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NOVELTY IN EARNEST.

A CO-OPERATIVE BOARDING HOUSE IN DECATUR, ILLS.

Members Avoid the Troubles of Cooking and Live Well at a Cost of $2.75 Each Per Week—Short History of "The Roby." Servant Girl Question Settled.

At Decatur, Ills., public interest is centered on "The Roby." This pretty little city has electric street railways, six newspapers, a dozen fine churches, a metropolitan air, clean streets, good water—and the servant girl question. But all these "ain't nothin'," as a small boy remarked in my presence when these advantages were being enumerated. "We've got something Chicago ain't got. It's a Bellamy boarding house."

This is the history of the experiment:

Miss Fanny Fuller and her mother boarded at The Roby with Mrs. Guyton. It was the swell boarding house of Decatur. The Misses Witherspoon, two handsome young ladies, also boarded there. Mrs. Guyton never had trouble with her servant girls.

Why?

Because the work was systematized. One did the cooking and laundry work, another the second work. One had the table to wait on and the dining room to care for. When their work was done the girls went where they pleased.

This set Miss Fanny Fuller to thinking. One day she read "Looking Backward," and proceeded to look forward. Where others read and marveled and criticised, she read and adapted. One morning she came into Mrs. Guyton's room with an idea. She read the chapter from Bellamy's book on the public dining room.

"Why can't we do it?" she asked.

"We can," said Mrs. Guyton decidedly.

Miss Fuller put on her smart jacket and hat and called on the ladies of her acquaintance with her idea. Everybody was charmed. The gentlemen forgot impatience and listened.

A few weeks later a meeting was held in Mrs. Guyton's parlors. After a number of whereases it was resolved to establish:

1. A co-operative association for the benefit of all its members.
2. No debts shall be contracted.
3. A president, secretary and treasurer shall be elected from among the members.
4. A superintendent shall be appointed to act as the purchasing agent of the club, vouchers to be delivered to the treasurer.
5. Members shall pay $2.75 a week board to the treasurer; children under 10 half price.
6. The superintendent is to have entire charge of the dining room, kitchen and servants, under the direction of a board of managers.

It was agreed by all present to sign the constitution, these being the charter members. Applicants for membership should have their names posted in the dining room three days before admission, and no one was to be received if a serious objection were raised by any one member.

Mrs. Guyton's basement was rented, including a large dining room, kitchen and pantries, a manager installed, two cooks and three waiter girls hired, and the co-operative club, after paying a membership fee of $2 and one week's board in advance, sat down to their first meal at The Roby. Mrs. Guyton gave up keeping boarders, and she and all her guests fell into the new order of things. There is no doubt about Mrs. Guyton's enthusiasm. She met me and began another book of her epic.

"We have fifty-four members—men, women and children—all of the upper crust aristocracy who are used to living well, and they wouldn't put up with anything but the best. We get that for $2.75 a week a head; half price for children."

"What do you have to eat?"

"Everything in season. Stay to supper and find out. Now we get everything down to minimum cost by having each family bring its own linen and silver and fancy dishes. We have a common stock of decorated china. The club rents my basement, including the range. Expenses are like this:

Rent (at $25 a month)	$ 6 00
Manager's salary	10 00
Head cook	5 00
Second cook	4 00
Three waiters at $2.50	7 50
Per week	$32 50

"The income is from:

Fifty-two grown people, at $2.75	$142 00
One child, half pay	1 40
	$143 40

"This is something like what the club eats:

BREAKFAST.

Fruit; cereal food of some kind; two kinds of meat; eggs, potatoes, biscuit, griddle cakes or rolls, toast, tea and coffee.

DINNER.

Soup, relish, or salad; one kind of fish and two kinds of meat; three vegetables; pie or pudding, fruit, coffee, tea, chocolate, or milk.

SUPPER.

Cold meat; baked or cream potatoes; salad; hot rolls, cakes, or muffins; fruit or dessert; coffee, tea, chocolate or milk.

"That is about as good as anybody lives," remarked Miss Fuller. "It is all dainty and well cooked and nicely served."

I went down into the dining room, a large, cool apartment in the basement. Eight or nine tables were covered with snowy linen. Napkins in rings, silver and china were on the table.

They all expressed themselves as being charmed with the experiment, and did not fear the pessimistic prophecies concerning its destruction. The books show that the bills are being paid up every week out of the allowance. It is a success, financially and socially, so far, and I can recommend the table.

If you should ever go to Decatur I advise you to get a room somewhere and take your meals at The Roby, in the co-operative boarding house. Guests are charged twenty-five cents a meal. By this means you will fare better for less money, meet the cream of Decatur society and see the practical working of a part of Bellamy's dream. You will be converted to the idea of co-operative cuisines and go home to spread the new gospel. Cooks will be abolished from dwelling houses and housekeepers emancipated.

The servant girl question will be solved. —Chicago Tribune.

The Largest Grain Elevator.

The largest grain elevator in the world was built at Minneapolis Junction in 1886. The building is 336 feet long, 92 feet wide and 175 feet high. It has storing capacity for 2,000,000 bushels of grain within its walls. During its construction the carpenters and joiners used over 6,500,000 feet of lumber of all kinds, besides 32 car loads of nails, which, if packed, would make the enormous amount of 10,000 common kegs; the best calculators say that the actual number of nails used in the mighty building will fall but few, if any, under 20,000,000! The engine used is capable of handling 175,000 to 250,000 bushels of grain per day, or enough during the year to equal the combined productions of the state of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. Two hundred and fifty cars have often been loaded at this elevator in ten hours.—St. Louis Republic.

Queer Part of Book Selling.

One of the beauties of the subscription system of book selling is this: If the book is one of a dozen, say, that you don't want at any price, the agent, male and female created, comes after you in your weakest hours, and, penetrating to your most secret lair, demands your piece of money or your peace of mind. Whereas, if the book be one of real value and interest, one that you, a man or woman, say not less than 33.3 per cent. above the zero of idiocy, would naturally care to read and own, then what happens? Why, then you have to seek out the publisher yourself, who civilly refers you to some general agent, who casually refers you to some local agent, who sits in secret somewhere smiling while you long for it. Queer, is it not?—New York Tribune.

Why Privates Should Not Marry.

"No, I don't think a soldier has any right to marry—a private, anyhow," said a ten year man at Fort Hamilton. "Our life and our movements are too uncertain, for one thing, and for another, a soldier should have no incumbrances. Look at me, for example. Four years ago I was transferred from a southern station to Fort Canby, away out in the wilds of California. August, 1889, I was again transferred clear across the continent to this station. Now, if I had a family to take with me, I'd be in pretty deep water, I'm thinking, for I go before long back to the Pacific coast. Uncle Sam keeps us, you know, but he don't over indulge us in spending money, and when you consider that there's no such thing as free transportation for one's family or baggage, you may judge how many months' savings it would take to carry one through.

"Why, the officers themselves are only allowed from 1,500 to 2,400 pounds baggage transportation, according to rank, and most of them, you know, are married. A private is allowed 150 pounds and what he can carry. This just about sees a single man through, but when it comes to household goods, even for a small family, the weight is in the thousands before you know it. Yes, it's all a mistake," he said, in conclusion, "this thing of a private marrying. It almost invariably causes painful separations, frugal living and unhappiness generally to those who run the risk."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Gravity of English Waiters.

It is said that the best waiters in the world are Englishmen, but they do not succeed in the middle class restaurants. For one thing the Swiss, Italian, or German proprietors prefer their own countrymen, but in addition to that, I think they are not, as a general rule, so fitted for the task as foreigners. English waiters are usually kept in hotels, where they assume a grave air and are as solemn as butlers. They are quite as expensive, too. Once in Cambridge I staid at a hotel whose prices were as high as its reputation. The head waiter was an oppressively solemn man, who so overawed my youthful spirit that even yet I have a kind of horror creep over me when I remember the last evening meal I ate under his superintendence. I felt as if I were eating my own funeral dinner. For that repast, and the waiter, I was charged nine and sixpence. I have always considered they charged me seven and sixpence for him whom I could so well have done without. That may be partly the reason why I prefer the brighter Swiss as an occasional attendant. He is suited to a restaurant which has plate glass and gilding about it; the other should never leave an oak paneled room with rusty armor high in the solemn shadows above the wax candles.—Murray's Magazine.

In Central Park.

Not more than a handful of people were left in Central park late Sunday afternoon. The rain had driven the crowds away, and so the slender, English complexioned young girl and her athletic looking escort had the asphalt walks pretty much to themselves. They strolled along very comfortably under her imported umbrella, and seemed oblivious to the falling rain in their interest in each other. Half a block brought them to the roadway facing the museum. They paused for a moment. It was very muddy. She looked down at her dainty patent leather shoes. So did he. Then he looked at the muddy road, and again at the little shoes. Then a swift glance all around. Nobody was in sight, apparently, and with a swift motion he reached down, caught her waist with his arm and the next minute had carried her safely across. It seemed almost too pretty to tell about, and made the writer feel as if he were playing the part of a spy.—Cor. New York Press.

He Had the Floor.

The British house of commons is perhaps the most powerful organization of men in the world, but its great authority and dignity did not prevent it from being thrown into some confusion on a recent occasion, by a very small enemy.

One of the members, Sir John Gorst, had taken the floor to address the house, when it was perceived by a number of members that a mouse had taken the floor at the same time, and was running exactly in the direction of the spot occupied by Sir John.

Certain of the members could not refrain from cries of surprise at seeing the mouse make this movement. The cries frightened the mouse and caused him to turn back and run towards the benches occupied by the members.

This threw the front bench into some confusion, which only frightened the mouse the more. He attempted to take refuge in the trousers leg of an honorable member, and this gentleman immediately began a series of leaps and bounds in an attempt to free himself from the mouse.

In an instant the chamber was in confusion. The mouse, escaping from the honorable member with whom he had taken refuge, ran this way and that. Numbers of the members jumped upon the benches which serve them as seats. The "question before the house" became, "How shall this little animal be got rid of?"

All at once the mouse found his way to the hole in the floor through which he had entered. He disappeared, members got down from the seats, and Sir John Gorst resumed his remarks.—Youth's Companion.

A Fresh Water Scholar.

In his response to the toast, "Our Invited Guests," at the banquet given the Georgia doctors, Dr. J. S. Todd got off this one on Dr. J. McF. Gaston, of Atlanta. Now that the banquet is over, Dr. Todd declares his joke a true one. The story as told runs this way:

"The first morning he was here Dr. Gaston was walking along the wharves. He admired the vessels and the different flags very much, and was enthusiastic in talking of them. In the afternoon Dr. Gaston induced me to go down with him and look at the bay. I gladly accepted the invitation. We had not gone far, though, before Dr. Gaston's looks and manners changed completely. He looked uneasy and as if he would run for life. I noticed that, and asked him what in the world was the matter. 'Matter,' replied Dr. Gaston, 'there's plenty the matter. Why, my conscience, man, if that water continues to rise like it has for the last six hours every mother's son of us will be drowned before morning.' I turned away in laughter, while a truck hand who had overheard Dr. Gaston tried to explain that the tide had come in since he was there in the morning."—Brunswick (Ga.) Times.

The Phonograph in History.

The phonograph people have property which grows more valuable with the lapse of every year. Many cylinders are stowed away with marvelously interesting records upon their waxen surfaces. The Gladstone cylinder is exhibited only on rare occasions and to distinguished guests. It is already an extremely valuable record, and at Gladstone's death it will probably be worth $1,000. A cylinder containing a few sentences by old Gen. von Moltke, now 90 years of age, can also be heard. The squalling of a baby can be taken by the cylinder, and when its producer has reached man's estate he can listen to his own infantile voice if he has any curiosity that way. Funny stories by Eli Perkins, songs by well known singers and short passages from well known plays, spoken by eminent actors, are all on storage in phonograph cylinders. These lose nothing in clearness and volume from the lapse of years, but, of course, may be worn out from use. It is believed that a record taken today and carefully preserved can be reproduced 250 years hence.—New York Sun.

GROWTH OF A DUCKLING

THOSE AT COLUMBIA POULTRY FARM DON'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM.

The Incubation and Brooding House Create Feelings of Deepest Gratitude in the Breast of Her Duckship—Hatching 6,000 Eggs at One Time.

Will a duck swim?

Not all ducks. The ducks of the Columbia poultry farm will not. This farm is at Red Bank, N. J., and is the largest of its kind in this part of the country.

The ducks on this farm are divided into two classes, the breeding flocks and the flocks of ducklings preparing for market. All the breeding flocks have to do is to lay eggs; having done that all responsibility on their part ceases. The incubator and the brooder do the rest. Year after year the ducks of these breeding flocks have been carefully selected and bred together with the single idea of making them good layers.

It is seldom that a duck in the breeding flocks wants to set, and when recently Mr. Burr, the proprietor of the farm, put a tank of water in one of the breeding pens the ducks had to be driven into it, and when they got there were so scared that they got out again, heaping wild anathemas in duck language on the head of Mr. Burr for trying to drown them. But when it comes to the business of laying eggs these ducks are in their element, and for about five months in the year each self respecting, hard working member of the flock will lay one egg a day.

HOW THE BIRDS ARE CLASSIFIED.

The 500 ducks which compose the breeding flocks at the Columbia farm are kept during the breeding season in a long, low house divided into twelve compartments. Twelve yards, of which they have the run, adjoin the compartments. They are divided into twelve tribes in order to facilitate selection and observation, for a duck that falls below the standard is eliminated. Mr. Burr has been for five years experimenting with artificial incubation, and has finally got it to a point which is nearly perfection.

Having got the breeding ducks to lay prolifically and confine their attention entirely to that one branch of the business, the next thing was to get eggs from them best suited to the personal peculiarities and habits of life of the incubators. It was found that in order to make good egg shells, the ducks needed to be furnished with some sort of sea shells as an appetizer, as it were, for their other food. Oyster shells were tried, but the result was an egg with a shell so hard that the duckling which the incubators tried to hatch gave up the struggle to get out of his shell and quietly settled down to die before he had fairly begun to live. Finally, fine, brittle shells, collected on the seashore, were tried, with the result of forming an egg shell just firm and hard enough to give the duckling a little healthy exercise when he picks his way out under the genial warmth of the incubator.

Given the proper breeding flocks and the proper eggs, the next problem was the management of the incubators. It was found absolutely necessary to have perfect control of the regulation of the temperature. An incubator house was built partly under ground so that the effect of sun and the varieties of the climate would have little effect. Twelve incubators, in which are 6,000 eggs, are at work in this house, quietly and unostentatiously doing the work of which they have relieved the ducks which laid the eggs. The incubators are heated by hot water, the heat coming from above, which arrangement has been found to give the best results.

WHAT THE INCUBATORS CAN DO.

When a duck sets on a nest of eggs and the germ of life begins to grow in them, evaporation takes place through the porous shells and the water eliminated from inside the shell leaves room for the embryo ducklings to grow. As the incubation proceeds, the brooding duck furnishes from her feathers an oil which covers the shell and stops the evaporation. Mr. Burr has accomplished the same results in his incubators by regulating the moisture. When the eggs are first put in there is only one pan of water put in with them, but as the process of incubation proceeds other pans are added, until the hot, dry air which first filled the incubator has been replaced by a moist atmosphere, in which evaporation is almost impossible.

It was also found that as ducklings grew in the eggs a large amount of animal heat was generated. This rendered it necessary to diminish the external application of heat, and now the last day or two of the hatching is done almost entirely by the heat furnished by the ducklings themselves. The incubators are kept at a temperature of 102 degrees for the first twelve or fourteen days. After that slight variations in temperature will do no harm. When the eggs begin to hatch the temperature is put up to 103 degrees, and kept there until all are out. For thirty-six hours after they are hatched the ducklings are kept in the incubators. Then they are taken to the brooding house.

The brooding house is nearly 200 feet long and plays the mother duck to 3,600 ducklings at the same time. It is divided into pens communicating with glass yards, and here can be seen ducklings ranging from one day to ten weeks old all divided off according to their age. When one of the ducks in the breeding pens looks over at the incubator house and thinks what a tedious job is being taken off her hands there, and then catches sight of the brooding house, which is relieving her of all the responsibilities of motherhood, she is so grateful that she goes and lays another egg.—New York Tribune.

A Celebrated Physician.

John Arbuthnot, the son of a Scotch clergyman, was born near Montrose in 1667. He was educated at Aberdeen, where he took his doctor's degree. Going to London to push his fortune, he soon established a reputation as a man of science, and before he was 30 a happy accident led to his fortune. Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, was taken suddenly ill at Epsom, and Arbuthnot, who chanced to be there, was summoned to attend him. The prince was cured, and the doctor was appointed one of the court physicians. Swift says that he was the queen's favorite physician, and apartments were given him in St. James' palace. Thus distinguished by the marks of royal favor, Arbuthnot acquired the friendship, not only of the leading men of his party, as Harley and Bolingbroke, but that of all the wits and scholars of the time. He was their trusted friend and adviser. He attended Queen Anne in her last illness, and although he did not continue to hold his official position in the court of George I—he and his friend were Tories—he maintained a great practice among the nobility. He attended Gay and Congreve and Pope and Swift, and in the verses addressed by Gay to Pope Arbuthnot's company is said to drive sorrow from the heart, "as all disease his medicines dissipate." Pope constantly expressed his gratitude to him, and paid him some of his finest poetical compliments. The prologue to "The Satires," Pope's most perfect piece, is addressed to Arbuthnot.—Chicago Herald.

At the Homestead steel works, Pittsburg, there is about to be placed one of the largest Corliss engines in the world, with a horizontal cylinder 54 by 72 inches. The fly wheel will weigh 200,000 pounds. The whole weight of the engine will be over 500,000 pounds, and it is expected to develop 3,500 horse power. The Corliss engine was built at the Soho iron works, Bolton, England. It is of 3,000 horse power, of the vertical type, and stands 48 feet high.

The Cost of New York's Homes.

New York is not a city of homes except for the favored few. These must be able to invest from $30,000 to $100,000 in that "home" and spend from $10,000 to $25,000 a year to keep up the establishment. I live in a modest flat on Sixty-ninth street, west side, about midway between the Hudson and Central Park, paying $40 a month rent for that privilege. The same flat three squares nearer the elevated railway station would bring $60 per month. There are solid rows of residences about and being built near me, not one of which can be purchased for less than $30,000, and they run all the way up to $100,000. It costs from $7,000 to $25,000 to furnish one of these appropriately. Strolling up Ninth avenue the other day, I noted a sign board on a vacant lot between two residences on a side street—Eighty-first street: "This lot and party walls, $35,000." It was only the regulation twenty-four foot lot, but the cellar had been excavated.

Fancy a man in Philadelphia or Pittsburg investing such a sum in such a lot five or six miles from his business. I asked a contractor about the matter. He tells me that almost any lot on the west side of Central park will cost $10,000 excavated, and desirable ones from $15,000 up. The cost of excavating a shallow cellar for a high stoop residence is considerable, as the solid rock must be quarried. The steam drills are at it in every direction. There are six of them hustling away within pistol shot of me, and the dynamite explosions of the blaster rattle you up in almost any block north of Fifty-ninth street. At the present rate of building, within the next five years there will not be an acre of vacant ground the whole length of the great park. Each succeeding year makes all this still more and more expensive. Where will the New Yorker of the future live?—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Innocent Man Twelve Years in Prison.

The governor has granted a pardon to A. P. Gipson, who was sent from Shasta county in May, 1878, to San Quentin prison to serve a life sentence. The crime of which he was convicted was the murder of a stockman named Schroeder, who bore an unenviable reputation in the community.

Convicted with Gipson for complicity in the same crime were men named Hilbrant and Tom Gipson. The latter was pardoned by Governor Perkins in 1882, and Hilbrant by Governor Stoneman in 1885. Both those governors received petitions on behalf of A. P. Gipson, but never paid any attention to them. Hilbrant made an affidavit that he swore falsely when he stated that A. P. Gipson was implicated in the crime. Tom Gipson also swore afterward that A. P. had nothing to do with the murder.

The man whom Governor Waterman pardoned was evidently the victim of a deep conspiracy. The petition for his pardon was one of the strongest ever presented to the chief executive. Over 500 citizens of Shasta county, including Judge Aaron Bell, of the superior court, who passed sentence, and other county officials, signed it. Judge Bell wrote in connection that he believed Gipson was an innocent man. The pardoned man is about 70 years old.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Let Well Alone.

An odd story comes from Indiana. In boring for natural gas the drillers, at a depth of 250 feet, are said to have struck an immense vein of water, which was cased off. At a depth of 900 feet a tremendous flow of gas was developed, the pressure of which lifted the casing and let in the water above, producing a veritable geyser. After some days the well had been nearly controlled, when a workman at the mouth of the well struck a match to light his pipe. An explosion followed, and the workman narrowly escaped being roasted alive. All efforts to restrain the well or even put out the fire have since proved futile, and the strange spectacle is witnessed of a resistless volume of fire and water issuing from the same pipe. The column is described as shooting with an appalling roar to a height of 100 feet.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Meanest of Incendiaries.

"I cannot understand," said a well known Philadelphian, "what would induce a man, however depraved, to set fire to any property belonging to Mr. George W. Childs, whose reputation for generosity is world wide. When Mr. Childs was building Wootton he gave orders that every man who came along and wanted work should be given something to do. In consequence hundreds of persons were set to work grading and digging, and they were paid good wages in cash every night. To burn the property of such a man is simply abominable."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Longevity in Maine.

West Trenton claims to be a "healthy neighborhood." A correspondent calls attention to the fact that there are five families in that vicinity, adjoining neighbors, who in the aggregate have reared thirty-nine children, and with their ten parents added would make altogether forty-nine in number. The eldest parent living is 73 and the youngest 62. The eldest child is 46 and the youngest 18. These homes have been occupied by these families on an average of forty years; yet in that time there have been but three deaths from this number, that of one parent and two children.—Ellsworth American.

Mummified Cats at Auction.

It was the first cat's head that went for the feeble 15d., probably because the curiosity mongers had not yet warmed to their work. This was stated to have formed a portion of "a beautiful Tom." Another, declared to be "a perfect study of a sweet fact," was knocked down for 8s. 3d. The hindquarters of a cat with two hind feet attached were more briskly competed for amid cries of "Handle that cat gently!" from two gentlemen described as "evidently scientists."—London News.

An Ear Machine.

The ear machine is one of the latest beautifiers. It is merely a bit of sprung steel, so shaped as to come down over the ears and press them back when they stand out too prominently. One can hardly blame people for using them. Ears that stand out from the head like handles from the side of a jug are not pretty. If a mother sees that her child is likely to be so afflicted she can easily remedy the difficulty by a little trouble. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Safer Styles.

There have been so many instances of factory girls getting their hair entangled in machinery that most of those in New England have returned to the old and safer style of wearing it a la young man. Woman's glory is her hair, but she doesn't want her head pulled off in order to retain her glory.—Detroit Free Press.

No Criterion.

Witticus—What is that dark object over there in the shadows? Is it a bird?

Æsculapius—I don't know. I can make out a bill——

Witticus—Oh, that doesn't prove anything. You always could.—Harper's Bazar.

A Mind Reader.

Dudely—You look at me as if you thought I was a fool, eh?

Stranger—Why, no; you can't be such a fool, after all. Your remark shows that you read a man's thoughts at a glance.—Texas Siftings.

Not Easily Satisfied.

Clarence—Where have you been?

John—To my tailor, and I had hard work making him accept a little money.

Clarence—You astonish me. Why?

John—Because he wanted more.—Chatter.

WALL STREET TIPSTERS.

A CLASS OF MEN WHO MANAGE TO EXIST BY USE OF THEIR WITS.

They Will Give You Trustworthy Information if You Promise an Interest in Your Purchase—They Form a Queer Element in the Exciting Life.

The evolution of the Wall street tip has been curious and interesting. Starting years ago, in a little speck known as "private information," it has developed into a system. The system is headed by boss tipsters and footed by journeymen tipsters. There are tipsters who have made immense fortunes. They don't call themselves tipsters. Neither does anybody else but the irreverent ones. But they are tipsters, or they have been. And there are tipsters who are worse off now financially—and morally, too—than when they began.

It is a queer business. To be a successful tipster requires many accomplishments. The one who travels tranquilly along the road to fortune is he who is well educated, talks well, dresses well, and, above all, knows well the man to whom he presents his tips. The business of the tipster is to give information as to the probable course of the price of stocks and to secure an interest in any purchase or sale made by the moneyed individual to whom he imparts the information. If the tipster is right oftener than he is wrong, then he makes money and is respected. If his tips are bad oftener than they are good, why, he is despised and even hated, and, instead of truffles, he lives on coffee and cakes, and is a prophet without honor in any country.

HIS STOCK IN TRADE.

The tipster requires no financial capital. Cheek is what he needs—a hard cheek and plenty of it. Whether the cheek is natural or whether it is acquired makes no difference. Many a timid, shrinking young man has gone into Wall street, from some cause or another, and in a few years has cultivated a facial development which would crack a paving stone if it came in collision with one. He has gone into Wall street—and he has staid there. No genuine, simon pure tipster ever retired from the street, and though they grow old they never die. Their cheek is a barrier between them and the old man with the scythe. Behind the cheek there must always be discretion. The cheek that carries with it the undesirable attachment known as "freshness" is of no value.

It must be a well regulated cheek, a cheek always under control and always in readiness to respond to the call of duty when opportunity comes. Professionally, this quality is not known as cheek. It is called "a good business presence." But it is cheek, just as much as stock speculation to the great majority is gambling. And the crack tipster must also have a well developed faculty for explaining defeat. He must never admit that he was wrong. That would be fatal. He must say that somebody else was wrong, and he must valiantly offer to prove it. If his cheek is properly regulated and serves him well, the disappointed principal will listen to him and accept more tips from him.

It is not a profession that can be mastered by books. Experience only brings mastery. There is a certain zest about it, a sort of fascinating uncertainty. The young man gets what he thinks is some private information regarding the future of, say, Hohokus third preferred. He remembers that a certain man once told him that if he ever happened to hear of anything good to let him know. Perhaps nobody ever told him that, and perhaps he makes up his mind to go to a stranger. Before he goes he probably sits down and figures on the possible profits. The pleasures of hope are his for a few moments. Then, a little bit rattled and uneasy, he starts for the lair of the capitalist.

HOW HE PROCEEDS.

His reception is not enthusiastic; it is not encouraging. The bloated bondholder merely nods at him and grunts.

"I think, sir," says the young man, "that I have some very good information regarding Hohokus thirds."

"You have, hey?" growls the man with rocks. "Well, what is it and where did you get it?"

"Hohokus is good for an eight point rise," answers the callow tipster, with much confidence.

"Oh, it is, is it? Where did you find that out?"

The tipster asks of the capitalist a promise of secrecy and the capitalist snorts haughtily. Then he tells how a friend of his is a clerk in the office of the president of the Hohokus railroad, and this friend has happened to mention to him that "the old man and his friends have been buying Hohokus thirds on every little slump, and he has overheard the old man advising its purchase."

The capitalist grunts and says h'm a good many times. He observes that he doesn't take much stock in that kind of information. The tipster who is being described now is a student of human nature, and has discovered as time has passed that this capitalist isn't such a pre-eminent individual after all, and he has become so absolutely certain that Hohokus is going up that he begins to feel independent.

"All right," he says; "I only wish I had money enough to buy it myself. But I guess I can get Billy Blobbs to buy me some."

The capitalist hates Blobbs, and as the tipster is about to leave he calls him back.

"Well," he says, "if you are so sure I'll buy a few hundred on joint account."

He does buy it, and Hohokus does advance. Thereafter the tipster is a welcome guest, and he continues as such so long as his tips are right.

The unsuccessful tipster is a man who would excite sympathy if it were not for his unvarying confidence that he is going to obtain a point some time that will put him on his feet.—New York Times.

Finger Insurance.

In a party of insurance men an accident policy man put the question generally: "What do you think is our most unprofitable risk?" Most of those in the party named persons engaged in dangerous avocations, such as railroad men, powder makers, etc. When each had received a negative one asked the smiling accident man the answer.

"Tailors," said he. "They're simply awful."

"How on earth can a tailor injure himself?" was the chorus.

"If you'd stop to think it would at once present itself," was the retort. "They prick their fingers. You well understand that in making a close seam every particle of the tailor's strength is required in holding the cloth together. A prick in the finger disables a coatmaker, and we have to pay him $25 a week until he gets well."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Self Possessed.

In the time of the Indian war, about 1675, the church at New Milford, Conn., was in charge of Parson Boardman. It is not with the good parson, however, that this story has to do, but with the parson's wife.

A general alarm had seized upon the community, and the people were flocking to the fort for security. A man was sent to the parsonage to warn Madam Boardman of the danger from a hostile attack, and to help her and the children to escape. He was excited, and naturally urged immediate haste.

To this the quiet woman calmly replied that she would be ready to start "as soon as she had knit into the seam needle."—Youth's Companion.

The statement is made that eighteen tons of steel disappear daily on the London and Northwestern railroad through wear and rust.

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CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

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GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Thursday 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. & Fr. No. 2, daily exc't Th's & Sundays.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursdays 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.

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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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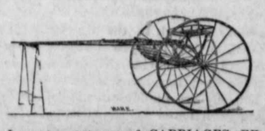

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