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Civil Service Reform.

nation to break down the ci- rules is by many politicians wed and by many others se- ished. The great majority of sons who manage our politics, o manipulate the party organs may nted as the open or insidious foes of merit system. The establishment of system was from them. There is d, just now, of a vigorous popular cam- ign against the spoilsmen. A thorough discussion of the system, its principals and its achievements, would be extremly useful at the present time. The stupid can't of the spoilsmen about the establishment of "an office-holding aristocracy" needs to be exposed, and the fact made plain that the merit system is the only method of disturbing appointive officers upon democratic principals. The managers of the party machine constitute, in fact, an offich-holding "trust" or "combine," which generally manages to monopolize the officers and to shut out all those who do not belong to their clique. No one can hope for an office who has not in some way proved himself subservient to them. The great majority of intelligent, capable, self-respecting young men have no more prospect of obtaining office under the spoils system than if they were inhabitants of some other panet. But the merit system opens the doors freely and equally to all. The applicant for office depends not upon the favor of the local boss or the member of Congress, but solely on his own character and ability.—*Topics of the Time in The Century.*

The Thimble in History.

Lady, did you ever take the trouble to look up the history of the curious little bellshaped, identical piece of metal you wear on your finger when sewing, and which you are contented to call your "thimbel?" It is a Dutch invention, and was taken to England in 1695 by one John Lofting. Its name was derived from the words thumb and bell, being for a long time worn on that member and called the thumbell; only within the last 150 years has the word "evoluted" into thimble All old records say that the thimble was first worn on the thumb, but we can scarcely conceive how they would be of much use there. Formally they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory celluloid, and even pearl and glass have been used in their manufacture. A thimble owned by the Queen Consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus, of solid gold, thickly studded with diamonds, which are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her birth and marriage. Queen Victoria has a very valuable gold and diamond-set thimble, upon which are engraved many historical scenes from English history.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Oath That Mormons Take.

In the investigation of the attitude of the Mormon church toward the United States government, Henry W. Lawrence, president of the Chamber of Commerce and one of the most prominent business men in Utah, testified that in the endowment house ritual persons going through always took the following oath: "You, each and all of you agree to avenge the blood of the prophets Joseph and Hiram, who have sealed their testimony with their blood, and that you will teach this to your children and children's children to the third and fourth generations. This you do in the presence of God and the ministering angels."

The witness said there was another covenant to obey the priesthood in all things, and the penalty of death was attached to the violation of the covenant and for revealing the secrets of the house. In the time of Bringham Young the priesthood was supreme, and he controlled the people in all things. The church was in opposition to the government, and the feelings of the people were being alienated more and more.

A Rival of Dr. Tanner.

Seattle has a champion faster. It is W. M. White, who is now confined in the county jail. He has decided to starve himself, and is now ten days on the way. So far as is known not a morsel has passed his lips since New Year's, and he says he doesn't propose to eat this year. He says he doesn't know anything about Tanner or his famous fast, but if he continues on in the way he is doing now he will knock that eminent experimenter silly. His face is, if anything, fleshier than when he stopped taking food, and the doctor says his system shows no symptoms of lack of nutrition.

White is undergoing a sentence of fourteen years for forgery, but is now in the county jail awiting proceedings on a writ of supersedeas. As he sees fourteen years of imprisonment staring him in the face he probably prefers death by starvation to serving the term out.—*Seattel Press.*

Eight Women Break Up the Saloon

MAYVILLE, S. D., Jan. 14.—At Hatton, a small town north of Mayville, the saloons had it all their own way for some time, and have openly defied the law. On Monday night eight woman from the country, whose husbands have been spending nearly all their time in these places, prepared themselves with axes and other weapons, marched in a body to the saloons and began choping and smashing. The leader was a quiet and unassuming woman, but when she learned that she had signed a mortgage on the farm in order that a saloon bill could be paid she could stand it no longer, and got together seven other women and made the raid.

SHE WAS TOO QUICK.—Old Mr. Widower had been sitting silently alone with Miss Autumn for about fifteen minutes. Finally he spoke:

"Miss Autumn, you are pretty——"

"Oh Mr. Widower!"

"You are pret—— "

"How can you, Mr. Widower?"

"I started to say you are pretty ——"

"Oh, you horrid man stop!"

"Condemn it all, woman," shouted Mr. Widower, rising and breaking for the door. "I wanted to say that you were pretty near as old as I am. Now, demme, I think you're twice as old.

OUR GREATLY ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, THE BALTIMORE SUN, which neglects no part of the State, evidently has a weakness for the Peninsula, if we are to judge from the pleasure it takes in all evidences of our prosperity and from its commendable efforts to assist in everything looking to the development of our section. The Peninsula has a right to be proud of itself, for there is no country in the world to which nature has been more lavish in the distribution of its good things. Canaan was nothing to it, for it only had milk and honey, but we have everything that can grow on land or live in water. No wonder THE SUN is fond of us, and THE SUN being so full of good things intellectually as the Peninsula is materially, no wonder we reciprocate THE SUN'S affection. It is a good, honest, sterling journal, and we wish there were more like it.

He loses nothing that keeps God for his friend.

SOME WONDERFUL WELLS.

A TRIO THAT PRESENTS EXTRAORDINARY FEATURES.

Roarers, Blowers and Gushers—Wells from Which the Wind Whistles, and One Possessing Remarkable Electrical Properties.

Today's excursion among wonders and marvels shall be taken beneath the surface of the earth, in a description of the location and character of "wonderful wells."

The old time well, with its long "sweep" and single rope and bucket attached, or the more modern windlass, with its labor saving device of two buckets attached to a single rope, wound around a cylinder in such a manner as to let one bucket down while the other one is coming up, the same that was known to and so graphically described by the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," or even the present wooden or iron pump, with its manifold attachments, are common objects in every small city and in the rural districts. It is not these, but others dug on similar plans, which it is proposed to describe under the above caption.

A BRITISH FREAK.

One of the most remarkable of the many wells, which the reader will be willing to dub as "wonderful" before he has finished this dissertation, is on the edge of the Bridlington harbor, in Yorkshire, England. This well was dug in the early part of the present century and was first described in a paper read by Dr. Storer to the Royal society. The bottom of the Bridlington harbor is composed of a gravelly, porous clay. In boring the well this stratum was penetrated and bored through its entire depth and into a bed of other and more solid clay below. A copper lining was provided and the sides of the well properly secured. When the first tide arose after the well was finished it flowed to within fifty inches of the mouth of the boring.

This was nothing singular within itself, it having regularly so flowed during the four weeks that work on the well was progressing; the well itself furnished the free show. Before the tide had reached within thirty yards of the well the water began flowing from the mouth and by the time it had reached its maximum height, was gushing out in torrents. The water from the well was perfectly fresh, although the sea water flowed to within less than five feet of its mouth. As the tide recedes the fountain gushes with less and less impetus until at last it disappears from view in the cavernous depths of the well, only to reappear and form a perfect fountain when the next tide flows.

THE SIERRA BLANCA ROARER.

An American wonder, similar in many respects to Johnny Bull's Yorkshire marvel, and which was fully described in the columns of the old Republican some three years ago, is the Sierra Blanca magnetic well on the Texas and Pacific railroad, in El Paso county, Texas. The well was drilled on the artesian plan in the spring and summer of 1884. Some little water was obtained and prospects were bright until a depth of over 600 feet had been reached, when the tools suddenly dropped into a cavern; the bottom had in reality "fallen out," and they were treated to a rush of cool—not water, but air. Correspondents by twos, by singles, by dozens and by scores visited it and telegraphed the results of their observations to the leading papers of the land. One of these, in speaking of the similarity of the ebb and flow of air to the same phenomena as exhibited in ocean tides, says:

"From 10:15 a. m. to 10:15 p. m. a current of air rushes out of the pipe with a sound resembling the noise made by a locomotive blowing off steam, and so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At 10:15 p. m. the overflow of air ceases and a strong suction sets in which lasts for the next twelve hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day, and it has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of this well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks given off if the horse's mane is touched."

THREW STONES.

Mr. Peter Taylor, of Sarnia, Ontario, was more fortunate than the Texas Pacific in getting something tangible from his roaring well, which was sunk some years since in the suburbs of the city above mentioned. The well, which had been drilled to a depth of about 150 feet before it developed abnormal propensities, was situated some 300 yards south of his house, which is one of the largest and finest in Sarnia.

As soon as the cavity had been penetrated the rush of air, which, by the way, was expelled with much greater force than that from the Sierra Blanca well, was accompanied by millions of pebbles and bushels of sticky yellow clay, the pebbles varying in size from about the bigness of a hickory nut up to some which were almost as large as a man's head, the latter weighing from eight to fifteen pounds. That these stones were expelled with great force may be guessed from the fact that they were thrown hundreds of feet high, many of them going entirely over the Taylor residence, which, as above mentioned, stood 300 yards north of the well.

During the time of this remarkable display there was a constant, ever increasing roar issuing from the bowels of the earth through the well, the smallness of which seemed slowly to check the pent up forces in the subterranean boiler and save the whole town from a coating of clay and a bombardment of rocks. It was about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon when the first premonition of coming trouble was noticed in gurgling sounds proceeding from the well, and for about an hour and a half, or until 6 p. m., Taylor's home made geyser was the wonder of all that part of Canada able to get within hearing or to catch a glimpse of the cone shaped column of mud, stones and water that were being shot into the boreal atmosphere.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Children on Marriage.

Children are the keenest of observers and the most practical deducers; indeed, their deductions are often morse astonishing than agreeable to their elders. Though we laugh, we do not always enjoy having our weakness revealed to us by the babbling of babes.

Six little children were at play, and whether it was that they grew tired of familiar games or that that innate principle, "It is not good for man to be alone," craved expression, they determined to have a wedding. John, aged 8, should marry Hattie, aged 5, and Brother Harry would speak "the words that bind."

Now, Harry had never heard a marriage ceremony and was entirely ignorant of the prevalent pledges, but was he at a loss? Not he. He knew what papa and mamma considered of paramount virtue, and surely what they each so eagerly desired must constitute the requisite of a happy married life.

The candidates for wedlock were requested to stand side by side and gravely obeyed.

"Hatty, will you get up in the morning and see that John has his breakfast in time and that he has good things to eat and never has to wait for his meals?"

"John, will you give her all the money she wants?"

That was all, but does it not contain the quintessence of married felicity?"—Kansas City Star.

Significant.

He (a property holder)—How much do you love me, darling?

She—Lots.—Time.

ONE WORD.

"Write me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valor and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A lark note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age,
"Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift years spoke, the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the starlit skies;

From the lights below to the lights above,
And wrote the one-word poem—Love.

—Wallace Bruce in Blackwood's Magazine.

Experience and Training.

To be a good mechanic, said Sir Benjamin Browne at the recent meeting of the British Scientific association, long training is necessary; and, above all, ability to distinguish good work from inferior work. A regular course of progress from one branch to another should be carefully followed, so as to teach every class of work up to the most difficult. In this the real interest of the employer is the same as that of the lad, viz., to learn every step thoroughly, and then pass on to something more difficult. The author contended that a long training in a manufactory is absolutely necessary, and this should be supplemented by theoretical and technical instruction. "It would probably be a great gain to give a lad six or eight months of theoretical teaching after he is out of his apprenticeship. The old fashioned system of apprenticeship, not much shortened, and with very slight modifications, is the only reliable method for either employer or mechanic to learn his business; but, as work has become more scientific and elaborate, it is necessary for any young man who wishes to excel to have a good theoretical and technical training in addition to his factory experience."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Twins, Triplets and Quadruplets.

Twins do not happen more than 300 times a year in a population of 1,000,000, and seldom hit the same family twice. Triplets are rare enough to be curiosities. It is estimated that not one woman in 100,000 has given birth to three children at one time, and, although there is on record in the old medical works the case of a German peasant woman who had twelve children at four births—three each time—and a Michigan woman who is given the credit of having produced a dozen children at five births inside of seven years—quadruplets once, triplets once, twins twice and a lone youngster on the last occasion. Such instances of fecundity are rarer than new planets, and the lady entitled to the cake for having had four children at a birth is not to be found once in a crowd of 300,000 married women. The woman who has given birth to five children at once is alone among 2,000,000 of her kind.—St. Louis Republic.

Older Than the Pyramids.

With an antiquity rivaling, probably exceeding, that of the pyramids of Egypt, and a reputation scarcely inferior, it is remarkable how little notice has been taken of the death of the colossal dragon tree of Oratava. This gigantic, hoary headed vegetable veteran died almost suddenly a few years ago, and may be said, like the deacon's old masterpiece, to have gone "to pieces all at once—all at once and nothing first—just as bubbles do when they burst." After a babyhood of centuries, decades of maturity and a decadence of ages, it does seem pitiable that the departure of this wonder of the world should have evoked little or no comment.

When Alonzo de Lugo, the conqueror of Teneriffe, came to Oratava, in 1493, he spared the tree, but, scandalized at the profane mysteries which had taken place in its interior, he converted its hollowness into a chapel for holy mass. Humboldt, in 1799, gives its height as "appearing about fifty or sixty feet, and its circumference near the roots at forty-five feet, and the diameter of the trunk at ten feet from the ground is still twelve English feet," and he computed its age at 10,000 years. The opening was so large that a table was placed in it round which fourteen persons could seat themselves, and a staircase in the interior conducted the visitor up to the height whence the branches sprang.—London Globe.

A Few Men Run the House.

Thus it appeared that of the 330 members of the house not more than a couple of dozen, or at the outside two score, have anything more than a local or state reputation. As a matter of fact, the business of the house is in the hands of a half dozen men, and when my friend asked me to point out to him the men who during the next two years will control, or largely control, the lawmaking of that body, I showed him Reed in the chair, alert and self complacent; McKinley on the floor, pale and reserved; Bayne, of Pittsburg, bearded and strong willed; Cannon, of Illinois, studiously reading the revised statutes and chewing the end of a Wisconsin cigar; Cabot Lodge, young, strong, clean limbed, athletic literary, pacing to and fro in the rear of the seats like a lion in a cage, eager to be off to the jungle; Burrows, smiling and affable, and with his shoes—the shoes which it is a matter of principle with him never to blacken—stuck in his favorite attitude upon the top of his desk, and one-legged Henderson, of Iowa, hard at work, as usual, with pen in hand and a formidable array of law books beside him.—Washington Letter.

The Human Ear.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different places, and can be made to tremble like the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all a row of white threads called nerves stretch like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain. A wonderful piece of mechanism, indeed!—St. Louis Republic.

A True Likeness of George Washington.

A description of the personal appearance of Washington, written in 1799, is reprinted in The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography:

"Gen. Washington is now in the 47th year of his age. He is a tall, well made man, rather large boned, and has a tolerably genteel address; his features are manly and bold, his eyes of a bluish cast, and very lively; his hair a deep brown, his face rather long and marked with the smallpox; his complexion sunburnt and without much color, and his countenance sensible, composed and thoughtful; there is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness."

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

MINIONS OF THE MOON.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS BELONGING TO NATURE BY NIGHT.

Birds Whose Sweet Notes Are Never Heard by Those Who Retire Early—Four Footed Midnight Prowlers with Bright Eyes and Keen Scent.

To all inhabitants of great cities, and to many dwellers even in the rural districts, the night sights and sounds by river, wood and field are quite unknown. For, during the hours when the wild things so hidden by day are at large, and the birds whose notes are not distinguished in the full chorus of the day are at their sweetest, the majority of people are asleep, or at any rate in bed. Yet the summer nights, brief as they are, are full of life when the darkness is most complete, with a fullness which is vivid in our memory of many of the "small hours" passed in the meadow or by lonely wood under the starlit sky. And first of all to be mentioned is the amount of bird music to be heard at night by those who are present to hear it. Nor need one go afield for all—though some of the rarest will only be found in the solitudes—for some of the songsters in the stilly night pour forth their music in the garden—that one compensation, however dull or commonplace the locality, to all who really "live in the country."

NIGHT'S SWEET SINGERS.

The nightingale, as every one knows, is a night singer, whose exquisite gush of melody in the "ivory moonlight," while the air is fragrant with the dewy flowers, is subtly soft enough to touch the dullest hearts with some echoes of romance.

Beginning nearest home, in the quaint garden, the shrill yet soft and vivacious trilling of the whitethroat meets the ear—a bird not very generally known, but a haunter of the same spot year after year, loving well an evergreen on a lawn as a home, at whose base its well feathered nest is built. It is a bird of lively song, contrasting in the moonligut with the most musical, most melancholy fluting of the nightingale.

Step forth from the garden, and traverse the more remote ground by sequestered coppice or double hedgerow, where ancient trees entwine, and the rich music of that shy songster the woodlark, which is as little popularly known as its relative the skylark is, generally floats out on the night. Cross the meadows, over which echoes in every direction the harsh cry of the landrail, toward the winding river, rippling through its rushy margin on either side, and shining like silver in the moonlight. Pause, and you will hear the humble but pretty lay of the reed sparrow seldom recognized by day; and what is far rarer, and can indeed be said to have been heard but by few, the merry carol of the water ousel, that snowy breasted little bird which has such quaint ways, poising motionless in the day on some rock or stone, and then darting under water, where, on the shallow gravel, for a brief moment it can be seen running.

MIDNIGHT PROWLERS.

He who wanders in a summer night ere dawn has shown its earliest sign by "meadow, grove, and stream," will see strange things, not to be seen, save by rarest chance, in the hours of day. This is the time when the otter—little known of fera naturæ, yet far more plentiful than supposed, indeed, one high authority says hardly a stream exists now without its otter, albeit he be rarely seen—makes his journey for foraging purposes. Far and away from his "holt" up stream comes the swift, shadowy, stealthy amphibious creature, nearly always going down stream, yet leaving that strong scent behind wherever he touches shore, which the hounds hours afterwards discover. He makes his journey, feeds, and retires again always before dawn. At certain points he leaves the stream, and traversing the bank re-enters it further on, and usually shows a curious preference—just as the hare will in the "runs" in a hedge—for the same precise spot of exit and re-entrance. Here and there he may leave a fine fish with his pet piece bitten out of the shoulder—the "otter's mark."

Much rarer, but still, especially in the wilder and more solitary parts, to be met with is the badger, a fine young specimen of which was found among the timber loads deposited some time ago on a timber wharf by the canal at the City road, London. The badger burrows in the most lonely and isolated recesses of woods and hills, and those who have explored one of the burrows can say what a fine specimen of engineering and sanitation this cleanly and calumniated beast—for "dirty as a badger" is simply another exemplification of popular fallacies—presents to his superior, man. The badger is very little seen, being, perhaps, the most retiring and conservative of British beasts, pursuing the even tenor of his way much as when Cæsar landed in Kent.

But it is of his appearance as one of the night wanderers we would speak. If you are lucky enough to be in his locality in the small hours, you may see a grayish creature curiously like a little bear waddling and grunting in the moonlight, very uneasy if to your leeward, as its scent is keen. It goes long distances at night, when humanity and most of the animal population with which man is familiar are, as Carlyle puts it, "lying in horizontal swathes."

Of the fox as a night traveler it were trite to speak, everybody, and especially in the case of fowl keepers or farm yards, knows about him. Weasels are fond of gliding across roads, and along ditches too, during the witching time, and, like its tame town relative, the cat, that has taken to field life, poaching and evil ways generally, is always a most prominent feature in nature by night.—Chambers' Journal.

The Parrot Not the Only Bird That Talks.

The parrot is generally supposed to have the monopoly of the power of talking among birds, but as a matter of fact the parrot is decidedly inferior to the mynah. There are always examples of these birds in the insect house at the Zoo, and they repeat various phrases with great clearness of utterance. Curiously enough, the hen has a gruff voice, while the cock speaks in a clear high tone, like that of a child. The mynahs can be easily provoked into showing off their power of speech, and will greet the visitor with "Good morning" in response to his salutations. The mynah is a kind of starling, and this latter bird is well known for its imitative powers. Some years ago an account was published of a "talking canary," which could articulate quite plainly, and would repeat a series of phrases. But the wonder is, not that there are so many different kinds of birds which can "talk," but that there are not more. The voice organs are equally perfect in construction in all these higher birds.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Large Farms in Europe

Baron Hirsch farms more than 40,000 acres of land in Hungary, where the largest agricultural operations in Europe are to be met with. Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, in the same country, is said to farm more than 100,000 acres. This is done not upon any metayer system, but directly through the agency of a large staff of overlookers. In France, supposed to be a country of small farms there are some very large ones, and one of 3,500 acres, held by Mr. Cail, near Tours, is well known.—Exchange

FOR THE BLOOD,
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Billiousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

His Master's Jest.

Entertaining are some anecdotes told of Gonella, jester to Borso, Duke of Ferrara, in the Fifteenth century. As Gonella was on his way to mass, three blind beggars implored an alms of him. "Here is a florin for you," said the jester; "divide it among you." He gave nothing, and passed on. The beggars invoked blessings on him, each supposing that one of his fellows was in possession of the coin. When they wished to divide the gift, not one of them would allow that he held it, and they mutually accused each other of cheating, and from words proceeded to blows. Gonella watched the fray with great complacency, and, when the beggars were all bruised and bleeding, he went on to church with a clear and calm conscience. The Duke of Ferrara fell ill, and the doctors declared that only a sudden fright would restore him to health. He was too great a man for any one to play tricks on, except his fool. Gonella was with him in a boat, and cleverly pushed the duke into the water. Aid had been previously provided, and the prince was drawn ashore and put to bed.

The fright and the bath and the bed cured the invalid, but he was so enraged with Gonella that he exiled the man who was both a fool and a physician. Gonella returned in a cart filled with Paduan soil; an evasion of the edict of banishment said to have been practiced by many a jester. The duke ordered him to be beheaded, but saying privately that he would only repay fright with fright, he directed the executioner not to use the ax, but to let fall a single drop of blood on the culprit's neck. Gonella was led to the scaffold; all the usual gloomy preparations were made. He was blindfolded and made to lay his head on the block. The executioner, from a vial, let fall a drop of water on Gonella's neck. Then amid shouts and laughter, the jester, silent now, was bidden to rise and thank the duke for his clemency. But Gonella never moved; he was dead—killed by his master's jest.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Took Charge of the Stick and Hat.

A gentleman in Glasgow owned a very intelligent Newfoundland dog. He accompanied his master wherever he went, and was his inseparable companion in his visits and to church. One evening the gentleman went to visit a neighbor. The dog attended him. It was quite late when the gentleman started for home, and, to his surprise, his dog could not be found. After the family had retired to bed there was a great noise in the kitchen. It was supposed that burglars were robbing the house. Soon there was a crash and a smash like the breaking of a window, and then all was still. The morning revealed the mystery. The dog had fallen asleep under the table. He was sensible that his master had gone home, and the noise heard was the attempt of the dog to make his escape. As there was no other way to get out, the sagacious animal went through the window, taking the glass and frame with him.

It was a long time before his master visited that house again. When he did, his dog accompanied him, and the animal found his way through the open door of the kitchen to his old hiding place under the table. When the master started for home, neither his hat nor cane could be found. After a long search, the dog was discovered fast asleep under the table; one paw was in his master's hat, the other resting on his stick. How the dog obtained possession of these articles no one could tell. He remembered his last visit to the place, and how scurvily he was treated. The sagacious creature resolved not to be left behind the next time. He knew that his master could not go home without the hat and stick, and that he would be awakened when his owner got ready to walk. His plans were acutely laid, and if he had been a human he could not have done better.—Exchange.

Do to Bet On.

A traveling man who is on the road for a Chicago boot and shoe house spent a Sunday recently in a small western town, and as he had nothing to do he accepted the invitation of the landlord of the small hotel where he was stopping to attend divine service at the local church and listen to the sermon of a celebrated eastern brother who was to occupy the pulpit. The little church was crowded with country folk, all anxious to hear the popular preacher, and the latter evidently thought it a good chance to awe the people with his erudition. Accordingly he employed all of the polysyllabic words he could think of in his discourse, and his congregation was at a loss to know what he was getting at. It put the traveling man to thinking hard, too. Finally, wishing to impress his hearers with the omnipotence of their Maker, the clergyman said solemnly: "God made me;" and then, after an impressive pause, he added: "and he made a daisy." And the traveling man nudged the landlord and whispered: "That's a good betting point."—Chicago Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

The bearing of the old couple toward each other when the husband was nearly an octogenarian and the wife not far behind him was that of the old school. Mr. Davis was as deferential to his wife as if she were presiding at a tournament in the olden time. Mr. James Redpath once visited the Davis home at Beauvoir, and thus spoke of that home life:

"Mrs. Davis is several years younger than her husband, but does not fear to speak of herself as an 'old lady.' She is quite as noteworthy a personage as her husband—a woman of large brain and great heart, highly educated, of marvelous insight into character, with the rarest conversational powers, bright, brilliant, witty and sympathetic. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have been married forty years; but their honeymoon does not seem to have reached its first quarter yet, and certainly there has never been an eclipse in its history. It was delightful to be a witness of their mutual affection and to hear them address each other."

John Bright's Tombstone.

The gravestone which now marks the last resting place of John Bright, in the Friends' graveyard at Rochdale, is remarkable for neatness and simplicity, and just in keeping with what he desired should be placed at the head of the grave of his late wife. It is white marble, but only two feet six inches in length and two feet in breadth, bordered with a plain groove all round the margin, and the lettering is of plain English characters, the wording being: "John Bright, died March 27, 1889. Age, 77 years." This simple record and unadorned stone lies horizontally at the head of the grave, and soft green grass now covers the remainder. A similar slab of marble, of the same size, now marks the place by his side where his late wife peacefully reposes, bearing the inscription: "Margaret Elizabeth Bright, died May 13, 1878. Age, 57 years."—New York Tribune.

Horse Sense.

A Sandersville (Ga.) paper tells this story: A few days ago a gentleman was driving in the vicinity of Long's bridge. He firmly held the lines over a splendid mare, while the mare's colt contentedly trotted along behind. When Buffalo creek was reached, repairs being made on the bridge, the gentleman found that he would have to drive through the channel, which was unusually deep, almost swimming, and would swim the colt. The mare was driven in, and the colt, not desiring a test of his swimming qualities, reared up on his tender hind legs, gently placed his fore ones on the box of the vehicle, back of the buggy seat, and was safely drawn across the muddy stream. When the opposite bank was reached, he gracefully bounded off with a whinny of satisfaction.

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With the best line of Overcoats in Philadelphia for Men, Youths and Children. No matter what kind of an Overcoat you want you will find it here, made in our well-known reliable way, at the lowest prices.

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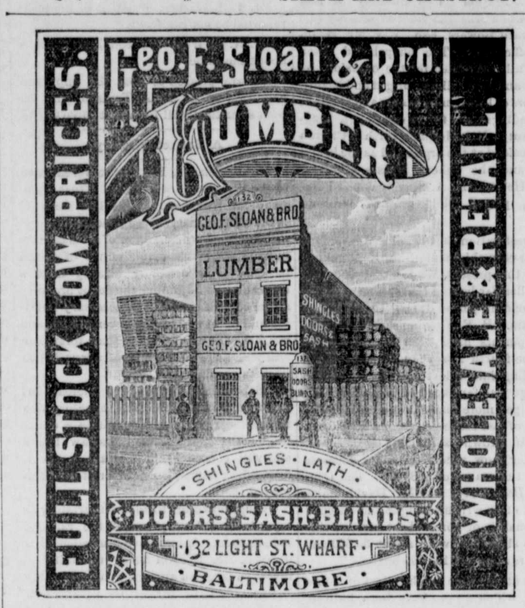

Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,

Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,

Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass & Freight No. 4, daily except Sundays.	Passenger & Freight No. 8, Thursdays only.
Read Downwards.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Pass & F't No. 3, daily except Tu's & Sundays.	Passenger & Freight No. 7, Thursdays only.	Passenger No. 5, Thursdays only.
Read Upwards.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.

The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.

Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.

Freight received for Smyrna.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent. E. P. STACEY, Supt.

The Sun.

FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line of Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests to the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not the SUN'S fault if it has not seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

Daily, per month	$0 50
Daily, per year	6 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year	1 00

Address THE SUN, NEW YORK.

Boy—Mother, since I have been using *Wolff's Acme Blacking* my shoes wear longer than ever before, and I never get my feet wet, but I do not think they look as smooth as when I first used it.

Mother—Indeed, my son, I am sorry you are so careless. You forgot that even a good thing is only good when properly used. You have not even looked at the directions, for they are yet around the neck of the bottle. Now you must read them, and they will get you out of your trouble. Your father and I keep our shoes in elegant order by its use. I use it about once a month and papa about once a week.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is wonderful; preserving and Waterproofing any leather; giving it a deep, rich black lustre which lasts a week. *Don't use spinner.* Do not confound ACME Blacking with any other. Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c. Try it on your Harness.

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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, JAN. 1, 1890.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 8.30 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.10 p. m., Express 10.25 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 7.30 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5.10, 6.20, 6.30, 7.20, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 and 12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.50, 2.10, 3.00, 4.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m. Sunday 6.30, 7.45, 8.30, 8.35, 9.15, 10.15, a. m., 12.00, 12.50, 1.50, 2.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington 5.10, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m. On Sunday, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 4.00, 5.00, 6.40, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45, 11.00 a. m., 12.00, 12.10, 2.00, 2.30, 3.15, 3.25, 4.25, 4.30, 4.35, 5.30, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m. Sunday, 4.00, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45 a. m., 12.00, 1.15, 2.00, 2.30, 3.25, 4.25, 4.35, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 16, *9 15, ‡12 00, †3 00 and †4 15 p. m.

For Annapolis, 7 20, 9 15, a. m., 12 15 and 4 15 p. m. On Sunday, 9 15 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Ellicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 10, †8 20, §9 30 a. m., †1 30, †a4 20, *5 25, *6 30 and *11 15 p. m. a Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick 4 10, 8 20 a. m., 1 30, 4 20 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m., and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9 15 a. m. and *7 30 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 15 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 10, †9 15 a. m., †4 20 p. m.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley R.R., *4 10 a. m. and *7 30 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †4 10, †8 20, †10 15 a. m., †4 15 p. m.

For Curtis Bay and intermediate points, 6 35 and 10 10 a. m. and 2 20 p. m. Sundays, 8 20 a. m. and 1 40 p m. Leave Curtis Bay 7 50, 11 30 a m and 5 50 p m. Sundays, 9 00 a m and 5 00 p m.

Trains arrive from Chicago, Columbus and the Northwest, daily, 1 00 and 5 20 p m; from Pittsburg, *8 20 a m and *8 00 p m; from Cincinnati, St. Louis and the West 4 50 a m and 2 55 p m daily.

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA DIVISION

For New York, Trenton, Elizabeth and Newark, N J, leave *5 00, †8 35, *10 15 a m, *12 50, *3 20, *4 55 and *11 50 p m (Slee