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The Chestertown Transcript.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
n street, opposite Vosbell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted Special attention given to women andchil-en. May 3, 1888—tf.

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.

DENTIST.
C. P. GILPIN,
Chestertown, - - - Maryland
Main Street, Adjoining Cahall's Store.
OFFICE HOURS:
ght-thirty to Twelve A.M.,and one to four P.M.
Having enlarged my office and added many w conveniences, I am able to offer my patients uch greater comfort while under treatment an in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

COMMISSION CARDS.

VID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
OMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,
S E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
report all sales daily and send checks every ay; oftener if desired. We refer to our t shippers, among whom are many of the uccessful fruit growers in this county,also ople's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

. CREW. WM. P. IRELAND
CREW & IRELAND,
MISSION MERCHANTS,
ND DRIED FRUIT, EGGS, POUL RY, LIVE STOCK, &c.,
WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
.—National Bank of Northern The Produce Trade of Philadel- m24, 1887-y.

W. H. LOANE
& LOANE,
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NERAL PRODUCE
N MERCHANTS,
DEN STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
UIT A SPECIALTY.

HTSPRY
H
& LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
R, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
o. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

THE BEALL & PERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCES RS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commistion Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.
Office and warehouse, No. 4. Camden street (new number 15), Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

The Proof of the Pudding is in the eating; so is the proof of
LEA'S
Flour,
Hominy,
Hominy Grits,
Buckwheat,
Farina.
The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

C. M. LUCAS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
WATCHES A SPECIALTY.
LID GOLD WATCHES
as low as TWENTY-FIVE
SILVER

THE OLD HALL'S MYSTERY;

OR,

HIS ITALIAN BRIDE.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

CHAPTER II.

Time passed quietly at the Hall after old Mr. Chilton had been laid with his fathers, and there was nothing to break the monotony of the life led by the worse than widowed man and the two women, until one day, six months after her elopement, Violenta returned.

Yes, she came again to the house she had disgraced, the shadow of her former self. She had grown thin to attenuation; her eyes were wild with pleading, her lips dry and hot with fever, her voice broken with despair as she threw herself on her knees before her husband and besought his pity and forgiveness, and a home in which to die.

But in Henry's heart the spirit of mercy had long since died. With a voice of terrible intensity, and eyes black with rage, he told her that he loathed her; cursed the day he had made her his wife, and then, as she fell insensible at his feet, he stepped over her prostrate form, and left her without a backward look. Hugh and Miss Darrock, who had been witnesses of the awful scene, raised and bore her to a couch.

For two days Violenta lay ill unto death at the Hall, attended by Dr. Thorn, who had once been a suitor for Miss Darrock's hand, and then Mrs. Chilton went to her son's chambers to tell him that all suspense was over, his wife was dead.

Within an hour from the time he received this intelligence, Henry had packed his valise and left the Hall. Going to London, he drew a large sum of money from the bank, and departed for the continent, telling no one of his intention.

On the same day Hugh left to join his regiment, and being ordered at once to Calcutta, did not see any one of his family again.

For a whole year nothing was heard of Henry. In vain did his mother and aunt write letters to every post town on the continent which they thought there was a chance of his visiting; in vain they advertised in home and foreign newspapers; nothing could be heard of him, and they resigned themselves to patience, having faith that despair, not death, kept him from the home with which he must necessarily have very painful associations.

But one morning news came of the wanderer of the most startling kind. Lydia Darrock had been out riding, for horseback riding was her only amusement, and she rode daily; and returning wearied, she was told by the gardener that Dr. Thorn wished to see her in the oak tree walk. Surprised at this singular intelligence, and fearing some terrible news, she sprang from her horse, and holding her long habit on her arm, hastened into the garden.

There, by a rustic bench, stood the doctor, holding a newspaper in his hand. He did not speak, but motioning her to a seat, held the paper before her eyes, and pointed to a paragraph at the foot of a column of "society gossip."

It was a notice of Henry Chilton's marriage with the only daughter of a wealthy gentleman in Scotland.

Lydia Darrock read it to the last word, and then fell senseless to the ground.

The gardener, whose curiosity had led him to feign some duty near the couple, now hastened to help Dr. Thorn carry the insensible lady to the house.

She made no excuse to the doctor for her extreme agitation on her recovery, and he seemed to expect none. There was a secret understanding between them of which they never spoke.

Two weeks later Henry came home to the Hall, bringing with him his young wife, whose beauty was great. She was the very opposite in appearance to poor Violenta, who had been as dark as a gipsy. Adelle was as fair as a snow-drop, and her golden hair hung in luxuriant curls to her waist. There was no reason to doubt that Henry had married for love, and it was genuine, this time. He was never happy out of Adelle's presence, and never weary of extolling her virtues to his mother and young aunt, who, singularly enough seemed loath to agree with him. They never denied her loveliness of person and character, but scarcely ever looked at her without sighing, and several times when Henry spoke of his present complete happiness, his mother astonished him by bursting into tears. And once his aunt grieved and surprised him by the remark that he had in her eyes committed a crime in not writing them of his intended marriage as soon as it was decided upon. "If you had done so," she added, "we might havs been saved much sorrow. Now we are greatly perplexed how to act."

Henry demanded what she meant, but with a disturbed look, as if she had already said more than she had intended, Miss Darrock left the room without replying to his eager question.

Henry's happiness was of short duration. Six weeks after her arrival at the Hall, the young and lovely Adelle was thrown from her horse while out riding, and sustained such frightful injuries that she expired after a few hours of terrible agony.

Henry's grief was fearful to behold. For a time they believed he would lose his reason, and when that danger was past, he sunk into a state of melancholy from which nothing had ever aroused him.

Yet Mrs. Chilton and Lydia Darrock had, singular as it appeared to him, no sympathy to offer. They were never heard to regret Adelle's loss, and never spoke her name unless necessity obliged them to do so.

To Henry this indifference, as he assumed to be, was excessively galling, and he withdrew more and more into himself, and often spent an hour at a time in the company of his mother or aunt. They were [illegible] at his course towards them, but [illegible] resent it. For some reason known [illegible] themselves, they had great patience [illegible] and failings of this man [illegible] it so severely with.

[illegible] a half dozen serv- [illegible] in the esclu- [illegible] it since [illegible] solation [illegible] for [illegible] be [illegible]

the only visitor who appeared on even a friendly footing at the house was Dr. Thorn who usually rode over from Westcourt three or four times a week.

Henry made no remark on the frequency of the doctor's visits. He had long known him to be in love with Miss Darrock, and if he ever cast a thought to it, supposed the suit of the physician to be favorably received. Certainly the doctor always met with a cordial welcome, and generally was made to remain to dinner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Birth Rate of Newspapers.

The *Paper World* discloses the interesting fact that the news companies receive an average of thirty new periodical publications every week in the year. They find not more than one out of the thirty profitable to handle, and not one is permanently successful. The great majority of the new progeny of intellect and enterprise hardly get their eyes open before they die. The wonder is what they began for, if so soon they were to be done for.

A birth rate of thirty a week seems very high. That is 1,560 a year, or, looking at it another way, five for every week day in the year. A new periodical is borne and sent out to the news companies to nurse every four hours and forty-eight minutes of the day or night. How few of the interesting little creatures ever cut their eye teeth!

But the statistics procured by the *Paper World* from the news companies by no means represent the actual rate of increase, since comparatively few of the new journals started in the Unite States find their way into the the hands of these agencies of distribution. Notwithstanding the great number of new born, and the great number of older newspapers which drop out of existence every year, the net annual increase in the periodical publications of all sorts, daily. weekly, and monthly, political and commercial, heathen and Christian, smart and silly, is from 500 to 1,500. It varies much in differnt years. The least prolfic year since 1880 was 1882, when the net increase was 344. The most prolific year was 1884, when the excess of births over deaths was 1,475. Next to that came another Presidential year, 1880, when the net increase was 1,020. We take these figures from Mr. Rowell's American Newspaper Directory.

In fact, for the past twenty years there has been more dead ducks than fledglings. The total fell from 8,129 in 1876 to 7,958 in 1877. The latter was the year of Hays and the national shame. Nearly two hundred timid weaklings lay down and died under the burden of that infamy.

The truth is—and we violate no law of professional secrecy—that it is one of the easiest things in the world to start a new newspaper.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Statistics of the States.

Arkansas was settled in 1685 at Arkansas Post, and admitted into the Union June 15, 1836. Its area is 53,045 miles.

Maine contains 29,895 square miles; was settled 1635 at Bristol, and was admitted into the Union March 15, 1820.

Alabama was settled in 1711 at Mobile; admitted into the Union December 14, 1818, and contains 50,450 square miles.

Oregon contains 94,560 square miles; was settled in 1811 at Astoria, and was admitted into the Union February 12, 1859.

Louisiana contains 45,420 square miles; was settled in 1699 at Iberville, and was admitted into the Union April, 30, 1812.

Colorado contains 103,645 square miles; was settled in 1858 at Denver, and was admitted into the Union August 1, 1876.

Nebraska contains 76,185 square miles; was settled in 1854 at Omaha, and was admitted into the Union March 1, 1867.

Missouri contains 68,735 square miles; was settled in 1764 at St. Louis, and was admitted into the Union August 10, 1821.

Ohio contains 40,760 square miles; was settled in 1788 at Marietta, and was admitted into the Union November 29, 1802.

Nevada contains 109,740 square miles; was settled in 1860 at Washoe, and was admitted into the Union October 31, 1864.

Iowa contains 55,275 square miles; was settled in 1788 at Burlington, and was admitted into the Union December 28, 1846.

Maxims of Great Warriors.

Napoleon laid it down as a special rule that professional study in some form is the first condition of practical success.

Wellington, at the close of his last great campaign, confessed to a junior staff officer his personal obligation to daily study.

It was Frederick the Great who said that war is a sience in superior men, an art for ordinary men and a trade for ignorant men.

Marshal Turenne, the greatest of those great soldiers of the age of Louis XIV., thought that the art of war was learned more from books than upon battlefields, and his great talents were the fruits of the deepest study.

The Archduke Charles, who first showed the Generals of Europe that Napoleon could be beaten, formed his reputation as a strategist upon emerging from his study where he had spent many months pursuing the theory of war, having previously served in three campaigns.

What Mars a Woman.

There never yet was a woman so gifted, wealthy, beautiful or high in social position that she was not marred by a cold, distant and supercilious bearing. There are so many sorrowful things in life, there are so many hurts and wounds for all of us, it seems to me that every woman ought to cultivate a sweet manner and a kindly glance for the stranger or the acquaintance. It costs nothing, and, like a rare sunshine, it warms and strengthens many a frost-bitten life whereon it falls. I think some women and girls have the idea that a haughty and proud bearing impresses a stranger with a sense of their importance. This is a mistake. The truly great are never arrogant or cold, but modest and kind in demeanor, while the unworthy and presumptuous often assume an air of supercilious disdain with strangers to hide their natural deficiencies.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S WIFE.

You have heard of the country editor's life,
With it care and worry and doubt,
Of the shabby genteel of his seedy clothes,
Of his diamond pins, and his calm repose,
His happiness, money and gout.

But say, have you heard of the editor's wife?
Of that silent copartner, who,
With a blending of sentiment, beauty and skill,
With temperate knowledge, with tact and will,
The whole of his labors can do?

It is she who embroiders the garments worn
By the editor's hard old chair,
Now dressed with cushions, soft and neat,
And trimmed up with tidies and ribbons sweet,
Which once was so poor and so bare.

If the editor's sick or away or behind,
In need of more hands and more haste,
She directs his wrappers so they can be read,
And writes his leaders right out of her head.
And willingly makes his paste.

She reads the magazines, papers and books,
As the cradle she softly rocks;
While the editor sits in his easy chair,
With his fingers thurst in his tangled hair,
She quietly mends his socks.

Then she reads the "ads" with the editor,
Just to find what each has paid,
"But the column ad. of the jeweler there,"
So he says, "and the harness, and human hair,
"Must be taken out in trade."

She wears the corset he gets for "ads.,"
And rattles his sewing machine;
She uses the butter and eggs, and things,
The country subscriber so faithfully brings,
With a cheerfulness seldom seen.

But her life, so full of merry delight,
Has one dark cloud, alas!
Though she shares his ticket to circus and play,
To lecture and negro minstrels gay,
She cannot use his railroad pass!

When time hangs heavy on his hands,
She beguiles the hours away,
With joke and laughter, music and song,
And pleasant talk, and thus ripples along
The whole of each leisure day.

Oh! who would exchange this sweet content,
This simple and trusting life,
For that of a queen of royal birth?
For the happiest woman on all this earth,
Is the country editor's wife!

—*Margaret Andrews Oldham.*

[Written for THE TRANSCRIPT.]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The American Author and Tourist.

No author in the extended gallery of American literature, has ever filled a more unique department than Nathaniel Hawthorne, beautifying and exalting it with a wealth of weird thought and fascinating imagery peculiarly his own. Hawthorne was born at Salem Massachusetts, July 4, 1804, in the very heart of the then puritanic world, of puritan parents, representatives of a race of soldiers, judges and legislators. Representatives, through whose veins the red current of that dogmatic race coursed clear and unmixed, consequently he was of necessity a Puritan, partaking to a great extent of their rigid idealistic sense of good and evil, possessing at the same time, an "exquisite cynicism.

The old house in which he was born still stands, a single massive chimney, rising from the centre, emphasizes by its style the antiquity of the building, and has the air of holding it together, and says Mr. Lathrop, "The cobble-stoned street in front is narrow, and, although it runs from the house toward the water-side, where once was carried on an extensive commerce, and debouches not far from the Custom House where Hawthorne in middle life found plenty of occupation as Surveyor; is now silent and deserted."

The early name of the family was spelled Hathorne. When the young Nathaniel's works became a portion of our national literature, the spelling was changed, and a "W" was added. A portion of his boyhood was passed in the forest regions of Maine, affording a seclusion and gloom in sweet accord, with the soul whose life-work was to be the analysis of the deep, dark recesses of the human heart. To James T. Fields he said in 1863, "I lived in Maine like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there that I first got my cursed habit of solitude." During the moon-light nights of winter he would skate until midnight, all alone, upon Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills on either side.

After leaving Baudain College, where he graduated in 1825, his literary labors commenced which ended only with his life. The first gleam of the weird genius which was so soon to develope, permeate and become felt through the vast system of literature, was a series of tales and sketches which were followed in 1828 by Fanshawe, his first books, but which never gained the recognition of its author. As a student Prof. Packard says: "His themes were written in the sustained finished style that gives to his mature productions an inimitable charm." The little gem of a book, Twice Told Tales, made its appearance through the kindness of a friend, Lieutenant Bridge, who became responsible for the expense. Longfellow in reference to the book thus speaks of it and its author, "When a star rises in the heavens, people gaze after it for a second with the naked eye and with such telescopes as they may find. In the stream of thought which flows so peacefully deep and clear throughout this book, we see the bright reflection of a spiritual star, after which men will be prone to gaze with the naked eye and with the spy-glass of criticism. To this little book we would say, 'live ever sweet, sweet book.' It comes from the hand of a genius, everything about it has the freshness of morning and of May. The book, though written in prose, is nevertheless, written by a poet. He looks upon all things in a spirit of love and with lively sympathies. A calm thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page, with now and then a pleasant smile, and now a shade of sadness stealing over its features. Sometimes, though not very often, it glares wildly at you with strange and painful expression, as in the German romance, the bronze knocker of the Archivarius Lindhorst makes up faces at the student, Anselm." As a writer in that department so peculiarly his own, Nathaniel Hawthorne stands alone and unapproached, for no other author has ever succeeded in so harmoniously blending, that dark weird imagery which casts its veil of mystery around every object upon which it falls, with the most pure and refined English which our language knows. His life though intensely practical to the casual observer, presents itself as veiled in shadows and as the embodiment of a dream, yet a dream be it ever so dark, not without a radiance of sunshine. A "romantic idealist," he lived, moved, and had his being in an atmosphere in which other men would languish and die; but that which would have blighted other lives was the very life of his own. The brightest sunrays seemed to cast shadows upon his sensitive imagination, he sought the light, not that he might dispel the darkness, but that he might weave of sombre clouds a veil to hide their brightness, and it might be truly said of him that "the innumerable forms that wander in nothingness start into being at thy beck, the dead live again. Thou recallest them to their old scenes and givest their gray shadows the lustre of a better life, at once earthly and immortal."

It matters little what surrounding circumstances were, his most perfectly set gems are enshrouded by "A chill and spectral air, the air of some gleaming moon-light when all the shadows seem to have gathered added intensity, and to eye and ear are borne visions of wraiths and supernatural melody." Every object had to him its intrinsic artistic value, to be used in fashioning the misty, dreamy beauty of his dark imaginings, "all the suggestions and hints and spiritual analogies of which are as evident as its eternal movements. They are not like so many cut-flowers, or stories, moths, or butterflies, which flash and glance and vanish. They are blossoms of a weird beauty and strange perfume, with long stems and far burrowing roots that hold by the center, and thus draw their nourishment from unknown sources.

These picturee seem to have haunted his pictorial fancy, not as mockeries of life nor pale goblins of the dead, but in the guise of portraits, each with the unalterable expression which his magic hand evoked from the caverns of the soul." "Like all other men," he continues, around whom an engrossing purpose wreathes itself, he was insulated from the mass of human kind."

In early manhood, Hawthorne courted solitude, and though in after years he moved on with the myrids of busy men, he drew around his soul that mystic curtein which he loved so well. And when weary of brushing the accumulated dust of years from some quaint old portrait of pre-colonial days, or tired of fashioning the wealth of fascinating death in the fatal robe of the Lady Eleanore; he would withdraw himself to the quiet of human hearts and sport with their shadows. No recess was too sacred, no memory too sad for this disturber of the mind's repose; the seal which the years had placed upon the tomb of sleeping conscience blazed forth in the great "Scarlet Letter" of remorse, the "House of Seven Gables" had ghostly footsteps passing th rough its halls.

The Scarlet letter, the noblest work perhaps which ever fell from his pen, and indeed, as a work of fiction, torturing in its intensity of remorse, burning in its depths of despair, vivid in its analysis of the human heart, and grandly realistic in its portrayal of a life doomed to an existence of solitude, and an eternity of sorrow as fixed as destiny itself, it has scarce a superior in any language. The story is so dark that one may well call out and exclaim: Oh! that one ray of sunlight, one slight gleam of brightness might fall upon the canvass lost in the depth of this great dark picture, where the portrait of a dark-souled man is cast upon the canvass like a gleam of infernal fire.

Hawthorne though a warm and genial friend, who gathered from his many friendships brightness and pleasure, was indeed an artist of shadows and a portrayor of visions, yet visions as pure as the soul which gave them birth, for not one of these blossoms of the night has ever sullied the pages upon which it fell; no mind has ever been less beautiful for having followed the footsteps of that vivid imagination to its most dazzling heights; he wrote that the language might be purefied and exalted, not rendered unclean or impure. He lived within the shadow of an almost morbid imagination; nothing pleased him half so well as his own thoughts, the world to him was a fragrant garden of fanciful visions, yet the world for this fashioner of weird dreams had its pleasures as well as its sorrows, for he says, "Trouble is the next best thing to enjoyment and there is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or its sorrows."

He had often wished that his end might be sudden, that the sun of his existence might drop from its place in the system of literary worlds without other notice of its fall than that of its loss, and as he wished it; so it came to pass, for while on a trip through New England for his health accompanied by his life-long friend, Franklin Pierce, they were stopping at Plymouth, New Hampshire, when on the morning of May 19, 1864, Mr. Pierce approached the bed of his friend he found the dreamer was sleeping, indeed the troubled dream of a life was over and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the poet of the North, and the "Wizard of the New World" was dead. He had fallen into a pleasant dream, and as he had said in his earnest way so often that, "I should like to sail on and on forever, and never touch the shore again," and so the fitful dream of a life had passed, the barque bearing the soul of the sweet singer had loosed its moorings never to touch the shore of its earthly existence again.

Hawthorne was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, New Hampshire, on May 24, 1864, beneath the deep shadows of the New England pines, and within view of the ever restless Concord river which had been the inspiration of many of his noblest and most beautifully set gems of thought. The day was bright and beautiful as the life which had just closed had been transcendently perfect in its literary work.

Mr. Lathrop in his admirable sketch of this prose poet thus describes his last resting place, "It was close to the place where Thoreau now lies, and not far away is the resting place of Emerson. The spot was one for which Hawthorne had cherished an especial preference. Emerson that day stood beside the grave, and with him, Longfellow and Lowell. Agassiz, Holmes, James Freeman Clark, Edwin Whipple, Pierce and Hillard, had all assembled to pay their last reverence. A vast multitude of people attended the funeral services at the old Unitarian First Church in the village, and Mr. Clarke, who had performed the marriage service for Hawthorne, conducted the rites above him dead. It was a perfect day of spring. The roadside banks were blue with violets, the orchards were in bloom, and the lilies of the valley, which were Hawthorne's favorite flowers, had blossomed early as if for him and were gathered in masses about him."

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmast speed let fall the pen
And left the tale half told."

BUZ.

He Wanted the Postmaster.

"Where's the postmaster?" demanded a long, bony woman with a freckled face, who presented herself at one of the delivery windows in the postoffice the other day.

"What is it you wish, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"Are you the postmaster?"

"No, ma'am, but—"

"Thought you didn't old enough. It's the postmaster I want, young man. I don't want no truck with you. Will you go and tell him I'd like to see him?"

"He is busy now, but if you will state your business perhaps I can attend to it. You are keeping other people wait—"

"Young man, I've walked eleven blocks to get here, and I pay as much to support this postoffice as any woman of my means in the city. I'm going to get what I came for or I'll raise the biggest row you ever saw. You're a list'ning to me, are you, young man?"

"I am, madam. Will you please tell me what you wish?"

"I want to get a letter I mailed this morning to Mrs. Edward Felix Winterbottom, Newburyport, Essex county, Mass. She's my cousin—"

"What do you want it for?"

"I want to write 'In haste' on the back. I forgot to write it when I dropped it in, and the letter is important."

"I can't do such a thing as that for you, madam. Besides, it isn't necessary."

"It ain't hey. Perhaps you know more about writing letters than I do. Perhaps you're fifty-five years old and have carried on correspondence with friends in the East for thirty-seven years, young man. You long-legged, tallow-haired dude, if you don't go and fetch the postmaster—"

The postoffice policeman gently led her from the building.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Accommodating a Borrower.

Daniel Webster once found a good way of getting rid of a borrower—the best on record, for, like the man who bought the cloth for shirts, he killed two birds with one stone.

"Webster," said Rufus Choate, "I want to borrow $500, and I wish you'd lend it to me."

"I haven't the money to-day, Mr. Choate," said Webster, "but you give me your note and I can get it cashed for you."

Gratified beyond measure Choate sat down to draw up his note.

"By the way, Choate," said Webster, in an off-hand way, "you might as well make that note for $1,000, and I can use $500 of it myself."

"Certainly," said Choate cheerfully, and he signed a note for an even $1,000

Then the immortal Daniel sauntered to a banker's office.

"Ah! anything I can do for you to-day, Mr. Webster?"

"Can you discount a $1,000 note for me?"

"With pleasure."

The great statesman pocketed the $1,000 in bills, gave $500 to Choate, who was effusive in his thanks, and kept the other $500 himself.

Daniel Webster, my son, was what we would call in these days a financier.

Stonewall Jackson's Way.

"Did you ever see the Old Man?" asked one Confederate veteran of another, as they stood by the stove, discussing their favorite heroes.

"No, I never saw Stonewall Jackson, but he was my ideal of all generals."

"Well, if you had seen him you would have seen a very common looking man. One day we were camped in the bend of the Rappahannock, and there was a sort of fool fellow in my company who never cared what he said or to whom he said it. Jackson came riding down the road and that fellow got out in the edge of it so that Jackson could not help seeing and hearing him.

"'Lookee here, gen'l,' he blurted out, 'we're all camped here without anything to eat. My God, man, we can't stand sich as this.'

"'Never mind,' said Jackson, as he half raised his military cap. You'll have rations in plenty in a short while.

"Anh he was as good as his word, for in 15 minutes the rations came in abundance."

Why He Left Sunday School.

"What did Cane do?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Oh, nothing much," replied a timid boy, with his finger in his mouth.

"He killed Abel, didn't he?" contined the teacher.

"Where's my hat?" asked a bad boy, rising to his feet.

"What—where are you going?" stammered the astonished teacher.

"Papa's a Democrat, and he said for me to light right out whenever anybody begins to wave the bloody shirt. Gimme my hat and I'll go."

LARGE PLACE OF WORSHIP.—The largest Christian place of worship in the world is the church of St. Peter's in Rome, which has a capacity for a congregation of 54,000 persons. The three next in order of size are: Milan Cathedral, which holds 32,000; St. Paul's, Rome, which will contain 32,000, and St. Paul's, London, with a capacity of 26,000. The space covered by the buildings of St. Peter's is said to be 240,000 square feet, or about five and a-half English acres.

DERANGEMENT of the livre, with constipation injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose, Try them.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Franz Mendelssohn, the banker, of Berlin, is dead.

Mr. Labouchere genially describes Gen. Lord Wolseley as a perfect gas-bag of self-conceit.

The 14th game in the Steinitz-Tschigorin chess contest, which was played recently, was won by Steinitz.

The *Grashdanin* says that a party of 300 men will reinforce the Atchinoff expedition to Abyssinia in the spring.

Dr. Ochischlaeger, president of the Berlin Courts of Appeal, succeeds Dr. Von Shelling as Prussian Minister of Justice.

President Carnot has summoned M. De Freycinet to form a cabinet. He has consented, and it is believed he will be successful.

Emperor Francis Joseph has granted pardons to many prisoners throughout Austria, and in many cases long sentences have been shortened.

The managers of Henry George's campaign have arranged twenty-four meetings for London. They are receiving many applications from the provinces.

It is stated that Germany, in return for a naval station in Morocco, has promised to support the Sultan in his endeavor to free that country from the tutelage of the powers.

In the Queen's speech opening Parliament the most important point will be the announcement of measures for an improved system of national defence, to be submitted after Easter.

All the cardinals and bishops in Rome visited the Vatican recently and offered congratulations to the pope upon the anniversary of his election to the pontifical throne.

It is reported in Brussels that Lord Lytton, the British Ambassador at Paris, has informed Lord Salisbury that Gen. Boulanger will discourage war with Germany, but that he is bent on provoking England when in power.

Luke Emerson, a Missouri horse dealer, was arraigned in the Marlborough-Street London Police Court on the charge of willful murder. He is accused of shooting a man named Robinson on Oxford street with a revolver. He was remanded for trial.

Mr. Gladstone has arrived in London. He was welcomed by a great throng, and a delegation from the Italian colony presented him with an address. In replying to the address Mr. Gladstane said that he had "left beautiful Italy in body, but not in spirit."

At the farewell dinner given to Minister Phelps in London, Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, is considered to have made the best point of the evening when he said: "As an artist he drank to another artist, a gentleman who excelled in one of the most admirable of all arts—the art of making many friends."

A Swedish scientist claims to have discovered the secret of artificially petrifying wood, by which means he believes edifices may be built of wood and converted into stone. At present the cost is about $500 per cubic inch, so that the discovery does not promise an immediate revolution in building.

The Germans in Samoa are furious over the escape of the American Klein to San Francisco. It is contended that the White Book contains positive evidence clear enough to convict Klein of repeated acts of overt hostility to the Germans and their naval forces at Samoa,

A despatch from Hugh A. Dinsmore, American Consul-General at Seoul, capital of Corea, says: "A terrible famine prevails in the southern portion of Corea. People are reduced to the last extremity, and many are starving. The need of assistance is urgent, and relief funds should be cabled." Any funds transmitted to Mr. Dinsmore will be promptly transmitted to the relief of the sufferers.

A monument has been placed over the grave of Jenny Lind at Malvern. It was designed by Mr. C. B. Birch, R. A., and consists of a highly-polished Swedish granite cross, about eight feet in height, and in the centre there is a marble medallion bearing a representation of a wreath-encircled lyre. Beneath the medallion is the inscription: "In loving memory of Jennie Maria Lind, wife of Otto Goldsmith; born at Stockholm, October 6, 1820; died at Wynd's Point, Malvern, November, 2, 1877."

Sheridan's Story.

A story which General Sheridan was fond of telling at the dinner-table, after the coffee had been served and the ladies had retired, went somewhat like this, I am told:

There was a zealous chaplain of the Army of the Potomac, who had called on a colonel, noted for his profanity, to talk of the religious intereets of his men. After having been politely motioned to a seat on the chest, the chaplain began:

"Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army."

"I believe so," said the colonel in reply.

"Do you think," pursued the chaplain, "that you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?"

"Well, I don't know," doubtfully replied the colonel.

"A lively interest has been awakened in the —— Massachusetts," the parson went on to say. "The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have already been baptized."

"Is that so?" excitedly cried the colonel, and then, turning to the attendant, added, "Sergeant Major, have fifteen men detailed for baptism immediately; I'll be blanked if I'll be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Had the Biggest Head.

Last summer, going down to Gloucester, Oliver Wendell Holmes sat in a front seat of the car and entertained a fellow-passenger with some of his brilliant talk. A countryman, sitting in the little corner seat before them, overheard the conversation, and finally leaned over, took the autocrat's hat, looked at the number inside, then at his own, and said, very demurely: "I read something in the paper the other day about the size of great men's heads, and I thought I'd like to know the size of your'n. But what bothers me is, my head is the biggest of the two."

WHY don't you try Carter's Little Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

SPORTING NEWS.

Senator Sandford has about $2,000,000 invested in horses at Palo Alto.

Patsy Cardiff and Peter Jackson are to fight for $3000 in California next April.

Jack Burke, who is now in Australia, announces that he has retired from the ring.

Mr. F. C. Barlow, of Newark, has purchased the pacing mare Madge Medium. Madge paced in 2.21½ last year.

Frank Murphy and Ike Weir are matched to fight twenty rounds for a purse of $1000, at Boston about March 8.

Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myers, are to fight for the light-weight championship in February within 250 miles of Chicago.

Guy, the trotter of last year, is being jogged on the road at Cleveland. He is in splendid trim for the coming campaign.

It is 20 to 1 that neither The Bard, Hanover, Elkwood, Kingston or Egmont will start for the Suburban. Make a note of it.

Milton Young, McGrathiana Stud, Ky., has purchased Pontiac fro he Dwyer Brothers for $6000.

Larry Twitchell has signed with the Cleveland Club. He came in the list as a Class C player, and will receive a salary of $2000.

A cocking main between Lancaster and Marietta fowls has taken place in York county. Maritta won seven of the nine battles.

Captain James Jones has caught a German carp two feet six inches in length, and weighing 15½ pounds in the Delaware river at Bristol.

It is not unlikely, in the event of the Norristown Club organizing a new league, that Wilmington, Del., will be represented by a strong nine.

Jack Dempsey says he will fight Dominick McCaffrey in San Francisco if the California Athletic Club will hang up a purse similar to the one offered for the Dempsey-Mitchell fight.

The addition of seven days to the Nashville racing meeting has caused bitter feelings between Tennessee and Kentucky. The last week will interfere with Louisville.

John S. Clark has sold Prodigal, the 3-year-old brother of Patron, 2.14¼, to Marcus Daly, of Anaconda, Mont., through Scott Quinton, for $10,000.

Trainer Byron McClelland, who left the Hon. William L. Scott's service at the time of the Appleby-Scott betting trial, has nineteen race horses in training at Lexington.

George Wright, in a letter written at Sidney, Australia, says that he had a long talk with Edward Hanlon, and that the ex-champion oarsman was seriously thinking of taking the next steamer for America.

George La Blanche, who has been for the last three months staying in Buffalo at the State's expense for having acted as referee at the fight in that city between two women, is out of jail and is now in New York city.

Paddy Gorman, the Australian pugilist now in California, last week had a large tumor removed from his forehead. While the surgeon was at work Gorman said: "Doctor, yank her out quick; this is the longest three-minute round I ever fought in my life."

Mr. McKeen's trotting stallion Mohican died at Terra Haute recently of congestion and Kidney disease. Mohican was by Hambleton, dam Maggie Jones, by American Star. Mohican's record was 2.34—mile trial, 2.20; half mile, 1.11. Mr. McKeen paid $7000 for the horse two years ago.

The ball tossers who went to Australia were easily vanquished by the cricketers there. Ed. Williamson writes: "Eighteen of us played an Australian eleven. We Made a very poor showing. We could not hit the bowlers, while the bowling of our men was hit all over the field.

"Mexis, the Rifle Queen," gave an exhibition in the main building at the State Fair grounds recently with both the rifle and shotgun. With the former she lighted a match, cut a card, cut a thread and performed other remarkable feats. With a shotgun she broke 42 out of 50 glass balls thrown by hand. The light in the building was very poor for shooting.

A carload of famous trotters left San Francisco, Cal., for the East on Feb. 2. Among others it contained the brothers Anteeo, 2.16¼, and Antevolo, 2.19½; Norval, sire of Norlaine, 2.31½; May King, brother to Maider [illegible] d the Arthueton gelding Arab, wh[illegible] ecord of 2.15 last year, and was p[illegible] d by James Golden for Mr. John She[illegible] of Boston, from Ramsdell, Hickok & [illegible] ams for $10,000.

RECENTLY, Miss Brown, the daughter of Postmaster Brown, of Carrollton, was married to Mr. Benson. Among the bridal presents was an elegant clock, the gift of Dr. Jaynes, of Waterbury, Vt. Dr. Jaynes was a federal surgeon in the late war, and amputated the leg of Postmaster Brown, then a Confederate soldier. A mutual attachment sprang up between the parties, but it was only after twenty-five years that they succeeded in finding each other. The gift is substantial evidence of the affection now existing, and will doubtless be treasured by an affectionate daughter as a priceless heir-loom, surrounded by associations almost as dear as life itself.

"ALCOHOL is immense for cleaning silver," remarked Sarcasticus to his wife yesterday when he saw her working hard at the table cutlery. "Yes," said Mrs. S., "I notice it completely cleans all the silver out of your pockets lately."

BEESWAX and salt will make your rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a bag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax bag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

A Luxury and Necessity

For rich and poor who wish to enjoy good health, and who do not wish to resort to bitter, nauseous liver medicines and cathartics, is the concentrated California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. Jan. 3d 5t.

WHEN a girl who is engaged to marry one man runs off with another, the one who was engaged is the man who is to be congratulated.