such need not in any disadvantageous way affect the economy of the ships or companies. From all I can hear from persons intimately acquainted with the working of passenger carrying steamers, it seems probable that shipowners would readily fall in with the plans of an organization offering to add very considerably to the convenience of the public who patronize them, giving every facility to any commercial enterprise of the description. It might require some time for the business to take hold and secure an extensive connection such as would raise it to the position of a going concern. There would be features in the trade differing just so much from the railway department as to make a specialite of it; the management would have to devote themselves entirely to their particular branch, and the peculiarities of the business would soon become apparent to any bookseller not abnormally incapable. An experimental book stall or two set up on board Atlantic liners would perhaps be an advisable way of broaching the undertaking.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Simple Test of Kerosene Oil.

Take an ordinary pint tin cup. Fill it within an inch of the top with water warmed to the temperature of 120 degs. Fahr. Pour on this water three or four tablespoonfuls of the oil and water together, and wait a short time, say a minute or two, for the oil to collect on the top. Try the thermometer again, and if the temperature is more than one degree from 120 degs. Fahr. add a little cold or hot water, as the case may be, so as to bring the temperature within one degree of 120 Fahr. Then stir again and give time, as before, for the oil to come to the top. Now apply a burning match or lighted taper on a level with the top of the cup, say within half an inch of the oil. If within one second no flash occurs the oil is reasonably safe, otherwise it is unsafe. Purchase four or five gallons of oil at a time and apply this test at each purchase.—Bulletin North Carolina State Board of Health.

A Rifle with Steel Bullets.

The French government is experimenting with a new rifle called the Pralon gun. The great advantage of the new weapon is a bullet of steel to replace that of lead. The steel bullet being much less in weight than the leaden would enable the soldier to carry a greater number of cartridges, which is of essential importance. It also increases the celerity of the bullet on leaving the gun, which circumstance decreases the curve made by the projectile and considerably reduces the jerk suffered by the gunner on discharging the weapon. These advantages are great. Nevertheless, the weapon has not yet been found perfect, and cannot yet be adopted. But it opens a new field of further improvements in gunnery.—Chicago News.

Cats in Bustles and Dogs in Muffs.

Fashion has long been favorable to dogs. Cats are now coming forward. Some charming belles at Luchon thought this season of using the Pyrenean cat—which is a pretty creature, and not so wild as it looks—as a suivez moi, jeune homme. The notion sprang up in this way. A beauty down there was given, in one of her excursions, a lovely cat. But as her arms were laden with mountain flowers, how carry it? A peasant suggested cutting a hole at one of the ends of a hand basket for needlework, just large enough for the cat's neck to be held in without strangulation when the lid was fastened down. As the basket was padded and lined with satin, and bedizened with fringe and ribbons, pussy did not object to being a prisoner therein, and to being placed on the lady's bustle as a pack. There was no other means of carrying the feline unless there. So the basket was fitted up with strings to tie on to the waist; and so borne into Luchon. The arrangement was daring, original and piquant. It found imitators, and in a few days there were not Pyrenean cats enough for the ladies' bustles. Fashion even dared to invade the sanctuary at Lourdes with a mountain tom or tabby on the dorsal hump.

A fashion prophet tells me that next winter the back part of the muff will contain a pouch in which a cat is to lie. A contrivance of this sort was first hit upon by Mlle. Schneider for her black and tan terrier, which regarded the inside of the muff as a prison and wanted to look about when keeping the hands of his mistress warm. The Duchess de Bauffremont then took up the arrangement and used to carry about as many puppies as could fit into the pouch. Princess Isabeau de Beauvais Craon used to remind me of a maternal kangaroo. Her muff had the pocket in front and a parcel of pups' heads of various breeds peeped from out of the opening at the top.—Paris Cor. London Truth.

THE KAISER COMES.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF BERLIN WELCOME THEIR SOVEREIGN.

He Rides From the Railroad Station Almost Alone—A Crowd Waiting for the Emperor—His Appearance at the Windows—Enthusiasm.

The emperor has come home, Berlin is again a city of life and bustle, and the German crowd again daily gathers Unter den Linden to see its beloved kaiser come to the palace window and bow and smile to them. His home coming, after his two months' absence, was in simple fashion except for the crowd that awaited him.

He was to come in from his Babelsberg palace, near Potsdam, an hour from Berlin, on Aug. 31. He would arrive at 1:30 o'clock, so the police on duty near the palace informed the crowd gathering there as early as 9 o'clock. They waited hour after hour, some holding to good points of view, others moving up and down the Linden.

The crowd before the emperor's palace is an every day scene when he is here. The people never tire of it. The feeling grows with the years of the old sovereign, for they know that a man past 90 is not likely to smile and bow to them from his window much longer. The German crowd is not a gentle one. It pushes and scrambles and is frequently rude. On the other hand, it is not noisy. The people will stand for two or three hours before the emperor's palace, patiently waiting, and almost silent. They will push and press for eligible places, but without any words. If the people choose to stand before the palaces all day, they may do so, provided they do not encroach on the drive. They usually fall back to the open space about the big equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. Here the police do not, perhaps dare not, interfere. This is directly in front of the emperor's windows. But on the day of the kaiser's return the crowd was much too large for the protection of Frederick the Great. It spread all along the Linden, where the kaiser drove from the station.

THE EMPEROR'S ARRIVAL.

"How will the emperor come?" I asked of a German workman standing near by.

"Oh, like anybody else. Alone, perhaps, in his plain carriage, you know."

A little later a plain, open victoria and pair of black horses left the palace gates and drove to the station to bring the emperor.

The emperor was not quite alone. His favorite aide, Count Lehendorff, who is usually with him, sat on his left, wearing the brilliant uniform of the Garde du Corps, his silver helmet shining out from the tuft of white feathers. The emperor's uniform was that of an infantry general and was strikingly plain. It was of dark blue cloth, the coat alone relieved by collar and cuffs of scarlet cloth. He wore a cap of dark blue cloth, with a band of scarlet cloth around it.

As he slowly drove along the Linden, smiling, his hand raised in salute, looking not at all like a sick man, but quite well, the cheers broke forth, and, like a wave of sound, rolled on after him, swelling into "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" shouts of delight and satisfaction. And when the carriage passed on to the palace door the crowd rushed across the street, closed in about the portico, and the police made an effort to stay the tide.

The kaiser stepped from the lowly victoria, not as a man of 90, but as one twenty years younger might. A little stoop of the shoulders, but otherwise the tall form is erect. The kaiser has never used a cane, and will not use one now. But his step does not show the feebleness and uncertainty of extreme age.

No footman was in attendance. Count Lehendorff passed around the carriage to the emperor's side and waited for him to go in, then followed into the palace. The trim young coachman in black and silver livery drove slowly back to the gate, handling the ribbons with conscious pride. The crowd watched the carriage in pleased silence until it disappeared behind the gates. Then the people moved about to rest themselves.

But not to go away.

AT THE WINDOW.

They waited nearly another hour. The police told them that the emperor would hardly come to the window; that he was fatigued and must get well rested for the review the next day. But the people knew better and they waited. Umbrellas were put down to give an unobstructed view of the corner window, where the emperor most often appears. All the babies were hoisted on the shoulders of their fathers, or raised as high as possible in their mothers' arms, and the small boys squeezed into every opening along the front of the crowd.

Then the emperor came to the window, as they knew he would. They threw up hats, waved handkerchiefs, and shouted and dashed in a mass across the street to get nearer the window. Then "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" expressing the height of German enthusiasm, burst out, and the shouts must have penetrated the very walls of the palace. The fine, kindly face at the window beamed with smiles, and the next minute the old kaiser had his handkerchief up waving it at the crowd. Then the men and women laughed with delight, the babies clapped their hands, and the small boys, irrepressible in Germany as elsewhere, vented their joy in shrill whistles. It was enough for one day. The kaiser was at home, the people were satisfied, and the crowd dispersed.

Later in the afternoon the empress came, driving quietly from the station, unattended to the palace. Her open carriage was drawn by a pair of brown horses, and the coachman, a smooth faced young fellow, wore silver and brown livery. The empress is fifteen years younger than the emperor, but looks more than fifteen years his senior. Few people were about, and the empress' arrival caused no demonstration.—New York Sun.

A Dummy Waving a Handkerchief.

It is a custom among railroad men whose homes are situated within view of their passing trains to be always on the platform of the cars and to salute their wives or other members of the family, who are generally at the window at the time when the trains pass. The conductors and brakemen have come to regard it as a duty on the part of their families to be at the window. A conductor on a certain railroad, whose home is near Orange, is very particular to have this custom observed and only discovered the other day that his wife, for an indefinite period, has been circumventing him by having a dummy dressed in her clothes near the window with a fluttering handkerchief that gave her husband the idea she was there waiting to salute him.—Newark News.

Catching Trout With "Sheepweed."

There is a plant popularly known as "sheepweed" which grows in great profusion around sheep pens, hence its name. This weed is possessed of decidedly poisonous or at least deleterious qualities, and the Indians gather a quantity of it and set it afloat on a pool in the river, and standing down stream from it they thrash it with tree branches until the juice exudes and becomes mixed with the water. The result is that every trout for a hundred yards or so below that point is "doped," or stupefied and rendered helpless and an easy captive.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Hurricane Geyser.

The most wonderful of all the wonders at the Norris Basin, Yellowstone park, is known as the Hurricane geyser. It is a recent outbreak, scarcely a year old. The crater is about twenty by thirty feet, and is inclosed by a solid wall of rock, about ten feet in depth, to the surface of the water, and no one can tell how far below this rocky inclosure extends. Several days ago we could sit on the north end of this rock rib and watch the torrid waves rush down the inclosure, strike the wall beneath our feet and sink into the earth, to reappear at the upper end with undiminished force. Now, eight days later, we find that the boiling flood shoots out over the wall where we formerly sat.

The Hurricane presents the appearance of a revolving liquid globe. There is a huge bowlder in the center of the quadrangular crater, over which the water dashes with such force as to give it the appearance of an immense wheel in perpetual motion. The intense heat may be realized, in a measure, when it is stated that the rocks ten feet from the edge are so hot that the naked hand can only be held on them for an instant. The water is turbid and bears evidence of the fact that the subterranean chambers are being enlarged. They are evidently absorbing the material that has been discharged at other geysers.—Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Aristocracy of Mind.

He—Charming youth, that young Bellamy—such a refined and cultivated intellect! When you think what he's risen from, it really does him credit!

She—Why, were his people—a—inferiah?

He—Well, yes. His grandfather 's an earl, you know, and his uncle 's a bishop; and he himself is heir to an old baronetcy with £80,000 a year!—London Punch.

Dog eat dog—A canine eating bologna.—The Epoch.

GOT THE "BUCK FEVER."

An Amateur Hunter's First Shot at a Deer—Too Slow on Trigger.

Did you ever hear Frank Levan tell his experience with that deer up the country when he was determined not to get the "buck fever?" Well, Frank went up in the mountains with a crowd of old and new hunters. All preparations having been made, the deer slayers went out to look for fresh venison. They succeeded in wounding a deer that afternoon and killing two more, the old hunters doing the work. Darkness coming on, the hunters concluded to wait until next morning to search for the wounded deer. Accordingly next morning they started on the track of the deer and followed it a long way until they struck a small stream between two high hills. Here the captain divided the party into squads of two and three and gave them directions as to how they should proceed in order to come up with the deer.

As it happened Levan was one of the men placed on the left of the stream and was ordered to be extremely careful to avoid all noise and excitement and above all not to get the "buck fever." Frank proceeded to carry out his instructions and walked along the stream with the pace of a snail and the tread of a fox. Having gone as far as he considered it his duty to go and seeing no signs of a deer or other animal he stopped beside a large fallen tree to survey the landscape o'er. Stepping on to the log he was engaged in a careful scrutiny of the surrounding hills when he was impelled by some inward feeling to turn his eyes behind him. From that moment he was transformed from an ordinary, discouraged hunter into a hero, for he beheld, not thirty feet from him, a live deer that stood looking at him and flapping its large ears as if it wished to discover by sight and sound the nature of the object before it.

Never having had such an experience before Levan began to think that he was going to have some fun and the honor of killing his first deer. He was armed with a rifle of about five pounds' pull, but he had never shot one of those guns off. Deliberately and quietly he drew the rifle to his shoulder and took aim at the deer's head, saying frequently to himself, "You're my meat." Having aimed several times at the deer's head he concluded that he would not run the risk of missing it and have the boys laugh at him, so he lowered the gun until the sights were aimed for the heart of the deer, and he continued to point the gun at the deer and remark: "You're my meat," for a minute or more, being under the impression that the animal was good to stand in that position for a day or two. At last having made up his mind to pull the trigger, Frank steadied his nerves and mentally congratulated himself upon not getting the buck fever.

Then, he says, he pulled that trigger back at least three inches, and just as he began to fear that the trigger was made of elastic and would never stop going backward the deer gave a bound like a football struck by a 200 pound man and landed half way up the side of the mountain. At the same time Levan's arms went up and the rifle was discharged in the air, the bullet passing over the mountain into the next township. When the other hunters came to help cut the deer up Frank told them that he hadn't hit it, as he only had a snap shot and had no chance of killing it.—Williamsport Sun and Banner.

A Coming Financial Napoleon.

Banks are viewed as public conveniences and receive their charters as such. They have got to be quite personal in their utility, however. Excepting in the smaller banks it is next to impossible for a man with moderate means to open an account unless he happens to be backed by influence the bank does not care to antagonize. I went recently with a friend of mine who wanted to open an account in a state bank that does a heavy business in private accounts for the tradesmen and wealthy people in a good neighborhood. My friend is a beginner in business, to whom an account is a necessity. He had $2,000, chiefly in checks, to open fire with. The president happening to be away he fell into the clutches of the cashier. That magnate listened to his overtures disdainfully.

"How much do you wish to open an account with?" he asked.

The sum was named and the cashier manifested open amusement.

"The fact is," said he, "that we do not care to handle such small amounts. Besides we do not allow an account to be drawn under $500. We would like to oblige Mr. X."—the gentleman from whom the would be depositor brought an introduction—"but, really"——

At this juncture the president of the institution arriveed, and, happening to be a personal acquaintance of my friend and myself, he did the duty his underling would have evaded. I asked him whether they were in the habit of declining to open accounts on small deposits when the depositors were reputable men engaged in legitimate business.

"Never," he said emphatically, "small accounts are troublesome and unprofitable, but I regard it as a duty to take them in when I believe the depositor to be a worthy man who needed our conveniences. My first bank account was $200."

This banker, who appreciates his duty to the public, is, I believe, a man of 70 years, who never dreamed of speculating on the street. His ambitious minded managing man is under 40, and may yet be a young Napoleon of finance.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

How a Boy Got Off.

A boy named by the monitor was ordered to "stand out." He took his place clear of the desk in the gangway of the school, and, with the certainty of punishment hanging over him, had to wait until a file of talkers had been collected. When the row of the condemned had become somewhat long, and when there was a pause in the occupation of the autocrat, the chastening began. For this offense the sentence mostly took effect on the palms of the hands, and the two strings, one of culprits coming to the ordeal, the other of victims with quivering hands tucked under their arms, and howling, groaning, or with difficulty suppressing their emotion as they wound their way back to their seats, might possibly have been objects replete with interest to a student of human nature, but were too common to excite much attention among us.

There was one little imp, as I remember, who used skillfully to skip across from the advancing to the retreating column, hug his hands, and howl as if he had been smitten, and so to get back unscathed to his place. It was a dangerous trick, the penalty of which, if it had been detected, I dare not contemplate. I know but of this one boy who tried it.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Valuable Cherry Tree.

Six hundred dollars seems a large price for one cherry tree, but that was the sum paid for one in Santa Clara county. It was required to be removed to make way for the New Almaden railroad. The owner demanded $900 for it; experts were appointed, and it was proved that the tree had for years yielded the owner crops of fruit which sold for sums equivalent to the interest on the amount claimed. By a compromise $600 was accepted for the tree. This will give our eastern friends some idea of the value of fruit trees and the profit derived from them in Santa Clara valley.—Reno (Nev.) Gazette.

When a Family Moves.

Society news in the daily papers does a great deal more than tell people what is transpiring in the fashionable world. The owners of moving cars watch the society closely. As soon as they see that a family is to change location from one city to another, they go after them to see what they have to move and offer their services. Then follows the man with storage room, then a sewing machine agent to see if you have anything in his line for sale, then the second hand furniture dealer, and last the dealer in second hand clothing, and perhaps a piano dealer. When a marriage is announced ahead for some months, there is the dressmaker and dry goods merchant to call on the ladies, the caterer to see what he can do for the table, and the florist to see if his services are required. This class of people doubtless work up a large and profitable business in that way.—Physician in Globe-Democrat.

Spiders' Webs in Washington.

The use of electric light on public buildings at Washington has led to a great increase in the number of spiders' webs. The lights attract multitudes of insects, and these in turn attract the spiders. In many cases architectural outlines have become badly obscured by the webs.—Chicago Times.

The Famous French Communist.

Louise Michel, the famous French Communist, is said at last to have crossed the boundary into insanity, or, at least, into aberration. Her publishers are refusing to print her books, her health is broken, and she is, it is said, likely to be left to starve if her pen and tongue fail her. As a rule, except in revolutionary districts, she is now hooted at and ill treated, it is said, when she speaks.—New York Sun.

Among novelties in dogs' furnishings come waterproof coverings with hoods extending over the head and traveling dusters with breast pockets for puggy's railroad ticket.

FORAGERS IN THE SADDLE.

Carrying Off Hams and Sweet Potatoes in the Face of the Enemy.

We were proud of our foragers. They constituted a picked force from each regiment, under an officer selected for the command, and were remarkable for intelligence, spirit and daring. Before daylight, mounted on horses captured on the plantations, they were in the saddle and away, covering the country sometimes seven miles in advance. Although I have said "in the saddle," many a forager had nothing better than a bit of carpet and a rope halter; yet this simplicity of equipment did not abate his power of carrying off hams and sweet potatoes in the face of the enemy. The foragers were also important as a sort of advanced guard, for they formed virtually a curtain of mounted infantry screening us from the inquisitive eyes of parties of Wheeler's cavalry, with whom they did not hesitate to engage when it was a question of a rich plantation.

When compelled to retire, they resorted to all the tricks of infantry skirmishers, and summoned re-enforcements of foragers from other regiments to help drive the "Johnnies" out. When success crowned their efforts, the plantation was promptly stripped of live stock and eatables. The natives were accustomed to bury provisions, for they feared their own soldiers quite as much as they feared ours. These subterranean stores were readily discovered by the practiced "Yankee" eye. The appearance of the ground and a little probing with a ramrod or a bayonet soon decided whether to dig. Teams were improvised; carts and vehicles of all sorts were pressed into the service and loaded with provisions. If any antiquated militia uniforms were discovered, they were promptly donned, and a comical procession escorted the valuable train of booty to the point where the brigade was expected to bivouac for the night. The regimentals of the past, even to those of revolutionary times, were often conspicuous.

On an occasion when our brigade had the advance, several parties of foragers, consolidating themselves, captured a town from the enemy's cavalry and occupied the neighboring plantations. Before the arrival of the main column hostilities had ceased; order had been restored and mock arrangements were made to receive the army. Our regiment in the advance was confronted by a picket dressed in continental uniform, who waved his plumed hat in response to the gibes of the men and galloped away on his bareback mule to apprise his comrades of our approach. We marched into the town and rested on each side of the main street. Presently a forager, in ancient militia uniform indicating high rank, debouched from a side street to do the honors of the occasion. He was mounted on a Rozinante with a bit of carpet for a saddle. His old plumed chapeau in hand, he rode with gracious dignity through the street, as if reviewing the brigade. After him came a family carriage laden with hams, sweet potatoes and other provisions, and drawn by two horses, a mule and a cow, the two latter ridden by postilions.—Capt. Daniel Oakey in The Century.

Art of Shoeing Race Horses.

"Do you not think there is almost as wide a field for the improvement of the art of shoeing race horses as there has been made with trotting horses—the use of toe weights, etc.?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Lorillard. Then he added, with sudden spirit: "I'll tell you something you may not know; few did. I ran Wanda in aluminum plates in nearly all her races."

"On account of their lightness?"

"Of course; the entire set of four plates weighed only two and three quarter ounces, while you know a set of ordinary racing plates will weigh eight or nine ounces. The difference of weight must be an advantage; I should say it was equal to the difference between a man running in ordinary street shoes and a pair of light slippers."

"How came you to discover the idea of the aluminum plates?"

"Well, it had long occurred to me that if a light shoe or plate could be made it would give the horse wearing it a great advantage. I had several experiments made in Europe with different metals. A great many were tried and failed. They were light enough, but not strong enough—liable to twist or break, and of course dangerous. Finally, out of a dozen experiments, we evolved the aluminum plates."

"Were not even those rather delicate and dangerous?"

"Oh, yes. On some horses they wouldn't do at all—Drake Carter, for instance. I tried them on him, and he tore them all to pieces. But on a light moving, perfectly actioned horse you could use them. Wanda, you know, was one of the smoothest, lightest movers in the world."

"How is it nobody ever discovered your use of them?"

"We kept our secret. When I first used them Byrnes, my trainer, asked me how we would keep it from the boys in the stable. I told him to urge 'bad feet,' or some such excuse. But it was needless, for nobody ever noticed it."—New York World Interview.

Druidical Stone Scratching Posts.

I went by carriage from Penzance to the "jumping off place" at Land's End. It is a drive of eleven miles, with nothing of particular interest along the road, excepting the "Merry Maidens," the "Blind Fiddler" and "Pipers." These are the names popularly given to tall, upright slabs of stone, the placing of which in the fields is attributed to the Druids. Their purpose and date of their erection are matters of pure conjecture. In the center of every large pasturing tract may be seen a stone of smaller size, which nobody calls "Druidical," although in general appearance it would pass for a genuine antique. It is only a scratching post humanely provided, within the times of living men, for the enjoyment of cows and sheep.

Now suppose that 500 hundred years hence all this land should cease to be pasturage and become the site of towns and that a few of these scratching stones should survive the general transformation of things, and that the knowledge of their original function should be lost. It is entirely conceivable that in such a case antiquaries might trace them to the Druids. If some hair or wool were found in crevices of such a stone—rubbed off by the animal in his ecstasy of scratching—it might be claimed as sufficient proof of the sacrificial object of the slab, to which the victim was tied up by the Druids and slaughtered there. All of which teaches us to "go slow" in interpreting the developments of antiquarian researches.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Curious Story of an Inventor.

They tell a curious story of old Christopher Meyer, who was more or less with Ives. Many years ago he was a workman in a factory where rubber shoes were made. He received the fabulous sum of $1.25 a day. At night he worked out the details of an invention for economizing in the number of men employed in the factory. One day he finished his machine, carried it to the shop and showed his boss how well it would do the work of a dozen or twenty men. The boss was thunderstruck; but before he could examine the invention Meyer seized a big hammer and knocked its delicate machinery into chaos.

"But I want that," protested the boss.

"I know you do," answered the workman, quietly.

"Come and see me to-morrow noon," continued the head of the firm, pompously, "and we will make some arrangements"——

"If you want to talk business with me," remarked the workman, coolly, "you can come to my lodgings at 7 o'clock to-night. Better not be late."

The millionaire was there at 7, Meyer was taken into the firm, and in a short time he was at the head of the business. He lives in New Brunswick, N. J., in a pretentious house, and his sons are all well married. A short time ago the old man—he is more than 70 years of age—took it into his mind to marry again, picked out a beautiful 19-year-old girl and prepared for the wedding. Immense opposition was expected from the family, as old Meyer is worth ten or twelve millions; but, to the amazement and chagrin of society and the sensational press, all of the old manufacturer's friends, family and connections backed him up heartily, and sent him off on his bridal tour, looking and feeling like a major.—Blakely Hall's Letter.

Consumption, Wasting Diseases,

And Deneral Debility. Doctors disagree as to the relative value of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites—the one supplying strength and flesh; the other giving nerve power, and acting as a tonic to the digestive and entire system. But in SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, the two are combined, and the effect is wonderful. Thousands who have derived no permanent benefit from other preparations have been cured by its use. This is not an assumption, but facts that are substantiated by the experience of the past ten years, and the endorsements of thousands of the best Physicians throughout the country.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE

THAT YOU HAVE NOT TRIED

TRADE MARK

OUR A. A. BONE PHOSPHATE,

The Great Wheat and Clover Producer!

Then we must plead guilty for not having seen you last season. But we were kept so very busy supplying those farmers who knew or had heard of its merits that we did not have the time to acquaint you with the same. But the facts are in view of the low price of grain and seeing the need of the farmers, we determined to try and meet their requirements. Having watched the market carefully we have succeeded in buying our stock LOWER than ever before and by shaving our profits we are offering the farmers to-day.

OUR OLD $32 GOODS FOR $27, TIME WITHOUT INTEREST,
AND DELIVER IT WITHOUT FREIGHT.

Being the pioneer manufacturers of the Shore we necessarily have had large experience in manipulating Superphosphates and we are now thoroughly convinced that OUR A. A. is one of the finest combinations for wheat on the market without regard to price. As the whole 2,000 pounds is composed of Animal Bone, Nitrogen or Animal Matter, S. C. Floats and Potash—not one pound of Plaster, Sulphate of Soda, or any cheap or worthless materials entering into its composition—and this is not at all theoretical but by reading these testimonials will be seen to be practical:

ROCK HALL, July 26th, 1887.

T. R. Hubbard & Son—Gentlemen:—In reply as to how I like your A. A. Bone Superphosphate will say I had a very satisfactory yield. We used about 30 tons of A. A. and so far got an average yield of 17 bushels for one. Also have good grass from its use.

Resp'y, R. BENNETT WILLSON.

Mr. Stewart Matthews and Mr. Wm. W. Newcomb say they used our A. A. on Stalk Ground and Fallow and got an average yield of 26 bushels per acre, and that they expect to use it again.

Mr. Allie Baker, near Fairlee, Kent county, says he used A. A. in connection with two other of the highest standard goods on the market and A. A. was equal in every respect and cost his less money.

FAIRLEE, July 23d, 1887.

T. R. Hubbard & Son—Gentlemen:—In the fall of '85 I purchased of you 10 tons of A. A. and used it on our three farms in connection with a goods that cost us $8 more per ton, and in every instance yours took the lead. Mr. Lewis on the Swan Creek place took a load of 200 sheaves from each, and whilst there was such a difference in the cost of the fertilizer A. A. yielded several bushels more per acre. My grass too was good, this led me to go into it more heavily and we used 23 tons last fall, and whilst wheat generally is turning out poor my fallow gave me 25 bushels per acre. I expect to use it again this fall.

Respectfully, R. S. DIEHL.

A FEW PATRONS WHO HAVE USED A. A.:

C. C. WOOD,	B. F. H. CAULK,	J. B. HARRIS,	WM. NEWCOMB,
RANKIN & BRO.,	JOHN GALE,	JNO. PRICE,	STEWART MATTHEWS,
WM. M WILLSON,	T. A. JACOBS,	JAS. H. BAKER,	WM. BRYAN,
R. A. BOGLE,	GEO. R. REED,	J. W. SKIRVEN,	THOS. C. PARSONS,
WM. STEVENS,	W. E. SANDERS,	COMEGYS BROWN,	Mrs. B. F. SAPPINGTON,
A. B. JUMP,	WM. G. TREW,	JAS. W. LAMBERT,	W. T. HEPBRON,
R. S. GRIFFITH,	JAS. R. JONES,	A. J. WICKES,	ROBT. WICKES.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

Aug. 4 1887. MANUFACTURERS, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CAN YOU STAND THE LOW PRICE OF WHEAT

AND THE HIGH PRICE ASKED FOR THE USUAL FERTILIZERS?

WE THINK NOT!

Have You Noticed the Results of Our Goods compared with others and in nearly all cases much Higher Priced Phosphates? If so, you have also noticed that we were Better in Results as well as Lower in Price.

We realize your situation. We are willing and anxious to help you. We cannot be undersold. Our goods have no equal for the money, and if price, quality and square dealing will make a customer of you, then we intend to sell you.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF $24 FOR HIGH GRADE PHOSPHATE

Equal in Every Way to the Usual $35 Fertilizer?

We have such a grade that we are now offering at this price. Space will not permit, but see what our highest grade and lowest grade will yield you. The following certificates are the result of a trial test on two acres, on lawn of Jos. E. Gilpin, Esq.:

CHESTERTOWN, Aug. 1st, 1887.

This is to certify that I have measured the wheat raised upon the lawn of J. E. Gilpin. One-half of the lawn on one side a High Grade Chestertown Fertilizer was used; upon the left side of the front gate going towards the house, measuring 28½ bushels.

Signed, JOHN W. DAVIS.

On the right side of said lawn, going in, C. W. Kennard's Fertilizers were used and 32½ bushels of wheat were threshed.

Signed, JOHN W. DAVIS.

I hereby certify that I attended the cutting shocking and threshing of the wheat mentioned in the certificates here presented.

Signed, CHARLES H. BOID,

This is to certify that I attended to, assisted and saw the wheat from Mr. J. E. Gilpin's lawn threshed and know that it was properly divided without favor to either side of lawn.

Signed, J. T. DAVIS.

Allowing 80 cents per bushel for wheat, and 400 pounds to the acre—the amount used—and our fertilizer costing $4.00 per ton less than the other, the result shows that our goods gave a clear profit over the other of twenty dollars per each ton used.

The *Kent News* mentioned last week a wonderful result for the season on the farm of Josiah Ringgold, Esq., he having threshed thirty