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The Chestertown Transcript.

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J. H. C. LEGG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
213 ST. PAUL Street, Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention paid to all professional business. Nov. 21-tf.

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 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,
610-2m. 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

Per Steamer Meteor.

SIMMONS & DAVIS NO. 1 HEART
SHAVED
SHINGLES!
AND URQNAHART
No. 1 SAWED SHINGLES.
Large Stock Direct from Plymouth, N. C.
FOR SALE BY
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

LIKES,
L.B.&CO. M'F'S OF B.B.M.G.
BERWANGER & CO.
When purchasing Clothing, spend your money to the best advantage by dealing with the manufacturers.
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
Are manufacturers of the Best Baltimore-Made Clothing for the fine Retail Trade, and offer the largest assortment of Suits and Overcoats for Men, Youths, Boys and Children, at the one moderate profit on the manufacturers' cost.
Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
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 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 THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balm-laden breeze,
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,
That by Thee in the lap of the nations were poured,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the blessings of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye,
That warms with a welcome and glooms with goodbye,
We pray Thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sad
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,
We praise Thee, pitying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp,
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for North and for South and for East and for West,
The horror of war be forever at rest.
We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky,
That fall on us all from the Father on high.
For the crown of all blessing since blessing begun,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of Thy Son,
We praise Thee, gracious God.
—*S. E. Adams in the Century.*

[*From the Ladies' Home Journal.*]

"LESHIA,"
—OR—
THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY KATE TANNET WOOD.

Once comfortably seated on a thick shawl which I had brought for the purpose, my old-new friend said with a merry twinkle of his eyes:

"I have an invite for ye. I told Mirandy 'bout the blackberries, and she wanted me to be sure an' say that she'd be pleased ter hev ye come home with me, fer she'd sent a most particular invite to the Uplands fer all the boarders to come, an' you special, fer the way ye sung last Sunday. She said mebee you wouldn't mind country fashions fer once."

"Would you like to have me there?" I asked.

"It would be oncommon pleasant," he said eagerly, "I could show ye Leshia's den, an' see ye a bit, ef ye wouldn't mind my bein' so busy, at handin' round time."

I looked surprised.

"Mebee you don't understand what that is, well, you see the supper is handed round to the fol[illegible]

[illegible]

words overcome my objections, and I said, "Yes, I will go, although I usually shun strange faces."

"That's right, that's kind," said the old man eagerly, "ye see I don't look it, but I'm as proud as the best of them, an' when they're kind of puttin' me down an' hushin' of me up, I just can't make it right to be shoved to one side, an' it would seem a little like the old days ef I could hold up my head an' hev a friend with the best of 'em. Seems to me the young folks now-a-days is too fond of gettin' the old folks out of the way. 'Tain't worth while to bury 'em until the Lord gits ready for 'em. I feel jist as young as ever I did, barrin' this roomatiz, an' it kind of seems that I kin enjoy more now, sence I hev time to breathe, as it were. Why, mum, I've lived here all my days, an' it's only sence I was laid up from heavy work that I've found out what a beautiful town this is; these mountains hev a different look on 'em every hour in the twenty-four, an' as to the river, I can't make myself think that I used to ride right along its banks to the mill an' never once heard it singin' as it does now. It stands to reason that a man can enjoy a little mite more of the Lord's works when he ain't a botherin' an' a studyin' how to get bread for his little children."

"Of course he can," I said earnestly.

"Ah, you understand, just like Leshia; now Mirandy she said one day when I talked like that, 'Oh, don't be foolish, pop, when I'm your age I'll be thinkin' of the other world an' less of this;' but somehow I can't help feelin' that there ain't no call to forget the one while you are enjoyin' the other."

Having uttered this bit of wisdom my companion suddenly remembered the object of our meeting.

"Well, mum, where shall I begin with the talk 'bout old times?"

"At the church," I suggested.

"We thought it pretty spruce old church in those days I can tell you. The pulpit was a regular three-story one with a big soundin' broad an' a big thunder cloud painted up in one corner of the ceilin', a kind of a cloud that was always comin' an' never gittin' any further towards rain; I used to think it was like some of the parson's sermons about the terrible judgment day, heaps of threatening, but I kind of felt to trust the Lord after all. I had all my family about me then, my eldest girl, Desire, she married a man by the name of Wentworth and she moved away to Maine, when Leshia was a little chit. You will hear more 'bout her as we go on, and you mus'n't mind if I kind of ramble along in my talk fer one picture just hides another when I git to thinkin' of them days.

"My Desire and Mirandy an' Charlie was the choir. Mother sot down stairs in our pew just next the old Squire's, an' as soon as Leshia was knee high, she sot there with her mother. Many's the time I've looked over the railin' of the singin' seats and seen her a playin' in the pew; the seats lifted up an' down ye know, an' when folks stood up they raised 'em an' when they sot down after prayer or singin' bang they would go, all over the church. The old squire was nervous an' he didn't like the noise, so he had all his pew cushioned with some red stuff he bought down to Boston, and he had nice easy foot-stools, with one specially soft fer his gouty toe. His boys and girls were all grown up an' gone, all but Ben, he was the old man's darlin', an' a little older than Leshia."

"Where did you get that pretty name?" I asked, as the old man paused in his story.

"Well, my sister married old Commodore Montclair, an' she used to spend her summers with us when the Commodore was off the other side of the world; she was here when the little one was born an' she wanted her named Alecia Montclair fer her, so we did it, fer she just set her life by that baby. Somehow Leshia never was like the other children, mother an' me used to say, she was what we both had wanted to be, not like what we was. I wish you could have seen her in her little blue dress sittin' there in the old pew close up to the railin' so as to be near Ben. The railin' was open like, an' he used to pass her peppermints on the sly. He never let his mother catch him at it; but the old squire would sometimes put his hand 'round when his wife was standin' up singin' and he would give the child more'n she could hold in her chubby hands. Sometimes when his wife didn't come to meetin', nothin' would do but he must hev the little one set with him, an' then he seemed to take comfort in huggin' of her up close to him an' smilin' down at her. He had buried all his own little girls, and most folks counted him cross and crabbed like, but Leshia loved him. I coldn't tell the time when Leshia an' Ben were not friends, it began when they was babies.

"When Desire got married Leshia took her place in the singin' seats, and we just had a lovely quartette then. I hope you won't think me boastin' when I tell ye that the city folks use to ride over from Sweetwater Junction just to hear the Beeson family sing. Mirandy sang second, and Leshia poured out the soprano jist as that bird over there is singin' now, she couldn't help it; an' as to Charlie, poor boy, poor boy, there never was a better tenor in this State.

"Oh, yes, I made 'em all take lessons, but as mother said, they seemed to be born singin'.

"Well, Ben, he went to college, and when he got back he went wild over Leshia, and the two spent hours an' hours together.

"The Commodore an' his wife borrowed Leshia very often, an' sometimes took her traveling with them, so she had advantages beyond most of the girls of the town, an' she was quick to take up a new thing when she saw it was a good one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GREATEST LIVING INDIAN CHIEF.

Joseph, the noted Nez Perce Chief, came from the Dalles Sunday morning. He decided to come to Portland any way and make sure of seeing Gen. Gibbon.

Chief Joseph is a remarkably fine specimen of a man. He is fully six feet in his mocassins, and weighs about two hundred pounds. He wears a neatly-fitting suit of navy blue, with United States brass buttons ornamenting the coat.

In the course of a conversation held through Mr. Chapman the old chief said: "I am about 49 years old, and live on the Colville reservation with 111 of my band. I am very sorry I did not see Senator Dawes. I wanted to ask him to give us a school on the Nespelem. Our young boys must learn to read and write.

"I cannot talk or understand English; I don't know why, but I can't get it through my ears. I want to, but because I did not learn when I was young I have to sit here in this room and am not able to understand a word you say.

"I am very anxious to get my people to live in houses, and they want to live that way also. My people are not lazy, but they don't know how to work, and there is no one to teach them or show them how."

The chief spoke freely of the trouble he had had with the late Indian agent at the reservation.

"For two years," he said, "we have had logs cut by our young men lying by the government mill, waiting for them to be sawed into lumber, so that we could build houses, but the agent would do nothing for us.

"This thing of feeding, feeding all the time is not the way to help us. We want to learn to work and how to live. Give us a change and a start and we will get aloug.

"I am going now to see my great friend Gen. Gibbon. I will tell him that I want to live like the white man, but I cannot work with my fingers unless I have some one to show me how. Mr. Cole, the new agent, seems to take some interest in us. He has been with us only two months, but he has already begun to cut some of our logs."

Chief Joseph again reverted to the Government Indian policy.

"We were all right in 1863," he said, "when we were in our own country, and all we asked was to be let alone. Then we were told the reservation system was the best thing for us, and again we were driven from them, and are now told, when there are few of us left, that we must each take 160 acres of land, work it, and are not even taught how!"

"My people are all dying off, and it is the fault of the agents who do not show us how to live. When I went to the Indian Territory my band numbered over a thousand, and look at them now."

Chief Joseph's companion and interpreter was Mr. Joseph R. Chapman, who probably knows more about Indians than any other man in this country and was for many years an Indian scout and fighter.

PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY SYSTEM is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

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The Largest Flower in the World.

In the fartherest southeastern island of the Philippine group Mindinos, upon one of its mountains, Parag, in the neighborhood of the highest peak on the island, the volcano Apo, a party of botanical and ethnographical explorers found recently, at the height of 2,5000 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower. The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw, amid the low-growing bushes, the immense buds of this flower, like gigantic brown cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five petal flower nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage wheel, in fact.

This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. The native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg called it bolo.

The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swinging scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds. It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travelers photographed it, and dried a number of the leaves by the heat of a fire. Dr. Schadenberg then sent the photographs and dried specimens to the Royal Botanical Gardens, Breslau, where the learned director immediately recognized it as a species of Rafflesia, a plant formerly discovered in Sumatra, and named after the English Governor, Sir Stamford Raffles. The new flower was accordingly named Raffles Schadenbergia.

The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, and grow around a center filled with countless long violet-hued stamens; thicker and longer in the fertile flower than in the infertile.—*The Gardener.*

Couldn't be Supposed.

A man from the West was telling a few of us in the smokers' compartment some of his adventures in Montana, when a young man in a very checkered suit, with very red hair and freckled face, stood in the door and inquired:

"Did I understand that you are from the West?"

"Yes, sir."

"Way out West?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to meet you, sir. I want to ask you about the Indians. They are very savage, I understand."

"Well, yes."

"Delight in torturing their prisoners, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"Well, sir, let me state a supposition case," drawled the young man. "Suppose I was walking across the prairies out there, far from human habitation!"

"But you wouldn't be."

"But suppose I was."

"But it is not a supposable case."

"No! Why not, sir?"

"Because the minute you got outside the dooryard a jackass rabbit would tumble over you and leave your dead body for the coyotes. Oh, no. Nothing of your general appearance could ever walk on a Montana prairie far from habitation!"

The young man swallowed at something in his gullet, tried very hard to smile, and withdrew with the observation that he never could endure very much tobacco smoke.

Father and Son Reconciled.

One of the richest men in Newport, Ky., is Robert Waring, a retired banker. He has but one child, a son, of whom he is passionately fond. This son is a junior partner in a prosperous house in Cincinnati. For some time he has been engaged to Miss Belle Metcalf, a very poor, but deserving and exquisitely beautiful girl. The old man was determined that his son should not marry Miss Metcalf, and informed him that he must give up the girl or he would disinherit him.

The young man decided that he would rather have the girl than the money, so the young couple slipped up to Hamilton, Ohio, and were quietly married. On their return, and while driving to the bride's residence through a quiet street, saw Waring, Sr., parting lovingly with a popular widow.

The unusual sight caused the son to make some inquiries, which resulted in the startling intelligence that some two months ago the elder Waring and the widow, Mrs. Henderson, had gone to a neighboring city and been married. The son called on the father, informed him of his discovery, and announced his own marriage.

What occurred is not known, but now the old gentleman is enthusiastic in the statement that he has the sweetest and handsomest daughter-in-law in Kentucky.

The Boy Who Says "We."

Don't laugh at the boy who magnifies his place. You may see him coming from the post office with a big bundle of his employer's letters, which he displays with as much pride as if they were his own. He feels important and looks it. But he is proud of his place. He is attending to business. He likes to have the world know that he is at work for a busy concern. One of the Lawrences, of Boston, once said: "I would not give much for the boy who does not say 'we' before he has been with us a fortnight." The boy who says "we" identifies himself with the concern. Its interests are his. He sticks up for its credit and reputation. He takes pleasure in his work and hopes sometime to say "we" in earnest.

The boy will reap what he sows if he keeps his grit and sticks to his job. You may take off your hat to him as one of the future solid men of the town. Let his employer do the fair thing by him; check him kindly if he shows signs of being too big for his place; counsel him as to his habits and associates, and occasionally show him a pleasant prospect of advancement. A little praise does an honest boy a heap of good. Good luck to the boy who says "we."

BUFFALO JONES, of Garden City, Kansas, has had an exciting time at Stony Mountain recently. He lassoed twenty-five full-grown buffalo in one day and had them hobbled. They are to be shipped to Salt Lake City. Many are the regrets that the buffalo are to leave the great Northwest, where they are so much needed for their fur and hardiness.

IS THE FRENCH RACE DYING OUT?

Continual Decrease of the Birth Rate Indicates Waning Race Strength.

According to returns published recently in the *Journal Officiel*, the French race seemed determined to run to seed. This is the view taken by some of the leading journalists and economists. It has always been a characteristic of the French to increase but slowly in numbers, but there were fewer births in the country last year than in any year during the century. This in itself is not an encouraging sign for the future greatness of the people, and it makes them all the more despondent when they think of the fecundity of their enemies—the Germans. The Germans have already ten million more people than the French to draw their soldiers from, and in order to make their army look big on paper the French are obliged to accept many men whom the Germans would consider unfit for service. It is this circumstances that compels some French writers to admit that the longer the delay the less is their chance of beating Germany. If it were not that a great many foreign workmen settle in France every year, the total population of the country, as well as the birth rate, would be shrinking. There are 2,000,000 resident foreigners in France, about 400,000 of whom are Germans. In some of the departments on the northern frontier there are about as many adult foreign workmen as natives. This is regarded as another source of weakness, and a law war recently passed compelling children of foreign parentage, but born in France, to become Frenchmen at 21, and serve in the army.

The statistics published in the *Journal Official* show that with the offspring of foreign parents included, the births last year decreased by 16,794. The decrease was general throughout the country except in the departments where the immigrants are to be found. The diminuition in the number of births is becoming more marked every year. Marriages are also falling off, but divorces show a tendency to increase, and are now close on 5,000 a year.

You Can't Steal an Umbrella.

A remarkable case was disposed of by a jury in Richmond, Nov., 23, in which the decision of the Police Justice was reversed. Alfred Richardson, a small negro boy, was sentenced to thirty days by the Police Justice for stealing an umbrella. His counsel, D. C. Richardson, took an appeal to the Hustings Court. The facts were really against the boy, but his counsel determined to arouse the sympathy of the jury. In his speech for the defense he contended that it would be an outrage to send anybody to jail for taking an umbrella; that nobody had ever been put in jail for that.

He said that on one occasion a party of gentlemen placed an umbrella in the passage before the dinning room in the Spottswood Hotel, first anchoring it with a long string. The waiters were let into the secret and a watch set. The result proved that every guest who left the dining room attempted to take the umbrella with them. Merchants, lawyers, legislators, all had it under way when stopped by the string.

In view of the facts the counsel asked an enlightened jury if it would not be an outrage to put a boy in jail for taking an umbrella. The jury, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Indiana's Newly Discovered Cavern.

H. H. Sturm, of Indiannapolis, and Richard Peuckert, of Spencer, have discovered a cave near Spencer. Last week they explored it. The entrance is a hole twenty feet deep and about three feet in diameter. At the bottom begins a narrow and steep passage running northeast about thirty-five feet. At the end of this passage was a step off of about five feet, and immediately to the left was a chamber about eight feet in diameter, the wall rising gradually in the form of a cone, meeting at a point overhead thirty feet from the floor. The walls are hung with numerous stone pendants. A passageway eighteen inches wide and ten feet long led from this opening toward the northwest to another chamber similar to the first, but about sixty feet high. A passageway then brought the party into still another room a little smaller than the first. From this a narrow aisle sixty feet long and seven feet high led northwest to a small opening or manhole. At the end of this last passage there led off two openings about as large as a stove-pipe. Stamping on the ground brought out the fact that another cavern was underneath. The estimated depth of the cave from the general surface is 150 feet.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Over the Falls in a Rubber Suit.

The young man who is preparing to take the hazardous trip over Niagara Falls says that he will attempt the feat about May 1, 1890. He will enclose himself in a rubber ball, the diameter of which is to be fully 10 feet. The rubber will be 10 inches in thickness. The rubber being elastic, a steel plate will either be placed in the centre of the thickness of rubber or in the inside of the ball so as to prevent the ball from crushing him in case of any accident. Inside a harness will be placed so as to allow a resting place for his body. Cotton will be placed about his body and between the body and the inside of the ball. Air will be furnished by means of air chambers. Beginning about half way down the sides of the ball, a solid piece of rubber will be added, extending about five feet below the ball, and will come to a point. Inside of this rubber will be placed about 300 pounds of lead. This, it is thought, will hely to keep the ball right side up.—*Buffalo Courier.*

HOW IT OCCURED.—Black (an expert stenographer)—"Say, Green, the boy from the *Journal* office is here after the transcrip of that temperance lecture. Is it most finished?" Green (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in about the middle of it, and I'll be hanged if I can make out from my notes what it is." Black—"Just insert 'great applause,' and let it go." Green acts upon this suggestion, and the lecture is sent to the *Journal* office for publication with the doctored part reading: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer." [Great applause.]

MORE than twenty-five tons of paper were used in printing the ballots for the election in Massachusetts.

Love's Travels.

Love will go where it is sent:
At least, so say the scholars,
But often love, I fear, is bent
On going where 'tis dollars.

PHONAGRAPHS FOR POST OFFICES.

Thousand-word Messages to be Sent in Mexico for About Twice the Cost of Postage.

Lawyer Edwin M. Fox has returned from Mexico, whither he went in the interest of Thomas A. Edison to arrange the legal features of a contract with the Mexican Government for the general introduction of the phonograph in the Post Offices of that country. He relates some details of his mission as successful, and of the enterprise of which it was a preliminary.

The contract was obtained for a company which John M. Ceballos of 80 Wall street is now forming. It gives the proposed company the exclusive right for fifteen years to place phonographs in the Post Offices of the republic for the use of people who cannot read or write. The charge for a single phonograph message has not yet been fixed; it may be but a medio, or six and a half cents, and it may be a real, or thirteen cents. To this charge must be added one of ten cents for postage, which is the rate at which letters are carried from one part of Mexico to another, although a letter may be sent from Mexico to this country for only five cents. The higher charge seems moderate when it is known that the sender of a message will be entitled to talk a thousand words into the phonograph. When he has said his say, the cylinder containing his message will be enclosed in a paper box, addressed by a Post Office clerk to its destination, and, after being stamped, will be mailed like an ordinary letter. The recipient of the cylinder can either have the message spoken out to him by the phonograph in the nearest Post Office, or he can have it transcribed on paper for future reference. If every patron of the phonograph sends thousand-word messages and every recipient insists on having them transcribed, the Edison Phonograph Company of Mexico will lose money, but it is calculated that the messages will average certainly not anything like the tenth and perhaps not even the twentieth part of the limit. The persons who are expected to use the phonographs now employ scriveners to write their letters for them. The scriveners will probably have to do something else when the phonographs are set up.

By the terms of the contract the company is to take care of the machines and keep them in order. This will not involve its having an agent at each Post Office at which there is a phonograph, for it is bound to instruct one of the Post Office clerks in the use of the machine, and the time consumed in this way and in sending and receiving messages is to be allowed for. The company is to get a rental for the machines, and what remains of the proceeds after deducting a small percentage for the Government. As already intimated all expenses are to be borne by the company so that whatever the Government gets will be clear gain. Only the large Post Offices will at first be provided with phonographs, but it is expected that in the course of time the use of the instruments will be quite general.

The machines are to be made at Mr. Edison's factory in Orange and sent to Mexico as wanted, but there will also have to be a local establishment in the city of Mexico where repairs will be made and business connected with the enterprise transacted. As the company expects to sell many of the machines to the general public, a salesroom will be part of this establishment.

Mr. Fox took three phonographs to Mexicon with him, one as a present for President Diaz, which poured out the instrumental and other music Mr. Edison had poured into it at the laboratory in Orange, where concerts are still given, with phohographs for auditors, several times a week. President Diaz was quick to learn how to use the machine, and he sent back by Mr. Fox a cylinder containing a message in Spanish congratulating Mr. Edison on his great invention and himself that Mexico was to get the benefit of it.

WELL-ASSORTED MARRIAGES are essential to good homes. This is nature's law in the case. To violate is to bring swift punishment on the heads of the violators as well as to bring a curse upon their posterity.

The husband and wife who are not suited to each other lead regular cat and dog lives. Their children are unwelcome, and grow up without care. The home atmosphere is not suited to the healthy growth of virtue and refinement.

What is the result?

A family of ill-natured, quarrelmose, unrefined children. They marry and carry to their homes the same atmosphere, and rear other families like unto the one in which they were raised.

The wonder is that there are so many agreeable and cultured people in the world as there are.

MERCENARY.—"So Tildy Boggs is goin' to marry Hi Shoop, be she?" said one Arkansas woman to another. "Well, it ain't because she's so dead in love with him, an' I know it. Them Boggses is a graspin' set, an' Tildy's like the rest of 'em. She don't keer for Hi. It's his wealth she's after. If Hi didn't have them eight dawgs, an' two fiddles, an' a gittar, an' three shotguns, an' a coon, an' that game rooster, he'd be no better'n the dirt under her feet to Tildy Boggs. All she thinks of is riches!"

DO NOT WAIT until in front of the railroad ticket window to consult the timetable. Do not wait until in front of the ticket-seller before your pocket-book is found. Try to have the money ready, the exact change if possible, and remember that, while you may have plenty of time, everyone following you is not so fortunate.

WHEN a man conveys to you in a loud tone of voice, and the language of slang, profanity and bad grammer, the information that he is a gentleman, it is a waste of time to doubt him.

WHENEVER you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."