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The Chestertown Transcript.

ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1890. VOL. XIX—NO. 8

I. ...GG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
213 ST. PAUL Street, Baltimore, Md.

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

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,

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

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

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

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,
... E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
seccessors to Wright & Sparks.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

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

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
... 15 Caliowhill 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 do us 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.

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

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.

KENNARD'S
Spring Fertilizers!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,
OUTING 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 25c. 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 derect for the manufacturers, I can pay more for grain than those who buy on the market.
Yours truly,
Jan, 1-89. E. T. COMEGYS

Spring Announcement!
FARMERS!
We are ready for Spring work. Have just received a stock of
ROPE TRACES, PLOW LINES,
BACK BANDS, HAMES,
HAME STRAPS, CHAIN TRACES,
FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, RAKES. &c.,
All fresh stock. We are still selling the
Roland Chilled Plow.
They are acknowledged to be as good a Plow as there is on this market; are made right here in our own State, and are therefore easy to get repairs for. We keep the Castings on hand for them as well as some other Plows.
The "Roland" FARM BELL is a good one.
FENCE WIRE we are selling cheap for cash.
We are Headquarters for Northern Grown
SEED POTATOES
ROOFING, SPOUTING,
And all kinds of Tin Work done in a workman likemanner at short notice. Resp't.,
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

SPECIAL SEED NOTICE
—TO—
Farmers, Truckers, etc.
I have just received from the North a fine and complete line of
CHOICE AND HEALTHY SEED,
which will be sold at Rock Bottom Prices. To those who intend planting I would say that these goods will interest you and give you first-class results. Don't buy until you examine their quality and price.
M. A. TOULSON.

FOURTH OF JULY.

BY NELLIE K. KELLOGG.

A little lad listened and laughed with delight
At the noise of the crackers, the rockets swift flight
As he wondering gazed at the brilliant display
Which honored America's great holiday.

Soon after, when gathered a storm, grand to see,
With lightning and thunder, he shouted with glee,
"O look at those fire-crackers right in the sky!
I guess up in Heaven it's Fourth o' July."

BRAIN AND MANUAL WORK.

Practical Knowledge Is What Is Wanted in This Age.

All men and women cannot equally enjoy the pursuit of scientific work, says Prince Krapotk in the *Nineteenth Century*. The variety of inclinations is such that some will find more pleasure in science, some others in art, and others again in some of the numberless branches of the production of wealth. But, whatever the occupations preferred by every one, every one will be the more useful in his own branch if he is in possession of a serious scientific knowledge. And, whosoever he might be—scientist or artist, physicist or surgeon, chemist or sociologist, historian, poet—he would be the gainer if he spent a part of his life in the workshop or the farm (the workshop and the farm), if he were in contact with humanity in its daily work, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he himself discharges his duties as an unprivileged producer of wealth. How much better the historian and sociologist would understand humanity if they knew it, not in books only, not in a few of its representatives, but, as a whole, in its daily life, daily work and daily affairs! How much more medicine would trust to hygiene, and how much less to prescriptions, if the young doctors were the nurses of the sick, and the nurses received the education of the doctors of our time! And how would gain the poet in his feeling of the beauties of nature, how much better would he know the human heart, if he met the rising sun amid the tillers of the soil, himself tiller; if he fought against the storm with the sailors on board ship; if he knew the poetry of labor and rest, sorrow and joy, struggle and conquest! The so-called division of labor has grown under a system which condemned the masses to toil all the day long, and all the life long, at the same wearisome kind of labor. But if we take into account how few are the real producers of wealth in our present society, and how squandered is their labor, we must recognize that Franklin was right in saying that to work five hours a day would generally do for supplying each member of a civilized nation with the comfort now accessible for the few only, provided everybody took his due share in production. But we have made some progress since Franklin's times, not to say a word of further progress. More than one-half of the working day would thus remain to every one for the pursuit of art, science, or any hobby he might choose to like; and his work in those fields would be the more profitable if [illegible] to the other half of the day in some productive w[illegible] art and science were followed from mere incen[illegible] not for mercantile purposes. Morover, a community organized on the principles of all being workers would be rich enough to consider that every man and woman, after having reached a certain age—say, of forty or more—ought to be relieved from the moral obligation of taking a direct part in the performances of the necessary manual work, so as to be able entirely to devote himself or herself to whatever he or she chooses in the domain of art, or science, or any kind of work. Free pursuit in new branches of art and knowledge, free creation, and free development thus might be fully guaranteed. And such a community would not know misery amid wealth; it would not know the quality of conscience which permeates our life, and stifles every noble effort. It would freely take its flight toward the highest regions of progress compatible with human nature. But it is not by resorting to such poor means as some training of the hand in a handicraft school that great things are achieved. Great problems must be faced in their full greatness.

Reading Clubs in the Country.

She who establishes a woman's reading club in an agricultural district, does more to check the deadly progress of the farmers' wives to the insane asylum than all the doctors and medical journals in the land. The book selected for social reading and discussion may be nothing more dignified than a popular novel of healthy tone. But it will lift the toiling creature's thoughts out of the straight, deep rut worn by plodding feet, glorify "the level stretches, white with dust," of the "common" days which—Heaven help them!—are every-days with this class. The changed current of thought and interest will blow over the cook-stove, and dish-pan, and wash-tub like cool airs from heights she has no time to climb. It gives her something to talk of, too,—boon of boons—in a circle where gossip is the pabulum of tea-party conversation and rare "evening out;" where the men's "talk is of oxen," and the women's of butter-making on holy sabbath twilights, with the harvest moon looking down upon them over the tree-tops. —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Her Face was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so animated and lively that it did one good to look at her. She was all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no longer in her cheeks, the former luster of her eyes is gone. She is a woe-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Presciption" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturer that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

TAKE conceit away from the average man, and there is nothing left of him except capacity to chew victuals and digest them.

[The following poems were recited by the little children of Miss Baker's Kindergarten, and we publish them by request of a parent:]

"THE WONDERFUL KINGDOMS."

There are wonderful kingdoms where we find,
All things in earth, mid-air and sea;
Animal, vegetable, mineral,
Are the names of kingdoms three.

After the kingdom we have the type,
Class and order come next, you know;
Then family, Genera, species
And varieties all in a row.

In the animal kingdom there are two types,
Five classes in each. Here are placed
All things where animal life,
Motion and senses are traced.

The first type Vertebrate, have back-bones,
The names of the classes are these:
Mammal, Bird, Reptile, Batrachian, Fish,
Remember them all if you please.

In the second, Invertebrate Type,
The animals have no back-bone;
The classes are: Insect, Crustacean,
Mullusk, Radiate and Protozoan.

"MAMMALS."

First class Mammalia, has orders nine,
First order, Bimana, like man,
Monkeys we call Quadrumana,
For each foot resembles a hand.

The third order, Wing-handed we call
Or Cheiroptera, like all the bats,
The fourth is Carnivora, flesh-eaters,
Like the lions, the dogs and the cats.

In the fifth, Insectivora stands,
The shrew and the mole, belong here;
The sixth is Herbivora, plant-eaters,
Like the cow, the horse and the deer.

The Rodents come seventh in order,
They gnaw and burrow with ease,
Marsupialia has a queer pocket,
Cetacea inhabits the seas.

"BIRDS."

First type Vertebrate, second-class birds;
There are only six orders of these:
First order—rapacious—flesh-eaters,
We call them the Raptores.

Second order—like the robin and sparrow—
Passeres, this is the name,
Among them we find the best singers,
They are pretty and easy to tame.

The third are the Rasores—scratchers—
Like the hen, that digs with her feet
From the soil, the seed we have planted,
And worms, for her chickens to eat.

Fourth order—Cureores—or runners,
And surely you all must know
They're the largest and swiftest-footed,
As a cursory glance will show.

Fifth order—Gallatores—or waders,
They're long-legged still-walking birds;
Grallæ means still, please remember,
We've a meaning for all *our* big words.

Sixth order—are web-footed swimmers,
Natatores, graceful are they,
As they float on the breast of the billow
Or take to the wing and away.

Pearls of Thought.

Beware of a silent dog and a wet rat.

The sting of reproach is the truth of it.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light.

Youth and white paper soon make an impression.

A goose quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

What we call time enough, always proves little enough.

History is not fable agreed upon but truth disagreed upon.

A little seeing saves much looking; a little speaking saves much talking.

He who waits to do a great good at once will seldom do anything at all.

Remember that impertinence isn't wit any more than insolence is brilliancy.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when the chords are moved by kindness.

Fortunes are made by taking opportunities; character is made by making them.

Don't indulge in the luxury of strong opinions in the presence of your elders.

If young men will not believe in themselves no man or woman can believe in them.

Just a Hint to Boys.

I stood in a store the other day, when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at Figures?"

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yass."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer costomers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had applied for.—"*M. Quad*" *in Free Press.*

NO TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE.—"Do you always practice what you preach?" asked the tired deacon of the long-winded minister solemnly.

"I do, my brother;" said the long-winded minister solemnly.

"Well, said the tired deacon, with a sigh, "I don't wonder, then, that you don't seem to get any time to make any pastorial calls."—*Somerville Journal.*

THE REPREHENSIBLE MERCURY.

The mercury now climbs the tube
Untouched by mortals' sigh;
And in its shocking, slangy way
Asks: "How is this for high?"

TAKING NO CHANCES.—"Are you going to the seaside this summer?" asked one young woman of another.

"No," was the reply, "I don't think it could be of any use. Susie and Bessie both got married last season, and I don't suppose Pa could afford to support another husband."—*Washington Post.*

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.

THE TRAMP'S PARADISE.

A Haven of Rest Provided for the Road Agents by a Jersey Farmer.

In Camden county, not far from Delair, at Morrisville, lives a plain old German farmer, blessed with a big farm and abundance of this world's goods. His hospitality to the houseless and homeless wanderers the world calls tramps is known from Maine to New Orleans and from ocean to ocean. On the Beckenbach place is a big barn. In this barn, in winter and in summer and on any day in the year, whether it be Christmas, New Year or the Fourth of July, can be found women with children in their arms, a shiftless fisherman with a ragged suit on him and a shillelah in his hand, or some sturdy and homeless German outcast, perhaps, with a trunk on his shoulder, trudging over from the railway station to the Beckenbach barn, which by some fine freemasonry among the tramps of America is known as a "Saint's Rest" for the homeless wanderer a thousand miles away seeking rest or idleness, or, it may be, a day's work with "Pilgrim schoon and scallop shell."

If the stranger sits on the porch of any one of the farm houses on the main road leading to Morrisville he will be greeted at any hour of the day with the inquiry:

"Is this the way to Beckenbach's barn?"

And you can tell with your eyes shut that the inquirer, be he a man or a woman, is seeking a temporary refuge under the eaves of Beckenbach's barn.

Now it will be a frowsy looking woman, with draggled skirts, half a bonnet and an old shawl, in one corner of which is wrapped a baby not old enough to walk or talk. If it is a warm day she may sit down on the grass, after getting her bearings and distances to the barn, with her back up against a tree, and she may pause long enough to take a nap, with her head hanging over one shoulder, while her prattling babe, unconscious of its shabby surroundings, crawls through the high grass and plucks with tiny fingers, the daffy-down-dillies which dot the greensward like day stars.

Next it may be a great hulking German, with a military air, as if he had fought with Von Moltke, or in better days taken a "schooner" with Bismarck. This man wears high topped boots, with a great box like a sailor's chest, which is strapped on his shoulders, and the Teutonic traveler with a big pipe in his mouth pauses long enough to say, "Vere vos dot Beckenbach's barn." There will be a score or more along today, looking like Falstaff's ragged regiment, all kings and queens in shreds, tatters and patches. And it is a substantive fact that a tramp in Texas made an engagement in midwinter with a fellow nomad at El Paso, saying: "Yah, Jacob, I meets you again when dose peas all must be pick't down by dot Beckenbach barn in Jersey." And when the voice of the turtle dove was heard in the land the two tramps met at Beckenbach's barn after an honest day's toil in the generous German's pea patch at Morrisville.

Most of these picturesque tramps allege that they are seeking work. Some of them are, and none of them goes away empty handed from the honest German's plantation who is willing to do a fair day's work for good wages.

They begin by picking peas. Beckenbach's barn is a sort of agricultural exchange, where the Delair farmers come to get field hands, male and female, for the busy season. After the pea season is over they struggle through the strawberry flurry only to tackle the tomato vines, which yield the nomad workers a financial harvest of no mean measure. Then come the red raspberry, the cultivated blackberry, cherries and currants down to peach season, citrons, canteloupes and watermelons, and when Jack Frost comes the colony of tramps thin out and seek a softer climate and milder skies.

There is a boss even among tramps. Spanish Dick is boss of the Beckenbach barn. Dr. Dunbar Hylton says that Spanish Dick is descended from a Spanish hidalgo with a bar sinister. He speaks six languages, and was once an impressario in Jenny Lind's time at Castle Garden, but has now descended to be a boss among the pea pickers on the old German's farm. There are traces of dignity and erudition in the way Hidalgo Dick issues his orders in a strawberry patch. —Cor. Philadelphia Times.

He Invented the Calliope.

There is a kindly old gentleman in Springfield to whom the trumpet like notes of the calliope or steam piano on circus day bring a strange medley of triumph and grief. This man is the inventor of the instrument, J. C. Stoddard, who lives on the Advent camp ground. He never tires of telling how forty years ago he kept the common in Worcester black with people all day long the glorious Fourth with his novel instrument, and how he was swindled out of the profits by a stock company. He has in his possession a characteristic article by N. P. Willis, describing his sensations on first hearing the calliope. —Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

A Wonderful Clock

A new French clock contains a novel application of the magnet. The clock is shaped like a tambourine, with a circle of flowers painted on its head. Around the circle two bees crawl, the larger one requiring twelve hours to complete its circuit, while the smaller one makes it every hour. Different flowers represent the hours, and the bees, which are of iron, are moved by two magnets behind the head of the tambourine.—Chicago Tribune.

How Much Is He Worth?

Of all current questions this is the one most frequently asked. It is, in fact, the great question of the day. Nobody to speak of inquires: "Is he honest?" "Is he patriotic?" Everybody puts the query: "What is he worth?" Money is not merely the commercial standard of value, but too often the criterion of social position and the touchstone of character.—New York Ledger.

Mr. Depew Afraid of Thirteen.

Chauncey M. Depew says he would not sit down with thirteen at table. "Three times in my life have I been one of a dinner party of thirteen. On each occasion one passed the joke to another that he or she would be the victim. In every instance one of the guests died within the year. So, in my experience, the truth of the adadge was proven."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Ladies and gentlemen should always keep step when walking together. This is very simple and easily done and looks well. The gentleman must always adapt his step to that of the lady. To shamble along hit or miss is exceedingly ungraceful.

The completed tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron will be over one mile in length, 2,310 feet being under the river, 1,810 feet under dry ground on the Michigan side and about 2,000 feet on the Canadian side.

Waiting for Sam.

A man with eleven weeks of wiry hair and a long growth of beard stepped into a barber shop in one of our two cities the other day and sat down. Probably he was not in his best mood. At any rate he looked cross, even though it was his next turn.

"Next," said the barber.

"I'll wait for Sam," said the man with the hair and beard, and as he said it he kicked at the dog and looked about as pleasant as a circular saw in motion.

"All right," said the barber with emphasis. "Next."

The "next" got into the chair and left the man who was cross sitting by the window, watching for Sam. Half an hour passed. The shop was full and there seemed to be a good deal of amusement among all except the man who was waiting for Sam. One by one the customers kept coming in. The clock hands passed from 6:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m., and then to 8:20 p. m. At about this time the door opened and a head popped in.

"Heard from Sam yet?" said the head.

"Yes," replied the barber.

"How is he; having a good time?"

"Guess he is. At any rate he says he is."

"When do you expect him home?"

"In about three weeks."

The door slammed after the questioner, just as the man with the beard, who was waiting for Sam, jumped to his feet. "Wh—what did you say?" shouted he. "Did you say Sam wasn't coming for three weeks?"

The barber repressed his smile, and in a voice that was low and even toned, he said: "Yes, sir. Sam is up country, and we expect him back in about two weeks and a half. But if you want to wait for him we'll make up a bed for you right here on"—but the rest was lost by the door slamming on the retiring form of the man who was waiting for Sam.—Lewiston Journal.

An Indian Widow's Hard Lot.

According to the account quoted by Dr. Farrow in his valuable work on the "Mortuary Customs of the North American Indians," the Tokotins, of Oregon, compelled widows to pass through an ordeal to which the suttee would almost be preferable. The body of the deceased husband was kept for nine days laid out in his lodge. During these nine days the widow is obliged to lie beside it from sunset to sunrise, no matter what the season or the temperature. On the tenth day the body is burned, together with whatever of property once appertained to it in the way of clothing, arms, etc. The widow must also lie beside the corpse on the funeral pile. On no account may she move until the doctor so orders.

This merciful command is never given, however, until the living body of the poor woman is completely covered with blisters. If at any time during the life of her husband she has been known to commit any act of infidelity, or to neglect to minister to his comfort in any way, she is now severely punished. The relatives of the dead warrior will again and again fling her back upon the burning pile, from which her own friends must as many times drag her forth, more dead than alive. When all is over the widow must collect the larger bones, roll them up in an envelope of birch bark and carry them constantly on her back for years. She is now a slave to the whole village, and her least refusal to obey an order is cruelly punished. The ashes of her late husband are collected and buried in a grave, and should any weeds appear upon this grave she is obliged to root them out with her bare fingers, while her husband's relatives stand over and beat her.

New York's Greatest Detective.

Inspector Byrnes is a tall, finely developed man. His hair and carefully trimmed mustache are gray. His complexion is florid. He has nice hands. His eyes—well, now we come to the remarkable feature of the man. They are gray in color. They can smile kindly and they can give an impassive, sphinx like glance that sends the cold chills over you. I can fancy no more genial, pleasant companion than this man, nor a more stern, uncompromising, relentless questioner. He is well dressed, his necktie is unimpeachable, his linen immaculate and he wears some handsome diamonds. He is clever, keen, diplomatic. He can parry an unwelcome question gracefully or answer it with tact and judgment. He impresses one as a singularly modest man, not seeming to care to talk much of his brilliant achievements.—New York Cor. Kansas City Globe.

Popularity of Spencer's Works.

The total sales of Herbert Spencer's works in Great Britain up to April 18, 1890, have amounted to 104,000 copies, exclusive of the "Descriptive Sociology." This number includes 33,750 copies of the various volumes of "The Synthetic Philosophy," 39,500 copies of "Education" and 20,000 copies of "Man versus the State." The total sales of the authorized American editions of Mr. Spencer's works to date have amounted to 164,000 copies, and cheap reprints of certain books have had a large sale. These figures are given by the publishers.

There is a genius in Cohasset, Mass., who spends his time getting up startling effects for the stage. He has recently taken out two patents. One of them is for an arrangement of slides and springs by which a man, or rather a dummy, goes all to pieces. At a signal the head flies toward the ceiling, the legs move to the sides and the arms drop to the floor. The body remains in the chair. A beheading apparatus is another of this inventor's ghastly devices. The ax drops into a socket in the block and the head falls.

Why Not?

Dr. Brown-Sequard is going right along with his elixir theory and practice, and it has certainly helped him if nobody else. He says the day will come within 100 years when a tonic will be used which will give a person from 150 to 200 years of active life.—Detroit Free Press.

Trade Marks Are Old, Too.

Trade marks were known in ancient Babylon. China had them as early as 1000 B. C. They were authorized by parliament in England in 1300. Even Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade mark.—St. Louis Republic.

Dr. William A. Hammond, for many years surgeon general of the army, has recently built a costly residence in Washington. It is situated near Mrs. Logan's home, and is described as a palace.

A Hero.

Bridget (joyously)—An' ded yez see me young man's darlin' face in the paper this mornin'?

Mistress—Is it possible! What has he been doing? Something good, I hope.

Bridget—Yis, indeed. He's ben gettin' cured uv his caytar an' he tells about it as natural as loife.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

STALLION FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

One Animal Never Relinquished His Bulldog Grip on His Foe's Throat.

A fight to the death between two blooded stallions was the thrilling spectacle witnessed on Capt. B. F. Trester's farm at Aurora, Ind. Two 3-year-old stallions, spirited and valuable thoroughbreds, were turned into adjoining pastures to feed. A wooden fence divided the fields, and although as colts the pair playfully bit and kicked at each other across it, the fence was supposed to be strong enough to keep them separate and prevent trouble.

The colts began their fight over the fence, and kicked and mawed at each other until the fence was demolished. Then they came together in a struggle, which for fierceness and length exceeded anything which the spectators ever witnessed.

They stood on their hind legs, fiercely pawing and striking at each other with their iron shod forefeet, and tearing each other's neck and shoulders with their teeth. Their neighing and screams of rage and the sound of their kicks and snorts were heard fully half a mile away.

A half dozen or more persons were attracted to the scene of the conflict, but so vicious were the enraged animals that for nearly an hour no one dared to go near them. Covered with blood and foam, with flaming eyes and open mouths, they seemed the very incarnation of fury as they bit and savagely tore each other. While the lookers on were devising some means to separate them the furious animals grew more frantic, and repeatedly rolled over each other on the ground, biting and kicking desperately. At length the smaller of the two, a bright bay, caught his antagonist by the throat with his teeth and dragged him to the ground. The larger horse kicked and rolled in an effort to avoid choking to death, but the smaller animal clung to its hold.

The battle, lately so noisy, went on fiercely in dead silence, except for the thud of the feet of the two equine gladiators. The larger horse became more and more feeble, until finally it ceased to move. Still with bulldog tenacity the victor held his grasp upon his opponent's throat, pulling and shaking savagely, although his own strength was fast declining. He was at last beaten away by the more courageous of the spectators. He ran a few yards and dropped from sheer exhaustion. His adversary was dead.

Although badly cut and bruised from the teeth and hoofs of his foe, the living animal survived the terrible conflict.—Cincinnati Dispatch.

Poorly Paid Clergymen.

The failure in business of a prominent clergyman suggests the fact that very few preachers ever succeed in making money. When they do the religion generally oozes out as the dollars come in, and they end by giving up ministerial work altogether. Preachers, particularly Methodist preachers, are almost always poor, and the next to them in point of poverty are the Baptists. The majority of Methodist preachers in this country receive less than $600 a year, while the constant demands for charity greatly diminish their incomes. Presbyterian clergymen are better paid, while the Church of England ministers, both here and in Great Britain, fairly roll in wealth by comparison.

Methodist bishops are poorly paid. Those of the Methodist church south have $3,600 salary, while those of the church north have a little more, but none of them lays by anything of his salary. Bishop Warren, of the church north, is rich, having married the widow of a ranchman in Denver. But Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist church south, enjoys the distinction of being the richest bishop in America, having inherited a fortune which by careful management he has greatly increased. He has the reputation of being both benevolent and rich. To schools and colleges he is especially liberal, and Central college, in this state, owes its present prosperity to his generosity. All the other southern Methodist bishops are poor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Browning and the Sea Captain.

Browning once asked the captain of the vessel in which he was sailing from Sicily to Naples to awake him in the morning when they came in sight of Capri. The captain was astonished that any one should wish to be summoned out of bed at an unearthly hour merely to look at a rockly island, and he asked Mr. Browning why he was so anxious to see it. "It is a very interesting place to me," said the poet; and he tried to convey to the captain some conception of the marvelous history of the Emperor Tiberius and of his dark seclusion at Capri, as the story stands out in the immortal picture of Tacitus. The captain listened open mouthed and next morning, calling Mr. Browning on deck, he pointed to the island and said: "There, sir, is where the great Mogul lived!"—Exchange.

She Made Him Look Pleasant.

I have a friend on the North Side who has a girl about 5 years old. The family was at dinner. There was a new cook on. The father of the household made some criticism on the cuisine. The mother said wait and give the new girl a chance. The father was still irritated. The little miss in her high chair brought the house to order with the remark: "Papa, when I am as old as you are I hope I shan't be as disagreeable as you are."—Chicago Tribune.

Leading authorities seem to agree that while electricity is an unquestioned success as a substitute for horses in street car propulsion its use instead of steam locomotives on ordinary railroads must be postponed at least until many more improvements have been made in electric engineering.

Charles Dudley Warner is quoted as saying that the difference between the "faith cure" and the "mind cure" is that the "mind cure doesn't require any faith, and the faith cure doesn't require any mind."

A farmer's wife living near Dover, N. J., broke a duck egg into a frying pan a few days ago, when out rolled an egg of smaller size. The larger egg was of ordinary size and contained a perfect yolk. The inner egg was about an inch and a half long, with a perfect shell and normal in every way.

Frank C. Ives, the young billiardist, has a sensational trick shot which is thus described: "He places one of the object balls under the table and then he sends the cue ball, after scoring, off the table so as to spin on the floor, roll back and count on the ball underneath."

R. W. Wrenn, general passenger agent of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad, was a telegraph operator during the war, and took from the wires the message from Gen. Lee to Jefferson Davis announcing that Richmond must be evacuated.