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THE CONVICT'S MOTHER.

How glad was I when first I saw my baby's face,
And felt his small, frail fingers clasping mine,
I thought of Mary lying in the manger place
And wondered not she thought her child divine!

Behind his prison bars he frowns on me
When the stern jailer opens wide the heavy door.
In his pale face and treacherous eye I see
No trace of the dear child I nursed of yore;
And yet I love him as I never loved before—
Love him with such an agony of pain that evermore
My sad soul ceases not to moan and cry
With Israel's king, "Would God that I might die
For thee, my son, O Absalom, my son!"
—Katherine S. Mason.

The Parson and the Masher.

The other afternoon an offensively fresh tragedian of the barnstorming variety jostled and spoke insolently to a pretty young woman who was being escorted up Broadway by a stalwart and serious looking middle aged man in-ministerial garb. Promptly and silently the escort resented the deliberate and premeditated insult by knocking her insulter into a snow bank. The fellow got up cursing, and was instantly knocked down again. The crowd cheered the parson and hooted the victim of his scientific fist, who slunk off like a whipped dog to have the mud brushed off his fur collared coat. As for his reverence, his face never changed. It remained as grave and placid while he was knocking the offensive barnstormer out as it had been before, and when the job was done he gave his arm once more to his fair companion, who had looked on quietly as if confident of his ability to take care of himself and her, and marched her off, followed by the admiring glances of the crowd.

The fighting parson was said by one of those gentry who know it all, and who witnessed the episode, to be the pastor of a church in Harlem, a famous athlete, amateur oarsman and boxer, and a member of one of the big athletic clubs. The class of muscular Christians he represents is fast becoming more and more common with us. It is no longer regarded as a sin for the young theologian to cultivate his body as well as his mind, and the manly type of clergymen common in England is getting to be almost as familiar here.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Women in Spiritual Darkness.

It is calculated that there are in Asia and adjacent islands about 200,000,000 of Buddhist women. None of these have any hope of immortality, unless in one of the many transmigrations all human beings have to undergo after death, their spirit may chance to enter a boy infant, in which case they will in the course of time become incorporated, or rather etherealized, with Gaudama, the greatest good for all. There is, however, but a slender hope of this coming to pass, so they have to make the best of their human life in this world. The women of Burmah are in consequence more ready to become converts to Christianity than the men are; for as Christians they are made equal with men as regards accessibility to heaven, and have not to wait for ages for purity of soul to be obtained by frequent transmigrations.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Comment by the Clothier.

"Let's see," he said, as he entered a Jefferson avenue clothing store, "who was it that was stabbed in the house of his friends?"

"Then?" asked the clothier.

"Why, long ago, in the palmy days of Greece and Rome. Hang it, the name is familiar, but I can't call it."

"Did he die?"

"Why, yes, of course. Let's see. It wasn't Plato, nor Cicero, nor Diogenes, was it?"

"My frendt," said the clothier, as he looked him up and down, "where you got dat suit of clothes?"

"This! I bought this suit in Boston."

"Well, den, if you go to Boston may pe you find out who stabbed somepody by his friendt's house?"—Detroit Free Press.

Claiming the Cancer Germ.

The discovery of the "cancer bacillus," the assumed germ of cancer, threatens to have as many claimants as the authorship of "Junius' Letters." In addition to Dr. Sheurlen, who was the first before the public, two Italians announce themselves as having independently made the discovery—Dr. Barnabei, professor of clinical medicine at Siena, and Dr. Senarelli, a graduate and teacher at the same school. But, it seems, a compatriot of Scheurlen is also in the field to claim priority in the discovery—Dr. Schill. France, too, not to be outdone, has her special claimant in Dr. Perin. And, finally, Brazil, in Dr. Domingos Freire, the yellow fever "vaccinationist," claims the honor of the discovery for the New World.—Chicago News.

Disinfection by Steam Heat.

It has been found, in experiments on the disinfection of packages by heat and by steam, that dry heat at the boiling point for an hour is sufficient to destroy active bacilli of all ordinary infectious diseases; but, if spores are to be attacked, a heat of 245 degs. for an hour or of 220 degs. for four hours will be required. The complete penetration of an object by steam heat for more than five minutes is sufficient for its full disinfection; and this method is applicable to such articles as pillows, which are very difficult of penetration to dry heat.—Public Opinion.

French Sardines Again.

French sardines, which for several years have been scarce, leading to the fear that they would eventually become extinct as a food fish, have appeared on the French coast more numerously than ever. The dearth of French fish brought into the market great quantities of American fish of some sort which, done up in cotton seed oil or doctored mustard, have been called sardines. The American product is not to be compared to the French article, which, bathed in a plentiful supply of pure olive oil, is a palatable morsel.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Good Short Stories.

It is to be regretted that volumes of short stories do not, as a rule, sell well. To our thinking, a number of good short stories make much more agreeable reading than an ordinary novel. Yet we believe publishers would rather risk a novel by a little known writer than a collection of tales by one of considerable fame. Why this is so it is somewhat difficult to understand, for good short stories are attractive, and in some magazines are among the most important and widely read matter.—The Epoch.

A Spring Setback.

First Nebraska Citizen—Whew! Rather cold this morning.

Second Nebraska Citizen—Yes; wind's from the east.

"True enough, so it is; didn't notice; blowing direct from New York."—Omaha World.

In a Small Way.

A thief was about to relieve a Wall street operator of his handkerchief, when a bystander called the latter's attention to what was going on. "Let him alone," said the broker, good humoredly; "we all have to begin in a small way down here."—Judge.

The Ants and the Cyclone.

It is stated that about a century since there appeared on the island of Grenada numberless colonies of ants. No one knew whence they came, but they so multiplied that they became fatal to the sugar cane, and as that was the principal industry the gravest results were apprehended. All expedients failed to dislodge them, and the government, in 1778, offered a reward of $100,000 for any invention to destroy them. In 1780 nature came to their relief in the way of a terrible cyclone and rainfall, which blew down what cane was standing, drowned out the ants, and a new prosperity followed.—Toledo Blade.

The Nineteenth Century.

We live in a different world from that of our fathers. No other race has ever known its like. It has witnessed transformations surpassing the greatest of miracles. It has seen cities spring up on the prairies and become magnificent centers of business and population in less than a score of years. It has seen one of the greatest cities of the world, the rival of the oldest and grandest centers of foreign wealth, rise in its might at the ocean gateway of the Empire state. What will the Twentieth century see?—Albany Journal.

On the Safe Side.

Little Dot—I don't like to help wipe dishes.

Omaha Mamma—Why not, pet?

"If I learn how to do such things just right, I'll grow up into a servant girl, won't I?"

"No dear. If you learn how to do anything just right you'll never be a servant girl."—Omaha World.

European specialists have made the curious observation that acute rheumatism is more prevalent in dry than in rainy weather.

MEXICO'S THIEVES.

TALES OF TRICKERY AND LIGHT-FINGERED INGENUITY.

Slippery Gentlemen of the Mexican Capital—Adroit Thieves Everywhere—Some Interesting Stories of Their Cunning. Adventure of an English Resident.

Points could probably be given to the "slickest" of London pickpockets by his ragged, miserable looking confrere of Mexico. At fairs, in churches, at the markets, wherever throngs do congregate, it is most prudent to divest one's self of watch, eyeglasses, etc., and, in the case of ladies, of floating ends of ribbon or bows which may readily be detached. The wife of a prominent Mexican general, while kneeling at mass not long ago, had the pocket cut from her dress so skillfully that she had not the faintest sense of it, losing a considerable quantity of money and two diamond rings. A pretty little American bride keeping house here was particularly unfortunate. Every time she went to market she would surely be caught in a crowd of the lower orders, who would close in around her in such fashion as to press her arms down at her sides, and when she was released she would find her handbag open and empty. No violence was employed; it was apparently only one of the jams natural to such places.

Sometimes, though, Sir Rogue meets his match. Out at Guadalupe, where the celebration of Dec. 12 brings together pilgrims by hundreds from all over the republic, the throng is simply appalling, and pickpockets are in clover. A young lady from Sonora, visiting the place for the first time, happened to glance down just in time to see a brown and dirty hand retiring, closed on a watch that had cost her $350. La Nina Josefina promptly seized those dexterous fingers. The fellow struggled and fought, aided by his comrades, but the girl held fast, calling for help, and delivered him over to the police. The extent to which sneak thieving or, as it is called here, "rat thieving," is carried on is astonishing. Cushions or rugs left for a moment in a window seat disappear as if by magic. I have known the same fate befall a cup of medicine set in a window by a sick child's attendant. Americans who take rooms in mesones—the taverns of interior towns—often awake in the morning to find themselves minus all the articles of apparel which they left on lying down, but which have been literally "hooked" by means of a long pole, and dragged through the window.

I say Americans, because Mexicans would know better than to take such chances. Street show cases, the metallic sign boards used by physicians, etc., are all made fast with staples and padlocks. The black draperies hung over windows as a sign of mourning in some Mexican cities are carefully removed at the approach of night. Flowers and plants on graves are often made away with, but this act of vandalism is not unknown in other lands. Shoplifting is a great weakness in this country, and one against which merchants find it extremely hard to protect themselves, even by such devices as chaining down grindstones, etc. Pilfering by servants may be set down as universal; housewives here keep all the domestic stores closely locked away, and deal out the allotted quantities of each article to meet the needs of the day; so much sugar, so many ounces of rice, coffee for so many, etc., after the most approved fashion of "counting noses." Sometimes servants are in collusion with outside robbers, but often they themselves are victims. Some cunning fellow neatly despoiled the cook in the house of an English friend of mine not long since.

The man came rushing up stairs to say that a child of the portress had been seriously injured in the street at some distance from the house, and the grief stricken mother, her own rebozo, or headscarf, being in wash, had sent this messenger to borrow that of Justa, that she might go to the child. The kind hearted cook at once handed over her $4 rebozo—it was quite a new one, as the marauder probably knew, having perhaps shadowed her home from the shop where it was purchased. Of course she never saw it again.

An English gentleman was strolling through one of the portales where congregate little traders in certain varieties of merchandise, such as old books, candy, etc. Owing to the crowds which throng them, these arcades are favorite resorts for people who live by their wits and light fingers. On the occasion in question the Englishman was suddenly seized by the arms by two men who came up on either side of him, while a third calmly divested him of a handsome cloak which he wore in the Spanish fashion. His two supporters on the right and left hands at the same moment intimated that it might not be perfectly convenient or safe for him to make an outcry or call attention to his loss; and partly through intimidation, partly through surprise, he did keep silence.

The three walked on in more or less sweet accord, and shortly were joined by the third robber, who announced to his comrades with every semblance of satisfaction, "It is done." Then he handed the Englishman a pawn ticket, remarking, "Senor, you will, I am sure, pardon the inconvenience we have caused you by the temporary absence of your cap. To be perfectly frank, we three had need—the most urgent need, I beg to assure you—of $30, and to obtain it we have taken the liberty to borrow your cloak, feeling that you would be glad to oblige us in so small a matter, and fearing you might not have the ready money with you. You will find the garment in pawn at the address indicated on this card, on the presentation of which and the payment of $30 it will be delivered to you unimpaired. You will observe that we have manifested the utmost consideration for you in this matter; we have saved you $70. The cloak is a handsome cloak, and we could have obtained for it easily 100 good pesos; but we are men of the strictest sense of honor, and we have pawned it for only the exact amount of our absolute need. Senor, a thousand thanks. We have the honor to wish you a very good day." And the Englishman was left alone, uncertain even as to which side the marauders had turned.—Y. H. Addis' Mexico Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.

Where Bank Notes Are Printed.

The president of a large bank note company in this city recently said to the writer that it was absolutely impossible for any of his subordinates to steal anything without being detected at once. Every imaginable safeguard is used to prevent the company's suffering through the dishonesty of its employes. In printing bank notes, or stamps, or bonds, or tickets the paper to be used is carefully measured beforehand by one of the higher officials. Only enough to make the number ordered is given to the workmen, and they are held responsible for it thereafter. If a single stamp or ticket is lost the doors are locked and nobody is allowed to leave the workshop until it is found or satisfactorily accounted for.

With bank notes and bonds extra precautions are used, and they are counted after going through each process. If a mistake occurs all have to be done over, and the first batch is destroyed. If one is lost and cannot be recovered all are destroyed, and a new series printed in entirely different colors.

An instance of this kind occurred several years ago. A bank note company in this city printed some bonds on contract for the Virginia government. One package was stolen while they were being transported to the treasurer. Of course none of them had been signed, and they were therefore not valid; but all the rest were at once destroyed, and a new set in different colors were ordered.—New York Sun.

Restaurants in Congo Land.

I know no people who get oysters from trees but the Mandingoes, through whose country flow the Senegal and Gambia rivers. The bivalves are taken from the branches, to which they attach themselves in high tide. Here is a Mandingo bill of fare which Reade, the explorer, leaves on record for the amusement of the curious: "Then followed," he says, "gazelle cutlets a la pappillote; two small monkeys, served cross legged and with liver sauce on toast; stewed iguana, which was much admired; a dish of roasted crocodile's eggs; some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior); a few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land crabs and other crustacea; the breasts of mermaids, or manatee, the grand bonne bouche of the repast; some boiled alligator and some hippotamus stakes." While this dinner does not equal in courses some of the elaborate feasts of civilized lands, certainly no one will say it lacked variety.

Lotus seeds form one of the commonest dishes known to the Barri of Central Africa. The pods when gathered are bored and strung on reeds and hung in the sun for drying, after which they get to the table. Along the Upper Nile another wing of the Barri tribe bleed their cattle monthly and cook the blood with their flour and meal. They esteem this a luxury and the dish is eaten with great relish.—New York Star.

Doves as Military Messengers.

It seems likely that carrier pigeons will play an important part in the next great European war. The French minister of war has just given orders for the organization of the many carrier pigeon stations throughout the country upon a more satisfactory footing, and considerable importance is attached to the perfecting of these arrangements. In addition to fifteen of these stations, there are in various parts of France 300 pigeon flying societies, owning among them 150,000 "homers." Each of these societies has a military organization, and in case of war all the pigeons belonging to them would be at the service of the intelligence department.

Germany possesses about the same number of carrier pigeon stations, and there are 350 societies, with 50,000 pigeons. In Italy pigeons are actually in use for conveying dispatches between the war office in Rome and the garrisons in Sicily and Sardinia. Russia is too cold for the carrier pigeons. The only birds which bring tidings of battle in Russia are the buzzards.—New York Star.

Australian Mound Builders.

In Australia and the neighboring islands are seen many large mounds of earth, which were formerly supposed to be the tombs of departed natives. These remarkable tumuli—reaching as much as fifteen feet in perpendicular height and sixty feet in circumference at the base—are not the work of man, however, but are now known to be the incubators built by the jungle fowl and other species of the small family of Megapodidae, or great footed birds. Each of these great piles consists of fallen leaves, grasses, etc., which the birds deposit in place by throwing backward with one foot. Though the mounds are usually in dense shade, the decaying vegetable matter has been found to raise the temperature at the center as high as 95 degs. The eggs are carefully placed with the larger end up, about twelve inches apart, and are covered to a depth of at least two or three feet.—Arkansaw Traveler.

STRANGE SYSTEM OF SIGNS.

How Convicts Communicate in Spite of Close Surveillance—An Example.

Incidents that must necessarily follow from intercommunication often happen in penitentiaries, where the rules are rigid and surveillance so close that a convict is never from under the eye of a guard or taskmaster. No matter to what extreme the rule prohibiting conversation between convicts may be enforced, they find some means by which to inform themselves of what is going on or what is to occur. But, more than this, a convict may conceive the idea of escape or revolt, and for him to communicate it to one he wishes to have as an accomplice is not difficult. They bring others into the plot or plan until twenty or thirty know it, in the details for the carrying out of which each is assigned his particular part. This necessitates a thorough explanation of the minutiæ and calls for a system of communication for which a limited use of signs would not answer.

The system, whatever it is, involves no doubt an elaboration of signs, aided whenever chance offers the means by written communication. The secret use of the latter means for expressing ideas and purposes will not account for the completeness of information convicts obtain of what takes place in prison walls, for, whether anything occurs in the office or the most distant part of the prison, within fifteen minutes there is not a convict who does not know all about it. Penitentiary officials have tried again and again to obtain even a clew to the system, but they are no nearer a solution than when they first began to investigate the matter. They know there is a system, and that it rests on signs, but whether on those made with fingers, eyes and lips, or the bringing into play of other features, or whether it depends on all together, they do not know. Prisoners, to curry favor with the officials, often tell them what they have learned from other convicts. They go to especial trouble at times in exposing plots, and are ready to reveal everything except the means by which they learned the facts. No convict has yet given the slightest suggestion which would lead to the discovery of the secret that has defied the shrewdest detectives.

"I have seen," said an ex-prison official, "two convicts, six feet apart, facing each other. They did not utter a word, nor could I discern the slightest movement of the lips or eyes, yet I knew they were communicating something. They gazed at each other for a minute or two before I had a chance to interfere, but I am satisfied that one told the other all he wished to tell. Three or four of them will be standing around a stove or together in other places of the prison, and yet with sufficient distance between them to lead one to think that they have nothing in common, but while there is not the least sign of conversation observable they are talking to each other in their own way."—Indianapolis Journal.

Work That Lasts for Ages.

Die sinking is carried on to a large extent in New York, and the work turned out from the various establishments is already acknowledged in the market to be of the very highest order. The material from which the dies are usually made, either brass or steel, is first turned into the desired shape in a lathe. Steel has to be submitted to a certain process called annealing, by which it becomes soft and pliable. The letters or figures, as the case may be, are then traced on the metal, after which the graveur is brought into play. This tool must be highly tempered, or else it will fail to do the work marked out for it on the steel plate. The artist who attempts die sinking must needs be temperate in his habits, as a steady hand and clear eyesight are two necessary requisites, should success be the object to be attained. The cutting of the various letters and designs cannot be rushed, as the artist must work slowly to obtain accuracy.

Dies are used for medals, rubber stamps, seal presses, wax and notary seals, ribbon stamps, stencil alphabets and various other necessaries of mercantile use. Many of the steel dies cut for medals bring a high price, and when any sort of a fine piece of work is turned out the die usually brings as much as $50. The greatest number of dies nowadays are used in the cutting of rubber stamps, and, although bringing a fair price, not many duplicate orders are received, as the metal will wear a lifetime, should it not meet with a mishap or the style change, which is sometimes the case.—New York Mail and Express.

Oyster Sharps in Congress.

The oyster is Washington's most popular food. It is a great favorite among public men. To most of them the fresh, juicy oyster of Washington is a novelty. The westerners and the members from the interior of the south, speaking generally, never saw an oyster in any shell except that made of tin until they came to the capital. Their stay here always kills their taste for canned oysters. For three hours in the middle of every day the two restaurants at the Capitol are crowded with members and senators, standing or sitting before heaps of Lynn Havens and Blue Points.

A few months after the beginning of his term in congress and in oyster eating the back country member becomes extremely particular about the nativity and freshness of the bivalves set before him. He likes to have a wondering and admiring listener on such occasions, a constituent in a state of primitive greenness on the oyster subject. Some of the congressional waiters, always decorous and patient, have to provide themselves with large sleeves in which to hide the laughter that such experiences inevitably excite. It is a fad like unto that adopted by an occasional callow snipper snapper who questions and discusses the wines that were born a century before he was.—Boston Globe.

Gen. Fremont's advice to an office seeker is to "shut his mouth and throw away his pen."

THE SHARK'S HABITS.

EX-CONSUL NICHOLAS PIKE'S OPINIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

As Many as 100 Seen at a Time in the Indian Ocean—Hooking a Couple of Specimens—Several Thrilling Incidents.

Col. Nicholas Pike, formerly United States consul at Oporto, Portugal, and later on the Island of Mauritius, in the Indian ocean, is a well known authority in natural history. Calling at his residence one evening recently I said:

"You must have had some interesting encounters with sharks, I presume, during your natural history researches in the Indian ocean?"

"Yes," he replied, "that region swarms with them. Many of them are exceedingly dangerous and they grow to be very large, some being taken twenty-seven feet in length. They generally remain near the bottom, coming to the surface only in search of prey. At points along the coast of the Sea Shell group of islands I have seen as many as 100 sharks at one time through the clear water. Once a number of English naval officers and myself thought we would engage in a shark hunt. We procured a number of strong lines, hooks and pieces of raw pork. In order to make sure of the sharks coming to the surface we took with us a pail of bullock's blood, and when we reached the locality most frequented by the voracious animals we emptied the contents of the pail upon the surface of the water. We got more than we bargained for. The sharks came about us in swarms. The blood seemed to make them ferocious and they would stick their heads up out of the water, apparently looking for the animal that was bleeding. We were frightened out of our wits and pulled for shoal water. Frequently we had to stop and beat them off with our oars, fearing that they would tip the boat over. They followed us even into shoal water, and when we landed we fired at them with our revolvers.

A COUPLE OF SHARKS.

"I had an excellent opportunity to study the habits of the shark while at Mauritius," said Col. Pike, "because I then made a complete collection of the fish of the Indian ocean. When the Duke of Edinburgh came to Port Louis on one of his cruises he expressed a desire to see a specimen of a real man eating shark, and I volunteered one day to capture one. Accordingly I took my boat and a Malay crew and set out. I was particular to take a boat without any keel, because sharks will dart under a boat and tear off a keel without half trying. Besides lines, hooks and bait, I carried a whaleman's spade. This is an instrument shaped like a carpenter's chisel, but as big as your hand and fixed on a pole say ten feet long. Thus equipped we proceeded to the outer reef off Port Louis. Reaching deep water we throw out our lines baited with chunks of pork. The ocean was perfectly calm, and after waiting some time I took a pull at one of the lines and found that it was fastened to something. Then there was a fierce jerk from the other end which nearly careened the boat.

"I knew that we had hooked one and almost simultaneously the other lines were made taut, and I could see we were to have our hands full. The shark first hooked now became fierce and was thrashing and slashing about in the most threatening manner. I seized my whaleman's spade and stood erect in the bow of the boat. He was coming direct for us with his mouth wide open. When within range I made a fierce lunge at him, which fortunately severed the vertebra and the huge fish keeled over on its side dead. The second one was not so easily dispatched, and when we finally did kill him his head was resting on the side of the boat, having made a spring out of the water in attacking us. The third one we maneuvered with for over an hour before we could kill it. One of the sharks measured twenty-two feet, and its liver made a barrel of oil. The three, after being exhibited at Port Louis, were stuffed and sent to Professor Agassiz and are now in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass.

GREEDY FLESH EATERS.

All the meat that was brought to Port Louis came in vessels and the cattle were lowered into the water and made to swim ashore. It was not an uncommon thing for the sharks to seize a live animal and make away with it. In order to study the habits of this wonderful fish more thoroughly, I once took a dead bullock and anchored it in the parts most frequented by them. I then waited to see how they would pull him to pieces. They would go off some distance and then swim swiftly toward the bullock tearing great circular pieces out of the haunches. In one hour there was not a single vestige of the bullock left. So intent were they upon their prey that they allowed me to put a noose around their tails and drag them on the reef, where we killed them. Three specimens captured in this way were sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Once there were two men off the coast of Mauritius in a pirogue, or what we would call a dugout. A ravenous shark seemed determined to have them, and finally succeeded in turning the boat over. The men drew their clasp knives and tried to defend themselves, but one of them was swallowed by the fish without an apparent effort, and, strange to say, he did not then seem to be satisfied. The people on the shore who had witnessed this tragic event determined to capture the monster, and, accordingly, they killed a kid and fastened it to a hook. For a time the shark swam around it, apparently suspecting something, but finally swallowed it and the delighted natives hauled him ashore. The fish was opened and I saw the body of the man, which was taken out, and have the knife which he held in his hand.

Masters of whaling vessels have told me that they have known sharks to jump out of the water and take pieces of meat which were suspended from the ship's side. The ship Ellen Wallace was anchored in the harbor of Port Louis at one time and a sailor asked permission of the captain to go ashore. He was refused and accordingly jumped overboard, determined to swim ashore. He was swallowed by a shark before he had covered half the distance. I also saw his body taken out of the fish."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Wedding Superstition.

A curious superstition was brought out during the performance of the marriage ceremony in a justice's office in Omaha. The magistrate had commanded the contracting parties to stand before him, and was about to begin the ceremony when a woman rushed in and ordered the judge to stop a moment. The women, who proved to be the bride's mother, looked at the carpet on the floor, and said: "Judge, I am a little superstitious. Which way do the cracks run in this floor?" This was a puzzler for the judge; but, being of an accommodating spirit, he ripped up about two yards of the carpet beneath his feet and found that the seams of the floor ran crosswise of the feet of the young couple he was about to unite. The position of the bride and groom was changed. The old lady gave a sigh of relief and the ceremony proceeded.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Gold Timepiece.

And so you want a gold watch, my son? And why, pray? Doesn't your silver watch keep just as good time as if it wore gold cases? Ah, but, you say, it is so humiliating to pull out a silver watch in a company where gold watches are in every pocket. Nonsense! If it is humiliating, then keep it in your pocket. Nobody will suspect that your watch is not of the approved metal. And where everybody having a gold watch is intent on displaying his own timepiece, nobody will ask or care to see yours.—Boston Transcript.

French Epicure's Cheese.

The cheese for excellence with high livers is Roquefort. It is French, and made of goat's milk and herbs. It is very rich, and is served just before coffee at dinner. Roquefort is almost a religion with French epicures, and is equally well thought of by a little animal probably first cousin to the American "skipper." This little animal is also part of the French epicure's religion. If the cheese does not contain him it is looked upon with suspicion, as his discrimination is very fine.—Chicago Herald.

One Feature Omitted.

Millionaire Patron (with wart on his nose)—The portrait is excellent, Mr. Tubes, but you've left out one very essential feature.

Mr. Tubes—Excuse me, sir, but I thought you wouldn't care to have the—er—er—wart reproduced.

Millionaire Patron—Confound you, sir! I'm talking about the diamond pin—not the wart!"—Judge.

The Word "Volapuk."

A perplexed reader in Riverhead, L. I., wants to know how the word Volapuk is pronounced. Well, it is pronounced almost every way, but the correct way is said to be Vo-la-pweek, with the accent on the last syllable, which is spoken very quickly.—New York Tribune.

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HE STILL KEETS THE HIGH STANDARD OF 18 K. WEDDING RINGS.

Solid Silver Waltham Watches,

ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

Warranted Good Time-Keepers.

Jan. 26, 1888.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

—WANTED—

ALL PERSONS VISITING TOWN DURING COURT TO CALL AT SPARKS', UNDER "NEWS" OFFICE.

He is selling goods Cheaper than ever. Only think of it, a Handsome

HANGING LAMP FOR $2.25!

Clocks from $1.25 up.

A nice Eight-Day Clock for $4.00, warranted.

A nice Tumbler at 45 cents a dozen. *All Glassware Cheap.* When you want Fine Glassware, Sparks' is the only place you can find it.

If you get hungry during court hours, just run down to Sparks', under "News" office, he has lots of good things to satisfy the hungry; and then if you feel like enjoying a good smoke there is no better place to buy a Cigar than at Sparks'. Come and see us, we will treat you right.

SPARKS.
Under "News" office.

a12.

$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. *Purely Vegetable & Harmless.*

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One Pellet a Dose.** Cure **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

REMEMBER

Chapman & Lambert's

CARRIAGE

—AND—

WAGON WORKS

and call and look at their Fine, Solid Work, which they are SELLING LOW for the quality of work. We have in stock Bruster Side-Bar Buggies, Daytons, Phetons, Jump-Seats and Surrey Carriages. All kinds of Family Carriages made to order.

We shall give special attention to

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS.

The Painting and Varnishing of old work will be done in the highest style of art, and all other repairs in workman-like manner.

We have had long experience in the business and only ask a trial to prove our ability to give satisfaction in work and prices.

—IN OUR—

BLACKSMITHING & WHEELWRIGHTING

Line, we consider that we have the best facilities of any shop on the Peninsula.

We would call attention to our

FARM AND PEACH WAGONS,

and our LIGHT PLATFORM DEARBORNS and EXPRESS WAGONS.

We keep up our old standard and reputation, and our work is sold at a Lower figure to suit the times.

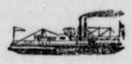
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
April 5, 1888. Chestertown, Md.

The Chester River

STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

1888.

DAILY Excursions to Baltimore



Commencing April 10th, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and Queenstown. Will leave Queenstown at 8.45 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 11 A. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at 3 P. M., arriving in Chestertown 7.15 P.M.

STEAMER B. S. FORD

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

Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at 2.45 P. M., arriving in Centreville at 7 P M.

Fare from All Points:

$1 ROUND TRIP.

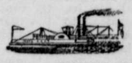
SINGLE TICKETS 75 CENTS.

TICKETS GOOD UNTIL USED.

April 12, 1888. GEO. WARFIELD, PRESIDENT.

TOLCHESTER LINE!

AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 2d, 1888, BEGINNING SATURDAY APRIL, 7th,



THE STEAMER EMMA GILES,
Leaves Baltimore
EVERY SATURDAY & WEDNESDAY
At 7 o'clock A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

LEAVES TOLCHESTER.

At 9 o'clock A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

Freight Received in Baltimore Daily!

SPECIAL.—In order to make the change in our schedule, there will be no boat between Monday, April 2d and Saturday, April 7th. Every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter, as per Schedule.

TOLCHESTER STEAMBOAT CO.,
Office, Pier 16 Light Street, Baltimore
March 29, 1888.

A. C. Yates & Co.

Best Made Clothing in Philadelphia

For Men and Children

SIXTH & CHESTNUT,
(LEDGER BUILDING.)

DR. PHELP'S STATEMENT.

Healthful Teeth are a "Lifetime Joy!"

SINCE in practice here I have extracted disease teeth for over 1,800 patients (cases recorded) WITHOUT GIVING PAIN. *The Safe* administration of *Ether and Chloroform* my specialty.

N. B.—My services, for this purpose, at the call of physicians in surgical operations.

Why not have your decayed teeth filled?

W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.,
Nov. 17, 1887. Galena, Md.

JUDEFIND BROS.

$8,000, $4,000, $3,000, $1,200 to loan on Farm property. Bargains in FARMS for sale. Printed list free.

JUDEFIND BROS.,
m15-tf. EDESVILLE, MD.

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

J. B. SAPPINGTON'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'

B. F. FLEMING,

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN—

Land Lime, Coal and Wood,

LIME A SPECIALTY.

Orders promptly filled to any point reached by the Pennsylvania Railroad and Branches in Maryland and Delaware.

COAL—A Large Supply!

NOW ON HAND AT THE DEPOT.

COAL. Orders for COAL and WOOD filled at Short Notice in Chestertown and vicinity in small or large quantities and by the Carload at any point on the Balto. & Del. Bay Railroad. WOOD.

March 8, 1888—6m.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

AGENT FOR R. J. BAKER & Co.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS

GROUND AND DISSOLVED RAW BONE,
DISSOLVED S C PHOSPH