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The Chestertown Transcript.

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KIRK'S

FLOATING SOAP
—IS—
THE CHIEF
For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.
Snow White and Absolutely Pure.
If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.
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 Commission 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. J. 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.

DAVID E. 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

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.

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.

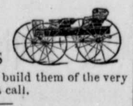
LIME! LIME!
No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,
—FOR—
BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING
LOWEST PRICES
J. B. SAPPNGTON.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne Counties. ep1

SHAFER & MEDDERS,
KENNEDYVILLE
Would respectfully invite all in need of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
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.

A REMEDY FOUND AT LAST TO CURE
Hog Cholera!

LIEBERMAN'S
HOG CHOLERA REMEDY
WILL 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.

NOTICE! NOTIE!
The Rising Sun Saloon
IS now open for the Summer Trade. We are now making
THE BEST ICE CREAM
that the town or county can produce.
Frozen Custard, Water Ices,
Cakes, &c., Beefsteak,
Ham and Eggs,
Coffee, Lobster, Canned Oysters,
Turtle Soup, Ox-Tail Soup,
Hard and Soft Crabs.
P. S.—We are also making a BOSTON CREAM that cannot be beaten. All lovers of good Ice Cream please give our Boston Cream a trial.
I have Harrison Jenkins, a very nice young man, who will receive all orders and act in my place when I am absent.
WILLIAM PERKINS,
May 19, 1887. Proprietor.

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. Kennedyvill

JACOB WOLF,
Dealer in WINES & LIQUORS.

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

CORNER OF LIGHT AND CONWAY,
opposite Chester River Steamboat Co.
May 19—6m.

J. H. HILL, M. D.,
Millington, - - - Maryland.
Office and Drug Store on Cypress street.
May be found at Mallalieu's Hotel at night.
A supply of Medicines carried for out-of-town patients. d15-tf.

ONLY THINK OF IT! Twelve inches—a *whole foot of Good Tobacco*—nice flat plug for ten cents! Sound twist Tobacco as low as 25 cents a pound at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

KASKINE
(THE NEW QUININE.)

Superior to QUININE in its Power to Cure one DISEASE Without Causing another.
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. W. T. Totten, Druggist, North Tenth St., Phila., writes: "Mr. J. Wonderly, cor. 29th St. and Montgomery Ave., has just been talking to me about Kaskine. He says he has regained his health by the use of it, and is free from all pain. Before that he could work only one or two days a week."
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.,

—VERY—
Heavy Reduction
—IN THE—
Following Line of Goods
SHAWLS—Single and Double—varying from 50 cents to $7.50. Greatly reduced in price.
HEAVY RED TWILLED FLANNELS
I have just cut very heavily.
HAMBURG EDGINGS,
LACES and SWISS EMBROIDERIES,
☞ AT OR ABOUT COST. ☜
MY 50 CENT
ALL WOOL BLACK CASHMERES,
are much Below Value.
LADIES' CLOTH BALMORAL SKIRTS,
At much Lower prices than ever before sold.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

BOOTS AND SHOES
Do not forget the GREAT BARGAINS we are offering in a number of lines of Boots and Shoes.
We have just cut a large line of BOY'S BUTTONED SHOES to *near half their value.*
Our Woman,s Plain Heavy Shoe, that only a few days we were selling at $1.25, we are now offering at $1.00 per pair.
Remember the line of
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS
REDUCED TO COST.
Good Patterns and Desirable Goods.
MEN'S
KNIT UNDERWEAR,
at lower prices than can be bought at any other place in the county.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

—A LARGE STOCK—
OF MEN'S HEAVY WINTER GLOVES,
cut in prices to very near cost.
WE MEAN TO REDUCE STOCK!
considerably this month,
IF PRICES WILL DO IT!
Call and see us, and you will find that we will save you money.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Dec. 1. 1887.

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.,

NOTICE.
THE RISING SUN SALOON is now prepared to accommodate the public with all the delicacies of the season, such as Spring Chickens, Soft, Develled and Hard Crabs, Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, Turtle Soup, Terrapin Soupand Ox Tail Soup.
WM. PERKINS,
June 2, 1887 Proprietor.
IRON Cultivators! Iron Cultivators!! and Extra Cultivator Points complete at
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

SHOES, SHOES, SHOES
DON'T pay fancy prices for Shoes. We have a good, fresh stock for Ladies, for Misses, for Boys and for Babies, at prices that will sell them on sight. Call and see at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'
WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, and will makeit to the interest of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.
J. H. SIMPERS

THE VOICES OF THE WIRES.

BY HOWARD MEEKS.

Touched by some mysterious fingers,
Hear ye not the unseen singers,
As the cadence softly lingers
On the ambient air?
Now a gladsome song intoning;
Now a cruel fate bemoaning;
Hearts o'er shattered hopes are groaning
In wild despair.

List the song the wires are singing!
Hark the tidings they are bringing!
Hear! the merry bells are ringing
A glad refrain;
And the evening sun declining,
Notes harmonious are divining
The ardent love two hearts entwining;
Bliss, almost pain!

And the gentle zephyrs blowing
On the raptur'd ear are throwing
Strains the Vesper hours are knowing,
And only they;
Tumultuous joys two hearts are swelling,
Downcast eyes the old tale telling,
All meaner thoughts the soul dispelling—
Dark gloom, away!

Hear them, how their voices "jangle,"
How the notes commingling wrangle
In a labyrinthine tangle
Of mad melody.
North and south they fly, and meeting,
Forward, backward, then retreating,
Burdened with their happy greeting,
In strange ecstacy.

Oh, ye wires! Why this sad wailing?
Why are bright faces blanch'd and paling?
Remorseless Death must be assailing
Life's citadel.
Slow and solemn bells are tolling;
Waves of sorrow o'er sad hearts rolling,
Sternly our mirth and glee controlling,
Rise and swell.

Ah! the wires are sounding deeper.
Can they wake the silent sleeper?
Can they cheer the hopeless weeper
for the dead?
Cease, oh, cease your sad repining;
Almighty arms are now entwining
The loved ye are thus consign.ng
To its narrow bed!

—*Grange Garner.*

A LOUISIANA BEAR.

Attacking a Locomotive and Saving the Life of a Frightened Negro.

From the Iberville South.

There are a good many bear stories going the rounds nowadays, but we have one which actually occurred in this parish during the present week. On a small plantation a mile or two above Bayou Goula a black bear was seen to enter a turnip patch and at once proceed to help himself to as many turnips as his appetite demanded. It is said that a colored man witnessed the unauthorized levity of Mr. Bruin and determined that he would enter the place and drive the invader out. Acting upon the impulse, he immediately entered the enclosure and started in bruin's direction. As soon as the man's presence became known to the bear he discontinued his vegetable repast, with the evident intention of embellishing it with meat, and, with ears thrown back and head erect, he started toward the son of Ham with the apparent intention of testing the qualities of his makeup. The darky saw him coming, and at once decided that he did not wish to drive his bearship from the field, and rather than attempt it he would leave the field himself. So he graciously turned his face in the opposite direction, and made for the railroad. The bear seemed to be socially inclined and willingly followed his visitor, accelerating his speed as he traveled. Sambo imitated him and quickened his pace. And thus they had it for some time straight up the railroad: run bear run man and the devil take the hindmost. Suddenly the colored man heard a rumbling noise down the track, and knew at once that the night express train was coming. In a short time it hove in sight, running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

When the train came in sight the colored man jumped from the track and continued his wild flight on the side of it. The bear also heard the noise, and looking around saw the iron horse, with its red lights and its terrible wheezing and puffing, rushing madly upon him. He seemed to lose all thought of the man, and turned his attention to the new foe which threatened him. Rearing defiantly upon his haunches, with his fore feet extended, he snarlingly awaited the oncoming train. He hadn't long to wait, and the ponderous engine, with the long and heavily laden train, struck old bruin amidships, and in a jiffy sent him to the happy hunting grounds to join the members of his family which had preceded him there. He was skinned on the spot—by piecemeal, we suppose—and the colored man who had been racing with him enjoyed a slice of hapless bruin for supper.

Storm Proverbs.

From the Boston Journal.

When oxen or sheep collect together as if they were seeking shelter, a storm may be expected.

Domestic animals stand with their heads from the coming storm.

Foxes barking at night indicate storm.

Peafowl utter loud cries before a storm, and select a low perch.

Wild geese flying over in great numbers indicate approaching storm.

When a heavy cloud comes up in the southwest and seems to settle back again look out for a storm.

Red clouds at sunset indicate a storm.

A long strip of clouds called a Salmon or Noah's Ark, east and west, is a sign of stormy weather, but when it extends north and south it is a sign of dry weather.

North and south the sign of drought,
East and west the sign of blast.

If the clouds be of different heights, the sky being grayish or dirty blue, with hardly any wind stirring, the wind, however, changing from west to south, or sometimes to southeast, without perceptibly increasing in force, expect storm.

The aurora, when very bright, indicates storm.

Coals becoming alternately bright and dim indicate approaching storms.

Fire always burns brighter and throws out more heat just before a storm, and is hotter during a storm.

It is said that blacksmiths select a stormy day in which to perform work that requires extra heat.

Soot burning on back of chimney indicates storm.

Distant sounds heard with distinctness during the day indicate rain.

Sound traveling far and wide
A stormy day will betide.

The weather usually moderates before a storm.

Little Things that Kill.

At various times the newspapers have warned the public against swallowing the seeds of grapes, oranges, etc., because of the danger of such substances getting into a small intestinal bag, or cul-de-sac, called by doctors the *appendix vermiformis*. This is a receptacle formed at the junction of the large and small intestines, but its use or object no physician knows. It has been thought to be a rudimentary or incomplete formation—or possibly some meaningless survival of a lost anterior type. At any rate, its existence, while presenting no apparent "reason for being," as the French say, is, on the other hand, a positive and constant source of danger, because of the liability of its becoming the receptacle of some undigested seed or other indigestible substance. In that case it produces a state of inflammation, which, in nearly all cases, proves fatal. Fortunately, but few seeds among the great number so heedlessly swallowed seem to get into this little death trap—although any one seems likely to lodge there. Perhaps more cases of inflammation of the bowels than the doctors suspect may be, in reality, due to this obscure and disregarded cause. One sad case, which to-day produces a feeling of deep regret among thousands, and which plunges a family in overwhelming grief, occurred in this city recently, in the lamented death of J. Robert Dwyer, the much lamented adjutant of the governor's foot guard—a man whose place that corps cannot make good. His case so baffled the physicians that an autopsy was had and that revealed a piece of peanut shell in the *appendix vermiformis.*—*Hartford Times.*

FASHION NOTES.

Red is much in favor for cloth dresses.

The latest fad on ball dresses is long angel sleeves.

Handkerchiefs entirely of lace are coming in vogue.

Easter bonnets will match the gowns worn with them.

The Tosca is the favorite French round hat, and it has a low crown.

Black, dark-brown, or gray furs trim red cloth dresses very tastefully.

The ideal house gown of the season has deliciously loose and easy sleeves.

There are many poke-trimmed bonnets among the importations of spring millinery.

All pale shades of green from reseda to sage will be in high favor for Easter bonnets.

Capotes of white cloth, braided with gold, come to us from Paris for the Easter season.

Aumonieres, or alms bags, and carved ivory rosaries are beautiful gifts for the Easter season.

The ribbons that trim the first production of Easter bonnets are wider than those of the present season.

Apple green will be the spring color, but only girls with fresh pink and white complexions can wear it.

Shaded or ombre ribbons, watered or moire, and glace or changeable ribbons are all shown in new millinery importations.

House gowns for Easter receptions have full front corsages, lapped corsage draperies, full plastron waistcoats, and bretelles.

The latest fancy in rosaries are those of ivory with each head carved in a symbolic design representing a scene in the Passion.

The white cloth tailor gown, with pinked edges and borders and fine gold or silver braiding, will be the fad among first spring costumes.

Hoops of steel in the back of ball gown underskirts make those of demi-train length float out cloudlike behind instead of trailing on the floor.

Ribbons printed in jardiniere patterns to match the designs on bengalines, China silks, and challes come among millinery novelties for early spring.

Some of the angel sleeves of ball gowns are dotted with pallette spangles, this decoration being the only tinsel in the toilet except the spangled fan of crepe lisse.

It is in good taste to wear the hat or bonnet of the same cloth as the jacket and trimmed with fur to match the same, and with an aigrette of feathers.

The conical high-crowned hat will be worn another season, but theatre bonnets only will be seen at plays, operas and concerts, or, at least, such is the prediction.

All evening gowns, even dinner dresses, are airy, floating, gauzy, cloudlike creations of tulle or lace, with only a hint of velvet, moire, or peau de soie in the way of a low V-shaped bodice.

The confirmation and first communion robe of this year is preferred to be of white woollen stuff, camel's hair, cashmere, or serge in cream or ivory tints; the bodices are finished with tucked betelles, and the plain pleated skirts have tucks *ad libitum* above a deep hem.

Tailor gowns for early spring wear are being made up of delicate tinted lightweight cloths, and have the bodice lined with chamois, a light layer of wadding and an inside lining of white satin added, as the chamois sleeves do not slip on easily, and the chamois soils quicker than satin.

There is more attention paid to the artistic dressing of the feet this winter than ever before since the days of the French or the first empire. Slippers or low shoes for evening wear are of black, white bronze, and colored kid, of strips of ribbon, of velvet, satin, of suede and ribbon in stripes; and the decorations in tinsel, beads, embroidery, ribbons and flowers, buckles and slides, are veritable works of art.

A Mysterious Incident by the Deathbed of a Chattanooga Man.

From the Philadelphia Press.

CHATTANOOGA, Feb. 11.—The killing of Lewis Owens by James M. Barns on Jan. 10 last will be recalled. But there is one peculiar feature of the case, or rather a feature that grew out of the case, that has just come to the surface, and that is as yet known to but few Chattanoogans.

A few months ago young Barns came here from Georgia and formed a partnership with M. J. Nix to engage in the boot and shoe trade. After a few weeks Barns sold out to Lewis Owens, one of the wealthiest and best known men in Tennessee. It appears that Barns and Owens quarreled over the settlement, and, after being struck in the face, Barns drew his revolver and shot Owens three times, the third shot being fatal, though not instantly. The wounded man was carried to his house, where everything possible was done, but nothing could save him. However, he fought desperately to beat back the rider of the pale horse, and so gallantly did he struggle that he lived several days. Saturday, January 14, came, and Barns was for the second time taken before the magistrate, and after a stubbornly fought trial he was released on bail, the magistrate holding that inasmuch as the victim of his shooting was still alive murder was not yet committed. The next day Owens grew worse, and toward evening sank into a stupor. Those who had been watching by the bedside knew that the end was not far off.

Among those who had remained through the night was ex-Mayor Sharp. A little after 4 o'clock Monday morning Mr. Sharp left the room in which the wounded man was lying for a moment, and a circumstance that soon occurred is the feature referred to in the beginning of this story. Mr. Sharp does not like to talk of the matter, but he consented to tell it to your correspondent, and his own words are used.

"I was standing," he said, "with my elbow resting upon the mantelpiece, looking down into the fire. The coals were nearly consumed, and the apparent efforts of the embers to burst again into flames again reminded me of the heroic efforts of my friend to get a fresh and stronger hold upon the soul that was surely, though slowly, slipping away from him. And I was running over in my mind the vicissitudes of life—how fleet of foot misfortunes are; how sorrow comes across our path at the meridian hour of the brightest day, leaving a shadow by us—when the lines of Horace came to me: 'Pale death with equal tread knocks at the cottage of the poor and the palace of the rich.' The thought was still lingering in my mind when I was aroused by a tap on my shoulder. Supposing some one had entered while I was absorbed in thought, I turned to answer, but no one was there, and the door was still closed. I was startled, and immediately returned to the wounded man's side, where I found the watchers as pale as the watched, and tremoling like aspen leaves. They asked me if I had been making any noise, and on assuring them to the contrary they looked at each other in amazement. They said that just before I entered the room a sound as of the moaning wind seemed to pervade the room, and peculiarly appalling sounds—not loud, but ominous—were distinctly heard; and that for an instant the lamp, which had been turned low, almost went out, and the little light left seemed to shine as though through a fog. What it was I know not, but it couldn't have been fancy on the part of us all. There were two other watchers besides myself. Besides, I was in a separate room, with the door closed, and I had said nothing to them of the tapping on my shoulder. If I were a spiritualist I would believe that the soul of Lewis Owens, just starting on its journey home, stopped to say good-by to me, for when we went to look at our charge he was still in death."

Mr. Sharp is one of the best known citizens of Chattanooga, a member of the bar, ex-mayor of the city, intelligent and fearless. He is so well known and his word is so trustworthy that those who have heard the story cannot but believe that something supernatural attended the flight of Lewis Owens' spirit from its prison home of clay.

THE DRUMMER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

A Thrilling Adventure with Bad Men Down in Texas.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BONHAM, Tex., Feb. 6.—A drummer has just come to grief in this city in a manner that will cause unlimited fun for the citizens for many weeks to come. Last Saturday there arrived in town a young Hebrew drummer who represented a jewelry house in Philadelphia. This was the young man's first trip to Texas, and he thought it was a way-back country, where style was not wont to dwell. He dressed himself up in the latest Broadway agony, and proceeded to promenade the town, eyeing every girl he met.

His actions were noticed by several young men of the town, who determined to take some of the conceit out of the drummer. They accordingly formed a band of eight or ten and agreed upon a plan of action. Two of the young men made friendly advances to him and proposed to show him the town by night. To all of their plans the young man readily agreed, and about 10 o'clock at night the trio started out in the west part of the town to an alleged beer garden. When about half a mile from the square, in a dark, muddy and thinly settled portion of the city, the drummer and his escort were suddenly confronted by five or six heavily armed and desperate looking individuals, who called to the trio to halt. The dude's escort, according to a preconcerted arrangement, made a break to run, and the drummer, who was almost frightened out of his wits, thinking it a Texas hold-up, of course ran also.

Immediately the armed party commenced a regular fusillade, about twenty shots being fired after the fleeing party. One of the guides fell and cried that he was seriously wounded. This added terror to the thoroughly frightened youth, who had gained the middle of the street, and, regardless of mud and good clothes, was running for dear life. Police Officer Weathersby, who had started to learn the cause of so much shooting, met the fleeing figure of the "masher," and, throwing his pistol down into his face, told him to stop. The officer assured him that no harm was intended, and allowed him to come on to town, where he had a remarkable story to tell of his escape from the band of desperadoes. Presently the boys who had acted as escort straggled in, one of them limping from an alleged bullet wound. The drummer was informed that his life was in danger; that his actions had incensed many of the citizens, who would surely kill him if he did not soon make his escape from this town. He was advised to disguise himself and leave as soon as possible. This suggestion he agreed to act upon the next day, and went to his room in the Crockett House, locking himself in, and spent a sleepless night.

Yesterday morning he sent for the barber, who went to his room and cut off his long-cherished moustache. He then sent for a slouch hat, old coat and ducking overalls. When he had put on this disguise, and was about to start to the depot, another drummer put him on to the joke. By this time, however, everybody in town had learned of the affair, and great crowds of people gathered around the depot to see the tenderfoot of the East. So annoying did the jeering crowd become to the masher that he begged the depot officials to lock him in the freight room until the train arrived. This was done, and the verdant youth from Philadelphia says if he ever sees Bonham again it will be through a telescope. Nothing has caused so much interest and fun in this place for years.

Winter Care of Poultry in a Nutshell.

I notice that much interest is shown in the matter of winter laying of hens. As I have had good success in that line this year, your readers may be interested to know what has been done.

1. Stock. My brood consists of eight pure Brahma hens, two years old; ten Plymouth Rocks, and ten of a cross between a pure Brown Leghorn cockerel and White Brahma hens, of which twelve are eight and the balance six months old; one Plymouth Rock and one Brown Leghorn cockerel.

2. Feed. First thing in the morning a medium feed of three parts wheat and one of corn. In the middle of the morning the table scraps from breakfast warmed up and a tablespoonful of concentrated chicken feed from the grocer's stirred in. In the middle of the afternoon the dinner scraps are fed as they run. We give no feed at night. Water given in an open iron baking pan every morning.

3. House. Moderate size, wood floor, two small windows, floor raised a foot from the ground, shelter shed on one side. No artificial heat. Well ventilated.

4. The Run. Since the middle of October they have been free to forage in lawn and garden.

5. General Care. House cleaned weekly in summer, and once a month whitewashed with carbolic acid in *very thin* lime wash, fresh hay in nests and roosts rubbed with kerosene. The run spaded up twice in the year.

6. Results. But two chickens or hens lost from sickness in two years. Pullets begin to lay at six months of age, the crossbred laying first—nine to twelve eggs a day through December and January, thus far.

E. W. W.
Essex, Conn.

—*Rural New-Yorker.*

"Furor Teutonicus."

From the Boston Globe.

The European powers seem to be just spoiling for a free fight. But that would cost a pot of money besides the lives of perhaps a million poor fellows who have nothing to gain either way, and nothing to lose except their lives or limbs. The *Globe* repeats its suggestion that the difficulties be settled by the old mode of single combat between selected champions, who shall fight in a 24-foot ring and wear skin gloves. It would be just as conclusive and a great deal cheaper.

From the Chicago News.

It will be as vain an attempt on the part of the present leaders of European civilization to shirk the inevitable contest with Russia as it will be for our present social system to shirk its clearly foreshadowed contest with Anarchism.

From the Boston Globe.

Bismarck may cry "Peace, peace!" but when Bismarck says that he is generally preparing to give some European power a stinging left-hander under the ear.

From the Boston Traveler.

The European boys who are now defying each other stand two to one, but the one is a big fellow.

From the Missouri Republican.

Bismarck always predicts peace when he is prepared for war.

Wild Ponies on the Southern Coast.

On the banks or sand bars that divide the Atlantic Ocean from Pamlico Sound, North Carolina, just inside the lighthouse that marks out to the mariner dreaded Cape Lookout, there is to be found a hardy race of ponies known as "bankers." These ponies have lived there as long as the tradition of the oldest inhabitant dates back. Entirely surrounded by deep water at all seasons, having no communication with the mainland, and being barren of vegetation save a scanty growth of sedge grass and low shrubs, the banks have remained uninhabited except by these ponies, which seem to thrive and multiply in spite of the hardships to which they are exposed. How they first came there, or of what origin, is conjecture, and tradition merely hints the story of a violent storm, with its attendant shipwreck and loss of all on board, save a lot of ponies from some European port, which were cast upon the sands, and, surviving the storm, became the progenitors of the race now so numerous.

Having to rely on instinct alone, these animals are a subject of study to the naturalist, as they are a prey not only to the driving sands, but to the storms of the cape, that break upon and over the narrow sand bar, and change with each recurring hurricane the topography of the country. The ponies, choosing the protected side of the hillocks, burrow deep into the yielding sand, and stamp out a protected stall, where they take refuge from the storm; and, while many are destroyed, their number has increased.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Queer Case of an Indiana Millionaire.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Feb. 12.—The arrest of Wm. H. Durham, president of the First National Bank of this city, for making false returns of his personal property, is the subject of much discussion. The bank books show that Mr. Durham has had a standing deposit in his name for the past few years ranging from $130,000 to $136,000, and it is also stated that the bank allowed him four per cent. interest on the amount. Mr. Durham alleges that the indictments are the work of his enemies, who are trying to bleed him for revenue.

The money, Mr. Durham says, is the product of $100,000 untaxable United States bonds which were turned into greenbacks, also untaxable, and were thus turned for the use of the bank in a case of emergency, as banks were going to the wall all over the country, and he did not want the First National Bank to be in a hampered position in case of trouble. It is so stated that the money held by Mr. Durham is not in greenbacks, and is liable for the back taxes, which will be about $10,000, and that he is also subject to two fines of $50,000 each. The amount Mr. Durham gave in for taxation was the small sum of $553 last March. Mr. Durham is worth near $1,000,000, but his wealth has caused him much trouble and many lawsuits.

Crockery and the Tariff.

In the store of a Chicago crockery merchant:

"What is the average custom house tax on pottery?"

"Sixty-five per cent."

"That is, I am paying you that much more for these purchases because of the duty."

"That's it."

"But I aid in fostering an infant American industry of tremendous advantage to the whole people. How are the Jersey potteries doing?"

"Indifferently."

"The call is for superior products of foreign manufacture?"

"Yes."

"What would be the effect upon your business if the tax on pottery were shorn of the protective feature?"

"We would do a larger volume of business at a slighter risk of loss. We would have less capital, less local taxation, less insurance, smaller bad debts."

"But neither your interest as a merchant nor my interest as a customer shall be considered by Congress, because some Jersey potters desire to turn out inferior table furniture at handsome profits."

"That's it."

"Well, blessed be protection."

—*Chicago Herald.*

Woman's Chat from Washington.

A recent reception at the White House on Thursday night was almost at an end when a unique little entertainment was furnished those who stood behind the receiving line. A fair young girl was presented to the President. As he took her hand she ducked down six inches; the movement might be termed a lightning courtesy. The same action precisely was repeated a moment later, as Mrs. Cleveland shook hands with her. She remained chatting with the wife of the President. "How awfully 'country!' What part of Idaho do you suppose she came from?" was the comment at my elbow on the "lightning courtesy." "That is the noted Bostonese professional beauty, and that trick bow is the latest English custom on being presented to people of note." The movement is a difficult one, and there will be much humor in town if the amateur beauties determine to adopt it.—*Washington (D. C.) Critic.*

In Washington it is the fad now for calling ladies to carry a small basket of rich La France or Bonsaline roses in their hand. They alight from their carriages and carry them with them into the house when the visit is one in person.—*Boston Globe.*

Women in Public Life Out West.

Six Senate lady committee clerks sat on one settee at the rear. All were crocheting, careless of the future. The President sent them the reverse of a "round-robin" to the effect that he approved of committee clerks—lady clerks in particular—but he begged to remind them that President Ives, of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, was standing up, and so was his wife. If they would retire their respective rooms few would know how they spent their unoccupied time, and Mrs. Ives could then have a seat. The six clerks couldn't be hired to sit in a row in sight of the presiding officer now, and the crochet bags only come up in committee room and will never return therefrom.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

Rev. Ida C. Hutton opened the Iowa Senate with prayer yesterday, which is believed to be the first instance in the history of the country of such office being performed by a woman.—*Memphis Avalanche, Feb. 5.*

The Sherman Boom.

There was a striking little scene in the Senate this morning when Presidential candidate Senator John Sherman returned to his seat from his pilgrimage to Boston and Columbus. He came into the chamber from the private lobby door just after prayers. He was looking cross and somewhat careworn, and evidently suffered from a bad cold. He went around behind the chairs, and just as he started down among the desks Senator Hale met him. The Maine Senator patted Sherman on the back and whispered laughingly something about Blaine. The Buckeye statesman's face instantly lighted up into a grim smile and he went on his way to his seat. Then the Hon. Bill Chandler grasped his hand and assured him that he was much nearer the Presidency now than when he left the Senate last week, as it was a sure thing that Blaine meant exactly what he said in the Florentine epistle. Father Morrill then joined Chandler and Sherman, and in his gentle way welcomed the latter back, and assured him that his friends were all glad at his brightened prospects. Hawley, himself a candidate, took Hoar over to see Sherman and both shook his hand. Candidate Allison, who had been for ten minutes chatting earnestly with the Senate Chaplain, twitted him about the Blaine letter. After Allison came Dark Horse Hiscock and his faithful groom, Senator Aldrich. They had been holding a long conversation on a sofa, and returned to it. Mr. Aldrich has long been a firm and valuable friend and intimate companion of Mr. Hiscock's, and it is quite likely their conference to-day referred to the New York Senator's little boom which at the proper time may be fanned into quite a popular movement. All this time the icy Mr. Edmunds had been sitting in his chair apparently oblivious to his surroundings, and paying not the least attention to Mr. Sherman and his friends. He was aware of his presence, however, for when the Ohio Senator stepped down to the clerk's desk he brushed against the Vermonter, who made no sign of joy at the return of his friend. His silence was the subject of general remark. Mr. Sherman remained in his committee room nearly all day, and was called upon by several prominent Republicans. He will nurse his cold during the next few days, and on Monday night will leave for Detroit with Senator Palmer's party of statesmen to speak at the Michigan Club meeting on Washington's Birthday.

FUNNY BUSINESS.

The Good Book has said that it is not well for man to be alone. It has been saying it for about 2000 years, more or less; but it was only recently that we conceded that such was indeed the case and proceeded to get us a wife. Our readers are no doubt well acquainted with the Widow Blodgers, who keeps the boarding-house around the corner from this office—good clean beds, and a square meal for 50 cents. There, in that mansion, it was that Cupid's bow was shot clean through our tender heart. Yes, there we saw the Widow Blodgers, and it was there that we wooed, and won, and wed her. It was on a moonlight night she approached us with a board bill in her hand; but, all undaunted, we fell at her feet and poured forth the tale of affection which filled our bosom. Need we say that the moon looked down with watery eyes through the dark swaying boughs of the oak? Need we say that a fair head nestled on our editorial shoulders and she said she would be ours? No! But such was so, and to-night we are a married man. The ceremony? Who can tell about it? There was the parson—we promised him $2. There was the bride, all white flubdubs and veils, and flowers and ribbons; and smiles and bright eyes, and there was we—the whole is summed up in the confession that we hereby breathe forth to the brethren of the press—we are no longer a we; we are us.—*Eagle Gulch War-Whoop.*

Her hands were clasped spasmodically over her heart and her face bore a grimace of agony. Her solicitous escort found her thus, and his surmise was that somebody had deeply offended her.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh! I am in pain," she replied.

"But what is it?"

"I don't want to tell."

"Really you must. Who did it?"

"I did it myself. If you must know, I didn't eat anything at supper except ice cream and a nice, big greenish apple. That is what ails me."

"But what makes you hold you hands on your heart for a stomach-ache?"

"Hush! A girl must have some regard for appearances. So bring me some brandy in a sherry glass and carry the sherry bottle in your other hand."—*New York Correspondence Chicago Herald.*

A Baltimore man named Marrow was in the "Row" yesterday with a friend meeting some of the newspaper men. When Colonel Mussey came up the friend remarked:

"Colonel Mussey, let me present my friend, Mr. Marrow, of Baltimore."

"Ah, Mr. Marrow," said the Colonel; "glad to meet you. Are you related to the Bonapartes?"

"Not that I know of," responded the gentleman, innocently, and the Colonel took his little joke out in the back yard and broke it open with an