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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1889. VOL. XXVIII—NO. 24

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

We have a host of boys, and we are daily putting our unequaled make of Clothing on the backs of our careful boys. They know where the Best Clothing comes from. Friedman selects his own designs and has them made to order. No matter how small or how large the amount you have to invest for Clothing, you will see at Friedman's more style to select from than any other house in town. He keeps everything pertaining to boys' wear.

Our men's department is full of novelties in Clothing.

A. FRIEDMAN, Chestertown, Md.

Dry Goods, Fancy Notions,

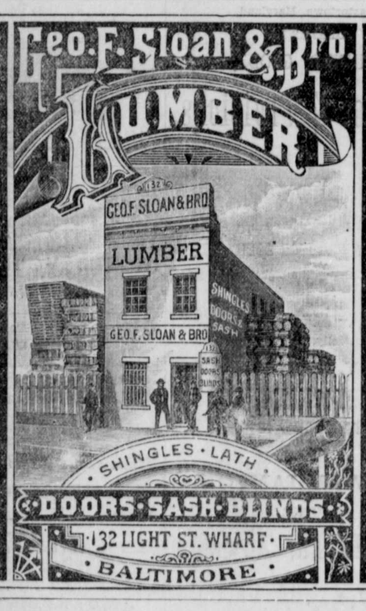
This Space is Reserved for Wright's Cheap Store, who is Daily Receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter. Special Low Prices will be the Great Attraction.

Boots and Shoes, Stylish Clothing.

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.

Geo. F. Sloan & Bro.

LUMBER



WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

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

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

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

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

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.
Oh[illegible]d warehouse, No. 4. Camden street (new [illegible]ber 15), Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

Country Produce Wanted.
CASH PAID for COUNTRY PRODUCE,
—SUCH AS—
BUTTER, EGGS, CHICKENS, &c.
by S. FRANKLIN SMITH,
o10-2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

THE VERDICT
—ON—
LEA'S
TABLE CORN MEAL,
HOMINY
AND
Hominy GRITS,
IS
"BEST."
AND THEIR USE SUSTAINS IT.

The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Here We Are,
In Season Again!
HEATERS! RANGES!
And Cook Stoves

WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the SPLENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. It has been sold in this section during the past six years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES!

The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front. It is undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior kept in stock. Have plenty of other styles of Cooking Stoves and Ranges.

Heating Stoves.

In the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Right along with the same line of goods we will mention Coal Stoves, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Zinc Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,

J. K. Aldridge & Co.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,
BEST-MADE
Fall and Winter
CLOTHING.

After all, it is as much in the "how" as in the "what" you sell to people that brings them to you and keeps them there. The humblest farmer-boy is treated as courteously and served as faithfully by us as the richest merchant; and our promises are always realized.

READY-TO-WEAR.

You can search the trade through; but you'll see no such Clothing as that made by us. We've the stock, style, facilities and workmen.

Business Suits from.....$7 to $20
Walking Suits from.....10 to 25
Dress Suits from.....10 to 35

The newest, neatest and nobbiest styles known.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

JUVENILE CLOTHING.

But in Juvenile Clothing—there's where we have the whole course, inside track and all. No excuse for dressing your boy like a circus freak; give him a show, with us.

Suits for small boys.....$2½ to $7½
Suits for older boys..... 5 to 12
Suits for young men..... 7 to 18
Overcoats from..... 1½ to 18

and every possible pattern, backed by highest style. The boys know us and they'll tell you where to buy. Our Hattery is beautiful. Every newest design, every proper material.

Jockeys, English Jockeys,
Tams, Glengarys,
Helmets, Jerseys,
and the newest notion
the Berlin Student Cap
from 50 cts. to $2.50.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

OVERCOATS.

Overcoats like our this year's make you'll never see. Our leadership shows itself here. Of course we won't argue the necessity for the Fall Overcoat; common sense and the edict of Fashion says you must have it. Our sweep from $6 to $30.

Style and neatness from.....$6 to $10
Style and beauty from.....10 to 20
Style and luxury from.....15 to 30

and you can't duplicate them for much more.

FURNISHINGS.

Our all wool, hygienic, undyed and faithful-fibre Underwear is in elegant stock at popular prices. Will save you many a cold this winter. In fact we can meet your wishes or preferences at every point. Our CUSTOM department is a special feature and one that is outstripping itself this season. Send for catalogue, self-measurements and samples. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,
5 & 7 West Baltimore Street,
1 door from Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

I. WILLIAM HINES,
OF CHESTERTOWN,
is now located in Baltimore, Maryland, with the well-known firm of
I. HAMBERGER & SONS,
Fine Clothing and Tailoring,
122 East Baltimore St.,
ADJOINING B. & O. R. R. BUILDING,
and will be glad to see his friends and acquaintances. Sept. 26—tf

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
Manufacturers of Clothing,
10 & 12 E. Baltimore St.

The Season is Ripe for FALL CLOTHING!
—AND—
Our Stock, like an abundant crop, is awaiting to be harvested.

Our Stock consists only of Goods that We Can Guarantee to Give Entire Satisfaction, and we Manufacture Every Dollars Worth of it ourselves. We save you the usual 30 per cent. middleman's profit.

A Good Honest Working Suit, - - $10.00
A Dress Suit, Worsted, Cassimeres or Cheviott, $15.00
Children's Suits from - - $3.00 upward
Overcoats at Correspondingly Low Prices.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
10 AND 12 E. BALTIMORE ST.

THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN.

I sat where the ocean was breaking,
Where it's billows were laving the shore;
Where the dirges for hearts that are aching
Sound on in its tremulous roar.

For miles I could hear the weird music,
Where the waves in their turbulence beat,
And the white-caps were clear in the moonlight
Rolling in on the beach at my feet.

And now it was moaning and sobbing,
As though some soul in despair
Were doomed in the silence and darkness
To wander eternally there.

And chant in that sad minor music
The story of wrong, and to know
The sting of a just retribution,
And murmur the song of its woe.

Above me the moon shone in splendor;
The seaweed around me was strown,
And sad were my musings and tender,
As I sat there and listened alone.

And heard as it washed on its pebbles,
The myriad voice of the sea,
And thought it was speaking to mortals—
That the deep had its voice for me.

I looked on the long line of breakers
The moonlight was flooding with gold,
Where the bosom of Ocean was swelling
With secrets forever untold.

And now (it may have been fancy)
I thought by some magical spell,
I could fathom—half fathom the story
The ocean was trying to tell.

It told of the dear one's departed,
Whose barks had been tossed on its foam;
It had moistened the brows of faint hearted;
It had welcomed the wanderer home.

It had pillowed the head of the weary,
Who had fallen asleep on its breast,
And its bottom was strewn with reminders
Of those who eternally rest.

It told of the tears that had vanished,
Of the sorrows that yet are to be:
And I listened and trembled in silence,
Alone by the murmuring sea.

I thought of the hope for the future,
When life with its passions shall cease,
And gently the waves rolling inward,
Were gently murmuring: "Peace!"

I thought in the dim distant future,
When all of its secrets are known,
Would the soul for another intended
Be clasped in the love of its own?

Would wrong in the future be righted,
And meet with its proper redress,
And kept be the troths that are plighted?
And the breakers were thundering: "Yes!"

I prayed for a glimpse of the future—
The harvest of what I have sown;
Just one little glance through the curtain:
But its answer was only a moan.

Roll on, O! turbulent ocean!
And bury the secrets until
A hand shall be laid on thy bosom,
And thou art eternally still!

Roll on! and we will be silent:
For ages and ages they moan
Shall suffice, till the great revelation,
When all of thy secrets are known!

—GEO. B. HYNSON.

MILFORD, DEL., July 22, 1888.

TATTOOED BOOTH'S ARM.

The Man Who Put the Letters That Identified Him.

In *The American's* Washington correspondence a few days ago was an account of the identification of the corpse of J. W. Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, stating that Dr. May, his family physician, and one of the identification committee chosen by Judge John A. Bingham, judge advocate, remarked, just before viewing the remains, that a scar would be found on J. Wilkes Booth's neck, and on his arm would be found tattooed the letters, "J. W. B." The remains were examined on board the Monitor, and the scar and tattooed letters were found as Dr. May had said they would be. Dr. May, just before the examination, made the statement that he had been treating Booth for the wound on the neck, which had arisen, according to the actor's statement, from a sore having been ruptured by Charlotte Cushman, when, as required in a certain performance she threw her arms heavily around Booth's neck. Mr. Moore then private secretary of Secretary Staunton, now major of police of Washington, was one of the identification committee.

A gentleman from Mt. Winans sent *The American* the following postal in regard to the tattooing:

"The man who put those letters on J. Wilkes Booth's arm is now in the Soldiers Home at Arlington. His name is Frank La. Favre."

A reporter of *The American* went to the Confederate Home, at Pikesville, to hunt up Frank La Favre, but no such man was in that institution. He talked was a number of the ex-Confederates in regard to the object of his visit, and after much search, in which he was ably seconded by the brave soldier boys, who appeared to take quite an interest in the matter, he was introduced, not to the man who did the tattooing, but to the father of the man, Lieutenant M. K. Fevre, of Brethard's battery of artillery, of General Stewart's command. The reporter found the Lieutenant in an invalid's chair. He had been so badly wounded as to be entirely disabled in his lower limbs. Otherwise, Lieutenant Fevre is the picture of perfect health. He is over sixty years of age. The Lieutenant was shown the postal and he made the following statement:

"You are partly right in seeking me to give you an account of the tattooing of J. Wilkes Booth's initials, 'J. W. B., on his arm. It was not I, but my son, Wallace—poor fellow!—who did the tattooing. Wallace was at the time a mere boy. He was a natural artist and an excellent hand at marking with India-ink the human skin. He made the acquaintance of Booth, and Booth took quite a fancy to my boy. All that I know about the tattooing is that he came home one day and remarked that he had done some tattooing on J. Wilkes Booth's arm. I think he said he put Booth's initials on the arm. My son died about five years ago. He was a crayon and oil artist—the best in Washington at the time of his death. He studied three years in Rome. When a boy my son was very intimate with all the actors. He was a great friend of old Joe Jefferson. I remember he gave Wallace a splendid meerschaum pipe, which cost $35, and he gave him quite a number of other presents. Here is a piece of tattooing that my son did on my arm."

Lieutenant Fevre here rolled up the sleeve of his right arm and displayed as fine a piece of colored tattooing as the eye of man ever looked upon. It represented a Confederate battle-flag in colors resting against the breech of a piece of artillery, with the white part of the flag falling over the gun. At one side is a sunburst. Streamers float from the flag-staff, with red tassels. Every detail of the picture showed the hand of the perfect artist. Even the spear point was clearly drawn in the lieutenant's skin, while the red color of the flag looked like a piece of velvety silk. Lieutenant Fevre followed the work of an artist. He still does considerable crayon work and has lately executed several fine pieces.

He continued his story: "Among some of the pieces of work which my son executed was an oil painting of Romeo and Juliet, 5 by 4½ feet in size; also, a large oil painting representing Andro Metros chained to the rock. He did a great many landscape pieces, and was a famous painter of flowers. I am a great-grandson of Marshal Le Fevre, one of Napoleon's marshals.

The twenty-three ex-Confederates in the Home appear to enjoy life. Superintendent Pope was suffering from exposure in the rain gathering in his potatoes, and was threatened with fever; otherwise the people there are all well.

The reporter met a very pleasant old gentleman among the inmates, who said he was eighty-five years old. His name is Francisco Tanara. This is the story of his life as he gave it to *The America* reporter:

I was born on Lake Como, Italy, Dec. 3, 1803. My father intended me for the priesthood, and he took me to the college of St. Rosalia, in Palermo. The discipline and idea of being a priest did not suit my boyish notions at all, and so I ran away when I was about nine years of age, and, hiding on board of a vessel called "Superior," of Boston, I was landed at Marsellies, France. Here I hired myself to a man who sold fruit, and became his servant.

When, in 1814, a battalion was formed at Marseilles, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, I became the drummer boy of it. We marched through France, and were finally stationed at Augsbury, Bavaria. There I used to see Hortense—the Empress Josephene's daughter—wife of the king of Holland. She was a splendid looking lady, and the most superb horseback rider I ever saw. I remember it was an army scandal that her only son was not the son of his father, the king, but of Napoleon I. I hardly believe it, although the general impression in the European armies was then, and, I suppose, is still, that there is very little morality in the court circles.

After the battle of Waterloo I was discharged from the army, and I became a cook on the Havre line of ships. After various experiences I landed in New York in 1832. I was a fireman at the Astor House when it was first opened, I think in 1883. I was in the Seminole war. When the Governor of Pennsylvania, in 1846, called for volunteers for the Mexican war I joined Capt. John Binder's company. While in Mexico I was bitten by a scorpion on my leg, and sometimes it still pains slightly. After the Mexican was I kept the billiard saloon at French's Hotel, New York, for five years. I afterwards opened a billiard saloon at Burton's Theatre, Chambers street, New York, with twelve tables. I lost all the money I had in that venture, so I fell back to cooking again at Fountain Hotel, New York, where I remained five years. I was barkeeper at Coleman's, in the Eutaw House, Baltimore, in 1858 and 1859. Then I went as superintendent with Jimmy Green, at the Mansion House, in Alexandria, Va., and was there when the war broke out.

My first experience in the civil war was at the capture of the Rappahanock steamer St. Nicholas, under Salvohi. Col. Alexander, of Baltimore, was with the capturing party. After that I joined the regular service of the Confederate States in the Eighty-seventh Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Richardson. Our company was commanded by Captain Wm. Walters until he went home sick, and then John Torsch, engraver, of Baltimore, commanded us. We were at Evansport, and burnt the steamer George Page. We afterwards joined General Herbert's command at Winchester. I was in innumerable battles. We surrendered at Petersburg. I then came home to Baltimore, and have been variously employed since the surrender. At one time I worked as property man for Mr. John T Ford at his theatre. I was for a while at the Holliday Street Theatre before the war. I knew the father of the Booths, and J. Wilkes and Edwin Booth. I was employed in the Holliday Street Theatre, some fifty years ago, when Walton & Ward had it, and it was owned by Mr. Cohen. Old man Booth was the best Richard in the world.

The Best Time to Marry.

Probably the best time for the average civilized woman to marry, says *Hospital*, would be any age between 24 and 36. It is not said that any woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages, but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many seasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble and the character is unformed. The consideration which would prompt a girl to marry at 17 would, in many cases, have little weight with her at 24. At 17 she is a child, at 24 a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents the seven years between 17 and 24 is the period where mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development.

For Brides that Are to Be.

Winter is the favorite marrying season.

December 31 is a favorite wedding day in Scotland.

Never read the marriage service entirely over.

The shower of rice is a prayer for fruitfulness.

A bride should use no pins in her wedding clothes.

A bride on her return home must be carried over the threshold by the groom's relatives.

Briefs from Josh Billings.

Modest men in tricing tew be impudent alwus git sassy.

Coquetts often beat up the game, while the prudes bag it.

There iz only one ekscuse for impudence, and that iz ignorance.

Reputashun iz like money—the principal iz often lost by putting it out at interest.

There are menny who are kut out for smart men, but who won't pay for making up.—*New York Weekly.*

THE MARYLAND PEACH.

The Territory of the Peach Belt Extending—Eastern and Western Shore Fruit.

It is with a feeling of intense interest that the Eastern Shore peach-grower watches the extension of the belt and its probable future effect upon the industry on the Eastern Shore. There is no doubt in regard to the fact that the Peninsular grower is now brought face to face with a strong competitor in the farmers of the mountainous districts of northwestern Maryland. Situated as they are above the frost line, with a benificial mountain protection and a soil specially adapted to the rich and beautiful coloring of the fruit, the Western Maryland peach-grower enjoys advantages which will add much to the success of the enterprise in that section. Added to their well-founded claim of more deeply colored fruit, they are not modest in claiming, if not a superiority of flavor, one which is not surpassed by fruit grown on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Delaware. While we are forced to acknowledge the force of the former claim, there is little question but that for delicious flavor the Eastern Shore grown peach does and must continue to surpass its rivals of any other section. Peach culture is now extending its bounds to Southern Maryland, and it is thought that the hope of the farmer of that section is in an extensive adoption of its cultivation. The Hagerstown *Mail* says:

Southern Maryland is the native home of the peach. Trees grow wild in fence corners and produce year after year abundantly. Seedling trees have been known to live and bear fruit fifty years. No better fruit can be grown on our South mountain peach belt nor anywhere else. That peach lands will continue to sell there for ten or fifteen dollars per acre whilst the stony ground at the foot of the mountain sells for $100 cannot be expected. They are nearer to market and shipment by boats is cheaper and in every way better than by rail. Many years ago New Jersey was the great peach State, then Delaware and then the Eastern Shore of Maryland. New Jersey has long since ceased to grow peaches. The peach qualities in the soil of Delaware are nearly exhausted, and it is predicted that in a very few years no peaches will go to market from that State. The yellows is playing havoc with the orchards of the Eastern Shore. There was a failure of the crop there this year, whilst the few orchards of Calvert county bore abundantly. We understand that persons interested in the peach culture have already been visiting Calvert county and inspecting the land, whilst the owners of the soil will plant great numbers of trees next spring. If a committee of Southern Maryland gentlemen would visit the peach belt of this county they could learn a great deal to their advantage. We believe that nowhere else has so much thought and good judgment been exercised in peach culture as in our South mountain belt. In caring for and fertilizing trees, packing fruit and drying or otherwise utilizing surplus or unmarketable fruit and in seeking the best markets, our peach-growers have no equals. The cultivation of tobacco in Southern Maryland will give place to the peach as it has given place here to wheat. Here in Washington county other industries will divide with wheat the attention of our farmers. We look for an advance of prosperity among our people, but in the four southern counties we believe the advance will be a sudden transition, and that the people will find their lands marketable at fair prices before they know it.

ART IN SING SING PRISON.

Two Rival Geniuses Decorating the Chapel—One Suddenly Extinguished.

Gay W. Foster is whiling away six years in Sing Sing for embezzlement. He was formerly a broker in New York, and he was sentenced in April, 1887, by Recorder Smith. He came to the front among the inmates of the prison as an engraver. He finally got hold of some water colors, and developed into a water-color artist. Last winter he was permitted to execute two life-size paintings, one on each side of the altar in the Catholic chapel of the prison They represent scenes from the story of "The Prodigal Son." One represents the prodigal herding swine, and the other on his return to his father's house. These paintings relieved the stare of the gray walls of the interior of the chapel so much that Foster was commissioned to copy several engravings by Dore for vacant spaces between windows, depicting events described in the Bible. This undertaking was so large that he was provided with an assistant in Edward Fanning, who was convicted for assault in Brooklyn, and sentenced to ten years in prison by Judge Moore in April, 1886. Fanning is a professional artist. Foster and his fellow artist got along harmoniously until about a month ago. Fanning had his own ideas. He finished two paintings entitled "The Good Samaritan" and "Betrayer." Foster in the meanwhile working away on one entitled "Temptation," another representing Christ walking on the water, and three others. The results to the minds of the keepers showed Fanning to be the better handler of the brush. Foster began to have disputes with him. The trouble kept growing until a few days ago, when in a dispute Foster overstepped the line of prison discipline, and Principal Keeper Connaughton relegated him to obscurity by locking him up with the idle prisoners. Artist Fanning is the master now. On Friday morning he told the writer that he thought he would do two or three of Foster's painting over, mildly criticising their execution. Carl Werner, of New York, who is serving seven years for perjury, now fills the post of assistant.

THERE was a sudden outbreak of diptheria in Saratoga a few days ago, and which has become so epidemic as to excite alarm, and to set the Board of health actively at work to check it, and to ascertain and remove its cause. The disease first broke out among the children of the public school, and has created quite a panic among their parents.

WILL be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

MISS ELEANOR STEVENS has been elected Professor of Elocution at Lombard University, Illinois.

HERE AND THERE ON THE FARM.

A gen[illegible]an of Pomona, California, says that only [illegible] days have passed since March, 18[illegible] at he has not had fresh strawberrie[illegible] his table.

It is said th[illegible] he life of rose plants greatly varies. [illegible]me of the hardiest kind will bloom for th[illegible] years, while others die off after sever[illegible]asons.

The black aphis, black fly, is often quite troublesome, [illegible] chrysanthemums, but can be conquered [illegible]ersistent ap[illegible]cations of damatian pow[illegible] with the [illegible]lows.

Experiments show that [illegible]mere sust[illegible]nance a cow of 1,000 pounds [illegible]ight mus[illegible] digest about 18 pounds of nutrive material for her food, to supply wh[illegible] the food must contain about 17 pounds [illegible]dry organic matter.

Large seed is better than small. They furnish more nutriment to the young [illegible]nt than the small seeds do, which gives th[illegible] a vigorous start early in the season, an[illegible] enables them to keep ahead of the plants grown from smaller seed.

The *Country Gentleman* says that the practice of "hilling" potatoes during cultivation and growth is almost universal, and in most instances is positively detrimental to productiveness, yet it is nearly impossible to convince the farmers of this fact.

"I find that sheep never did so well as since I have given them silage. Not only do they thrive in winter, but they drop their lambs without trouble, and the lambs are more strong, vigorous and hearty."—Professor COOK, Lancing, Mich

E. S. Carman, of the *Rural New Yorker*, says that for fifteen years he has planted all the new varieties of strawberries that he could hear of, and during these years he has raised many new seedlings, "not one of which has shown that it was worthy of introduction."

The majority of insects are vegetable feeders, but there are a good many that feed upon or within the bodies of other insects, causing them to die. These latter are called pedaceous or parasitic, and, in the main are beneficial, as they destroy many injurious forms.

In building grain stacks it will be economical to place some rails, old boards, hay or straw on the ground before commencing the stack. In case we have a wet fall or your threshing is delayed, there is no muddy or rotted buts to go through the machine or rusty grain to go into the bin.

The farmer who strays off habitually to town or elsewhere for pastime loses interest in his work, forgets what is to be done and goes down to the dogs by sure degrees, leading a pinched and miserable life on land that might have supplied him and his with more than competence.—*New York Tribune.*

After the grain has been harvested it is a number one plan to clean up the stack-yard before beginning stacking, draw out all the manure, and if any old straw is left that can be used for bedding put that in as little space as possible, mend up all the fences and have a place ready for stack-making by the time the grain is dry enough to draw in.

A new use has been discovered for the poppy. It forms a network of roots that cannot be exterminated without great difficulty, and it is therefore admirable for keeping embankments in place. Within the last three years eminent French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railroad embankments with poppies, with a view to preventing their being destroyed by heavy rains.

An ardent admirer of the Holstein-Friesians contends that experiments by Rhoda and others in Europe and America have shown that the Holland breed can produce milk at much less cost than other breeds kept in same stable and on like food, and that they not only vie successfully with the pure butter breeds both in quantity and quality, but they are profitably bred and grown up for beef.

The best curculio preventative is to plant Chicksaw plums through the orchard. The curculio lays its eggs in the Chicksaw before the other plums come in. The Chicksaw plum trees become burying grounds for curculio, because, practically, none of their eggs ever hatch in the Chicksaw plum, not one in 3000, and those that hatch never grow to a full grub, or reach the state of a beetle.—*Rural Workman.*

A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* is inclined to think that there is too much liberty of shooting in this country. The bitter prejudice against the game law which came in with the first setters, still exhists here, and the average American citizen would conceive it a hardship indeed if, with gun in hand, he could not roam where he listeth and blaze away at anything wild at his own sweet will.

Cured of Flirting.

"No more flirting for me, boys," remarked a drummer to some of his acquaintances, one of whom was a reporter for the *Press*. "I used to go without smoking when I was dying for a cigar, just so I could go in the ladies' car. But I'm cured. On my last run inty Lincoln I met a nice young lady. She was agreeable, and of course I made myself as nearly so as possible. Had a pleasant half-hour with her before we reached the station, and of course when we got off there I asked her if there were any parcels I could carry for her. She smiled bewitchingly and, said I might help her if I would be so kind. Then she pointed to the seat right behind where we were sitting, and there were three babies, assorted sizes, asleep. She said they were hers. Well, I was in for it, so I picked up the biggest ones, one on each arm, while she took the kid. We marched out and found a carriage, and I put her in and was about to say good day, when she smiled again so bewitchingly and asked me to get in. I couldn't refuse you know, so I went along. We drove out to somewhere near the Capitol and stopped before a nice house. A man came running out, lifted out the babies, kissed them, lifted out the young woman, kissed her two or three times, and told the driver he could go. Would you believe it, she was that spoony on her husband that she never said good-by to me nor looked in my direction at all; and that ain't the worst of it, I had to pay the carriage hire myself and lost a half-day's time in the bargain. That woman cured me of flirting as long as I live."