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The Chestertown Transcript.

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KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD

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.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS

Downes & Jennings,

Merchant Tailors

RIALTO BUILDING,

No. 407 Second Street

BALTIMORE, MD.

Wroth & Aldridge

ARE PREPARED

TO MEET THE WANTS OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC IN THE

MERCHNTILE LINE!

They Buy Judiciously

AND SELL ACCORDINGLY.

☞ THEY ARE PLEASED AT ALL TIMES TO SHOW GOODS.

CHILLED PLOWS!

Chilled Plows!

As Good as the Best, Made in Baltimore, and No Trouble to Get Repairs.

The A3 ROLAND PLOW, light 1-horse,
" B3 " " medium 1-horse,
" D3 " " light 2-horse,
" 2 3 " " medium 2-horse,
" 4 3 " " medium 3-horse,
" S 3½ NORRIS PLOW, 2 or 3-horse with reversible, self-sharpening share; and the No. 3 FURROW GANG PLOW, for Peach Orchards. Castings on hand for the above Plows, and can furnish Castings for the Oliver, Wiard, Wiley, Concave, Minor & Horton, and Gang Plows. Plow Hames, Traces, Lines, Back Bands. The above bought at lowest cash prices and for sale at small advance by

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

March 8, 1888.

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.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' ANNUAL NOTICE.

THE County Commissioners of Kent County will meet at their office in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY,

THE 6TH DAY OF MARCH, 1888,

at 11 o'clock A. M., and will continue to meet at the same place and hour

EVERY TUESDAY,

Until the 8th day of May ne ,

For the purpose of noting transfers and correcting assessments.

All persons who have sold or transferred any assessable property since their last sitting for said purpose, are particularly requested to attend at an early day to have their assessments corrected and adjusted.

After Tuesday, 15th of May next,

No ALTERATIONS or CORRECTIONS in the assessments will be made for the present year.

☞ All persons having ACCOUNTS against the county are requested to present the same on or before

Tuesday, 12th day of June next,

otherwise they may be excluded from the levy this year. All accounts properly chargable to the county are required to be made out in a clear manner and itemized and rendered under oath.

All applications for pension must be made in writing, stating the condition and circumstances of the applicant and vouched for by three or more freeholders having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

N. B.—All persons neglecting to have their assessments corrected are hereby notified that no allowance for taxes paid in error in consequence of such neglect will be made.

WILLIAM MORRIS, Pres;
JOHN F. ERNEST,
EDW. W. HEPBRON,
SAMUEL F. COOPER,
JOHN DICKINSON,
Commissioners.

Attest—T. W. RUSSELL, Clerk.
Feb. 23, 1888.

1888. 1888

READ! READ! READ!

NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

4/4 Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c. a yard
4-4 " " "	5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c. "
Fruit of Loom " "	9c. "

Calico 3½ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c., Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair.

Ladies' Solid Color Hose	8c. a pair
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose	10c. "
Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose	25c. "
Ladies' Corsets, good 25c., extra good Corsets 45c.	45c. "
Ladies' Vests, extra good	45c.
Gloves	5c. to 25c.
Gents' Undershirts	25c.
Extra Heavy Undershirts	45c.
Gents' unlaundered Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms	65c.
Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.	

GROCERIES.

Brown Sugar	5c. per pound
Nearly White Sugar	6c. "
Granulated Sugar	7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee	24c. "
Good Tea, green and black	50c. "
Good Syrup	30c. a gallon.
Black Molasses	20c. "
Pure Apple Vinegar	30c "
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke, 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons	$1.00
"Red C." Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gal. for	75c.
Lump Starch	4½c. a pound
Bread Soda	4½c. "
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars	$1.00
Soapine	4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap	4c.

OUR TOBACCO AT 40C. BEATS THE BEST

Cigars 90c. a box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY.

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS.

Mince Meat, all kinds Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Meats, Mackarel, Herring and Shad.

FLOUR.

Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove.

AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES!

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON,

AT THE OLD STAND ON CROSS STREET,
Jan. 5, 1888. Chestertown, Md.

GARDEN SEED!

GUARANTEED RELIABLE.

GARDEN SEED!

FRESH.

GARDEN SEED

LARGE QUANTITY.

GARDEN SEED!

CHEAP.

☞ Buist's Garden Manual given away.

M. A. TOULSON'S

March 22, 1888. DRUG STORE

REMOVAL.

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

Jan. 6, 1887—tf.

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

FINE ENGRAVED THIN TUMBLERS—$1.50 per dozen. SPARKS, Under News Office

SHAFER & MEDDERS,

KENNEDYVILLE, MD.,

Would respectfully invite all in need of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

to call and examine their stock.

We are the only agents in Kent county for the OLIVER CHILLED

Plows & Castings,

and we keep a supply constantly on hand. No Castings are genuine except those sold by us or our agents.

Our Twin & Spring-tooth

HARROWS

are not to be surpassed.

—OUR—

TWO-ROW

CORN PLANTER,

with or without check-row attachment, and with or without fertilizer attachment, has stood the test for years.

OUR IRON FRAME

CULTIVATORS,

stand upon their own merits. The quality and price have sold hundreds of them. We are also selling the Little Diamond Wheel Cultivator. The best in the market.

HAY RAKES AND TEDDERS

save time and trouble. WE SELL THEM.

Threshermen should get our prices on

ENGINES & THRESHERS

before buying elsewhere.

—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.

March 22, 1888.

SHAFER & MEDDERS.

FENCING!

FENCING

FENCING

WHITE PINE FENCING!

Handled in straight car lots from the West.

HEMLOCK!

In carloads from Pensylvania, at manufacturers lowest Cash prices.

CYPRESS,

Cut expressly for me by contract, lasting all the year round, and under conditions that permit me to undersell city prices.

☞ A CARGO NOW UNLOADING AT SCOTT'S POINT, direct from the swamps, without intervening middle-men or expenses.

☞ Special attention is given to assorting to make our Quality Uniformly Good.

JOSEPH TURNER.

March 22, 1888.

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.

LIME! LIME

LIME!

FTESH BURNT SHELL LIME

suitable for

Whitewashing, Building purposes or Land.

The subscriber is now burning Shell Lime, and has it on hand ready to sell at the kiln, or ship wherever it may be wanted.

WM. PERKINS,
RISING SUN SALOON,
Chestertown, Md

P. O. Box 108.

COMMONWEALTH VS. HINES.

Remarkable Administration of Law and Equity in a Bear Case.

HARRISBURG, April 20.—The great case of the Commonwealth agt. Hines was tried before 'Squire Abel Fuller of Kettle Creek on Monday, and has become part of the judicial history of that backwoods region. It was attended by all the choppers, hunters and woodsmen generally from miles around. 'Squire Fuller is also the shoemaker of Kettle Creek, and his office is his shoe shop. The room being too small to hold one-half of the interested spectators, on motion of Reuben Foss, the defendant's counsel, who mingles original ideas of legal practice with shingle weaving, the hearing was adjourned to the tavern, where the big "settin' room" was thrown open to the court.

John Hines, the defendant, is a bark peeler. He had been arrested on the complaint of Caleb Roper, an old woodsman, on the charge of having appropriated to his own use "one black bear, the property of the said Caleb Roper." The complaint was based on an affidavit made by George Hines, a cousin of the accused. The alleged appropriation of the bear occurred in July last, but the warrant was not issued until a week or so ago. John Hines was found at work on his bark job, arrested and brought before the 'Squire.

The complainant, or the Commonwealth, had as counsel ex-Constable and ex-Justice of the Peace Peter Wise, known as "Lawyer" Wise, although he is a blacksmith by occupation. He and Reuben Foss, the shingle weaver, attend to all the legal business of the district, and what they don't know about law would make a large library. Court convened in the tavern sitting room with all the parties interested grouped about a big round table. 'Squire Fuller sat on one side of it, opened his Purdon's Digest, wrapped for order with the heavy brass key to his shop and office, and, addressing the counsel in the case, said:

"Y' mus' push this hearin' with bells on, fer I hain't got much time. I've got to have Bill Baker's boots done to-day, an' I don't wanter hev to 'journ court to do it. Perceed with the perceedins."

"Ca-l-e-b Roper!" shouted Lawyer Wise, as if Caleb was seated in some far distant part, instead of being seated at his lawyer's elbow. Caleb stood up and shouted

"Present!"

"Step to the witness stand!" said Lawyer Wise. Caleb stepped to the witness stand by resuming his seat, and the 'Squire swore him.

"Caleb," said Lawyer Wise, "whar's that b'ar you usety hev?"

"John Hines 'properated it," replied the witness, glaring across the table.

"How?" inquired the counsel.

"Wull," said the witness, "ye see two year ago las' spring I ketched that b'ar. He were a suckin' cub, an' me an' the ol' she b'ar th't owned him fit an' fit for an hour, I guess, to see which'd hev the nussin' o' the cub, she or me. It were over on Pine Creek, an' that were the durndest toughest ol' she b'ar th't I ever tackled. Some o' the time I'd think I had her flummixed, an' then ag'in I'd be willin' to bet th't she had me flummixed. Wull, we fit an' we fit, an' the cub he laid back an' he whined an' he cried, till th' wa'n't much clothes left on me, an' th' was a good many squar' foot o' hair scraped offen the ol' b'ar. Bimeby——"

"Caleb," interrupted the Court, "Bill Baker's boots has got to be done to-day, an' I don't ca'c'late to let this b'ar suit interfere with business. Who licked, you or the she b'ar?"

"I did, 'Squire," replied the witness.

"Were that the b'ar th't John Hines 'properated?" asked the 'Squire.

"No, yer honor," said Caleb; "he 'properated the cub."

"Then I 'bject, yer honor!" exclaimed Counsellor Reuben Foss, for the defendant, "an' move ye th't these here perceedins be squashed. The affidavy says we'm here fer 'properatin' one black b'ar. Now the complainer swears, on oath, th't we 'properated a cub. I move fer a squash o' the perceedins, with costs on the complainer. "Thar's a flaw in the affidavy."

"Stick to your affidavy, Caleb," said the Court. "Purdon's Digestion o' the Statues o' Pennsylvany gives y' the doubt, but y' must stick to your affidavy."

"Arter y' licked the ol' b'ar, Caleb," said Lawyer Wise, "w'at then?"

"Then I lugged the b'ar cub hum," said Caleb.

"An' riz it by han'?" inquired Lawyer Wise.

"All the way by han' 'til it were a year ol' an' better," replied the witness.

"Then w'at 'd y' do with it?"

"Didn't do nuthin' with it. The cub had grow'd to be a b'ar; but 'twere the cub I captured, an' the cub th't John Hines 'properated, affidavy or no affidavy. It got los' in the woods an' John Hines 'properated it, him an' George Hines, but I hain't got no gredge ag'in George, 'cause it was him th't kim an' tol' me 'bout it, an' I 'greed to clear him the law."

"'Bject!" exclaimed Counsellor Foss. "That's compornderin' a fellerny, an' it'll squash these here perceedins! I move, yer honor, th't ye issue a squash, an' sen' this her complainer hum with a flea in his ear!"

"But, Reub," said the Court, "thar's the doubt. W'at a y' gointer do with that?"

"Give it to my client, o' course?" said Counsellor Foss.

"Yer honor," said Lawyer Wise, "the l'arnt counsel is gettin' ahead of hisself. We got another witness yet. W'at does the l'arnt counsel know about the case till hears tother witness?"

"That's so," assented the Court. "We'll hear tother witness; but the Commonwealth mustn't forgit that Bill Baker's boots has got to be done to-day."

"Cross-examine if ye wanter," said Lawyer Wise to defendant's counsel, and the counsel took Caleb Roper in hand.

"You'm the complainer in this here suit, hain't ye, Mr. Roper?"

"I be."

"W'at fer?"

"W'at fer? W'y, b'ar fur, o' course."

The audience roared at the witness' repartee, and one friend of his shouted:

"Hi! Yi! Bully boy, Caleb!"

The Court rapped for order, and warned the auditors by remarking:

"Th' mus' be consid'able more of order an' tol'able less of noise here, or this Court rejourn back to its office an' shet ye all out!"

The counsel resumed his cross-examination:

"Mr. Roper," said he, "ye run fer pathmaster at the last town meetin', didn't ye?"

"My feller citizens put me forrerd ez sitch," replied the witness.

"Did yer feller citizens 'leet ye?"

"Wull, no; but the major'ty 'gin me wa'nt crushin'."

"Who fit ye an' beat ye fur pathmaster?"

"John Hines, the man th't 'properated my b'ar."

"Aha! John Hines, hay? Wull, Mr. Roper, you're a wid'rer, hain't ye?"

"Yas; twicet."

"Y' had a notion, not long ago, to git married wunst more, didn't ye?"

"I 'bject!" exclaimed Lawyer Wise.

"W at fer?" inquired the Court.

"'Cause the question's leadin'!"

"Leadin' how?" asked Counsellor Foss.

"Leadin' way off f'm the subjic'!" replied Lawyer Wise.

"W'at's it got to do with John Hines a-properatin' our b'ar, sposin' we did hev a hotion o' gittin' married ag'in?"

"That's the p'int we'm arter!" said the defendant's counsel. "We'm gointer show th't if this witness an' complainer had ben elected pathmaster, an' had married a p'ticl'ar gal, he wouldn't ha' brung us inter court a-chargin' of us with 'properatin' a b'ar nigh onter a year ago. Nixy, yer honor!"

"Kin y' show that air?" asked the Court.

"Kin a cattymount scratch?" replied the counsel.

"Wull, then, perceed," said the Court. "Don't 'bject no more, Commonwealth, fer it takes up time, an' the Court has got to git Bill Baker's boots done to-day, it tells ye!"

"Y' had a notion not long ago o' gittin' married wunst more, didn't ye, Mr. Roper?" said the defendant's counsel, repeating his question.

"Kinder," replied the witness.

"But ye didn't git married, did ye?"

"Not ez I knows on!"

"W'y didn't ye?"

"Wull, th' were underhan' work did agin me, an' the gal married some un else."

"Who'd she give ye the go-by fer?"

"John Hines!"

"Aha! John Hines, hay! Yer honor, be y' a-follerin' of me? If y' be, y' kin see how the lan' lays, an' how we've onkivered the meat o' this here prosecution in a nutshell. W'at this here complainer orter did were to brung perceedings in a britch o' promise case, an' I ast the Court to so charge, an' to 'smiss this case nully prossequy to wunst, with costs on the complainer!"

"Hol' on thar!" exclaimed Lawer Wise. "Who's a runnin' o' this here court, the l'arnt counsel or the 'Squire? The l'arnt counsel is slingin' of his britch o' promises an' his nully prosequis an' his costs aroun' here ez if they was peanut shells, an' all we had to do was to sweep 'em up an' say nuthin'! I've heard o' cheek, yer honor, but I never see none afore. Now, if the l'arn't counsel is through brow-beatin' this witness, we'll call t'other un."

"Yer honor," Counsellor Foss began.

"Shet up!" exclaimed the Court. "If you fellers has fergot Bill Baker's boots I hain't! Go 'way, Caleb! Call yer t'other witness, Commonwealth, an' cut him short!"

George Hines was t'other witness.

"Wall, Mr. Hines," said Lawyer Wise, "w'at do you know about this case?"

"I know that John Hines owes me ten dollars, an' if he don't pay it I'll take it outen his hide!"

"'Bject!" exclaimed the counsel for the defendant. "That's contempt for the Court!"

"Shet up!" roared the 'Squire. "This Court's big enough an' old enough an ugly enough to take keer of itself! Perceed with the witness."

"W'at does John Hines owe ye ten dollars fer?" asked Lawyer Wise.

"My sheer o' Cale Roper's tame b'ar," replied the witness.

"How did it happen?"

"Me an' John was workin' in the back woods a year ago las' July. Ev'ry wunst in a w'ile durin' the day we'd hear a ter'ble hootin' an yellin ez kim up f'm Owl Holler. John says to me——"

"'Bject!" said Foss. "Hearsay ev'dence. W'at do we keer w'at John says to him?"

"John's an interrested party, hain't he?" said Lawyer Wise.

"Don't keer!" insisted Counsellor Foss. "Tain't no dyin declaration, an it can't squeeze in here!"

"What d'ye wanter show by it, Commonwealth?" asked the Court.

"Want to show what John said."

"'Bject!" said the defendant's counsel. "What John said mowt criminate us. We can't be brung in here to criminate ourselves jist because this complainer has a grudge agin us cause he didn't git lected pathmaster an a gal wouldn't marry him. 'Bject!"

"But thar's the benefit of the doubt agin, Reub," argued the Court. "Purdon's Digestion is p tic lar strong on the benefit o the doubt. The perceedents is all in favor of it. I guess we ll hef to let in what John said.

"What did John Hines say?" repeated Lawyer Wise.

"Wull, the hootin and yellin got so strong th t John says to me——"

"Yer honor!" exclaimed Counsellor Foss. "If this here crim nates us, mind what I say! We ll carry it up ez fur ez the law ll let us!"

"What did John say, Mr. Hines?" said the counsel for the Commonwealth.

"John says to me, says he, wen the hollerin got so strong, 'Wat do y spose that hootin means?' says he."

"The nex man th t bjects in this here case," exclaimed the Court, "ll git judgment agin him with costs! Bill Baker s got to have them boots if every durn bar in the county is properated! Go on with the witness!"

"Then wat d ye do, Mr. Hines?"

"We went down inter the holler an foun two fancy fishermen f'm the county seat up a tree an hollerin fer dear life, an at the foot of the tree were a tame bear, jist wantin to play with em. The fishermen thort it were wild and wanted to chaw em. Cale Roper had tol me bout losin his tame bar, an course thatn were hisn. Wen the fellows up the tree foun how they'd been fooled they was mad, I tell ye, an they kim down an said they'd give $20 to shoot the durn bar. We let em shoot it. They handed over $20, an John Hines he put it in his pocket, an he hain't never divided."

"Cross-examine!" said Lawyer Wise.

"How d'ye know the bar were Caleb Roper's?" inquired counsel for the defendant.

"Cause Cale's bar were tame an it were lost, and this bar were tame an it were lost."

"Yer honor," said Counsellor Foss, "th't hain't no kind o proof that——"

"Set down!" exclaimed the Squire. "This here Court is heerd enough, an is gointer end this case right here an finish up Bill Baker's boots! The Court don't keer a cuss wuther thux proof that the bar John Hines properated were Caleb Roper's or not. This Court don't re-cog-nize no property in bar, anyhow, and consekently the pris'ner didn't properate nuthin. But the Court gives jedgment agin John Hines fer $10 and costs, in favor of George Hines, fer his sheer of the bar money, an if thuz any one here ez wants to peal f'm the jedgment he kin do it an be durned! The Court's rejourned sign o' die!"

The Cost of a Course at Harvard.

There has been quite a discussion over Professor Palmer's address last summer on the cost of education at Harvard. He spoke strongly against undergraduate extravagance, and referred with regret to the fact that "in all his native hideousness the man of the club and dog-cart has found lodgment in our midst." Retrenchment followed among the students, it is said; but there is some grumbling against the economy recommended. The Harvard *Monthly* for March contained an article in which it was claimed that $800 is the smallest amount on which it is possible to get through, while one who lives economically must spend at least $1,026, and $2,000 is really not extravagant. The Harvard *Advocate* for April replies to this attack on economy, both editorially and through a contributor. Says the Boston *Advertiser*,—

"It is positively affirmed that students enough to constitute an entire college class are living comfortably and doing their work with success at an expense of from $500 to $700 each per annum. Professor Palmer, it will be remembered, based his statement on written answers received from 218 out of the 235 students of the graduating class actually in residence there. These answers showed that one-fourth of the students had gone through the four years' course on an expenditure of from $400 to $6,000 yearly; that another one-fourth had spent from $650 to $950; while but little more than one-fourth had incurred an annual outlay of $1,200. Wherefore, Professor Palmer served notice on all parents who had, or intended to have, boys in Harvard, that 'every dollar you furnish your son beyond $1,200 a year is a dollar of danger.' The writer in the *Monthly* thinks the Professor was imposed upon by his correspondents. The editor of the *Advocate* thinks it wholly unlikely that 93 per cent. of the senior class would have entered into a conspiracy to deceive.

"Thus the debate stands at this moment. It is safe to say that for Harvard men it is of greater interest than the tariff question, and they know more about it. And Collector Saltonstal can have the satisfaction, amid the cares and disappointments of his official life, of knowing that by his speech as chairman of the alumni meeting at Cambridge in June, 1886, he set in motion an agitation on behalf of plain living and high thinking at college, which has already attained great proportions, and may reasonably be expected to accomplish much good."

The Yellow River of China.

The Yellow River, from the enormous rapidity of its volume when swollen by melted snow, is the worst of offenders. Its new bed, even in twenty-five years, has risen far above the plain, and as the dikes grow from hillocks into hills, from mere walls into ranges of earthworks like fortress sides, hundreds of miles long, the effort overtaxes the skill of the engineers and the perseverance even of Chinese laborers. The ablest engineers in India were beaten by the Damoodah, though it is, compared with the Hoang-Ho, like a trumpery European stream, and though the available could hardly be exhausted. The truth of the matter is that, in all such cases, the upper sections of the dikes cost too much for complete repair, and tend to be inadequate; and when the Yellow River, gorged with water from the mountains till it forms in reality a gigantic reservoir, averaging a mile broad, from 300 to 500 miles long and 70 feet deep, all suspended in air by artificial supports, comes rushing down in autumn, the slightest weakness in those supports is fatal.

On September 27, the river was at its fullest, its speed was at its highest, there was almost certainly a driving wind from the west, a bit of dike gave way, the rent spread for 1,200 yards, and—our readers remember, for Charles Reade described it, the rush into Sheffield of the Holmfirth reservoir. Multiply that, if you can, by 2,000, add exhaustless renewals of the water from behind—five Danubes pouring from a height for two months on end—and instead of a long valley with high sides which can be reached, think of a vast, open plain, flat as Salisbury Plain, but studded with 3,000 villages, all swarming as English villages never swarm, and you may gain a conception of a scene hardly rivaled since the deluge. The current, it is known, in its first and grandest rush, though throwing out rivers at every moment at every incline of the land, had for its center a stream thirty miles wide and ten feet deep, traveling probably at twenty miles an hour—a force as irresistible as that of lava. No tree could last ten minutes, no house five, the very soil would be carried away as by a supernatural plow-share, and as for man—an ant in a broken stop cock in a London street would be more powerful than he. Swim? As well wrestle with the Holyhead express. Flee? It takes hours in such a plain to reach a hillock three feet high, the water the while pouring on faster than a hunter's gallop. There is no more escape from such a flood than there is escape from the will of God, and those Chinese who refused even to struggle were the happiest of all, because the quickest dead. Over a territory of 10,000 square miles, or two Yorkshires at least (for the missionaries report a wider area), over thousands of villages—3,000 certainly, even if the capital is not gone, as is believed—the soft water passed, silently strangling every living thing, the cows and the sheep as well as their owners; and for ourselves, who have seen the scene only on a petty scale, we doubt whether the "best informed European in Pekin" is not right when he calculates the destruction of life at 7,000,000.—*The Spector (London.)*

A Thief Caught by a Bear.

From the San Pedro Clipper.

The following, which is said to have occurred not far from Los Angeles, is too good to be lost. An Italian, who was traveling through the country with a bear which he had trained to wrestle and dance, stopped before a farmer's house late one afternoon, and after amusing the family with his performances, obtained permission to stay all night. The bear was placed in the barn for safe keeping. During the night the family were aroused by a terrible noise in the barn. Some one was screaming, "Murder! Help!" and apparently engaged in a struggle for his life.

The farmer hastened to the spot, followed by the Italian and others of the house, and found the tame bear with a man in his embrace, hugging him tightly, while the poor fellow struggled frantically to escape. The bear was muzzled and could do no serious injury, though the man was very uncomfortably situated.

The man proved to be a dishonest butcher who had come to the barn to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he had stumbled over the bear, who had seized him and held him fast. The Italian, learning how matters stood, called out, "Hug him, Jack," and the bear continued to hug him unmercifully until the farmer concluded that he had been sufficiently punished, when he was released. The story soon spread abroad, and the butcher left the neighborhood to escape the ridicule to which it subjected him.

Destitution in England.

From the London Times.

I write from a large and populous rural parish, in which from special causes, into which I need not now enter, the prevailing depression is felt with peculiar severity.

There are around me many farm laborers, decent, steady men, able and willing to work, during the rebellion, donned his wife's dress, kept his face closely shaven, and wore a big sunbonnet in order to avoid being conscripted and sent to the front. The officers in search of recruits frequently visited the house and asked the wife where her husband was, when he was working in the garden in female attire. He wore out seven of his wife's dresses and, becoming tired of masquerading, enlisted and became a good soldier.

Don't be so Foolish!

And give up your hard earned dollars without first seeing the big bargains in men's, youths' and boys' clothing and furnishings we offer in first-class goods. Nowhere else can you buy so well and so cheaply as at the Bell Clothing House, Pratt adj. Hanover street, Oehm's old stand. Great facilities, small expense and large sales tell the old story.

Farm Hints.

When the cattle are put on the grass too early both are injured.

The note that is not due till two years will be harder on you than the note due in a year.

Counting your chicken before they are hatched would not be so bad did we first candle the eggs.

The successful farmer is the one that makes ten per cent. on the money he has lost through mistakes.

The horse with plenty of currycomb outside and oats inside doesn't show his ribs before midsummer.

It is a poor rule that won't work both ways; nevertheless, both lending and borrowing are unprofitable.

None but a good farmer can make eight per cent. on borrowed money; and he is the last farmer to do it.

Bad tempered cows, dull plows, and weak fences ought to be evils unendurable, for they are not immovable.

The man who allows the rivulets to get his manure is always sure the government is robbing the people.

What doth it profit a man if he keeps the weeds down on his farm and allows them to grow on the highway?

Extend the house cleaning into the cellar, and make the work more thorough where shirking would be least seen.

Better have your heart in your work and eighty acres, than a quarter-section and be at odds with your occupation.

There are now a hundred rivulets on the farm, yet it is cheaper to give the animals drink from a well protected from surface water.

It is a false notion that is responsible for grevious evil, that a cheap teacher is good enough for the summer term, because all the pupils are small.

It is better to take a little liver medicine than to grumble and feel blue, and the man who has had fruits during the winter will not need the medicine.

Facts for Toilers to Consider.

Philadelphia Call.

Germany "protects" the woolen industry with a tariff of from 11 to 50 cents a pound on woolens. The wages of weavers average $2.79 a week as against $6.31 in England. Why doesn't the tariff make German wages high? Italy is another high tariff country. There is a protective duty on woolens. The Italian male weavers get from 25 to 50 cents a day to the Englishman's $1.20 to $1.42. Why is it? If free trade makes wages low, why is it that wages are uniformly higher in England than in France, Germany or Italy, all strongly protectionist? England may fairly be compared with the rest of Europe. The density of population is nearly the same; both are old countries; in neither is there free land. Now, if prohibitory taxes on articles of consumption make wages high, why are they not higher in Germany, France and Italy than in England? Is anything the matter with the theory?

THEY had been talking of the sharp games played on innocent people by sharp men, when Green looked up and said: "Gentlemen, I don't brag about my wife being sharper than a razor, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a note, sign it with my own name, and ask her to deliver my Sunday suit to bearer for repairs. You may send it up to the house, and I'll bet she'll be too sharp to let the clothes go." "We'll take that bet!" called two or three voices, and there being five of them they chipped in a dollar apiece. The note was written and signed and dispatched by a messenger boy. In half an hour he returned empty-handed as to clothes, but having a note which read: "Come off the perch! All the clothes you have in the world are on your back!" "Gentlemen," said the winner, as he pocketed his fiver, "let me recommend it to you as something which always wins, and as I must meet a man at three o'clock I will now bid you good-day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SIDEWALK Italian bootblack polished fifty pairs of shoes yesterday at a nickel per pair by 3 o'clock of the afternoon. His eyes sparkled as he counted over the $2.50 which he had earned by plying his Sunday vocation. He packed up his brushes and blacking in his box, and slung it over his shoulder, trudged to his garret, put on his good clothes and called on a Roman whom he had invited to dine with him. They went to a high-toned Italian restaurant, where they sat down to a dollar dinner, in regular courses, with a fifty cents bottle of Marsala, discussed the Abyssinian and Battenberg questions, and enjoyed life for four hours like Venetian dodges. The Italian bootblack, according to the boss of the restaurant, has just such a time every Sunday. On week days he works with his pick and shovel.

JAY GOULD and his son George strolled through the corridors of the Windsor Hotel on Friday evening. They greeted many old familiar Wall street faces, did not talk stocks, and were soon gone. This is the first visit of Jay Gould to the hotel in several years, and was made ostensibly for the purpose of dispelling the yarns to the effect that Mr. Gould is a very sick man. It is claimed that when the bears in the street run short of ammunition they fall back on the well-worn reports that Mr. Gould is in poor health and likely to cave in at any moment. The strange thing about it is that no matter how frequently the story is trotted out it is potent enough to frighten a large contingent in the street. If they would recall the effect of William H. Vanderbilt's death they would't, perhaps, be so timid.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A NOVEL sight was in Madison square park the other afternoon, when some of Barnum's Arabs lounged on the benches and were apparently thankful for the April sunbeams. It is customary to speak of Arabs as barbarians, at least some untutored minds so consider them. A big crowd soon collected about these Arabs, and evidently it was composed of untutored minds, and sadly wanting in the common civilities of life. These people stared and gaped and nudged each other, pointed their fingers at the Arabs, who remained nonchalant under the impertinent scrutiny. A bright young lady who happened to pass at the time is in doubt as to who were the barbarians of the occasion.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Stout Men Are Vexed

To find that in most stores their size prevents them from participating in the low prices and general advantages in ready-made clothing. At Oehm's old stand, now the Bell Clothing House, Pratt street, adj. Hanover, Baltimore, ample provision is made for the wants of the largest men as well as of the smallest boy, i. e., 2½ years up. Just now we are closing out a line of coats $3.50 to $5.00; suits at $5.00 and $8.00, actually sold for and worth double.

Steevie, a bright four-year-old, had been told that he must not ask for anything to eat when visiting the neighbors. Soon after, at the house of a distant relative, where he invariably found something to eat, he hung around with a wistful sort of look, until finally he broke out:

'Aunt Jane, I'm awfully thirsty.'

'Are you?'

'Yes. I am so thirsty I could eat a doughnut.'—*Boston Globe.*

City Missionary—"Don't you often hear a still, small voice in the depths of your being telling you that something is wrong?" Unregenerate Sailor—"Co'se I does, parson; how'd you know?" Missionary—"Never mind. Do you know what that voice is?" "Sailor—"Not exactly." Missionary—"It's conscience!" Sailor—"If I ketch hold of that Liverpool fakir that charged me 11 shillin's fer tellin' me it wor indigestions, I'll massacre him!"—*Tid-Bits.*

FUNNY BUSINESS.

"Madam," said the landlord of a Park street house, as he called the other morning, "I have come to tell you that—that—'

'That you are going to lift the rent $5 per month,' she interrupted.

'Well, y-e-s. Rents have sharply advanced, you know.'

'Well, we won't pay it.'

'No, I suppose not; and you will move on the 1st of May?'

'Yes, sir, and meanwhile you can put a sign on the house. I shall be only too happy to show people through.'

'Indeed, but you are very kind.'

'Oh, no, I ain't. Our cat died this morning, and I'll chuck her body into a barrel down cellar and tell everybody that we are going to move on account of sewer gas.'

'Eh! What?'

'And if one cat isn't enough I'll get another, and also add an old codfish.'

'Madam do you like the house?'

'Fairly well.'

'And is the present rent satisfactory?'

'Perfectly so.'

'Then stay another year. I prefer to keep a good tenant, even if I don't get quite as much rent. Good day, madam, and if you want any repairs made please send me word.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

A little freckle-faced ten-year old school boy stopped at the Philadelphia postoffice the other day and yelled out:

'Anything for the Murphys?'

'No, there is not.'

'Anything for Jane Murphy?'

'Nothing.'

'Anything for Ann Murphy?'

'No.'

'Anything for Tom Murphy?'

'No, sir; not a bit.'

'Anything for Terry Murphy?'

'No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor Bridget Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized, or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, sir, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly or severally, now and forever, one and inseparable.'

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:

'Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy.'

First Sweet Girl—"That is just a perfectly lovely book you loaned me, so full of delightful mystery; I am just enchanted with it." Second Sweet Girl—"Isn't it