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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1889. VOL. XXVIII—NO. 25

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.

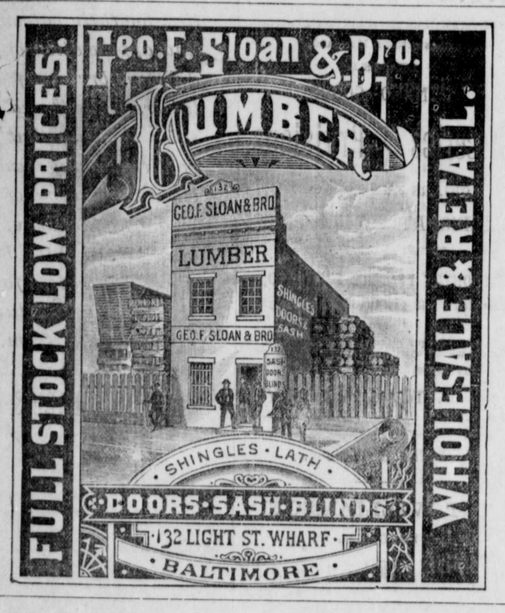
A. FRIEDMAN, Chestertown, Md.

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.



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,
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.

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

LIKES,
BERWANGER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
The Best Baltimore Made Clothing.

INTENDING PURCHASERS SHOULD BEAR THIS FACT WELL IN MIND, BY DEALING WITH

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

You save the middleman's profit and receive in return for amount expended superior qualities and better made Clothing than elsewhere. The reason is plain—theyr'e direct manufacturers for the Fine Retail Trade, and offer their goods at a moderate profit on the manufacturers' cost. All goods guaranteed, and One Price only.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
LEADING CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,
10 AND 12 E. BALTIMORE ST.

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

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.

ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.
Without, the sweet pale sunshine;
Within, the holy calm.
Where priests and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl.
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Sly glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but a moment;
What wonder that we smiled
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?
Up then rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I, I wondered, losing
The sermon and the prayer,
If when some time I enter
The many mansions fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go!

—*Sunday School Visitor.*

[*From the Ladies Home Journal.*]

A WOMAN'S AMBITION,

—OR—

WHAT AN ADVERTISEMENT DID.

It was the close of a bitterly cold winter's day; in a small room on the third floor of a miserable New York tenement sat a widowed mother and her only daughter.

Darkness was fast falling; and though the night promised to be a dreary one, it might perhaps bring forgetfulness in sleep, that gift of God; His balm for weary souls. This thought, meagre comfort as it may seem to many, lightened the mother's heart. The prolonged silence was broken by the gentle remonstrance:

"Bess, dear, you must be more sparing of the coal, it will not last all night if you are not careful, and you know, dear, how little money there is in the purse."

The dreary information was followed by a loud fit of coughing, which made the girl shudder, but she only laid her head lightly on her mother's lap, and answered bravely:

"This will never do! Cheer up, little mother; don't you know something is surely going to turn up to-morrow?"

The mother's answer was a choking sob.

"Oh, mother, don't, please don't, please don't, if you give way like this, what will I do, besides, how often have you told me that God cares for the sparrows and the ravens, and clothes the lilies of the field, and He will surely much more fulfill our needs."

"Bless you, dearest," the mother replied, and with lightened heart she drew the curly head close to her.

Bessie kept very still for a moment, then roused herself with a little shake, and began to spread the tiny table for supper. They were quite cheerful over their tea and toast, and wee cake of maple sugar, and the brave-hearted girl was not satisfied until her mother actually laughed at some of her nonsense.

"Oh, mother, I can scarcely wait for to-morrow, I feel so sure that dear little advertisement will bring an answer, and wasn't it fun getting it up? The most exciting thing that's happened to us for many a day. Now, who *do* you think will answer it? Some cross old spinster perhaps, or some sweet, pretty invalid girl, but dearie me, who knows but it may turn out to be a rich eccentric old gentleman, who will take a fancy to me because I resemble his long lost love, and will die off suddenly, leaving me all his vast estate and monies!" Here the speaker ended with a gay little laugh which it did the mother good to hear.

The following day was the counterpart of the previous one; the same icy breath from the north crept between the crevices of floor and wall, and hung itself relentlessly over the frozen city.

From the moment Bessie Raynor had finished her scanty breakfast, she longed for something, anything to make her forget herself, her hopes and fears, until after meal time. After making the room as neat as possible, she seated herself at the foot of the bed, where her mother leaned wearily against the pillows. Mrs. Raynor had awakened with a heavy heart and feeling weaker than for a long time past. Bessie's efforts to cheer her mother were all in vain. The sad mother's heart was aching with the thought that soon, ah! perhaps sooner than she knew, she must leave her darling alone in the pitiless world!

Hot, rebellious tears rolled down the thin cheeks, which did not escape the girl's notice, but saying nothing she went to the window, and gazed anxiously a few moments, up and down the narrow, cheerless street. Presently she resumed her seat at the foot of the bed.

"Motherdy," she said earnestly, "somewhere I have heard or read that the united prayer of two or more of God's children makes a harmony particularly acceptable to Him. You and I are in sorest need and distress. Shall we specially pray for help this *very day?*"

"Yes, my darling," murmured Mrs. Raynor, and in silence the two hearts were lifted unto "Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Then the invalid fell into a light slumber, and Bessie was left to a multitude of conflicting thoughts. Only within a short time had mother and daughter been in such sore straits. Edward Raynor had died leaving his wife and daughter in absolute comfort, but like too many women she knew nothing of business affairs, and in an incredibly short time some rascally lawyer had gotten the entire property into his hands. Little by little the few things they were permitted to retain had drifted into the pawn shop, until at length there was nothing left of any value, excepting Mrs. Raynor's wedding ring. To save this, Bessie was determined, she felt sure that if once her mother parted with that dear token of past years' happiness, she would lose all hope.

Once more Bessie stationed herself at the window to watch for the letter-carrier. Notwithstanding the cold wind soughed icily through the loose window-frame, there she stood, until her eyes were gladdened by a sight of the well-known figure. She rushed out of the room, down the stairs into the dark, narrow hall, almost knocking over the bewildered carrier in her excitement.

"Oh, have you any letters for me, Miss Bessie Raynor?" cried the girl, panting for breath.

The man glanced over the handful of letters, shook his head, then seeing the hopeless expression which settled on the girlish face, said cheerily:

"Never mind, perhaps you'll get it next time I pass this way, Miss." With a kindly nod he knocked at Biddy McKennon's door, first door front, threw in a letter, then went up the street with hasty strides.

For a moment or two the girl stood in dumb despair, then she crid aloud in agony: "Is there a God who answers prayer?"

"I think so sometimes, Miss," said a voice beside her.

Amazed, she raised her eyes; there stood the letter-carrier holding a letter toward her. He placed it in her trembling hand as he said:

"I do hope, Miss, you'll excuse the mistake. The hall was so dingy and I was sort o' snow blinded, I guess, I only hope it brings good news!" he said, then off he turned to carry his messages of good or ill to the many waiting hearts.

Eagerly Bessie tore open the envelope and read its contents; it ran as follows:

MISS RAYNOR:
If you call at — 51st street, at your earliest convenience, I may be able to give you the desired situation. JOHN C. LINDLEY.
NEW YORK, Dec. 29th.

In a moment the girl was beside her mother, half laughing, half crying, she told of her little disappointment and the after blessing.

"Little motherdy," she said, "our prayer was heard, yours and mine, it was all in the sad minor key and has touched the Father heart of God."

"But, my darling," chided the mother, "you must not feel too elated, it may not be *quite* all you hope for, and I don't want you to be bitterly disappointed."

"But I feel so sure, *there mere*, only think, it will be but a few hours before I meet my dear old gentleman, I hope he will be like lovely old Colonel Newcomb!" and she gave her mother a joyous hug, but every beat of that mother heart seemed to say, "what has the future in store for my winsome girlie?"

Not dreaming of her mother's thoughts, Bessie began making preparations for her afternoon outing.

Shortly after one o'clock she kissed her mother good-bye and started, with quick beating heart and high expectations, for her destination.

Fifty-first street was a long way off so she took the rattling, jolting omnibus, which would carry her within a few doors of the house to which she was directed. The ride was tedious and dismally cold, and before it was over Bessie's spirits were down to zero.

Alighting from the omnibus she found the house without trouble. It was a large handsome house of brown stone, and having just come from her desolate cramped abiding place, seemed palatial to the girl. Timidly she rang the bell and stood tremblingly awaiting the result. It had commenced snowing again and the icy wind blew the frozen flakes against her cold cheeks, yet no one came; once more Bessie pulled the bell, this time to some purpose, for in a moment a servant appeared.

Upon asking for Mr. John Lindley, the woman gave her an inquiring glance then led the way through the long, richly carpeted hall into a large library.

At one end of the room is a Turkish divan upon which was stretched the tall figure of a man; on the rug beside him lay a beautiful brown and white setter. Long, heavy curtains were drawn so close that the merest glimpse of daylight could be seen, but a glowing grate fire threw its ruddy rays over the entire room, so without difficulty Bessie's quick eye took in these details. She also noticed a bandage across the gentleman's eyes, and a quick sorrowful thought went through her mind, "he is blind."

By this time the servant had announced, "A young lady wanting to see you, sir," and the gentleman on the divan had half risen from his reclining position.

"Very well, just put a stick or two on the fire, and you may go."

The woman quietly obeyed, while Bessie stood in dazed bewilderment.

"Miss Raynor, I presume?" questioned John Lindley.

"Yes," faltered the girl.

Her agitation was quickly noted upon, and he continued:

"Well, Miss Raynor, I am a most unfortunate individual; three weeks ago the oculist ordered my eyes bandaged for an indefinite space of time, at the end of which time, there is a *perchance* that I recover my sight," he drew a deep sigh but hastened to add, "yesterday my sister was reading the paper to me, and chanced upon your advertisement. I knew that I must be entertained in some fashion or lose my senses. My sister's throat won't stand steady reading, but I hope yours will, Miss Raynor."

"I am quite sure of it," she replied eagerly, "I often read to my mother hours at a time, in fact, I have all my life been trained to read aloud."

"That sounds encouraging. Now if you will kindly choose a book from the table or book cases, and read a few pages I will soon decide whether or not your voice suits—her speaking voice *decidedly* does," he added to himself.

The dignified, business-like manner quickly toned up the girl's nerves, she grasped the first book her eyes fell upon, it happened to be Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," a book familiar to her, so at once she was able to enter into the spirit of the author, and the sweet, clear, expressive voice fell gratefully upon her listener's ears.

After a moment he exclaimed: "Excellent! Miss Raynor that is all the trial I require; your voice suits me perfectly."

"I am glad," she murmured, while her heart beat faster betwixt her shyness and his praise.

"And now," continued he, "we can talk over hours, terms, etc., while you partake of some slight refreshments."

Touching a bell, a servant appeared who took the low spoken order, and presently returned bearing a silver waiter, covered with a dainty damask napkin, upon which stood a cup of smoking chocolate and a plate of delicious wafers.

After the servant retired Mr. Lindley said, "Make yourself perfectly at home, Miss Raynor, and take your time over that hot chocolate or you may come to grief as I did a day or two ago."

The girl enjoyed the delicacies as she could not have, had the gentleman opposite been without the sad looking bandage across his eyes. As it was she only managed to get through her task of refreshments fairly well.

Terms were agreed upon in a short time, and Bessie acquiesced at once to Mr. Lindley's proposition for an hour's reading that very afternoon. Throwing aside her wraps she soon forgot everything in one of William Black's novels. At length her listener remined her that the hour was up.

Once more he expressed his satisfaction in her reading, then holding an open pocket-book toward her said:

"Miss Raynor, be kind enough to take what is due you."

She did so, blushing rosy-red as her thumb and finger slipped inside the strange purse, but she consoled herself with the fact, he could not see her burning face. A servant was again summoned, this time it was the woman who had shown her in, and Mr. Lindley bade her "Good-afternoon."

On her way home she bought some necessary articles of food, and ordered a small quantity of coal, then hastening her footsteps she was soon by her anxious mother's side; and while she "set the tea," and "poached the eggs" told with zest, the story of her adventure, saying as she finished, "But it *does* seem too bad he was not more like my dear Colonel Newcomb, doesn't it? I'm positive this man will never die off and leave me his property."

Mrs. Raynor laughed merrily as she replied, "Why, Bess, you must not become so mercenarily romantic, it won't do at all."

Weeks rolled by, each day Bessie rang the door-bell of the big brown house on Fifty-first street and each day was ushered into the library by the silent Sarah, who at first had opened the door for her admittance. I know not which of the two looked forward the most toward those two hours of daily reading; pleasant enough to both, however.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SECRET OF GORDON'S WONDERFUL POWER.

What was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action and much in what the Yankee would call his capability in all things, small as well as great. He could ride, and shoot and tinker and conduct campaigns and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance. As a matter of course, such a man takes command. Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities. When steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkle Gordon was in the water after him. By good luck the crocodiles got neither Governor-General nor monkey. When a nugger was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable and Gordon jumped into a skiff and went alone. To be sure the skiff upset, and the Governor-General sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson. On another occasion the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the east bank, which in that region was occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast, and tried by a display of beads and wire to induce the savages to come and talk to him. They simply sat on the hillside and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed. I was amused to see on his table at Khartoum handsome spoons and forks with his crest half effaced by rough scratches. I could see Gordon vexed by some unusual flummery siezing a rat-tail file and proceeding to put out of his sight one more vanity. It was not that he was not proud of his family. On the contrary, he could pay a man no greater compliment than to say "You are like a Gordon;" but all the marks and signs of rank sometimes became intolerable to him.—From "Where Emin Is," by COLONEL H. G. PROUT, in November *Scribner*.

A Novel Elopement.

An elopement took place recently in Fort Smith that for unique development rivals anything on record. John Meadors had for a long while been clandestinely making love to Miss Josephine Crain, the daughter of a well-known citizen. Miss Crain's father objected, as some fathers have a way of doing, and the love-lorn swain bethought himself of a ruse whereby he might foil papa. When finally the old gentleman began talking of doing some shooting if his intentions were persisted in, Meadors determined that the time had come to act.

So he fixed it up with Miss Crain, and one morning they had it arranged to flee ere the cock crew. John went to the house before daylight and entered his sweetheart's room, but it was some time before he could arouse her. The noise awoke the old man, and he came charging in just as Meadors went out the window. The old man made chase, and Meadors gave him the slip around the house, where he jumped on his horse, quickly followed by Miss Crain in her night clothes, who perched astraddle behind him, while the horse lit out in the orthordox Lochinvar fashion.

Papa, now considerably irate, gave chase, but he couldn't keep up with the nag, and the couple soon gave him the slip in a cornpatch, where Meadors secreted his shivering sweetheart, while he rode back to town for a dress and a justice. An hour later the two were married under the spreading branches of a pecan tree.—*Arkansas Register.*

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them they will certainly please you.

ON THE FLY PAPER.—First fly—What's the matter?

Second fly—I'm stuck.

THE DAY IS GONE.

How [illegible] house is at midnight. The people w[illegible] and laugh and sing in it every day [illegible]p, and the people who fell asleep in [illegible] ago come back into it. Every house h[illegible] two classes of tenants. Do we lo[illegible] those with whom we can laugh a[illegible] so noiselessly to our side and whisper [illegible] in faint, sweet, far-away whispers th[illegible] no sound, so that we hear only their [illegible] stillness.

I am not tired, but my [illegible] falls from my fingers and [illegible] I start to leave the table, a[illegible] my h[illegible] upon a little book lying on t[illegible] eyes [illegible] a little "First Reader." He[illegible]or. It is this afternoon. I remember [illegible] it there was impatient because he could [illegible] how I the simple little lesson, such an [illegible] read son, and I told him it was a waste [illegible] lesson time to teach him, and pushed him [illegible] my from me. I remember now. I see [illegible] flush come to the little tired face, [illegible] brave, cheerful look in his eyes, his moth[illegible]er's brave, patient cheeriness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor and the little face bend over the troublesome little lesson, such a simple, easy lesson, any baby might read it. Then, after the little struggle alone, it has to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for re-enforcements, sighs and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book, just as he left it. Ah, me, I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me today? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the prattling lips that quivered when I turned away. I hate the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know that I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I choose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

But I was not harsh. I was only a little impatient. Because, you see, his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah, me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. They were two easy, simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant, loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of love that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the words so easy and the sentences so short. And I! Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read one line aright. See, here is my copy now; all blurred and blistered with tears and heartache, all marred and misspelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the Master. And yet I know He will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle He will be. Why, how patiently and loving all these years He has been teaching me this simple lesson I failed upon today. But when my little pupil stumbled on a simple word—is my time, then, so much more precious than the Master's that I cannot teach the little lesson more than once?

Ah, friend, we do waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days, the busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your bookshelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blind my read; a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.

Railroad Development.

The first railroad in this country was built in the year 1826. It was four miles long, including branches, and its cost was $50,000. The railway system of the country to-day comprises 150,000 miles of track representing $8,000,000,000 of capitalization, and affords employment to nearly a million of men. In the way of statistics, these figures stand alone; the history of the world presents nothing to compare with them. They show that, for sixty years we have built and equipped, on an average, 2500 miles of railway per annum—that we have laid down nearly ten miles of track every day for 18,000 consecutive working days. Within the lifetime of a not very old man, our railway system has had its beginning, and has grown to be the most important and dominant interest of the country.

Other Senses than Ours.

The president of the British Association, Prof. Flower, indorses Sir John Lubbock's idea that the field of inquiry is limitless, and that there may be "fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight; and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we cannot hear, and colors as different as red from green of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive."

A BECOMING DRESS.—"Did you see Charley in Sing Sing?"

"Yes."

"How did the poor fellow look?"

"Lovely. He always did look well in stripes, you know."

IF YOU once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.