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The Chestertown Transcript.

0 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1890. VOL. XIX—NO. 7

H. C. LEGG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
213 ST. PAUL Street, Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention paid to all professional business. Nov. 21-tf.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Foreign Fruits,
118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
We report sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.
Jas. W. Steven. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 113 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

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

BUY THAT
FROM WHICH YOU
Get the Greatest Returns

LEA'S
NEW PROCESS
FLOUR
MAKES MORE BREAD THAN ANY OTHER.

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.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!
I have bought out the Stock of Goods formerly belonging to M. T. Goslee, and propose keeping a Good Stock of First-Class Goods at the Lowest No-Peach Prices.
For the Next Sixty Days
I will offer all broken lots from 20 to 75 per cent. lower than price asked by Mr. Goslee so as to make room for arriving stock. We will sell a lot of Misses Foxed Gaiters, former price $2.00, for 75 cents; Men's Low Shoes, which sold at $1.50 and $2.00, for $1.00; lot of Baby Shoes, which formerly sold for 75 cents to $2.00, at 50 cents; Children's Slippers, formerly sold at 50 cents and $1.00, for 25 cents, and other goods in same proportion.
NEW GOODS, NOW ARRIVING,
suitable for Boys, Girls, Men and Women. Call in and examine my stock. I will be glad to see my friends and the public generally.
THOMAS G. WROTH,
May 15-90-y. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

I. HAMBERGER & SONS,
Fine Clothing and Tailoring,
122 East Baltimore St.,
ADJOINING B. & O. R. R. BUILDING,

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 using it certify.
ACME No. 1, A HIGH GRADE FERTILIZER AT 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.

FOR
RYE, WHEAT, GRASS
And Permanent
Pure ANIMAL BONE, Dissolved ANIMAL BONE, and ANIMAL BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE.
Valuable Circulars and Samples Free on application,
JOSHUA HORNER, JR., & CO., Bowly's Wharf And Wood St. Baltimore, Md.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD
WESTCOTT & DODD,
(Successors to N. G. Westcott.)
WE HAVE ADDED TO OUR STOCK A WELL SELECTED LINE OF
DRESS GOODS!
Comprising the latest styles in
Striped and Plain Dress Flannels,
QUTING CLOTHS, DRESS GINGHAMS,
INDIA LINENS, PLAID AND STRIPED MUSLINS.
The Latest Styles in LACE at very Low Prices.
Children's, Misses', Youths', Ladies' and Men's SHOES. Tennis Shoes, Hats; Ladies' and Men's Shoes as low down as 50c. per pair. Call before they are gone.
Jointless Matting, extra quality at 25c. Black and White Challies at 7c. per yard.
☞ Our Remnant pile we offer bargains it would pay you to buy. Remnants of dress goods marked down from 2½c. to 8c.
Hoping to continue with the old patronage of the store, we solicit our friends and the public generally, Yours truly,
WESTCOTT & DODD.

ESTABLISHED 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, Maryland.
NEW CORN WANTED!
EITHER ON COB OR SHELLED,
IN ANY QUANTITY,
delivered at any point convenient to farmers As I am buying direct for the manufacturers, I can pay more for grain than those who buy on the market.
Yours truly,
Jan, 1-89. E. T. COMEGYS

McDONNELL'S
SPECIALTIES IN STOCK.
In addition to a full line of First-Class Staple
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
I have placed in stock a number of specialties particularly suited for the heated term of the summer months, embracing a full line of fine
Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco
—AND—
CIGARETTES
Indeed, I am the only dealer in Kent county licensed to sell this hot weather luxury—the cigarette. A full line of choice brands of both Cigars and Cigarettes will be kept constantly on hand.
SOFT DRINKS,
FRUITS OF ALL KINDS,
both domestic and foreign, in season.
A full assortment of Fancy Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, etc.; Smoking Articles and fine grades of Smoking Tobacco. Prices graded to meet the depressed times. Respectfully,
June 5. W. S. McDONNELL.
Shoes. Hats.
—THE—
New Shoe Store
—OF—
E. D. ADKINSON & CO
Is now in full bloom with a Complete Assortment of FINE SHOES for Men, Women and Children, showing near two hundred different styles, and at prices that can't be beat. A call solicited.
E. D. ADKINSON & CO.,
Cross street, next to Bergen's Corner.

LIFE DOES NOT COUNT BY YEARS.

Life does not count by years—
'Tis circumstance that makes the solid sum
Of our existence. Smiles and tears,
And hopes and fears, unbidden come.
To some, a day seems but a fleeting hour—
Where pleasure waits there is no call for tears.
To others, writhing 'neath affliction's power,
A single day is lengthened into years.

Life does not count by years—
The polished brow its youthful look may hold,
E'en while the heart, stung by the cold world's sneers,
Lies in the tortured bosom sore and old.
In this great world of mingled good and ill
Philosophy's clear page reveals the truth
That, view life's stormy problem as we will,
'Tis our surroundings that make age or youth.
—FRANCIS S. SMITH, in *New York Weekly*.

THE SHYLOCKS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY T. D. BOWERS.

This world is one vast aggregation of beings endowed with various dispositions and a diversity of powers. It is an arena in which are displayed qualities to the ennoblement or to the debasement of the individual possessing them. No two men are endowed with the same disposition nor are they provided with the same qualifications for encountering the vital problems of the active world. Yet each has in him those capacities which are best suited and most likely to portray his true nature to his fellowmen. To say that these natures are not dependent upon one another for sustenance and guidance is as devoid of reason as to affirm that the little plant that blooms in the field is not dependent upon the sun for its growth and beauty. Not a sentence can be uttered or an act performed that does not silently but surely insinuate itself into the nature of some one else and produce an impression either for good or for evil.

It is a fact that we are all mutually dependent. The highest and the lowest have an unmistakable bond of fellowship and sympathy. One has fitly said that no individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As we are to-day profiting by the upright lives and examples of our forefathers, so we, too, are, by the actions of each day, contributing to form the condition and character of the lives of the future. That some characters are worthy of emulation is none the less evident, than that there are many that need to be improved. That there are natures gentle, generous and self-denying, is no more manifest, than that there are those that are grasping, greedy and pernicious. [illegible] there are as many Shylocks in this busy and turbulent world to-day as there were when Shakespeare portrayed the character of that extraordinary being whose greed made him a subject fit for the haunts of brutes rather than the habitation of man.

Who was this Shylock of whom we read, and what was his character? He was one in whom there resided a demon worse than Mephistopholes and whose body was a mere human trunk in which there lived the soul of a voracious brute. Human generosity or even the faintest shadow of mercy for his fellowmen was foreign to his nature. An opportunity only is needed for his greed to become his master. Then we see him more anxious for the pound of flesh than for the gold of Bassanio. He wants the bond of Antonio because the law allows it, and because it will satisfy his insatiate revenge. Who is he to-day? Precisely the same as he was in the days of Shakespeare. Some would be apt to think that in the vast progress of civilization and in the greater degree of advancement of the sciences and arts, men had come to see their duty one toward another in a clearer light than they were wont to do. But had we organs of vision sufficiently deep for penetration into the real natures of men, we would find that there are more than we imagine who would not hesitate a moment to do the meanest act were it not for the dread of public censure; men who would not scruple to exact the pound of flesh today should a man issue a bond to that effect. Nothing can so quickly degrade a man and injure the community in which he lives as the continual exercise of a diabolical despotism over others in the commercial, and, indeed, all other transactions in which they are engaged.

But there are many and strikingly dangerous forces that are silently working for the overthrow of all that is grand and exalted in our government. And the Shylocks of the 19th century are the very forces that are playing such havoc among our public institutions. There is no kind of business in which there are not to be found men who will take advantage either of the ignorance or of the circumstances of others with whom they have transactions. It seems to be a propensity of human nature to prey upon the necessities of the weak. This is particularly noticeable in the case of the usurer. From a business point of view I may be wrong in assailing the money-lender when he lends money for usurious interest. Has he not the same right to make 20 or 25 per cent. upon his own money, by lending it on interest as the merchant or any one else has to make the same per centage in dealing in goods? Suppose this were so, and I would fail to see any ground upon which to arraign Mr. Shylock. We are not justified in censuring a man who is making large profits upon his investments. But the Divine as well as the moral law steps in and affirms that you have no right to take advantage of the needy. Every time that you exact from your customer more than a just rate per cent., you are committing as great a sin as if you were to steal the money from his pocket. Your business is not right, because it incurs the public hatred. The wisdom of the ages and almost daily observation confirm this statement. My views of business transactions are entirely in conformity with all that is honest, upright and fair. But I cannot see that where a man engages in that kind of traffic which he knows is detrimental to his welfare, which he knows will injure his credit and his dealings in general, is in harmony with either of the three characteristics named. Who can be convinced of the honesty of exacting more than the rate per cent. prescribed by the State from those who are not able to pay more than half? And yet there are some, yea, many right here in our community who would not hesitate a moment to do so. Who can be convinced of the fairness of taking advantage of another man's extremity by making it your opportunity to rob him of that to which you are not lawfully entitled? And yet we do not have far to go to find such. Where can a more perfect example of Shylock be found than the *rumseller*, who, for a paltry sum will suck all the life-giving properties from his victim by offering him the deadly drink? He not only takes the pound of flesh nearest the heart, but the heart itself; yea, the very soul.

The Shylocks are the men who are polluting the sanctity of our holy church by hypocritically proclaiming allegiance to its principles. There are many men who are allied with the church and are constantly making profession of being followers of Christ, who when in their shops and offices turn every thought to the best possible way of deceiving some one out of a penny or trying to injure those who are endeavoring to succeed in life. By their works they are hindering the progress of the ages, shaking confidence in men, and faith in the efficacy of religious principles, and are so far ruining their race.

Oh, Shylock! remember that the fatherless of this day must look to you for guidance; remember that your children and your children's children and all posterity must look to you for the formation of their characters. Extricate yourself from the demon that holds you within his grasp, and recognize the fact that you were created by God to alleviate the miseries of your race. Last, but by no means least, is the monopolist as a Shylock. The government of this grand land will never attain a state of perfection so long as its laws are regulated by *tools* of large combines and stock companies. Men with ill-gotten wealth are holding the reins within their hands, and Senators and Congressmen are driven like horses to make laws favorable to the few.

Oppression and want fill to-day every space of our land. Why? Because the so-called system of taxation and the institution of corporations and syndicates which absorb every available means of living are tolerated within the confines of the United States. Systems of this kind may do for the so-called "protectionists," but who can prove it advantageous to the masses? Men of moderate circumstances who constitute the bulk of our population, are becoming more and more excluded from participation in law-making, and are compelled to succumb to the oppression occasioned by these stock jobbers and brokers. Innumerable dangers threaten all our institutions. Anarchy and socialism and every other power of evil are fast polluting the minds of men and seeking to destroy our comfort and peace.

Could any one say that men of patriotic principles, men of integrity and uprightness of character could be the instigators of such deviation from the right? No. The same motive that prompted Shylock of old to exact of Antonio the pound of flesh nearest the heart is precisely the same as that which prompted Spies, Parsons, Lingg and others to throw the bomb in Hay Market. We can't pick up a newspaper but what we see accounts of strikes occuring all through the country. Why is this the case? Because these detestable money-grabbers are grinding the very life out of their employees to fill their overladened purses with the cash that *they* should receive. One of the greatest problems of the day is, "how to improve the condition of the laboring classes." Improve the hearts and souls of the capitalists and an improvement in those employed will be a necessary consequence. And so it is, if we sift the matter we will find that every evil that threatenes our great government to-day has been or is being caused by those who care not what mode of laws we have so they be strictly conducive to their welfare. If we want to be a prosperous nation, if we want to be called the model government of the world, we must extricate from the control of greedy men this republic which loyal men founded. How can it be done? By inducing the Shylocks of the 19th century to turn from the error of their ways and walk daily in the paths of righteousness. There is a limit to all actions. You, too, oh, Shylock! will overreach yourself. God the Allwise Judge will furnish a way of escape for those who put their trust in Him. You cannot afflict the poor without it coming under His notice. He will shield and comfort all who are oppressed; and sooner or later, it will not be by my way nor by your way, but by the way of the Omnipotent Jehovah, retributive justice will follow with avenging hand every infraction of His divine law.

Literary Notes.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the *July Century* is the long-expected debate on "The Single Tax," by Edward Atkinson and Henry George. Mr. Atkinson opens the discussion in a paper on "A Single Tax upon Land;" Mr. George replies in "A Single Tax on Land Values," and there is a rejoinder by Mr. Atkinson.

Another article that marks this number of the *Century* is the beginning of the *Century's* "Prison Series," the first paper being a thrilling account of the life of "A Yankee in Andersonville," by Dr. T. H. Mann, accompanied by a plan, and pictures made from rare photographs.

The Best Testimonial.

yet published for any blood medicine is the *printed guarantee* of the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which *warrants* that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood and their names are *legion*. All Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas and kindred diseases, are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures. 50 cents, by druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Colin F. Stam.

IF you think your friend's style of dress is not beautiful, don't tell her; you only offend her, because deep in her heart she is convinced that she knows a great deal more about it than you do.

WITCHES IN THE SOUTH.

Dire Havoc Believed to Have Been Caused by Them Among Coon Dogs.

In Wayne county, of which Goldsboro, N. C., is the county seat, many of the inhabitants believe in witchcraft.

The Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and other southern states abound in so called "witch doctors," who will cure your ails and kill the witch that is troubling you. Some of these doctors actually believe in the personal existence of witches and in their supernatural power, but many of them are frauds, who make a living by imposing on the credulity of their neighbors.

The negro race is naturally superstitious, but the poor white "crackers" are also ignorant, and for believing in spooks, spirits, hobgoblins and other natural phenomena they can give the colored man cards, spades and aces, and then beat him. The cracker is worse than the colored man, because he fondly imagines that he is so much shrewder, and so he does not use what brains he has, nor does he try to learn anything. He has thousands of signs, omens, cures and beliefs that are a continual source of annoyance to him, and perpetually keep him in a state of dread. The simplest incident is one of sinister and occult meaning to him, and he is ever in a tremor lest ill luck and misfortune overtake him.

The evil influences manifest themselves in various ways, and each one seems worse than the other. His gun occasionally hangs fire and refuses to "go off" properly, and at times is so badly deranged that it cannot be discharged at all. At other times his favorite coon dog is bewitched by some evil minded and envious person, and then the woe of the cracker is something painful to witness. If his gun were not bewitched, why could he not kill a squirrel with it? And why should his dog refuse to hunt coons, when to hunt coons was his business? These are questions that he can answer only by assuming that a witch has been influencing him and his property.

He employs a witch doctor, to whom he pours out his tale of woe and yields up his hard earned cash. The doctor cares little for the woe, but the cash is grateful and exhilarating. The doctor is sanguine, and declares that he has a method of killing that is strictly original, copyrighted, and warranted to be effectual.

In one case that I came across the doctor learned that an old woman living several miles away was the suspected party, and he commenced a campaign against her. He told the victim to go to her house some night and stretch a white cotton string around the building and tie the ends together with a "weaver's knot." Then he was to walk around the house seven times each way, recite a given sentence in front of each door while making mysterious marks on it, and the cure would be completed. The directions were followed, and, I am happy to say, were effectual, as the next hunt resulted in the death of three coons.

Another time a small powder was given, which must be swallowed by the witch without her knowing it. The old lady was invited to dinner, the powder placed in her cup of coffee, and the cure was as complete as could be desired.—Philadelphia Times.

Why Men Wear Long Hair.

The ancient Britons, like the Gauls, wore long, bushy hair, and mustache. The Romanized Britons shaved their faces and adopted the shorter hair of their conquerors. The Saxons, according to Planche, are generally represented with long hair parted in front, forked beards and mustaches; but in the Tenth and Eleventh centuries, with the exception of old men, they appear to have cropped their locks and shaved their chins, preserving only their mustaches.

Long hair was a distinguishing characteristic of the Teutonic tribes. It was a mark of the highest rank among the Franks, none of whom, save princes of the blood and nobility, were permitted to wear it in flowing ringlets; an express law commanded the commonalty to cut their hair close round the middle of the forehead. The beard was also held in the greatest reverence by them, and to touch it stood in lieu of a solemn oath.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

New Words.

A notable attempt has been made to add to the resources of the English language. Lord Bury, as chairman of the Electric Traction company, wrote to The Times to ask for a short word—if possible of one syllable—to express the idea of being conveyed by electric power. As might have been expected, letter after letter poured in, full of strange and wonderful suggestions. The following are only a few of the cacophonous verbs which scientific and unscientific writers alike submitted for consideration: To "ohm," to "volt," to "mote," to "electrise," to "coulomb," to "squirm," to "shock," to "franklin," to "scint," to "elk," to "trictrac," to "faradate," to "weber." There is clearly no lack of choice; perhaps America will help us, as it did with the verb to "wire."—Murray's Magazine.

Rapid Talkers in Germany.

Herr Hofer, of the Dresden institute, is an expert in shorthand writing, and he has been making an estimate of the rapidity with which certain famous members of the German reichstag deliver their speeches. He reports that Herr Rickert speaks at the rate of 153 words a minute; Herbert Bismarck, 144 words; Fehr von Stumm, 148 words; Dr. Bamberger, 129 words; Herr Singer, 121 words, and Dr. Bushing, 112. When we take into consideration the exceeding length of the German words we are compelled to admit that these are certainly instances of wonderfully rapid speaking.—Eugene Field's London Letter.

A Prudent Parent.

Indignant Father—Hadn't you done anything but laugh?

Boy—No, sir.

"And the teacher whipped you for that? The scoundrel! I'll teach him"—

"Yes, and he whipped me just as hard! He's a great big man."

(Not quite so indignant) "H'm! You mustn't laugh in school, Johnny. It's against the rules."—Chicago Tribune.

The Uncertainties of Juries.

A clerk in Chicago was tried for larceny. He was acquitted. Whereupon he said: "Well, if you jurors can't convict a man when he confesses he is guilty I don't know what you can do." We saw a Halifax jury acquit a man who pleaded manslaughter and whose lawyers asked for such a verdict.—Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.

That Joke Again.

"Four hundred and twenty-two," yelled the elevator boy.

"What is?" asked the passenger.

"You are! You are the four hundred and twenty-second man to ask me this week if my life isn't full of ups and downs. Ask it again. I like it."—New York Sun.

DUTCHESS COUNTY'S BIG CAVERN.

An Interesting Hole in the Ground Near the Foot of Mount Riga.

Near the eastern boundary of Dutchess county, almost in the shadow of Mount Riga, is one of the greatest natural wonders of the state. It is a cave or passageway into the mountain, which is called Cave Hill, and its depth has never been known. Its opening resembles a roughly cut doorway into a great rock. A diminutive stream of water trickles down the mountain and into this opening, which would seem the only agency by which such a tunnel could have been worn into the rock, but the size of the cave some distance within precludes the idea of its having been made by so small a stream.

The opening is just large enough for one person to enter, and the way is a rough and dangerous one. The rocks are covered with a slimy substance that makes every foot of the way slippery and treacherous. After much cautious moving and squeezing through the narrow opening the party came to a large dome shaped place, which, in the gleam of the torches, resembled a small ice palace, while drops of water constantly fell from some unseen place. The way leading into the cave is on a sharp downward incline, and some of the spaces are very large, many of them being about five feet wide and fifty feet high, and, looking up through the dim light of the torches, dozens of ugly looking rocks seem suspended from the glittering arches by very slender hangings, and the sight is not calculated to produce a home like feeling. The party followed this dark hole in the mountain for nearly half a mile, occasionally stopping to explore niches and apartments on either side that suggested the story of the catacombs.

Finally the amateur explorers came to a precipice from which nothing but darkness could be distinguished. One of the party dropped a stone into the darkness, and the time that expired before it struck anything seemed almost as long as it takes a stone to reach the river when dropped from the Poughkeepsie bridge, and when it did strike there was a peculiar rattle and a sound like a much larger stone falling into a pond. Almost on the edge of this precipice are two names cut into the rock. They are J. C. Dayton and D. C. Dakin, both dated 1840. Other names are cut in the rock nearer the opening of the cave, one as lately as 1875.

The cave is without doubt perfectly natural. Looking up from its deepest recess it looks as though there had once been a narrow chasm like that through which parts of the Ausable river winds through the Adirondacks, and that the rocks had met at the top, thus closing the chasm and sending huge rocks down, partially filling the opening and leaving a treacherous footpath through it all.

There are stories and legends connected with this cave which have never appeared in print, although some of the people that live in the mountain are thoroughly familiar with them. Some New York explorers once visited the cave, and one of the party, a young woman, became frightened after entering and nearly lost her life before she could be rescued. About twenty years ago a stranger inquired from the woodmen where the cave was. When shown the opening he exclaimed, "Ah, 'tis mine! 'tis mine!" and at once prepared to enter it in search of hidden treasure, which he said was there. The poor man was insane, and in his wanderings had heard of this strange place, and at once associated it in his mind with untold fortunes, just as insane men nearly always do. He built a hut on the hillside near the cave and went every day into its gloomy depths and crawled about, often without light, even in the winter. In this weary way he wore his life away, and was found by some hunters one day dying in his cabin and raving for his gold in the cave.

The mountain into which the strange channel extends is one of the wildest in Dutchess county. It is covered with white birch trees so thickly set that one can hardly pass through. Many of the trees are dead, and the reporter, not particularly muscular, easily broke off several of them with an ordinary push.—Poughkeepsie News Press.

The "Elephant Man."

He was afflicted with two terrible deformities—overgrowth of certain bones and a severe skin disease of a disfiguring nature. Two enormous bony outgrowths developed on his forehead, and the bones of the upper jaw, right arm and both feet were of great size. The skin disease consisted of wart like masses, quite superficial on some parts, but forming large excrescences on the back of the head and loins. The skin formed large loose flaps on the right side of the chest and the lower part of the back. The eyelids, ears, left arm and other parts remained free from the skin disease. The high masses of bone on the forehead, with the prominent nose and lip, which hung downwards, owing to overgrowth of the skin, gave an elephantine appearance to the features. The head, during the last three or four years, grew so heavy that at length the man had great difficulty in holding it up. He slept in a crouching position, with his hands clasped over his legs and his head on his knees. There can be no doubt that the weight of the head killed him, as stated at the inquest. The poor fellow was grateful, intelligent and interesting.—British Medical Journal.

A Sport Loving People.

"I suppose you have frequently heard that Australia is the greatest country in the world for athletic sports?" said Ned Hanlan, the oarsman, while talking about the world's championship boat race at Sydney. "But the facts have not been exaggerated. It is wonderful how the people turn out to any kind of sport—sculling, horse races, wrestling matches or anything else. Why, I saw as many as 20,000 people at a little sprinting match once. Then, what do you think of 170,000 going to the horse races? For that was the attendance one year when the Melbourne cup was run. The Derby in England isn't a comparison so far as the crowd is concerned. The crowds at boat races are also phenomenal. The people in Australia go crazy over all sorts of sports."—Louisville Post.

Unique Barometer.

An old Belfast sea captain is credited with devising a unique barometer. It consists of a thin strip of white pine with a number of cross pieces upon it. This is hung on the side of the building, and when damp weather is approaching the barometer bulges out in the center, while in dry weather the center sinks in and the ends come out.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Truth Is Mighty.

A grocer in a suburb of Philadelphia called Jackowaxem, or Shackomaxum, or some such thing, hung a sign on his safe reading: "No money in here." And yet two burglars worked for ten hours to get it open and discover that it was only an empty void. A man who won't believe in his fellow man must expect to work for low wages.—Detroit Free Press.

Difference in the Life of Men and Women.

The ordinary woman arises from her bed in the morning, makes the daily round of her duties, sets her house in order, gets her children off to school and settles down for a quiet day of sewing or reading. On an occasional afternoon she makes a shopping excursion or scores off a list of calls. She moves generally among the same set of people. Day after day she stays within the home walls and sees only the familiar family friends, the postman, the grocer boy, with now and then the extraordinary excitement of a day with the dressmaker.

What a contrast to this humdrum is the daily existence of the man. His journey to town by steam or horse car, or his walk along the busy street, is full of incident and of interchange. Before he has reached his place of business in the morning he has, perhaps, discussed the topics of the day with a half dozen different persons. His daily occupation brings him into contact with men of a dozen different nations; of a dozen different creeds, in a dozen different strata of society. He may not be aware of it, but there is in his mind a constant sifting analysis, judgment of human character. The constant shifting of the kaleidoscope shows him lives in all sorts of combinations, broadens his views and takes from him that intensity of feeling which belongs to narrowness and helps to set aside personal feeling in forming his opinions.—Good Housekeeping.

The Care of the Face.

You want to keep your skin nice all summer? Well, then, here are some rules for you:

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when you are traveling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water or a little vaseline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead, give your face a Russian bath every night—that is, bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then a minute after with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby, while your skin is growing firmer and becoming free from wrinkles.—New York Sun.

A Hint for Vacation.

If you have not laid out your vacation for the season, begin now, and you will enjoy it in anticipation from now until you go. I always get a year's pleasure out of my summer vacation, in anticipation, participation and retrospection. Now a word to those who cannot spare the time for a summer outing. It is a well known and generally accepted fact that the aggregate results of a year's labor will be greater in the case of the man who works ten months and plays two in the year than in the case of the man who works twelve straight months. And from an economical point of view such outings are cheaper than staying at home; also, when looked at from a physiological standpoint, see the grand results. The recuperation of vitality and rest for brain and body are worth more than many times the cost of the trip—paid out for medicine and doctors' bills.

I do not mean for you to go to some fashionable summer resort, have your mail follow from the city every day, and indulging in dancing, bathing, dinners and all other forms of social dissipations. This would only be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. What I mean is to go to some quiet farm house in the mountains, or with your family or a few jovial friends go and camp out in the pine woods, on the banks of a stream or spring or lake, where you can get your fishing and hunting. Take along your rod and reel, gun and dog; leave behind your mail and all business matters.

What you want is change—a change from the din, rush and worry of city life to quiet rest and enjoyment. Try it once, and I know you will not miss taking a regular summer vacation every season if it is possible to do so.—Forest and Stream.

Heavy Sentence of a Spy.

The Nice police a few weeks ago caught another spy, this time said to be in the military service of Italy. He was brought up for trial before the tribunal, when he gave his name as Peter Contin, and said that he was born at Agram, in Austria. The police alleged, however, that his real name was Contini, and that he was an officer in the Italian reserves. About twenty witnesses were called to prove that he had passed himself off sometimes as an Englishman, at others as a Swiss, and as an Austrian; that he had followed the autumn maneuvers of the French troops, and had been seen making drawings of the fortifications of Nice, Toulon and Marseilles. Some of these plans, together with technical descriptions, were found in his boxes, and Gen. Garnier des Garets, commander of the Nice garrison, said they would be of the greatest value to an enemy. The tribunal considered the charge of espionage proved, and sentenced Contini to the maximum penalty of 5,000 francs and five years' penal servitude.—Cor. London News.

A Soda Fountain Novelty.

The most startling soda fountain novelty, though, is "crushed violets." The sirup is manufactured under a patent by a Philadelphia firm, and when served up with the usual carbonic fizz makes a delicately flavored, sweetish drink, which is best described as tasting exactly as violets smell. The secret of the flavor belongs to the manufacturer. It is not derived in any way from violets—that is quite certain. The violet, when crushed, gives forth none of that grateful perfume which is somehow manufactured within the veins of the plant and exhaled from the blossom. None of the odor of violets is obtained from the flowers. A distillation of their juice gives an acrid compound of no pleasant odor. The perfume is all manufactured artificially and orris root is its base. Probably orris root is the base also of the flavoring which enters into this new drink.—Kansas City Globe.

Satisfied with His Pew.

"There's only one fault I have to find with Dr. Pulpit's sermons," said Mrs. Poots, whose pew is in the back part of a large and fashionable church.

"What's that?" asked Mr. P.

"I can't hear one word he says."

"Humph! That's just what I like about 'em," grunted Poots.—Texas Siftings.