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Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

Seventeen years ago I lived with my father and mother on the banks of the Stranger river, in Atchison county, Kansas. I was only 7 years of age, and one day my youthful fancy was caught by the pretty colors of a blacksnake. I pulled a small ring off my finger and a string out of my pocket. Placing the ring over the head of the snake, I started home in triumph, dragging the snake at my heels, and feeling as much a conqueror as the Roman emperor who dragged the captives behind his chariots. In climbing over a fence my captive made its escape. Ring, string, everything disappeared.

I shed a few tears at the time, but had forgotten the matter until lately. I returned to the vicinity of my old home in Atchison county for the purpose of buying some sheep. While crossing a small creek that flows into the Stranger river my attention was called by the barking of my dog to a strange something in a tree. I investigated and found there an immense blacksnake, fully ten feet long. Between the dog and myself we succeeded in killing the snake, though I was obliged to use in the warfare both a club and a revolver. The dog finished the snake by giving it a shaking and tearing it in pieces.

You will hardly believe me, I know, but you can have my head if it wasn't the same identical snake that got away from me seventeen years ago. How do I know? Simple enough. That little blacksnake had grown to be a monstrous big one; the little silver ring around its neck had grown until it was as large as a lady's bracelet, and the piece of twine had grown until it had become a good sized rope. But the strangest part of all was that the dog had shaken out seventeen little blacksnakes, and that each one was the exact counterpart of the snake that made its escape from me in the long ago, while around the necks of each of the seventeen young ones were silver rings, and attached to these rings were short pieces of twine. And upon each one of these silver rings you could plainly distinguish the initials of my name, just as they had been stamped in the silver ring that I wore when 7 years old.—Kansas City Times.

The Heroines of Young Writers.

A woman with a turn for literary work who notices that she is distanced, as far as success and admiration goes, by rivals inferior in mental capacity to herself, flies eagerly to the society of her own fancies and makes her pen her greatest friend. It is the lot of many girls to pass their childhood or youth in a somewhat monotonous round of domestic duties, and frequently in a narrow domestic circle with which they may have no great intellectual sympathy. It is a delightful consolation for the shortcomings of the social life around them to build up an imaginary picture of social life as it might be—full of romantic adventures and pleasant conquests. In manufacturing her heroine the young recluse puts on paper what she would herself like to be, and what she thinks she might be if only she had golden hair and a wider sphere of action, or if men were wiser and more discerning.

In the slights offered to her favorite ideal she paints the slights that might be or have been offered to herself, and she glories in imagining the triumphant way in which (under more auspicious circumstances) she would turn upon her enemies and trample them under foot. The vexations and annoyances she is usually able to describe with spirit and accuracy. The triumph, being the representation of her own delicious dreams, is apt to be a little too spectacular; it is too complete; rivals and enemies are too effectually crushed; the world looks on and applauds with rather unnecessary vehemence; the underrated martyr of the first portion of the book has somewhat too magnificent an apotheosis at its close.—Illustrated American.

Money Spent for Show.

Ten thousand carriages in Central park have a coachman and footman. At least 5,000 more have a coachman. Twenty-five thousand people ride there simply to wait on the rich, to minister to the luxury of the opulent. Ten thousand of these people are lackeys. The gorgeous and impressive uniforms—tall hats, rosettes, top boots, buttons—of the coachmen and lackeys are furnished by the owners of the carriages. They buy uniforms for the coachmen and lackeys just as they buy harness for the horses, and the cost is about the same. The uniforms cost about $150 per carriage. For the 5,000 more modest turnouts, with a plain, old fashioned coachman, the uniform costs about $30.

It costs $1,500,000 to make the coachmen and the lackeys look like monkeys. It costs $150,000 more to dress up the old fashioned coachmen. The aggregate is $1,650,000.—New York Journal.

Chinese Wit.

A traveler in the far east relates that Chinese gentlemen of quality consider it beneath their dignity to invent their own jokes. When they go into society each carries with him a collection of bon mots and smart repartees, obtained from various sources, and when he thinks the time has come for him to make a sage remark he turns over the leaves of his commonplace book till he lights on a suitable passage, which he gravely points out to his neighbor. The latter reads the passsage with equal gravity, whereupon he selects from his own stock an appropriate rejoinder, which he shows the other with a bow. Both then smile solemnly, and, after many compliments, resume their conversation.—Il Popolo Romano.

A Ghost in London.

The story goes around in London that a ghost has really been seen. A well known woman, just before appearing in some private theatricals, saw an old friend standing near the entrance of her dressing room. She greeted him, but he only shook his head and walked away. She learned the next day that her friend had died the day before she thought she saw him.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Struck by Lightning.

Sailors are proverbial for their big yarns, but they can't get much ahead of river men. The other day Capt. J. D. Parker got hold of Capt. Gibson, and he said:

"Dave, you recollect when I was mate on the Yazoo and that streak of lightning struck me as I stood near the jack staff, in that terrible storm, and you all thought I was dead for sure?"

"Oh, yes, very well; but where did the lightning go to, anyhow?"

"Why, it went right down into my boot."

"And you never were hurt?"

"No, sir, not a bit. I just took my boot off and poured the lightning out on the deck."

And the two worthies went to look at the weather map.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Spotted Tribe.

There is a whole tribe of spotted men and women and children, too, to be met with in a district on the banks of the River Purus, in South America. They live only on the river banks, or in floating settlements in the lagoons. Almost their whole life is spent in their canoes, and they are conspicuous by their peculiar skin, which is covered with black and white spots, and causes many individuals to look just as if they had been dappled, so that the spotted man need not always be a thing of paint and patch.—New York Telegram.

It is said to be a common sight in New York to see well dressed men running or skipping the rope in Central Park. Exercise is the chief aim of these simple diversions, which are practiced mostly by brokers, lawyers and club men who are becoming stout.

FEEDING A BIG SNAKE.

The Appetizing Meal of Rabbits That a Boa Constrictor Delights In.

Three corpulent rabbits of Belgian breed were caged in a soap box quietly awaiting their fate. They were the meal for which the snake was anxiously awaiting. He had not tasted meat in four months and his voracious maw yawned like a bottomless pit for the unfortunate trio in the soap box. Manager Bell appeared and drew forth one of the rabbits. After stroking "bunny" on the back for a moment he opened the door to the snake's den and thrust him in. The huge boa had coiled himself up in a corner, but at once roused himself for action. He was fully twelve feet long, and having recently shed his winter coat his skin glistened and shone like satin. He raised his head a foot or so from the floor and viewed the first course of his quadriannual meal.

The rabbit showed no signs of fear, but rather seemed to enjoy his new quarters. The snake slowly lowered his head and cautiously began to stretch himself along the side of the den. He never once took his eyes off the rabbit, which was still unconscious of his danger. Suddenly the rabbit began to act strangely and to cut all sorts of ridiculous capers. He would leap back and forth over the snake and then rub up against it, and appeared to be fascinated. Slowly and stealthily the snake turned his head about until it was within a foot of the rabbit's haunches. Then, quick as a flash, he darted forward, seized the rabbit in his mouth and in another instant there was nothing to be seen of the little animal save the tips of his ears, which protruded from between the folds of the snake.

The huge serpent then raised his head full two feet from the floor, darted out his forked tongue and hissed horribly at the motley group watching him. If there was any struggle on the part of the rabbit it was not visible. The snake had him in his awful coils. Then the coils slowly, but with a strength which was terrible to look at, began to tighten till every bone in the poor rabbit's body must have been broken. This done the coils relaxed, and the limp, lifeless body of the sportive rabbit of a few moments before lay ready to be swallowed. First the serpent nosed his victim all over. The eyeballs of the dead rabbit were protruding from their sockets, and by way of beginning the boa licked them with his tongue. Once more he coiled about his victim, leaving its head and shoulders free. Then he opened his monstrous jaws and, taking "bunny's" head therein, began to swallow. Soon the head and shoulders were out of sight, and in less than fifteen minutes the hind legs followed.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Profits of Authorship.

I caught one of our best known authors in a confidential mood recently, and his comments on the revenue of authorship, which he gave me permission afterward to print, carry interest with them. I may add that the name of this author is one of the most widely known in American literature today. "Seven years ago I chose between law and literature. I had every opportunity to succeed at the bar, for through hard study and my connections a lucrative practice seemed open to me. But I turned to authorship. Today I am what the world calls a successful author. My last novel was bid for by three publishers, and my royalties, I am told by my publishers, are higher than those of the majority of their writers. I have the pleasure of hearing my books and name hawked on the trains when I am traveling, the newspapers give me from a quarter of a column to a column and a half reviews.

"But what has literature brought me in money? Let me open my vest pocket to you. Here is my actual revenue for 1889, and includes, as you see, royalties on six of my novels, magazine articles, etc., and everything is collected. Here is the total, $2,170.40. Compare these actual figures to the paragraph recently circulated in which I am reputed to earn $10,000 from my pen. Is it any wonder that the unsophisticated enter literature with false hopes? Yes, print these facts if you wish; only, of course, withhold my name and identity." I reproduce here the facts and figures as they were given to me. I only wish it were possible, for the sake of those who think that literature is a bed of roses, to give this author's name.—New York Letter.

Too Familiar with the Bear.

Hilbert Connover, a boy employed as assistant animal keeper in Wonderland, lies in bed nursing his badly lacerated body. It was at high noon, when the chief keeper had gone to dinner, that Hilbert, in violation of orders to keep away from the cages, tried his hand at animal training in company with another boy about his own age. Armed with a stiff rawhide they entered the den of the smaller of the two bears and began to lash him and try to teach him tricks. This was something new to bruin, who showed his teeth and resented the intrusion.

The next thing Connover knew he was lying face downward on the floor of the cage, with the bear on top trying to make a meal off the fleshiest portion of the boy's body, while the other youngster plied the whip in a vain effort to choke off the animal. Connover's vigorous cries for help were heard by Stage Manager Frank Hall, who succeeded in rescuing him.

Connover now lies face downward in bed, an when he gets up he will doubtless for awhile take his meals standing.—Buffalo Courier.

Explorations in Mexico.

Frank C. Baker and Professor Angelo Heilprin, representing the expedition which was sent out by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia last February for the exploration of the less known regions of Mexico and Yucatan, report interesting discoveries. Barometric observations place beyond question the claim of Orizaba to the first place among the giant volcanoes of Mexico, contrary to the notion which in Mexico and in most geographical treatises accords this position to the famous Popocatapetl. It has been determined that the peak of Orizaba (the "Star Mountain") rises to the height of no less than 18,000 feet. Comparatively little discomfort arising from rarefied atmosphere was experienced during the ascent of three volcanic giants in that locality, the lowest of which rises nearly 1,500 feet above the level of Mt. Blanc.—Exchange.

Mary Anderson's Husband.

The complete name of Mary Anderson's husband is Antonio Fernando Navarro de Vianu. It is related that Pedro Navarro, one of his progenitors, participated in the siege of Grenada, and in 1493 accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to America. Having become famous under American as well as Italian skies he was ennobled with the title of Count Pedro Navarro. Another member of the family was recognized by Philip II, and in 1579 was made admiral-in-chief of all the naval forces in America. On the mother's side young Navarro is grandson of John H. Dykers, at one time president of the New York and Harlem railroad.—Exchange.

Bishop Jones' Advice to Young Preachers.

When the Baltimore and Philadelphia conference of the A. M. E. Zion church finished its business Bishop Jones preached the ordination sermon, giving the candidates for orders good advice. He told them not to spend too much time before the glass trying to make themselves look pretty. It was not at all likely that they would be successful, but it was a shame even to turn an example of God's noblest work into a dude, and very likely a poor due at that.—Baltimore Sun.

KISSING THE ROD.

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Fishes That Make a Noise.

The black drum is one of our largest game fishes, most abundant in the southern states, but occurring along the Jersey coast, and often found in the waters of Staten Island.

The drum belongs to the family of the Sciœnidæ, which, owing to the peculiar structure of the air bladder, possess the power of uttering sounds to a greater or less degree. Other members of the family, such as the weakfish, croaker and roncador, make a grunting sound when boated (although old fishermen claim to be able to detect the presence of a large school of weakfish by the noise made by them while feeding as the boat passes over them); but the sound of the drum is the loudest, and can be very distinctly heard at a distance. The croak of the ubiquitous sea robin, which does not, however, belong to this family, is familiar to all who have ever wet a line in the bay.

During the breeding season of the drum this noise is more pronounced than at any other time, the males calling to the females, who respond in lower tones; and at night, while feeding on the oyster and mussel beds, which provide their principal food, the fish seem to grunt their satisfaction with the repast.—Cor. New York Times.

Variegated Colors in Bottles.

Take equal volumes of chloroform, glycerine, a mixture of one volume stronger ether and three volumes carbon disulphide, water, cotton seed oil and alcohol. Shake the cloroform with a little water, then separate the excess. To the chloroform thus saturated with water add a little Bengal red, shake well a few minutes, and filter. In the ether and carbon disulphide dissolve a little iodine. In the alcohol dissolve a little Bengal green or chlorophyl from fresh green leaves.

Now pour these various colored fluids into a clear flint glass bottle or other similar container just large enough to hold them all, beginning with the chloroform and following with each in succession down to the alcohol. They should all be added carefully down the side of the container and without agitation, and, lastly, enough more alcohol should be added to completely fill the container after the insertion of the cork. This will give a bottle with six separate layers of colored fluids, and presents a very pretty sight.—The New Idea.

About Ventilation.

It seems like heresy to talk to the enlightened people of this age of ventilation and hygiene in their relation to sleep, but still it isn't so very long since an entire family who were ill recovered because some one was careless enough to break a window pane out and every one was too ill to replace it. Not so very long, either, since a physician hung a canary's cage beneath the canopy of one of our handsomely curtained beds where two people were sleeping, and took its lifeless little body from the cage the next morning. A word to the wise is sufficient, and every one knows that a closed window, heavy carpets, stuffy curtains, fluids, vegetable life and food of any kind in any sleeping apartments are not conducive to healthful, refreshing sleep.—Toronto Empire.

Royal Autographs at Washington.

The great departments of Washington have hidden away in their musty records the romances of the greatest men of the United States. There is a tradition that some very spicy love letters of George Washington are hidden away in the state department. Others of the records contain references to the troubles which existed at the time that Peggy O'Neill, the handsome daughter of the Washington tavern keeper, married Maj. Eaton, Jackson's secretary of war, and set Washington society by the ears, and still others describe the troubles which Alexander Hamilton underwent through the persecution of the pretty Mrs. Reynolds. By all odds the most interesting volumes of love and marriage, however, found in these departments are those which contain the letters of kings and queens, describing their marriages and in glowing terms picturing their gratitude to heaven for the birth of a prince or a princess.

According to the court etiquette of Europe whenever a son or daughter is born to a ruler a letter is sent to the state department. These letters are carefully filed. They are bound in great morocco covered books and they constitute the most valuable autograph collection of the United States. In them the handwritings of the kings of the earth are huddled together and the pens of queens and princes lie side by side. Many of the pages are bordered with black, announcing the death of a ruler, but such an announcement is always accompanied by the proclamation of the rise of another to the throne, and the old rule, "The king is dead, long live the king!" ever holds good.—Washington Letter.

Housatonic Dam Quits Roaring.

Ever since the great dam across the Housatonic river at Birmingham, Conn., was built, fifteen years ago, the people on both sides of the river have been annoyed by the rattle and shake of their doors and windows, due to the trembling of the earth from the weight of the falling water.

Recently it has been noticed that the jarring had ceased entirely. This new experience was at first almost as bad as the jar. People had become accustomed to go to sleep by the roar of the dam and the shaking of their windows, and they were wakeful and restless without it.

On top of the dam have always been placed in dry weather flashboards about eighteen inches high to increase the storage capacity. In the winter these are taken off to allow the ice to float over without injury to the dam. These flashboards are held in place by hundreds of upright iron rods, which were this season left in place by some carelessness. It is noticed now that the immense volume of water flowing over the dam does not fall in solid column to the apron below, but is divided and broken up into spray like sheets, which strike with a hissing noise instead of a roar.

Inventor of the Detective Camera.

It was a Parisian who hit upon the novel idea of a detective camera. He made a small camera, which he concealed in his hat. A shutter in front was so cleverly arranged that the joint could not be seen. At first he used wet plates, but he soon saw the disadvantage he was laboring under. About that time the lightning dry plates were put on the market and the Frenchman's hopes rose high. He could take his hat anywhere with him, and no one, at a glance, would suspect its double purpose. Placed on a table facing the person to be taken, the little button at the back could be pressed and the exposure made. In some respects the hat camera was immeasurably superior to the toys now on the market.—New York Evening Sun.

A Jap's Political Views.

Mr Toyokichi Iyenaga, who received his degree of doctor of philosophy at the Johns Hopkins commencement, will return at once to Japan to enter on political life. Being asked his views on the politics and government of Japan, Mr. Iyenaga said: "On my return home I will join what is known as the constitutional reform party, which is neither too radical nor too conservative in its views. I believe that it is best for Japan to move not too fast nor too slow, but considering her old customs she should try to adopt what there is good in the civilized world. I am favorable to a constitutional monarchy, and I will sustain the imperial house under such a government. I am not at all inclined to individualism nor to pure socialism, but rather favor what is known as national socialism, which advocates government control of posts, telegraphs, railroads and gas.

"This is the system which has been long tried in Germany and recently introduced in Japan. I am in favor of protection for Japan, as I believe it will help her immensely, and I also believe in a cabinet responsible to the imperial diet. My views on political economy embrace those of Dr. Ely and the modern historical school, although I do not believe in the single tax system. Finally I believe in a peace policy for Japan and closer friendship with the United States, because the future seat of the highest civilization will be on this continent, probably even more than it has been in Europe. It is my intention on returning to Japan to enter political life, partly by the influence of my friend, Mr. Mutsu, who was formerly minister to this country, but who is now minister of agriculture and commerce. I earnestly hope, when I shall be qualified by age and experience, to be able to obtain a seat in the imperial diet of Japan."—Baltimore Sun.

Costly Courting in Philadelphia.

"I issued a warrant this afternoon for the arrest of a man on a very peculiar charge," said an up town police magistrate, "and as there is no likelihood of his being captured I violate no ethics in telling you about it.

"This man, who has heretofore been looked upon as a hard working, honest mechanic, is the father of two daughters, both of whom received young gentlemen callers at their home. During the winter these young men, when they started to go home one evening, found their overcoats missing from the rack in the hallway. The theft was reported to the police, who blamed it on sneak thieves. One of these young men had no less than three overcoats stolen during the winter, and the other lost two besides his hat. Five other young men, who had made informal calls, also missed their coats. The father of the girls was the most active in denouncing the thief when the thefts were discovered.

"Two weeks ago all of the coats were found at a down town pawnbroker's office, and the description of the man who pawned them tallies exactly with that of the father of the girl. Whether he got wind of the discovery I do not know, but for some reason he moved away very suddenly while the young men were deliberating whether they should secure his arrest or not. The young ladies are estimable in every way, and for their sake I do not believe any special effort will be put forth to apprehend their father. It is one of the strangest cases that ever came before me."—Philadelphia Record.

Nearly Suffocated in a Trunk.

One afternoon Pearl, daughter of John Gay, on Adams avenue, near Twenty-first street, thought she heard a child screaming in the rear of the house. She could see nothing, and wondered whence the sound could come. She heard it the second time, and proceeded down the lot to see who it could be. On the way she passed an old trunk, and there imagined she heard something. Strange as it appeared to her that sounds should come from the trunk, she approached and opened it.

To her astonishment she found a boy there, 9 years of age, almost breathless, pale and the cold sweat on his forehead. He proved to be Loney Rich, son of Ben E. Rich. He and others had been playing "hide and seek," and he had taken to the discarded trunk as a hiding place. As the lid closed it shut tightly over his head, the lock snapping. He had been in the trunk so long that the children with whom he had been playing had given up the search and gone home.—Ogden Standard.

Intermittent Paralysis.

The case of Frederic H. Couch, of Birmingham, is still a puzzling one to the doctors. Some time ago Mr. Couch fell while at work and struck his throat on a bench. He became dumb and could not utter a word for several days. His voice came back to him suddenly one day, but since that he has lost the power of his speech several times. He as suddenly regains the faculty, but it does not remain with him for any length of time. His predicament is a curious one. Sometimes he tries to speak, only to find that he has suddenly been stricken dumb, and there is nothing to do but to wait for his voice to come back again.—New Haven Palladium.

Growth of the Turnip Seed.

The seed of a globe turnip is exceedingly minute, not larger, perhaps, than the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed will be elaborated by the soil and the atmosphere into 27,000,000 of times its original bulk, and this in addition to a considerable bunch of leaves. Dr. Desaguliers has made some experiments proving that, in an average condition, a turnip seed may increase its own weight fifteen times in a minute. By an actual experiment, made on peat ground, turnips have been found to increase by growth 15,990 times the weight of their seeds each day they stood upon it.—New York Telegram.

Was Byron Generous?

Certainly not. In his youth he spent more money than he ought, but in later years he was avaricious. Byron always paraded his generosity. Shelley always gave in secret. Byron confessed (and I had only £500 a year, while he had £4,500) that he was in my debt, and that he must settle. But I always turned it off. He confessed that he had saved £1,500 out of one year's income. Shelley had £1,000 a year and gave away £500 every year.—Temple Bar.

He Couldn't Be Tempted.

An Irishman and a Yankee were in bathing. In the distance a flock of ducks was sporting on the water.

Yankee—Pat, let's take a duck.

Irishman (starting hastily for the shore)—No, Oi'll not, Oi'll jest lave ye to yerself. Oi t'ot Oi was swimmin' wid a gintlemon—not a chicken thayfe!—Epoch.

The Phonograph as a Cash Register.

It has been suggested that the phonograph shall be used as a cash register. Every sum the cashier receives might be called in the phonograph and there recorded, as a check on the accounts.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A prisoner who escaped from the Tattnall county (Fla.) jail recently left a note for the sheriff saying he was innocent, but that he would be back in October to stand trial and hoped to be acquitted.

Sheik Abdulla Mustapha is the name of Queen Victoria's Mohammedan cook. S. A. M. has recently been in bad health, and the queen sent him to Bombay to rest and visit a favorite doctor.

FOR THE BLOOD,
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

ARABIA.

Across red sultry leagues of burning land,
An arid terror and the dread of man,
Wearily crawls through seas of blistering sand
The straggling groups of a great caravan.

With dates and doura from the Yemen's shore
It braves the pitiless desert's fiercest heat;
The thirsty camels totter, faint and sore;
The suffering Bedouins dream of cisterns sweet.

The road is long, and no refreshing palm
Charms the infecund waste with verdant plumes;
The death sun tortured them, the awful calm
Angrily hints of imminent simooms!

Mecca, the wonder, with its bright, broad walls,
Has been the goal that they will never reach,
And every hot and savage ray that falls
Is doomed their fated skeletons to bleach!

No more shall these poor wanderers behold
The holy Caaba and the sacred shrine,
Where in a maze of marble and of gold
The Prophet slumbers in his rest divine!

Nor shall their balsams, myrrh and precious stones
Be sold through Djedda's intricate bazars,
And none will hear the muezzin when he drones
The throng to mosque below Medinian stars.

Shrieking to heedless Allah, sore afraid,
By wafts of maddening, cruel heat o'erpowered,
In graves of shifting sand they will be laid,
By ravenous swarms of locusts be devoured;

While o'er their scorched and withered bodies, strewn
In disarray amid deserted tents,
The irreproachable and callous moon
Will rise in her serene magnificence!

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Expensive Watch Winding.

Senator Farwell had a little joke put on him not long ago, and though it cost him a $2 bill he smiled grimly and took it all in good part. The senator has for years employed a certain jeweler to clean and repair his watch when it needs attention. His name is Hoefner, and the senator has the fullest confidence in him. The senator some time ago took his watch to Hoefner and was told to leave it for a few days. He did so, and when he went after it and asked the expense he was told the bill was $5. He paid it, and about a month after he thought there was something wrong with it again. Again he took it to the artist and left it. When he called for it the watchmaker told him the expense this time was $2.

"How is that?" queried the senator. "You charged me $5 before and only $2 now; you probably struck me for $3 too much last time, didn't you?"

"Oh, no," said Hoefner; "there was a difference in the jobs. The watch only needed winding this time."—Chicago Herald.

Ungraciousness.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all our ideas of good breeding. Its possessor will never come up to our standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although, possibly, well born and well educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the lookout for some ill judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a nervous dread of what may come next, and a feeling of constraint is generated. Persons who are much in the society of the ungracious foster insensibly a guarded carefulness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness, and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practice it. Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected and on occasions seemingly the least calling for it.—New York Ledger.

Her Knowledge of Hens.

A London woman married a farmer in Fife, and was much interested in everything about the farm. One day, having seen old Tibbie set a clucking hen, she came into the kitchen quite out of breath and said: "Oh, Tibbie, there's a great he hen in the cart shed, and he'd cover far more eggs than that little fowl!"

"A he hen, mem?" said Tibbie. "Did ye mean that dorkink cock? He'll not sit on eggs."

"Not sit?" said the lady. "Just you put down the eggs in the corner of the shed, tumble a hamper over him and make him sit."

"A well," said Tibbie, "I ken naething o' your Lunnon he hen, mem! But a' I can say is ye'll not get a cock in Fife that'll bemean himsel' to sic work, hamper or nae hamper."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Walked Into a Well in Her Sleep.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock on the morning of June 13, as some young men were on their way home, and while passing along near the public school building of Chillicothe, they heard a cry of distress. Entering the premises occupied by Professor Allen Moore, upon a tour of investigation they found that the cry came from a well. It was found that Mrs. Moore had fallen into the well.

A rope was thrown down, which Mrs. Moore grasped, but when raised to near the top she missed her hold and fell back. The well was thirty-six feet deep and contained between ten and fifteen feet of water. A loop was then made in the end of the rope and hastily thrown down with directions to place it around her body and under her arms, which Mrs. Moore succeeded in doing, and by that means she was rescued. It is believed that Mrs. Moore either slipped and fell into the well, or was walking in her sleep at the time.—Kansas City Journal.

Dinners in the Eiffel Tower.

One of the freaks of fashion in Paris is to give dinners in the Eiffel tower. Saturday the Prince and Princess Radzivill entertained there the Duc and Duchesse de Dondeauville, the Comte and Comtesse de Talleyrand, and the Prince and Princess de Cystria. Comte de Seebach and others. A lift was hired for the evening for the exclusive use of the party and adorned inside with flowers and elegant draperies. Four powdered valets were in attendance at the entrance. The table was profusely decorated with carnations and no other flowers.—London News.

A chimney has been designed for the Royal Smelting works of Saxony, Germany, by Herr Henecke, that is to be 460 feet high, with an inside diameter of 23 feet at the base and 15 feet 6 inches at the outlet. The works will be connected with the chimney by a horizontal flue 1,093 yards in length, which crosses the river Mulda and takes an upward course of 197 feet to the top of the hill, where the giant chimney will stand as an example of engineering skill. It will take 1,500,000 bricks to build this perpendicular funnel, and its cost is estimated at about $30,000.

Only seven Waterloo veterans have responded to the invitation given them by Gen. Van Merten, of Haarlem, to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle. The oldest of them was born in 1793 and the youngest in 1798. Six out of the seven are in a state of complete destitution.

Two young miners in the Empire and Hollenbark collieries, at Wilkesbarre, completed a rat killing contest lately. They were at the work one month and $50 was the stake. The result is as follows: McQuade killed 3,510; weight, 4,375 pounds; McIntyre, 3,219; weight, 5,828.

More Than An Editor Could Stand.

The other day a Sioux Indian walked up and down the street with a long tailed coat on, gloves and gold headed cane, etc., and put on agony in great shape. We just laid up our silk plug, scrubbed the blacking off our shoes, took off our necktie, gave him the field and concluded that we were no longer in town. We did not ask him whether he would prefer being president of the United States or governor of Nebraska, but we suppose he will be around before election.—Gordon (Neb.) Republican.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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Doors, Sash and Blinds.

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Assets,.....$10,071,509.65

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Losses paid on buildings damaged by lightning, whether fire ensues or not.

HARRY L. BOYD,
Fire Insurance Agent,
July 11—y. Chestertown, Md.

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Wasting Diseases
Wonderful Flesh Producer.
Many have gained one pound per day by its use.
Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.
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To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,
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Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.
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Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

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. 5, 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. & Ft. No. 2, daily except Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursday only.	Passenger No. 6, Thursdays only.
Read Upwards.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown...	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton.....	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's.....	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond.....	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville.	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's.....	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's....	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's.....	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's.....	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's...	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton.....	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.

The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.

Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.

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 CORSICA
Leaves Baltimore Mondays and Thursdays at midnight. Leaves Crumpton Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12 M. and Chestertown on Wednesdays at 5 o'clock and at Saturdays at 3 o'clock, stopping at Grey's Inn Creek and all landings on the river above that point.

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.

FARE $1.00 ROUND TRIP,
☞ The United States Express Company service on Both steamers affording patrons an opportunity of making through shipments of freight to all points in the United States without delay.
☞ For the convenience of our patrons we have at Rock Hall landing, ample accommodations for the care of teams.
GEO. WARFIELD, Pres't.