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The Chestertown Transcript

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1889. VOL

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 andchildren. 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.

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' Natic 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.

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

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

BARGAINS
—IN—
STORE GOODS!
WHERE TO GET THEM.
ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT
Wroth & Aldridge's.
WE HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF
DRESS GOODS
Cloths, Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres,
ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS AND SHOES.
—ALSO—
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
SUMMER HATS,
GROCERIES, &c., &c.,
which stock will be kept complete.
FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!
SHOES A SPECIALTY.
Prices guaranteed Low! Quality warranted as represented! Best Prices for Trade!
All cordially invited. Resp'y,
WROTH & ALDRIDGE

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.

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.

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
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.

[*From the Ladies' Home Journal.*]

A WOMAN'S AMBITION,

—OR—

WHAT AN ADVERTISEMENT DID.

Before a week had passed the reading was interspersed with bits of conversation, now grave, now gay, which greatly brightened the weary prisoner, he hugely enjoyed the girl's bright, original opinions, of the various topics which from time to time arose.

One day they were discussing what book to take up next, Mr. Lindley said: "Why not read 'The Wooing O't,' that's an out and out love story, something we've never read yet."

"Just as you say, Mr. Lindly," Bessie replied quietly.

"What, no enthusiasm! then you are above the ordinary mortals, you do not care for such frivolties, eh?"

The girl could not help laughing at this, and after failing to show her listener the delights of a new book of travels, took up "The Wooing O't," and began reading. For several days the book kept them interested and very little conversation arose, but when they finished Bessie closed it with a sigh—a deep regretful sigh.

"Why that sigh, may I ask?" said Lindley.

No answer came, a deep silence pervaded the room, which was first broken by an eager little whine from the dog Hector, who for sometime past had caressed his master's hand in vain, and had at length become weary. Lindley took the faithful creature's head between his two hands, shook him gently, pulled his soft ears—he knew what the dumb thing liked—and Hector was content; not so his master.

"Come, now, Miss Raynor, confess what called forth that long sigh, that sigh of depth and dreariness," said Lindley, half mockingly.

"It was nothing," she replied, "at least, I mean—to you—" and she broke off in confusion.

"If I guess will you tell me?" he urged with a pertinacity which surprised the girl.

"Yes," she said, after a second's pause.

"May I guess *twice?*" he said.

"No, only *once*," she answered decidedly.

Lindley thought awhile in silence, then said:

"I know, you wished another Geoffrey Trafford would put in an appearance, now did you not?"

"No, indeed, it never entered my head," she said half indignantly.

"Oh, but tell me, won't you?" he pleaded with something of an invalid's pertinacity.

"It is nothing," she said confusedly, "I know it sounds foolish, but I wished that I might write a book like Mrs. Alexander's that would 'take.' And now Mr. Lindley I must be going.

Rising, she began putting on her things.

"Oh, ho, so you are ambitious, are you mademoiselle?" said Lindley, playfully.

"Yes," she answered, "but not for fame, it is for money."

Her voice shook a little, she was thinking of her mother, and comparing her poor surroundings with the beautiful room she was about to leave. A moment more she had bidden Mr. Lindley a hasty farewell.

The room seemed lonely enough after the girl's departure, a feeling of strange despondency seized him, he longed for human companionship, but he knew there was no one in the house to talk to, as his mother and sister had gone to an afternoon "tea." Just then Hector gave a symathetic little whine, as much as to say, "I am here."

"Well, old fellow," said his master, as he patted the affectionate creature, "I suppose you and I must have a talk, eh? If I could look into your honest brown eyes now I know they would speak untold love, great dog, good Hector!" At which praise the dog essayed to lick his cheek.

"There, there, that will do, down!" and like an obedient dog he instantly dropped at his master's feet.

Giving him an approving pat, Lindley threw himself upon the broad divan and gave himself up to quiet musings. "I wish I could see the girl's face," he said to himself, "she is a perfect lady, educated and refined, I know she must be good to look upon," and with a deep sigh, he thought "perhaps I may never look upon human face again."

One afternoon, five or six weeks after Bessie had commenced her pleasant task, she found Mr. Lindley in a most unhappy frame of mind. When she first entered he greeted her with the words:

"You will find me an uncomfortable companion this afternoon, I fear, Miss Raynor."

"I hope you are not feeling worse than usual," she said, gently.

"Yes, mentally," he said, then stopped. "My oculist gave me a scare this morning. Heavens! I'd rather blow my brains out than be blind!" and he began pacing up and down the big room, purposely nearly empty of chairs, etc.

Bessie's eyes filled with tears as she watched the sad face with the hopeless lines about the mouth, she could not utter a word of comfort just then.

Groping his way to the divan Lindley threw himself down with a half smothered groan, and covered his face with his hands, Hector echoed the groan with all his canine heart.

The girl sprang across the room to Lindley's side, and laid a little hand on his hot, throbbing forehead. He started, caught the hand in both his own. Heeding him not Bessie cried:

"I am so sorry for you, but do be comforted, I feel sure, quite sure, you will not be—be—blind! only you must have hope, you know."

Lindley longed to kiss the hand that lay in soft, silent comfort on his brow, but he was wise, and refrained.

"Thank you, my child," he said, "you have comforted me." Little did the man know how sorely the girl needed herself to be comforted.

That evening she told her mother how sad Mr. Lindley had been. "Mamma," she said, I had to do something, words would not come, he could not see my tears of sympathy, was I wrong in doing what I did? I could not let Hector show his feelings and withhold mine, now could I, dear motherdy?"

"No, dear," was the reply, you did as any feeling heart would do."

The next day was Sunday, as usual Bessie wended her way toward Fifty-first street. The day was lovely, clear and cold, and a feeling of peace filled the girlish heart. Her mother was brighter today than for a week past, and when Bessie entered the library that afternoon it seemed to Lindley as if life was not all despair, though the horror of blindness did possess his soul.

The girl's quick eye noted the face which seemed to have grown older since the day before.

After talking awhile Bessie said: "What shall we read to-day?"

"I'm tired of books, I'd rather talk," he said.

"But, Mr. Lindley, I never heard of anyone being paid for conversation, did you?" she asked brightly.

"It is often worth more than printed matter," he replied.

Just then Bessie noticed that the upright piano stood open, it was the first time she had ever found it so. Stealing a hurried glance at the sad, unhappy face, she crossed the room, seated herself at the piano, and without a prelude, began to sing, the words were these:

"The clouds hang heavily round my way,
I cannot see,
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His
While all is dim;
To close my weary aching eyes,
And follow Him.

She paused.

"*Don't* stop," said her listener huskily. Once more she sang:

"Through many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me,
My Guide, my Guide.
He leadeth me, and so I walk.
Quite satisfied."

When she had finished Lindley said: "Miss Raynor, I shall never forget that song. Why, why did you not let me know before that you sang?"

"I sing so little nowadays," she said, with a touch of pathos in her sweet voice. "You know everything is different from days gone by." Then without more words she picked up "The New Timothy," by Wm. Baker and began to read.

On rare occasions Mrs. Lindley or her daughter would visit the library during reading hours. After one such visit Lilian Lindley went to her mother and said anxiously:

"Mamma, I wish that girl had never entered the house! Do you know, I feel positive that foolish boy will fall in love with her? Wouldn't it be horrid?"

Mrs. Lindley shrugged her plump shoulders and replied: "For pity's sake do not mention your forebodings to your brother, Lilian. You might put the idea in his head, and, once there, I defy any one to do anything with him."

"She is certainly educated and refined, and—yes, I suppose some people would consider her rather pretty," said the young lady thoughtfully. "One comfort is that he can't see her face; do you not think so, *chere mere?*"

"Yes," sighed the mother. "And, Lilian, perhaps we could persuade him that really it is not quite the thing for her to be there with him every day."

That very day Mrs. Lindley hinted as much to her son; but more than that mild hint she never ventured upon.

"It is *preposterous*, mother, to think of any impropriety, and I should say rather late in the day to bring it up now."

So no more was said, and the readings went on as usual."

As the days went by John Lindley felt more and more that, without sweet Bessie Raynor, his life would be a blank. Not that he thought himself in love; but he realized her ministrations of word and voice were daily growing more indispensable.

After that Sunday afternoon it became quite a matter of course that a song should preface the reading. One day, after a pathetic little ballad, Lindley exclaimed suddenly: "I would give something to have seen your expression as you sang, Miss Raynor. Can't you—won't you tell me what you look like?"

A merry laugh was the only response.

"Please do," he continued.

"But it would be impossible for one to correctly describe one's self; I am possitive I have read that 'straightway one goes from the glass he forgets what manner of man he is,' or something to that effect," she said.

"Well, if so, there is a mirror in close proximity to the piano," he persisted.

"Oh, Mr. Lindley, I—I could not stand before the glass and deliberately describe myself; indeed, *indeed* I could not."

"Very well," he replied, in a hurt tone. "I was in sober earnest; but I did not think it anything so terrible; simply a blind man's whim, which, somehow, I thought you would respect."

"If—if you really care, I suppose it is foolish in me to make a fuss over it," she said quietly, in fact so quiety that Lindley barely caught all the words; but he heard her walk a step or two, then pause.

"I am to tell you what I see, am I?" she inquired.

"Exactly, if you will be so good," he replied.

"Well, I see a tall, rather thin figure, a pale, in fact I may say rather sallow, face, with just now eather considerable color in both cheeks—please put that down to excitement," and she gave a little laugh, "big gray, sad looking eyes, and—and long lashes; that is all except short, what mamma calls 'ripply browney-gold' hair! There! I never felt so foolish in my life!"

"I shall never forget your kindness. I wish more than ever that I could see for myself," he said wistfully. "But, tell me, why should your eyes look sad, and why are you pale? Miss Raynor, you have never told me about yourself in the least. You surely know I am your true friend."

Before she had time to reply a knock came at the door, and to Lindley's chagrin a visitor from a distance was announced; so the reading for that afternoon was put aside.

"Will you not shake hands with me before you go?"

Bessie quietly did as he requested.

"Good bye," he said. "Remember, I am your friend."

All day and way into the night Lindley thought of the "tall, slim girl with sad gray eyes" and "ripply browney-gold" hair, and before they met again he knew he loved her from the depth of his heart. It was hard for him to keep down the desire to tell her of his love, but he knew if he let her suspect his feelings, he would frighten her away.

"I can afford to wait, and"—here a sharp pang went through him—"if I am blind how could I ask her to marry me?"

So the days passed in just the same old way, with perhaps a subtle difference, which Bessie Raynor felt, but could not explain. Besides, poor child, her thoughts were oftener with her sick mother at this time than upon the books which she read. Lindley noticed a difference in her reading, but said nothing. She had excused herself from singing the past few days.

"She is not well, or is in some trouble," thought Lindley, sadly, and I am powerless to help her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TALMAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

Sensible Talk by the Famous Preacher as to the Work of the Press.

"Every newspaper reporter in New York is my personal friend. I have been betrayed by about every class of men in the world, but by a newspaper man, and I believe there is a spirit of fairness abroad in the newspapers that is not to be found anywhere else. There is no man, however poor, if he has been done an injustice, that cannot get himself set right by the newspapers. We find a great deal of fault with the newspapers. Perhaps by our own indistinctness we are reported as saying just what we did not say, and there is a regular riot of commas and semicolons and periods, and we get used to talking about the 'blundering printing press.' Or sometimes we take up a paper full of social scandals and divorce cases, and we talk about the filthy, scurrilous press, but I could preach a whole sermon on the everlasting blessings of the good newspapers. A good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given the people of this country.

"In the first place all the people read the newspapers, and the newspapers furnish the greater proportion of the reading to the people. They don't read books. The old people look for the deaths, the young look for the marriages, the business man reads the business and financial columns, and those who are unemployed read the want 'ads.' Great libraries make few intelligent men and women, but newspapers lift the nations into the sunlight.

"My idea of a good newspaper is a mirror of life itself. Some people complain because the evil of the world is reported as well as the good. The evil must be reported as well as the good, or how will we know what to guard against, or what to reform? There is a chance for discrimination as to how much space shall be given to reports of such things as prize fights, but the newspaper that merely presents the fair and the beautiful and the bright side of life is a misrepresentation. That family is best qualified for the duties of life who have told to them not only what good there is in the world, but what evil there is in the world, and is told to select the good and reject the evil."

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

AN HOUR of moonlight is of more account to an engaged couple than a week of noonday sun.

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.

THE WORLD'S PRAYER.

O! Almighty Dollar, our acknowledged governor, preserver and benefactor, we desire to approach thee on this and every other occasion with that reverence which is the due of superior excellence, and the regard which shall ever be cherished for exalted greatness. Almighty Dollar, without thee in the world we can do nothing, but with thee we can do all things. When sickness lays its paralyzing hands upon us thou canst provide for us the tenderest of nurses, the most skillful of physicians, and when the last struggle of mortality is over, and we are being borne to the resting place of the dead, thou canst provide a band of music and a military escort to accompany us thither, and last, but not least, erect a magnificent monument over our grave with a living epitaph to perpetuate our memory. And while here, in the midst of misfortunes and temptations of life, we perhaps are accused of crime and brought before magistrates, thou, Almighty Dollar, canst secure us a feed lawyer, a bribed judge, a packed jury, and we go scot free. Be with us, we pray thee, in all thy decimal parts, for that thou art the only one altogether lovely and the chief among ten thousand.

We feel there is no condition in life where thy potent and all-powerful charms are not felt. In thy absence, how gloomy is the household, and how desolate the hearthstone, but when thou, O! Almighty Dollar, art with us, how gleefully the beefsteak sings upon the gridiron, how genial is the warmth that anthracite coal or hickory wood diffuses throughout the apartment, and what an exuberance of joy continues to swell every bosom; thou art the joy of our youth and the solace of our old age; thou canst adorn the gentleman and feed the jackass; thou art the favorite of the philosopher and the ideal of the lunkhead. When an election is to be carried, O! Almighty Dollar, thou art the most potent argument of politicians and demagogues, and the umpire that decides the contest. Almighty Dollar, thou art worshipped the world over; thou hast no hypocrits in thy temple, or no false hearts at thy altars; kings and countries bow before thee; and all nations adore thee; thou art loved by the civilized and savage alike, with unfeigned and unfaltering affection; we continue to regard thee as the handmaid of religion and the twin-sister of charity.

O! Almighty Dollar, be with us, we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of thy ministering angels made in thine own image, even though they be but silver quarters and dimes, whose gladdening light shall illuminate the vale of penury and want with heavenly radiance, which shall cause the awakened soul to break forth in the acclamations of joy. Almighty Dollar, thou art the guide of our footsteps and the goal of our being. Guided by thy silvery light we hope to reach the golden gate and triumphantly enter, while hands harmoniously sweep the golden harps as we enter the golden street:

Almighty Dollar! thy shining face
Bespeaks thy wondrous power;
In my pockets make thy resting place,
I need thee every hour.

And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation, we realize and acknowledge that thou wast the god of our grandfathers, the two-fold god of their children, and the three-fold god of their grandchildren. Permit us to possess thee, in abundance, and all thy varied excellence, is our constant and unwavering prayer.—*Exchange.*

Married Life in Iowa.

"Observer"—a lady—out in Boone, Iowa, sent me the subjoined pretty sketch. Pretty because it is simplicity.

Those who consider marriage a failure ought to have witnessed a little scene that occurred at one our of hotels this morning. A farmer's wife who had been to Nebraska on a visit arrived on the night train and made her appearance at breakfast. She was no longer young, and on her plain face care and hard work had left their mark. Her dress, too, was of a remote fashion, having not even the charm of simplicity, for she had donned several articles of antiquated finery. She had with her boxes and bundles innumerable, a big market basket filled with plants, and a huge wire cage, partially covered with white cloth, containing two jack rabbits. Soon a farm wagon with her husband and little daughter drove up, the farmer, a big, rough man, in his working clothes, but the smile which radiated his face on beholding his wife made him positively handsome. The woman hugged and kissed the child, and then, with increased ferver, she hugged and kissed the man, and laid her head on his shoulder and cried a little, pulling her old hat down to conceal the fact. I thought, wait until he sees those rabbits, there will be a change. Not so, however. What misgivings he had regarding his young fruit trees and early vegetables must have been completely overwhelmed by more joyful emotions, for, after carefully placing their new acquisition in the wagon box, along with butter jars and egg baskets, the trio drove off with the smiles of greeting still lighting their kindly faces. Verily, "wealth and contentment belong to no estate," even if I don't quote correctly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

One-Talented Men.

Character cannot be transferred. The foolish virgins thought the oil could be given them, from the lamps of the wise virgins. Character stood firm, and was not to be given away. The second parable suggested the conduct of life. Life was an opportunity. The whole point was, what were we doing in life, not how much have we of it. The man who said he had no opportunities of doing great things, who said, "If only I had five talents, what should I not accomplish; but what do you expect of me with my poor one talent?" was essentially a conceited man. He was immeasurably conceited. How did he know, that if things had been otherwise arranged for him, he would have accomplished such wonders? Was it in the men with many talents who had done the greatest deed? No; for great opportunities bred great timidity. Look what the men with one talent did—look at John Howard, with his sole talent of capacity of love; and was it not a proverbial saying, that it was the men who had come to London with half a crown in their pockets, who had carved out for themselves name and fame? Yes, it was the one-talented men who did heroic things, who were the true heroes.—*Bishop of Ripon.*

THE AR

How

When Mme. de with the avowed purp capturing the literary lions Goethe and Schiller—she m mistake; she stayed too l wrote to Schiller: "Mme d bright person, but she ought to it is time to go."

The art of leaving is less understo women than by men. The habits of bu ness, the recognized fact that to a business man time is money, the throng and press and excitement of business life, all tend to make men who live in cities the best possible examples of the fine art of leaving quickly and neatly. A business man's social call is usually a model of good manners in this respect. When he has said what he has to say and listened to what there is to hear he takes his hat and says "good evening," and is out of your presence without giving any time or chance for the often tedious and embarrassing commonplaces of mutual invitations and promises to call again which seems to be a a kind of social formula with women. In striking contrast with this neat and striking method of cutting short the parting word of an interview or call, is the too common social practice of visitors, who, commencing to leave, seem to temporarily to abandon their purpose and then linger as though it was a kind of compliment to the visiting party to appear loath to part.

Who does not dread the visitor who starts, and then thinks of something else to say; rises, and then thinks of another subject of conversation; nearly reaches the door, and, most probably holding it open, is aroused to a degree of mental brilliancy that threatens his health and that of his host or hostess by long detaining both of them in a cold draught while he discourses? What a tax on the patience and politeness of the listener, who vainly strives by assenting instantly to every proposition, to end the interview and break the restraining bond of polite attention.—*Philadelphia Record.*

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

The November ECLECTIC has a number of excellent articles, some of them being of much current significance. "The Progress of Co-operation," by George Jacob Holyoake and M. Millerand, tells us the latest facts about a most important movement in labor reform, and discusses the question with high intelligence. "Russian Characteristics" is the first of a series of papers, which promise to be full of interest and instruction. The first deals in a most pungent way with the habit of unveracity and hypocrisy which is a national dry-rot. There can be but little doubt that these singularly fresh papers will be in many ways illuminating. Those interested in the religious life of the great Catholic orders will find suggestive reading in "A glimpse into a Jesuit Novitiate," by M. H. Dziewicki, which seems to be a truthful study from personal experience. W. S. Lilly gives us a vigorous and thoughtful paper cast in the form of a dialogue, entitled "In Search of a Religion," which is of great interest. Mr. Graham Sandberg's visit to the mysterious City of Lhasa, the religious Mecca of Buddhism in Central Asia, is a fascinating record of travel. An article supposed to have been written by Mr. Gladstone, treats of the relations of Italy in the Tripartite Alliance in a way which foreshadows the Liberal policy, when the English Home Rule party gets into power. This article has made a great sensation in Europe. The paper on "Eastern Woman," by Horace Victor, is very racy and entertaining. The Magazine has many short papers, sketches, poems, etc., of superior worth, which lend variety to its contents.

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Competition in Stilling the Sea with Oil.

A competition, the result of which will prove of interest to the shipping community at large, has been instituted this year by the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce, who had in view a practical utility of oil in aiding a ship to weather a storm. The competitors were the masters of the schooners engaged in the Ibeland fisheries, of which Dunkirk equips about a hundred every year The fishing season lasts six months; and, owing to the frequency of boisterous weather, affords ample opportunities for experimenting upon any means of lessening the danger. The first prize (£4) has been awarded to Capt. Bruxelles of the schooner Perle, who reports as follow: "On the 21st of April, while off Portland, we encountered an east-south-easterly gale, attended with snow. We endeavored to stand out to sea with closely reefed sails, but were unable to clear the Westman Isles. We then resolved to pass between these isles and the main land. The tempest was then at its height, the sea was making a clean breach over the vessel fore and aft, and we were in great danger of foundering. I directed two bags containtainin tow saturated with oil to be placed astern on the port and starboard quarters. Almost instantly the sea moderated, and, although the swell was still heavy, no waves broke over the ship. A pint and a half of oil per bag is sufficient to calm the sea for about two hours." Similar accounts are given by other masters, who have handed in reports on the subject to the Chamber of Commerce.

Atchison Aphorisms.

We all need so many things that we don't get.

It is harder to hate folks than it is to like them.

The sum of life may be expressed in a single word: Regret.

A man is great when the trifling incidents of his life are noticed.

If you ever expect to get rich you must make money when times are hard.

There is so much in every man's history to be ashamed of; so little to be proud of.

Some men would rather be able to kill a quail at every shot than be President.

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.