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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1890. VOL. XXVIII—NO. 46

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 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 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.

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

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.

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

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.

COAL AND WOOD.
BUILDING LIME, CEMENT
—AND—
Plastering Hair.
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS will do well to get our Prices on Lime, Cement and Hair before buying elsewhere.
J. D. BACCHUS,
f2-tf. COAL AND WOOD DEALER.

THRESHING MACHINES
A Specialty.
Simplest, Most Durable, Economical, and Perfect in use—wastes no grain; cleans it ready for market.
THRESHING ENGINES and HORSE POWERS.
Saw Mills, Shingle Machines, Hay Presses and Standard Implements generally.
A. B. FARQUHAR, Limited,
Send for Illustra'd Catalogue. Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, YORK, PA.
m6-12t.

KENNARD'S
Spring Fertilizers!

It is now nearing the time when the farmer's attention is directed to the growth of Truck, planting of Corn, etc., and in this connection we again offer our Fertilizer to our patrons and farmers in general. Our facilities for manufacturing are much greater and our freighting lower, and we propose that our buyers shall have advantage of the same. We would here remark *that it is not too late to fertilize your Peach Trees*, the many testimonials in our card proving the correctness of our statement. The ingredients of our PEACH TREE GUANO sizes and colors up the fruit beautifully, therefore commands a better price.

CLIMAX, AN EXCELLENT SUPER-PHOSPHATE FOR TRUCK,
which has proven unusually successful, after years of trial, as the many testimonials of those that use it certify.

ACME No. 1, A HIGH GRADE FERTILIZER FOR A REASONABLE PRICE.
adapted to the growth of CORN and OATS, the popularity of same proving its worth.

Acme No. 2, A Corn Fertilizer,
Especially manufactured for "stiff lands." Prevents Frenching in Corn, and grows a good crop, the many that use it, confirming our statement.

POTATO COMPOUND,
Manufactured solely for the growth of Potatoes. A High Grade Fertilizer (at a reasonable price), which ensures an excellent crop of Potatoes. Our space will not allow the naming of each and every testimonial, therefore, parties wishing further information about our several Fertilizers, will communicate with us, and we will be pleased to furnish such.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF FERTILIZERS,
Main Office No. 205, Courtland St., Baltimore, Md.
Eastern Shore Office—:UNDER VOSHELL HOUSE, Chestertown, Md.
H. R. WALTON, Manager.

—AGENTS—
MR. JOHN McCLOUD, Chestertown, Kent County, Md.
MR. GUS. PORTER, Church Hill, Queen Anne's Co., Md.
C. H. BRADLEY, Tilghman's, Queen Anne's Co., Md.

I. WILLIAM HINES,
OF CHESTERTOWN,
is now located in Baltimore, Maryland, with the well-known firm of
I. HAMBERGER & SONS,
Fine Clothing and Tailoring,
122 East Baltimore St.,
ADJOINING B. & O. R. R. BUILDING,
and will be glad to see his friends and acquaintances. Sept. 26—tf

OPPORTUNITIES!

Offered to those intending the purchase of CLOTHING. No special sale, but our entire stock, embracing FOUR FLOORS, stacked with the Finest Clothing, all our own make, and marked down to the manufacturers' cost.

LIKES,
BERWANGER & CO.,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
10 & 12 East Baltimore Street.

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

Beautiful New Upright Piano, Rosewood case, only $165. New Organs, only $31. Greatest Bargains Ever Offered. Est. 26 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A.

THE GRAIN MARKET

HAVING arranged to handle Grain at the very least expense, and being in a position to buy on a close margin, feel sure I can offer the grain growers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties an inducement to sell their wheat and corn. Will settle for all grain immediately upon delivery.

HIRAM M. BROWN,
Office, Court Street. Chestertown, Md.

MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY MEMORY
Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post free, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave. New York.

LOVE AND LUCRE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Love and Lucre met one day,
In chill November weather;
And so, to while the time away,
They held discourse together.

Love at first was rather shy,
As thinking there was danger
In venturing so very nigh
The haughty looking stranger.

But Lucre managed to employ
Behavior so portential
That, in a trice, the bashful boy
Grew brave and confidential.

"I hear," quoth Lucre, bowing low,
"With all your hearts and honey,
You sometimes suffer—is it so?—
For lack of ready money."

Love owned that he was poor in aught
Except in golden fancies,
And ne'er as yet had given a thought
To mending his finances.

"Besides, I've heard"—so Love went on,
The other's hint improving—
"That gold, however sought or won,
Is not a friend to loving."

"An arrant lie!—as you shall see—
Full long ago invented
By knaves who know not you or me,
To tickle the demented."

And Lucre waved his wand, and lo!
By magical expansion,
Love saw his little hovel grow
Into a stately mansion;

And where before he used to sup
Untended in his cottage,
And grumbled o'er the earthen cup
That held his meagre pottage,—

Now, smoking viands crown his board,
And many a flowing chalice,
His larder was with plenty stored,
And beauty filled the palace.

And Love, though rather lean at first,
And tinged with melancholy,
On generous wines and puddings nursed
Grew very stout and jolly.

Yet, mindful of his early friend,
He never turns detractor,
But prays that blessings may attend
His worthy benefactor;

And when his friends are gay above
Their evening whist or euchre,
And drink a brimming health to Love,
He drinks "Success to Lucre!"

—*John G. Saxe.*

WITTY BRIEFS.

Odds and ends—Bachelors and widows.

The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.

The man who is dead in love with himself usually has no rivals.

Well, Brown, how do you find yourself? Never lose myself. If I did I suppose I'd advertise.

Women do not marry for money, but they say it is easier to love a rich man than a poor one.

Smart Attorney: "You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion?" "The close of day!" I presume.

Wife (tearfully): "You've broken the promise you've made me." Husband (kissing her): "Never mind, dear; don' cry; I'll make you another."

Ethel: "Oh, I saw such a sweet match safe this afternoon." George: "What shape was it in?" "It was in the shape of a marriage certificate."

"I am like a tree," he observed, as the clock struck 11. "I am rooted at your side." "Yes, but you never leave, do you?" And then he "put forth."

"Style," says a writer on literary topics, "means everything." "Yes," said Gilson, whose wife is a devotee of fashion, "it means everything that a man has got."

The only way to solve the problem, "Is marriage a failure?" is to try it. It reminds us of the story anent the toadstool and the mushroom. How can you tell a mushroom from a toadstool? By eating it. If it is a toadstool you die; if it is a mushroom you don't.

Mother-in-law: "This is a pretty time of night for you to be coming home. My daughter is boiling with rage." Son-in-law: "Boiling, is she?" Maybe after a while she will learn how to cook if I keep on coming home late."

George: "Will you ——" Alice: "Oh, George, this is so sudden." George: "Not a bit of it. That hairpin of yours has been sticking into my shoulder for the last twenty minutes, and I can't stand it any longer. Will you please move a little?"

Comparative Rank in Population of the Cities of the United States in 1880 and 1890.

Rank in 1880.		Estimated rank in 1890.
1	New York	1
2	Philadelphia	2
4	Chicago	3
3	Brooklyn	4
6	St. Louis	5
7	Baltimore	6
5	Boston	7
8	Cincinnati	8
9	San Francisco	9
10	New Orleans	10
11	Cleaveland	11
38	Minneapolis	12
13	Buffalo	13
18	Detroit	14
12	Pittsburg	15
14	Washington	16
19	Milwaukee	17
16	Louisville	18
30	Kansas City	19
45	St. Paul	20

Happy Homes.

Here's a health to the wives and the mothers
Who sit in our households to-day;
Who are glad when they brighten for others
The hours that go drifting away.
May their eyes keep the light of the gladness,
Their hearts hold the fulness of bliss
That banishes shadows and sadness,
And what need we ask more than this?

But—how can this happiness be kept? What shall protect those we love,—those who make a Heaven of the Home,—from the ravages of disease that is often worse than death,—that is, in fact, a *lingering death*? The question is easily answered: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the standard remedy for all of those peculiar diseases to which women are subject,—is what must be relied on to preserve the health of wives and mothers. It *prevents* those diseases, and it *cures* them. It is a blessing to women and therefore, a national blessing, because it gives health to those about whom the happiness of home centers, and the strength of a nation is in its happy homes.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or anti-bilious Granules; in vials, 25 cents; one dose. Druggists.

SPRING FARM NOTES.

Dark colored eggs are said to be coming into fashion for table use. Very dark ones are laid by the dark Brahmas.

Every farmer may and ought to have a fish pond on his premises. It will help take away that lack of variety which is the worst feature of farm diet.

Raise all the colts you can. It is an ancient saying that one strong, gentle old mare has paid off the mortgage on many a poor man's farm.

Farmers who let their stock crop the grass through the mild, open winter will find their pasture giving out on them entirely about midsummer.

Maud S. lives in a stable of pressed brick and sandstone, next door to Dr. John Hall's church, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, New York.

The better farmers of the present day are beginning to prize the mule above the ox or the horse for farm work. A pair of

[redacted]

thermometer stuck," replied Mr. Scrimgeoury, "the top is broken off. As I was saying, doctor, my wife got the idea that it was cold and started to shake the stove down. It was propped up in such a way that you had to shake nor'-nor'east by north, and of course she shook it sou'-sou'west by west, and the result was that when I got into the room about seventeen yards of stovepipe banged me over the head and fell into the crib. I grabbed Mrs. Montgomery, who had fainted, put her on the sofa, hauled the stovepipe off the baby, and tried to kick the coals off the carpet on to the zinc, for the stove, you know, had tipped over. Seeing, however, that the room was getting full of gas and smoke, I determined to take the bull by the horns. I lifted the stove bodily, and hove it out of the window into the snow. The matter would have ended there if Deacon Tingwhistle had not just been coming in to collect the pew rent. The stove lit on the deacon's foot, and I am sure I heard him say something about infant or some other kind of damnation. But let that pass. Well, good day, doctor; call again.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Famous Hoaxes.

There is one feature of American humor entirely distinct from any characteristic of which I have hitherto written. Hoaxing of the too credulous reading public has been nowhere so successfully practised as in this country. Richard Adams Locke, a mild-mannered editor, soberly proclaimed, in the summer of 1835, that Sir John Herschel, of astronomical fame, had made astonishing discoveries at the Cape of Good Hope with a new forty-two-thousand-power magnifier of the moon. Locke was minutely scientific and attractively vivid in his descriptions of lunar formations of basaltic rock (covered with dark red flowers), water, trees, plants, volcanoes, birds, animals, and life's highest orders. This narrative appeared in the New York *Sun*. The subsequently published pamphlet is nowadays harder to grasp than at that period the mountains and fountains of night's queenly silver orb seemed to be. Since Locke's time newspaper Ananiases have not been infrequent. "Eli Perkins" is grossly libelled when named with Chester Hull, the sensational journalistic fakir in San Francisco. The New York *Herald's* startling, bogus, half-column-head-lined story of the escaped menagerie at Central Park, and a Brazilian Monte Cristo wedding, detailed with reportorial gravity and precision in the New York *Times* (about 1874) are both classics of their simulative kind.—From "American Literary Comedians," by HENRY CLAY LUKENS, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

Marry a Gentleman.

Excellent advice was lately given to young ladies, urging them to marry only gentlemen or not marry at all. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters, and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. You need not die old maids, but wait until the prince passes by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ballroom. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "champion," for he had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world.

Be wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will find anyone who has your true interest at heart more than your father or mother.

A man may work eight hours and live,
Or even nine or ten,
But when he works from dawn to dark,
It's all day with him then.

MUSICAL ACCENT ILLUSTRATED.

A Witness Explains the Term to the Satisfaction of the Court.

At a trial in the court of king's bench as to an alleged piracy of the "Old English Gentleman," one of the first witnesses put into the box was Cooke. "Now, sir," said Sir James Scarlett in his cross-examination of Cooke, "you say that the two melodies are identical, but different. What am I to understand by that, sir?"

"What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in the two arrangements are the same but with a different accent—the one being in common while the other is in triple time; consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies."

"What is a musical accent?" Sir James flippantly inquired.

"My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the merriment of the court.

"I do not want to know your terms for teaching," said the counsel, "I want you to explain to his lordship and the jury what is musical accent." Sir James waxed wroth. "Can you see it?" he continued.

"No," was the answer.

"Can you feel it?"

"Well," Cooke drawled out, "a musician can." After an appeal to the judge the examining counsel again put the question. "Will you explain to his lordship and the jury—who are supposed to know nothing about music—the meaning of what you call accent!"

"Musical accent," rejoined Cooke, "is emphasis laid on a certain note just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking in order to make yourself better understood. I will give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say 'you are a donkey,' the accent rests on donkey; but if instead I said 'you are a donkey,' it rests on you, Sir James, and I have no doubt that the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me in this." The story is more personal than polite—nevertheless, it is well worth telling as an instance of forcible illustration. It is useful, too, since it may serve to impress upon the minds of that very large circle of people who plume themselves on being musical some faint notion of what accent in music really is. It is the outcome of that wonderful invention, the division of music into bars, but for which music might still be only the magical accomplishment of a few.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Draughty Places.

It is one of the oddities of human nature that people are always looking as far away as possible from the ground they stand upon, not only for their best chance for distinction, but for the dangers which they believe are most besetting.

A lion tamer ventured into the cage of the most ferocious beasts, apparently having no fear of them, although he was often quite badly bitten. But he had a dreadful fear of taking bronchitis.

One day, after he had entered, with perfect composure, a cage containing two half-starved bears and a panther, he shook his head gravely as he came out.

"Well, well, sir," he said to a gentleman who stood near, "this is going to end badly for me some day."

"You are afraid those ferocious animals will devour you, then?"

"The animals? Pshaw! You don't think I'm afraid of them, sir! Not at all; but these cages, sir, are such a dreadful place for draughts!"—Youth's Companion.

About Buying Cigars.

If, by chance, I happen to go into a strange cigar shop and the man at the case asks me if I want an imported cigar I make up my mind that he doesn't know his business or that he takes me for a fool. A man is supposed to know what sort of a cigar he wants and ought to say so at the start. An imported cigar, at the average cigar stand, at the common price, is a delusion and a snare. If I go into a place where I am not known and buy a cigar I am always particular to notice the box. If the cigar does not fit the box I know the seller has practiced some deception. He has put a different cigar in the box than the one called for by the brand. If he is mean enough to do this he is mean enough to palm off a poor cigar. I am not a cynic in anything; but I have noticed one thing in my travels—it is easier for a man to be swindled on cigars than anything that grows, runs or stands still. If the cigar man doesn't know you you get the worst of it.—Chicago Tribune.

Tinted Paper.

Mrs. East, the wife of an English paper maker, happens to drop a bluing bag which she holds in her hands into a vat of pulp. She is frightened and says nothing about the accident; her husband storms when he finds that the paper has a peculiar tinge, but the astonished workman can throw no light upon the matter. Thereupon he sends the paper to London with instructions that it be closed out at any price. The public, however, accept it as a purposed novelty. It becomes the rage; orders pour in for more of the same sort. The wife confesses, the husband forgives her—and well he may, for his fortune is made. This is the very simple origin of tinted paper.—Illustrated American.

For Lettering on Glass.

In order to fasten glass letters, figures, etc., on glass (show windows) so that even when submerged in water for several days, they will not become detached, use an india rubber cement. The best for this purpose consists of one part india rubber, three parts mastic and fifty parts chloroform. Let stand for several days at a low temperature to dissolve the cement. It must be applied very rapidly, as it becomes thick very soon. When spread with a camel's hair brush over a crack in glass or porcelain vessels this cement effectually closes it, and the vessels may be made serviceable for holding water, though, of course, they will not bear the application of heat.—New York Telegram.

Pineapples in Brazil.

The most delicious fruit to be found in Brazil is the pineapple. Northerners who eat this fruit weeks after it has been picked in its green state have only a faint idea of its sweetness, lusciousness and delicious flavor. Here the pineapple is picked when the tropical sun has perfected its chemical work and the fruit is ready to melt in the mouth. It would be an affront to nature to sprinkle sugar upon it when sliced. It is mellow, overrunning with juice, and of incomparable flavor. The finest pineapples are those found in Pernambuco, but the fruit grows almost everywhere in Brazil. There are other fruits, such as alligator pears, melons, chirimoyas and sapotes, and a great variety of tropical nuts. Fruit is cheap here, the finest pineapples being sold for three or four cents to the experienced native, and for ten cents to the unwary traveler.—Cor. New York Tribune.

Thrown from an Iceboat.

I remember the first time I ever climbed into an iceboat. It was near Saugerties, on the Hudson, about thirty years ago. Three other passengers were there, too, but I was the only novice. I was horribly afraid of air holes, for I had heard a great deal about them. Seeing one about fifty yards in front of us, and directly in our track, I nervously drew the steerman's attention to it.

"Do you think I am blind?" he replied, angrily, for I had bothered him that way once or twice before. A second later he shouted, "Hold on, all!" and I, who had not held on fast enough, as the boat spun away on another course, was shot out of the craft and went sliding along over the ice at a wonderful rate of speed. There was a splash, and I felt the water close over my head. I thought we were all lost, for, in my fright and confusion, I had not noticed that I had left the iceboat, but when I rose, spluttering, to the surface, I saw my companions 200 feet away, and quite safe. It was I who was in the air hole, and I was there alone.

It was a quarter of an hour before I was fished out, half drowned and two-thirds frozen. Since that day I have never attempted to offer suggestions to the steersman, but have devoted my attention exclusively to my own business, and chiefly to holding on when he tells me.—New York Sun.

An Observant Boy.

The boy of whom I write is never at a loss to find something to observe. Last year a heavy shower caught him while he was fishing. From his retreat he kept an eye out to see whatever there was to be seen, and shortly after observed the dragon flies, great and little, settling in the tall brook grass for shelter from rain. Before the shower was fairly over he saw the cedar birds come and drive the dragon flies from their covert, hunting them down in all their lace winged finery. The great three inch dragon flies, pointed with black and yellow, were too strong for the birds, but the little slender fellows, done up in fancy colors—brown, green, blue and dusky—became meat for the hunters.

Some time ago I remonstrated with him for throwing stones at a king bird, but I was told that he was doing it only to please the bird. True enough, it did please the bird. From his perch on a high tree the king bird calculated the curve of each stone, chattering defiance as the missile whizzed by, rising a few feet when it came too near, only to settle again in the same place.

As it amused both bird and boy, for several days the king bird returned daily to enjoy the sport.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Will the Earth Fall to Pieces?

Professor Jones, the English scientist and other "F. R. S.'s," "L. B. A.'s" and "B. C. D.'s" are discussing the dangers our American gas well drillers are subjecting the whole population of the world to by tapping nature's great gas retorts. Jones thinks the earth a gigantic baloon, held up, in part at least, by internal heat and gases, and believes that a continual drain on nature's great gas main will eventually exhaust the supply and cause the earth's crust to break in and perhaps fall into millions of pieces as it collapses prior to falling through space everlasting. It is reasonable to suppose that there is some foundation for the alarm this prophet has been sounding for the past two years. The steady belching forth of millions of feet of gas every hour in the day is surely causing a great vacuum somewhere not far beneath the surface. That the comparative thin archway over this fast emptying cavern is more than likely to break and cause great havoc on the surface there is but little doubt.—St. Louis Republic.

An Honest Car Conductor.

A prominent citizen of Union Hill boarded a street car in Hoboken and handed Conductor Spencer a coin. Spencer felt the milled edges, and, thinking it was a fifty cent piece, he put it in his pocket without examining it and returned forty-five cents change, which the other man quickly put in his pocket. A few minutes later the conductor was making change inside the car and discovered that the supposed fifty cent piece was a $10 gold piece. He put it back in his pocket and asked the Union Hill man the denomination of the coin he had given him. "It was a quarter," the Union Hill man said.

"I gave you twenty cents more than you are entitled to," Spencer remarked, quietly.

The Union Hill man laughed, but did not offer to return the change.

"I'm satisfied if you are," said Spencer.

Nothing more was said until the car reached the top of the hill at Weehawken and the man had shown no sign of returning the twenty cents. Then Spencer said:

"If you keep my change I'll keep what you gave me and call it square."

The Union Hill man put his hand in his pocket and exclaimed: "By Jove! I gave you a $10 gold piece."

"You did," replied Spencer, "and you intended to swindle me out of twenty cents. Here's your $10, but you don't deserve to get it back."

The prominent citizen pocketed the money and got off the car at the next corner.—New York Sun.

A Unique Newspaper.

Lying on the desk of Mr. W. B. Somerville, in his cozy office in the big Western Union building, a reporter espied a very strange newspaper. At first it looked like a large piece of foolscap closely written, but upon closer examination it proved to be a real live newspaper written by hand. This unique newspaper is published at Prince Albert, a small hamlet in the center of the Canadian northwest territory, and is called The Prince Albert Critic. Its size is four pages, four columns to the page.

The paper has a circulation of several hundred copies and is a specimen of what can be done by an enterprising journalist without a font of type. The mode of issuing it is rather peculiar. The matter, instead of being set in type, is written in ink with an electric pen on prepared paper, the rest of the issue being imprints of the original sheet. The paper is newsy for its size, contains quite a number of advertisements and is the official paper of the hamlet.—New York World.

A Whaling Experience.

Some of the experiences of whaling are not pleasant to remember. One especially is impressed upon my memory: I was bow oarsman in a boat fastened to a big sperm whale. The line was going out so fast that the harpooner was pouring water on it, and he turned to me and handed me the cup, saying, "give me some water." I dipped it overboard and turned to give it to him. To my horror, he was gone; not a man saw him go over, and not a sound did he make. The rope in some way took a turn about his leg, and he was jerked over so quick that he no doubt never knew what hurt him.—Letter in Philadelphia Times.

RUSH AT SPECIAL SALES.

The Way New York Merchants Draw a Crowd of Enthusiastic Shoppers.

"Special sales" are a feature of New York commercial life in the retail line, and they contribute more to woman's pleasure and caprice than any other one phase of shopping experience. Those who have never been to one have missed a heap of fun. In one of the large uptown stores recently there was a "run" on gloves. They were of a superior quality, and sold for forty-five cents.

The sale started at 9 in the morning, and directly there was a spirited scene around that counter. Women rudely pushed one another away in their wild endeavor to get a pair of gloves. One gave a $5 bill and clamored for her change. Another held a pair over the heads of the crowd and endeavored to give her money to one of the salesgirls. This woman, after patiently waiting for a time and seeing no chance of getting up to the girl, quietly put the gloves in her muff and sauntered off. She had a bargain.

After a while the change from $5 was brought back. The salesgirl had by this time become rattled with the confusion and rapidity with which the gloves were being bought, and handed the money to the wrong woman, who put it in her purse and walked away. The lady to whom the money belonged, getting uneasy at the long delay, finally elbowed her way through the crowd, demanding her change, and creating no little excitement. The rush was so great that the girls behind the counter grew frantic, and began to cry. The floorwalker ordered the sale closed for three hours, announcing the time of reopening. Then a scene of wild confusion was dispelled, and the glove purchasers dispersed themselves over the store and were soon busied with other purchases.

Three hours later the glove sale began again, only to find even a greater crowd clamoring for covering for their hands than in the morning. It continued only thirty minutes when it was again stopped because the clerks could not wait on the anxious customers. It was never reopened, but the establishment, all the same, got a first class advertisement out of the attempt to sell dollar and a half gloves for forty-five cents.—New York Star.

Locked Antlers.

"Locked horns are becoming quite a fad with some of the swells at the metropolis," said a gentleman the other day, "and some of the Adirondack hunters and guides are making nice little sums by occasional sales of the curiosity that is demanded. You see, the old story about the bucks that fall to fighting, and in some manner get their horns locked so they can't get apart and then starve to death, has taken a strong hold upon the romantic natures of many people and if they can only get a set of locked horns mounted they are happy.

"So the hunters select nice horns that correspond as to size, and by the use of a twisted cord and case spring them together as if locked in their death embrace by the maddened thrusts of fighting bucks. Then, on account of their great rarity and the difficuly of finding them, they are sold to the rich curiosity hunter for a big price. His friends look in wonder and envy at them, while he recounts the story told him by the guide who found their skeletons held together by the horns and the earth all trodden down around the place so solidly that vegetation had not grown there in years, etc., and the guide goes back to the woods and fixes up another pair for the next curiosity seeker."—Utica Observer.

The Longevity of Birds.

The swan is the longest lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 162 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterwards, in 1819; a white headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Paroquets and ravens reach an age of over 100 years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity, and the blackbird 15. Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.—Detroit Free Press.

Who Patronize Savings Banks.

Mechanics and storekeepers have the largest savings bank accounts. Naturally we do not have many professional men as customers, but among the comparatively few that patronize savings banks doctors seem to lay up the most money. Lawyers generally keep their money in national banks, as the nature of their profession requires them to have their funds where they can draw checks upon them. Many professional men, though, keep money in a savings bank as a side investment, upon which they can draw for a rainy day. Some classes of men, from the nature of their employment, are unable to accumulate much money. Painters, for instance, and actors, usually live through the summer upon their winter's earnings.—Interview in Brooklyn Eagle.

Treatment of Stutterers.

It is said that stammerers rarely if ever show any impediment to speech when speaking in whispers. On this fact a new method of treatment has been advocated by Dr. Coen, which is as follows: In the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the voice, and constitutes the preliminary stage of treatment. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice, and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.—New York Telegram.

Just a Difference of Opinion.

The artists are always finding fault, in every clime and country, with the work of the local "hanging committee." Never was an artist who did not claim, if any of his work was exhibited in an exhibition, that the unfortunate "hanging committee" had dwarfed his effort by hanging it in the worst possible place. At an exhibition in this city a certain artist had a work accepted and was requested by the hanging committee to visit the gallery and pick out his own place. He did so. When the exhibition was opened a fellow artist who visited it found fault with the place given one of his own paintings. "But I will not speak of my own work," he said to the party to whom he was complaining. "Now there is ——'s picture over there. An idiot would have put it in a better place." When he found out later that —— had made his own selection of position he had nothing further to say.—Chicago Herald.