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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1889. VOL. XXVIII—NO. 18

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D.V.S.,
GRADUATE OF THE
AMERICAN VETERINARY COLLEGE, N. Y.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell 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 and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

DAVID 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

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 309 North Front Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

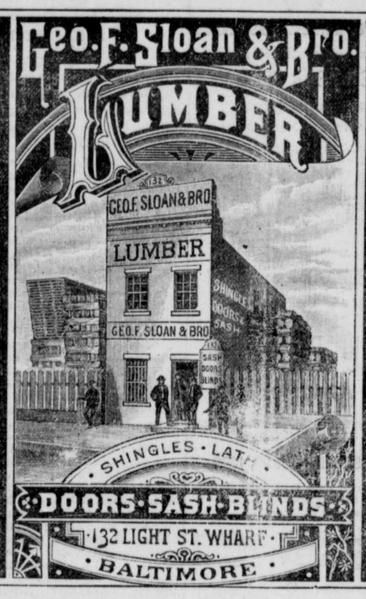
C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
seccessors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General 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.

You all know the consternation a baking of Bad Bread creates in the family.
Why do you have it? Why not use
LEA'S
CLIFTON F. F. F.,
KIRKWOOD
OR
OCCIDENTAL
FLOUR?
They are Always Reliable.
The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Beautiful New Upright Piano, Rosewood Case, only $165. New Organs, only $31. Greatest Bargains Ever Offered. Est. 28 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A.

The Weather is Cooler; Naturally so, the Fall is Upon us. Monday, September 2, we started
THE FALL BUSINESS!
First, by submitting a complete
LINE OF FALL OVERCOATS
Early, and Choice Products, in which are many Beautiful Novelties.
Second, by a FULL LINE OF SAMPLES.
OUR MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT
is Increasingly Famous for Artistic Work at Moderate Prices. The Styles for the Fall are of Peculiar Beauty. We still continue to slaughter the remainder of our SPRING and SUMMER CLOTHING.
A. FRIEDMAN,
The Clothier and Merchant Tailor,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.
Geo. F. Sloan & Bro.
LUMBER


WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Monarch! New Era!
BONE AND POTASH!

The advantage we now possess of greatly improved machinery, skilled workmen, better facilities for shipping, more storage room and less expense generally has proven to us how much better we can do business than heretofore, and the same view must be taken by the farmers, for never before have we sold such large bills and as many cash buyers. The people know our goods and believe in them. Those who have not tried them we request that they do so once, and they will again.
Please send orders in early.
C. W. KENNARD & CO.

FOR SALE BY
R. H. Corbaly, Masseys; Jas. Faulkner, Millington; Gus. Porter, Prices' Station, Q. A. Co.; C. C. Morgan, Kent; John McCloud, Kent.

EXPOSITION!
You are Coming to the Exposition?
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
Extend to you a hearty welcome and a most cordial invitation to make their store your headquarters during your visit.
All conveniences at your disposal. Our Factories will be in operation, and we will be pleased to show you through. In regard to Clothing for yourself and boys, we have made up our minds to make this a money-saving visit for all, and in consequence all our Suits and Overcoats are reduced in price for this special occasion. We start

Men's Suits at	$6.00
Youths' Suits at	$5.00
Boys' Suits at	$4.00
Children's Suits at	$2.00

Overcoats at Correspondingly Low Prices.
Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
10 AND 12 E. BALTIMORE ST.
Baltimore, Maryland.

PURE BONE PHOSPHATES!
The various preparations of Bones prepared by the "Listers" and H. S. Miller & Co., have stood the test of many years, and in all cases produced good results and proved as represented.
THESE GOODS are and always have been prepared in the most scientific manner. The Chemicals used are tested and proportions so adjusted as to form a complete manure. All the lands on which they have been continuously used show the best results, and prove beyond doubt that BONE PHOSPHATES are the proper kind to apply. All the brands are offered at the closest prices, and will be delivered at any of the wharves or lands on the bay or river.
Samples are at the store of WICKES & BROTHER. Orders left there will receive prompt attention. Orders solicited. BUY THE BEST.
W. N. E. WICKES.
Aug. 15, 1889—2m.

Bradley's High-Grade Fertilizers.
SUPER PHOSPHATE,
NEW METHOD PHOSPHATE!
DETRICK'S AMMONIATED BONE PHOSPHATE,
PURE ANIMAL BONE DISSOLVED, SOUTH CAROLINA BONE, BONE AND POTASH.

NEAR ROLPH'S WHARF, Aug. 27, 1889.
MESSRS. SMITH & CLEMENTS—Gentlemen: In replying to your request, I can say I have used each year for eighteen or twenty years, Bradley's Super-Phosphate, frequently alongside of other high grade phosphates, and it has each time given me perfect satisfaction and compared favorably with any with which I have tried it.
Yours resp't, A. W. WELCH.

NEAR ROLPH'S WHARF, Aug. 28, 1889.
MESSRS. SMITH & CLEMENTS—Gentlemen: In regard to Bradley's Super-Phosphate I would say that I have been using it for the last 10 or 12 years, and it has always given me the most satisfactory results. I certainly regard it as a first-class high grade fertilizer in every respect.
Resp't, S. R. HURLOCK.

These goods are always in prime mechanical condtion, and many prominent farmers who have used these fertilizers continuously for the last eighteen or twenty years, find them superior to any other goods on the market. To those who have never used them, we only ask a trial, side by side, with any brands on the market.
SMITH & CLEMENTS, Agents,
Aug. 15-1889. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WILLIAM H. CACY,
MANUFACTURER OF FERTILIZERS,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
Standard, New Life, Reliance.
The Above Brands of WHEAT FERTILIZERS
Have been used now for several years in this and adjoining counties, and have proved equal to anything on the market, both as Grain and Grass Producers, and Improvers of the soil. On many occasions they have been tried in competition with other well-known brands, and in all cases have given perfect satisfaction. My sales having increased so rapidly, I found it imperatively necessary to have increased facilities for manufacturing, so bought the factory formerly occupied by Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co., and having made considerable alterations and improvements therein, am now prepared to fill all orders promptly and in First-Class Drilling Condition. For those wishing Special Formulas Compounded, we have on hand
LARGE STOCK OF RAW MATERIALS,
and am prepared to mix any required Formula in lots of not less than five tons, at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. Respectfully,
Aug. 1, 1889. WILLIAM H. CACY.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
High Grade Fertilizers,
[redacted]RE, MD.
[redacted]ntities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate, or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula. We also offer to the farmers our old reliable brands of
Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates, Special Wheat Fertilizers, Asparagus Phosphate, Peach Tree Phosphate, Fine Ground Raw Bone, Dissolved Raw Bone, Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate, Muriate Potash, Sulphate Potash and Kainit.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

ESTABLISHED 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, Maryland.
AGENT FOR
WALTON & WHANN COMPANY'S
High Grade Fertilizers!
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
New Wheat Wanted
IN ANY QUANTITY,
delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying derect for the manufacturers, I can pay more for grain than those who buy on the market.
Yours truly,
Jan, 1-89. E. T. COMEGYS.

COAL AND WOOD
WE will call the attention of the community to our stock of Coal and Wood. And we will just say—probably it will be to your advantage to call and examine our stock, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. We are glad to say that we are still handling the
LEA WHITE ASH COAL,
which is the best Coal for general use that we can buy, and will sell at a small margin for the Cash, but all bills which are not settled within 30 days, interest will be charged from day of sale. We also give
2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.
Our office is on Cannon street, near Princess
My prices for JULY will be $5.25 for Egg and Nut and $5.50 for Stove.
J. T. TWILLEY,
July 18, 1889.—tf.

Buy your BICKFORD & HUFFMAN DRILL of SMITH & CLEMENTS, CHESTERTOWN.

AUTUMN.

Gold upon the hill-side, heaving like the seas,
For the corn is yellow-ripe waving in the breeze,
And in orchards apples red are weighing down the trees.

Emeralds on the lowlands where the river flows;
In the pastures sweet and green, kine and sheep repose,
And the glittering dragon-fly like an earth-star glows.

Silver on the broad mere, 'neath the nood-day light,
While the fair-winged shallops skim the waters bright,
And the white clouds in the sky sail in airy flight.

There is brightness in the heavens, freshness in the air,
Ripeness in the teeming earth, richness everywhere,
For the world to-day is filled with all things good and fair.

Glorious Autumn! well of thee poets sang of old,
Gathering round thee luscious fruits, wealth of grain untold,
Decking thee in regal robes of purple and of gold.

Well have limners painted thee in thy yellow hair,
Matron with thy sun-bronzed brown, thy majestic air,
Thy rounded breast, thy broad full waist, thy strong arms brown and bare.

But thou art lovelier by far than poets ever sung,
Or painter with his gorgeous dyes upon the canvas hung,
Most bountiful, most beautiful thy season-mates among.

The murmuring streams, the rustling trees, the dulcet low of herds,
The song of winds, the hum of bees, the melody of birds—
God's poets they, that chant thy praise in hymns more grand than words.

The golden morns, the crimson eves, the cloud-sprent blue of skies,
The green of meads, the yellow fields where the rich harvest lies—
God's limners they, that paint thy charms with more than artist-dyes.

Spring-tide is the year's gay youth—Summer is its prime;
In FAITH we watch the growth of Spring—in HOPE, the Summer time;
But mellow Autumn, like God's angels, showers gifts on every clime.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

AS IT WAS,
—OR—
THE BROKEN HEART.

Written for the Transcript.

To-day I am twenty-two years old, and have lived my life. How strange it looks to read such words of ones self. Strangest of all is the utter lack of emotion it produces. Of how little importance it seems. I think I am incapable of any feeling save the one desire for rest and the perfect release. When I think of the time when those around me will step quietly for fear of "disturbing the sleeper," whose rest would be unbroken by the heaviest footfall, and I think it will not be long. I feel I must write my sorrows, as I can confide in none. I am singularly alone in the world.

I must go back in my life to three years ago; the beginning of my life's happiness.

I was just nineteen years old, and was visiting my school friend, Ada Dorme, in Saxton. How vividly I recall it. The usual round of gaieties followed, all of which were enjoyed with the careless happiness of youth. I remember so well one evening Ada came dancing into my room, caught my hands in her's and commenced waltzing around. I entered gaily into it, both dancing until we were breathless. How distinctly I remember saying:

"My whirlwind, what has happened?"

Her reply was:

"My white lily, my dance in your honor will be the most successful of the season. I have just received a note from Andrey Saxton saying he has returned home, and asks for his card to my dance. You have heard me speak of him often. Andrey is my only cousin, and as regards him I may say as Madam Rumor would, 'Thereby hangs a tale,' which I will proceed to unfold. It amounts to this, that at one time my charming cousin was desperately in love with some girl who jilted him, and he has been abroad for several years, coming home for a few weeks during each twelve months of the time. But I must say if the story be true, he deserves to be classed with those famed youths of Sparta. However, I have never believed it."

It must be true that there are "strange forbodings of ill unseen and that cannot be compassed," for at her little story a strange pang at my heart gave me a feeling of unrest. It did not last long, and I think I would never have remembered it had not sorrow impressed it upon me.

The night of the ball came, and with pleasant anticipation I arrayed myself. Just as I had finished, Ada came in looking so brilliant and beautiful that I paused in admiration, when she came up to me slowly and said:

"My Lily, you are looking lovely, so delicately pure, even spiritueelle. Something in your face reminds me of the 'Mother of Sorrows.' I feel assured that somebody will meet their fate to-night."

We were soon going gaily to the drawing-room, and little I thought that her words might prove prophetic. That night stands out in my memory as perfectly as though it had happened but yesterday. And when Ada took me to that picture (that is ever before me now), the "Mother of Sorrows," and said: "You look like that, Lil," we stood there a few moments looking at the beautiful face, and felt the sadness of such exquisite beauty. On raising my eyes I encountered the gaze of a gentleman standing near, and as we started, Ada saw him, and cordially holding out her hands, said:

"Welcome home, Andrey," and turning introduced him to me.

I have since been to balls, but they have been so different. That night I had many admirers I was told, but I did not know it. Life was wonderfully beautiful, and with all my soul I was glad to live; for I was young, and people said was more than passing fair, but I had never thought of that, and now I am thankful for my pure soul and faith in Him whose pitiful eye alone has evinced my suffering.

The next day Ada and I were talking when she mischievously said:

"I am much mistaken if you do not become my cousin if you so desire."

Then my heart awoke, for it had not troubled me in the years it had slept.

So swiftly time passed in my happiness. One particular day I was walking with Andrey when he bowed his noble head to me and said:

"My happiness on earth depends on you, the goodness of my actions; and if you will go with me through life, all that is noblest in me I will owe to you."

As I think of it now I am conscious of the fact that he never once said "I love you," or professed it; but I who loved him so, was content, and in my great love for him, thought he loved me even as I loved him. How young I was then, how old I seem now.

We were married, and my happiness for two years was complete. Even now in looking back I see the lost years were happy even for my husband. But for me a change came over my dream-life. We were visiting in Saxton, and once more Ada was entertaining her friends in her queenly fashion, for she was married and was proud of her handsome soldier husband. We were so glad to see each other again, and as the guests assembled, I was standing by my husband's side, when a tall, regally beautiful woman glided up to us, and holding out her hand, said in such low, sweet tones, "I am happy to meet old friends." I was introduced, and why I looked into my husband's face I can never tell. But I, who know every expression, knew he was keeping the mastery over himself with an iron hand. Soon a friend came up and I walked away. Then I felt a sad foreboding of evil, for my heart seemed to shrink as though the stroke of doom was near.

Dismissing my escort I sat on one of the seats in the recess of a window. I was soon conscious of voices near. I should have gone away but had my life depended on it I could not have moved. I heard some woman say:

"Yes, she is beautiful. You know she and Andrey Saxton were engaged, some little misunderstanding occurring about a rumor as to her being engaged to another man. She always was a flirt, but it is generally supposed she loved him. He thought she was married until to-night, and he finds it out when it is too late. I must say I feel rather sorry for his wife, for I do not think he ever fully recovered from his former attachment. Well, we will find out, for she is going to spend the winter here, and he is also."

I think when I heard those words my heart died within me. But I thought they *might* be wrong, and perhaps he loved me. I would believe it any way as long as I could.

Shall I ever forget the agony of those days! I saw him growing sad and his attentions to me were so gentle and pitiful. His bearing so tender, as though he would atone for his unhappiness by assuring the happiness of myself. The conclusion was forced on me when he asked if I would not like to spend the winter abroad. Then I knew he never loved me. How nobly he fought against his restlessness; made me so pitiful to him even though I was helpless. I could only think what a great mistake we had made.

Oh! the long days and nights when each hour seemed a hundred years, each day an eternity, so filled were they with suffering. Ada, who saw me daily, was anxious, for she told me I looked, oh! so like the "Mother of Sorrows," and was glad Andrey was going to take me away where I would grow better. I looked earnestly into her great brown eyes that glittered with unshed tears. No word passed between us, for my loyalty to my husband was too great, but in that moment she understood I knew what others beside myself had heard. So when she opened her arms and folded me in a loving embrace, I was thankful to possess a friend. That evening she went away, and I was gone before her return. We knew it was our last farewell. When she left me she wept bitterly. I knew her tears were for me, but I, alas! had none to shed. As I think of her to-day, my brown-eyed darling beyond the stars, she so radiant in her great beauty, so pure in her spirit, I do not wonder that God took her to Himself. And now I know that beyond this vale of tears awaits one more to watch my coming and greet me lovingly.

She has been dead so short a while that I have not realized it, save one more sorrow added to my aching heart. When I read the sad tidings I fainted away. I who had never before betrayed a weakness; and hours elapsed before gaining consciousness. It seems now that I had almost reached those shining portals.

When I said good-bye to her in the old home I little thought she would see the "King in His beauty" before I.

We soon left, but instead of going abroad I preferred staying in my own country, and came here to the land of flowers. And here I know my body will be laid to rest under the beautiful blossoms which Nature has so lavishly given. I know, for when we passed through New York Andrey insisted upon bringing a physician to see me. He did so, and was told, "Nothing wrong, only change of air necessary." I afterward went alone to a friend of my mother's—a dear old man who has always been interested in me. He told me that physically there was nothing wrong, but looked at me pitifully and said, I can do nothing, it rests with yourself. You have no desire to live. I am an old man and have seen much of life. I should say if asked of your disease when you die, a short sentence, "A broken heart." The tears filled his kindly eyes as he said, "you will not have long to wait."

To-day I feel, oh! so weary, and life, "it is not worth the keeping, let it go." I have a fancy that I shall not see the light of to-morrow's sun. The days of my childhood come back to me hallowed by those who await me in the beyond. I know so well that soon my troubles will cease and beyond "the Dark Sea" the "Mother of Sorrows"——

* * * * * * *

Death, the liberator, had seized the pen and wrote Finis to her life. A few minutes after, Andrey Saxton went in the room, gently and tenderly called her name, but she had answered to a higher Power than his. What his grief was at reading her sad little story no one knows save himself and One who knows all things.

On a gleaming white cross that marks a little grave at the foot of a tall pine, where the gray moss hangs like a melancholy pall can be read these words:

LILIAN SAXTON.
AGED TWENTY-TWO YEARS.
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

It will never be forgotten. Every year a man whose hair had grown white in his youth, visits the little grave and places on it a bunch of violets. The social world is agag that he never married the beautiful woman whose name was connected with his so long ago. But he knows now the brave nobility, the full heroism of her who sleeps so far away. He knows also that now, when her heart is cold, that his lies buried with her, and his remorse at times seems greater than he can bear. But he has grown more noble for he has been tried in the fiery furnace, and the noble metal of the man is apparent to all. In his room where his eye falls upon them the first thing, hang two pictures, one his wife, the other the "mother of sorrows." I. B. L.

HOUSE KEEPERS' HELP.

Stray Hints for the Pickling Season.

There is no portion of the industrious housekeepers' annual labor, which plays so important a part in the winters enjoyment of good things, as her preparation of the yearly store of pickles and sauces. As "Music is the poetry of sound" so is the dish of appetizing pickles the poetry of every substantial winter's dinner, and in view of this fact we have selected the following recipes from the valuable little book which was published several years ago under the immediate supervision of the ladies of Fairlee Grange, No. 8, and we do not hesitate to recommend them as having been duly tested and found to meet every requirement of an excellent pickle. To secure satisfactory results it must not be forgotten that pure ingredients must in every case be used. Pure cider vinegar and fresh pure spices are absolutely necessary to secure success:

SWEET PICKLED TOMATOES.—Pare large green tomatoes, scald well in strong ginger tea, then for every two pounds of tomatoes use one pound sugar and one pint vinegar. Make a syrup, drop them in, add a little green ginger and cook until done.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLE.—Take one-fourth of a peck of onions, three pints each of tomatoes, cucumbers, cauliflower, after they are cut in small pieces. Boil the cauliflower in a little salt water until a broom-straw can be run through it; sprinkle the onions, cucumbers, and tomatoes with salt, and let them drain over night. To enough vinegar to cover them, add one-half teacup of mustard seed, 2 large tablespoonfuls of celery seed, 1 cup of sugar, 5 large tablespoonfuls of mustard, wet and rubbed smooth with salad oil. Let boil one-half hour.

GREEN TOMATO SOY.—Two gallons sliced, green, unpeleed tomatoes, 6 large-sized onions, sliced, 2 quarts vinegar, 1 quart sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls salt, 2 of ground mustard, 2 of black pepper, 1 of whole allspice, 1 of whole cloves. Mix and stew till tender, stirring often to prevent scorching. Put up hot in small glass jars.

COLD CATSUP.—One-half peck green tomatoes, chopped fine, 2 roots horse radish, 2 bunches celery, or celery seed instead, 2 or 3 green peppers, 2 tablespoonfuls of black pepper, 1 teaspoonful ground cloves, 1 cup nasturtiums, 1 cup white and brown mustard seed mixed, 1 cup white sugar, 1 small cup salt, 1 quart vinegar.

FRENCH PICKLE.—One head cabbage, one-fourth peck beans, one-fourth peck onions, 50 small cucumbers, 1 cauliflower. Shave the cabbage, boil in vinegar and drain it, then the beans in the same vinegar, also the onions at separate times; mix all together and add 2 cups of sugar, one-fourth pound ground mustard, one-fourth of a pound of mustard seed, one-half ounce celery seed, one-half ounce turmeric. Mix all together, put in a jar and cover with cold vinegar.

FRENCH PICKLED TOMATOES.—One peck sliced tomatoes, 1 dozen large onions, sliced, 1 dozen green peppers; lay them in a colander, and between each layer put a little salt. Let them stand over night, then drain them dry, put in the kettle and add 1 lb. brown sugar, cloves, mace, mustard seed, and celery seed; then cover the whole with cider vinegar. Let boil slowly for 2 hours, add one-fourth pound mustard.

Incomes of Noted Persons.

Fred Leslie receives $500 a week.

Kyrle Bellow receives $350 a week.

Charles Coghlan is paid $350 a week.

De Wolf Hopper is paid $250 a week.

John Habberton makes $10,000 a year.

Mark Twain's income is $80,000 a year.

R. H. Stoddard now earns about $5,000 a year.

Edgar Saltus makes from $2,500 to $3,000 a year.

W. D. Howells receives from the Harpers $10,000 a year.

R. W. Gilder receives $20,000 a year from the *Century*.

Joseph Pulitzer's income for 1888 was, it if said, $1,000,000.

Mrs. Chanler (Amelia Rives) makes about $10,000 a year.

Once a Week gave Frank Stockton $10,000 for his latest story.

Edward W. Fawcett receives about $4,000 a year from his writings.

Colonel John Cockerill is paid $20,000 a year by the New York *World*.

Mayo W. Hazeltine receives $175 a week from the New York *Sun*.

The late E. P. Roe found no difficulty in writing $50,000 worth a year.

Francis Wilson, until he went into business for himself, was paid $600 a week.

Brander Matthews averages an annual income from literature of about $3,000.

Charles Dudley Warner is paid $1,200 for his department in *Harper's Magazine*.

Miss Murfree's (Charles Egbert Craddock's) novels yield her about $3,000 a year.

Frances Hodgson Burnett is getting rich at the rate of from $20,000 to $25,000 a year.—*Chicago Mail.*

Mr. Banklurk (at the close of the game)—What do you think of me as a ball player, Miss Minnie?

Miss Minnie—I think you'd make a splendid swimmer.

Mr. Banklurk—A swimmer? Why so?

Miss Minnie—You strike out so beautifully, you know.

ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM died in Jacksonville, Illinois, on August 20, aged 82. It is said he was a coachman for Sir Walter Scott, and lived with the novelist during his declining years at Abbotsford.

IF YOU ARE NERVOUS or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.