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The Chestertown Transcript.

PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1888. VOL. XXIX-NO. 22

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,
MANUFACTURER OF FERTILIZERS, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WE OFFER AGAIN

o the Farmers of Kent

OUR A. A.

ONE SUPERPHOSPHATE!

THE GREAT WHEAT AND CLOVER PRODUCER!

Notwithstanding the fact that all kinds of Fertilizer Materials have advanced e enabled to offer our customers Fertilizers at last year's prices. Having laid ontracts early and before the advance, have determined to give our patrons the ntage of same. Being the pioneer manufacturers of the Shore, we have necessarid large exper...ence in manipulating Superphosphates, and we are now thoroughly need that OUR A. A. is one of the finest combinations for wheat on the market out regard to price. As the whole 2,000 pounds is composed of Animal Bone, ogen or Animal Matter, S. C. Floats and Potash—not one pound of Plaster, Sul- of Soda, or any cheap or worthless materials entering into its composition—and is not all theoretical but by reading these testimonials will be seen to be practical:

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

NEAR CRUMPTON, JULY 23, 1888.
T. R. Hubbard & Son—Gentlemen:—I used your A. A. Bone Superphosphate last fall and live in the best been farming used lots of high grade Fertilizers, but the yield of yours this season surpassed anything I ever used, having more wheat than I have ever threshed from the farm, d I will use it again this fall.
Respectfully, 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 no 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.:

J. Walter Shoven, I. Clark Taylor, Joseph Rasin, John Morris, B. 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, W. E. Sanders.

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

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.

THE TIME.

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

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, $8 to $20; Complete Line Suit Goods ranging in price from (Men's Suits) $5 to $20. J. W. BORDLEY.

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.

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. Tolson. Don't make a mistake and get in the wrong place, if you do you will miss a bargain. Respectfully, &c., J. W. BORDLEY.

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.

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.

NOTICE.

THE RISING SUN SALOON is now prepared to accommodate the public with all the delicacies of the season, such as Spring Chickens, Soft, Devell d and Hard Crabs, Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, Turtle Soup, Terrapin Soup and Ox Tail Soup.

WM. PERKINS, Proprietor.
June 1887.

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.

If You Are Sick

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

Paine's Celery Compound

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

Will Cure You!

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.

Diamond Dyes

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed } FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., 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, Saml. 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.

SHELL LIME.

I have a Nice Lot of FRESH BURNT SHELL LIME at the lime kiln,

AT THE DEPOT, CHESTERTOWN.

This Lime is of the very best quality. Shipped by rail or vessel.

WM. PERKINS.
May 19, 1888.

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.

The Howler on the Tariff.

I talked to him on themes of ancient lore,
The themes of ancient days, romantic tales;
He switched the subject round to iron ore,
The duty on pig iron and steel rails.
I talked of legends of the storied past,
Of myths enshrouded in tradition's shade,
Then with his glittering eye he held me fast,
And switched off on Protection and Free Trade;
On pauper labor and war taxes prated
Until my soul was soaked and saturated.

Then I discussed what modern brains had wrought,
The emergence of the world from error's mist;
And then he turned and asked me if I thought
Sugar and salt should go on the free list.
I talked of art, then, when his breath was gone;
But, though exhausted, he still gasped and gulped
And then he said big duties should go on
All sculptor that a foreign sculptor sculped;
And then when through his endless variorum
Of duties specified and ad valorem.

I touched theology with dexterous scope,
Touched on predestination and free grace;
But he discussed the rate per cent. on soap,
On terra cotta, limburger and lace.
I talked of occult, theosophic things,
Of Buddha and of Braham and of such;
He said the rate was small on gems and rings,
But on dry goods and whiskey was too much.
Then I fell silent, and, by all the powers,
He talked along for fourteen mortal hour.

—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

BUILDING OF A GREAT SHIP.

Work on the Cruiser Maine in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

A Ship to Go Anywhere and Fight Anything —Enthusiasm of the Officers in Charge— Great Deliberation of the workmen.

The navy yard over on the Wallabut is going to be a mighty interesting place for patriotic Americans during the coming year. A modern war ship, fit to go anywhere to defend the honor of Uncle Sam and to meet and whip any ship that could be sent where she could go, is to be built there, and the people that are paying the bills are invited to come down, and, under proper restrictions, see the job done. Although not the most powerful ship yet designed for the new navy, she is the most able-bodied fighter yet begun, the bending of her frames and the preparation of her plates having been already commenced. Not only will the building of this great ship be interesting on account of the place it will occupy among the powerful naval ships of the world, but to the American citizen it will be interesting as a test of the wisdom of Secretary Whitney's policy in building such a ship in a Government yard rather than in one of the private ship building yards down the coast.

The new ship will be called the Maine. She is to be an armored cruiser, by which is meant a ship with engines and coal capacity sufficient to enable her to make a cruise around the world, and which has her machinery and her heavy guns protected by steel plates thick enough to turn the projectiles of an enemy's guns. That she is to be armed with the best guns that are made need scarcely be said. Her armor plates are to be 10½ and 11 inches thick, and her largest guns will throw ten-inch bolts of steel weighing 500 pounds to a distance of nine miles. It is just nine miles in a straight line from New York's City Hall to the entrance to the iron piers on Cony Island.

When it was determined to build the Maine in the New York Navy Yard, the yard did not contain machinery or appliances fit to build a tug, economically. Those who have had sufficient interest in antiquities to visit the old stone shops over there at intervals during the past few years will remember the great accumulation of old style tools and appliances they contain. They will also recall a huge four-story shed standing just at the right of the street entrance. The back of this great shed opened out on a view of the big sugar factories in Greenpoint. The frame of a big wooden ship that would have been called the Colossus if she had ever been launched, used to stand in that shed, while the ground in the neighborhood was strewn with old masts and yards of forgotten ships of the old kind. In spite of the green grass between the stone walks, and the view of the hurrying merchant craft on East River, there was an air of desolation about the place that was depressing.

Now, all this has been changed. The old ship is there yet, but instead of a decaying skeleton ship there is a long row of blocks just ready to receive the keel of the new cruiser. A group of men with a portable forge and no end of other portable tools are engaged in erecting new iron cranes, which will pick up the biggest piece of steel which the new ship will contain, and will place it just where it is wanted. The old spars are gone, but if the visitor will look around he will find them.

Facing two sides of the big old shed is a row of new ones, one-story high, and not a very high story at that. Off to the right partly behind the iron hull of an uncompleted monitor is a very interesting new shed. One scarcely realizes that it is 215 feet long by 45 wide, because of its proximity to other sheds, but those are its dimensions. When the visitor enters this shed he recognizes the old spars. They are now doing duty as posts and stanchions supporting the roof of the new shed. It makes the employees of the yard who have held their places ever from the former Administration fairly gasp to look at them. They can scarcely credit their eyes when they see these sound old spars made use of when Georgia pine timbers might have been purchased at large expense and to the great advantage of the dealers in Georgia pine. The careful observer will notice, by the way, that these old employees stop and gas frequently in that shed, and in other sheds, too, for that matter, and all, apparently, because it is easier to do that than to bend angle irons for bending frames for the new ship is the work done in that shed, and plate bending will be done there, too, very soon.

Before the new ship could be commenced, it was necessary to buy tools for the work and erect sheds to hold the tools. A place to store the plates had also to be provided. The storage shed stands very near to the street, that is a prolongation of York street. The officers in charge of the work call this building the plate rack. It was necessary to make this building very strong, and new timbers were used throughout. It is 190x35 feet large. There is a line of railroad track down the back of it, and another line is to be lain in front. Between the tracks are long rows of stout posts, and the plates for the ship are placed on edge and leaned against the posts. Every post has a lot of letters and marks on it, and if the visitor looks about he will see marks on the plates corresponding to the marks on the posts. This is done to enable a workman to find any plate wanted immediately, for each plate that is brought to the yard was made for some particular place in the ship, and can be used nowhere else. The officers in charge of the work have a catalogue of all the pieces that are to go into the ship, and have arranged this storage shed in a way that enables them to identify any piece in it on the instant, just as a librarian can identify any of his books.

Another feature of this shop, and the feature that required a very strong framework, is an overhead railway. When the steel is brought into this shed it comes from the lighters at the dock, being transported on small cars that run on the railways mentioned. From the storage shed the plates must go to the machine shop which adjoins it, in order that they may have the rivet holes punched in them and their edges may be planed. But before the plates enter the machine shop they are put into pickling vats, located between the two sheds, which are filled with diluted muriatic acid. The overhead railway is used to carry the plates from the storage shed to the pickling vat. From the pickling steel brushes, which scrub its face so that the officers can see if there are any defects which escaped the inspectors at the mills where the plate was made.

The visitor who goes there now, however, will not see the whirling brushes work, because they are not set up yet; the scrubbing is now done by hand. Neither will he see any work done in the new machine shop except the work of getting the shop ready. The plates are punched and planed in the inconvenient old stone shop in order that no time may be wasted in the building of the ship.

The new machine shop is simply a substantial wooden shed, with beams and posts strong enough to support the necessary shafting. A 250-horse-power engine will be placed in one corner, and a battery of three boilers will furnish the steam. There are a host of drills, rolls, punches, and shears, now on hand, and more are to come. In placing these machines the old live oak timbers that had been lying about the yard unused for no one knows how long were utilized for foundations. In fact, whenever there was stock on hand that could be used the Secretary of the Navy refused to buy new. Apparently the officers have used as much care to erect the new plant economically as they would have done in putting up a plant of their own.—The results of this policy, as in the bending shed, are not always pretty, but it makes a taxpayer feel very comfortable to see stock saved instead of wasted.

This bending shed also does duty for the storage of the unbent frames. The frames of this great ship seem remarkably slender to the unaccustomed eye. The cross section is that of an L, and the arms of the L are four feet and three inches long, while the frame itself weighs nine pounds to the foot. Beside the huge live oak timbers that formed the frames of the old wooden ships these frames are as barbed wire to fence rails.

The process of bending a frame is simple, but it must be seen to be appreciated. The frames are heated in a long brick furnace, and then hauled out on a floor made of cast iron gratings. A row of iron pegs is placed in the holes in this floor before the frame is hauled out, and when the frame has been forced around by means of levers, so as to lie against every one of that row of pegs, it is in the required shape.

While the work of bending frames has been going on since Sept. 12, and the preparing of plates somewhat longer, there is not the scene of animation there which may be witnessed when the frames are up and the men are riveting the plates on, and forty hammers are banging away all at once at twenty rivets, and the little forges are glowing all about the ship, and the crains are creaking as they lift plates, and angles to their places, and the cars with other plates and angles are rolling to and fro.

In fact the lack of animation over there among the men who were in the bending room, for instance, the other afternoon, was depressing—not that they were any worse there than elsewere about the yard. They walked deliberately; they found plenty of subjects for conversation, and they stopped work when they conversed. They were at one time removing a bent frame from the floor. It took a very long time to gather the wrench-shaped irons used in carying it. It took longer to adjust them. After some had their irons adjusted, the other had to re-adjust theirs. Those who were ready showed no impatience over the delay caused by the re-adjusters. They were all calmy indifferent to delay. But they got it off the floor eventually, and then wandered aw... after a new pattern to adjust the pegs for a new frame.

The navel officers who are in charge of the work are in marked contrast to the men they have to deal with. They are all verve and animation. But neither example nor precept has any effect on the men. The leaven of Republicans held over has affected the new hands. Leaven, it should be admitted, is not a first-class smile to use, because leaven in a lump will make the whole mass word and that is something the mass of navy yard employees won't do.

The building of the ship is under the direct supervision of Admiral Gherardi, who is assisted by Commander R. D. Evans and Lieutenants Paul and Chambers. The construction work is under Navel Constructor J. B. Hoover, assisted by Assistant Navel Constructor J. J. Underwood. Under the order of the Secretary of the Navy, on the Admiral's shoulders rest the responsibility of launching a ship of a quality and at a cost that shall be a credit to the navy and navy yard work, and prove, if possible, that in America, if nowhere else, the Government can build its own ship as economically and as well as private builders can do the work. The Admiral has accepted the responsibility. He has assistants who are experts in the work before them, but his workmen, at best, put in but eight hours a day to the ten hours which men work in private yards, and they seem to be inoculated in such away as to prevent their taking, either by contagon or infection, the enthusiasm in the work which the officers have. Unless some way is found to induce the workmen to take a patriotic interest in the job, the cost of the Maine will astonish her owners.

A Word to Parents.

Are you thinking of sending your son or daughter away to school this fall? Yes. Then think well over it before you do so—think what the boy will gain by being sent off to school. What are his tendencies? Is he inclined to be wild when he is away from the paternal care? Is he studious? Is he easily led off by other boys? These are only a few of the questions you should ask yourself. It means and involves a great deal—this sending the boy away to school; it is virtually the beginning of the end to him. If the end is to be full of honor and glory and fame the close observer will soon notice it in the college student. He is ambitious, studies hard, tries to out-rank other students and carries off the honors with a bearing that is recognized at once as a true type of the leader of men. He plays just as hard as he works and he invariably has another great virtue—a comparative moderation in the style of his dress. He is not a dude! Such boys generally make our best men and deserve to receive a collegiate education Their force of character is such as to enable them to withstand the many temptations thrown out to the college student, and their parents never regret the expense incurred in giving them a classical education.

But we say to you, think well: you know your boy's tendencies, if you have done your duty and observed his characteristics. Then do not allow your ambition for him to lead you into placing his future into jeopardy. If he can't withstand temptations and is a wayward boy, you had better keep him at home. Keep him where you can watch him until manhood and thereby be the means of making him an honored and respected as well as a useful citizen.

Do you know that one-half of the college-bred men of the country become worthless citizens? But among the remaining half will be found the master minds. To prepare for the ordinary pursuits of life, our schools are sufficient. If the student learns well what is taught him there he will be fitted for most any class of business. Then why send him away? Some mothers think their daughters' education incomplete until they are sent away to some seminary where they will be taught everything but that which fits them for the practical side of life. It is true they get a smattering of French and learn something of the dead languages; but six months after she comes home a full-fledged lady she don't know as much as when she went away. Of course there are exceptions, but we know many who have never had such opportunities and they frequently out shine the "Seminary" girl.—*Snow Hill Messenger*

MRS. JOSEPH KNOWLES, wife of a Stourbridge shopkeeper, went to London a few mornings ago, and was in a great state of excitement lest she should miss the train by which she intended to return home. She was about to enter the train when she exclaimed: "Take me somewhere to sit down or I shall die." She was helped to a seat near, and died at once.

FRONTIER JOURNALISM.

A Few More Extracts from the Famous "Arizona Kicker"

From the Detroit Free Press.

The last issue of the *Arizona Kicker* contains the following;

A LIE NAILED.

Old Moses Taylor—that excrescence on the face of humanity, who has been licked, rail-ridden, jailed, and bounced from every town in the East—is reporting around town that we let up on George the Gouger because he subscribed for the *Kicker*. As there may be some one fool enough to believe in the old hyena's yarn we will explain that George, who keeps the checkered-front saloon, was falsely misrepresented to us by a rival in business, who hoped to drive him out of town. We did wade into him for a spell, and even tried to get him lynched, but we were in error. While he has shot three men, they were all trying to get the drop on him. George has subscribed for the *Kicker* because he likes it, and we have let up on him because he is an enterprising citizen who means to do what is O. K.

We return our thanks for a bottle of port, sent us yesterday. As for old Moses we've bought the rope which will hang him within a week if he doesn't leave town.

A BAD, BAD MAN.

If there is a meaner and more contemptible coyote on the face of this foot-stool than "Major" Jackson Doty, the old skin-flint grocer on the corner of Sitting Bull avenue and Cheyenne street, we'll give $50 for his address. We object to personalities in a newspaper, but we must say that of all the low-down, doggoned old Gum-backs in this Territory he takes the cake. He'd cheat a blind woman out of her dead baby's coffin, and he'd lie if offered $100 to tell the truth.

LATER.

Major Doty has come in and subscribed for the *Kicker* since the above was in type, and has also contracted for $60 worth of advertising. We take pleasure in informing our readers that he is a business man of the old school, honest, reliable, and truthful, and that as a citizen his record is above reproach. Long may he wave.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

That old, superannuated wind-bag who runs the *Weekly Star* and calls himself an editor and publisher has again been criticising the political course of the *Kicker*. We invite and can stand criticism from men of sense, but the idea of an old jail-bird breaking the bars in Illinois, robbing a farmer of his hogs, and coming West to start a paper with the proceeds and criticise his superiors from week to week is a little too catosh.

For the benefit of the officers of the Law we would say that this old cuss, who goes by the name of Daniels, is about 50 years old, yellow-faced, long-nosed, several warts on his chin, and a game leg. He can, no doubt, be tried for a dozen different crimes. We did think once of shooting him, but the cost of the shot and powder figured more than the carcass is worth.

An Epic in Five Fits.

From the Nebraska State Journal.

PEACE.

The editor in genial mood, sat in his office chair; he run his jeweled fingers through his mass of tawny hair; he took his golden pen and wrote some grand and fiery creeds, of wars abroad, of politics, and of his country's needs; he also wrote a touching poem about a lover bold, who went across the raging sea to search for gleaming gold; and how a maiden waited long down on the ocean shore, to welcome him when he returned—who would return no more.

CLOUDS.

The office hireling came to him; an ugly youth was he, with freckles scattered on his face most wonderful to see; he jerked the press, this hireling did, he swept the dirty floors, he stuffed the coal into the stove and did the other chors. But now his freckled cheeks were blanched, his voice was hoarse with fear; he said: "Old Smith, who weighs a ton, is waiting for you here; his face is stern, his lips are set, I fear he's come for gore—Oh, master, shall I let him pass inside your sanctum door?"

COURAGE.

Then spake the editor with pride, to that lone youth spake he: "O, Absalom, the coward's fear a stranger is to me; why should I tremble, though he comes to wallow in my gore? I'll take him by his swan like neck and with him sweep the floor; as Macbeth said, what man may dare, that also will I dare, and should old Smith but make a crack, I'll smash him with a chair; go, then, to where he panting waits, and show him in to me, and though he's once or doubly armed, no terror will he see."

DANGER.

Then trembling went the freckled youth, as he'd instructed been; he led the Bad Man to the door, and, quaking, showed him in; the door was closed behind him then, and Absalom stood near, that all the sounds of raging war securely he might hear; there was a silence, long, profound, and then his master's voice rang out in loud, defiant tones that made his heart rejoice; it sounded through the oaken door and echoed down the hall; it ceased, and silence came again, and then a heavy fall.

DISASTER.

With winged feet young Absalom flew to his master's side, all still and pale that master lay, as though he just had died; but soon he opened wide his eyes that fell upon the boy; they swept the room to see Old Smith, but Smith, the wretch, was gone. "What did he do," cried Absalom, "that you have swooned away? You show no marks to show that you have had a bloody fray; O, master, did he draw his gun, your form with lead to fill?" "No, no, my boy, he drew no gun; far worse—he drew a bill!"

Mr. New's Bluff.

From the Indianapolis Labor Signal.

If ever a man was "called on a bobtail flush bluff," Mr. John C. New is that man. For several weeks his paper has been parading its offer of $2,000 for proof that Benjamin Harrison ever said "one dollar a day is enough for a workingman," and "that if he was in power he would put men to work at the point of the bayonet, and if that would not do he would shoot them down like dogs." Now conclusive evidence is offered that he made the first statement in the words given, and the second one in substance, and yet the *Journal* makes no respose to the call for a committee to hear the testimony and decide whether the money shall be paid over. For weeks the *Journal* has claimed that money for this specific purpose was in Fletcher's bank, and now John C. New admits that it is not. In his interview in New York, on Aug. 30, 1888, which was sent by telegraph all over the country, and printed in the *Journal* on the next morning says: "I still offer the $2,000 reward, and do not mean it as a bluff or in bad faith, as the secretary of the Knights of Labor said he at first regarded it. He also said I had not deposited the $2,000. Well, I have five or six times that sum in the bank in Indianapolis, and the reward can be had when the statement alleged is proven." There are two things very noticeable in this statement. First, he concedes that the $2,000 was never put up as claimed by the *Journal*, but says he has more than that amount on general deposit. Second, he does not say that he will pay the $2,000, but only that it "can be had," and in this he follows the safe course of the *Journal*, which has never stated that it or any one would pay, but only that the money "will be paid."

LONDON street rowdies put up small boys to throw themselves in the way of bicycles, and on being struck by the machine to set up a howl and pretend to have been badly hurt. Then the rowdies crowd around in the role of indignant and sympathizing citizens, and the bicyclist is glad to pay the gamin roundly and get off with a whole skin. Afterward the rowdies and the gamin divide the proceeds.

Reliable Recipes.

MIROTON OF VEAL.—This is a dish that no one would think of insulting with the name of hash. Mince some slices of cold veal with about quarter the quantity of cold boiled or baked ham; season with pepper, grated nutmeg, and a small minced onion fried in butter. Also add a French roll that has been soaked in thick, sweet cream, and a little grated lemon peel. Put all these into a pan over the fire, and stir until heated through; add a well-beaten egg; press the mixture into a hot buttered pudding dish and set into the oven to brown. Turn out upsidedown on a hot dish, and serve with a thickened gravy made from the bones.

RICH CRULLERS.—Beat to a cream one-quarter pound of butter, and mix with it the same quantity of fine granulated sugar, four well-beaten eggs, and flour enough to roll out; do not forget a pinch of salt. Cut the paste into oblong pieces four or five inches long with a paste cutter, divide the center into three or four strips; wet the edges, and plait one bar over the other, so as to melt in the center. Throw them into sufficient boiling lard that they may readily swim; the lard must be hot enough that the cakes cook at once when thrown into it. When of light-brown color, take them out, place in a colander lined with absorbing paper, and let them drain before the fire.

OYSTER OMELETS.—Six large or twelve small oysters are sufficient. Drain them and keep the liquor. Fry out the fat from six thin slices of pork, an inch wide and two long; lay the oysters in this hot fat and shake them for a moment until the beards just begin to spread. Meantime cook in another pan, so that it will be ready just at this time, an omelet of six eggs beaten with two spoonfuls of oyster liquor, two of milk and a little pepper and salt. Fry in the usual manner, and, when just ready to fold, lift the oysters from the fat with a skimmer, lay them on the omelet, turn both edges toward the center, and transfer quickly to a hot dish. Garnish with the fried pork.

BEEFSTEAK, SPANISH STYLE.—This remarkably good and cheap dish is from the note-book of a celebrated caterer: Lay a slice of upper round steak, rather more than two inches thick, on a pie-dish, leaving on the rim of suet. Add a very little water, and baste every ten minutes for thirty minutes, baking in a moderate oven. Take it out, and cover with a layer of sliced onions; bake fifteen minutes; cover with a layer of sliced tomatoes, and bake again for fifteen minutes; sprinkle over it two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and place in the oven long enough for the cheese to melt. There will be a thick, rich gravy on it deliciously flavored with the onions and tomatoes.

FRENCH CUSTARD PUDDING.—Mix eight well-beaten eggs with a quart of sweet cream or milk, sweeten and flavor to taste, and add a small pinch of salt. Take a deep tin mold—a perfectly smooth one is the easiest to handle—and melt a large spoonful of granulated sugar in it, taking care not to burn it; when melted make it run all over and around the inside of the mold, then put in the custard, and at once place it in a saucepan filled with boiling water deep enough to reach three-quarters up the mold, cover the mold well that no water can boil into it, and let the custard thus cook slowly until it becomes quite firm, but not longer, else it will get watery.—When quite cold, turn it out on a platter, and pour a pale brown sauce over it.

Lessons With a Moral.

A straw shed is a cheaper shelter than is a board fence.

It is not what we produce, but what we utilize that makes the profit.

A weed has no better right to life in the fall than it has in the spring.

On the farm, as elsewhere, misfortune is the shadow of carelessness.

A good picture of folly would be a man burning the straw his land had grown.

It is noticeable that the large majority of vicious horses are handled by bad-tempered men.

Don't allow the threshers' engine in your yard unless there is a good screen over the smoke stack.

Ranching has become gambling on the chances that thousands of animals will not starve or freeze.

Many men wear out a dime's worth of shoe leather to obtain from a neighbor the gift of five cents' of grindstone.

Many a boy has been driven from the farm by being compelled to do chores while the men were nooning under the trees.

Some way the few days the boys went fishing are found at the end of the year not to have lessened the amount of work done.

Make your farm such that food animals would disgrace it; make your animals such that a poor farm would be unfit for them.

Rather than drive your cattle a half-mile through heat and dust to drink at pools or the creek, sell enough to sink a strong well.

The water that goes to the ocean will float back in clouds and fall in drops; but the substance carried from the manure heap by the water will not come back.

The monotony of work tires about as much as the exercise. For a real restful diversion commend us to the turning up of a bumblebees' nest unexpectedly.—*American Agriculturist.*

Rich for One Day Only.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Sometime ago a young fellow, a Southerner, who was a real estate reporter on a St. Louis paper, saw a chance to better his fortunes and help his mother and sisters, who were living in poverty on the old plantation.

The youngster received private information that Tom Scott and a big syndicate were about to purchase city property on an immense scale. He told a business friend about it, and the result was that the reporter borrowed $100 and put it with $900 advanced by his friend and purchased an option on a big piece of property worth half a million.

The next day Tom Scott offered $600,000 for the real estate. The reporter saw in this a clear $50,000 for his share, and for several hours was on his head. But to his astonishment his partner refused to sell, believing that a bigger price would be offered. On the following day Scott withdrew his offer. The dazzling speculation dissolved like a baseless fabric of a vision, and the newspaper man found himself worse off than before.

Quarantine and the Circus.

From the St. Louis Republic.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 21.—Howe's London Circus exhibited at Byhalia, Miss., Thursday evening and after the performance the tents were folded and the paraphernalia of the show loaded on cars, preparatory to moving off to Holly Springs. Before the train pulled out a telegram was received by Manager French, stating that the circus train would not be permitted to halt at Holly Springs. Mr. French chartered a hand car, and, with four stout canvasmen as motors, started for Holly Springs. When within a mile of that town the hand car was flagged down by a corps of men armed with shotguns. "Reverse your lever and get a back-action hump on you, gentle strangers," said the leader of the quarantine guard. French remonstrated, but to no purpose. He and his hand car were looked on as loaded, and there was nothing for it but to turn back. The circus men came to Memphis to-day.

THE girl who has fine teeth may not have a keener sense of humor than other women, but you can depend on her to show all the appreciation she has of a joke or a funny story.—*Mercury.*

SENATOR STANFORD'S AFFLICTION.

He is Neither Asleep nor Awake for Longer than a Minute at a Time.

From the Washington Post.

News comes from Europe that Senator Stanford, who has been there for some time, is the victim of an extraordinary disease. He cannot sleep when he wants to and he cannot keep awake when he wants to. He can hardly ever be said to be awake and hardly ever asleep, but perpetually oscillating between the two conditions. He does not sleep more than a minute or two at a time (if we may call it sleep for want of a better word, somnambulism might be more nearly correct) and his eyes don't remain open or his senses active for more than the same length of time at a stretch.

He is never allowed to walk alone, for if he tried it he would be sure to fall, the somnolence coming upon him without notice. Sticking pins in him is of no use, as he dozes off.

If he starts to talk with you he may get through with a few sentences and then be cut off in the midst of an unfinished word but when he awakens to consciousness again he has the knack of taking up the talk precisely where he left off.

To use a printer's phrase, his sleeping, his walking, his talking, and his thinking are all done in very "short takes." He has no pain.

Let the Girls Romp.

Most mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them quiet and gentle and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic, which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running; racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery with calisthenics or the gymnastics will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air.

Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little ones to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy cheeked, romping girl than the pale, lily-faced one, who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks things, or tears her dresses, or tires her mothers patience as the former does; but after all, what does the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as they can. Give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and let them run and romp as much as they please. By all means give us healthy, hearty, romping girls, rather than pale, faced little ladies, condemned from their very cradles to nervousness, headache and similar ailments.

A Great Cloud of Butterflies

A wonderful cloud of butterflies crossed the Pawcatuck River, a few days ago, says a Westerly, R. I. newspaper, just as the steamer Golden Star was passing above the village of Lotteryville, and thousands of them, dropping out of the big swarm, alighted on the boat. The swarm was going from Rhode Island over into Connecticut. It filled the air like snow flakes many hundred feet high, and the flight seemed to be endless, stretching eastward as far as the passengers on the boat could see. The butterflies were of all sizes and kinds; they were gorgeously painted, yellow, brown and black, and motted with bird's-eye spots, and in their flight through the golden sunlight suggested the idea of a rainbow that had fallen to earth and was trailing its shivered particles across the land. Thousands of the insects clung to the steamer's sides, they speckled the decks and penetrated into the cabins, and even attached themselves to the puffing smokestack. Many hung to the boat for miles after the swarm had passed, which winged its way westward as straight as a beeline. No one on the boat ever saw so great a swarm before, and the question suggested itself to them: Do butterflies migrate in the fall?

The Chance of a Lifetime.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I've got a note of $100 to meet to-day, and I'm $20 short," he said as he entered the office.

"Say, don't you try to meet it," replied the other.

"Why?"

"It's no use. If you have managed to get $80 together, take it and skip for South America at once. Train leaves at 3 o'clock and you have seventeen minutes to pack up and catch it!"

"But, my dear——"

"Don't stop to argue. They don't expect you to pay the note, and you'll never have $80 in your life! Skip!"

Prof. Butler of the Wisconsin State University is a great believer in outdoor exercise, particularly walking, though his flesh is not always as willing as his spirit. One day, when he was trying to walk around Lake Mendota, his legs began to swell