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THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beautiful west—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gate of heaven,
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies
And tells to man his glorious destinies.
—John Wilson.

A BROKEN HEARTED B'AR.

TRUE STORY OF THE DEMISE OF JASPER GRINDLEY'S PETS.

A Joke with a Water Barrel Brought Retaliation with a Dutch Oven and Led to Premeditated Suicide by Drowning—The Accounts Differ Slightly.

According to the story current among the laymen of this pleasant region, a year-old bear belonging to Jasper Grindley, a bear killer, had a fight with another year-old bear, also the property of Jasper, the result of which fight was the death of the last mentioned bear. The victor made a break for the woods, and, in taking a short cut, attempted to cross Gravely's mill pond on the ice. The ice was too thin to support the weight of the fleeing bear and broke beneath him. He disappeared beneath the ice, and was not seen again until his dead body was carried down by the water to the tail race, and so on to the water wheel of the sawmill. There it became jammed in the paddles and stopped the mill. When the body of the unfortunate bear was removed from the water wheel it was in bad shape.

Such was the story that was current about the death of Jasper Grindley's two bears; and it was tragic enough until Jasper came in with his account of the affair.

DUCKED HIS MATE.

"Them two young b'ars," said Jasper, "beat all creation for smartness, an' it was jest that smartness of their'n that done 'em both up. They was always playin' tricks on one another, an' one day one of 'em was takin' a leetle tramp around the house. He come to a bar'l that stood at one corner o' the house, half full o' rain water. He didn't know what was in the bar'l, o' course, but thinkin' that mebbe there was sumpin' in it that mowt pan out a heap o' fun fer him, he riz up on his hind feet, an' puttin' his forepaws on top o' the bar'l, looked over into it. Not bein' anything but water in the bar'l, the chances is that the little cuss 'd ha' got down ag'in an' gone on lookin' fer sumpin' else to git fun out of; but, jist ez he riz up on the bar'l, t'other b'ar happened round that way. He seen his mate nosin' inter the bar'l, an' all on a sudden it struck him that he see some fun in the situation. So what does he do but sneak up ahind t'other b'ar an' grab him by the hind legs, an' quicker than I kin tell ye he lifted him up an' soused him head fust in the bar'l. While the onfort'nit b'ar in the bar'l was splutterin' an' kickin' an' twistin' an' chokin' in the water, the tricky little sarpint that dumped him in jist danced an' pranced around, an' hollered till you'd ha' thort he'd ha' busted, the thing hit him ez being so consarned funny. The b'ar in the bar'l would ha' drownded in short order if I hadn't ben clus by, an' run an' turned the bar'l up an' let him out.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

"That b'ar never let on that he was put out by the little trick his mate had played on him, an' didn't git mad a bit. But I could see that he was keepin' his eye skinned for a chance to git even. An' there's where I orter kep' my eye skinned to prevent anything serious, but I never thort about things ever turnin' out the way they did.

"That big Dutch oven o' mine stands in the back o' the yard jist ez it did ez my ol' pop built it fifty year ago. The door is allus open except when we're usin' the oven, which haint more'n wunst a week. One day a couple of weeks ago I noticed that the door was shet, but I didn't think anything wrong till I see that there was only one o' the b'ars around, an' he was terrible oneasy, an' kep' hangin' 'round the oven, whinin' an' cryin' ez if his heart 'd break. Then I went and opened the oven door. Inside o' the oven lay t'other ba'r. He was deader'n a macker'l. I pulled him out. He had been suffocated till he died. There was only one way to explain it. The b'ars had been in the habit o' crawlin' in the oven an' layin' there, one at a time, thinkin' it was bang up fun. Now the b'ar that had been dumped in the bar'l o' water watched his chance, an' when t'other b'ar clumb in the oven he just sneaked up an' clapped the door shet on him. I wasn't there to let him out, an' the consekences was that he pegged out slick an' clean.

SELF DESTRUCTION.

From the way the live b'ar acted I know'd that he know'd jist what his trick had ended in, an' he took on orful to see. He howled an' whined an' bellered, an' somehow couldn't git over it. He took to wanderin' over to the neighbors ez if he was lookin' fer his dead mate, an' they told me that if I didn't keep him home he'd git a ball in some day. So I put a rope around his neck an' tied t'other end of it to an old plowsheer that was knockin' 'round the yard. He could drag the plowsheer about, but couldn't drag it fur. But he kep' up his mournin' fer his mate, an' it was tetchin' to see him. I thot, o' course, that he'd git over it bimeby, or I'd ha put him outen his misery.

"One day las' week Sol Tift come to my house an' says:

" 'That b'ar o' your'n,' says he, 'is a cortion. I jist met him walkin' over to'ards the mill pond, carryin' his plowsheer under his arm ez handy ez I'd carry three pound o' pork.'

"That skeered me. I dug over to'ard the mill pond ez fast ez I could go. I got there quick enough, but I couldn't see nothin' o' the b'ar. I walked up around the pond, an' what should I come on to but the b'ar, standin' on the ice an' breakin' a hole through it with the heavy plowsheer. I see what he was up to at wunst, but afore I could get to him he had the hole made big enough, an' down through he plunked like a muskrat. I waited, but I never see him ag'in. The poor little cuss was jist wore out with remorse fer what he had done to his mate an' had committed suicide complete an' deliberate ez it had ever been committed sence the world started!"—New York Sun.

Seven Handsome Brothers Seen Together.

The presence of seven fine looking men of commanding stature, wearing full beards and having a strong resemblance to one another, attracted the attention of the passengers in a car on the Sixth avenue elevated railroad. One of these men entered into conversation with a reporter, and it was learned that the party was composed of seven brothers, ranging from 35 to 56 years. They had, in accordance with an old annual family custom, been celebrating the eighty-second birthday of their father, James W. Hughes, at the old homestead at South Orange, N. J. Three of the brothers live in Washington, one in Newark and one in Brooklyn. The other two live with their father and sister.—New York Tribune.

Petroleum Motors Growing Popular.

Petroleum motors are being simplified and improved to such an extent that they may now be ranked among the useful small motors. A number of these little engines have been running for over a year in different parts of Germany and Russia, and in Belgium a company for their construction has been formed. The motors range from one to four horse power.—New Orleans Picayune.

Mesmeric Influence in Business.

"It is surprising the amount of mesmeric influence some men possess," remarked an expert bookkeeper. "Some time ago in New York I had to go over the books of a firm that had dissolved to straighten out matters. When I started the balance sheet showed $25,000 in favor of partner No. 1. Well, for days and days we worked on the books. It was the most tiresome work I ever undertook. Partner No. 1 was a remarkable man, persuasive and affable in demeanor. Sometimes he would come in to go over some of the figures with me. 'These are not right,' he would say. I knew they were and would say so. Then he would start to argue with me, and I felt myself giving way. Finally I would have to leave the room. In the hall I would walk up and down, saying to myself, 'You're a fool. You know your figures are right.' When he had departed I would recover and be able to go on. But all the while I felt the man's subtle influence. I struggled against it. 'Do your duty,' I kept saying to myself.

"Finally, when I reached the result, I turned pale. Partner No. 1 was short $150,000. He came in. 'Well?' he said. 'There is the result,' I answered. He looked at it and never winced. 'You are sure the figures are right?' 'Yes,' I said. I struggled desperately and this time he was not able to conquer me. 'Well,' he said, 'if those figures are correct, the money will be paid.'

"And he did pay it, every cent, although it took all he had. You would be astonished to know who that man was. I attribute his marvelous success to his magnetic personality. Every one with whom he comes in contact feels it. He associates with many men in great undertakings, but he always gets the kernels while they get the shells, and, moreover, everything is done as per contract. Year by year I watch this man's career with added surprise and always congratulate myself that I was able to withstand him. He is the only man I ever met who could for the time being make me doubt my mathematical accuracy."—Detroit Tribune.

"Horicus," the Fatal 63.

Certain years in the life of man have been, from great antiquity, supposed to have a peculiar importance, and to be liable to singular vicissitudes in his health and fortunes. Where or how this belief originated is unknown, but it is supposed to have been founded on the teachings of Pythagoras. The well known notice of the climacteric year—63—supposed to be particularly dangerous to men of that age, in a letter of Augustus Cæsar, evinces its prevalence among the Romans. Some astrological writers have called the sixty-third year man's "horicus," because of a mythical notion that it was or is fatal to great men.

The sole cause of its blighting influence is supposed to revert to the fact that it is a multiple of the 7 and 9, both of which are mystical numbers. It is a remarkable fact that all nations attach particular importance to 7 or any multiple of that figure. Thus at 14, twice seven, the male and female are supposed to have arrived at puberty; at 21, three sevens, the male becomes "of age," while many writers, Aristotle in particular, fix 35, five sevens, as the height of bodily vigor and 49 as the year of maximum mental activity. At the age of 63, when man is nine times seven years of age, the most trivial diseases are likely to cause the death of the most robust old man, while the ten sevens (70) have been ascribed as the limit of his earthly career.—St. Louis Republic.

Antiquity of Football.

The game of football was well known in England prior to 1175, but it was never regarded with favor by the law, and in the reign of Edward III (1365) an act was passed forbidding it. During the reign of Richard II (1388) a similar law was enacted, and again, under the Scotch kings, James I (1424) and James II (1457), it was "decreeted and ordained that the football and golfe be utterly cryed down and not to be used." In 1471 James III and in 1491 James IV passed similar statutes. James I of England also opposed it in his "Basilikon Doron." He writes: "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercise, as the football, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof." And in the reign of Elizabeth, his predecessor, a true bill was found against sixteen persons for playing the unlawful game. In Cromwell's days a youth was indicted for playing the game.—Canada Law Journal.

About Paper.

A new mill for the manufacture of paper from moss has been recently established in Sweden. Paper of different thickness and pasteboard made of it have already been shown, the latter even in sheets three-quarters of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood and can be easily painted and polished. It has all the good qualities, but none of the defects, of wood. The pasteboard can be used for door and window frames, architectural ornaments and all kinds of furniture. The ceiling of the assembly chamber at Albany, N. Y., is made of papier-mache. It is a model of of its kind, and appears so like marble as to deceive the most expert eye. The latest idea is to use paper instead of wood for lead pencils, by using a patent preparation by which it can be cut as easily as the softest wood.—St. Louis Stationer.

Early Locomotives.

On the day of the competition—Oct. 6, 1829—the "Rocket" was the only locomotive ready, and the trial of the "Novelty" was postponed until the 11th, when the pipe from the forcing pump burst and brought it to a speedy termination. This was repaired in the course of the day, and the engine made several trips in the absence of the judges. On its trial before the judges, on the next day, a "green joint" yielded, and the choleric Ericsson somewhat too hastily, smarting under what he considered some unfairness, withdrew his engine, and the award was given to Stephenson, who had alone "fulfilled every stipulated condition."—Col. W. C. Church in Scribner.

Big Advance in the Price of Land.

Governor Buckner, of Kentucky, has sold the Ashland block, a portion of his Chicago property, to A. J. Alexander, of Woodford county, Ky., for $600,000. More than half a century ago Maj. Kingsbury bought the ground occupied by the block for $800. It was inherited by his daughter, who was the first wife of Governor Buckner. Mrs. Buckner died many years ago, but Governor Buckner remarried a short time ago, his second wife being a Richmond (Va.) belle.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Can't Get Their Dresses.

The ladies of Calcutta are in despair over an outbreak of smallpox just at the height of the social season in the part of the city inhabited by the Darzi caste, who do all the tailor work for the English residents. Every person in the costume of that caste who ventures out of his own section of the city is turned back at once by the police, and the ladies can neither get their gowns that are being made nor send new ones to be made. Tailor made gowns are all the rage, too.—New York Sun.

Mrs. Phœbe J. Houghton, of North Easton, Mass., the daughter of a revolutionary soldier, has recently celebrated her hundredth birthday. She remembers with great distinctness the funeral of President Washington.

An English traveling harpist has been discovered cheating the railroads by carrying his little girl done up in the green bag with his harp. He had traveled so all about England, and has paid no fare for the child.

A VERY CLEVER CANINE.

GYP, THE DOG ADVERTISER, AND HER METHODS OF BUSINESS.

How This Artiste Appears in Public Every Day—Her Fine Habits and Her Fragrant Cigarettes—An Interview with Her—A Black Eyed Genius.

Gyp is visiting Omaha.

Haven't seen her? Don't know Gyp? Nonsense! She may be noticed any day walking up and down Farnam street.

She wears a red satin coat buttoned very lightly around her throat and a toque to match it sets jauntily on her head. The toque is trimmed with feathers and flowers and a flaxen bang peeps from beneath its rim. Gyp has very pretty brown eyes and they gaze through glasses that are perched upon her little nose. Gyp's deportment is very proper except in one respect. She looks straight ahead through her glasses and walks with dignity, and when people make remarks about her—as they generally do—she does not pay any attention to them. She just holds her cigarette firmly in her teeth and assumes an indifferent air. For Gyp smokes when she appears upon the street—that is the only breach in her otherwise faultless demeanor.

But then Gyp is only a dog—a little brown spaniel; the wisest, brightest little spaniel imaginable. Gyp is a dog with a career. She is an artiste in her way, and, as every one knows, artistes often indulge in cigarettes. Only smoking is regarded by Gyp in the light of an accomplishment, which makes her valuable in her professional line.

HER LINE AND GET UP.

And what is Gyp's professional line? Advertising—that is what occupies all her working hours. There are big white letters on her red satin coat, and the letters tell people where to buy certain things. Of course Gyp attracts more attention than a dozen newspapers, and every one who sees the little brown dog trotting along the thoroughfares with her flaxen bangs sewed securely into her red satin toque, her glasses adjusted on her nose and her cigarette in her mouth, is sure to read the white letters.

Gyp has been in the advertising business a year. She would never have thought of entering such a public life if the idea had not been suggested to her by the black-eyed boy who is her master. They did a great many tricks together, and when Gyp learned to smoke a cigar dealer back in Cleveland offered to engage her services. The dealer offered $10 a week, and Gyp and her master signed a contract, and her first engagement was speedily begun, the boy acting as Gyp's manager. It was a success, and Gyp appeared here in Omaha at the end of her season. She wore a blue costume then, and the white letters on her coat, or "habit," as her young manager calls it, exhibited the virtues of a certain brand of cigars.

Gyp is sometimes disappointed in the weather, but she is very particular about fulfilling her contract, which calls for six hours' walking every day—three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon. She confines her promenades to the principal streets, and she is oftentimes annoyed by the crowds which gather around her. But being very demure and self possessed she refuses to linger where she can overhear the remarks of passers by. Once or twice she has been mortified by brusque commands to "move on" from policemen who did not appear to recognize genius—even when it was so well defined as in Gyp's case.

SHE'S ONE OF THE 400.

Gyp is naturally haughty. She is very proud of her satin habit and with true feminine patience bears all the discomforts of fine attire without a single whine of impatience. Oftentimes the wind blows her coat about her feet and her flaxen bangs slip over her eyes. Besides her glasses pinch her nose and she becomes very tired of the cigarette. Yet all artistes who appear in public and calmly accept the homage of the multitude suffer more or less, and why should a dog be exempt from any of the drawbacks that beset an actor's career?

Gyp does not notice other dogs and absolutely refuses to make their acquaintance. As a rule, her showy costume amazes them and they stand and look at her afar off, now and then expressing their canine astonishment in low, deep growls. Iky, Omaha's Bohemian dog—Iky, who has associated with lawyers until his assurance is the despair of every well behaved dog in the town—tried to join Gyp in her daily promenade; but, although Iky had copied many of the manners and much of the address of certain lawyers in the Sheely and Paxton blocks, Iky was ignominiously snubbed.

Moreover, Gyp can talk.

When she was asked about Omaha she expressed the utmost confidence in its future by removing her toque and barking half a dozen times in the most enthusiastic manner. She had no definite opinion about the school bonds, but appeared to have rather melancholy recollections of her own education. She was quite voluble when Dr. Miller's name was mentioned. Dr. Miller had spoken to Gyp on the street and said he thought it was a shame for a poor dog to be compelled to wear glasses and smoke cigarettes all day long. But Gyp only sat up with her fore feet crossed in a very graceful manner, looked at him kindly through her spectacles, and then moved along down Sixteenth street.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Commercial Value of a Bald Head.

It is no doubt very much to the advantage of a young practitioner to exhibit a "modern antique" appearance, and nothing contributes so greatly to this end as a head which is innocent of hair. There is a real commercial value in a bald head, and this value is by no means confined to the medical profession. Whatever advantages, however, it may confer on a "business young man," to a medical man a fair estimate under favorable circumstances would be, at the lowest, five hundred a year.—Medical Press and Circular.

What Did the Man Want?

A man went into a pancake restaurant on Griswold street and said to the waiter girl:

"Bring me an order of hot cakes, one at a time, and hurry up."

The girl brought a plate of hot cakes, and as he ate them had another one ready. This she did six or eight times, each relay being dispatched with relish. At the last he threw down his knife and fork.

"Look here," he thundered in a deep bass; "bring me something to eat. I don't want to swallow batter and syrup all day. Anybodyd' think I was stuck on pancakes."—Detroit Free Press.

Grew Popular in Seventeen Years.

So universal has become the use of the typewriter that people can hardly realize that the first machine designed to do the work now accomplished with such rapidity and ease was invented only twenty-three years ago, and its manufacture was not commenced until six years later.—Kansas City Star.

Don't Sit Under Gas Light.

The sun bath is beneficial. No sitting or reading in darkened rooms or those lighted by gas. Gas burns up oxygen very rapidly. Sitting under a gas jet turns the hair gray, and by overheating the scalp destroys its vitality and causes the hair to fall out.—Hall's Journal of Health.

At the Natural History Museum.

"So that is a centipede? 'Tain't much to look at it, is it?"

"Nope. Let's git along an' see if they've got one o' them stampedes. Mebbe that's better lookin'."—Harper's Bazar.

The Century Club.

No other club in New York is at all like the Century. It is not swell or fashionable; it is not famous for its cuisine, its furniture or its entertainments; but it is delightful by reason of the artistic and literary atmosphere that prevades the place. Half the excellent pictures on the walls were painted by members of the club, half the books in the library were written by members. The rooms are all large, and most of them a little dark. Open wood fires make the place cosy. The dining room has one great table, where all who come dine and chat.

The man next you may be a literary personage, a professor from Yale, or an artist with white hair and a reputation. Richard Henry Stoddard comes in and speaks in a voice that no other man dare use in the club house. At the luncheon there is a brazier at command, and the members may, if they will, and as they often do, concoct what dish they choose. There is no show, no fuss, no array of servants. Scores of members are almost in rebellion at the prospect of leaving the old house. Some have threatened in angry moments to organize a new club and stay, but nothing of the sort will happen, and the quiet dignity of the Century will be transferred to the splendors of an uptown club house.—New York Letter.

Streets and Sidewalks in Berlin.

The smoothness of the pavements in Berlin affords immense relief in diminishing the confusing noise and jar of the streets. Waking early in the morning at a hotel in the center of the business section, one perceives no rattling of wagons, only the clatter of the horses' hoofs, so that it seems as if cavalry regiments were continually passing. The smooth streets have also made cycling very popular, and tricycles are extensively used for business purposes. The broad sidewalks are laid with flagging in the center, and between that and the curbstone are paved with small, mosaic like stones that form a smooth surface, and are easily removed and replaced. Beneath this space are laid the gas pipes, telegraph and electric light wires, pneumatic tubes, etc., so that in laying or repairing these the street pavement is not disturbed. The wires of the arc lights, as well as of the incandescent, all are carried underground, and in Berlin there are not to be seen the unsightly poles that so disfigure the streets in Mexican cities.—Cor. Mexican Financier.

The Home of the Telephone.

We remember well a number of leading Brantford gentlemen being guests of Professor Bell at his residence on Tutello Heights to experiment with a very crude telephone which Graham Bell, then teaching visible speech (an invention, by the way, of Melville Bell's in Boston), had been working at. It answered the purpose, of course, but was not nearly as handy or effective as the present instrument. It was here, too, that the first telephone line was strung from Professor Bell's to the city, some two miles, so that Brantford may very justly be designated the birthplace of the telephone, if not the birthplace of the inventor, who came from Scotland as a young man with his father. It was the development of the telephone system and the prospect of the munificent returns which followed which induced Professor Melville Bell, himself a man of wealth and endowed with high mental and inventive gifts, to leave here, much to the regret of the people of Brantford and, we believe, to his own.—Brantford Expositor.

Superstitious Railroad Men.

Another tragic point on the Houston and Texas railroad is Elm creek bridge. It is in a creek bottom, a few miles south of Corsicana, where a convict employed in the construction of the road was killed while attempting to escape. The tradition is that the unfortunate man was crammed in a water barrel, head down, and buried in scandalous haste. The superstitious think they can see his misty ghost as it flits across the track in front of the engine, ominous of evil. Here accident after accident has occurred; many engineers and firemen have lost their lives or been crippled for good, and thousands of dollars' worth of rolling stock and merchandise has been destroyed. The train men have therefore changed the name of the place to Bad Medicine, and declare that these calamities will be perpetual until the convict is exhumed and buried horizontally, so as to destroy his chances to kick at the road which cost him his life here below.—Houston Letter in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What He Did.

One would say that Shakespeare, at least, must be the one exceptional prophet to be honored in his own country, but, widely spread as we know his fame to be, at least one Englishman had no very clear idea of its cause.

Some years ago, while passing through Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Toole, the English comedian, saw a rustic sitting on a fence.

"That is Shakespeare's house, isn't it?" he asked, pointing to the building.

"Yes."

"Ever been there?"

"No."

"Brought up here?"

"Yes."

"Did he write anything?"

"Oh yes, he writ."

"What was it?"

"Well," said the rustic, "I think he writ for the Bible."—Youth's Companion.

Quick Witted Birds.

Some birds are gifted with a sense of observation approaching to something very like reasoning faculties, as the following anecdote proves: At a gentleman's house in Staffordshire the pheasants are fed out of one of those boxes the lid of which rises with the pressure of the pheasant standing on the rail in front of the box. A water hen, observing this, went and stood upon the rail as soon as the pheasant had quitted it; but the weight of the bird being insufficient to raise the lid of the box, so as to enable it to get at the corn, the water hen kept jumping on the rail to give additional impetus to its weight. This partially succeeded, but not to the satisfaction of the sagacious bird, which, therefore, went off; and, soon returning with a bird of its own species, the united weight of the two had the desired effect, and the successful pair enjoyed the benefit of their ingenuity.—Month.

Useless Knowledge.

Cookery School Projector—I have called, Mrs. Slimdiet, to ask if you would not like to join our cookery class, just forming.

Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding house keeper)—Oh, I don't care to spend money learnin' how to git up a lot o' Frenchified dishes.

"Ah, but you do not understand. Our lessons are devoted to the preparation of all sorts of nice and palatable dishes just from things left over, you know."

"No use to me. We never have anything left over."—New York Weekly.

A Bogus Floater.

Here is an item from several exchanges which is somewhat peculiar viewed in the light of the fact that The St. Louis Republic did not exist in 1880: A corked bottle that evidently had floated about 2,000 miles was picked up in the river near Pointe Coupee, La., last week. It was opened and the contents found to be a slip of paper bearing these words: "Thrown over at St. Paul, Minn., 15th of April, 1880, by R. C. Libby. Finder please advertise where it was found and what date and much oblige yours truly. Send this paper to The St. Louis Republic to advertise." The paper was dry and well preserved and the characters not in the least defaced.—Chicago Herald.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD A HERO.

He Rebukes a New York Swell for Striking a Little Street Urchin.

A queer looking little specimen of humanity with an armful of newspapers stood outside of the Grand Central depot the other afternoon, crying his wares. His hair was long and unkempt, his trousers were frayed at the edges, there were patches of poverty on his little jacket, but his eye was clear, and his flattened nose showed that he was the hero of many a gutter battle.

A pompous looking individual, with his coat thrown open, a heavy cane in his hand, and dressed in the height of fashion, came swinging down the street in gorgeous style. The boy pulled one of his papers out, offered it to the swell, and was rewarded for his efforts by a thump on the back with a heavy cane. The little fellow howled with pain. The cabmen who congregate at the depot smiled and the other boys laughed in derision.

The swell had proceeded about three steps on his way when a firm hand grasped him by the collar, shook him vigorously, and an old man, six foot two, as straight as a grenadier, and holding a heavy malacca stick threateningly over him, asked:

"How dare you hit a boy?"

The swell tried to shake himself loose, but it was no use. The old man's hand was firm, the crowd was growing larger and the boy was howling as though his heart would break.

"You, sir," went on the old man, as the blood mounted to his face, "are a disgrace to humanity. Old as I am, I can thrash you for that cowardly act. And if I ever know you to again lift your hand to a boy I will take the law into my own hands."

The swell's head drooped a little, and his face was pale. The old man looked him firmly in the eye, shook him again, as a cat would a mouse, and walked on. As he did so the little boy, wiping the tears from his cheeks, followed after and thanked him. The old man patted him affectionately on the head and disappeared in the crowd. There was no comment except by the small boy, who exclaimed: "Ain't he a daisy!" He brushed the tears from his eyes and in a moment was as busy as ever selling his papers.

The old man was a daisy. It was none other than David Dudley Field, the greatest constitutional lawyer in the world, brother of Cyrus W. and Stephen J. Field. He is nearly 83 years of age, but as vigorous as a man of 50. In his young days he was a famous boxer and athlete, and the way he tackled the howling swell showed that his good right hand had not forgotten its cunning.—New York Mail and Express.

Mr. Gladstone's Faith in Home Rule.

So certain has Mr. Gladstone been during the last five years of the ultimate success of the home rule movement, and of his eventual resumption of the premiership, that when he left office upon the fall of his government in 1886, he stored away most of his bric-a-brac and other household goods in the garrets of the prime minister's official residence at No. 10 Downing street, where they remain to this day. When his son's marriage took place Mr. Gladstone bethought him of a pair of magnificent porcelain vases as a present for the bride. He accordingly sent a man to Downing street, with the keys of the upper rooms, for the purpose of fetching them from thence. The other treasures still remain undisturbed by the Tory government, and will only be removed on the death or retirement from public life of their remarkable owner.—New York Telegram.

The Flower Industry.

If the practical business man believes that the business of flowers is an inconsiderable one, and that they are used chiefly by people who are getting married or getting out of the world altogether, let him step into a rose market in Twenty-third street some afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock. When he reaches there first he will find everything about as quiet as it well could be. By 4 o'clock, when the carts drive up filled with boxes of flowers shipped from out of town rose farms and flower farms, just arrived at piers and railroad depots by express, everything immediately takes on a very confused and animated appearance. A dozen clerks and the proprietor appear simultaneously from nobody knows where, and the boxes, containing layer upon layer of baskets filled with all varieties of roses, picked early that morning, are unpacked. In packing, the roses are carefully placed with the first layer of stems running one way, reversing the order on the next layer, and so on to the top of the basket. By this time the room is filled with men anxious to procure the first pick and the choicest variety, and they bargain as closely, with as total an oblivion to all their fragrance and beauty, as if the goods were the most ordinary cloth or cotton.—New York World.

Some Great Unexplored Lands.

A great part of Asia and nearly three-fourths of Africa is a sealed book to us moderns. The explorations of Stanley, and those who preceded him, are mere spider tracks in the desert, and our best maps of Africa are half guesswork.

In Asia there is Thibet and Turkestan, and in Africa the great desert of Sahara to be explored. We know almost nothing of Borneo, Papua or Madagascar, and thousands of islands in the Pacific ocean are still unexplored.

Great tracts of Australia have never been trodden by the foot of a white man, and nearly all of South America inside of the coast lines is known only by hearsay and tradition. Coming up to our northern half of the continent, we encounter more unknown lands. Central America and Mexico offer fertile fields for exploration, and lower California has never been thoroughly explored.

In the far north is Greenland, Baffin Land, the great Hudson bay region, all of British America north of latitude 60 degs., and our great territory of Alaska.—Golden Days.

Women Writers in France.

A Paris correspondent says: The most discouraging obstacle the American woman has to contend with in Paris is the great number of English and French writers employed by the American press, while it is impossible for an American writer to be recognized by foreign journals. One of the most rabid anti-Americans, in his personal feelings, receives thousands of dollars a year from American magazines and journals. No woman can live by her pen who has not a regular salary. To attempt it is one of the most hazardous and vexatious undertakings. Haphazard correspondence is casting bread on the water that in nine cases out of ten brings back—the manuscript. Mrs. Hooper has a stated salary, which enables her to live in cozy apartments and enjoy Parisian life with comfort. Her daughter has studied for the stage, and last June created the role in a play which Mrs. Hooper has written, called "Helen's Inheritance."

What Becomes of Kangaroo Skins.

There are 6,000 kangaroo skins received in Newark, N. J., every week. They are all tanned in one large establishment on Sussex avenue, and are then made into fine shoes. Australia and New Zealand furnish kangaroo hides for the world. The kangaroos are killed in Australia about 300 miles back from the coast, and are shipped from Melbourne, Sydney and Newcastle, in Australia, and from Masterton, in New Zealand.—Nature.

It came out in an English court a few days ago that 100 wornout horses had just been shipped from that country to Germany and Belgium to be used up in the manufacture of sausage, and that such shipments were a regular thing.

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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. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Tues. 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. & Ft. No. 4, daily excl. Tu's & Sundays.	Passenger & Freight No. 2, Tues. only.	Passenger No. 6, 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.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

On and after Monday, May 19, 1890, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown daily (except Sunday) at 7 A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river, arriving in Baltimore at noon.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf at 2.45 P. M. for the above landings.

The STEAMER GRATITUDE

of the Centreville and Corsica River Company, will leave Centreville daily (except Sunday) at 7 A. M., and Baltimore at 2.30 P. M., stopping at landings on Corsica river, Jackson's creek and Rock Hall (9.30 going to Baltimore) going and returning.

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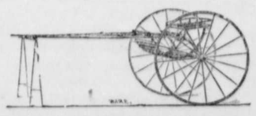

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