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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1887. VOL. XXVIII-NO. 29

KIRK'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.

COMMISSION CARDS.

Walter S. Hill,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts.,
NEW YORK.

REFERENCE—Irving National Bank, N. Y.
June 2, 1887.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commistion Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.
Office and Warehouse—No. 4 Camden St., (New Number 15) Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

PHILIP E. CREW. WM. P. IRELAND
CREW & IRELAND,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT, EGGS, POULTRY, LIVE STOCK, &c.,
324 NORTH WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
REFERENCES.—National Bank of Northern Liberties, and The Produce Trade of Philadelphia. m24, 1887-y.

J. E. HENDRICKSON. R. A. BRICE.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
328 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.
We respectfully solicit correspondence and shipments. Returns promptly made. Refer to Union and Produce Banks.
March 3-y.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE
CREW & LOANE,
Grain & Fruit
AND GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,
New No. 15. BALTIMORE, MD.
GRAIN AND FRUIT A SPECIALTY.
March 17, 1887.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. C. C. TILGHMAN.
WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.,
(successors to Kenly & Tilghman.)
General Commission Merchants,
—for the sale of—
GRAIN, FRUIT, and All Kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.
219 (Old No. 18) Bowly's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
Having secured the services of Mr. WALTER B. SIMPSON, a thoroughly competent salesman, we are now prepared to give special attention to the sale of
FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, WOOL AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
June 9, 1887.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY
D. B. STEWART CO.,
—GENERAL—
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
150 W. Pratt St., Balto., Md.
Mr. Berry has an experience of fourteen years and Mr. Stewart four years as salesmen of different kinds of produce in the Baltimore market. Shippers contemplating changing their commission merchants this season will do well to give us a trial. We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday. Oftener if desired.
We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also, The Peoples Bank, of Baltimore. [June 24

B. F. FLEMING
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Quick & Slaked Lime
Delivered at All Points on the Peninsula, Statons and Side Tracks.
apr21-tu1.

JOHN F. STRATTON,
49 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK.
Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale Deale in all kinds of
Musical Merchandise, Musical Boxes, Band nstruments. Stratton's Celebrated Russian Gut Violin Strings.
Nov. 25, 1886—y.

DRY GOODS.
SILKS, LACES, VELVETS,
DRESS GOODS,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR,
DOMESTIC COTTONS,
Blankets, Quilts, Mattings,
LADIES' & MISSES' WRAPS,
Sold at one price only
Unusual Bargains in Every Department.
SAMPLES FREE BY MAIL
Dry Goods sold at lower prices than in any other city. Money refunded for any purchase that fails to give entire satisfaction. Prepaid orders delivered *Free of Mail or Express charges* within 100 miles of Baltimore.
HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
New Nos. 23, 25 and 27 Baltimore Street,
NEAR LIGHT STREET,
Baltimore, - Maryland.
Sept. 22—3m.

THE BIGGEST THING ON EARTH!
JUMBO!
CHESTNUTS!
THE BIGGEST THING IN CHESTERTOWN
GOSLEE'S
Stock of Boots & Shoes
To make room for fall goods we will close out our stock of
SLIPPERS AT A SACRIFICE!
Our line of CHILDRDN'S SHOES is Complete. We have a large assortment of John Mundell's Celebrated Solar Tips of all sizes, and will sell 8 to 10½
FOR $1.10!
OUR $3.00 SHOE
for Men cannot be equaled for the price.
OUR MEN'S B CALF SEAMLESS SHOE
AT $2.00
IS A DAISY.
504 Prs. of Gum Boots
JUST RECEIVED.
They are All New Goods, Latest Improvement and Every Pair Guaranteed.
Remember our store is full with
Nothing But Footwear
and we will always be found on top in style and quality, and at the Bottom in Prices.
CALL AND SEE US.
M. T. GOSLEE,
Aug. 18, 1887. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

SPRINGDALE PURE RYE,
(5 Years Old), 50 Cents a Bottle.
ROCKBRIDGE RYE WHISKEY, $2.00 A Gallon.
PURE MALT OLD WHISKEY, $3.00 A GALLON.
H. ROSENHEIM & SON
413 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
m24-y

Machinery Oil!
for all purposes
AT TOULSON'S DRUG STORE.

SALTED FISH, Shad, Mackerel and Laborador Herring for sale by
J. B. SAPPINGTON.

SHAFER & MEDDERS,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.,
Would respectfully invite all in need of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLMENTS
to call and examine their stock.
Plows Plows
We are the only agents in Kent Co.
—FOR THE—
OLIVER CHILLED
Plows

And Plow Castings,
and we keep a supply constantly on hand. No Castings are genuine except those sold by us or our agents. These Plows have no superior for lightness of draft, strength and durability. The Oliver Combination, with reversible Share and Point, is perfect. For economy it takes the lead.
—OUR—
FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS

HAVE NO SUPERIORS. We build them of the very best material Give us a call.
OUR BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING DEPARTMENTS
receive our personal attention. REPAIRING promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a specialty.

All orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. m24-y.
SHAFER & MEDDERS.

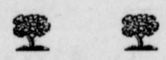
1887. 1887
Established in 1868.
Family Supplies
—AT—
Special Low Prices!
We have laid in a good supply of
Sugars, Coffee, N. O. Molasses,
RICE,
SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
SUGAR-CURED SHOULDERS,
BREAKFAST BACON,
SHOULDER BACON,
SUGAR-CURED SMOKED BEEF
CHIPPED BEEF,
COOKED CANNED BEEF,
CANNED TOMATOES,
CANNED CORN,
CANNED PEACHES
DRIED FRUITS,
TOBACCO, from 30 to 80 cts. a pound.
TINWARE,
PLATES,
CUPS & SAUCERS,
BOWLS,
and in fact everything usually kept in a first-class store.
Flour! Flour
We have Clifton F. F. F., Kirkwood, Occidental, Potapsco Superlative, Potapsco Family, Patapsco Extra, Orange Grove Extra, $4 to $6 a barrel. All the above brands also in bags, 12½ and 24½ pounds. Try our 3-cent Flour.
Sugars 5 to 7 cts. a pound, good Roasted Coffee 12 cts. a pound, also, Arbuckle's, Levering's, Enterprise and Ajax Roasted Coffees in pound packages at lowest prices. Rice, Cheaper than you ever bought. Head Light Coal Oil 15 cts. a gallon. Mackerel by the barrel, half-barrel and in kits. Domestic Dry Goods and Notions.
We want Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Bacon, Lard and country produce, for which we will give the best market price. Please call at the old stand on Cross street. Respect'y,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
June 17, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MD

A REMEDY FOUND AT LAST TO CURE
Hog Cholera!
LIEBERMAN'S
HOG CHOLERA REMEDY
WLL POSITIVELY CURE & PREVENT
HOG CHOLERA.
It is not a new remedy, but has been tried and experimented with for two years, and found that if used when the hogs are first attacked that it will cure the diseased hogs and prevent the contagion from spreading to the others in the same pen.
Manufactured and sold by
N. LIEBERMAN,
MELITOTA, MD.
Correspondence solicited.
Telephone Call 36.
PRICE, 50c. per Package; by Mail, 75c.
Oct. 27, 1887.

Worm Syrup
USE
ANDREW G. THOMPSON'S,
AT TOULSON'
CIGARS! CIGARS!!
Come and try our Edward Allen Poe CIGARS.
M. A. TOULSON,
March 27 Drugg

KASKINE
(THE NEW QUININE.)

Science emerging from Darkness.
MORE STRONGLY VOUCHED FOR THAN ANY OTHER DRUG of MODERN TIMES.
A POWERFUL TONIC
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.
THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PUERFIER. Superior to quinine
Mr. John C. Ccarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped meat once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."
Other letters of similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.
Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.
KASKINE CO.,
Jan. 27. 54 Warren St., New York

FOR SALE.

150,000 - PEACH TREES,
25,000 - - APPLE TREES,
500,000 - Asparagus Crowns.
—AT—
Little Grove Nurseries,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
THE above Peach Trees are grown from Genuine Natural Tennessee Peach Seed and buds cut from Choice Bearing Trees. In every way these trees are grown for the best interest of the planter.
My Apples are grown from Seed Imported from France and budded with grafts from the Southern part of North Carolina and the Best Native Varieties, thereby obtaining long-lived, good-bearing and good-keeping Apples.
Asparagus Crowns are the Select Conover Colossal variety.
To meet the demands of the trade my stock will be graded.
Correspondence attended to promptly.
Reference:—Successful growers of this and adjoining counties. Address
R. G. NICHOLSON,
Aug. 11—8m. Chestertown, Md

MUSLINS,
5c., 6c., 8c., 10c.,
5c., 6c., 8c., 10c.,
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS',
CHESTERTOWN.
New Fall Prints, Satines—Muslin @ 5, 6, 8, 10 cents per yard; Canton Flannels from 6 cts. per yard up; Ginghams 6, 8 and 10 cents per yard; good Dress Gingham 10 cents per yard, —5-4 and 10-4 Sheeting; Dress Cloths; Red Twilled Flannel as low as 20 cents per yard, White, Blue and Grey Flannels, Tickings, Kerseys, Cassimere, White and Colored Blankets; Ladies' Hose @ 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 38c., 50c. per pair; Children's Hose all grades; Ladies' and Children's Vests at low prices; Men's Undershirts @ 25c., 38c., 50c., 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 each; Skirts, Shawls, Jerseys, Men's Heavy Shoes; Damask and Fancy Turkish Towels, Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.
Ladies' grain Button Shoes @ $1.25 and $1.50; Ladies' goat button Shoes @ $2.00; a finer one at $2.50; Misses' Grain and Goat Button; Children's Solar Tip and Spring Heel Grain and Goat Button Shoes; Men's fine Shoes @ $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3; Men's Heavy Boots @ $2, $2.50, $3, $3.75; Boy's Heavy Boots at low prices; Men's and Boys' Rubber Boots; full line Rubber Shoes, all at low prices.
Newest styles Stiff and Soft Hats; cheap line of Children's Hats; large assortment of Men's and Boys' Winter Caps; Men's Fur Caps.
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Spices, Laundry Soaps, Tobacco, Cigars.
Cash buyers will find our prices at the lowest.
J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 6, 1887.

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.

FRAME HOTEL.
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.
MY TABLE
will be furnished with the best the market can afford.
MY STABLES
contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.
SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

RHEUAMTISM
USE
BLAIR'S PILLS
At TOULSON'S Druggist.
LAWN Mowers. Lawn Mowers. The Philadelphia, Boston and other Manufacturers sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

From Drift.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooryer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O it's then the times a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' hearty like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here---
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock---
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

That husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries--kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below---the clover overhead!---
O, it sets my heart a-clickin', like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

BORES OF THE SANCTUM.

People Who Make the Editor's Life a Burden.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 9.—Four editors were yesterday traveling together along one of the great iron turnpikes of the nineteenth century. They were for the time free from care, and appeared to be enjoying themselves, unharassed by any demands of the devil for copy. They had exhausted the delights and vexations of euchre and whist, and fell to talking over some of their editorial experiences. The conversation turned upon the different adventures which these protectors of the reading public had undergone with would-be contributors.

"I have no doubt," said one of them, "that I have hundreds of subscribers who think they could write a whole paper every day as good as I am giving them. Indeed, they have as bad as told me so. In a large number of the minds of humanity the reading of an able article creates a desire to write one, the desire hardens into a resolve, and very often the resolve into an attempt. They come to us and want it 'typed,' as George Francis Train would say.

"The worst class of these volunteer contributors that I have to deal with is a lot of nice, good old gentlemen who have retired from business on a competency, and have very little to do nowadays except to help regulate the affairs of those who are still at work. They naturally feel that a good many things are going wrong in the world, and what is a newspaper for, if not to set things right? So they put their views into essays of greater or less length, pen them in a very nice, prim, old-fashioned hand, sign them 'Veritas,' 'Fair Play,' 'Vigilitas,' 'Subscriber,' 'A Reader of Your Valuable Paper,' 'One Who Knows,' 'A Sufferer,' 'A Public Protector,' or something of that kind, and then bring their long communications to me, and are angry or, worse still, grieved if I do not give them the entire facilities of the establishment. They write on all sorts of subjects; from the President's latest journey to the musical facilities of their neighbors' cats in the night. One old gentleman wanted me to publish his autobiography by instalments; and after that, his wife's, and after that all his children's. None of these had ever been outside the county where they lived, and, as you may surmise, the manuscript was not wildly exciting. He was very much put out when I declined the article with thanks, and finally resolved to publish it in a book."

"The funeral reporter was the worst case I ever had," said another editor. "She was a middle-aged lady, who never missed a funeral; I used to wonder if she didn't sometimes get impatient waiting for her own. Only she couldn't write that up. She brought me a two-column account of every funeral she attended, which I had to condense and publish to please her and not offend the friends of the deceased. If I had let her, she would have turned my whole paper into a literary cemetery. She cared nothing for accuracy as long as she could fill space. She threw wreathes of praise indiscriminately upon every bier. If the dead man had no virtues, she invented some for him, and went right ahead. She badgered everybody in the office with her mortuary scribblings, and came very near being the death of me; in which case she would no doubt have written my own obituary with her usual placid sort of pleasure. Finally I restricted her to four lines per corpse, and she deserted me in a huff and went and contributed to the deaths and death of a rival paper."

"She was not so very worrying," said another editor, "as the pretty young poetess who used to glide daintily into my dusty sanctum, with a sweet smile on her face and an immense bundle of doggerel under her arm. She was herself a sonnet, in rhymths of silk and lace. If she could have put as much taste and talent into her articles as she did into her attitudes and dresses Sappho would have been nowhere. Her voice, too, was charming—her manner bewildering—everything about her was tip-top except her poetry. The rhymes were bad—the measure limped and jumped and kicked over all the traces of any metrical harness that ever was constructed—the sentiment was stuff that she never would have thought of airing in prose—for she was a good conversationalist, and sensible enough until she got into the poetic frenzy.

"I spent hours with her in the semi-seclusion of my sanctum trying to convince her that 'violet' did not rhyme with 'twilight,' or 'blossom' with much of anything except 'opossum,' and that one of the requisites of a good poetical line was a certain regular number of feet. She would stamp one of her own shapely ones and insist upon it that I could edit stories and advertisements, but knew nothing about the afflatus industry. And so I went on admiring her more and her poetry less every day until, overlooking her metrical infirmities, I came very near marrying her—that is, I proposed and she rejected me in a poem of sixteen stanzas. She finally united in the holy bonds of matrimony with a tinsmith and, I hope, gives him sonnets on toast every morning."

"A nice but determined old lady with an epic poem on the subject of Noah and the adventures was the worst of my troubles for a long time," said another editor, "She came in on the cars from the country one day, and asked me if I would like to see the poem. I replied, with ill-starred politeness, 'Certainly,' and asked her how much there was of it. She replied, about ten pounds, she guessed, stepped out into the article, crammed into one of these old-fashioned oilcloth vases. She stated that her handwriting was not very good, and thought she had perhaps better read it aloud; and commenced giving me the whole affair done up in quatrains. Not having time or nerve to listen to it then, I unhappily told her to leave it, and I would look it over, with a view to immediate publication, if it proved worthy. She wrote me almost every day for two months, in a terrible, unreadable hand, and gave me the reputation in our office of receiving love letters from somebody. When I tried to explain by showing the letters and the manuscript, nobody could read either, and I was for some time under a good-natured cloud of ridicule from my fellow editors.

"I was just about to bundle up the whole business and send it back to my good old lady friend by express when there came a little blaze in our office and destroyed, among many valuable things, the oilcloth satchel, the ark, Noah, and all the animals, male and female.

"The old lady came into town the next day to see if her epic was safe, and I never shall forget how sorry I was to have to tell her that it had vanished. She sank right down on the floor and wept piteously; it was her life work from a literary point of view. She had composed those lines amid the strokes of the churn, the feeding of the chickens and the cooking of fresh boiled dinners, and had intended to go down through succeeding ages, and weather the deluge of oblivion in that ark. She was perfectly overwhelmed with grief, but finally recovered sufficiently to demand $1,000 for her poetry—left in my care, and lost by my carelessness, she said. She finally sued us: I could not testify to the value or worthlessness of the manuscript, and finally compromised by paying her $200 and my attorney $100 for getting me out of the scrape."

"The worst volunteer contributor I ever had to encounter," said another, "was a poetical reformer. He was a little old man who, I am afraid, was liable to be called by the name attached to the business end of a windlass. He had a great many peculiar theories of his own in regard to poetry, and wanted me to devote a department to them in my paper. One of his poems I did publish, on account of its very absurdity.

"His theory, as illustrated by this 'poem,' was, that as many poets wrote four-lined stanzas without rhyming the first and third, while the second and fourth were rhymed, it was just as proper to rhyme the first and third, and let the others take care of themselves. This 'poem' commenced like this:

"'It was a cold and winter night;
The wind blew fresh and shrill;
A woman sat by the dim fire-light;
No other light had she.

"'Through poverty and sad distress
She'd struggled bravely on;
But now her strength had grown much less,
And food was very dear.

"'Alas! alas! what shall I do?
The woman loudly cried;
For of sweet children she had two,
And loved them very much.'"

"How many more stanzas had the poem, did you say?" inquired one of the editors, with midwinter politeness.

"I did not say," replied the other, "but there were thirty-eight in all."

"'O God, she cried, in accents wild——'"

But the narrator sat alone. The remainder of his story had been "declined, with thanks." WILL CARLETON.

RICH, GENEROUS AND CARELESS.

How Secretary Whitney Attends to Private and Public Business.

Everybody knows that Secretary Whitney is a very rich man, but instances of his generosity and liberality are constantly occurring that no one ever hears of. The other day a lady was telling him a story of her sufferings and misfortunes. No one of the visitors in the big office room heard any of the particulars, but her manner indicated her errand. The Secretary's sympathy was evidently touched. Before she was through talking a messenger, who had been sent to the bank, entered and handed the Secretary a large roll of bills. The Secretary pulled out several notes, and without looking at the denominations quietly slipped them into her hand. The joy that beamed in her face was pleasant to see, and the rich Cabinet officer probably felt well repaid for his generosity. The whole thing was done without ostentation, but rather with an effort to avoid detection; but it did not escape the notice of the *Star* man, who was waiting in a corner for a moment's talk with the Secretary.

Nearly every expenditure in the Navy Department about which there is doubt of its proper charge to the Government is met by the Secretary from his private purse. The bills he has paid for the entertainment of visiting officials and foreigners would make quite a large amount. He is so used to handling large sums of money that he is not as careful as most people would be. The other day he was hunting through his office at the Navy Department for an official paper which had been mislaid. One of the drawers of his big desk which he was searching thoroughly became caught at the back and refused to pull out very far. The Secretary gave it a hard jerk and the drawer came out, and so did the obstruction, which proved to be $3,000 in hard cash that the Secretary had forgotten all about.

In attending to his private business the Secretary has the invaluable assistance of his factotum "Mac," who serves him as nobody else could. The Secretary has perfect confidence in him, and has intrusted hundreds of thousands of dollars in his care. Mac obeys nobody but the Secretary, and when he tells him to do anything it will be done, no matter what may be the difficulties. He will go where he is sent if he has to hire a special train to get there. A short time ago the Secretary tossed him a loosely rolled bundle fastened with a rubber band, saying, "Mac, I want that in New York to-morrow morning." "Yes, sir," was the reply, and the roll was promptly put with a bundle of newspapers. "You don't know what that contains, do you?" said one of the clerks of the Secretary's office in an undertone to Mac. "No, and I don't care a d——n," was the reply. The bundle contained a lot of very valuable stock, but the Secretary knew that anything intrusted to his confidential messenger was safe, whether it was a newspaper or a million dollars, and he didn't need to go into particulars.—*Washington Star.*

A Few Phases of Western Life.

A change in the wind saved Empire, O., from total destruction by a prairie fire the other day.

The forfeited railroad grant in Michigan held by fraud for nearly thirty years is being pre-empted with a rush. L'Anse is nearly depopulated.

Amable Vleau, brother-in-law of Solomon Juneau, the founder of Milwaukee, and a companion of that noted pioneer, died at Muskegon a few days ago, aged 97 years.

C. A. Swineford has returned from Alaska to Baraboo, Wis., to marry a young lady with whom he has long been in love. After the wedding he and his bride will go to Alaska to reside. Swineford is a brother of Alaska's Governor.

An old colored woman at Broad Ripple, Ind., has just fallen heir to fifty acres of valuable farming land in Kentucky and $1,800 in money by the death of her master while in slavery. She proves to be his only child by one of his slaves.

At Kansas City, Mo., on Tuesday morning a citizen heard water running in the bath-room of his house. Examination showed that a burglar had plundered the house, taken off an old suit, enjoyed a bath, put on some new clothes belonging to the house-owner, and escaped.

A young man at Tiffin, O., courted a young lady until 1 o'clock in the morning. When he startec to go home he found the door fastened with wires so that he could not open it. When he tried to crawl out of a window he was arrested as a burglar and had to be identified by the girl.

A horse dropped dead on Wabash avenue in Chicago last week, and the carcass was allowed to remain for three days. The circumstance was taken advantage of by bill posters, and the dead animal's body was soon covered with advertising placards. This is only equalled by the exploit of a man in Wisconsin who covered a cow with advertisements and then turned her adrift.

An Ohio preacher tried to quote the verse in Matthew about "not one jot or tittle," and said: "Not one tot or jittle." Then he saw that he had erred, and tried again. "Not one jilt or tottle," said he and again stopped. But he would not give up, and began: "Not one tit or jottle," and then with a red face he gave it up and went on with his sermon, and there were not a half-dozen of his hearers who could really tell what the words were.

German Schools.

Prof. John K. Lord, of Dartmouth College, contributes to *Education* a series of papers on "German Schools." From the third paper on "The Results of the German School System," we extract a few sentences:

"Of its excellencies, no one could fail to mention its thoroughness. This comes, in the first place, from the fact that the scheme is consistent. From the time a boy enters the People's School, at six, till he leaves the Gymnasium or Real-Schule, at eighteen or twenty, he is pursuing a course that is homogeneous and consistent. There is no jar in passing from the lower to the higher grade. The break that often comes with us between the primary school and the academy, and between the academy and the college, does not occur. It is impossible, then, that teachers in different grades should be ignorant of the methods and principles that guide one another. They all are members of one body, and work in a common plan. Each is the complement of the other, and does his part in the joint building. Thoroughness depends largely upon competent supervision. This is perfectly secured in Germany. There are no loose ends; there is no referring of important principles of management to the vagaries and idiosyncrasies of individuals. Individuality has its full scope, but within the lines of established supervision. Organization that does not make a slave or an automaton of the individual is always most effectual toward a given end; and such organization exists in the German school."

SLAUGHTERING THE DUCKS.

Unlawful Shooting That is Spoiling a Sportsman's Paradise.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Nov. 4.—Already several of the ducking club houses have opened for the season, but both swan and ducks are very scarce. There are a few geese on the bars, but the natives are catching them in steel traps. The shooters increase here every year at a ratio of twenty per cent., and in consequence the wild fowl are growing rapidly less. From the present prospect Currituck Sound will soon be added to those places where "good shooting was to be had once." It is really a pity to see this natural home for every kind of wild fowl, which has been regarded as one of the finest shooting grounds in the world, destroyed; but the natives are doing this as fast as they can. Although there are but few ducks here, the Sound is literally covered with batteries and bush blinds. There are more bush blinds planted in the Sound this autumn, according to William Foster, the superintendent of the Palmer's Island Club, than ever before.

There is a price put on every duck, and every man and boy along the coast is going for that price, utterly regardless of the State laws. It is illegal to shoot ducks after sunset and before daylight, but the marshes are blazing with fires to attract the fowl at night, and almost every hour of the night when the weather is propitious the big gun shooters can be heard at their murderous work. Unless the members of the different ducking clubs band together and prosecute the law breakers, they might as well shut up their club houses for all the sport they will enjoy this season.

Ever since the clubs on the Maryland shore made it hot for the canvas-back and red-head night shooters, these men have come down here with their illegal outfits. They wait until the nights are dark and stormy. Then they load their big guns and drift on the ricks of fowl. When within shooting distance they suddenly expose a strong light in a reflector, something like the headlight of a locomotive. The fowl sit still, being dazed sufficiently long for the night shooter to sight and discharge his cannon. When this is properly aimed the slaughter is very great, one shot often killing and crippling 150 ducks. Of course, the cripples escape to die a lingering death on the marshes. This kind of shooting not only kills the fowl, but it frightens the survivors so much that they leave the Sound never to return.

The Rich Coal Fields of Colorado.

Prof. Newberry, of Columbia College, at a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, October 31, gave an enthusiastic description of some exceedingly rich coal fields in Western Colorado. He exhibited specimens of coal he had taken from various veins there but a few weeks ago, equal to any mined anywhere in the world, some of it showing only 3 per cent. of ash and one-half of 1 per cent. of sulphur. Some of the coals were anthracite and others bituminous, with an abundance of excellent cooking coals, portions of some veins just as found comparing favorably with the best Connellsville coke.

One of the veins he described as 18 feet thick of solid coal, with numerous other veins of 14, 10, 8 and 6 feet thickness. Three railways are now approaching this wonderfully rich coal field, and, notwithstanding the great difficulties attending freight transportation in so mountainous a region, its almost exhaustless stores of the best of fuel will soon be furnished in abundance for that large section of almost treeless country just east of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, from Dakota to Texas.

November Weather Proverbs.

As the wind is in the month of November, so it will be in December.

Thunder in November indicates a fertile year to come.

If there be ice in November that will bear a duck,
There will be nothing thereafter but sleet and muck.

If at St. Martin's (November 11) it is fair, dry and cold, the cold in winter will not last long.

If the geese an Martin's Day stand on ice, they will walk in mud on Christmas Day.

When in November the water rises, it will show itself the whole winter.

As November the 21, so the whole winter.

As at St. Catharine's (25th) foul or fair, so will be the next February.

As November, so the following March.

If the leaves of the trees and the grape vines do not fall before Martin's Day, a cold winter may be expected.—*Whalemen's Shipping List.*

Cotton Mills at the South.

In Georgia, at Columbus, the Swift Cotton Mills Company has added 8,000 spindles to its mill; the Muscogee, of the same place, a new mill of four hundred looms; the King Company, seven hundred looms and three thousand spindles; and at Augusta, Clarksville, Americus, West Point, Dalton and Savannah, large improvements are making and new mills building. In South Carolina, the Pacelot Company, with 12,000 spindles, is building another mill of equal size, and the Pelzer Company, with 22,000 spindles, is building another large mill. At Marion, a $100,000 mill is in course of construction, one of $500,000 at Greenville, one at Clifton of $300,000; one at Bennettsville of $200,000, one at Columbia of $250,000, and one at Fort Mill of $100,000, while others are projected. A cotton oil mill, at Little Rock, Ark., which cost $200,000, is crushing two hundred tons of seed daily. A $1,000,000 cotton mill is going up at Galveston, and a $500,000 cotton mill at Dallas.—*Dallas, in Wade's Fibre.*

FUNNY BUSINESS.

Ex-Judge Wm. P. Jenks, of Brookville, has been in the city all the week attending the Supreme Court. A good story is told of him while he was on the bench of Jefferson county. One day, a few years ago, he was trying a case in which his brother, Solicitor General George A. Jenks, was counsel. The story goes that George's client would have got the worst of it if the case had been decided by the jury according to law. But George was determined to win if it was in the wood, and made one of his eloquent speeches to the jury, which was composed of woodchoppers from the back districts of the county. After he had concluded the judge said:

"Well, George, you have explained your side of the case to the jury; I will now give them the law."

The judge, after explaining the law, points to the twelve "good men and true," instructed them to return a verdict against his brother's client. The jury retired and in a brief time returned with a verdict for George's client. The judge was dumbfounded, but accepted the finding. After the jurors had been discharged one of them was asked why they had returned a verdict contrary to the judge's instructions.

"Well," he replied, "you see George is a better lawyer than Bill, and he told us we must bring in a verdict for his client. We did so."

This is one reason why the present Solicitor General of the United States was so successful as a lawyer in his native county. The people believed everything he said.—*Pittsburg Post.*

He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply, and took the lily white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.

"Katie," he murmured, "I have waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity; will you, darling, be mine?"

"Henry," she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, "it can never be."

"Never be! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?"

"I am sorry, Henry; but I can never be yours; I have othes objects in view."

"Other objects?"

"Yes, Henry; I cannot consent to belong to any man; I intend that you shall be mine."—*Boston Budget.*

"Absalom," said an editor who was hard at work at the first number of his paper, "what would you suggest as a suitable motto to go under the head on the first page?"

"How would, 'Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may' do?" replied the foreman, "or 'The Union, now and forever, one and inseparable'?"

"They are very good," said the editor, but they don't quite suit me. I have been thinking of 'With malice toward none, with charity for all,' and yet that isn't exactly what I am after, either. Let me see—I'll take the responsibility.—Jackson.' 'Whatever is morally wrong cannot be politically right,' 'One flag, one country,—ah, I have it! Make the motto 'No pay, no paper,' Absalom."—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is sweet to see the farmer
As he tramples on the tramp;
It is sweet to see the grocer
As he samples out his samp;
And the rustic rusket rustle
Of the leaflet on the twig
Is as soothing as the wriglet
And the jiglet of the pig.—*Puck.*

"Well, Jedge, what do you think of the President by this time?" inquired Colonel Applejack, of Virginia, of Judge Ambidexter, of Cincinnati. "He's got the hull country with him, hain't he?"

"Not quite so sure of that," responded the Judge.

"How so?" rejoined the Colonel; "what does he lack of it?"

"A little Foraker lot out in Ohio, with a natural-gas well on it," suggested the Judge, with a sly twinkle in his eye. And the statesmen disappeared behind a neighboring screen to celebrate the joke.—*Puck.*

"Where have you been, Mr. Boosby?" asked an irate wife early in the morning. "Bin out watchin' the leckshun returns."

"Humph! that's a nice occupation for a man like you."

"My dear, don't you care nuzzhin' 'bout er (hic) plitical sitshasun? you ought to know 'bout zhe returns."

"I know all I want to about election returns; in your case they mean return home tipsy every time; now take off your boots and keep quiet, or I'll call ma."—*Washington Critic.*

The stars may fade in the sky above, the breeze may die away; the swallows may cease to fly, my love, and the sun to illume the day; the heavens may never weep a tear, the ocean may cease to moan; I may in the desert sleep, my love, my pillow a naked stone. Fair Luna may change her hue above, the ship be without a mast, but I'll never go back on you, my love, so long as your love may last.—*Lincoln Journal.*

Scotch thriftiness is illustrated in this new version of an old story, given in the San Francisco *Chronicle:* A Scotchman died and went to Heaven. St. Peter opened the gate, and he saw the streets paved with gold and the mansion in the skies. "Weel, I'm a stranger here, and I dinna ken if I've ony richt to tae creeticise, but I'm thinkin' a's this is fair extravagance."—*Exchange.*

"The man who invented those metal-toed shoes was the best friend the schoolboy ever had," commented old Brown.

"No, he wasn't pa," replied littly Johnny, who had been whipped that day. "The schoolboy won't have a friend until some one invents a pair of metal-seated trousers.'—*The Judge.*

Now the sportsman goes off with his gun
In search of a day's royal fun,
But returns home anon
With his powder all gone
And his fingers less numerous by one.
—*Boston Gazette.*

Mrs. Curmey—See my new winter wrap! Isn't it lovely? A boy brought it up, but he didn't bring the bill.

Mr. Curmey—Of course not. A boy couldn't carry the bill. They will send the bill up to-morrow on a dry.—*Puck.*

Teacher—Now, Absalom, your father is a grocer. Suppose that he had ten pounds of sugar, which he sells to me at 12 cents a pound, how much would he have?

Absalom—He'd have a dollar and twenty cents and four pounds