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THE ROTE ALONG THE SHORE.

Far off along the bay indented coast,
Where headland after headland stretching far,
Marks the dim coast line, fading, till almost
It blends with cloud at the horizon's bar—
Slow creeping shoreward, moaning evermore,
The pulse of ocean beats upon the shore.

A murmur deep, half silence and half song,
From sunken ledges sleeping far away,
Arises, borne by trembling airs along,
Till all the world above the pulsing bay
Is full of voices whispering to me
The sweetly solemn secrets of the sea.

The over soul with listening souls below
Holds converse in the voice of noisy waves
That moan along the shore when wild winds blow
From realms of silence over ocean caves—
The infinite thus speaks to you and me—
A message, this deep music of the sea.
—Julian S. Cutler in Boston Transcript.

THE BOWERY WIZARD.

HIS WITCHERY MAKES EVEN THE SKELETONS GRIN.

A Reporter Visits His Den and Sees Many Curious Things—The Professor Talks About the People He Has Met and What They Have Thought of Him.

There is a queer little shop in a Bowery basement where half the jugglers and magicians in the country order their "props." It is presided over by Otto Maurer, a student of occult science, who has bewildered all sorts of people throughout the civilized world. You can never pass the dingy entrance to his little den that you will not see a crowd reading the signs and examining the mysterious wares in his showcase. If you go down the narrow stairway you will see no one within, but if you wait a few moments a curtain will be drawn, giving you a momentary glimpse of a dimly lighted room beneath the sidewalk, and the magician will appear before your eyes.

He may not seem particularly overjoyed to meet you, for his habitation is full of dark secrets, and his black art interests him much more than intercourse with his fellow men. What there is in the dark little chamber behind the curtain no one besides himself can tell. He guards its secrets as he does his life. There it is that he conceives the magic devices which line the walls without.

The Bowery magician's den was invaded by a reporter recently. There was apparently not a soul there. The reporter looked around. There was a picture on the wall. He turned suddenly and was startled to find the original of the picture face to face before him. He had not entered by the staircase, and there was evidently no other means of ingress. The dark curtain in the dark little corner only explained the mystery when it was later pointed out by Professor Maurer.

The magician did not have on his performing costume. He was in his shirt sleeves and wore old trousers. His hands were black and grimy, as though he had been working at a forge.

Professor Maurer began to tell of the various countries he had visited. There was a plate of eggs before him. As he talked he picked up a wand and absent mindedly balanced one of the eggs on its tip. The more he talked the more eggs he balanced, one on top of the other, with the bottom egg still on the wand. In some unaccountable manner all the eggs but one suddenly disappeared. The wand was hardly bigger around than a lead pencil and was a solid stick, but while the reporter watched the remaining egg it passed into one end and out at the other. The magician caught it in his hand and then slowly closed the uplifted palm. The egg vanished. The reporter found it in his inside vest pocket.

"Let me take your hat," said the professor.

The reporter passed it over. As he did so something tapped him slightly on the top of the head. The reporter looked up, but saw nothing. A slight chill came over him. Was there anything behind him? He turned to look, and caught a glimpse of a skeleton hand as it vanished into air.

The magician did not appear to know what was going on, for he kept or chatting all the time. But instead of talking with his mouth his voice seemed to be coming through his hat.

"What is your pet animal?" his hat was saying; and when the reporter replied "A fox terrier," a fox terrier was taken from the hat. A live cat came next, and after it followed several other articles. The thing was becoming monotonous, when suddenly there was a flash of blinding light. There was brimstone in the air, and if it had not been for the clear sky without one would have thought the place had been struck by lightning. One of the skulls on the wall dropped his jaw, while his eyes blazed with unearthly fire. The cat walked about nervously with its back hair up and its tail swelled nearly double its ordinary size. Whenever anything funny was said all the skulls would drop their jaws with a click.

The professor performed many of the stock tricks of the magicians right before the reporter's eyes. Articles appeared and disappeared or were turned into odd forms as he willed. Birds were fired from pistols and bouquets from shotguns. There was no end to the peculiar tricks.

"When I was traveling," said the professor, "I used to have some very funny experiences. You can find any number of persons today in little towns, particularly in this country and France, who still believe in witchcraft and sorcery. This class of people look on me as satan himself, and believe that I am gifted with supernatural power. I have had western miners offer me large sums if I would give them a wand that would detect gold on the mountains. I have had young women in France beg me for some potion that would bring their sweethearts to them. Old men and women have told me their troubles and sought some magic way out of them. On three occasions I have been summoned in an emergency to sick beds.

"Many of the tricks I perform require sleight of hand, but there are some which you could do yourself if you only knew the secret. When I am performing I never mention what I am going to do, but simply name the articles I am going to work with and let the audience see the result. That makes it a greater surprise to them. I never show a trick twice in succession. I never look at my hands while performing, but keep my eyes on the audience and talk to them.

"Many jugglers and magicians make a mistake by hurrying, but that often spoils the effect. I take every opportunity I can to see others perform, whether they are good or bad performers, and I have learned not a little from the faults I have seen in the latter."

A "vanishing lady" bowed as the reporter left the shop, and a "demon peacock" screeched a hellish farewell.—New York World.

A Curious Burial.

The wishes of a curious character, who was named Hilkington, better known as Squire Hawley, were fully carried out a few years ago at a place near Doncaster. He was buried in his own garden, amid the graves of his dead cattle, which had been stricken down by rinderpest. He was laid out in full hunting costume, including spurs and whip, and was placed in a stone coffin weighing upwards of a ton, which had to be lowered into the grave by means of a crane. His old pony was shot and buried at his feet, and at his head was laid the bodies of his favorite dog and an old fox. All his property was left to his groom on condition that these funeral observances were fully carried out; in default the estate was to go to the priest of Doncaster for the benefit of the Roman Catholic church. The groom, however, did not suffer the bequest to himself to lapse.—Cassell's Journal.

AN ANTELOPE'S MIGHTY LEAPS.

Typical Yarn of the Champion Liar of the Mining Region.

In one of the old mining towns of this part of California, away up on the slope of the Sierra Nevadas, there lived several years ago, during the active working of the hydraulic mines, a celebrated character whose modesty, as he still lives in the land of the living, forbids my giving his name. His justly celebrated fame arose from his remarkable power of narration. He could take any trivial occurrence that happened in town, dress it up in such glowing colors and throw so many vivid sidelights upon it that not even the participants themselves could recognize it. G. B. undoubtedly wore for years the belt as champion liar of that mining region, and one of his stories, that I happened to hear him relate, I think is worth preserving. I will let him tell it in his own words:

"It was in the spring of '50 that a train of sixty-five on us started across the plains for California. The most on us were young men an' able to rough it, but we had three families, with about a dozen young uns among us, an' one baby was born on the way. Wal, of course, fresh meat soon got mighty scase, as there was so many trains on the trail ahead on us that all the game had been killed or scairt away. The young mother she kept kind o' pindlin like after her kid was born and got sick o' bacon an' sich like, an' the young fellers that had hosses o' their own to ride, there being half a dozen on 'em in our train, used to scour out on the plains for fresh meat for her.

"One day three on us got arter a couple o' antelope early in the mornin' when our hosses was fresh, an' we jest took after 'em, a yellin' like Comanches jest to see 'em run. There was a couple o' hills on the plain that stood seprit, with about twenty rods o' ground between 'em at the fur end, and the critters made a break to go between 'em. We was comin' on arter 'em like we meant to catch 'em, when they see that this open place between the hills had grown up with tall chapparral.

"Now an antelope won't run up a hill, nor into thick bresh if he knows it, so they stopped till we got a'most up to 'em, an' one on 'em tried to run back by us, but one o' the boys stopped him with a charge of buckshot. The other one, seein' what an almighty tight place he'd got into, jest made for the bresh an' tried to jump over it. Wal, sirs, he made the all firedest jump as ever I see; but when the critter got up into the air he seed he hadn't jumped far enough, an' I'm a liar if he didn't gather himself in the air an' gin another o' the most tremenjous jumps that any critter ever did make, an' jest went a-sailin' right on over the bresh an' landed on t'other side on t' slick and clean!"—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Deceptive False Curls.

Every one must have noticed the number of ladies who wear short, curly hair at present. It may astonish you to learn that most of these charming curls are false. Typhoid and other fevers have played havoc with hair. After such an illness the hair is almost invariably seriously injured, and even if it does not fall out it becomes so dry and harsh that there is nothing to be done but to shave it close and wait for a new growth. Unless the hair grows very rapidly it will be two or three months before it is long enough to look well, and in the meantime a wig is a necessity. The short, curly hair looks more natural than a dressed wig, and is easier to keep in order, so most ladies prefer them. Elderly ladies, however, often use French twists and pompadours. Few people know how common wigs are. I have sometimes sold five or six in one day, and a great many ladies say they are sorry when their own hair grows out, as the wig has saved them so much time and trouble.—Interview with Wigmaker.

He Got the Lower Berth.

The smallest man in the state is not Superintendent Thomas Jefferson Carlton. All reports to the contrary, he is one of the heaviest men in the west. His weight is not altogether in his diameter either. He is big up, big in brain and heart and every way. When he has sport it is colossal. One night he boarded a sleeper to start for the Baltimore conference of charities. All the lower berths were taken. There was one upper berth, and Col. Carlton engaged it. He had the conductor point out to him the possessor of the ticket of the lower berth, same section. He was a slim, dudish young man.

"My friend," said the big man, approaching the youth, "I am glad to become acquainted with you before bedtime. Are you a Christian?"

"Well—er—I don't know. Why?"

"The last man that slept under me was not, and I always felt some measure of remorse."

"Why?"

"I ought to have told him that I weighed three hundred and fifteen pounds. However, he carried accident insurance. I hope, by the way, that you carry a large policy in a good company. These upper berths are not insured. Still, it is only about a three foot drop. What word shall I send to your friends?"

"Are you—can't I induce you to exchange berths with me? Really, I never could sleep in these close lower berths." The dicker was made, and the hefty superintendent peacefully slept in the lower story while the slim young man made scarcely an impression on the berth above.—Indianapolis News.

Difficulties of Chaperons in New York.

Another woman from Colorado—one of these big, Bartholdi statue creatures that one sometimes sees—insisted upon having her woman guide replaced after dark by a messenger boy, because she did not feel herself safe in company of a woman only. I dispatched a messenger to her—physical stature unknown, of course—and in an hour she trundled her colossal proportions into my parlors, followed by the tiniest, most abject looking specimen of the genus messenger it has ever been my lot to see. "See here," she snorted, "what do you mean by sending me such a protector as this? Is this an insult? I may be large, but I want you to understand that I am a perfect lady, and I need just as much protection as any other lady. And as for this miserable little whiffet"—here she looked large and threatening, while the "miserable whiffet" shrank and looked smaller and more self despised each moment—"I would as soon have a clothespin in trousers to attend me. Why, the very first thing he did was to fall down, and I had to pick him up and brush him off and see to his bruises, and the next thing I did was to yank him out from under the heads of some horses, and here he is, and no more messenger protection for me, if you please."—Interview in New York Evening Sun.

Several New York Signs.

If one wants to be fully convinced that competition is the life of trade he need only take a walk over on the east side of town and read the signs on the shop windows: "Customers, attention! A glass of delicious soda water given free to each and every customer." This is what a Madison street druggist offers to attract custom to his place, and there are others like unto it. The composition and orthography of some of the signs are equally interesting. "Painters suplys" is the wording on a blue painted sign in front of a paint shop in Division street. "Private Restaurant" in Hebrew and English letters is the way the signs read before a dozen eating saloons north of the Bowery and east of Grand street. "A Pure Carpenter" is the wording on a sign in Hester street. A., it is needless to state, stands for Abraham. There is no period after the A and no comma after the Pure.—New York Press.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE HIM?

A Man Who Gets His Food, Fuel and Light for Nothing and Is Paid for It.

"I know at least one man in this country who is able to live cheaply and get paid for doing it, all because he lives where the cost of getting his food, fuel and light to him is about five times as much as the original cost of the supplies themselves," said the captain of a schooner in the coastwise trade. "It seems queer that a man can get along more economically on account of the high cost of getting his supplies to his home than he could if the cost were less, don't it? But it's a fact. This man's nearest market is thirty miles from where he lives, and a ton of coal will cost him $6 in that market.

"If it cost him no more than $6 to lay that ton of coal down in this man's bin he would have to pay for both coal and delivery, and the ton would stand him in $12. The same in proportion with his beef and his pork and his potatoes and his flour and his oil. But just because it costs in the neighborhood of $30 a ton to carry his coal from the yard to his bin, and corresponding prices for his other supplies, he gets the whole business for nothing. His flour he gets free, and his beef and his pork and his potatoes and his oil, as well as his coal. The entire outfit don't cost him a cent from one year's end to the other, and he gets $1,000 a year for staying where he is and receiving the annual donations.

"It will be queer now if you are not thinking to yourself that this man I am speaking of has a soft snap. Well, may be he has. He is a lighthouse keeper. He lives on a big rock at Cape Ann. No sea going vessel can get within a quarter of a mile of his home. No loaded boat can reach his abiding place in safety. To get a ton of coal to his bin, which is perched on the rocks above high water mark, it must be shipped, from Boston to as near the lighthouse as the vessel dare approach. The coal is in bags, and these are placed in small boats, which carry them to the edge of the shoal water, inside of which the boats dare not enter. The bags of coal are then carried ashore on the backs of the crew, who wade through the surf, clamber up the rocks with their burdens and empty the coal in the lighthouse bin. The other bulky supplies are delivered to the Cape Ann light keeper in the same manner, and the government pays the expense. May be he has a soft snap, but I'd rather be on my vessel, tossing and pitching on the heaviest sea that his light ever shone out upon than to be firmly grounded on that Cape Ann rock as he is. Wouldn't you?

"But this man isn't the only one the government supplies with free coal, light and rations at its lighthouses. Whenever the keepers are located at stations where the cost of carriage exceeds the cost of supplies they are provided free; but where the cost of delivery does not exceed the price of the goods the keeper is compelled to pay for both. That's a queer rule, but government has many a queer way of doing things. At all the barren rock lighthouses, like Cape Ann, Minot's ledge and others, the keepers have even to be supplied with fresh water from points on the mainland. They collect a great deal from rains in cisterns and tanks, but in most cases it is not sufficient for the needs of the keepers, and the supply from abroad must be regularly taken to them, no matter what the cost or the difficulties are in getting it there."—New York Evening Sun.

The Seaside Parasol.

The extremely fashionable parasol to be used at the seaside or at the mountains is the most unique Japanese one that can be got. On top must be tied a large black ribbon bow, the ends of which come far down on the parasol when it is opened. It really looks very pretty when worn with a cotton gown and makes a bright speck on the landscape. The red parasol is also in vogue, and is of plain, heavy silk, with a natural wood handle. One having a silver handle is voted extremely bad form. The very pronounced liking for red is thought to be the outcome of the general woman's disposition. Lining her coat with scarlet, wearing a scarlet frock, having a scarlet parasol and wearing a scarlet bonnet is the nearest she can get to painting the town red, which from her youth up she has always had a yearning to do.—New York Letter.

Repair Your Worn Out Clothes.

A poor man who wants to dress well and as cheap as he can should not discard a suit so long as its color is firm and its fibres hang together. No man knows how far $15 a year spent for repairs will go toward making his appearance presentable, nor how large an expenditure for new garments it has saved him until he tries it. If men with moderate incomes, who feel obliged to dress shabbily six months out of the year, observed a woman's way of sponging, overhauling and retrimming they might get a useful object lesson from it.—New York Star.

A Man of His Word.

Wilson—Philson is a man who keeps his word, whatever else may be said of him.

Bilson—Do you find him so?

Wilson—Yes; he borrowed five dollars from me a year ago, and he said he'd never forget my kindness.

Bilson—And he hasn't?

Wilson—No; every time he wants to borrow money he comes to me.—Harper's Bazar.

Nothing delights the average Englishman more than to be a member of a society with a long and involved name. In fact societies such as "The Society for the Better Promotion of Relaxation from Business Cares and Enjoyment During Luncheon Hours in the Municipality of London" grow in strength and influence.

Mrs. Livermore says that her husband is a Republican while she is a Prohibitionist; he is a protectionist and she a free trader; he has a pew in one church, she in another; he has one doctor, she another; and yet they are happy and harmonious and never dream of quarreling.

Why She Hated French.

There is at the Hotel Metropole a native American girl who, accompanied by her parents, is on her way home from an extended continental tour. In conversation with a number of her compatriots the other evening she frankly confessed that she liked no language but her native language. "As for French," she declared, "I hate it, because I always have to think before I speak!"—Eugene Field's London Letter.

An Interested Affection.

Bella—How can you be so attentive to that rich young man when he has told you he is to marry another?

Madge—Pa is a broker, you know, and he wants me to get the young fellow interested in stocks.—Epoch.

Mr. Ignaz Helfy, a Hungarian deputy, is revising the memoirs of Louis Kossuth. The old patriot says that his forty-one years of exile have made him a little rusty on his native tongue.

Trademarks were known in ancient Babylon. China had them as early as 1000 B. C. They were authorized by parliament in England in 1300. Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trademark.

Toast is more easily digested than plain bread, if the toast is eaten soon after it is made. Toast that has grown cold is not so easily digestible as bread.

As the result of weighing 203 newly born children to determine the weight of brain, the male infant's brain weighed 11.9 ounces and the female 11.6 ounces, the weight of the brain being, to the body as one to eight or thereabout.

Phases of Human Nature.

They were waiting for the train at a country station. There was a dreary looking waiting room, 14 by 14, and there was a platform 70 feet long by 8 broad. The scenery consisted of one water tank, five freight cars, two fields, one pile of lumber, three telegraph poles and a small boy. The rain poured outside. The two women sat as far from each other as possible and regarded each other with suspicion and distrust.

One seemed to be saying to herself: "If she is going to the lunatic asylum she should be looked after. Who ever saw any one come out in such colors and mix things like that? Such persons are dangerous." And the other one remarked: "Must I wait here long in the company of that thing? What a looking head! What big feet and hands! Looks as if she was going to work on a farm."

The two men who are strangers to each other and to the women were fair, mild eyed specimens of the human race. They stood and looked at each other, and might have said to themselves: "Looks as if he had overdrawn his account at the bank. Seems to have an innocent look, but that is all put on." And the other might have mused: "So here's the 'Rubber Kid' out on another expedition, but I'll spoil his game. My, but hasn't he got a hardened look!" But they did nothing of the kind. While those women sat several feet apart, huddled up in an exclusive sort of way and their veils drawn, the men walked arm in arm, joked and smoked and talked stories and said they were glad to meet. They poked each other in the ribs, called each other "old boy," borrowed some fine cut and every match they had was shared in lighting cigars.

One of the women got up enough courage to ask the other for the time. The latter might be addressing the cook of an Erie canal scow, she thought, but replied that she had not the time. Then both shrank away under their veils and turned up their noses. When the train came along the men got into the same car and the same seat. The women came out with respective looks of disdain, entered separate coaches, and as the train moved away they were sorry they had noticed or spoken to each other and failed to stand on their individual dignity.—Albany Journal.

Writing for the Newspapers.

I am very frequently asked whether the newspaper is the best starting point for young authors, and in this question lies, in nine cases out of ten, a grave misconception. Many young writers believe that work rejected by the monthly magazine will find a market with the daily newspaper. It seems to be taken for granted that the same degree of care is unnecessary for newspaper work as for magazine writing. "The newspaper dies with the day, the magazine lives for a month," is the general feeling, and hence the impression that ephemeral work will find a ready market with the newspaper.

It has been my pleasure to write for the newspaper press of America for six or seven years, and I give young writers a leaf from my experience when I say to them, do not allow yourselves to believe that minor work will find favor with the modern American newspaper. There is just as much demanded of a writer in the newspaper editorial office as in that of the monthly magazine. A writer commits the greatest mistake of her life when she looks upon the newspaper as a graduating school to the magazine. The same standard of grammar and expression set by the magazine holds good with newspapers.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Little Brother's Bet.

Little Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's admirers until she appeared.

"Don't you come to see my sister?" he inquired.

"Yes, Tommy, that's what I come for."

"You like her immensely, don't you?"

"Of course I admire her very much. Don't you think she's nice?"

"Well, I have to, 'cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty hard sometimes. But let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it tight till I count ten. There—I knowed you could do it!"

"Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?"

"Oh, nobody but sister!"

"What did she say?"

"Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big apples you had; and you have, haven't you? And you'll make her stump up the apples, won't you?"

The young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not.—New York Ledger.

A Snake Story Brought Him Fortune.

A resident of Martinsville, Ind., named Jerry Givens, has received a letter from a rich uncle in California which indicates that the young man is likely to be adopted and made his heir. A strange family history is recalled by this incident. There was an estrangement between the man now in California and the father of young Jerry, who is long since dead. Henry, the elder brother, drifted to the far west, and discovered the whereabouts of his young heir only through a publication which narrated a remarkable adventure in which the latter was engaged. Some time ago while hunting in the White river bottoms he encountered a great nest of snakes. This circumstance gained wide reputation in the papers and finally caught the eye of the elder Givens.—Exchange.

No Further Assurance Necessary.

This story is being told of which William Hulbert, the 5-year-old son of Harry Hulbert, is the hero. Mr. Hulbert recently departed for Europe with his wife, William remaining behind as the guest of his grandmother. The other morning she announced to her grandson at the breakfast table: "Well, William, I have just got a telegram that papa and mamma arrived safe."

"Humph," replied the youngster. "Didn't I know that! Didn't I pray to God that the ship wouldn't sink!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Construction of a Leg Bone.

A novel operation has been performed in the Edinburgh Royal infirmary. A farmer was suffering from a diseased leg bone, induced by an accident. On medical advice he came to the infirmary and was put under the care of Mr. Miller, surgeon, who determined to remove the diseased portion and substitute an ox rib. The operation was performed a month ago, and it seems it has been so successful that the man will be about again shortly with a limb as strong and healthy as ever.—New York Telegram.

The most northerly railway in the world is that one between Sweden and Norway. It runs from Lulea, a little town at the top of the Gulf of Bothnia, to Elvegaard, a fort on the Atlantic in the fiord of Ofoten. The works are frequently stopped on account of the severity of the climate, but it is hoped that the line will be opened in 1891.

Bath, Me., is building what is expected to be the largest wooden sailing ship in the world. She will be 285 feet long on the keel, will be a three decker, and will carry four masts. She will register about 3,300 tons.

Phonography is fast becoming one of the standard branches of education in Great Britain. From returns made, though incomplete, it appears that in the first quarter of the year 1890 the teachers of phonography had under instruction in the whole of Great Britain 34,739 males and 3,028 females, making a total of 37,767, while the number under instruction during the whole of 1889 was 44,730. A large portion of the pupils were in what are termed "board schools."

Large Reservoirs.

Omitting lakes, which are in many cases natural reservoirs, the largest reservoir or artificial lake in the world is the great tank of Dhebar, twenty miles southeast of Udaipur city, Rajputana province, India. It covers an area of twenty-one square miles. The masonry dam is 1,000 feet long by 95 feet high; 50 feet wide at the base and 15 at the top. In southern India, also, there are some immense reservoirs. That of Cumbum in Cuddapath district is formed by damming the Gundlakamana river by a dam 57 feet high thrown between two hills. The reservoir has an area of fifteen square miles. The Sulekere reservoir in Mysore state is very little smaller, and next to Cumbum is the finest in southern India. Compared with these artificial lakes, Loch Katrine (supplying Glasgow), four and one-half square miles, and Vyrnwy reservoir (supplying Liverpool), nearly two square miles, are insignificant in size. The Manchar tank in Scinde has an area of 180 square miles, but only when fed by the waters of the river during the months of flood. In dry months it shrinks to quite a small area.—New York Telegram.

Napoleons of Finance.

A most appalling sound was heard in the nursery, and the astonished father, with his hair on end, ran to see what was the matter. He opened the door and looked in. Willie was sitting astride his drum, kicking it with both feet. Johnny was twisting the cat's tail and bringing forth howls of dire agony. Tommy was whirling a rattle, Bobby Stapleford, a neighbor's boy, was superintending a fight between two vociferous dogs, Harry Plugmore, another visitor, was jumping up and down on an empty barrel, half a dozen other casual youngsters were pounding tin pans, and all were yelling at the tops of their voices.

"What is the meaning of this unearthly racket?" demanded the father as soon as he could make himself heard above the din.

"We're playing Chicago board of trade," replied Willie. "Fellers, let 'er go once more!"

And pandemonium broke loose again.—Chicago Tribune.

One of Howard's Failures.

Bronson Howard's play entitled "Met by Chance," which Helen Dauvray produced at the Lyceum theatre, was the worst kind of a failure, and it came immediately after the success of "One of Our Girls" and preceded the still more brilliant success of the "Henrietta." "Shenandoah" was produced first at the Boston museum and failed to make any profound or encouraging impression on Boston audiences. But Howard had rewritten "Lillian's Last Love" into the successful drama of "The Banker's Daughter," and remembering this experience he rewrote "Shenandoah" into the prosperous drama with which theatre goers are now familiar.—New York World.

Grandma's Idea of a $1,000 Salary.

E. W. Winter, general manager of the Omaha railway, enjoys a good story as much as any man I know, particularly if it be on himself. He tells the following tale with great gusto: "My grandmother is a dear, innocent lady, who lives up in Vermont. She was telling a visitor all about the family, one day, and when my turn came she said, 'Now, there's Erne, he's doing right well,' and her voice sank impressively. 'They do say he's getting as much as a thousand dollars a year, though I don't see how he can earn all that money honestly.'"—New York Star.

A Legal Bed of Roses.

The justices of the supreme court are not to be blamed if they are vain. All day long they sit upon the grandest throne in the United States, surrounded by more show of deference and honor than even the President receives, with theatrical curtains of crimson silk draped behind them and a great gold eagle over their heads, with page boys at their elbow, venerable lawyers bowing before them, velvet carpets to hush the fall of feet upon the court room floor, negro doorkeepers watching over noiseless doors, a dim religious light in the semi-circular room, and a never ceasing throng of awed citizens of this and other lands reverentially staring them out of countenance. The Libyan lion at a circus excites very little more veneration and awe from the spectators. I should think that the justices must feel sometimes how like wild beasts on exhibition they are. Perhaps they don't think of it at all, for one grows accustomed in time to anything, even to being a supreme court judge.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Floral Monster.

On the 9th of January, 1890, which was the twelfth anniversary of King Humbert's accession to the Italian throne, the ladies of Rome united in presenting him with a bouquet. It was not a nosegay, or a fragrant trifle that could be worn in his buttonhole. On the contrary, it was between 6 and 7 feet high, and required six stout porters to bear it to his majesty's apartments. It was, in truth, a floral monster. It consisted of a base 3 feet square and a stem surrounded by a vase of graceful shape, the sides being covered with an inscription done in pansies, mignonette and violets.—St. Louis Republic.

A Missouri Girl's Foot.

There is on exhibition in Keokuk the pattern of the insole of a pair of shoes made at Kahoka for a girl living at Rainbow, Mo. The girl for whom these shoes were made is only 17 years old, and is 7 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 235 pounds. She has had many offers to pose in museums, all of which she has rejected. The insole referred to measures 15½ inches in length and 6½ inches in width at the broadest part.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Uses for a Sheet of Stencil Board.

A sheet of "stencil board," obtained at any complete stationery house or bindery, is a great convenience in many ways. A large piece carefully bent double is convenient for holding loose manuscripts when in actual use. A sheet of this material also makes a smooth, hard surface for writing upon if your table is rough, and a small piece, card size, makes a choice paper cutter.—Cor. Author and Writer.

One of the Reasons.

There are 1,000 men in the United States who would at once set out for Africa on exploring expeditions if they only had the money to go ahead on. This want of money is one of the reasons why so many of our enterprising men remain at home and unknown.—Detroit Free Press.

If you wish to insult a man without imperiling your personal safety disarm him in advance with this saving clause, as thus: "Beg your pardon, sir, but what you say cannot be the fact; it is utterly impossible." The deprecatory prefix is like a whiff of chloroform before the pulling of a tooth.

A candidate who had failed in the civil service examinations was exceedingly critical of the system. "I'm not ashamed to be unable to answer such foolish questions," he said, "especially with such high personal recommendations as I had!"

Epidemics, such as influenza, are said to arise when the supply of ozone in the air is insufficient. To counteract this, Dr. Forster, of Berlin, has advocated the artificial supply of ozone to the air of towns and thickly populated districts.

Plowing by steam has been introduced in Walla Walla valley, Wash., and is pronounced a success. Heretofore it has cost $2 per acre to plow, while under the new system it can be done for forty cents.

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CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,

Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,

Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Thurs. 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. & Frt. No. 2, daily except Th'rs & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.	
	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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Freight received for Smyrna.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent. E. P. STACEY, Supt.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

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

EMMA A. FORD

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

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

The STEAMER GRATITUDE

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

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May 29, 1890.

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For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.10 p. m., Express 10.25 p. m.

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For Washington, week days, 5.10, 6.20,