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The Chestertown Transcript.

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1888. 1888.

WM. H. CACY.

Standard, New Life, Reliance.

During the past three years the above Brands of Fertilizers have been used in this and neighboring counties. During that time my sales have doubled. This should be sufficfent recommendation of their excellence For Uniformity in Quality and Mechanical Condition they Cannot be Surpassed. For farmers wishing Special Formulas prepared, or Materials to mix themselves, I have a large stock or

DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONE, BONE MEAL, TANKAGE,
DRIED BLOOD, BONE BLACK, SOUTH CAROLINA BONE,
MURIATE OF POTASH, &C.

WM. H. CACY.
a30-8t. MANUFACTURER OF FERTILIZERS, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WE OFFER AGAIN

To the Farmers of Kent

OUR A. A.

BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE!

THE GREAT WHEAT AND CLOVER PRODUCER!

Notwithstanding the fact that all kinds of Fertilizer Materials have advanced we are enabled to offer our customers Fertilizers at last year's prices. Having laid our contracts early and before the advance, have determined to give our patrons the advantage of same. Being the pioneer manufacturers of the Shore, we have necessarily had large experience in manipulating Superposphates, and we are now thoroughly convinced that OUR A. A. is one of the finest combinations for wheat on the market without regard to price. As the whole 2,000 pounds is composed of Animal Bone, Nitrogen of Animal Matter, S. C. Floats and Potash—not one pound of Plaster, Sulphate of Soda, or any cheap or worthless materials entering into its composition—and his is not all theoretical but by reading these testimonials will be seen to be practical:

MR. WM. STEVENS, of Rock Hall, says he used Our A. A. Bone Superphosphate on his different farms, and as far as he has threshed, is pleased with the result, having got 22 bushels average from corn ground, and expects to use it again.

NEAR CRUMPTON, JULY 23, 1888.
T. R. Hubbard & Son—Gentlemen:—I used your A. A. Bone Superphosphate last fall and have in the years I have been farming used lots of high grade fertilizers, but the yield of Yours this season surpassed anything I ever used, having more wh[illegible]an I have ever threshed from the farm, an[illegible]ll use it again this fall.
[illegible]ctfully, ROCHESTER WOODALL.

T. R. Hubbard & Son—Gentlemen:—We have for several years used your Fertilizers on our wheat with gratifying results. Last fall, as a test, we drilled it beside another high grade goods which cost me more money and could see a difference, and on both farms where your goods went we got an average of 25 bushels per acre from stalk ground and fallow, and the grain was more round and plump. Expect to use it again this fall. STEWART MATTHEWS, W. W. NEWCOMB.

MR. J. THOMAS PENNINGTON, of Galena, says: For two years he has used Our A. A. Bone Superphosphate on several places in connection with other standard articles with satisfaction, and will buy more this fall.

—A FEW PATRONS WHO HAVE USED A. A.:—

R. B. Wilson, C. W. Wood, G. W. Wickes, R. A. Bogle, A. B. Jump, A. J. Wickes, W. E. Sanders. | J. Walter Skirven, J. Clark Taylor, Joseph Rasin, John Morris, R. S. Diehl, Jesse H. Usilton, | Jas. R. Jones, T. A. Jacobs, R. S. Griffith, B. F. H. Caulk, Jas. W. Chapman, J. W. Lambert, | Samuel Vannort, W. S. Melvin, Wm. Bryan, T. C. Parsons, O. B. Crisfield, J. B. Harris.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Aug. 2, 1888. MANUFACTURERS, CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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 PHOSPHATES, CHEMICALS,

and all goods used for Fertilizing purposes. SPECIAL FORMULAS compounded for all crops. Write for prices. All goods free on board at Baltimore.
March 8, 1888—6m.

Bargains In Clothing!

A Special Offer to the Public During the Next Three Months.

The season for Spring and Summer Clothing having been so backward, I find myself in possession of a great many Suits, etc., that I do not care to carry over, consequently I am determined to adopt some plan by which every suit must go.

THE PLAN.

During the next three months—JUNE, JULY, AUGUST—I will sell to any one, on an approved note, anything in the shape of Clothing or Gents' Furnishing Goods, at *Actual Cost.*

J. W. BORDLEY.

—:0:—

THE TIME.

The time that these notes are to be drawn can be satisfactorily arranged at the time of purchase. J. W. BORDLEY.

—:0:—

THE STOCK.

The quality of stock kept in my store exceeds that of any other store in Chestertown, as I buy from only reliable houses, and among it will be found Handsome Cutaway Suits, $10 to $25; All Wool Frock and Sack suits, $5 to $20; Complete Line Suit Goods ranging in price from (Men's Suits) $5 to $30. J. W. BORDLEY.

—:0:—

PANTS.

An Endless Variety, comprising Hairlines of the Most Beautiful Quality; Fine Goods in light colors; Cheap Goods for working purposes; Cheap Summer Pants—all of which will be closed out Cheap at J. W. BORDLEY'S.

—:0:—

THE PLACE.

My store is located in Bordley's Brick Corner, immediately opposite the old market house, and adjoins the drug store of M. A. Toulson. Don't make a mistake and get in the wrong place, if you do you will miss a bargain. Respectfully, &c. J. W. BORDLEY.

—:0:—

THE PRICE.

The price *shall be* Lower than any other house in the county, as I am determined to get rid of this large stock if Low Prices will do it. J. W. BORDLEY.

—:0:—

DON'T DELAY.

In order to secure the cream of this splendid stock of Clothing *come at once* and don't delay the purchase of a nice suit until others have selected the most desirable goods. *Come early and often*, to

J. W. BORDLEY,
June 14, 1888.

Salesmen Wanted

to canvass for the sale of

NURSERY STOCK! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)
SNELL & HOWLAND, ROCHESTER, N. Y
April 19—2m.

J. H. HILL, M. D.,
Millington, - - - Maryland

Office and Drug Store on Cypress street. May be found at Mallalieu's Hotel at night. A supply of Medicines carried for out-of-town patients. d15-tf.

Paine's Celery Compound

THE CELEBRATED
NERVE TONIC.

A Word to the Nervous

You are painfully aware that you have nerves? Then you are sick. A healthy boy has as many as you, but he doesn't know it. That is the difference between "sick" and "well."

Why don't you cure yourself? It is easy. Don't wait. Paine's Celery Compound will do it. Pay your druggist a dollar, and enjoy life once more. Thousands have. Why not you?

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,
BURLINGTON, VT.

READY FOR
SPRING TRADE

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Hames, Wagon Hames, Grub Hoes, Corn Hoes, Bush Hooks, Plow Lines, Cotton and Sisal Ropes, &c. For sale at Lowest Market Prices by W. A. WHEATLEY, adjoining the bank.

BARBED AND BUCKTHAWN
FENCE WIRES
For sale by WM. A. WHEATLEY, adjoining the bank.

MOUNTED AND UNMOUNTED
GRINDSTONES!
For sale by WM. A. WHEATLEY, Adjoining the bank.

ALL KINDS OF
TINWARE, SMOKESTACKS, &c.
—Manufactured by—
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
N. B.—Roofing and Spouting a specialty, and old Tins Repaired at short notice.

The Modern Marvel!

THE SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW with Reversible Shares and Points, the most Durable and Economical Plow on the market. Jointer attached to standard and will not choke in grass or weeds. Below find names of some persons who have used them:

V. Hendrickson, George Bell, Wm. J. Tarbutton, E. P. Janvier, | Samuel T. Rolph, Dan'l R. Woodall, Jr. W. B. Strong, Wm. A. Hendricks.

Twenty-five of them just received, and we invite inspection. The old reliable REMINGTON CHILLED PLOW for sale and Repairs furnished for them.

WM. A. WHEATLEY,
March 22, 1888. adjoining the Bank

ESTABLISHED 1876

E. T. COMEGYS,
Dealer in Grain,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

NEW WHEAT Wanted!
IN ANY QUANTITY,
Delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct for the manufacturers, I can pay more for Grain than those who buy on the market.
Yours truly,
July 5, 1888. E. T. COMEGYS.

50,000 BUSHELS
CORN WANTED
HIGHEST NET CASH PRICE PAID!
To be delivered at any point on Worton Creek.
W. B. TURNER,
Dec. 1—tf.

CULTIVATORS! CULTIVATORS!
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO,
m10. Glass Front Hardwar e Stor

SALESMEN WANTED—
To canvas for the sale of Nursery Stock Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and Expenses paid. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer o this paper.)
jt15 CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N

IRON Cultivators! Iron Cultivators!! and Extra Cultivator Points complete at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

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

The Sin of Ommission.

—:0:—

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of hearthstone counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every one may find—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

A NIGHT'S REVEL IN LONDON.

A Glimpse of the Coarse and Heavy Vulgarity which is Called Naughtiness in London—New York Has No Such Fun.

Mud, fog, misery and gloom prevaded Jermyn street one day, not long, when the Honorable Percy Thorpe went to the windows of his chambers and looked abroad. He had risen and bathed, and a voluminous robe of Turkish towelling enveloped his gaunt figure. His eyes were bloodshot his throat was parched.

"I feel" he said, as he sat regarding me from a roomy chair near the fire, "like the man whom the ancients prate about."

"Who?"

"A London man. I speak of the ancients because the story is, I believe, rather old, though the theme is new. The hero was a vivier, a hard liver, a heavy drinker—in a word, a London man in the hilarious sense of the word.'

Here the Hon. Percy Thrope fell into a voilent fit of coughing, from which he rescued himself with a flushed face and streaming eyes by corking a drink of raw brandy. It made me shudder to look at it—and I've been in Chicago,

"A friend knocked," continued Thorpe, "and his servant opened the door."

"'Is your master up?' asked the caller.

"Up, sir? Well, really, sir'e got up, sir, drank his bawth and went to bed again, sir."

I laughed at the story. It was habit. I had laughed at it so often in England that it was really no effort. The Hon. Thorpe, as his servant called him colloquially, then poceeded to point moral of his little antidote after the fashion of Englishmen all over the world.

"And so," he said, "I feel as though I could drink my bath."

To emphasize it, he took another appalling swig of brandy, and shoved the decanter towords me with a "Dip in"

"Thanks," I said, "it's too early."

"I thought Americans were heavy drinkers?"

"They have the name, but I think they seldom take raw spirits before dinner. In fact, I have never seen such drinking at home as in England."

"That," said my host, with conventional British polish, "is partly because the Americans are still crude, but mainly on account of the murderous character of your liquors."

He then fell into a solemn consultation with his servant concerning his boots, fifteen pairs of which were ranged along the wall of his dressing. Many of them were on trees, and they were all varnished brightly.

He was a typical London man, a member of a dozen clubs, knew everybody, including a lot of Americans, went everywere but never saw anything worth admiring outside of the limits of his town.

It was about noon, and he had just risen. In the narrow street without were beggars, tramps and mendicants without number. The fog was thick, yellow, pasty and unpleasant. Before the door stood a big mail cart with a boy holding a team of bays. Mr. Thorpe, whom I had met on the occasion of his visit in New York, had written me very politely the day before explaining that there would be a lot of coaches in Hyde Park the following day, and that he would drive me out there and show me something of London afterwards. Accordingly I called at his chambers as I was stopping with a friend out in St. John's woods—rather a long drive from his place. Presently we went out and climb into the mail coat. The Hon. Percy Thorpe took the reins, and the horses started for Hyde Park.

My host was dressed exactly as the upper hundred thousand clubmen are this year at all hours of the days. He wore a frock coat, rather roomy trousers, a beaver hat, varnished boots, and drab gaiters. His gloves were brick colored, and there was a big white carnation in the lapel of his coat. Incidentally, I may mention, that, like most London men, he had eighteen or twenty frock suits, which he wore on succeeding days. They were nearly all of the same pattern. London men now wear no other style of coat, for fear they will be confounded with business men and clerks, who wear sacks and jackets.

The fog lifted by the time we arrived at the park, and, just as we got through the gate, a short line of coaches swept along in front of us. There was a tremendous crush of vehicles of all sorts. There were many drags. Our own coachman in New York are every bit as well appointed as those of the famous London whips.

The people stared at the Prince of Wales, who sat on the same coach with the Earl of Fife. Occasionally the Prince raised his hat. He looked a dumpy, thick-set man of 55. Heavy streaks of gray were visible along the under side of his beard. He was round-shouldered and seemed rather seedy. Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Randolph Churchill drove coaches. Beresford held a team of fiery bays with one hand, well down, while he amused himself by cutting S's in the air with his whip. At the tail of the procession, the Princess of Wales drove by, looking like a girl of 18 at a distance, but so bunglingly and roughly made up when her landau passed us, that I was startled at the crudity of it all. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, with a suit of loose-fitting clothes, stood with his hands in his pockets near a tree, gazing at the throng, and that most placid, serene and equitable of New Yorkers, Mr. Al. Claggett, formed a picture of tranquility and quiet observation on the opposite side of the drive. I suddenly discovered that we were in an ocean of vehicles, and, for two hours thereafter we moved at a snail's pace around the drive, staring at rather bony-looking women and conventionally attired men.

Mr. Percy Thrope's manner had not changed since he arose in the morning. In fact, in the course of a somewhat extended acquaintance with him, I found that such a thing as a change in his manner was an impossibility. He viewed life, London, and everything appertaining to the two with propound, natural and unprotentious indifference. He seldom smiled, and was always equitable, if a bit pompous. He drove me home, and at 7.30 we went to his club for dinner.

The dining room was long and low. The table service would have graced the palace of a prince, and the waiters were admirable. Perhaps ten men were dining there, but nearly all dined alone. They bowed to one another, but nothing was heard but the occasional clash of a dish as the waiters moved about.

The gloom of all London was intensified by the dismal and heavy air of the club dining room. A man of fine physique with a perfectly bald pate strolled up to our table when we were half through dinner, stuck his glass in his eye, and looked steadily at my host. I thought at first he was going to run a knife through the Honorable Thorpe's throat and leave it there; but just before things arrived at this stage the newcomer dropped his glass from his eye and said:

"How do, Pers?"

"Stale," was the answer.

"Seen the mater?"

"No. You?"

"Not since she came from Leicestershire."

A long pause.

"Mucky, isn't it?" said the Hon. Percy.

"Ghastly," said the other.

Then, with a slight wave of the hand and a formal bow of apology to me, apparently for the interruption, he wandered over, sank into a chair on the opposite side of the room, and drank half a goblet of iced absinthe at a gulp.

"That's the heir," said the Hon. Percy, jerking his head toward the conversationalist. Then I knew that I had been listening to a live lord, and the son of a famous earl into the bargain—"Pers's" brother.

And, by the way, I was amazed to find in England that the real swells, the men of title and position, speak without a trace of what is known as the English accent. I saw a lot of them at the Smith-Kilrain and other prize fights, and at similar society events, and found them to be the most amiable, good-natured and approachable of men, and, above all, astonishingly free of the accent that we invariably attribute to Englishmen of title. I could name a dozen or twenty men with elaborate handles to their names to whom I talked, and who spoke in every respect as well-bred Americans do. The men who say "cawn't," "shawn't" and "deah old chappie," and all that, are bad actors, or the second-class imitators of the real type of the genus swell.

From the club we went to the Gaiety Theatre, but it was slow, and half an hour later the Hon. Percy Thorpe took me to the Empire—perhaps as gorgeous a place of amusement as can be found in the world. On the stage was a variety show, including a number of people whom I had seen in America. In the boxes women of more or less respectability sat behind the curtains and gazed abroad. In the balconies and in the lobbies paraded endless streams of women, painted and powdered clumsily and thickly. In the slang of the town, they are "Totties," and London makes the worst exhibit of them of any city in the world. Among this horde of hundreds and hundreds of women walked the young snobs who supposed they were seeing life because they chattered and joked in a heavy British way with the women of the town. It was about as amusing to me as a chunk of mud and as the Hon. Percy Thorpe was similarly bored we went to the Continental Hotel to supper.

It is the night place of London. Actresses and women who claimed to be such as a mask to another calling, sat about the different tables with charms liberally revealed by the lowest of dresses and the shortest of sleeves. They were accompanied by a vast number of heavy and dissipated looking clubmen, who drank brandy and whiskey, while the women took champagne. There were a great many American actresses of a certain stamp, and among them several New York men. The air was stifling and hot and at 12 o'clock the proprietors began to put the people out.

In leaving the place we met Nat Goodwin and Arthur Roberts—the latter is the cleverest comedian in England—on the sidewalk, and they lugged us off to a club known as the Bohee. There is not a lord in London, by the way, who does not feel flattered if he can win his way into the presence of a crack comedian.

Thrope smiled for the first time that day as we went to a distinctively all-night London resort. The fog had settled into a dreary drizzle long before this. The heat of the theatres and the Continental had dragged me down, so that I felt in anything but a jolly frame of mind, and the interminable heaviness of every-thing English weighed on me as it always does on an American for the first week or so in London. No one smiles, everything is stupid, top-weighted and stolid from the air of the streets to the talk of the brightest of the men.

The Bohee consisted of small tables, easy chairs, pallid men, interminable drinks, cigarette and cigar smoke, music; shady actresses; noise, disorder, and riot. Goodwin had just agreed to play for Roberts benefit the following week, and they began to rehearse then and there. They decided to come out dressed up as American Indians, and play an act from the "Corsican Brothers." They were to meet in the middle of the stage, shake hands, and then Roberts was to exclaim with intense force:

"Who are you?"

"Nat Goodwin."

"Where from?"

"New York."

"Can you act?"

"Of Cors-i-can."

Upon this they were both to fall backwards upon the stage, then rise, and without a word, retire in different directions from the view.

What a roar this pun provoked in the Bohee. The two men went on from this beginning and developed what would have been a capital comedy within the next hour. Their cleverness brought everybody in the club around them. Roberts was startlingly like Goodwin, and when he was accused of it, he said:

"I do imitate him, I admit it. I've been loaded to the guards ever since he came to town."

The Hon. Percy Thorpe sat and listened to them with terrific enjoyment, and at 4 o'clock in the morning we went home.

"You've had a typical London night, my boy," he said; as we parted, "and I hope we may enjoy many more of them. There is no such fun as this in New York, is there?"

He spoke the truth, and I endorsed it, and thanked the stars, too, for what with the fog, drizzle, paint, powder, stupidity, muck, and drink it had been the heaviest night of my life.—BLAKELY HALL in *New York Sun.*

Vestibule Trains on the B. & O. R. R.

The first of the Baltimore and Ohio Company's new vestibuled trains has been turned out at Mt. Clare Shops and an experimental trip was made with it August 16th. The train was run from Baltimore to Keyser, 215 miles, in five hours. On the line between Baltimore and Keyser are some of the sharpest curves on the B. & O. Road, but notwithstanding the high rate of speed maintained the swaying of the train was scarcely perceptible, the oscillation at the top of the car not exceeding six inches.

This test fully demonstrates what has heretofore been claimed for the vestibule device and that is, that it effectually obviates the swaying motion imparted to a train in rounding curves at high speed. The new train will be immediately placed in regular service between Philadelphia and Chicago.

All other through trains on the B. & O. will be fitted with the vestibule appliance as rapidly as possible, and within the next sixty days it is thought to have the work completed.

DR. DOWNES of Lakeport, Cal., had a pet deer to which he was very much attached. Last fall it ran away to the mountains, and that was the last seen of it until the spring, when one day it appeared in the door yard, and walking straight to the Doctor, laid its head on his arm and seemed greatly pleased, as was the Doctor. It hung around him in rather an unusual way and finally disappeared. The next day it came again, and acted as though it wanted the Doctor to follow it, and he did so. The deer led him some distance from the house directly to a little fawn which lay hidden in the bushes. The Doctor took the little thing in his arms and carried it home, the mother following and showing unmistakably that that was just what she wanted.

THEY READ FUNNY NOW.

A List of the Famous Connecticut Blue Laws.

According to the Boston *Record*, these laws were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and become known as the blue laws because they were printed on blue paper. They were as follows:

The Governor and Magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

No man shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear the true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of Magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above 1 shilling per yard shall be presented by the Grand Jurors, and the Selectmen shall tax the estate £300.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall eat mince-pies, dance play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp.

No gospel missister shall join people in marriage. The Magistrate may join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church.

When people refuse their children convenient marriages the Magistrate shall determine the point.

A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense £10 for the second, and for the third imprisoment during the pleasure of the Court.

She Laughed Last.

Topnody went to the minstrels last night, and the funny conundrums and jokes he heard set him to thinking. So at breakfast began on Mrs. Topnody. She was cold, and not very much in the humor for pleasantry, but Topnody kept on.

"I say, Mrs. Topnody, can you spell hard water with three letters?"

"No I can't; I might, though if you had taken me to the minstrels last night."

This staggered him a little, but not seriously.

"And you can't spell it? Well, i-e-e, ain't that hard water?"

Mrs. Topnody never smiled, and Mr. T. went on.

"Now spell 'money' with four letters."

"I don't know how," she said.

"Ha, ha, that's too good! A woman never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way that a man can.

"Well, the way to spell it is c-a-s-h, ain't that money?"

Again Mrs. Topnody failed to smiled, and Mr. T. started out with another.

"Hold on a minute," she interrupted, looking ugly; "I've got one. Let's see if you can get it. Spell Topnody with four letters."

Topnody scratched his head and gave it up.

"Ha, ha," laughed Mrs. T., "that's too good. A man never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a woman can. Well, the way to spell it is f-o-o-l, ain't it, Topnody?"

But Topnody never smiled, and the breakfast was finished in silence, except an occasional chuckle from Mrs. Topnody's end of the table.

Newspaper Accuracy.

The New York Tribune.

Excitable persons finding an occsional error of fact in a newspaper upon a subject which happens to be within their personal knowledge or connected with their personal interests, are wont to indulge themselves in a general condemnation of newspaper accuracy. They do not stop to reflect either upon the enormous difficulties from which the journals emerge into public circulation or upon the unquestioned fact that every other department of human energy is responsible for a large proportion of original errors—errors which subsequent opportunity for correction often makes harmless. The truth is that the newspaper press has made an advance in respect to the accuracy of the intelligence it conveys, which is not less remarkable than the expansion of its energy and activity. The precautions taken and the money expended in the conscientious endeavor to to obtain an exactly truthful record of every day's doings the world over are a safe defense against the flippant complaints of captious critics. The fact is constantly brought home to every newspaper office in the most convincing manner, and it is, moreover, frankly acknowledged by candid abservers.

A Bashful Young Man.

Luther James, a very wealthy and eccentric bachelor resident of Ann Arbor, Mich., died at Waukesha a few days ago and his will has just been probated. He leaves the greater part of his property to his amanuensis and nephew, James L. Babcock, on condition that he is married in the next five years. He gives him securities to the amount of $30,000, face value—real value double that sum—and the interest on about $250,000, which is left over and above sundry bequests. This is to continue for five years, when, provided Babcock is married, he gets the entire residue. If at that time Babcock is dead and his widow or children survive him they get one-half and the other legatees get the other half.

These legatees include two sisters and twenty-one neices and nephews, who each receive $5,000. Babcock has manifested an aversion to the female sex, at least the ladies think him shy.

A Pretty Little Trick in It.

It isn't any harder for a woman with a bustle on to sit down than it is for a man with a pint flask of cholera mixture in his coat-tail pocket to do it. All he's got to do is to be a little careful, of course, and that's all a woman with a bustle on has got to do. The secret of it is this: When a bustle-decked woman sits down, she does so sidewise. There is a pretty little trick in it. She pretends she is going to sit on the right side of the chair and makes her first movement in that direction, but just as she reaches the chair she moves gracefully to the other side, the bustle rolls to the right, entirely out of the way of the sitter, and the problem is solved. So at least we are told by "A Girl" in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

A farmer's daughter, age 18, in West Virginia, recently eloped on foot with a young farm hand, aged 19. They walked fifty miles to the Ohio river, crossed over and were married by a magistrate. They had but $1 25, and the justice refused to accept a fee. They were ferried back to their own State without cost and walked the fify miles home, where a welcome and a blessing awaited them.

He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

THE CRUISER BALTIMORE.

A Promising Addition to the New Fleet Ready to Take to the Waters.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—On Tuesday the new steel cruiser Baltimore, which has been under construction at the shipyard of the Cramps in Philadelphia, will be launched in the presence of Secretary Whitney, the chiefs of the Naval Bureaus, and many members of Congress and other guests. While the launch of the Yorktown and Vesuvius from this same yard earlier in the season, and that of the Charleston a short time ago from the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, have taken away the novelty of these performances, an exceptional degree of interest attaches to the launch of the Baltimore, since she is much the largest of the vessels designed under Secretary Whitney's administration that has yet been made ready for launching, and also is to have remarkable speed.

The Baltimore was one of the vessels authorized under the act of August, 1886, and was begun the following year. Her cost was not to exceed $1,500,000, and the Cramps, in fact, engaged to furnish the hull and engines, excluding armament and other fittings, for $1,325,000. She is 315 feet long by 48½ beam, has a mean draught of 19½ feet, and has a maximum of 21, and a displacement of 4,413 tons. She conforms remarkably to the general dimensions of the Chicago, which has a length of 315 feet, a beam of 48 1-6, and a maximum of draught of 20½, with a displacement of 4,500 tons. This close similarity in size throws into broad contrast the motive power and consequent speed of the two vessels. Whereas the engines of the Chicago were to develop by their contract 5,000 indicated horse power, those of the Baltimore are to produce an aggregate of 10,500-horse power. Since the Chicago with her machinery has reached a maximum of 5,248-horse power, there is the best reason for believing that the nineteen knots expected of the Baltimore will be obtained.

The launch of a war vessel possessing such speed and such engine power may well be a matter of unusual interest in this country. Indeed, there are few cruisers afloat that can be fairly reckoned as nineteen-knot vessels. The weight of machinery in the Baltimore is limited to 900 tons, with penalties for over-weight. There were also penalties for the non-completion of the vessel in the time specified by the contract; but these, which would have long ago begun to run, have been modified in view of the failure of the builders to seasonably obtain a suitable supply of steel for her under the severe tests exacted by the Government. There are premiums for each unit of horse power in the engines above what is called for, and forfeits for every unit below. Of course the debt or credit account in this matter will have to await the trial.

The Baltimore is built upon a model designed by White, now the chief constructor of the British navy, at a time when he was in the employ of Armstrong & Co. The plans were once well known as those for "No. 27," and purchased by Secretary Whitney for our navy. At that time they contemplated the highest power ever given to any cruiser. She has two military masts and is without sail power except storm sails. She is of steel throughout, and with a double bottom for nearly half the length, under the machinery space, the longitudinal and transverse system being there combined. She has, of course, a protective steel deck, sloping from a foot above the load line amidships to four feet above this line at the edges. This deck varies from 4 to 2½ inches in thickness, and the openings in it to the machinery and magazines are protected by coffer dams. She has also the usual protection furnished by coal bunkers when full, and her coal capacity is about 900 tons. Of course she has numerous water-tight compartments, with electric search lights and incandescent lamps, and proper systems of ventilation.

The main battery of the Baltimore consists of four 8-inch guns and six 6-inch, the former at the bow and the stern, and the others amidships. To this powerful battery, which is so arranged on the open gun deck as to concentrate its fire, is added a secondary battery of Hotchkiss and other guns, besides torpedo launching tubes.—The engines are twin screw, triple expansion, and, as has been said, can develop 10,500 indicated horse power with forced draught. Taking together the speed and the battery power of this vessel, she must form a very valuable addition to the navy.

Dazzling Dudes at Newport.

From the Providence Journal.

It is the men who are dazzling in Newport, "the dudes of swelldom," as somebody called them the other day. They, indeed, are like the lilies of the field, and toil not neither do they spin' and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Poor Solomon! A luckless mortal he to have lived and died before the age of tennis plannets! Purple and fine linen were as nothing to blazers and cummerabunds. The youth of the period, as represented at Newport, makes his toilet the principal end and aim of his existance. He comes down for the season with as many trunks as my lady brings, in which his wardrobe is folded carefully away, the choicest articles enveloped in tissue paper. He has his sented satchels to lay among his silken scarfs and sashes, his jewel box for his wealth of rings and pins, and studs and chains, his silver brushes and combs, his dozen pairs of boots, his variety of hats, gloves by the box, and clothing, fit for every occasion that a brilliant imagination could conceive. He goes to a manicure for his nails and barber for his hair, but the rest his valet does, and takes him to peices every night as carefully as Mrs. Skewton's maid performed that friendly office for her mistress.

The Worst of Humbugs.

Allen G. Thurman's Speech at Toledo.

There are men audacious enough to say—men who are advocating high protective duties or tariffs—there are men audacious enough to say that a high protective tariff is for the benefit of the laboring man. Why, in the name of all that is common sense and reason, how can a laboring man be aided by a tax that begins with the crown of his head and extends to the soles of his feet, and taxes everything that is between them?—that taxes him on his hat, taxes him on his shirts, taxes him on his coat, taxes him on his vest, taxes him on his pants, taxes him on his underclothing, taxes him on his stockings and taxes him on his shoes; and even the little necktie that is around his neck, it levies its tax upon it. How, in the name of heaven, can it be that the laboring man is benefited by such a tax? No, my friends, of all the humbugs by which men were attempted to be deceived this humbug of the laboring man being benefited by a high protective tariff is the worst and most transparent.

DAN BANKS, of Elizabethtown, Ill., heard his chickens squawking the other night, and hurried to the hen house to investigate. As he entered the door he was attacked by a big bird, which took a grip on his right arm that he could not shake off. He defended himself with his other hand and had an ugly hole torn in it by the powerful beak of the bird. Then he called to Mrs. Banks and she came out and killed the bird, which proved to be an immense horned owl. It was with difficulty that the long talons were unclasped from Mr. Banks's arm, and the wound that the owl had made was enough to demand the attention of a surgeon.

THIRTEEN years ago a young man named Toole went west, and just before the Ashtabula disaster wrote to his family in New Haven that he was about to start for California. Nothing more was heard of him, and he was mourned as one of the dead of that tremendous accident. The other day he walked into his old home well and prosperous. He said that he had written several letters home and had received no answer; he was not in the Ashtabula disaster, but had been making money in California.

A REMARKABLE STONE.

A Child Can Rock, Yet a Hundred Men Cannot Dislodge it.

Image a stone, in size containing about 500 cubic feet, in shape nearly as round as an orange, in weight not less than 80,000 pounds, or forty tons, and so nicely balanced upon a table or rock that a child ten years of age, by pushing against either the north or south side, can rock it back and forth; yet the strength of 100 men without levers or other appliances would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position.

Such is the celebrated rocking stone on the farm of J. McLeaury, two miles west of Monticello, says the Monticello (N. Y.) *Watchman.* This is one of the greatest natural curiosities in our whole country.

What sculptor could chisel out a piece of marble of its size, and then pose it so nicely that it would vibrate under so slight a touch? But its shape, size and position are not the most wonderful things about it.

Its body is composed of a somewhat loose and soft sandstone in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pepples of a diamond-like hardness.

In all the valley where it is situated it is the solitary specimen of its class. Around and under the rocks are of a totally different structure.

The table on which it rests is a hard stone nearly as firm and close-grained as the blue-stone of our quarries. From whence came this wonder and how?

Fortunes in Frogs.

From the Boston Journal.

Any man who has a pond on his farm can try the experiment of raising his own frogs. First, let him buy six pairs of fine New Jersey breeders and dump them into the water. With these for a starter, you may select a quantity of domestic batrachia and then you will have the nucleus of a fortune. Don't interfere with your water investment for a year, any more than to keep your growing stock supplied with food. They require an abundance, but as they are not very dainty in their taste, the expense account will be light. For a young farm two barrels a day of hotel table scraps will will keep the frogs in splendid shape, so that at the end of twelve months you can begin marketing all you can fish out at the same price as spring chickens. Give me the time and facilities and I will wager that at the end of two years I will be living on an income of $5,000, and my frogs will pay all my expenses.

What to Teach Your Boys.

Teach them to be useful.
Teach them to be truthful.
Teach them to be manly.
Teach them to be polite in manners.
Teach them the value of time and money.
Teach them to avoid tobacco and strong drink.
Teach them careful and correct business habits.
Teach them by example, how to do things well.
Teach them to ride, drive, jump, run and swim.
Teach them how to get the most for their money.
Teach them the habits of cleanliness and good order.
Teach them to avoid profane and indecent language.
Teach them to be neat and genteel in their appearance.
Teach them to be polite to one another helpful to the old and weak, and kind to animals.

A PARIS philanthropist induced a number of generous merchants, manufaturers, and tradespeople to take into their employment such unemployed men as he should send with letters of recommendation. Then he advertised for men out of work, got together a great throng, talked to them of dignity of labor, the blessings of economy, the dangers of intemperance and then directed them to call and get letters of recommendation which would put them in the way of getting work at the mininum rate of eighty cents a day. Immediately more than half of this throng of 727 unemployed men disappeared and that was the last he saw of them. Of the remainder some took letters and never presented them; some worked half a day and then wanted the pay for that time and at the end of three days only eighteen men were at their posts, and these were all genuine artisans and laborers.

THE very latest outgiving as to Jay Gould is that he is worth but $75,000,000, instead of $100,000,000; and, parenthetically, that he is "out of the street" for good. "Information obtained from reliable resources" by a New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* places the amount of the holdings of Gould's various properties as follows:

Western Union Telegraph Company...	$20,000,000
Manhattan Elevated R. R. Company..	14,000,000
Missouri Pacific Railroad Company....	11,000,000
Iron Mountain Railroad Company.....	5,000,000
Government Bonds.....	5,000,000
Miscellaneous R. R. stocks and bonds..	10,000,000
Real estate, other investments and cash	10,000,000
Total.....	$75,000,000

Gould is now 52, and as he pays strict attention to his common, every-day insides he may live quite a while.

She Staid Out.

"Come on, Syl, why don't you come into the water?" shouted one girl to another on the bathing beach.

"Cause I don't want to."

"You'd better come."

"No, I hadn't."

"Why not?"

"I won't tell."

"You're afraid."

"No, I ain't."

"Why don't you come then?"

"Come here and I'll whisper it."

"The questioner came out on shore."

"Now what is the reason?"

"The material in my bathing suit shrinks."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A STORY is told of two Boston business men who had a dispute the other day about the shortest way of returning home from the market. "Well, you go your way and I will go mine, and we will see who will reach the corner of the street where we live, first; but mind, you don't run,"

One of them arrived at the place proposed slightly blown, and the other came up a few minutes later panting for breath, and exclaiming:

"You took to your heels, you scoundrel!"

"Oh, no I didn't," was the reply. "Yes, you did," was the answer; "for I run like Old