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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.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS

Downes & Jennings,

Merchant Tailors

No. 407 Second Street

RIALTO BUILDING,

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.

A Beautiful Line
—OF—
WALL PAPERS!

Prices Are Very Low!

LOWER THAN ELSEWHERE,

AND WORK GUARANTEED.

LARGE LINE OF PAINT

AND PAINTERS' SUPPLIES!

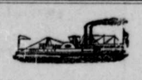
PAINT from 75c. and $1.00 per gallon up. Contractors and others will do well to call on

LOUIS K. STAM.

May 3, 1888.

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

The Centreville and Corsica River Steamboat Company.

STEAMER  GRATITUDE!

M. M. LARRIMORE, Master.

1888. **Daily Trips to Baltimore.** 1888.

On and after MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1888, the steamer "Gratitude" will run as follows: Leave Chestertown, 5.00 A. M.; Centreville, 7.15; Long Cove, 8.15; Jackson's Creek, 9.00; touching at Pusey's and Earle's landings on Corsica River, Quaker Neck, Newnam's and landings on Chester river, arriving in Baltimore at 12 o'clock. ☞RETURNING, leave Baltimore at 3.30 P. M.

FARE, ROUND TRIP, $1.00,

☞TICKETS GOOD UNTIL USED.☜

Single Fare, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

N. B.—Freight for all stops received and handled with care and promptness.

☞Chestertown Agent, **E. B. JONES**, Burchinal's Wharf.

April 19, 1888. C. HOLYBURTON, Jr., Gen'l Manager, Pier 13, Light St. Wharf.

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED

Beyond a doubt that **Concentrated Animal Bone Fertilizers** are superior to low grade, or Acid Goods, as a means of growing Truck, such as Sugar Corn, Tomatoes, Potatoes, etc., and, as will be shown by the following Testimonials, **Our Corn,** as well as our **Special Truck Fertilizer** stands second to none on the market:

FOR CORN.

Mr. ALLEN WALLACE, of Sweedsboro', N.J., says I could tell the very row where I used your fertilizer on my field corn, and when I came to mow my grass, where the goods had been used, there was such a difference in the crop that some of my friends asked me why I mowed part of the field and let the other stand, when the truth of the matter was your fertilizer made the grass five or six inches higher; it was more marked from the fact that the corn rows ran diagonally across the field, and I could see the difference in the second mowing. I believe it to be grand, good stuff, and will use it again this spring.

Mr. J. CORDRAY LOUD, of Pomona, says for a number of years he had used our fertilizer on his corn; it prevents frenching and always paid him.

Mr. J. B. HANWAY, of Joppa, Harford county Md., says in the spring of 1884 I bought 8 tons of your Special Truck Fertilizer for sugar corn and tomatoes, and liked it so well that I bought more heavily the next season, until last spring I bought 94 tons, and expect to use more than ever this season. Your goods has an excellent reputation with us.

Mr. JAMES R. MASSEY, of Harford county, says he made a test with our Corn Phosphate alongside dissolved Animal Bone and Oriole Super-Phosphate, and sold the corn to canners by the ton, and that our goods netted him $14 more to the acre.

C.C.BROWN & BRO., of Pomona, say they continue to use our Corn Phosphate because it pays them.

FOR TOMATOES.

Mr. WM. R. ALABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says I used your fertilizer on tomatoes by the side of Green Bone phosphate and Sun Guano. The Green Bone was cracked so high I put it next to the road to show off big, and the Sun Guano next and the last Hubbard's, away back, as its merits were kept quiet: but when visitors came to see my patch of tomatoes I always pointed out the ground on which all three kinds were, and Hubbard's got the credit of being far superior to the others. When picking time came it was all in all.

Mr. HERMON PYLE, of Harford, says I used your Truck Fertilizer on my tomatoes in connection with other standard brands. Where your goods went the vines keep greener, fruit was prettier, yielded more, and will use a car load or two this spring.

Mr. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, says about the same.

Mr. J. H. COPPER, our county, says he has used our goods on his various crops of truck with satisfaction.

FOR POTATOES.

Mr. WM. M. BATTEN, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says for several years I had been paying $13 more per ton for Maples Potato Manure than for yours and in order that we might know whether the other was worth the difference, last spring we applied them both alike, marked the rows and dug the potatoes separately. There was a basket more to the row where your goods went; They were larger, smooth and nice potatoes. Will use yours exclusively this spring.

Mr. WM WOOD, of Hanesville, our county says your fertilizer made for me as fine a crop of potatoes as I ever grew. The spot where applied was a poor piece of land that came in the corn field the next year, and you could see a decided difference in the corn where the potatoes had been. Never before had I seen such lasting and beneficial effects. My neighbors in looking at my corn noticed it.

☞ We ask but a fair and impartial trial of our Bone Super-Phosphates.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
MANUFACTURERS, CHESTERTOWN, Md.
March 22, 1888—2m.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

OUR GOODS THE BEST! OUR PRICES THE LOWEST!

The prospects for the present year are encouraging to the agriculturist. Corn commands a good figure and is likely to remain so. Wheat is a better price and is apt to improve. Fruit-growers are happy in the prospect of a full crop. The supply of canned fruits and vegetables is not large, the demand will therefore exceed the supply of the present season. Farmers, feed your crops with the proper food, *the best is the cheapest.* The reputation gained for our goods and the results obtained therefrom, classes them among the best. The secret of success is to make goods equal to any and to sell them at a low figure. THIS WE DO. Among the well-known brands that rank among the best, are our Peach and Vine Guano, unexcelled for Peach Trees; Climax, for Corn and Truck; Acme, for Corn and Truck, especially adapted for stiff land, prevents "frenching" in corn; also special phosphates for Oats, Potatoes, &c. Black Residuum for sale in quantities to suit—fine dry stock. The following testimonials (are among the many that we are now receiving) to which we call your attention:

TESTIMONIALS:

CHURCH HILL, March 1, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I have used the Peach Tree Guano manufactured by you. I have used it for the last two seasons and I am much pleased with the results. My orchard was fifteen years old when first applying your guano. It was in a very bad condition: had become to decay very much. I noticed a great improvement after one application of your goods. In the following spring, 1887, I again applied 400 pounds broadcast per acre. I had a medium crop of peaches, while some of my neighbors, with much better orchards, failed to get any, although full of bloom in spring. They did not use your guano. My orchard today is more promising than it has been for the last 6 or 8 years. I believe your Peach Guano has made it what it is to-day. I shall continue to use it while ever it gives me such good results. Wherever your Guano has been used in this section good results have followed. I also used your Corn Phosphate last spring with good results; got better returns than from any Phosphate I ever used. You are at liberty to publish this statement. — GUS. PORTER.

FAIRLEE, Dec. 17, 1887.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I used three-quarters of a ton of your Peach Tree Guano, and applied it to one-fourth of my orchard last spring. On the part fertilized I received more than five times as many peaches. I made this trial as an experiment, and am fully satisfied that it pays to use your fertilizer. There were very few peaches about me last year; many orchards did not have any. Six rows of one variety where I put the Phosphate were full of peaches this past year; and what is more surprising, the same trees were very full the year before. This result was very unusual last year and fully satisfies me that your Peach Tree Guano did the work. — R. C. SMYTH.

CHESTERTOWN, Feb. 28, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—The fertilizer that I bought from you last spring I used on my corn on the Pippin farm. This land had been put in corn two years previously and was in wheat two years before that, making 5 years in tillage. My crop of corn was excellent, greatly beyond expectations. You have my order for this spring, and I advise all farmers to use your goods; they are reliable and low-priced.
JOSIAS RINGGOLD.

67¾ *Bushels from clover sod and manr*

67¼ *Bushels from our Corn Phosphate per acre.*

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: It is with great pleasure that I state to you and others interested in the success of your Corn Phosphate sold to me last spring. In the spring of 1885 I put a field containing 18 acres in corn; it was a clover sod and heavily manured; my crop of corn was nearly sixty bushels to the acre. Spring of 1886 I bought one and a-quarter tons of your Corn Phosphate and applied to the same field. I also planted out a young peach orchard in this field. I did not put any fertilizer between the trees running one way. The difference where I fertilized was so noticeable that my neighbors asked me the cause. I shipped from the field (1180) eleven hundred and eighty bushels, besides quite a quantity was kept for feeding. The corn was husked and kept in pens; the waste was large. The increase of fodder more than paid for the fertilizer, besides the increase of corn. Your Potato Phosphate is the best goods that I ever used, giving me fine-sized, smooth potatoes, and a large crop. I used your goods last spring with good results. I shall always recommend your goods and intend using the same the present spring.
JAMES A. TOULSON.

Tilghman's Island, Md., Feb. 29, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: Mr. Sol. Seney and myself used your Peach Tree Guano last spring on our peach orchard. The result was fully up to our expectations. There are about one thousand trees in the orchard, and it is fourteen years old. We sold the orchard to a speculator for twelve hundred and seventy-five dollars, and he was satisfied with his profit. The orchard has made a fine growth for this year and is full of buds. I can highly recommend your goods. JOHN M. CECIL.

PRICE'S STATION, MD., March 1, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gents: I used some of your Special Mixture on potatoes last spring, and grew a large crop and of a fine quality. I think it is a good mixture for truck.
Resp'y, E. B. WALLS.

Manufactured by C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
March 22, 1888—2m.

Seasonable Goods!

We have just got in stock for the coming season the following, in assortment:

Refrigerators, Ice Chests, Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers, Oil Stoves, Lawn Mowers, Garden Tools, Poultry Wire, Fly Wire, Door Screen Frames, Window Screen Frames. Call in and see our goods; always welcome.
Resp'y,
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

LIME! LIME!

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

NOTICE.

THE RISING SUN SALOON is now prepared to accommodate the public with all the delicacies of the season, such as Spring Chickens, Soft, Deveiled and Hard Crabs, Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, Turtle Soup, Terrapin Soupand Ox Tail Soup.
WM. PERKINS,
June 2, 1887 Proprietor.

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

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.

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridle Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at
WROTH & ALDRIDGE

LOOK OUT FOR CHINA.

An Eloquent Young Celestial Warns Us of a Commercial Giant.

Mr. Guy Maine, a young Chinaman who has abandoned his mellifluous native name, delivered a lecture before a large audience in the lecture room of the Broadway Tabernacle on Tuesday night on the Chinese question. Mr. Maine is studying music in this country. He has abandoned the religion of his forefathers, the queue and their garb. He spoke in almost perfect English and with good oratorical effect.

"The popular conception of a Chinaman in this country," he said, "is of a man who hankers for rice, rats, cats and mice, grows his hair long and braids it into a queue, and affects an outlandish costume. This perhaps is partly justified. There are old bald-headed men in my country who eat tom-cat stew with black peas in it, under the belief that it will make their hair grow, but, although the Western world has in the last few centuries outstripped China in its civilization, you must not lose sight of the fact that the Chinaman trusts to his skill and knowledge and industry to earn his bread, and I have yet to find one who declares that the country owes him a living.

"Our impression of the first Europeans we saw in China was no better than yours of us. Their white short hair and straight noses did not conform to our ideas of beauty, and they were pointed out as white devils.

"The object of my lecture is to prove to you that, although the laws for the exclusion of Chinamen from this country have come from an almost universal demand, the policy is a mistake. The Celestials are fully the equals in intelligence of any people in the world. Our diplomats are watching the action of this country with an alert gaze, and before long they will give the people of the United States some difficult conundrums to solve. Even now telegraphs and railroads are being built in China which form the nucleus of a vast system which will cover the empire. Once let our products get freely to the seacoast, and that beehive of industry, with its 400,000,000 people, will enter into a commercial competition for the markets of the world. You may exclude our people, but a dollar is a dollar all the world around, and nothing which you can do will prevent your capital being carried into the market where the most can be had for the money. Then you will have to enter into a real competition with Chinese cheap labor. Besides this, our diplomats have already got their eyes fixed on Canada and Mexico and other countries with which you have commercial treaties of the most liberal kinds. What do you think will be the effect of their free immigration into these countries? Instead of your supplying their markets with the product of your factories, their skill, frugality and industry will enable those countries to send goods into your own markets. By changing your policy you can secure the good of this yourselves. Even now there are thousands of Chinamen who await the opportunity to identify themselves with your country and institutions.

"Throw your doors open. Say to the Chinaman: 'Here is room for all, but none may hold himself aloof from the people. Abandon your peculiar garb, your pigtails and your customs. Come into the schools and the churches and become citizens, and there shall be no line between white, black, brown or yellow. The only line shall be between ignorance and vice on the one hand and intelligence and virtue on the other.' If this were done there are 10,000 Chinamen in the country who would abandon their crowded tenements, cut off their pigtails and throw away the garb that keeps them apart from the community.

"When the people of Europe were roaming the forests clothed in skins the Chinese were wearing silks and satins and housed in palaces. Now that the gates are opened and the influence of Western advancement has taken hold in China, it will be but a short time before you must face the problem of the competition which I have mentioned. You must choose. You have a chance now to aid a struggling people while serving your own interest, or of driving them into other alliances."

Mr. Maine and Mr. J. S. Hopper, a young American whose father is president of the Christian College in Canton, are about to begin the publication of a paper, half in English and half in Chinese, to advance these views, and also to educate Chinese in this country.

How He Buys an Engagement Ring.

From the Jewelers' Weekly.

"It's funny to see the different ways in which various men select engagement rings," said a jeweler's clerk, "and when a man comes in here for that purpose every clerk in the store can recognize the fact at once. Of course he has only come in to look at some watches or a pair of sleeve buttons, but the very manner in which he avoids the ring case betrays him at once. After a few minutes, when he feels a little more at his ease, he usually takes the clerk into his confidence and asks to be shown some solitaires. If it's his first venture and he doesn't feel quite sure of his ground he will even go so far as to ask if solitaires aren't sometimes used as engagement rings. The clerk's answer usually removes the last vestige of doubt, and then the purchaser throws aside all reserve and selects from the assortment before him the ring which strikes the happy medium between the depth of his affections and of his pocket.

"Other men, again, walk in with the news just beaming from all over them. 'Engaged' is visible from the top of their heads to the soles of their feet. The purchaser of this class makes no secret of his errand, and departs on his way rejoicing in a very short time.

"From all indications I should say that the leafy month this year will see any number of weddings. For the last month we have averaged three engagement rings a day."

A Four Million Dollar Ship.

A great sensation was recently made at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when the new war ship Victoria was slowly towed from Elswick, down the river and out to sea, by seven steam tugs. The river banks were lined with people on both sides at all the more important centers of population. The voyage was accomplished without any hitch. At the Swing Bridge there were very few inches to spare in the width of the opening, and at one time fenders had to be used to soften down a slight collision. In crossing the bar, thanks to the work of the Tyne commissioners, there was plenty of depth of water, notwithstanding the heavy draught of the enormous vessel. On reaching the open sea several hours elapsed while the compasses were being adjusted, and then the vessel, propelled by her own engines, was quickly out of sight. On arriving at Sheerness, she was taken in charge by the Medway Steam Reserve authorities. Some time will elapse before she is fit for active service, but no efforts will be spared to finish her as soon as possible. Her cost to the country will be over $4,000,000.

A TRAVELER in Norway says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food, which perhaps might be beneficially followed here. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the animal's respiratory organs.

ILLINOIS is making more than ordinary efforts to prevent the appearance of cholera and other epidemic diseases in the State this year. Among other precautions taken, the State Board of Health has notified all the railroad companies centring in Chicago to put their stations and grounds in good sanitary condition.

Personal.

Mr. Will Carleton has returned to his home in Brooklyn after a winter spent in Italy, during which he traveled over the greater part of that country, writing meanwhile descriptive letters for various American newspapers. He gave his first readings of original poems since his return at Toronto, on the 10th and 11th, to large audiences.

Sudbury's old tavern, made famous in Longfellow's "Tales of a Way-side Inn," dating back two hundred years and more, has been sold at auction for the worth of its old timbers.

Southern admirers are to spend $15,000 in erecting a monument over the grave of Poet Sidney Lanier.

General W. T. Sherman is quoted by a Western newspaper as saying the late war demonstrated that city boys could stand more fatigue and hardship and marching than country boys could. The irregularity of army life weakened the farmer lads, who were uniformly used to regular living.

The failure of California's great merchant, William T. Coleman, brings an eventful career into prominence. Mr. Coleman is a Southerner, but during the war he was a resolute Union man, and he figured bravely in helping to put down the draft riots in New York. When the war ended he devoted himself earnestly to relieving the necessities of the South's prostrate people. He went to the far West when a mere boy, and the famous Vigilantes of California had him for a leader. In the financial troubles that have now overwhelmed him he has everywhere the sympathy of men who have known the abundant good that has figured in his career.

Prosperity attends the popular Chauncey M. Depew, who, out of the abundant good things that fortune bestows, has just paid $125,000 for a New York residence to his taste.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has been chosen the permanent successor of Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church. Dr. Abbott as temporary successor kept the church pews filled. He is a clear, forcible talker, a deep thinker and gifted with a geniality that assures life in the church's fellowship.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, is to invest a good many thousand dollars in a monumental statue of General Grant.

The Western Association of Writers, of which Maurice Thompson is president, holds its annual convention at Indianapolis next month. James Whitcomb Riley and General Lew Wallace are among the notables who will participate.

Andrew Carnegie and Rudolph Kepler are among the recently elected directors of New York's cremation society. Since the organization of the society, three years ago, 186 bodies have been incinerated here, 129 males and 57 females. Interested people declare that cremation is gaining ground, and this New York society has now begun to pay its expenses.

Though none but those who knew him best suspected it, one of the chief prides of Matthew Arnold's life was his recollection of superiority in the boyish sports of his school days.

Evelyn College, Princeton's branch for young women, is to be incorporated and pushed aggressively to success. Dr. Patton, Princeton's new president, says that the experiment promises much that is good.

Paris is to attempt stage magnificence with "King Lear" during next year's exhibition, and Louis Frechette, Canada's poet, has been commissioned to turn Shakespeare's words into dramatic French.

Maine Sunday school scholars have been raising purses to gladden the old age of the Rev. Lilijah Kellogg, whose books for boys and girls have made so many young hearts happy. The fund raised for the rare old man has developed into goodly proportions, and it has come to him as a great surprise, relieving pressing misfortunes.

Free speech in Ireland shows its strength by bringing about the sentence of Editor William O'Brien to three months' imprisonment for advising Irishmen to join the League.

Mr. C. D. Mosher, a photographer, of Chicago, is engaged in a unique and interesting work. For the past thirteen years he has collected photographs of prominent men and women of America and Europe, with the object of giving to posterity a complete gallery of distinguished personages of the present age. Already he has accumulated about eight thousand pictures, but he calculates on adding some two thousand more before the collection will be complete. These photographs, accompanied by brief biographical sketches, and the autograph signatures, where obtainable, are to be sealed up in a memorial safe, deeded over to Chicago, and deposited in the city hall vaults, where space has already been provided, until the second centennial of the United States, in 1976, when the mayor of Chicago is to appoint three commissioners who are to confer with the Centennial Committee relative to placing these then historical likenesses in a memorial art gallery for the inspection of future generations. It is intended that a complete register be kept at the recorder's office, and Mr. Mosher will provide that reference can be made to the pictures themselves on important occasions.

The Last Herd of Buffalo.

Mr. Clinton A. Snowden, of the Chicago *Times*, is the originator of a scheme to save bisons that still remain on the plains. It has been ascertained that of the millions which once roamed on the praries of the West only seventy-five or a hundred herds remain, and these are located in the extreme southwestern portion of Texas. An expedition is soon to start for Texas to round up there for buffalo. The leading purpose is to perpetuate a species of animal which is thoroughly typical of American animal life; one of the controlling ideas of the trip being to kill none of the animals while corraling them or after their capture. News of the work of the expedition is to be sent to the *Times* by carrier pigeons.

It is to be hoped this laudable expedition will succeed. It would seem as if Congress might do something to promote and encourage the preservation of this wonderful breed of animals.

Electricity and What Is It.

Says the London *Daily News*: "Electricity gives us the brightest light, the highest temperature, the swiftest messenger, and the most potent chemical agent we possess. It is used for curing the sick, it has been proposed as a subsitute for the 'cat,' or even the gallows. By its means the voice can be transmitted to distances infinitely beyond the reach of a speaking tube. It enables us to hear the footsteps of a fly, to detect base metal in a coin, or the presence of a bullet in the body. We can use it to separate the fine metallic particles from a powdered rock, to propel a boat or drive a car. Energy from a waterfall can be carried to a distant workshop, and there be used to plate a spoon with silver, to copy an engraving, or to extract a metal from its ore. Finally, it has recently been proposed to utilize the same power for the killing of cattle, and for the treatment of sewage. Yet we know nothing about its nature."

Ten Cows Hanged.

Samuel Stevens, a milk dealer of Monroe, Conn., on going to his barn the other morning, found the entire flooring of his cow stables had given way during the night and precipitated his ten cows into the opening. Nothing remained but the stanchions to which his stock were fastened, and from these hung ten dead cows.

AFTER the death of an old woman, long a servant in Southbridge, Mass., there were found among her possessions $398 in old New England State bank bills. They were issued by nineteen Massachusetts, eight Rhode Island, six Connecticut banks and one Maine bank. Although some of the bills were forty years old, and the banks were bound to pay none of them, the administrator in charge of the estate had little difficulty in securing their redemption.

Vanitas Vanitorum.

While awaiting the result of a search for a negative in a well-known photographer's studio I looked over the large albums lying on the table. They were almost filled with pictures of women—beautiful women, and women who fancied themselves beautiful. There was a vast difference; women in street costumes and women in evening gowns, and finally women in no gowns. Do not start, modest reader; they were not absolutely nude, but the next thing to it. One beautiful head attracted my attention—perfect in contour and with soft, fluffy hair, highly powdered and twisted in a Psyche knot, which well suited the Grecian profile. The neck was symmetrical, and so were the shoulders, and—so was the back, of which fully one-half was visible. There was absolutely nothing over the shoulders, not even a strap or bit of filmy lace. There was the marble-like beauty tremulously exposed. I called the bright young woman who takes orders and asked:

"Is this an actress?"

"No."

"A society young woman?"

"Yes."

"Do you often take such pictures?"

"Yes, indeed. We have as many orders as we can fill."

"Do you ever have application for the perfectly nude?"

"No-o," rather hesitatingly, "but ladies often want their pictures taken down to the waist. Now this picture, you see, is taken in the corsets—not even a corset cover over the shoulders. We take ladies almost every day in corset covers and chemises. See, here is one," and she pointed to a photograph of a young woman standing, leaning against a curtain. She wore the skirts of a dark gown, but no waist, save a lace trimmed chemise. Thrown around her, but with great care taken not to hide the neck, breasts and arms, was a lace shawl; the subject wore a painfully conscious smile, as if to say, "See how surpassingly lovely I am."

"Last week," went on my informant, "a girl came in and said that she wanted two styles of pictures taken. She sat with her waist on, then calmly divested herself of all covering down to her corsets, and handed the artist a small lace scarf to drape her with. Oh! it's only their vanity," she said, good naturedly; "they would be shocked if you called them immodest. They, of course, think they are beautiful, and are a little vain of their charms."

"In other words, they are trustees of beauty, and have a duty to perform to suffering humanity," I said.

"Yes, I believe that's it," was the rejoinder.

I asked a white-haired photographer if he every received applications for nude photographs.

"Every week," he said promptly; "we don't take them, but we have applications enough."

"From respectable women?"

"Oh, yes!" he answered, "woman's vanity—that's all. They only want two or three finished."—*Chicago Herald.*

BEARS KILLED BY THE COLD.

The Singular Story of a Colorado Man Who Was Alone with Freezing Beasts.

From the Denver News.

Ranchman J. C. Schiles will probably never forget an experience he had at his ranch near Piedra Parada during the cold spell in January. Mr. Schiles only went in last summer, and has a comfortable little house under the cover of the foothills. The weather preceding the cold spell in January, he says, had been beautiful, and he was out on the range every day. On Jan. 13 it began to get cold, and the thermometer dropped from 46 degrees above to 15 degrees below zero. On the following day it went down with lightning rapidity, and his spirit thermometer showed 38 degrees below at nightfall. Each day for a week was colder, and the lowest point attained by the mercury was, if his thermometer was accurate, 58 degrees, which was noted in the evening of Jan. 17.

Mr. Schiles for four days did not leave the house. On the opening of the third cold day he noticed that bear and deer, which had been unusually plentiful during the winter, began to come down to low ground, and on the morning of the fourth day he opened his door to get some wood, but was brought up at close range by a low growl. Upon looking up he saw four bears within twenty feet of his cabin. They were great big fellows, and Mr. Schiles made up his mind to have one. He got his rifle, but the bears seemed to divine his motive and got out of range. The intense cold prevented him from following, and after laying in enough to last two or three days and filling his water barrel he went back into the house and remained there until the cold had passed.

During the day the bears returned and deer and two antelope, the first he had seen in a year, moved down into the miniature valley in which his shack stands. That night the weather was so cold that Mr. Schiles was afraid to go to sleep, and kept a roaring fire in the stove all night. The night was made hideous, he says, by the coyotes and bears. The animals pressed close against the house, and he could hear them fighting for places, particularly near the two windows from which the light emanated. Once or twice one of the animals, probably a bear, would dash against the house as if to break it in, and the deer were heard uttering plaintive cries during the night. At three o'clock Mr. Schiles drew his spirit thermometer in from the roof by way of the chimney-hole and found the thermometer still at 58° below, the same as it had been twelve hours before. He thinks it was a great deal colder, and that the chemicals had been frozen. The night was a terribly long one, and at seven o'clock in the morning when Mr. Schiles awoke from a short nap, the animals had moved away and the weather moderated considerably, the mercury showing only 18 points below zero.

On opening the door of his house, which he did cautiously, he saw two bears, a deer, and a coyote lying on the ground. The deer and the coyote had been killed during the night by the bears, but the bears had no marks and had evidently frozen to death, as their bodies were rigid.

IT is a very simple process for children to become acquainted with each other, if they are left to their own devices. This is the way it comes to pass:

"Why, I did not know that you and that little girl had got acquainted yet," said a Roxbury father to his six-year-old son, who came in from a walk on the adjoining lawn with the tiny daughter of the new next-door neighbor.

"Yes, Clara and I have been 'quainted lots of days," said the very small boy.

"What did you say to her first?" asked the father.

"Oh, Clara spoke to me first. She came down by the chicken-house, and asked me how many prayers I say nights, and I told her; and then I asked her how many prayers she says, and she told me, and then we were 'quainted."—*Boston Record.*

There's a 12-year old New Englander in Gardiner who will be careful about playing on the cars hereafter. He tried to jump from a freight train on which he had been riding, and caught his foot and was thrown under the cars. The end of an axle struck his head and knocked it away so that it wasn't injured, but the housing of the car split his jacket up the back, and one wheel over the heel of his boot, cutting it off.

A BRIGHT looking boy of 10 years, with an unpronounceable Russian name, was convicted before Judge Thayer for theft of a quantity of lead-pipe from a tavern. The lad told a pathetic story to the Court. He said that he had neither father nor mother and no relatives, in this country to look after him. He had been sent to this country five months ago from Russia by an uncle, who thought money could be picked up in the streets in America. Judge Thayer sent him to the House of Refuge.

BURDETTE ON POLITICS.

A Little Advice to an Aspirant.

N. Y. Star.

Yes, my son, I know the political fever has already commenced, and it will grow hotter with the weather; but don't you meddle with politics. When you go into politics, as I am grieved to see you have already done to the extent of ruining two suits of clothes with kerosene oil and the coat of your stomach with whiskey—it would be much better for you to-day, socially, morally, physically and financially, had you drunk the kerosene and poured the whiskey over your clothes, although your patriotic exhilaration would have suffered—but when you do go into real politics, when you triumph, triumph graciously, magnanimously, mercifully. But when the hour of defeat comes, as come it will, let me advise you to "die easy." Don't kick. Don't struggle after you are dead. It distorts the countenance, contracts the limbs, lends the features a hideous expression of agony and hate, and terrifies the mourners. When your time comes, "die easy." Don't kick against manifest destiny. Remember that it is hard to fight the fates. Now, when I read the returns after a certain election that affected me rather personally, I quietly laid my handsome form down in calm, though sorrowful resignation. I closed my eyes and folded my hands on my bosom and remained passive and quiet, and there wasn't a prettier Republican "remains" in all this broad land than your late lamented subscriber. It took a great many thousand Republicans ten or twelve days to attain my state of sublime composure, but they came to it at last, and see how much time they lost. They kept anticipating the resurrection. Every time a triumphant Democrat blew his rejoicing horn they thought it was the trumpet of the Republican Gabriel, and jumped up in their grave clothes and went prancing around, and finally had to be knocked in the head with an official count before they would submit to the offices of the undertaker. I believe in pluck, my son; I believe in grit; I have an abiding faith in sand. I like to see a man fight who doesn't know he is licked, but I don't like to see a man come howling back into the ring after he has been knocked out and the other fellow has gone away with the gate money. "Die easy," my boy; you'll look better; your friends and enemies alike will admire you all the more for it, and you'll be in better condition for getting up when your party Gabriel sounds the trumpet. Now, bear this in mind. Paste it in your hat. I don't know much about politics—I wish I had as many dollars as I don't know much about politics—but what I do know I know for keeps, and I know it is always becoming for the party that gets its neck cut off to "die easy" and go off gracefully.

HERE are two stories of Maine sheriffs. The first was a little Aroostook man, and one day he went with a warrant to arrest a certain farmer. He found him in the field and made known his errand. "All right," said the farmer, a big burly fellow, "I'm ready," and with that he lay down at full length on the ground. "But you don't expect me to carry you, do you?" asked the sheriff. "Certainly; you must take my body, you know." "Will you wait until I get a team?" "Can't say," and the upshot was that the sheriff went back without his prisoner. The other sheriff was a Franklin county man, likewise small, but plucky. He was sent to arrest a notorious offender, a 200-pounder, and found him on the hillside. Grinning at the officer, he lay back on the grass, saying, "If you get me you'll have to take me." Quick as a wink the sheriff grabbed the fellow by his feet and started down hill with him as fast as he could go; and the bumping the fellow got soon shook all the fun out of him, and he begged to be allowed to walk quietly by the side of the sheriff.

The Home of the Peach.

The peach has been cultivated in China from the remotest antiquity, and it probably had a Chinese origin, for it is spoken of in that country 2000 years before its introduction into ancient Greece and Rome, and 1000 years before its introduction into the land of the Sanskrit speaking race. The group of peaches is composed of five species, or, as some call them, varieties—the common peach, the nectarine, which is known to be derived, and three other species cultivated or indigenous in China. The peach arrived in Italy at the beginning of the Christian era. The almond is not regarded as a species of the peach, for it was a native of Syria.—*Good Housekeeping.*

"Miss Clara" he said tremulously, "Clara, dear Clara, if I had loved you less, I could have told you that I loved you long ago. The mad passionate devotion of——"

Then he stopped.

Upon the girl's face there was a wistful new-bonnet expression, that impelled him to pause.

"Excuse my rudeness, Mr. Sampson," she said, slowly coming back to earth, but, for the moment, my thoughts were far away. You were saying——"

"I was saying," explained Mr. Sampson, reaching for hat, "that it is getting late, Miss Hendricks, and I will bid you good night."—*Epoch.*

SOME young men of Boston went fishing up in the country a few days ago, and, arrived at the fishing grounds, asked an ancient inhabitant if he could get them some bait. He thought that he could, and started off. Three hours afterward he appeared with a ten-quart pail full of angle-worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party to pay for such a wealth of bait; but they put on a bold front, and one asked:

"How much do we owe you?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man. "The ground is kinder solid an' the worms is far down, an' it's been hard on my back to dig 'em. But I've half a notion to go fishin' myself ter-morrer, an' if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

THE editor of the Smithville *News* of Georgia was not enabled to enjoy the balmy month of March on account of circumstances over which he had no control. He says: "Sunday, March 4, was the birthday of one of our little notes, and we had to hustle like thunder to get the money to meet it; Tuesday, the 6th, was the birthday of our youngest account with the Atlanta Newspaper Union—a pretty little affair of $8; Wednesday, the 7th, a tramp printer relieved us of two brass galleys, a pair of scissors, a pipe, a pocketknife, and the good-will of the paper; and on Thursday, the 24th, we entertained three strong chills, a slow fever, and five of our poor relations at dinner."

Planter Hatter of City Point, Miss., was ploughing when he heard a panther in a thicket near by. He took his gun, mounted his mule, rode in pursuit, overtook the beast, and shot it dead. As he was examining it the mule suddenly took fright, and rearing up, struck viciously at the dead panther, but instead, hit the master, who at last accounts was likely to die.

Mr. P. B. Sperry was married to Miss Kitty Downs of Woodbridge, Conn., recently, the remarkable thing about it is that Mr. Sperry is the forty fifth member of the Woodbridge choir to be married since the present leader, Mr. C. T. Walker, assumed control. Whether Mr. Walker is to be blamed is a question.

SOME one has got up an alphabet of precious stones as follows: Amethyst, beryl, chryso-beryl, diamond, emeaald, feldspar, garnet, hyacinth, idocrase, kyanite (more commonly cyanite, a blue mineral], lynx-sapphire, milk-opal, natrolite, opal, pyrope, quartz, ruby, sapphire, topaz, uranite, vesuvianite (a species of garnet), water-sapphire, xanthite, zircon (a Cingalese stone).

FUNNY BUSINESS.

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

"The defendant, Jake Lynch."

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch—well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family an——"

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my step-dad's father was once first cousins, an—"

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch. Me know Jake Lynch. You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch say so."

"If I know him. Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an'—,"

"You know him of course, then?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him! Ask him if he was ever introduced to Betty Skelton."

"I don't care to ask him anything. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally."

"Pussonly? Well, I don't know what you mean by 'pussonly,' but if you want to know if I know Jake and if Jake knows me, I can tell you in a mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father and my father—

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I knew Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone, an' I'll tell you all about it. Jane Lynch was born in Injeeany an' I was born in the same county an'—"

"And of course you know him?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very hoss he rid here on was one he traded my man a span of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Elizy Skiff, an' her an' me is the same age to a day, an—"

"That will do. I see that you do know him."

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