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The Chestertown Transcript.

$2.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1890. VOL. XXVIII—NO. 47

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,
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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.

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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.

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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

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—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
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FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

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

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
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RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

STIEFF PIANOS
GRAND, UPRIGHT & SQUARE
UNSURPASSED IN
TONE AND DURABILITY
1885—New Orleans Exposition—Two Gold Medals for Upright and Square.
1881—Boston (Mass.) Exposition—First Prize for Square Grand.
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AND ALSO OVER
200 FIRST PREMIUMS
At State and County Fair
Have the endorsement of over 100 different Colleges and Schools as to their durability.
A large assortment of SECOND-HAND PIANOS always on hand. General wholesale agents for Palace Organs.
PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON EASY MONTHLY INSTALMENTS.
Pianos taken in Exchange, also thoroughly repaired. Send for Illustrated Piano and Organ Catalogue.
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
9 N. Liberty Street.
BALTIMORE, MD.

We refer, by permission, to Miss NETTIE O. CRANE, organist of St. Timothy's Church, Catonsville, Md. apr25-6m.

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 Illus. Cat'l'g'd Catalogue. Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, YORK, PA. m6-13t.

CLOSING OUT SALE.
THE undersigned desirous of making a change in their business, will sell CHEAP for CASH until Stock is sold out.
Parties owing us will please call and settle as soon as possible.
Feb. 13-3m. J. H. WEER & CO.

BUY THAT
FROM WHICH YOU
Get the Greatest Returns
LEA'S
NEW PROCESS
FLOUR
MAKES MORE BREAD THAN ANY OTHER.

Leads Them All
—IN—
LOW PRICES!

WE wish to announce to the general public that owing to the great depression in business and low prices of the products of the farm, we have reduced our prices to compare with the hard times, therefore it will be to your interest, when in need of a good
CARRIAGE, ROADCART
—OR—
DEARBORN
one that we can guarantee in every particular, and one that we know to be as represented, know it because it is of our own manufacture, to visit
ORRELL'S CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY
where they will find a full line of the above named articles always on hand. We make a specialty of
REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS,
which will receive prompt and special attention. We have a skillful and thoroughly competent workman at the head of this department, and can safely guarantee satisfaction in every particular. We give our personal attention to our BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING DEPARTMENTS, and guarantee all work to be satisfactory.

We Take Orders for Farm Wagons
which will be promptly furnished.
W. C. ORRELL
Cor. Cross & Cannon Sts., Chestertown, Md.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE
LIGHTNING! LIGHTNING!
INSURE YOUR HOMES!
INSURE YOUR STOCK!
—AGAINST—
FIRE and LIGHTNING
—IN THE—
ÆTNA INSURANCE CO.,
of Hartford, Connecticut.
Assets,.....$10,071,509.65
PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO.,
of Hartford, Connecticut.
Assets,.....$5,305,004.23
Losses paid on buildings damaged by lightning, whether fire ensues or not.
HARRY L. BOYD,
Fire Insurance Agent,
July 11—y. Chestertown, Md.

THOMPSON LINE CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
OILS, GASOLENE AND BITUMINOUS COAL.
Kainit, Salts, Laths, Lime, Plaster Hair, Cement, Plaster and Seeds.
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DAYTONS,
Road Carts, Buckboards & Wagons
of every description.
We also have the agency for THE REMINGTON and the "WORLD" TYPE-WRITERS. Every business man should have one.
FREIGHTING!
Our Schooners, the "ADAMS" and "REMITTANCE," are still running in our line, soliciting freight. Advancement made on grain to reliable parties.
JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
Feb. 28, 1889. MANAGER.

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.

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.

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,
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MARVELOUS 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.

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. 28 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A.

FAIR PLAY FOR WOMEN.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Whenever a free and intelligent people ask any questions, involving human sights, or liberty, or development, it will ask louder and louder, until it is answered. It asks today: "Do women have fair play in this country?" A sneer or a smile of derision may ripple from one end of the land to the other; but that question will swell louder and louder, until it is answered by the ballot in the hands of every citizen, and by the *American Fundamental principle* that, "government derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This reform hides no menace. It lies wholly in the sphere of reason. It is demand for justice, as the best political policy; an appeal for equality of rights among citizens as the best security of the common welfare. It is a plea for the introduction of *all* the mental and moral forces of society into the work of government. It is an assertion that, in the regulation of society, no class and no interest can be safely spared from a direct responsibility. It encounters, indeed, the most ancient traditions, the most subtile sophistries of men's passions, and prejudices. But there was never any great wrong righted that was not entrenched in sophistry—that did not plead an immemorial antiquity, and what is called the universal consent and "instinct" of mankind.

The movement is a plea for justice, and I assert that the equal rights for women, not as citizens, but as human being have never been acknowledged. Edward Lear, the artist, traveling in Greece, says that he was one day jogging along with an Albanian peasant, who said to him, "Women are really better than donkeys for carrying burdens, but not mules." This was the honest opinion of barbarism—the feeling of Greece to-day.

You say that the peasant was uncivilized. Very well. Go back to the age of Pericles. It is the high noon of Greek civilization. It is Athens—"the eye of Greece—mother of arts." There stands the orator—himself incarnate Greece—speaking the oration of the Pelopponesian, dead. "The greatest glory of women," he says, is to be the least talked of among men." So said Pericles when he lived. Had Pericles lived to-day he would have agreed that to be talked of among men as Miss Marhnean and Florence Nightingale are, as Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell are, is as great a glory as to be the mother of the Gracchi.

There were the old Greeks. Will you have Rome? The chief monument of Roman civilization, is its law—which underlies our own, and Buckle quotes the great commentator on that law as saying that it was the distinction of the Roman law that it treated women, not as persons but as things. Or go to the most ancient civilization; to China, which was old when Greece and Rome were young.

The famous French jurist missionary, Abbe Huc mentions one of the most tragical facts recorded—that there is in China a class of women who hold that if they are only true to certain vows during this life, they shall, as a reward, change their form after death and return to earth as men. I have no doubt there is many a man who is exclaiming with fervor—"Home, the heaven appointed sphere of women." Very well. I don't deny it, but how do you know it? How can you know it? There is but one law by which any sphere can be determined, and that is perfect liberty of development. If a man says to me that it is the nature of molten lead to run into bullets, and I know nothing about lead, I may believe him until I suddenly detect a bullet mould in his pocket. Then I see that it is the interest of that man that molten lead should run into bullets; and what he called the nature of lead is merely his own advantage. So I look into history and into the society around me, and I see that the position of woman which is most agreeable upon the whole to men is that which they call the "heaven-appointed sphere" of women. It may or may not be it; all that I can see thus far is that men *chose to have it so*. Or another gentleman remarks that it is a beautiful ordinance of Providence that pear trees should grow like vines. And when I say "is it so" he takes me into his garden, and shows me a poor, tortured pear tree, trained upon a trellis. Then I see that it is the beautiful design of Providence that pear trees should grow like vines, precisely as Providence ordains that Chinese women shall have small feet; and that the powdered sugar we buy at the grocers shall be half rice. These philosophers as wisely inform us as that Providence ordains Christian saints to be chops and steaks: and point us to St. Lawrence upon his gridiron.

We claim that the same opportunity and liberty that a man has in civilized society shall be extended to the woman who stands at his side, equal or unequal in special powers, but an equal member of society. She must prove her power as he proves his. When Rosa Bonhem paints a vigorous and admirable picture of Normanda homes, she proves that she has a hundred fold more right to do it than scores of botchers and banglers in color, who wear coats and trousers, and whose right, therefore, nobody questions. When the Misses Blackwell, or Miss Zachyewska, or Miss Hunt, or Miss Avey, accomplishing themselves in medicine, with a firm hand and a clear brain, carry the balm of life to suffering men, women and children, it is as much their right to do it—as much their sphere—as it is any long-haired, sallow, dissipated boy in spectacles, who hisses them as they go upon their holy mission.

And so when Joan of Arc follows God and leads the army; when the Maid of Saragossa loads and fires the cannon; When Mrs. Stowe makes her pen the heaven-appealing tongue of an outraged race; when Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, pulling their boats through the pitiless waves, save fellow creatures from drowning; when Mrs. Patten, the captain's wife at sea—her husband lying helplessly ill in his cabin—puts everybody aside, and herself steers the ship to port, do you ask me whether these are not exceptional women? I am a man and you are a woman; but Florence Nightingale, demanding supplies for the sick soldiers in the Crimea, and when they are delayed by red tape, ordering a file of soldiers to break down the doors and bring them, which they do—for the brave love bravery—seems to me quite as womanly as the lovliest girl in the land, dancing at the gayest ball, in a dress of which the embroidery is the pinched lines of starvation in another girl's face, and whose pearls are the tears of despair in her eyes.

But have women, then, no sphere as women? Undoubtedly they have, as men have a sphere as men. If a woman is a mother, God gives her certain affections and cares springing from them, which we may be very sure she will not forget; and to which, just in the degree that she is a woman, she will be fondly faithful. We need not think that it is necessary to fence her in, nor to suppose that she would try to evade these duties and responsibilities, if perfect liberty were given her. As Sidney Smith said of education, we need not fear that if girls study Greek and mathematics, mothers will desert their infants for quadratic equations.

But the sphere of the family is not the sole sphere of either men or women. They are not only parents, they are human beings, with genius, talents, aspirations, ambitions.

I know, *as every man knows*, many a woman of the noblest character, of the highest intelligence, of the purest purpose, the owner of property, the mother of children, devoted to her family and to all her duties, *and for that reason* profoundly interested in public affairs. And when this woman says to me: "You are one of the governing class, your government is founded upon the principle of expressed consent of all, as the best security of all. I have as much stake in it as you, perhaps more than you, because I am a parent; and wish more than any of my neighbors, to express my opinion and assert my influence by a ballot. I am a better judge than you or any other man can be of my own responsibilities and powers. I am willing to bear my equal share of every burden of the government in such manner as we shall all equally decide to be best. By what right, then, except that of *mere force*, do you deny me a voice in the laws which I am forced to obey?" What shall I do? What can I do? Shall I tell her that she is "owned" by some living man, or is some dead man's "relict," as the old phase was? Shall I tell her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for wishing to be unrestricted; that God has given her the nursery, the ball-room, the opera, and that if these fail, He has graciously provided the kitchen, the wash tub, and the needle? Or shall I tell her that she is a lute, a moonbeam, a rosebud? and touch my guitar, and wear flowers in her hair.

Our fathers won their independence of England by the logic of English ideas. We will persuade America by the eloquence of American principles. In one of the fierce Western battles among the mountains, Genl. Thomas was watching a body of his troops painfully pulling their way up a steep hill against a withering fire. Victory seemed impossible, and the General—even he, a rock of valor and of patriotism—exclaimed "They can't do it! They'll never reach the top! His chief of staff, watching the struggle with equal earnestness, placed his hand on his commanders arm, and said softly: "Time, time, General; give them time;" and presently the moist eyes of the brave leader saw his soldiers victoriously upon the summit. They were American soldiers—so are we— they were climbing a precipice— so are we. The great heart of their General gave them time, and they conquered. The great heart of our country will give us time, and we shall triumph.

The Eccentric Boy at School.

The eccentric boy at a public school is unable to take a kick kindly; he resents having his hat knocked into the gutter, or being asked why his tie is like a telescope, or being made the victim of booby traps; and the ability to take these little attentions with good temper is half the battle with a newboy at a great school who wishes to lead a happy existence. The average schoolboy, of course, does not mind these things, and, being neither a positive dunce nor a genius, gets through his school days fairly well, and neither needs nor desires the exceptional treatment which ought to be given to exceptional youths.—*London Telegraph.*

An Old Man's Insane Love.

News is received here of a curious case in Watauga county. An old bachelor of 72 winters by the name of Neil wanted to marry Miss Myra McCulleck, a pretty young girl 17 years old. Neil loved the girl better than his own life, and when he proposed to her she refused to marry him. He begged and pleaded with her, and finally she told him she never intended to speak to him again. Neil immeniately went away, and securing an ax, he laid his right had across a log and with one stroke cut it off at the wrist, saying it would be a mark of affliction upon him for learning to love a young girl whom he ought to have known would never marry him.—*Atlantic Contitution.*

Distanced in the Race.

Why should Dr. Pierce's medicines not distance all competitors in amount of sales, as they are doing, since they are the only medicines sold by druggists possessed of such wonderful curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to cure the diseases for which they are recommended. You get a cure, or money paid for them returned. The Doctor's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases caused by derangement of the liver, as biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia; also all blood, skin and scalp diseases, tetter, salt-rheum, scrofulous sores and swellings and kindred ailments.

Don't hawk, hawk and blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Keep Busy.

The secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be perservering, patient, and untiring in the pursuit or calling you are following. The busy ones may now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive. Keep doing, whether it be at work or seeking recreation. Motion is life, and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest, we darken."—*Elmina.*

SUBSCRIBE for the TRANSCRIPT. Subscription, *one dollar* per year.

THE GALICIAN MINES OF WAX.

A Curious Industrial Field That American Capital Will Control.

"The wax mines or ozokerit deposits of eastern Galicia, which a syndicate of American capitalists have leased or purchased," said D. M. Fox, of Pennsylvania, who recently returned from the oil fields of Austro-Hungary, "form one of the most curious fields of industry imaginable. They are at and around Boryslaw, which is also the center of the eastern oil district of that part of Austria. They have been for generations in the possession of Polish Jews of the most avaricious class, who have worked them in the most primitive manner. The wax lies in beds, like clay, at depths of from 350 to 600 feet. Shafts are sunk to the beds. The sides are curbed with timbers, but in such a careless and unscientific way that they are constantly caving in and burying workmen in the depths. From four to six men are killed in this way every week. The owners of the mines persistently refuse to go to the expense of making their shafts safe, and the laborers are at their mercy.

"The Boryslaw wax field is only fifty acres in extent, and upon that 10,000 shafts have been sunk. Twelve thousand men live and work on that tract. The owners of the deposits have made immense fortunes from the product, as it is very valuable, bringing eight cents a pound at the pits. Its use until within a few years was confined solely to making candles, but the manifold uses to which paraffine has been adapted has given this Galician deposit a much wider utility. The region is intensely Catholic, and holy days are constantly occurring, upon which occasions vast numbers of candles are used. The ozokerit lies in veins sixteen inches thick. It is dug out with shovels and raised from the shaft with buckets and windlass. The owners are the only merchants, bankers and hotel keepers in the region. Everything is mortgaged to them. The men shave their heads, leaving only a tuft of hair at each temple. The women also shave their heads, wearing mohair wigs instead of their natural head covering.

"There is more in this primitive field of mineral wax passing into the control of American capital than appears on the surface. These deposits have interfered in no small degree with the market for American paraffine in European markets, and American paraffine is an important product. The men who will control this Galician natural paraffine are greatly interested in the American artificial paraffine, and they intend to have the market in one way if they can't in another."—New York Sun.

One Hundred and Seven Years Old.

Mrs. Lanchester, of Bildershaw, near Darlington, England, is well in her 107th year, having been born at Gallow Hill, Yorkshire, on May 29, "Oak Apple day," 1783. A healthy old lady she is, too. She no longer rises early, but she performs her own toilet, and, though a little deaf, can see without glasses, her "second sight" having come to her about eighteen years back. She also talks and walks well, and during the late harvest actually took part in the gleaning. Mrs. Lanchester, who is a widow of forty years' standing, has had several children. Her eldest surviving "child" is 80 years of age, and she has a great-grandson of 25. She cannot "abide" doctors and has only traveled by train three times in her life.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A Boston Millionaire.

Henry Lillie Pierce, a Boston millionaire, is quick to recognize literary ability and the demands of genius—as evidence of which is the impetus he gave T. B. Aldrich. Understanding how trammeling any financial need would be, he invested money for Mr. Aldrich, which has resulted in comparative wealth to the poet. The Aldriches, with their famous twins—boys ready for Harvard now—and Mr. Pierce, form one household. It is said in Boston that wherever a rare bit of bric-a-brac or a "find" in a curio is discovered by a dealer, his first thought is to show it to Henry Pierce or Tom Aldrich.—San Francisco Argonaut.

"His Nibs de Eiffel Tower."

One of three giants (brothers) who have exhibited their seven feet two of human architecture in dime museums for the past three or four years was passing the office at the time when several newsboys were marching away with their papers. One of them espied him, paused, dropped his papers on the sidewalk, and after gazing at him for a moment, cried:

"Hi! Jimmy! get on to his nibs de Eiffel tower!"

Then walking up to the giant, he asked:

"Say, mister, ain't you afraid o' ketching de 'grippe' up there?"—New York Herald.

Bees Swarming in February.

While a young man named Flint, son of the bailiff to Mr. E. Foster, of Woodbury, Tempsford, Bedfordshire, was engaged in the fields one day in February he suddenly heard the humming of bees, and on looking round he was astonished to see a splendid swarm of bees which had alighted on a shrub. The youth's father is an amateur bee farmer, and being himself quite an expert, he soon obtained a hive and secured the whole swarm, which is said to be a fine one. It was subsequently presented to a laboring man residing in the neighborhood.—London Times.

An elliptical shaped gray stone, probably two feet in length and about six inches in diameter, was received at the White House a day or two ago, accompanied by a letter from Governor Prince, of New Mexico. He stated that the stone was of the idol age, anterior to the arrival of the Spaniards in the western continent, and it was known to be over 300 years old. Among the Pueblo Indians the stone was venerated as a household god, and examination showed that with some rude tools an attempt had been made to depict eyes, nose and mouth on the upper flat portion, while in the center crossed hands are easily discernible.

The Queen and Turtles.

Among the delicacies which graced Queen Victoria's table at a recent dinner was a turtle 100 years of age, which had been brought from the Ascension island a week previously by the government cruiser Wye. So thoroughly did her majesty enjoy the soup produced from the fat of the reptile that the Wye has just been dispatched to Ascension—a distance of many thousand miles—for a further supply of turtles.—London Letter.

Living with a Broken Neck.

John Dailey, a farm hand employed near Brunswick, N. J., fell from a haymow and unjointed his neck. Dr. Carroll was called and said that the man couldn't live more than a few hours. Dailey said that he could, and he is still alive. The next morning he was quieting his shattered nerves by smoking a cigar. His neck is still unjointed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Didn't Like Church Organs.

A novel case has just ended in the common pleas court at New Philadelphia, O. The Centenary Methodist Episcopal church purchased an organ a short time ago on payments of Professor Ortt, and it seems on account of this the congregation became sadly divided. The testimony showed that there was one pious old lady particularly, known all over the neighborhood as "Aunt Eliza," who looked upon the organ as the creation of the devil. She attended services regularly, but the minute the organ began playing the old lady would walk out of the church and sit upon the steps until the music ended, and she would return for the sermon, at the close of which, when the music began for the closing hymn, the old lady would resume her seat on the church step and then return for the benediction.

The organ being the cause of so much trouble, the trustees were at their wits' ends how to get rid of it. One rainy morning Professor Ortt, having occasion to pass the church, was amazed to see the organ sitting out in the corner of the field. There was no shelter over it, and the neighboring chickens found it a pleasant place to roost. The professor brought suit at once against the trustees of the church. The testimony developed the fact that the trustees had thoughtlessly set the organ out in the weather merely to please old pious "Aunt Eliza." The case was hotly contested and a verdict rendered in favor of Professor Ortt for the amount of the purchase price of the organ.—Chicago Tribune.

Curious Feat of the Wind.

J. R. Love spent Sunday at his farm, near Christiana, and it was there that the incident occurred during the high wind on Wednesday night, February 12.

Mr. James J. Hodge is a tenant on Mr. Love's farm and lives with his four children, one a grownup daughter, in a little two-room frame house, 32x17 feet in size. He says that near midnight he heard the house creaking like it was about to fall to pieces, then there was a jar and all was still. The children cried out in alarm, and he jumped out of bed to find that the house had been lifted from its foundations by the wind, carried about five feet beyond them and deposited flat upon the ground.

The house was not injured and not an article in it was broken. A lamp that was placed on the mantelpiece was not thrown down.

The next day the neighbors gathered and raised the house and placed the foundation stones under it where it stood, and the family is still living there as heretofore.

The house is a well built little structure, ceiled with pine planks.—Nashville American.

He Saved Her Life.

Miss Susannah Warfield, by her will filed at Westminster, left $100 to Mr. Julius A. Hood, formerly Baltimore and Ohio telegraph operator at Sykesville, now at Mount Airy switch. This money was left to Mr. Hood to show her appreciation of his bravery when he once saved her life at Sykesville. It was about seven years ago. Miss Warfield was going to Baltimore and had to cross both tracks to get to the platform. She was in the middle of the east bound track and the passenger train was coming along. Mr. Hood was in his office a short distance away and saw the danger. The train was then only about 100 yards away, and she could not hear it. Mr. Hood ran and caught her and carried her off the track. The engine came so close to her that it touched her dress. It was a very narrow escape, and Miss Warfield often expressed her high appreciation of Mr. Hood's bravery.—Baltimore American.

Post Horses on Snow Shoes.

The first stage through from Sierraville since Jan. 14 came into Truckee Saturday night. The sleigh was constructed specially for the purpose. The runners were made like a pair of snow shoes, very wide with a groove in the center to keep the sleigh from drifting sideways, and the bottom was well doped. The frame of the sleigh was light; the whole structure did not weigh over eighty pounds. The sleigh was drawn by two horses on snowshoes, hitched tandem. Myrom Manchester engineered the outfit, which was unique in appearance. The trip was made from Sierraville to Truckee in less than two days. A load of mail was brought in and a big load was taken out.—Truckee Republican.

Knocked Them in Again.

During the civil war Mr. Charles Ness, of Searsmont, was a member of a Maine regiment. While in the south he had a bad fall, striking the back of his head heavily on the ground. It left him partially blind and for nearly twenty-five years he has been in the same condition. While he could see somewhat, yet he was unable to read. Recently Mr. Ness fell while carrying a pail of milk into the house and struck the back of his head heavily on the ice. Strange to say, his eyesight has been restored and he can see to read as well as before the first accident.—Pittsfield Advertiser.

Where the Fault Lies.

The average young man cannot keep up with the average young woman, or at least he does not. Where the fault lies, and for what reason, will all come out by and by, as the other questions at issue are answered. If the ceaseless hue and cry of "Is marriage a failure?" or "Is religion a failure?" would resolve itself into the question of more point, "Is manliness a failure?" the whole subject would be disposed of in the same answer.—Detroit News.

Omens of Stormy Weather.

A very reliable sign of stormy weather is when the sun rises clear and shortly goes into a cloud. This indicates the presence of rapidly condensing moisture in the atmosphere, which is likely to fall soon as rain. A lurid color of the sky at sunrise, halos around the sun and moon, "a rainbow in the morning," and the "sun drawing water" are due to the same cause, and are all omens of stormy weather.—Exchange.

Paint from Potatoes.

Potato paint is a novelty which is said to adhere well to wood and plaster and to be very cheap. To make it boil one pound of peeled potatoes, mash, dilute with water and pass through a sieve; then add two pounds of Spanish white in four pounds of water. Different colors can be had by the use of the ordinary mineral powders.—New York Telegram.

Photographing a Corpse.

Waggish Stranger—Do you ever photograph corpses?

Photographer—Sometimes. Why?

Waggish Stranger—I was going to say that the body of McGin——

Photographer (to able bodied assistant, some minutes later)—Now, John, set this corpse up and we'll photograph it.—New York Weekly.