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The Chestertown Transcript.

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NOTE THIS!

We Don't Claim
to give you the whole earth and throw in the planet Jupiter as a kerosene lamp, but

We Do Claim
to show the Largest Assortment, Newest Styles and Lowest Prices in Staple Dry Goods, Fancy Notions, Boots and Shoes and Stylish Clothing, that are shown in this town, and

We Do Claim
(and comparison will prove our claim) that we can save you one dollar out of every five you spend. If you are tired of complaining of hard times, and are alive to your own interest, test our claim, and you will find it no idle boast, but a solid fact. Our trade is steadily increasing, and counts among it the most careful and closest buyers of this community who are alive to their interest and buy where they can do the best, regardless of the many impossibilities advertised by others.

WM. T. WRIGHT,
1-1-y. The Leader of Low Prices.

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 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' 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

COAL AND WOOD
WE will call the attention of the community to our stock of Coal and Wood. And we will just say—probably it will be to your advantage to call and examine our stock, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. We are glad to say that we are still handling the
LEA WHITE ASH COAL,
which is the best Coal for general use that we can buy, and will sell at a small margin for the Cash, but all bills which are not settled within 30 days, interest will be charged from day of sale. We also give
2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.
Our office is on Cannon street, near Princess
My prices for JULY will be $5.25 for Egg and Nut and $5.50 for Stove.
J. T TWILLEY,
July 18, 1889.—tf

PIONEER PEACH TREE GUANO.
We inform our patrons and the public in general, that we are still manufacturing fertilizers, with better and greater facilities than we ever had before. Being pioneers in the manufacture and introduction of PEACH TREE GUANO, we can offer the farmer a fertilizer for peach trees which will also destroy the insects on roots, that is unsurpassed, both in quality and price, the many testimonials below confirming the same. A trial of our Peach Tree Guano will convince those who have never used any, that it pays well to fertilize peach trees with these goods, and more especially so, now that grain is so low.
C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FERTILIZERS, CHEMICALS, Etc.
FACTORY--BALTIMORE, MD.
Eastern Shore Office—:VOSHELL HOUSE CORNER, Chestertown, Md.
—AGENTS—
MR. GUS. PORTER, Church Hill, Queen Anne's Co., Md.
MR. JOHN McCLOUD, Chestertown, Kent County, Md.

CHURCH HILL, Q. A. Co., MD., Dec. 28th, 1889.
MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen: In the spring of 1888 I used your Pioneer Peach Tree Guano in my old orchard, at the same time the trees were trimmed up close and the ground well worked. The result from the guano and working was excellent, as the trees bore a large and profitable crop. As they had never borne to any extent before, the crop was a surprising one. I am fully satisfied that it pays to fertilize your peach trees, and for that reason want more of your guano for them this spring.
Very respectfully, MRS. MIRIAM A. BARCUS.

PRICE'S STATION, Q. A. Co., MD., Dec. 13th, 1889.
MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen: I can truly say it pays to use your Peach Tree Guano. I have used it for two years, and the results have been surprising. I notice that the fruit is better colored, finer size and the chances for a crop must be more certain. Stable manure makes the wood spongy, the phosphate matures the wood, making it stand the winter better. A neighbor's wonderful result for several seasons with your Peach Tree Fertilizer, induced me to use it, and I am glad to say that I do not regret having done so. E. B. WALLS.

CHURCH HILL, Q. A. Co. MD., Dec. 23d, 1889.
MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen: I used your Peach Tree Guano the spring of this year, both on the "Home" farm and my own, near Barclay Station, and from the good results given me by the use of same, I am convinced *that it does pay to fertilize your peach trees.* It not only invigorates the trees, thereby increasing the prospects of a crop, also sizes up and colors the fruit, thus insuring a better price for the same.
Yours respectfully, J. FRANK TEMPLE.

MILLINGTON, Dec. 23d, 1889.
C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Dear Sirs: I used your Peach Tree Compound on my young peach orchard last spring. My peaches were superior to the majority of peaches shipped from this station. I attribute their superiority to the use of your fertilizer.
Yours respectfully, E. W. SPEAR.

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

From now until Christmas we will present to every Cash purchaser of Clothing to the amount of $15 or over, an Elegant
STEM-WINDER SWISS WATCH!
I. HAMBERGER & SONS.

LIKES,
L.B.&CO. MFS OF B.B.M.C.
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.

FRAME HOTEL.
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.
MY TABLE
will be furnished with the best the market can afford.
MY STABLES
contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.
SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

H. D. SCHMIDT,
NEW YORK CARRIAGE
—AND—
Harness Repository.
ROAD CARTS.

Largest assortment of CARRIAGES, EXPRESS WAGONS and HARNESS in the city. SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
21 N. Liberty Street,
(Between Baltimore and Fayette) BALTIMORE

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.

For 1890.
Consider *Scribner's Magazine* when you are deciding upon your reading matter for next season. The subscription rate is low-$3.00 a year.
The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.
There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a NEW DEPARTMENT and ADDITIONAL PAGES, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:
African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.
There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.
Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.
Twenty-five cents a number; $1.00 for 4 months.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743 Broadway, New York.

GREAT
Over Stock Sale!
CONFIDENCE
—BEGETS—
CONFIDENCE;
and because we have always made it a rule to give our trade something better than we promised for the money, their confidence in us grows right along. Here's a hint or two on Men's Suits: Lots have been cut into; other lots sold way down, but still we have 3,000 too many and they're to go.
$10, First-class Cheviot and Cassimere Suits were $15, now only $10.
$15, Splendid Cutaway and Dress Suits. Many were $18, $20 and $22, now only $15.
$20, Elegant Imported Cheviot and Cassimere Suits, now only $20. Cost you $30 elsewhere.
These are hints of what we are doing at
OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Boys' and Young Men's Clothing.
We clothe more boys and young men than any other 3 houses in the trade. Why? Simply because we give best values for bottom prices.
FOR THE LITTLE BOYS—
Knee Pants Suits, Norfolks, Knickerbockers and all other elegant styles. Prices $2.50 upward.
FOR YOUNG MEN—
4-button Sack Suits, 3 button Cutaways, Walking Suits, Prince Albert or Prince Charles Styles. Price $5.50 to $20.
You would hardly believe it possible to gather such a stock and styles as we show, unless you beheld our wonderful assortment of Boys' Clothing. Moreover, we clothe YOUR BOY from hat to hose at
OEHM'S ACME HALL.

FURNISHINGS.
I'ts surprising what a little cash and a clearly expressed letter will do (if you can't call in person) towards fitting you out stylish and comfortably with Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and all the requisites and neat things of a gentleman's smaller wardrobe. Guarantee you a clear saving of one-fourth at least.
COME TO SEE US when in the city, whether to buy, to look or to rest. Our great establishment, with all its conveniences, is at your service. And remember, our Clothing and Furnishings Stock is the largest in the South, and we save you ½ to ½ on every purchase you make.
OEHM'S ACME HALL,
5 & 7 West Baltimore Street,
ONE DOOR FROM CHARLES ST.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh, and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form.
And Winter with his aged locks—and breathes
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The Year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow on each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass
Green from the soil of carnage, waved above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dream.

Remorseless time!—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—
What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on
He presses and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crags—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fairy isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise
Gathering strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loviest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void;—yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

THE WAY TO DO IT.—Amateur Elocutionist (reciting with tender pathos:

Take her up tenderly;
Lift her with care—

Envious rival (in stage whisper)—Why dosen't he mark her "Use no hooks," and be done with it?

A FOOLISH VIRGIN.—He (after a tiff)—So you persist in breaking the engagement?

Mature Fiancee—Certainly; what do you take me for?

He—About forty. Better think it over; it may be your last chance.

A COLORED preacher was heard to say: "De fo' part of de house will please sit down; fo' de hind part cannot see de fo' part if de fo' part persist in standing befo' de hind part, to the uttah obseclusion of de hind part by de fo' part."

Miss Summit—Did you see the old year out last night, Mr. Slasher?

Slasher (who has been up all night celebrating)—Yes, I saw several of them.

[*From the Ladies' Home Journal.*]

CHRISTMAS AT GUTTORMSON'S.

BY KATHERINE B. FOOT.

CHAPTER II.

"I have got a house," said Gustave. "Will you go, Jorgina? It is on an island—it is nine miles from land. Dere is a 'otel dere, and in summer oh so many people and flowers, Jorgina, dere was loads—loads. It is rent free, and in winter I can fish for polloek for the salmon factory down to Burltan's Boint—dere is one dere too—and for cod, and in summer I can fish and sail boats for de 'otel."

Jorgina was stunned. "A house—rent free?" she said. "Vat is de matter wid it?"

"Vell, now!" said Gustave with an impatient cluck of his tongue, "I dell you I 'ave a 'ouse, an' all you say, 'vat is de matter wid it?' Dere isn'd noding de matter wid it—dat's wat I dell you; id's a nice 'ouse, an' cause dey want a nice man dey ask me if I dake it—an' I said I vould if my vife vould, an' now dat's vat I vant to know—vill you or won't you? Oh de vimmen—de vimmen—de man vat onderstands vat de vowan vill kick at nex' dime vell he's—he's—vell dere ain't noding too smart for him," and Gustave raised his hands in despair, capsin one of them, and then went to twirling it again.

"Vell, but, Gustave," began his wife.

"Now vait. I dell you all about it. You remember dem Bernsteins vhat Mina, dat girl you know, have used to stay vid?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Guttormson, "dey vas nice—"

"Oh, you hold on," said Gustave. "Dey vas nice people, dey lifed in dat house vat Mr. Henry say I can have, 'cause he likes Norwegian peoples—an' de Bernsteins is gone west. Now vat you say?"

"Oh, Gustave," said his wife. "I know now all 'bout it—it is feery lonely dere—dere is no odder voman on dat island all vinder and dere is no neighbors any time—it is all alone by itself, an de shore is nine miles away."

"Don' dell me dat," said Gustave, impatiently. "Didn'd I see de house, an' it is rend free—an' you know, Jorgina, I earn all last year yust one hundred and dirty-five dollar—an' vid eight moufs to feed an' de fuel an nine dollars a mont house rend—you know, Jorgina, I couldn'd sdand it. I could yust starve, an' you an' dem babies doo."

"But," began Jorgina.

"Ah, vaid bud one moment," said Gustave. "I forget *one* ting," and he paused dramatically, to give his sentence due effect. "Ef we go dere, Jorgina, I ged sdeady vork—an' I go no more to de Banks."

Jorgina's eyes brightened. "No more to de Banks?" she said. "You mean it, Gustave?—no more, never no more to de Banks—on'y off shore?"

"On'y off shore," said Gustave impressively.

"Den I vill go," said Jorgina, solemnly.

"I vill go anyveres to go avay vrom dem dreadful Banks."

"You is de one voman dat has got sense," said Gustave.

"Is id a good house?" said Jorgina.

"Vell," said her husband, "id's a good 'ouse 'nuff—id's up an' down sdairs." He said it a little doubtfully. "Dere's a garret, Jorgina."

"Vell, I don'd mind de up an' down sdairs—if id's warm—it vill be lonely, Gustave."

"Bud, Jorgina," he said, persuasively, "I'll be 'ome efery night—dink o' dot."

She did think of it, and to such purpose that the last week in August the Guttormsons and all their worldly goods were on board a fishing schooner bound for the island.

All the Guttormsons save Hjalmar, the eldest of the children. Jorgina cried so when she spoke to Miss Grace about Hjalmar's loosing all his schooling, that Miss Grace said, "Well, don't cry, Mrs. Guttormson; we'll see what can be done." And so it was arranged a few days later that Hjalmar should stay at the doctor's and go to school and work in the stable and chop wood and make fires and run errands. Mrs. Guttormson was very thankful, but she cried all the same, as they sailed away from the wharf at Portside.

It was a brilliant, clear day in the last week in August. They left Portside early in the morning, and with a fair wind they anchored in the little cove on the island where their new home was, about half past four in the afternoon. Jorgina's heart sank within her as she looked at her future home. They had dropped anchor in a very tiny cove, just large enough to give safe harbor to Captain Wilder's fishing schooner, in which he had brought them and all their belongings.

The anchor was scarcely dropped when he cried: "Step lively, now—step lively! Everything's got to be clean out o' this craft before dark," and the boat was once alongside, and Jorgina had scarcely time to think what she was doing before she found herself ashore and the four children scampering off in as many directions. She stood on a small slope of rocks, with some patches of grass growing between, above her was a gentle rise of rocks and grass. Their house was the only one visible on that island—a queer, weather-beaten little house looking three stories high from where she stood, with a gleam of red curtains in three windows, one in each story. A door was opposite to her looking towards the water, and Jorgina, baby in arms, toiled up the hill. The key was in door, and she turned it and went into a tiny little entry, and from it a small room; from that a door opened. "This goes up stairs," she thought, and opened it, but only a closet was there, and no stairs. As she stood bewildered, Gustave came up with a big bundle, which he dropped on the floor and said:

"Well, Jorgina, ain'd it bretty nice 'ouse?"

"But vere are de stairs?" she asked.

"Dere ain'd none—dere's a door up sdairs, and a door down sdairs, an' you go down outside; an' dis is on'y de kitchen, Jorgina. Come round an see."

So, with baby Olga crying on her arm, she went stumbling after Gustave up a crooked stony little path, over two steep rocks, and there, round the corner, was the other door, which opened on the side of the hill.

The key was in that door too, and there, too, was a tiny entry and one room of good size, and a closet off that and a bedroom, and above all a little garret with a window at either end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DREAMER'S DICTIONARY, NO. 1.

If you dream that you see anything hanging above you it signifies you will improve in your worldly prospects.

ABYSS.—To dream that you are looking over an abyss or chasm is a sign of danger.

ALMS.—To dream of giving alms is a sign of a long and prosperous life.

ANGELS.—To dream of an angel foretells the death of a friend.

ANTS.—To dream of common ants providing food, is a sign of plenty. If they creep about one's body it betokens early death.

APPLES.—To dream of apple trees or eating sweet apples denotes pleasure to come, but sour apples signify contention. Eating ripe, sweet fruit is always a good sign.

BACON.—To dream of pork or bacon denotes disappointment in love, or death of a friend.

BALL.—To dream of going to a ball is a sign you will be unfortunate in your undertakings. Playing ball denotes success in business.

BARN.—A full barn foretells riches; an empty barn, disappointment; a burning barn, sudden gain.

BATH.—To dream of taking a very hot or cold bath denotes affliction in the family; a temperate bath is the sign of prosperity and health. It also denotes a change of residence.

BIRDS.—To see birds fighting betokens adversity. Black-birds denote trouble. To hear birds sing presages delight. To dream of finding a bird's-nest with eggs or birds is a good sign, but an empty bird's-nest means disappointment. To catch a bird is a sign of profit.

BEGGARS.—To dream of beggars foretells that you will be surrounded by lovers.

BEES.—It is good to dream of bees if they do not sting. If they fly about your ears, you will be beset by enemies; but if you beat them off successfully it is a sign of victory.

BEAR.—To dream of seeing a bear denotes a rich and cruel enemy.

BEANS.—To dream of eating beans denotes dissentions.

CANDY.—To dream of candy is a sign of domestic tranquility.

CARDS.—To dream of playing cards is accounted lucky.

CHURCH.—To dream you are in church is a sign of prosperity in business.

CLOCK.—It is a sure sign of happiness to dream of a clock.

DOGS.—It signifies faithful friends to dream of one's own dog. Strange dogs denote enemies.

FALLING.—To dream of falling means loss. If from a great height, some favor is to be conferred upon you.

FLEA.—A flea portends disappointment. To kill one, triumph over enemies.

TROTTERS IN RETIREMENT.

Where Famous Road and Track Horses are Passing Their Last Days.

What becomes of the geldings that were prominent on the trotting turf after they become too old for road use, is a question that is frequently asked and which few can answer. Many of the faster ones are for a time easily traced, but they soon drop out of sight and eventually disappear. Such is the case of St. Julian 2.11¼, who is now passing his declining years in a comfortable paddock at Petaluma, Cal., under the sky where he first showed the burst of speed that ultimately made him king of the turf. Rarus, 2.13¾, the horse he deposed, stands in his box stall in Robert Bonner's stable in West Fifty-fifth street, New York. For three years he has not felt the pavement beneath his hoofs, and, as the champion that swept away all records at Buffalo eleven years ago turns his head a feeling of sadness passes through those who knew him in the morning of his career, and when his name supplanted that of Goldsmith Maid in the affections of the public.

With Hopeful 2.13¾, another phrase of equine life is found. He was in his day as celebrated as Rarus or even St. Julien, was a magnificent race horse to harness or wagon, and an ideal road trotter. When his racing days were over the gallant little gray began to drift about the country, eventually pulling up at Sing Sing prison in New York State, where he was owned by a prominent detective. Of late, however, he has passed into the hands of a Maryland gentleman, who considers it an honor to own the trotter that has the fastest heats to wagon among his achievements. Few, if any, of the horses campaigned by Dan Mace were so popular as Darby, 2.16½. Darby was a good race horse and trotted twice to his record. Ten years ago he defeated Dick Swiveler, Hannis and Driver at Utica, making his record in the third heat. The following year disposed of Hopeful and Great Eastern at rochester, after the former had won two heats in 2.15½, 2.16¼. The time was very fast, but Darby was equal to the emergency. As old age crept on the brown gelding- he, like many another that had been prominent, struck a down grade, and was sold a little over a year ago in New York for $265. The gray gelding, Charley Ford, 2.16¾, who is now in his 19th year, was more fortunate, as, after his eventful track career, during which he won thirty-eight races, he was treated like a child by Jerry Monroe. Nothing was too good for Charley until a few years ago, when Monroe sold him to a popular Chicago Judge, who treats the old champion with the kindness he deserves after his struggle for fame on all kinds of track, from the country fair ring to a grand circuit course.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Miles All Over the World.

The Irish mile is 2,240 yards.
The Swiss mile is 9,153 yards.
The Italian mile is 1,760 yards.
The Scotch mile is 1,984 yards.
The Tuscan mile is 1,808 yards.
The German mile is 8,106 yards.
The Arabian mile is 2,143 yards.
The Turkish mile is 1,826 yards.
The Flemish mile is 6,869 yards.
The Vienna post mile is 8,296 yards.
The Roman mile is 1,628 or 2,025 yards.
The Werst mile is 1,167 or 1337 yards.
The Dutch and Prussian mile is 6,480 yards.
The Swedish and Danish mile is 7,341.5 yards.
The English and American mile is 1,760 yards.

ASLEEP IN A CHURCH-YARD.

Ten Years of His Life Spent by His Wife's Grave.

An old man who sleeps by the roadside yonder, and upon whose tomb are the familiar lines beginning, "Remember me as you pass by," spent the greater portion of the last ten years of his life by his wife's grave. He came in the early morning, and after removing any microscopic weed that might have showed itself since the previous evening, would light his pipe and solemnly contemplate the stones in his vicinity. He went away regularly to his meals, and as regularly took his afternoon nap on the grass by the graveside.

Shortly before his last visit to the cherished spot he requested me to decipher for him the dates upon several of the gravestones, and we conversed about many whom we had known in life and who had passed away. I remarked that the churchyard was a very pretty place, and his face lighted up as he rejoined: "Ah, mester, I've always thought I should like to be buried here, for," looking around, "you see, there's such a splended view from here." This was uttered in good faith, and the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin-lid nor church clods would obstruct his view. Perhaps they don't. In a few brief weeks he came to his favorite haunt to stay. "Poor old William," the flowers upon your grave have run wild long ago, and no one seems to remember you as they pass by.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Old Maids.

A word for the old maids. Maligned by the funny papers and laughed at by their sex, the spinsters who are past their years of youth have a ticklish road to travel. It ill becomes a man to laugh at the unmarried female because it is almost always due to the neglect of some of his selfish brothers that she hasn't some one to care for her and a family of her own. Misrepresented as sour and disagreeable it is a wonder that the old maids do not rise in their might and wipe out the "amoozin' little cusses" who poke fun at them in print.

Everybody knows some old maids, and how many of them can be pointed to as cranky and unamiable? Did one ever ask a kindness of an old maid that she failed to grant? Not often. Indeed, some of the sweetest of natures are to be found among the ranks of unmarried women, whose youth is past and whose days are devoted to the care of others upon whom they are often dependent for support.

Then, again, who is jollier than a jolly old maid? None. Gossiping and laughing over their jokes, a group of sociable spinsters is an interesting sight. Nor is their gossip any more sour or unkind than that or married women. They go in for a jolly good time, a rubber of whist, some music, a pretty story skillfully read aloud by one of their number for the benefit of all, and other modes of self-entertainment of kindred character.

An Irishman once said it was well to marry an old maid, for she was likely to make one a good wife because she was grateful. Did he analyze the spinster's character aright? If he did he said it was because she had learned patience and self-denial he would have been nearer, perhaps to the truth.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Is It True That There Can be Love Without Esteem?

Affinities and repulsions are queer things. Sometimes they allow analysis or explanation, and just as often they don't. Our likes and dislikes do not appear to be under control any more than that very powerful emotional impulse toward a particular one which is called love. It may be said generally that where there is esteem there can't be any strong dislike, though there may be no attraction. Yet, curiously enough, there may be love without esteem. Women have been known to love the most worthless characters, for whom they could not possibly have any esteem. It is an enigma, after all.

The loss of faith in one might seem to shatter affection in one, but it doesn't. Affection survives confidence. People are drawn together whose tastes and pursuits widely differ by some one strong trait which they hold in common, and persons of wonderful identity of tastes and psychological resemblances never contrive heartily to like each other by a collision revolving around some point of radical moral difference which makes all the joint and kindred qualities go for nothing. And so the queerest marriages and the queerest friendships are contracted on the one hand, and the apparently strongest antagonisms kindled on the other hand.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Just In Time to Forgive Her.

Daniel Skelly, of Greenpoint, found his runaway wife last week in St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, just in time to take her hand and tell the dying woman that he forgave her. Six years ago Grace Skelly ran away from her husband in Greenpoint with a laborer named John Jeanlan, who left a wife and six children behind. They took with them Skelley's four-year-old daughter, leaving one child at home. They went to Newark and lived there as Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan. Scanlan abused and beat her, and she finally had him sent to the penitentiary for a year for assaulting her. When discharged he did not return to her, and she lived alone. Finally she took to drink. Her daughter was adopted by a neighbor, and finally Mrs. Skelly went to the hospital in the last stages of consumption. When near death she asked an acquaintance to write to her cousin in Greenpoint and inform her of her death when it occurred. The acquaintance did not wait, but sent off a letter at once, which brought Mr. Skelly to the death bed. The little daughter was found, and was taken home by her father.

LONDON, January 1.—The *Star* says that the marriage between Miss Gwendoline Culdwell of America and Prince Murat has been again arranged. Prince Murat, the *Star* says, will accept any allowance that Miss Caldwell may grant him.

CHOPPED straw makes an excellent litter in which to scatter the food of poultry, as it induces them to scratch and exercise.