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The Chestertown Transcript.

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G. ALLEN JARMAN, D.V.S.,

GRADUATE OF THE

AMERICAN VETERINARY COLLEGE, N. Y.,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DR. T. H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,

Chestertown Md.,

MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.

OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

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

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.

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 rom $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.

A SONG TO THE WORLD.

A song to the world—the beautiful world—
In spite of its clouds and its cares,
Its trials and pains, its shames and its stains,
Its cruel deceits and its snares.
With all its sad faults, 'tis the best world we have—
'Tis the only one given to man—
So let us accept it, with thanks, as it is
And enjoy it as long as we can.
Then away with the cynic who cavils at life,
And wishes his days at an end!
Never yield to despair, but patiently bear
Such mishaps as man cannot mend.

What miner who works the auriferous earth,
Its glittering store to unfold,
Would be sour in mood, if the yield had was good,
Because he found dross with the gold?
Then while you are working the vast mine of life,
He humble, content and resigned—
Never worry nor fret; take the best you can get
And whistle the worst down the wind.
Then away with the cynic, etc.

We were put here to struggle—'twas Heaven's decree—
Each man has his mission to fill—
Misfortunes may fret us, temptations beset us,
But we are God's children still.
When ill-fortune meets us and enmity greets us
We should then on ourselves most rely—
Be brave! for it takes, when the storm on us breaks,
More courage to live than to die,
Then away with the cynic, etc.

'Tis a glorious world, if we look at it right.
And we should rejoice to be in it—
There are birds in each grove, there are sweet-hearts to love,
[illegible] if we struggle to win it.
[illegible] what may.

WHAT AN ADVERTISEMENT DID.

It was an afternoon in the end of March. Bessie was in her usual place, awaiting Mr. Lindley's arrival, for, strange to relate, he was not there when she came in. With a sad, far-off look she sat gazing into the glowing fire. To-day she realized that only a few more days, and she would be motherless—alone. Half an hour passed, and still she sat regardless of everything except that terrible thought.

Only that morning the doctor had said: "It is almost over now. I can do nothing more for her. Keep her up with wine and beef tea."

And Bessie knew that to procure these luxuries, she must leave her mother to a stranger's care while she made the money to procure them, and oh, the terrible thought that she might not be allowed to spend every precious moment by her darling's side.

The door opened softly, a tall, handsome man stood within, gazing eagly into the fire-lit room. The girl neither heard nor heeded. She was sobbing softly. A look of intense surprise, followed by one of alarm, swept over the watcher's face. In an instant he was by her side. A touch on her shoulder startled the girl. She raised her brimming, half-blinded eyes, and for the first time met John Lindley's gaze. There he stood, with the bandages removed, his eager brown eyes looking tenderly down upon her.

"Mr. Lindley!" she almost screamed. "You—you—can see. You will not be blind. I am—so—glad."

"No, thank God!" he exclaimed, fervently. "But tell me, Miss Raynor, child, what is the trouble? Don't cry so; don't. You hurt me. Let me help you. Do tell me what is the matter," he pleaded, as she sobbed aloud.

"My mother, oh, my poor mother," she wailed.

In alarm Lindley bent over her.

"I have kept you from her. She is worse? I will call the carriage, and take you to her at once."

A short time later, and they were being driven at a quick rate toward B—— street.

Only once did Lindley break the silence. Sobbing, he wrapped the carriage robe close about her. As he did so, "Child," he said, tenderly, "why did you not tell me how sick your mother really was?"

"I was afraid you would not understand how I could have the heart to leave her," she answered brokenly, "but we are so very poor I had to. And, Mr. Lindley, if motherdy dies, I hope I may, too."

"God forbid," he said earnestly, and his heart ached with longing to fold her in his arms and try to comfort her. And so occupied was he with the heart-broken girl tha the forgot to look about him with his newly restored sight.

As he helped her from the carriage, he said: "I cannot forgive myself for having selfishly kept you from your sick mother, Miss Raynor."

Just then he raised his eyes and saw the miserable house they were about to enter; a look of utter surprise—almost of horror—crossed his face. And Bessie Raynor knew that never before had he realized how desperately poor they were.

"Mr. Lindley," she faltered, "if it had not been for you, my mother and I would have starved! No, I did not mean that," she corrected herself, "for God would have sent some other helper; but I never can tell you the good you did by—by being laid aside with bandaged eyes."

"Then I tell you truly, if that be so, I am not regretful of one long dark, *even most hopeless* hour, my darling, for I love you!" and his deep voice shook with emotion.

No reply came, nor, just then, did he demand any; for even then they were ascending the narrow, creaking steps which led to Mrs. Raynor's.

Leaving Mr. Lindley outside, Bessie entered. She found her mother alone.

"You have come at last, dear," she murmured.

"Yes, darling little mother, at last; and I have brought our kind friend, Mr. Lindley, to see you. You won't mind, dear, will you? He is so determined to see you." For Bessie remembered the decided way in which he said, "In any case, I am sure you will permit me to see your mother."

"I will see him," said Mrs. Raynor, faintly.

Half reluctantly the girl opened the door, and without a wood Lindley entered the room. A thrill of horror went through him, at one glance in the bare, miserable room and the two fair occupants thereof. At once he knew the end was very near. He said a few kind words to Mrs. Raynor, then turned to her daughter.

"Will you give me a sheet of paper and a pencil, please." He wrote a few hasty lines. "I don't like to trouble you, but will you find some one who will carry that to its destination?" he said. "I would do it myself," he thought, "but speak with Mrs. Raynor alone I must. "But his heart smote him as he thought of the weary looking girl going up and down the many steep steps.

The door had scarcely closed behind her when he drew a chair beside the dying woman.

"Mrs. Raynor," he said, "I feel sure that you are fully aware of your condition, and I have something of great importance to tell you—something that may make you feel happier. I know the thought of leaving your daughter is your only regret in leaving this world."

The saint-like face before him looked its assent, before the faintly uttered words, "It is," came from the trembling lips.

"Mrs. Raynor, I love your daughter. I love her from the depth of my heart. Could you, would you urge her to marry me before you leave her?"

A faint flush suffused the sufferer's face. "My darling *will* have some one to care for her. Oh! My Father, I thank Thee!"

Lindley pressed her hand. "Mrs. Raynor," he said, "look at me. Do you think you can trust your daughter in my keeping?"

The brilliant eyes gazed searchingly into the man's earnest face for a moment. "I can, I can," she cried.

Here the door opened, and to her utter astonishment Bessie saw Mr. Lindley bend over her mother's thin hand and press a fervent kiss upon it.

Lindley rose from his chair, walked up to the girl, and, taking her by the hand, led her to her mother's side.

Mrs. Raynor tried to speak, but she was too weak. An imploring glance at Lindley was enough. Very gently he said, "I have been telling your mother what I first told you, my darling, and in your absence I have won her over to my side. Tell me, can you trust me as your mother does? Darling, will you give me a little love for my whole heart full?"

Bessie gave a quick glance at the man's pleading face, then at her mother as she lay against the pillow wan and pale; and with a low, shuddering cry, threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Motherdy," she sobbed. "My own little mother! How can I think of love when you are going to leave me?"

The mother laid a tender hand on the girl's bowed head as she whispered, "He will care for you. I feel that you will be safe in his keeping, and so, my dearest, I will die in peace."

The sobs ceased. The girl rose from her knees as calm as if no sudden storm had swept through her inmost soul. With bowed drooping head she laid her cold, trembling hand in his. "God bless you, love," he said, and Bessie, turning, saw a smile of satisfaction and relief flit over her dying mother's face.

Just then a light rap upon the door was heard. Opening it, Lindley saw his friend. Dr. Heyward. "You have come quickly, Heyward," he said. "I am thankful." Half an hour later the two men left the room together.

"How long will it be till the end?" asked Lindley.

"A short time—a very short time," answered his friend.

"Then, Lindley," he said, "who are these refined people? What are these two lovely women doing in this hole of a tenement? Man, what does it mean?"

"I will tell you, was the reply. In a few hurried words the story was told.

"But this girl, so soon to be motherless," said Dr. Heyward. "Has she no one to look to?"

"Yes," replied Lindley, with fervor. "I will take care of her as long as God lends me breath. My beautiful darling! To think she has been living here so many months, and I have never known it," and the strong man shook with emotion.

"Lindley, what will your mother, your sister say to this?" asked his friend.

"You well know that my truest friends have always been uncongenial to them," was the quiet reply.

"True," said the doctor. "And now I must go. I will be back sometime to-night. Send for me any time you want me, Lindley."

For two hours or more after he returned to the room the sick mother slept. Then suddenly she opened her eyes, and in a voice of rapture exclaimed, "Soon—I'm coming."

Bessie tightened her hold on the dear thin hand.

"I'm not afraid, darling. Why, I am almost there. Oh! the glory of the vision!" And the cold death wave swept over her feet, crept slowly higher and higher, but they reached her heart the face grew radiant with some ray of light divine, and stretching forth her arms, without a struggle, without a fear, she entered her "desired Haven."

Lindley closed the eyelids gently—gently drew the girl's hand from the hand now cold in death. Putting his strong arms about her, he drew her close to his heart.

"My darling, my poor, stricken darling, what can I say to comfort you?"

"I feel strange. I think perhaps I am going," she said faintly, and she swooned in his arms. Agonized he bore her to the window, flung it open wide, and let the cold night wind blow on the still white face. By the light of the flickering candle it seemed to him as deathlike as the still face against the pillow. In his agony he cried aloud.

The girl's eyes opened. Looking wonderingly at him, she said. "Where am I? I thought I died?"

"No, no, beloved, it breaks my heart to hear you talk so," he said, brokenly.

She leaned heavily against his shoulder and was silent. Footsteps sounded in the hall, the door opened quietly, and Dr. Heyward entered followed by his sweet-faced little mother and by a kindly countenanced mulatto girl. A feeling of utter relief came to Lindley when he saw Mrs. Heyward. "She can persuade Bessie to rest," he thought. But no persuasion seemed of any use. The heart stricken girl seemed determined not to leave her mother's side.

"Lindley," whispered the doctor, "I'll not answer for the consequences if that girl is allowed to have her own way."

"What can I do?" he asked, sadly perplexed. "Oh, if I had only known a little sooner she would have been my very own! Heyward, I certainly cannot command her to leave her dead mother; tell me, man, can I?"

"If there is to be any commanding done, of a surety you are the responsible one," was the sturdy reply. "And see here, Lindley, if I had half your authority, she should most certainly not remain here another half hour."

Mrs. Heyward had been trying in every way to coax the motherless girl to go home with her. At length she gave it up in despair. "I can do nothing with her," she whispered.

John Lindley looked thoughtfully at the bowed figure a moment, then knelt beside her. "My darling," he said softly, "once when I was in distress you sang a beautiful hymn to me. I can do nothing for you, it seems to me. Let me remind you of the words you sang.

"The clouds hang heavily round my way,
I cannot see;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me."

A burst of tears relieved the intense grief and Lindley knew that the comfort had begun. He let her cry as long as she would, then lifting her to her feet, said, "Mrs. Hayward, will you kindly give me a wrap for this child?"

Closely he folded the warm shawl about her, he led her from the room, Mrs. Heyward following. A moment or two later they were being driven to Mrs. Heyward's hospitable home. There, after a little, Lindley left Bessie to that lady's kindly care. Three days later her mother was laid in her last resting place until the Resurrection Day.

Six sad and weary weeks passed by, the motherless girl refusing to be comforted. All this time Lindley had refrained from distressing her with the thought of a speedy marriage. At last his patience gave out. He determined to speak to her plainly, even though his words hurt a little. That very evening he said to her. "My darling, you will come to me now, will you not? I feel that I have the right to claim you." Then, as she turned away her head, he continued reproachfully, "Have I not a greater right to claim you than any one in the world? And would you prefer living with these friends than with your husband, my love?"

Bessie sat silent for a while, nervously twining and untwining her slender fingers; her lover looked at her anxiously; she lifted her eyes a moment to his, which met her gaze with a depth of tender love.

"You are right," she said softly. "You have a greater claim upon me than all the world besides, because I know you love me—as I love you."

Lindley listened to the sweet, timid confession with happy, beating heart. Drawing her close to his heart, he said:

"When will you marry me, dear?"

"To-morrow, if you with it," she said. "But oh! John, I fear I will be but a sad-hearted bride. Will you bear with me? Will you remember that I am heavy hearted?"

"I will remember, dear; and my one hope is to help you through this sad time of mourning," he said tenderly.

The next day at noon the two were wed in Mrs. Heyward's parlor, she and her son being the only witnesses.

Long afterward Mrs. Heyward said, "It was the saddest, strangest and sweetest wedding I ever beheld, and it has turned out to be a most enjoyable affair for them both."

Immediately after the ceremony John Lindley and his bride started South. A few days later found them ensconced in the "land of orange blossoms," where, for a time, they spent long, restful days, learning to love and learn each other better day by day.

One morning, leaning over her husband's shoulder while he read the paper, "Why," said Bessie, "I never saw such a paper. There is nothing in it but advertisements."

Lindley dropped the newspaper, drew the dear curly head down to him and said: "Sweetheart, please never speak disrespectfully of advertisements. The memory of one not very long ago read to me throws a halo over all the pitiful rest."

MARIGOLD.

[THE END.]

The Way He Wrote It.

One evening a man, tall and spare, surrounded by a country atmosphere, cautiously approached the desk at Willard's Hotel, and hesitatingly said he wanted a room. Mr. Harris placed the register before him and handed him a pen.

"What's that for?" inquired the would-be guest.

"Sign your name, please," was the reply.

"I've got a lady with me. I'ts my wife—we've just got married," was the faltering remark of the visitor.

"Then write both your names on the register, was the advice given.

An inspection a moment later revealed the following entry.

"Miss Jennie & me."

A Slave to Coral.

Pretty Mrs. Cleveland is a coral slave. She loves the color and the calcaceus substance as a miser loves gold or a Moor amber. She is never in so great a hurry while shopping as to pass a show-case where it is displayed, and she hasn't any jewel in her miniature bureau, excepting the wedding necklace and ring presented to her by the then President of the United States, that she would not barter away under the temptation of a rare coral. Now, it is a fact that this jewel is the least suitable of all for a young lady, particularly a bride. Dear old ladies tried to suggest this during her occupancy of the throne of Washington, but without success.

MY guiding star was, and always will be, "Duty," and the pleasure and delight of the heart must wait, even for ever, if necessary, when duty calls.

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.

PEOPLE compliment what they admire and flatter what they wish to fool.

Gossip About Girls.

It is not generally the girl with the most beaux who gets married first. It is the little, grave, demure girl who sits in the corner with one young man and hangs on to him.

Don't wish you were men, girls; men don't have any good time at all, because you keep them in a constant state of torment; and if you were men it would be the same way with you, so there.

Bill Arp says: It was certainly intended by a kind providence that every girl should have a husband. She is entitled to one, and if I had my way I would make every old bachelor marry or support one woman. If he wouldn't marry according to nature I would make him work for one.

"Such a beautiful foot—white, slender and firm, without a blotch on it!" That is what the visiting manicure said to me the other day. She is talking about one of her clients, and she is telling how this woman always keeps her foot unmarred by bump or discoloration. "She always wears close-fitting shoes, and even when the evening comes and her slippers are put on, they fit her foot just as closely, and it never has a chance to lose its shape in wide, loose-fitting shoes.

Mourning in All Lands.

The following are the accepted reasons for the selection of various colors for mourning in different countries:

Black	Expresses privation of light. Worn throughout Europe.
Scarlet	Mourning color occasionally worn by French kings.
Yellow	The sere and yellow leaf. Egypt and Burham. In Brittany widows' caps among the peasants are yellow.
Purple & Violet	To express royalty. Mourning for cardinals and kings of France. Violet color for mourning in Turkey.
White	Emblem of "white-handed hope." China.
Deep Blue	Bokhara mourning.
Pale Brown	The withered leaves. Persia.
Grayish Brown	Earth. E[illegible] and Abysinia.

Esquimau Courtship.

The courtship of the Esquimaux is peculiar. The old folks get together and arrange the match. The qusestion then arises: Is he able to support a wife? In order to answer this to the satisfaction of all parties he is required to go out and kill a polar bear. As soon as he has done this he comes in and sneaks behind the door of his sweetheart's house, and when she comes out he tries to pounce upon her and carry her to his dog-sled. If she can get away she does so, kicking, biting, and scratching like a perfect fury. He gives chase, whereupon all the old women rush out and beat her with frozen strips of sealskin until she falls exhausted. He then rushes her to the sledge, whips up his dogs, and the marriage ceremonies are all over.

How to Remain Youtful.

The woman who cries must expect to have faded eyes; and there is nothing that will breed such deep furrows adown the cheeks as the little salty tears, of which the nervous, fretful woman seems to have such a surprising quantity! The woman who would retain her youth steers as clear of unnecessary worry and repining as she would of the plague. She rises superior to the petty annoyances of the day; keeps her face studiously turned on the bright side of life and is repaid by unfurrowed cheeks and the entire absence of the telltale crowsfeet. Such a woman is never a day older than she wants to be, and she can cling to "just twenty-five" for a cade and be a living verification of the statement.—*Cleveland Union.*

Spirit in a Boy.

Teach the boys that they must never pick a quarrel with others; that they must never strike a girl, or boy smaller than themselves; but also teach them that they are to defend themselves if necessary. It is a "bully" who goes around saying: "I can lick any feller my size;" and if I had a son and such a bully tried to intimidate him (unless my boy was very much younger and smaller), and he didn't fight it out I'd feel deeply humiliated. I know a lady—a good, sensible, loving mother—who gives her boys 10 cents every time they come out victor from a fair, square, honorable fight, but adds a good spanking if they give up from cowardice.—*Detroit News.*

Justice and Love.

The idea that justice is superfluous where love reigns is a worm that has dwelt at the core of many a fair household and many a warm friendship, and has gradually wrought in them bitterness and decay. The unfair use of power, the sharp criticism, the light banter which disparages our intellect, our capacities, our motives, the tone of distrust and suspicion, the readiness to see and to magnify faults and errors—these and similar unjust thoughts, words and acts, are the shadows that too often hide real affection in a gloom so thick and impenetrable that it emerges no more forever.

Opposed to Nude Art.

The good people of Norwalk, Conn., have broken out afresh on the subject of statuary. A few days ago a large marble Venus of Medici was purchased by Mr. Selleck, a justice of the peace, which he placed on his front lawn. Shortly after he had located it he found that during the night some one had taken pity on poor Venus and covered her with a red flannel petticoat and a plaid shawl. The next day the statue was found to have been painted red and green. Mr. Selleck has been obliged to build a fence around it.

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.

FALL FARM NOTES.

It is claimed that if linseed oil and sulphur mixed be poured on the hot-water pipes of green-houses the odor will destroy mildew.

Remember that an animal may be fat and yet be starved. Fattening food will not give the bones and muscles what they absolutely require.

Have a clean floor on which to feed the swine. A hog does not like to eat in filth, and it does not improve the pork to compel him to do it, either.

Whenever you find a man's name on a package of fruit that is invariably honestly picked, that name will be worth a good deal of money to its owner.

Linseed meal should be used regularly for all class of stock. It is not only nutritious, but serves to regulate the bowels and aid digestion.

Have a small bin in the cellar in which to store parsnips, carrots, and beets for family use. Store them in dry sand. The main crop may be stored in mounds outside.

The fruit that is to be kept through the winter should be put away carefully, and then carefully watched all through the winter, that that which decays may be removed.

If you happen to have a furnace in the house you will not be able to keep apples in the some room with the furnace. Apples must not be kept in too high a temperature.

It does not necessarily require a large farm to carry a profitable flock of sheep. Suit the flock to the farm. There is no profit in trying to carry more than the farm is able to.

As soon as fall work is over the tools should be thoroughly cleaned and well anointed with kerosine oil which will prevent them from rusting. Never keep tools in a damp place.

Calves do not pay, says the dairyman, yet somebody raises the cows that the dairymen buy, and it is possible that someone must make the calves pay, or there would soon be no cows.

The *Farm Journal* says that a well-raised pig of from 150 to 180 pounds, dressed at 8 or 9 months old, is the best eating that can grow in that sort of hide, and that the days of heavy pigs are numbered.

Manure may fail to give good results the first year and show well the next. Much depends on the condition of the material. It cannot afford food to plants unless it decomposes and its soluable material can be appropriated.

The vigorous strawberry plants are the ones that will produce the largest berries next spring. The best mulch for strawberries is fine, well-rotted manure. It not only serves to protect the vines but supplies the ready food in early spring.

To get good beds of flowers next spring prepare the beds now. Spade them up, sprinkle lime and ashes on the earth, rake it over, then cover well with manure, allowing the manure to remain on the surface to be turned under early in the spring.

Does it pay to keep oxen? Where the roads are rough in wintur, and travel very difficult, an ox team can be made serviceable, especially for hauling wood or heavy loads. Where the roads are kept in good condition the horses are better adapted for [illegible]

A good dressing of manure around each raspberry plants at this season will cause the canes to grow rapidly in the spring. Only a few raspberry bushes are required in order to supply a small family, and the richer the ground and more manure used the larger and better the quality of the berries.

Every farm should have a few grape vines. They serve as arbors or shade, and can be grown where they will not take up much space. All poultry yards will be improved if grape vines are grown along the fences, and the fowls will find shade under the overhanging branches in summer.

WHAT PRODUCES DEATH.

Some one says few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passion shortens life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years, the ox 15 or 20, the lion about 20, the hog 10 or 12, the rabbit 8, the guinea-pig 6 or 7. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is the one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is always the most irritable of all animals, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

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.