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...RTY TON ROCKER.

...e Wonderfully Balanced Stone Found in a Sullivan County Valley.

Perhaps one of the most interesting objects in picturesque Sullivan county, New York state, is the "Rocking Stone" on the farm of Joseph McLaury, two miles west of the county site, Monticello, on the old Newburg and Cochecton turnpike. In the center of a rather demure looking stone wall, of which it is a part, stands a rock whose history is as yet unwritten, and lies buried with the dead of many generations. The farm within the boundaries of which it rests is in a valley at an elevation of some 1,300 feet above the level of the sea, forming in consequence a most appropriate pedestal on which to stand.

At first sight it probably would not attract more than a passing notice, but it is when a second and closer observation is made that the wonderful and delicate hand of nature is seen, both in its composition and smoothly chiseled sides. In size it is nearly 500 cubic feet, shaped very much like an orange, and weighing 80,000 pounds, or forty tons, and so nicely balanced on a table of rock as to be easily set in motion from either the north or south side, yet the combined strength of a hundred men, without artificial appliances, could not dislodge it from its present position.

Its body is composed of a loose and soft sandstone, in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles of a diamond like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the only specimen of its class, around and under it the stones being of an entirely different structure. The table on which it rests is a hard stone, nearly as firm and close grained as the blue stone cut from the quarries of Sullivan county. Whence it migrated or the date of its pilgrimage—for it is supposed to have been lodged there by some volcanic eruption during the Drift period—lies not in the old tradition of the county.

Some of the adamantine pebbles that cluster thickly on its surface have been ground off and split in two, probably by the tremendous attrition suffered in its passage. The only relative specimen of its kind in North or South America is in the northern part of Canada. Its sides and corners have also been ground to almost emery fineness by powerful elements.

It stands alone, a silent monument of a departed age, erected by nature to commemorate the mighty forces which have been and are ever working for the improvement of the earth, for the profit and benefit of man.—New York Press.

The Colonel Hinted.

Ned Grimes wore a sad countenance. He was often asked what was the matter, but no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. At length an intimate friend obtained the following particulars of him:

"You know," said Ned, "I have been courting Sally W. a long while, and so we had a great notion of getting married, when that darned old Colonel" ——

"Go on, Ned, don't be a boy; what about Colonel"——

"Why, you see, Sally said I had better ask him, and so I did, as perlite as I knowed how."

"Well, what reply did he make?"

"Why, he kinder hinted round as if I wa'n't wanted there!"

"Well, Ned, let us know what the hints were—what the colonel said to disturb your mind so."

"Why, he said if he catched me there again he would cowhide me till I hadn't an inch of skin left on my back; darn his old picter!"—New York Ledger.

Always Some Good in Him.

When Col. Albert R. Lamar was editor of The Macon Telegraph some rather unpleasant controversies occurred between him and Henry W. Grady. Nevertheless, Col. Lamar often told me that he greatly admired Grady. The two men had but slight personal acquaintance. Once, in the editorial rooms of The Atlanta Constitution, I said in Grady's hearing that Col. Lamar was a great lover of horses and horse races. "What!" exclaimed Grady, "does Lamar take interest in out of door sports?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "and he knows the pedigree of every famous race horse the world over." "Then," said Grady, "I shall alter my opinion of him; there's always some good in the man who loves out of door sports."—Brunswick (Ga.) Times.

Are You Five Feet Eight Inches Tall?

What is there about the figures 5 feet 8 inches that is so attractive to policemen? Did you ever notice a description of a drowned man who was not just that tall? Maybe you have, but just notice and see if the vast majority of them do not conform to that rule, and also are reported as wearing congress gaiters. Whether men measuring 5 feet 8 inches high and wearing congress gaiters are more prone to drowning than others, so far as is known, has not been determined, but it certainly is an odd suggestion which comes to the mind of many who constantly watch such cases.—New York Tribune.

A Wily Cobbler.

A cobbler at Forfar, Scotland, who was an old offender, was sentenced to a fine or imprisonment. To be imprisoned he had to be carried to the jail at Perth. As he had business at Perth he expressed no unwillingness to go. When arrived about to be locked up he offered to pay the fine, which the governor was obliged to take. Then he demanded his fare back to Forfar, which the governor, after hesitating and looking at the law, found that he was obliged to pay. The fare alone amounted to five cents more than the fine imposed.—Ram's Horn.

When Newspaper Work Was Easy.

That paper that was published in Boston 200 years ago did not have a war correspondent, but it managed to print in the latter part of September an account of the expedition against Canada that occurred two months before. In those days a newspaper man had a good chance of dying before he was caught in a wrong statement.—Boston Herald.

A Point About Moving.

Here's a point that everybody who moves ought to bear in mind: Get the carpets to your new house if you have to carry 'em on your back, and get 'em put down before the van gets there. Then the driver and helper will put your stuff where you want it in the proper rooms. It's just as easy for the workmen, and if the floors are ready it will save a vast amount of bother for the family. As a rule people are so unsystematic that they pack their carpets around pictures and centre tables and the like, so that it's a day's job to get at them, and several days' job to get the carpets down, shifting heavy boxes and chairs meantime, and finally making a floor full of wrinkles and quite possibly of rents.—Interview in New York Sun.

A Curious Wind Flower.

A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind blows. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high. The stem is covered with dead, warty looking lumps in calm weather; these lumps, however, need but a slight breeze to make them unfold large flowers of a creamy white, which close and appear as dead as soon as the wind subsides.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Fair Price.

Mr. Blossom—How much did you pay for your new bonnet?

Mrs. Blossom—Only a fair price.

Mr. Blossom—Well, how much?

Mrs. Blossom — Only seventy-five dollars.

Mr. Blossom—And you call that a fair price? By Jove, it's a church fair price!—Epoch.

HE WANTED THE EARTH.

A San Francisco Butcher Who Let a Fortune Slip Through His Grasp.

For a long time after the bonanza excitement the stock market in San Francisco remained quiet and inactive. More or less trading was done in Comstock shares, of course, but the market as a whole was quietly settling down to what appeared a "bedrock" basis.

The Sierra Nevada and Union Consolidated mines at the northern end of the Comstock group were at this time particularly inactive, the former selling as low as fifty cents a share. Rumors, however, began to circulate about this time of a "strike" in the north end mines, and Sierra Nevada and Union began to climb upward.

John Powers, a butcher, owned at the time of which I speak a small shop at the corner of Hayes street and Van Ness avenue, and he somehow became imbued with the idea that there was more money to be made at stock speculation than in the butcher business. Acting upon this idea Powers, by mortgaging his business and borrowing what money he could, scraped together a few thousand dollars, which he deposited in the office of a Pine street brokerage firm.

He wasn't particular, he said, as to what stock he should buy, and finally settled on Sierra Nevada as being a good purchase, leaving instructions with his brokers to buy 100 shares for his account. This was done, and Powers was duly credited with the stock, for which had been paid $24 a share.

Meanwhile the rumors came pouring in from Virginia City about the great north end strike, and Sierra Nevada began to fairly jump forward, until it was quoted at $175. This would have satisfied any ordinary man, but not so Powers. Instead of selling he gave orders to buy more stock.

In the course of the next two weeks Sierra Nevada had reached $250 per share, and Powers, with 300 shares to his credit, was in debt to his brokers about $40,000. He could have realized at this point a clear profit of over $45,000. His brokers begged him to sell, but Powers was obdurate. He was after a million, he said, and as long as his margins remained good the brokers remained satisfied.

Powers then sold out his business entirely and put up the proceeds as additional margin. He began to look up favorable building sites for the residence he intended to put up that, he asserted, would "beat them 'nob heal' affairs all holler."

Having, like a skyrocket, reached its highest point, Sierra Nevada now began to come down, at first slowly and then more rapidly even than it went up. Powers had gone to the country for a few days to look at a ranch he had intended purchasing. His brokers had wired him to return, and he had supposed that it was because his stock had reached the $1,000 limit, at which figure he had left orders to sell.

It was with a very joyous countenance that he greeted his broker, whom he met on the street.

"Well," said Powers, "have you sold the stock?"

"Oh, yes," said the broker, "we had to. You see it began to fall, and to protect ourselves we had to let it all go at 140, and you now owe us $750, which I hope you can settle."

"What?" fairly gasped the astonished Powers. "Let it go at 140? And you say I'm in debt?"

"Yes," replied the broker; "we told you to sell, but you wanted the earth, and I guess you'll have to go back to your trade."

When it finally dawned on Powers that the broker really spoke the truth he was almost overcome with grief and disappointment. He rallied, however, and if any one now wants a choice steak "Johnny" Powers, who works for a large market concern on Pine street, is just the man to go to.

He will probably tell you that he ought to be and might have been a millionaire, but the quality of the meat will be good just the same.—New York Herald.

A Mosquito Killer.

Lighthouse Point has for years been infested by mosquitoes, but this year it is said that these insects are harder to find there than picnic gatherings. The reason is that a bug of bigger growth has come along and completely destroyed the mosquito plague. This bug is known by the name of devil's fly, darning needle or spindle bug. It has a long red body and long, tapering, gauze wings. They are regarded as a great boon, as they eat every mosquito that comes along.—New Haven Register.

An Emblem of War.

Jenks—Singular that the peaceful, mild eyed seal should cause so much trouble between Uncle Sam and John Bull.

Jinks—Peaceful nothing! Mild eyed, fiddlesticks! Mars was nowhere compared to a seal as an element of war. First, civil war in my family about sealskin sacques; now, a threatened war between two nations. Glad when the last seal is dead.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Irrepressible Boys.

An attempt was made at Belfast the night before the Fourth to prevent the small boys from making the night hideous with the ringing of bells. Notwithstanding the vigilance of fi[illegible] policemen, one of whom was statio[illegible] at each church, the boys succeeded [illegible] entering one belfry by the lightning [illegible]od. The police force might just as well have attempted to stop the sun from rising.—Maine Letter.

Butterflies in the Snow.

D. L. Mann, of Sugar Pine, one of our practical woodsmen, was in town last week. He reports that millions of butterflies are in the snow belt of the Sierras this year. He says that in riding through the snow clouds of them were seen by him. They were so troublesome that his horse would snort and shake his head to keep them out of his nostrils.—Tuolumne Independent.

Indigo for Bee Stings.

I see that a lady in Jersey City has died from blood poisoning from a bee sting. Had she gone into the nearest laundry and rubbed the part affected with a blue bag she would be now alive and well of the sting. It is an effectual remedy. I know several cases where indigo applied in that simple manner never failed to cure.—Cor. New York World.

So there are 64,500,000 of us! Superintendent Porter thinks that the census of 1890 will give the United States about those population figures. There is no cause for complaint. This gives us nearly 15,000,000 more than we had ten years ago. No country can show greater advances in wealth and population in the past decade.

A remarkable invention has been made in Austria whereby the serious effects of railway collisions are prevented. Glass tubes project before the train, and if they are broken by an obstacle an electric movement is applied to the brakes, bringing the train immediately to a standstill.

Twenty-eight people are reported as having left Moosehead lake in one day within a week because it is so cold up there. This news won't be likely to make other folks desire to keep away from that part of Maine.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward is described as a shy woman of delicate features. Her eyes have a look of sadness in them. The strength of her face appears in her forehead. She is a quiet but engaging talker.

WHEN MY DREAM COMES ON.

Oh, when my dream comes on I hear
  Voices of master singers fill
The hollow heaven and flood the sphere,
  And hold the wild sea still
Some spotless hero riding down,
  To do or die at battle dawn,
Clothes me in honor and renown
  Like Bayard's, when my dream comes on.

My dream comes on, and lo! the scope
  Of life expands and brims all space
With truth, with freedom's hope,
  And measureless sweetness of God's grace;
All hate goes out, all love comes in,
  All cowardice and fear are gone;
There is no room for fault or sin,
  Or sorrow, when my dream comes on.

My dream comes on and fills my soul
  With visions like the sky and sea;
Aloft, on highest heights, the goal
  Is set to mark my destiny.
My destiny is freedom's own,
  My life to ampler life is drawn,
To love's ideal stature grown
  I triumph, when my dream comes on.

My dream comes on; ah, let me dream,
  Let no rude sound my vision break,
Until the morn begins to gleam,
  And all the future's song birds wake;
For I am happy while I keep
  This sense of lapsing into dawn
On some sweet current, swift and deep
  And odorous, when my dream comes on!
—Maurice Thompson in Pittsburg Bulletin.

LIFE IN A HOUSEBOAT.

NEATNESS AND COMFORT IN FLOATING HOMES IN THE WEST.

Pen Pictures of Natives of the Upper Mississippi Who Spend Their Nights on the Water—They Pay Neither Rent Nor Taxes and Have No Coal Bills.

Down by the water's edge and upon the broad bosom of the great Father of Waters are moored a number of small boats, which are literally floating homes, and invite no small amount of curiosity.

This new Venice is located near the east end of Robert street bridge, and is popularly set down as a tough village.

Standing upon the bridge, 75 or 100 feet above the water and flats, and looking down upon these unique homes, you see a desolate stretch of shore line broken by rock piles, decaying skiffs, irregular stacks of bark and driftwood, fragments of tin roofing, rotten seines, broken barrels in all stages of hoopless disintegration, and all the other flotsam and jetsam incident to the beach of a waterway with tides or a varying volume of water. In the foreground, and surrounded by this abomination of desolation, are moored the string of boat homes.

All are small, but some are larger than others. From the altitude of the bridge they look like chicken coops, or the residences of ultra-fashionable swine.

Descending from Robert street to the flats by means of a long flight of steps, the first boat approached is a small unpainted affair, stranded upon a stony strip of real estate temporarily loaned by the river. The windows are curtainless and dirty, no smoke curls upward from the stovepipe on the roof, and you conclude that it is untenanted. There is a window in the door, and a climb to the deck lays bare a bachelor's home, confessed in the comfortless interior.

A THRIFTY COUPLE.

The next boat was quite elegant in comparison. It was about thirty feet long, painted dark lavender, and had a latticed porch or veranda, without a roof, extending around three sides. A shallow flight of steps led from the ground to this porch on the deck, and pretty rustic flower pots and hanging baskets adorned the steps and hung from the lattice work. On the back porch a line full of baby garments fluttered in the breeze, and a big black dog snoozing in the sun kept guard over all. The owners of this boat are Danes or Norwegians.

The husband is a turner, and many ornamental pieces of his handiwork can be seen about the boat. His wages are $2.50 per day, and with no rent, taxes or assessments, street sprinkling or water tax to pay, and with an industrious, economical and tidy little wife, this young man is much better fixed for saving money and enjoying life than one-half of the men who get double his salary.

Following along the path the third boat is reached, and the young couple who live here are cousins of the turner's family. Such perfection of neatness in every detail of the small household it has probably never been your good fortune to see outside of a New England home. The kitchen floor was as white as soap and honest scrubbing could make it; the round breakfast table was covered by a bright Turkey red tablecloth; the small cook stove shone like a mirror, and every cooking utensil in sight was bright as a new dollar.

The second room was a bedchamber, and the same neatness was manifest in the whiteness of the spreads and pillow shams, the worked splasher and shining toilet set. Not a speck nor a spot anywhere. If you are astonished into remarking upon this high state of cleanliness the housewife, who cannot speak English readily, will point with a smile to the oceans of soft water just outside the window, and the explanation is complete, although you leave that house with your respect for the Scandinavian housekeeper raised several degrees.

NEAT INTERIORS.

The rooms of this boat are all neatly papered with a small patterned light paper and bright border of good width. The floors of the sitting room and bedroom are covered with a pretty square patterned oilcloth which looks not unlike tiling, and over this is spread a strip of bright, new ingrain carpet for a rug. In the sitting room stands a handsome hardwood swinging crib, finished to resemble antique oak, and the work of the turner next door, who is second cousin to the month old owner of the crib. Nottingham curtains as white as the bed coverings are up at the windows and looped back with bows of ribbon.

A rustic stand and flower bowl, as artistic as many which adorn Summit avenue lawns, holds a healthy species of palm, and rustic baskets filled with delicate vines fill the windows and lend an air of refinement to the room, which is strangely incongruous because of that picture of outer abominations that is imprinted upon the retina of your eyes.

In the fourth boat lives a young couple who are just beginning life. They are Danes, and have only lived on the river for one year.

Their boat also contains three rooms, but owing to limited resources they were unable to fit them up as nicely as might be desired, but the same scrupulous neatness was over everything. The owner is building another boat, which is to be forty feet long and have four rooms when completed. A boat of this size, if built by himself, will cost the owner in the neighborhood of $100. The boat now occupied by this couple was built by the man at odd times at a cost of $86.

This man, who is the janitor of a Seventh street building, has lined the walls and ceilings with thick paper, and the house is snug in the coldest weather. The small hold in the bottom of the boat has more or less water in it, and in summer it makes a very good milk house, while in winter they can keep a supply of meat on the ice without any trouble, and save money by buying in large quantities.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Some relic hunter has cut out and carried away from the Union college building in Schenectady, N. Y., a section of window sill in which ex-President Arthur cut his name years ago when a student there.

Wednesday of last week was an eventful day for many people in Maine. Twenty-ni[illegible] marriages are reported as having ta[illegible] this state on that day, and t[illegible] all in yet.

Sophocles' "Antigone" Produced.

On Tuesday a very successful performance of the "Antigone" of Sophocles was given at Bradfield college, near Reading. For the first time since the overthrow of the ancient world a Greek play was produced under much the same physical conditions as prevailed at Athens. An accurate copy of an ancient theatre had been constructed out of a disused chalk pit, the spectators sitting on broad, low steps, which rose tier above tier of semicircle from the level of the orchestra.

The blue sky of a perfect June day overhead, the scent of the incense burning on the altar round which the senators chant in rhythmic cadence the strophes and antistrophes of the chorus, and the stately pageant of the stage beyond, combined to produce an impression which few of their audience are likely to forget. The effect of the voices in the open air was excellent, the boys having been trained to make every word heard, and the occasional half interruptions from a bird singing in the leafy borders of the rural playhouse only increasing the charm of the whole performance. The acting throughout was remarkably good and very unmodern—the players wisely refraining from any attempt to copy the mannerisms of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. The dresses and the stage arrangements generally left nothing to be desired.—London Spectator.

"Young and Gentle and Kind."

Yesterday was a memorable one to veteran drover Isaac Cochran. He personally conducted the sale of a lot of stock at his stable yards in the east ward, and extolled the qualities of every animal offered until the presence of a red bull was announced. This animal Isaac proceeded to affectionately touch up with his stick and umbrella. "Alive! Look at him—young and gentle, kind and"— The stick flew one way and the bull another at this point. He was after Isaac. The latter threw his umbrella and finally his hat at the bull, all to no purpose. The animal was gunning for Mr. Cochran; it was he who had pricked him too hard with the umbrella.

Mr. Cochran cleared a five rail fence at one bound, and then the animal began adjourning the sale, which he did in short order. Some climbed the posts, others sought safety on the roofs of adjacent sheds, while more crawled through the knot holes. The bull finding he was lord of the manor, turned his attention to Mr. Cochran's hat, which he tore into shreds. Above the din and noise of the trouble, however, could be heard Mr. Cochran's voice calling: "Alive! Look at him—young and gentle and kind."—West Chester Local News.

The Speed of Naval Ships.

The speed of English naval vessels is generally determined by a run over a measured mile. This is as if a sprint runner were allowed to take a flying start, and as if the speed he attained by spurting 100 yards on a good track were assumed to be the speed he could make in chasing a pickpocket in the street. It is notorious that these vessels rarely if ever attain in actual service the speed with which they are credited. It will therefore be understood how much more accurate was the test imposed upon the new cruiser Philadelphia when she was made to run forty miles and back along the coast of Long Island. The record she made was of course materially aided by the work of the most skillful engineers and stokers employed by the Cramps, and by the use of picked coal, but there seems to be little reason for doubting her ability to run twenty knots an hour in actual service.—Illustrated American.

Death of an Aged Printer.

It is with no ordinary feeling of sorrow that The Alta offers tribute to the memory of one of its oldest and most faithful employes, Charles G. Hughes, who had been connected with this paper for nearly forty years. He came to The Alta a young man, almost in the first flush of youth, and he grew old and gray in its service. At the time of his death he was foreman of The Alta's press room, a position which he had filled uninterruptedly since 1857; but for several years prior to that time he had rendered faithful service in the same department of this paper. He was a man whose sterling worth commanded the respect and won the affection of all who knew him.—San Francisco Alta.

A Feature of Western Dwellings.

One feature in the plans of western city dwellings must be very clearly defined. This is their openness. Not only are the windows upon the average larger than in the east, but they are more frequent, as are also bay windows, oriels, etc.; while in the general plan rooms are more closely related, openings between rooms are wider and single swinging doors less frequent.

Several dwellings in Chicago—and there are many in other western cities—have no doors whatever in the first story, except those at the entrance and between the dining room and butler's pantry, curtains being exclusively used. This is certainly carrying out the idea of openness to the extreme, as it is the destruction of all privacy, and of all those suggestive glimpses upon which so much of the artistic effect of a house depends.—John W. Root in Scribner's.

Senator Stanford's Vineyard.

Senator Stanford, of California, owns the largest vineyard in the world. It is 4,000 acres in extent. To secure the gathering of his fruit at the proper moment Senator Stanford gives the public school boys of San Francisco a chance to go to the farm and pick it. Many of these boys are poor, and eager to earn the dollar a day which he pays them. A thousand of them volunteer every year, sleeep in an immense barrack, are well fed and kindly treated, and sent back at the end of a month with $30 dollars in their pockets, and a peck of English walnuts as a sort of stirrup cup.—Harper's Bazar.

Rules for a Long Life.

A Canadian clergyman, who is hale and hearty at 78 years of age, gives these rules which have governed his life:

The use of plain food, with plenty of fruit.

Personal cleanliness by frequent ablutions from head to foot.

Flannel next the skin the year round, graduated according to season.

Open air exercise every day.

Ventilation of sleeping room summer and winter.

Eight hours' sleep each day.—Exchange.

Hotel Waiters with Fortunes.

Waiters in Delmonico's and the big hotels receive only about $25 a month, but many of these would be willing to work without a salary. Rarely do the good ones make less than $50 a week. Six men who are at present employed as waiters in Delmonico's, the Brunswick, the Hoffman house and the Fifth Avenue hotel are worth over $40,000 apiece, and every penny of their fortunes they have made while waiting upon the tables.—New York Telegram.

Many of the stereotyped mortuary traditions are passing away, and even the receptacles in which dead bodies are placed are no longer the somber things they once were.

A sensation has been created in Vienna by the discovery that the waters of the river Leitha from Pottendorf to Landegg are poisonous. Bathers have contracted pustular eruptions covering the entire body.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

A PRINCELY LUNCH.

The Man of Millions Who Had "Something Worth Talking About."

Jones and Smith happened to meet at the same table in a restaurant.

"Do you dine at this place often?" asked Jones.

"Quite often," said Smith. "It is moderate in price, at least for the common dishes, the cooking is excellent, the service good, and everything is clean."

"It is pretty well patronized, too," observed Jones. "A good many merchants and board of trade men come here for their meals."

"Yes. What are you going to order?"

"I think I'll take a porterhouse steak, a glass of claret and a pudding or something of that kind. A man on a salary can't afford a swell dinner."

"That's a fact. We've got to curb our appetites. I'm going to try veal cutlets, breaded, a few vegetables, an omelet souffle and a pint of porter. I can't go over seventy-five cents or a dollar for a mere lunch."

"That's about the figure for me. Now if I could afford such a meal as Tubbs over there at that table in the corner is about to order I'd have something worth talking about."

"You bet! What do you suppose Tubbs is worth?"

"He's worth a million and a half."

Jones and Smith looked enviously at the table in the corner where the millionaire, with the bill of fare before him, was knitting his brows and pursing up his mouth in the effort to decide what he wanted. After studying the printed slip from top to bottom several times he seemed to have come to a conclusion.

"Waiter," he said to the white aproned official standing respectfully by, "bring me some doughnuts and a cup of coffee."—Chicago Special Press Bureau.

Work Now.

Young man, do not leave it to a future day, but do it now. Man of middle age, you have a vivid sense of the rapidity with which your years have gone, but they will go just as rapidly in the future as in the past. Man of old age, you have to make haste—you have no time to lose.

The ancient law said concerning the sale of an estate, "According to the number of years, thou shalt diminish the price." The nearer they were to the Jubilee year the cheaper they were to sell the land. So the nearer you come to the end of your days you ought to hold earthly things more loosely, and prize heavenly things more highly. When your business is drawing to a close you hasten to conclude your work, dispatching sometimes in an hour more than all that went the day before.

When Napoleon went on the field of Marengo it was late in the afternoon, and he saw that the battle was really lost, but looking at the western sun he said, "There is just time to recover the day!" and giving out his orders with rapid and characteristic energy, he turned defeat into victory. So although your sun is near to setting there is time to recover the day. Avail yourself of the eventide, lest your life end in eternal failure.—William M. Taylor.

The Milkman at the Pump.

Milkmen are much the same all over the world in their attempts to palm off upon the public as much water as they can disguise. On the Boulevard de Magenta recently, at an early hour in the morning, two policemen came upon one of these purveyors of lacteal fluid busily filling up the cans on his cart from the pump, and with such stuff, too! Owing to the drought most of the water used in Paris is taken from the Seine, and its quality may be gathered from the fact that in the public schools orders have been issued that none is to be employed for drinking purposes without being filtered.

The constables challenged the milky Aquarius, who replied courteously: "Ah! well, you have fairly caught me this time. Jump up on my cart and I will drive you to the police office to save you trouble." This amiable invitation was refused by the sergents de ville, who ordered the delinquent to come out of his cart and walk with them. Instead of complying he whipped up his horse and attempted to escape. At considerable risk one of the constables seized the animal's head, brought it to a standstill, and arrested the delinquent, who along with his "mixture" was marched off to the station. The unusual incident collected a large number of spectators, chiefly workpeople, whose remarks to the erring milkman were far from complimentary.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Big Rabbit Trap.

Illinois proudly comes to the front for a high place in the world of invention. Its inventor is Mr. Funk, a farmer at Heyworth. This invention is a rabbit trap. Mr. Funk is a competitor for the prize of $125,000 offered by the Australian government for a device that will rid Australia of the terrible rabbit pest which threatens to destroy its agriculture. Various things have been tried without success. The M. Pasteur plan of inoculating the rabbits with a deadly disease was the most promising of these, but this was also a failure. Funk's trap dumps the rabbits into a pit by means of a platform swung on pivots below a bait suspended above it. He has just been informed that the parliamentary committee on rabbits regards it with favor, and has been asked to come to Australia to look after it.—Exchange.

Sport on the Restigouche.

The more the Restigouche is fished the greater appears to be the number of fish. Dr. Rainsford, a rector of St. George's, New York, has killed sixty-seven salmon since the season opened, each averaging in weight over twenty-three pounds. Another gentleman killed twenty in one week. It is the best fishing this season that has been offered for the past ten years, and all who take part in it are very much pleased with their luck.—St. John (N. B.) Gazette.

A Lively Old Man.

Blake Keene, of Auburn, is 78 years old. The other day he hoed potatoes all day for Judson Garcelon up on the river road. He hoed as many rows as any man in the crew, and when the day's work was at an end Mr. Garcelon said that Mr. Keene had earned $1.50, and he paid him the amount very cheerfully. Mr. Keene doesn't take a back seat for many men of his age.—Auburn (Me.) Letter.

Injured While Resting.

Lewis Collom, a resident of Norristown, desiring to rest on the beach at Atlantic City, secured a large board which he drove into the sand. He then sat upon the ground and leaned his weight upon the improvised chair back. The board slid and a rusty projecting nail ran deep into Collom's neck, inflicting a dangerous if not fatal wound.—Exchange.

In the Fishing Season.

Mrs. Brown—I had to cook that fish at once as I was afraid it wouldn't keep.

Brown—Geewhiz! I'll go right down to the market and give that man a piece of my mind.

Mrs. Brown—Hold on, my dear; it was the fish you caught yourself this afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.

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.

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Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad
TIME-TABLE NO. 2.
CHANGE OF TIME
To Take Effect August 18, 1890

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 1. daily except Sunday.	No. 3. Thurs. only.
	Read Downwards.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 00	1 15
" Worton	6 15	1 30
" Lynch's	6 23	1 38
" Still Pond	6 31	1 46
" Kennedyville	6 46	2 01
" Black's	7 04	2 19
" Lambson's	7 22	2 37
" Massey's	7 42	2 57
" Delaney's	7 57	3 12
" Bingham's	8 12	3 27
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 40

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2. daily exc't Th's & Sunday.	No. 4. Thursday only.	No. 4. Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.		
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 30	12 40	7 05
Leave Worton	1 15	12 25	6 50
" Lynch's	1 07	12 17	6 45
" Still Pond	12 59	12 09	6 40
" Kennedyville	12 44	11 54	6 24
" Black's	12 26	11 36	6 11
" Lambson's	12 08	11 18	5 58
" Massey's	11 48	10 58	5 39
" Delaney's	11 33	10 43	5 27
" Bingham's	11 18	10 28	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M

Train No. 1 connects with Delaware Division, No. 80. Train No. 3, connects with Delaware Division, No. 48. Train No. 2 connects with Delaware Division, Nos. 1 and 12. Train No. 4 connects with Delaware Division Nos. 81 and 74.

E. P. STACEY, Supt.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
On and after Monday, October 13, 1890, the Steamer
EMMA A. FORD
Will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8 A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river.
RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 A. M. for the above landings.
THE STEAMER CORSICA
Leaves Baltimore Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at midnight. Leaves Crumpton Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12 M. and Chestertown on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 o'clock and on Saturdays at 3 o'clock, stopping at Grey's Inn Creek (Thursdays only) 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 7.00 A. M. for Baltimore, stopping at Jackson's Creek, Rock Hall and all landings on Corsica river.—Will leave Rock Hall on trip to Baltimore at 9.30 A. M., each day.
Returning, will leave Baltimore at 2 P. M. for above landings.
☞ 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.

CHANGE OF SCH