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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1889. VOL. XXIX—NO. 44.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
...ain street, opposite Voshell House, can ...d in office every day from 10 A. M. till ...and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted ...ial attention given to women andchil... May 3, 1888—tf.

...J. H. HILL, M. D.,
...lington, - - - 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,
...erstown, - - - Maryland
...et, Adjoining Cahall's Store.
OFFICE HOURS:
...o Twelve A.M., and one to four P.M.
...nlarged my office and added many ...niences, I am able to offer my patients ...ater comfort while under treatment ...he past. Nov. 29-tf.

COMMISSION CARDS.

...D B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,
118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

PHILIP E. CREW. WM. P. IRELAND
CREW & IRELAND,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
...REEN AND DRIED FRUIT, EGGS, POULTRY, LIVE STOCK, &c.,
...4 NORTH WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
REFERENCES.—National Bank of Northern ...berties, and The Produce Trade of Philadelphia. m24, 1887-y.

...P. CREW. W. H. LOANE
CREW & LOANE,
Grain & Fruit
AND GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,
New No. 15. BALTIMORE, MD.
GRAIN AND FRUIT A SPECIALTY.
March 17, 1887.

...O. WRIGHT SPRY
—WITH—
...WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commission 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.
...OLID GOLD WATCHES
as low as TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
...D SILVER AMERICAN MOVEMENTS
from TEN TO EIGHTEEN DOLLARS.
...OLID AND PLATED JEWELRY,
...GERS' SILVERWARE
and a fine assortment of
CLOCKS.
We guarantee to sell only on the merits of our goods, and state truly and fairly the exact quality of each article, and assure all purchasers the full value of their money.
HIGH STREET,
NEARLY OPPOSITE STAM'S HALL.

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Brid Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at WROTH & ALDRIDG.

THE OLD HALL'S MYSTERY;

OR,

HIS ITALIAN BRIDE.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Chilton soon found the way to Agatha's heart by praises of little Roy, whom she declared the image of Hugh at that age. Of Henry, Agatha saw but little, for he was not much in the house except at meal hours, and even at table he was generally silent and thoughtful.

But one day when Agatha was playing with little Roy in the oak walk, the morose master of the Hall came suddenly upon them, and lifting the boy in his arms, clasped him passionately to his heart, kissing his sweet face repeatedly. Then putting the little fellow on the ground, he staggered to a rustic seat near by, and bowing his head in his hands, groaned aloud, his whole frame shaking with some powerful emotion.

Agatha knew not how best to express her sympathy for his grief, but going close to him she laid her hand gently on his golden head, where the white hairs were already plentiful.

He started to his feet at her touch, and caught her hand in his, almost crushing it in his strong grasp.

"Agatha," he said, a little wildly, "sometimes I almost fancy you my Adelle, and that child—O, heavens! no, not mine! not mine! I am alone, alone forevermore. Nor for me are wife and children! But you are so like Adelle. Your eyes, your hair and voice—look."

He hurriedly drew a blue velvet case from his inner breast pocket, and touching the spring it flew open, revealing the fair, exquisite face of a young girl. Her gentian blue eyes were raised, love in their soft depths, and about her white, bare shoulders hung clustering ringlets of pure gold.

"How beautiful!" cried Agatha.

"She was as good as she was lovely," cried Henry. "And yet she left me. I stood beside her bed and saw her die, her dear face distorted with agony, her lips white with pain. And I could do nothing, nothing! I would have died to save her a moment's pain, and yet I had to see her die, bruised and bleeding from her fearful wounds. Ah, heaven, how I suffered!

"I have never shown this picture to any one before. They did not love my Adelle. They treated her as if she had no right in the old Hall—she, my own wife. They avoided her, and cried when I spoke of her, as though she as well as I was to be pitied. I never understood them. And when she was dead, they never spoke one word of regret—they seemed relieved, as though some dark cloud had passed over. They did not understand that all the sunshine had left my life forever."

Once started, Henry had run on with his wild talk, as if it was an intense relief to unburden his mind to some one. As he paused, Agatha said, gently:

"They did not mean to be unkind, I am sure."

"Not mean it! They knew they were stabbing me to the heart. Why, when my aunt Lydia was shown the paper in which was the announcement of my marriage to Adelle, she fainted. I heard so from one of the servants who was gossiping with another, unaware of my proximity. Had I not a perfect right to marry? Why need she feel so badly about it? Did she think I ought to remain true to the memory of that false woman who disgraced my home?"

He turned away suddenly, and thursting the velvet case in his pocket, left the oak walk abruptly, without another word. When Agatha again saw him, he was gloomy and morose as ever, and made no allusion to their conversation of the morning.

One day, when Agatha had been a week at the Hall, Hugh proposed showing her over it, saying there were corridors and vacant rooms which he had not explored since childhood. The whole family was present when the remark was made, and to Agatha's surprise, Miss Darrock rose from her seat in some agitation.

"Hugh, it will hardly be necessary for you to show Agatha over the Hall, and you would find it a bore. Let me be cicerone," with an effort to speak lightly.

"I am willing," said Hugh, amiably; "but be sure to give her a look at the ghost."

Miss Darrock changed color. She turned a dull grey, and a little, quick sigh burst from Mrs. Chilton's lips.

"Why, aunt Lydia keeps a ghost in the two rooms at the end of the west corridor. I have never seen it, but she may give you a peep at it, as a special favor," and he laughed.

"I beg, Hugh," said Miss Darrock, in coldest tone, "that you will not speak so lightly of the terrible misfortune of my relative. He surely cannot trouble you in any manner whatever."

"Not at all; I should never have known of his existence, probably, had I not met Gibbs coming from the west corridor with some dishes in his hands. I stopped him to inquire who on earth he had in there, and, after some hesitation, he admitted that my aunt had an imbecile relative shut up in those rooms."

"A peculiar imbecile," said Henry, breaking in on the conversation, to the surprise of all present. "He has been there ever since I returned from the Continent. He objects to light, to noise and to exercise. He never, to my knowledge, has left those rooms, and aunt and mother humor his fancies. I have requested to see him more than once, but my aunt assures me that he objects to visitors."

"The sick are apt to have peculiar fancies," said Miss Darrock. "You should be merciful, Henry."

"Well, he is as good as a ghost," said Hugh. "Does he ever walked in the midnight hour?"

Agatha gave her husband a look of reproof, and followed Miss Darrock up stairs.

The Hall was well worth exploring, and Agatha was delighted with the various nooks and corners she discovered.

Coming suddenly into a gallery, Miss Darrock explained that it led into the corridor at the end of which "Mr. James" had rooms. A green baize door shut off the corridor from the long gallery.

Agatha could not help a feeling of curiosity respecting the singular being who preferred such an isolated existence.

"I suppose—Mr. James—could not be persuaded to see me?" she asked timidly.

"Do not speak of it, dear Agatha," said Miss Darrock, in some agitation. "Not for the worlds would I have you enter those rooms. It is a great cross—a terrible cross to bear."

She did not say what the cross was, but Agatha asked no more questions relating to the painful subject of Mr. James.

The following day, as Agatha was passing down the stairs, she saw Dr. Thorn issue from the corridor by means of the green baize door.

"Ah," she thought, "then it is to Mr. James, and not to aunt Lydia, that your visits are paid."

The doctor was followed by a stout, masculine-looking woman, whom Agatha had never seen before.

"There, go back; you may be needed," he was saying, and then, as he saw Agatha, he stopped and whispering a few words to the woman, closed the green baize door behind her.

Agatha's curiosity was excited. Why should she not see this singular Mr. James? She would make the effort at any event.

A day or two passed before an opportunity was afforded her to carry out her desire. Toward evening of the second day, attracted mysteriously toward the apartments of the invalid, she saw, to her surprise, that the green baize door was open. Not stopping to consider an instant, the young wife ran hastily along the corridor, at the end of which she could see an open door. She reached it, and cautiously pushed it open.

It was a roomy apartment, very plainly and substantially furnished. An easy chair stood by a small table, on which lay some brightly-colored picture books, torn and soiled. A pile of blocks lay on the floor, a large rubber doll, and a Noah's ark, the animals of which were much broken.

Every window was protected by iron bars, the lower panes being painted white. The door of an adjoining room was ajar, and, after an instant's hesitation, Agatha went boldly forward and looked in.

There were two iron bedsteads side by side, without hangings of any description. But it was the occupant of one of them which riveted Agatha's attention, and caused her eyes to grow round with surprise.

In a careless attitude, one white, dimpled arm thrown above her head, lay a woman, so superbly beautiful, that Agatha gazed on her as if entranced. She was asleep. Her lips were apart, revealing teeth like pearls, her dark-fringed eyelashes swept a cheek olive in hue, but round and soft; her long black hair hung over the bedside, lay on her shoulders, and spread over the pillow in thick, curly masses; the little foot, which was thrust out from the long, coarse muslin robe she wore, was like that of a fairy. One little hand, on one finger of which shown a plain gold wedding ring, was clutching the bosom of her dress with nervous energy, not lessened by the deep sleep in which she lay.

Where was the invalid? Where the "Mr. James" who had caused so much talk? Why were the iron bars on the windows of both rooms? Who was this strangely beautiful woman, with the coal-black hair and eyelashes?

Revolving these questions in her mind, Agatha returned to her room. But as she crossed the hall, she saw the nurse, followed by Miss Darrock, hasten up the stair and enter the west corridor, and the words the latter was speaking, fell distinctly on her ears:

"How could you be so careless as to leave the green door open, Jane? Suppose she had escaped? I dare not think of the consequences of such a misfortune."

Then the green baize door slammed to as usual, and it was fully an hour before Miss Darrock returned from her visit.

Agatha did not speak to Hugh about what she had seen. She knew that if she told him of it, he would go to his mother at once and demand to know who and what the woman was who inhabited the rooms of the west corridor, and needed the attendance of both Gibbs and Jane, and the young wife did not want her relatives to think her a spy and meddler. She had not meant to be either, and had already repented her curiosity which had led to such results.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why Writers Break Down.

One or two things a writer must do: He must either read or circulate; 'twere better if he were to do both. If he does neither, he will surely "break down"—he may grow fat and be heartier in body than ever before, but his ability to produce with his brain will be gone. He has run out of stock, poor fool!

You may search history through and you'll not find a great author who "broke down."

Mr. Shakespeare didn't break down; he replenished his mind both by reading and by circulation. Charles Dickens didn't break; he was not a reader, but he was a circulator; night after night he traversed London, studying human nature. Father Prout was a reader but no circulator; in the study of literature he found that food and refreshment which his magnificent brain required. Victor Hugo didn't break; he improved with age. The big men have achieved bigness by conducting their intellectual affairs on sensible, practical principles. The fire that is constantly replenished will not go out until it is put out.

The so-called literary men who gad and prattle about the waning intellectual powers of age are either those who have no intellectual power to wane, or those who have neglected or abused their gifts. With these creatures we have no patience, nor shall we have any dealings; but to every young and ambitious author we give this golden advice: Disregarding all croakers, pay diligent heed to the replenishment of your minds; lay in stock constantly; read ten pages of what somebody else has written to every one you yourself write. Abide by this advice, and, though you live to be as old as Methuselah, you will never break nor falter—*Chicago News.*

THE pews in Rev. Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle were recently let for the year under the hammer. The first choice pew was knocked down at $500. The entire amount realized was $6,394.

JENNY LIND'S monument, to be erected in London by her husband, has just been completed in Glasgow. It is in the form of a beautiful cross, and about ten feet high.

WASHINGTON'S REQUIEM.

Supposed to be Uttered by Lady Washington at Mount Vernon, 1799.

When Columbia's sons called my hero to lead 'em,
To vanquish their foes and establish their freedom,
I rejoiced at his honors, my fears I dissembled,
At the thought of his danger my heart how it trembled.
O my Washington, O my Washington, all was hazardous!

Our freedom with order by faction rejected,
A new Constitution our country erected,
My hero was raised to preside o'er the Union,
And his cares intercepted our blissful communion.
O my happiness, O my happiness, how precarious!

Declining the trust of his dignified station,
With joy to the seat of his dear estimation
Surrounded by honors he humbly [retreated,
Sweet Hope softly whispered: "My bliss is completed."
O my happiness, O my happiness, how precarious!

When the pangs of disease had now fairly seized him,
My heart would have yielded its life to have eased him,
And I prayed the Most High, if for death He designed him
That He would not permit me to linger behind him.
O my Washington, O my Washington, all dubious!

When hope had all fled and I saw him resigning
His soul to his God without dread or repining—
What, my heart, were thy feelings, lamenting, admiring,
To see him so nobly, so calmly expiring?
O my Washington, O my Washington has forsaken us!

His aspect so noble, pale grave clothes disfigure,
And his conquering arm is despoiled of its vigour,
On those lips that drop't wisdom, is silence impo—sed,
And those kind, beaming eyes forever are clo—sed.
O my Washington, O my Washington has forsaken us!

When I followed his corpse with grief unconfi—ned,
And saw to the tomb his dear relics consign—ed;
When I left him in silence, with darkness surrounded,
With what pangs of fresh anguish my bosom was wounded!
O my Washington, O my Washington has forsaken us!

When, with tears of sweet music, I ponder the story,
Of his wars and his labors, his virtue and glory,
I breathe out a prayer of sweet ardor of spirit,
Soon to join him in bliss, and, united, inherit,
Endless blessedness, endless, blessedness, O how glorious!

But why with my own single grief so confounded
When my country's sad millions in sorrow are wounded?
Let me mingle the current which flows from my bosom
With my country's vast ocean of tears, and there lose 'em,
Though my Washington, though my Washington has forsaken us!

—*New York Sun.*

MISQUOTATIONS.

It is a peculiar fancy of human memory to misquote proverbs and poetry, and almost invariably to place the credit where it does not belong.

Nine men out of ten think that "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is from the Bible, whereas Lawrence Sterne is the author. "Pouring oil upon the troubled waters" is also ascribed to the sacred volume, whereas it is not there; in fact, no one knows its origin.

Again we hear people say: "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string." This is arrant nonsense, and the proverb says:

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, and not in chewing the string."

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

This is an impossible condition of the mind, for no one can be convinced of an opinion and at the same time hold an opposite one.

What Butler wrote was eminently sensible:

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

A famous passage of Scripture is often misquoted thus: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." It should be "Let him first cast a stone."

Sometimes we are told: "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth," whereas St. James said: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," which is quite a different thing.

We also often hear that a "miss is as good as a mile," which is not as sensible or forcible as the true proverb: "A miss of an inch is as good as a mile."

"Look before you leap" should be: "And look before and ere you leap."

Pope is generally credited with having written:

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense,

though it would puzzle any one to find the verses in his writings. They were written by the Earl of Roscommon, who died before Pope was born.

Franklin said: "Honesty is the best policy," but the maxim is of Spanish origin, and may be found in Don Quixote.—*Philadelphia Times.*

SOME time ago Mattie Tennell a young woman of Santa Barbara, Cal., had some lemon juice accidentally spilled over her hair on one side of the head. Since then the hair on that side of her head has become perfectly white, and the ends of the hair curl, as though treated with a curling-iron.

THE aggregate circulation of the world's newspapers is 10,000,000,000 per year.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELP.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.—Soak a small bowl of bread over night in milk. In the morning mix half a cupful of flour, into which is put one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, with one quart of milk three well-beaten eggs and a little salt. Beat up the bread with this batter unlil it is very light, and fry a delicate brown. The batter should be thick.

OYSTER PIE.—Fill a shallow pudding dish with oysters, cream, pepper, salt and butter. Let them stand on the top of the range or stove until it is just boiling; then cover the top of the dish with a rich crust, about half an inch thick, bake until the crust is browned delicately. Serve hot. This is a delicious side dish.

A DUTCH APPLE PIE.—Stew five or six apples with one-half pound of sugar, a few currants and raisins, a little mixed peel cut up, a few chopped up almonds, a pinch of powdered cinnamon. Make some puff paste, line a pie-dish with some of it, put in the stewed apples (when cold), cover with the paste and bake in a brisk oven.

OPEN APPLE TART.—Stew some apples until quite soft; take out any hard peices, beat them to a pulp, and to one-half pound of pulp allow six ounces of sugar, five eggs and the grated rind of a lemon. Heat all of these together, and add gradually five ounces of melted butter. Line a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture and bake it at once.

APPLE CREAM.—Peel and core six large apples, boil them in a little water, with two ounces of raisins and the grated rind of a lemon, till quite soft; when cold add a glass of sherry. Lay the mixture in a piedish, beat up the whites of three eggs with a little sugar to stiffen froth, spread it over the apples and bake in a slow oven.

GRAVY FOR POTATOES.—Put a spoonful or more of butter, according to the quantity of potatoes you have, into a frying-pan, and set over the fire until brown, being careful not to scorch it. Mix a spoonful of flour in a cup of thin, sweet cream, or milk, if one has no cream; pour into the browned butter, boil up, season with a little pepper and salt, if necessary, and turn over the boiled potatoes. This is a very nice way to serve small potatoes.

TO CLEAN THE POTS.—The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels that color. If they are black it is because they are dirty. It is a good plan, occasionally, if you use iron vessels instead of lighter ware, to plunge such articles as bakingpans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water, with one tablespoonful of soda to each gallon of water, cover close, and cook them for two hours. Then remove them one at a time and wash each peice before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your wares the first time you do it, unless you are one among 10,000 of our housekeepers.

STEAK AND WHITE HARICOT BEANS.—Soak a pint of white beans (the small ones are best) all night in cold water, then put them into a saucepan of cold water and let them boil for one and a half hours; brown two pounds of tender steak in a fryingpan with a small quantity of dripping; drain the water from the beans and add the steak to them; strain the contents of the frying-pan, which, with some of the water in which the beans were boiled, with a little pepper, salt and flour to thicken, will make a nice brown gravy; throw it over the steak and beans, and let it all stew for another hour and a half.

MUFFINS.—Beat one teacup of butter and one of sugar to a stiff cream; beat four eggs very light (yelks and whites separately); then beat them into the sugar and butter until quite light. To four quarts of flour put a cup of good yeast, or as much as you take for four quarts of flour and a half teaspoonful of salt, then stir in the sugar, butter and eggs, with two quarts of sweet milk; let it rise over night and bake in well-buttered muffin rings in the morning. If wanted for tea set to rise in the morning. This receipt makes a large quantity of muffins, and may be divided easily, making one-half or one-fourth the quantity as desired.

A RICH BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Stew some apples with sugar to taste, a few currants, some chopped up almonds, a little mixed peal cut fine, and a pinch of ground cinnamon. Make a crust as for an ordinary pudding, grease the pudding basin, and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, line it with some of the paste, put some of the fruit at the bottom, then a layer of paste, then another of fruit, and so on till the basin is full, finishing off with a layer of the paste; sprinkle the top with sugar and cinnamon, and bake it. A simpler method is to peel and cut the apples in small peices, and lay them on the plate with the other ingredients and the addition of a little water.

For the Geography Class.

Was there ever, says *Banker's Monthly*, such a history as that of the cotton seed? For seventy years despised as a nuisance, and burned or dumped as a garbage, then discovered to be the very best food for which the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of utilities, shortly afterward found to be nutritious food for beast as well as for soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect. Once admitted to the circle of farm industries it was found to hold thirty-five gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth in the crude state $14 to the ton, or $40,000,000 for the whole crop of seed. But then a system was devised for refining the oil up to a value of $1 a gallon, and the frugal Italians placed a cask of it at the foot of every olive tree and then defied the Borean breath of the Alps. And then experience showed that the cotton seed was a better fertilizer and better for stock when robbed of its thirty-five gallons of oil than before, and that the hulls of the seed made the best of fuel for feeding the oil mill engine, and that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's draught had the highest commercial value as potash, and that the "refuse" of the whole made the very best and purest soap stock, to carry to the toilet perfumes of Lubin or Colgate.

The Perfection

Of the age in the medical line is the liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company. It is agreeable to the taste, acceptable to the Stomach harmless in its nature, painless yet prompt and thorough its action. For sale in 50 cts. and $1.00 bottles by C. F. Stam, druggist, Chestertown, Md.

WINTER FARM NOTES.

Burn over the fields that are covered with dried grass and stubble.

If you have a warm place and well sheltered, you can set out lettuce plants now if you hava them.

Nothing is so clean as dry dirt sprinkeled on the floor of poultry houses and in the stalls of the stables and cattle sheds.

Haul out your manure now and get it out of the way before spring. By so doing the manure will be in better condition for the spring crops.

When the spring rains come do not allow any of the water to flow into the well. Grade up around the well so as to turn the surface water off.

Salt is said to be an excellent fertilizer in peach orchards. A better fertilizer is twenty parts wood ashes to one of salt, applied broadcast.

Thousands of dollars worth of grain is destroyed annually by mice, rats and other vermin, that may be saved by using half-inch wire netting under the floors of stables and barns.

Moist damp soil is sometimes the most valuable. Celery, and in some sections onions, do best on such soils. If the soil is sandy strawberries will thrive better on damp soils that are not too wet.

Early in the season the fowls on the farm can be made to do good service if allowed on newly plowed ground. Chickens will scratch industriously for worms, and the number of insects eaten by a large flock daily is very large.

The horse should be exercised daily. If kept standing in the stable they become changed in disposition. The gentlest of horses become shy if confined too long. Exercise hardens the muscles and keeps the horse in good condition for spring work.

Paint is an important substance on the farm. It preserves the buildings and adds to their appearance. Farmers who neglect to use paint are not economical. It adds much to the value of everything on the farm, stops holes and cracks, and saves its cost in a single season.

It costs less to raise a colt than may be supposed. The colt requires attention, however, as it must be curried and properly stabled, but with plenty of pasture but little other food is required, except an allowance of grain daily. If well bred the colt should bring a good price when three years old.

The radish is a hardy vegetable and can be grown on nearly all soils, but prefers a sandy loam. To get them crisp and tender they should be forced to grow as rapidly as possible. The longer the time required for growth the tougher the radish. Crispiness is the most important quality.

Changeable weather is not favorable to bees in winter. It will not do to keep the hive too warm, as the bees generate animal heat, and it will not assist the bees to have the hive in an exposed condition. The bee keeper is compelled to trust to his judgement, and to move the hives should necessity so require.

The safest mode in preventing rot in our grape, is to trim the vines now and burn the wood. Then spray the vines with the Bordeaux mixture (sulphate of copper and lime water). Begin early, so as to kill all the disease before warm weather begins. Early work will do much to prevent the spread of the disease.

If you want early greens make a piece of ground very fine, use good, well rotted manure, and sow the kale seed as early as the warming of the ground will permit. Kale is hardy, grows rapidly, and is one of the best plants grown for early use. Use plenty of seed to avoid bare places, and sow it either broadcast or in rows.

The gizzard of the fowl masticates the food, but this can only be done by the aid of sharp gritty material. A hen can eat pounded glass with benefit. Many of the ailments of poultry in winter are due to the lack of gritty substances, the bird being compelled to digest unmasticated food, which results in indigestion.

The hot-bed should come in for more attention than anything else this month. It requires watching, and if the plants do not thrive or grow rapidly they must be sprinkled with solutions of commercial fertilizers. A tablespoonful each of guano and super phosphate in two gallons of water is excellent, and may be applied three times a week.

Getting Ready to be Buried Alive.

"I propose," said Dr. Tanner, the faster, "to so discipline my body and mind that I can take upon myself at volition a trance state, and while in this condition be buried. I shall remain in the grave four weeks, and then be disinterred and, I believe, resuscitated. Impossible? No! The East Indian priests have successfully demonstrated for centuries that it can be done. The study that I have given this subject has revealed much to me. Many of the secrets of this perfor mance have revealed themselves to me. One of the principal acts is to throw the tongue back into the gullet and cause the entire change of the circulation of the blood, so that it resumes the conditions of the pre-natal state.

"In that state there is no respiration; the body thus becomes air-tight; it is hermetrically sealed, and the valves of the heart are changed to a condition similar to those of the unborn child. This is but one of the secrets I have learned; but to ascertain them I have studied every book on the subject, although none contained many rays of light. I have killed scores of raccoons, opossums, bears and other hibernating animals when in their winter's sleep, and dissected them to learn the changes of the organs while in this lethargic state. For years I have dieted to gain all the strength possible for this great achievement. I am now prepared to say that but comparatively a short time will elapse before I will announce that I am ready for the undertaking."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A flooting island is said to exist on Henry's Lake, Idaho. It is about three hundred feet in diameter, and is erratic in its travels, frequently, though, going with the wind which catches in the trees and thereby carries it along. It is said that the curiosity might remain near the shore for days, and then during the night sneak away, and in the morning be many miles distant.

ALWAYS avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

ITEMS OF INTERETS.

There are 4065 public schools in Dakota.

A Colorado minister "officiated" at a lynching.

Cornell's 1200 students have just been vaccinated.

Kansas made 700,000 pounds of sorghum sugar last year.

One acre, in Wall Street, New York, is worth $14,300,000.

The average price of gas in London is 66 cents per 1000 cubic feet.

A company has been organized to work the silver mine in Meriden, Conn.

More than 150 languages and dialects are current in India and British Burmah.

One million dollars for a new government telescope is proposed in Congress.

The fires in London, last year, averaged about five a day—a material decrease compared with 1877.

American whalers captured only 168 of of the big fish last year, which was a falling off of 50 per cent.

It takes $20,000 a year to dine the officers of Queen Victoria's guard, on duty at St. James palace.

Lard ranks sixth in value in the list of American exports; $40,000,000 worth are exported annually.

A Pennsylvania oil expert says there is more oil under the soil of California than in all of Pennsylvania.

There is one school district in Douglas county, Kansas, in which the people refuse to have grammar taught.

According to the latest reports of the department of agriculture there are in this country 44,000,000 swine.

A Brooklyn cat got into the store of an oyster dealer, one night recently and devoured eight quarts of oysters.

In France juggling is taught for the benefit of the health. It brings the muscles of the arms and chest and back into play.

Cyrolite for making candles is brought from Greenland, where important and little-known mining operations are carried on.

Philadelphia has 1,029,000 people and 179,000 houses, while New York, with 1,200,000 inhabitants, has but 92,000 houses.

The Chinese of San Francisco have decided to erect a hospital in that city free to the poor Chinese throughout the United States.

The courts of California have decided that a Chinaman's queue must not be cut off when sent to prison; but they are cut off all the same.

There is a young lady in De Land, Fla., who is collecting all the moustaches she can get and weaving the hairs thereof into a watch-guard.

Among the collection of phonographic speeches possessed by Edison are, it is said, several recitations in the voice of the late John McCullough.

Cremation is illegal in France. Consequently those who want to be incinerated have to make arrangements to have their bodies taken out of the country.

A deformed "newsboy" who died in St. Louis the other day left money and securities amounting to $23,000. He was thirty-six, and had sold papers for twenty-five years.

An English joker took down the calendar in a business office and hung up one two years old. Dates for important papers were taken from it, and a loss of $30,000 was the result.

A pure white beaver has been captured in Maine. That is a very rare fur-bearing animal, and a New York furrier has a standing offer of one hundred dollars each for white beaver skins.

It cost a county in Nebraska $2,893.25 to run the poor farm last year. As there were but two paupers, the daily cost per capita was slightly more that $3—about the same as a first-class hotel would charge.

Witnesses in New York State are divided into professional and non-professional classes. The first named are subpœnaed as experts, and are entitled by law to receive $3 a per day. Non-professional witnesses get $1 a day.

A mule owned in Jersey City has performed the remarkable feat of walking across a railroad bridge which spans the Hackensack river. The bridge is trestle-work, with a space of about four inches between each tie.

Iron cross-ties for railroads have not been found a success in Pennsylvania. They fail to give sufficiently, making the riding hard and wearing to locomotive and rolling stock. In France, however, where wood is dear, the iron ties are preferred.

Ireland no longer sends the greatest number of emigrants to this country, being behind Scotland and England. During last September and October the number of emigrants from these countries was three times the number from Ireland.

Paris eats a vast quantity of snails. Every day 90,000 pounds are sent to the city from the gardens of Burgundy, Champagne, Provence and Poitou, where they are specially reared for this purpose. They are not eaten as a delicacy, but also on account of their highly nutritious qualities.

The Quick or the Dead.

"What do you think of 'The Quick or the Dead' as a story?" was asked of lovely Estelle Clayton as she sat in the Kimball House parlors.

"I think the story strong in moral tone and purpose. I think for the soul of such a mundane woman as Barbara Pomfret to gain such a conquest over her emotional nature is simply grand. Of course, the story has its faults, and the love making is too pronounced and effusive. On the stage it won't do. All actresses know that much stage kissing and embracing is the most dangerous thing in the world. An audience will not stand it. They begin to guy. There was a little too much kissing in the play when I commenced it, and I changed it.

"Which actor do I like to kiss best? I never had any choice. Men are mere blocks on the stage to an actress, so far as personal feelings are concerned. I think solely of my acting.

MORE cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

YESTERDAY.

Yesterday is dead
And lies at rest.
No breathing stirs
The white-robed breast;
The groans and sobbing
Are hushed at last,
Thanks be to Heaven!
Such pains are past.
Seek not to rouse
Its unquiet ghost;
Conjure no phantom
Of what is lost;
Come away softly,
And make no moan,
Leaving thy perished hope
Dead and alone.

—ZOE DANA UNDERHILL, in the March *Scribner.*

Mrs. Harrison's Elaborate Broomstick.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is soon to become the recipient of a present at once beautiful and unique—a broom gotten up in the most beautiful style possible. The broom is of the regulation size, the brush is made of the finest straw which Kansas can produce, and the handle is made of the best of wood, highly polished. Commencing at the shoulder of the broom, at intervals to the top of the handle, straw and silver wire are interwoven so as to present the following different designs:

(1) Raised maple leaves; (2) raised crown; (3) raised diamonds and maple leaves; (4) matted diamonds and raised leaves; (5) matted spears both ways; (6) raised double matted crown; (7) handplate of solid silver, upon which, surrounded by beautiful scrollwork, is the name of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison; (8) pyramid, and half maple leaves and matted diamonds; (9) matted crosses; (10) matted diamonds and maple leaves; (11) four flags, beautifully painted in oil colors, red, white and blue; between the flags are matted diamonds; (12) raised pyramids; (13) silk fringe; (14) solid silver cap on end of handle, with engravings and scrollwork. At intervals for the entire length of the handle are narrow strips of red, white and blue silk velvet.

The broom will be sent to Washington in a case made expressly for it, having a glass front.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Bees Defeat Pigeons in a Flying Match.

At the small village of Hamme, in Westphalia, a most singular wager has been made and won. In the sporting records of Europe there has been no such race, and its result will open up for us a new chapter on relative speed. Every one knows the rate at which pigeons fly, and almost a king's ransom has changed hands on the issue of their speed. Last week a pigeon fancier and a bee master each backed his favorite racer.

The course was three miles and a half—the distance between the two villages of Rhynern and Hamme, and a dove-cote which happened to be near a hive was selected winning-post. The race was intended to be level, but in fact the bees were handicapped. It was very difficult to identify them, and though rolling them in flour before they started on their course made them easily recognized on their arrival, it must have somewhat retarded their flight. Nearly every one backed the pigeons, and there was great excitement in the ring which surrounded the winning post. The favorites were nowhere. The first bee came in twenty-five seconds before the first pigeon, and three other bees before the second. The others were not classed.—*London Daily News.*

Mr. and Mrs.

In earlier times when the ordinary man was simply William or John; that is to say, he had merely a Christian name without any kind of a "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or one William from another John or William became necessary.

Nicknames derived from a man's trade or his dwelling place, or for some personal peculiarity, were tacked on to their Christian names, and plain John became John Smith.

As yet there were no "misters" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows—became, perhaps, a landed proprietor or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called in the Norman French of the day the "maistre" of this place or of that, of these workmen or of those.

In time the "maistre" or "maister," as it soon became, got tacked on before his name, and it soon became Maister Smith, and his wife was Maistress Smith. But gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of, and the title was conferred upon any kind, by mere possession of wealth or by holding some position of more or less consideration and importance.—*Oldham Chronical.*

The Thistle for Scotland.

There is much obscurity as to the circumstances under which the thistle was adopted as its emblem by the Scottish nation, but the following is a tradition: Queen Scotia had led her troops in a well-fought field, and when the day was won, retired to the rear to rest from her toils. She threw herself upon the ground, when, as ill luck would have it, an envious thistle had elected to grow at the very spot selected for her repose. Whether the fair Amazon fought in the national costume, I know not, but the spines of the offended herb were sufficiently powerful to penetrate the skin in a very painful manner. A proverbial philosopher (not Mr. Tupper, I think), has declared that "he that sitteth on nettles riseth up quickly," and the same remark holds good of thistles. Queen Scotia sprang up and tore the thistle up by the roots. She was about to cast it from her with a military, but unlady-like expression, when it struck her that the prickly plant would henceforth be ever associated in her mind with the glorious victory which she had just gained. Her intention was changed. She placed thistle in her casque and it became the badge of her dynasty.

Every night in the year, with the possible exception of Sundays and holidays, a train of twenty cars loaded with whiskey starts from the centre of the whiskey factories, Peoria, Ill., bound East.

IF THERE ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and evrey woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.