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...RY

...fford Much ...Real Interest- ...ks by a Dealer ...Them Annually.

...ous objects for pets," ...man, "I think that the ...will take the palm."

...y popular as domestic ani- ...ked the one to whom this re- ...was offered.

...guess you'd think so if you knew ...w many we sell in the course of the year, to say nothing of all those that are caught on the spot and carried home in triumph by those who fancy such things."

"Who does?" asked the reporter.

"Well, children are very fond of them. They seem to think that it's no end of fun to see them run around, eat flies, and burrow themselves deep in the sand."

"How are they treated when in captivity?"

"Pretty much as we treat them, I suppose. You can see for yourself," said the curio man, leading the way to one side of his crowded store, where in a great, round, deep glass tank were half a dozen or more of the funny little fellows sprawled out upon their sandy domain. One seemed asleep, the others were moving with more or less degree of animation.

One was trying to mount an elevation furnished by the back of a comrade, and having attained that height the rogue balanced himself upon his hind legs and tried to climb up the glassy sides of the tank. But in this he was not successful, and after slipping back a most discouraging number of times he gave it up as a bad job. Two others seemed to be assuming a belligerent attitude, to which the owner at once called the attention of his visitor.

THEY ARE QUEER PETS.

"Do you see that?" said he. "Some of those fellows are the greatest fighters imaginable. They take a dislike to each other, and never rest until they have fought it out to the death. The old one there is especially vicious.

"These horned toads are to be found in sandy wastes. I have heard of their being caught out at the Mission, but of that I can't speak positively. These here came from Arizona, although we have received them from much nearer home.

"At Redlands the boys catch ever so many, and the Chinese eat them. They just skin off that coat of mail and eat the inside. Besides, they highly prize the oil, which is contained in a little pouch somewhere within the anatomy of a horned toad.

"The toads are shipped to us by express in boxes, sometimes as many as twenty or more in the same box, and by the time they are released from their confinement they are all wound together, until they look like a writhing, animated mass of wriggling legs and squirming tails.

"As soon as they seem to consider it a safe thing to do they unlock their traveling grip and begin to look about. Then I sell them. They bring from four to six bits. 'How long do they live?' Oh, I don't know. I have known them to live three or six months in perfect health, and with every prospect of continuing in that state, when they were brought to an untimely end by being stepped on. If there is one thing above another that a horned toad cannot stand it's being stepped on. It seems to flatten him out, as it were."

"Aren't you becoming very facetious?" asked the reporter.

"Not at all; that is the usual fate of a pet horned toad. You see, they are great travelers and like to keep running about. Nearly everybody who has a horned toad thinks it is so cute to see him try to climb up out of his box, and the first thing you know he has succeeded in getting out of his box and is running about on his own hook."

HOW TO KEEP THEM.

"Can they be tamed? Do they seem to know one human being above another?" were the next questions.

"Those who buy them maintain that they do. Why, I sold one to a lady who lived at the Palace hotel, and she allowed him the freedom of her apartments when she went out, and she told me that on her return he would run to meet her, no matter where he had hidden himself. He was finally stepped on. Another, a dear old lady, said that her grandchildren made fun of her, and declared she thought the horned toad scratched his toes on the floor in response to her chirrup, but she said he really did not go quite so far as that, although he was very knowing.

"What do they live on? Oh, on flies and insects. I have known them, though, to go for a month without eating anything. There is this that must be remembered if you wish to keep your toad alive—give him plenty of sun. The best house for him is a fish globe filled with a deep bed of nice clean sand. Set this in the sun, and throw in some live flies now and then, and Mr. Toad will thrive. If he wants the flies he'll catch them and devour them quicker than a wink. If he doesn't do so you may know it's because he's not hungry.

"And I must not forget either to tell you that while they are perfectly harmless they get themselves into towering rages. It makes them mad to be tickled under the chin. They like to be smoothly stroked down the back. If you poke him on the side he will bend way down as if in response to your touch."—San Francisco Call.

A Brain Disturber.

A Neosha county farmer sent this mixed order to a Chanute merchant: "Send me a sack of flour, five pounds of cofe and one pound of tee. My wife gave birth to a big baby boy last night, also five pounds of corn starch, a screw driver and a fly trap. It weighed ten pounds and a straw hat.—Kansas City Star.

No Smallpox in Ireland.

Not a single death from smallpox was registered in Ireland last year. From this scourge, ...l events, "the distressful country ...ears to be gradually freeing ... the last ten years the ... number of deaths ...re is due to the ...ings prevailing ...decade. Since ...one year in ...rom small- ...That was ...ut four ...in Ire- ...re was ...and, ...

A Shower of Grain.

It is indeed a remarkable tale from ...(Turkey in Asia) which is told ...h journal The Tarik. During ...empest there was showered ...es neither hailstones nor ...grains of millet. The in- ...Melessa and Muhal have ...rain and have stored it, ...g it for bread.

...nd the World.

...rry, who is in Asia on ...d a letter and a postal ...D. Bibber, of Bath, ...y, sending one west- ...rsburg and the other ...isco. The letter and ...Bath in the same ...imes.

...arfing may be worn ...ion, and therefore ...than during the ...he protective col- ...erspiring ooze and ...fabric.

Daniel O'Connell's Duel.

In Mr. Commissioner Phillips' "Life of Curran" there is the following anecdote connected with the celebrated duel between Mr. Daniel O'Connell and Mr. D'Esterre:

"Being one of those who accompanied O'Connell he beckoned me aside to a distant portion of the very large field, which had a slight covering of snow. 'Phillips,' said he, 'this seems to me not a personal, but a political affair. I am obnoxious to a party, and they adopt a false pretense to cut me off. I shall not submit to it. They have reckoned without their host, I promise you.

"'I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark, having as a public man considered it a duty to prepare for my own protection against such unprovoked aggression as the present. Now remember what I say to you: I may be struck myself, and then skill is out of the question; but if I am not my antagonist may have cause to regret his having forced me into this conflict.'

"The parties were then placed on the ground at, I think, twelve paces, each having a case of pistols, with directions to fire when they chose after a given signal. D'Esterre rather agitated himself by making a short speech, disclaiming all hostility to his Roman Catholic countryman, and took his ground, somewhat theatrically crossing his pistols on his bosom. They fired almost together and instantly on the signal. D'Esterre fell mortally wounded. The greatest self possession was displayed by both. I deemed it a duty to narrate these details in O'Connell's lifetime whenever I heard his courage questioned, and justice to his memory now prompts me to record them here."

Outlook for Western Architecture.

Take it altogether the outlook for western city houses seems most promising. Western people themselves are becoming, and will still more become, almost ideal clients. It is true that, as in the east, western city dwellings have not escaped the deadly touch of the "know-it-all" client, nor of the man who is "building the house to suit himself," nor of him who "is going to live inside the house, not outside," and who is therefore loftily indifferent to the street aspect of his house; but each, even the last person, is becoming infrequent.

In the past, and to some degree at present, western cities have been and are influenced by men whose lives have been absorbed by things too material to leave them much leisure for art; but even in the case of such men there is a marked indisposition to dictate in directions where their knowledge is incomplete. They have a large openness and unbiased attitude of mind, and a genuine and earnest desire to "get the best."

In the west is less often found than in the east the "aesthetic crank," and it is also true that life in the west is less conventional, freer, less restrained by artificial restrictions than in older communities, and the true nature of people and things is perhaps more frankly expressed.—John W. Root in Scribner's.

Securing Great Men's Autographs.

Aside from Gladstone there is no European whom the Americans so pester for his autograph as they do Bismarck. They used to approach him through the American minister at Berlin, and Mr. Phelps was exceedingly obliging until at last Herbert Bismarck (who is quite willing to do unpleasant things that his father hesitates to do) wrote to Mr. Phelps asking him to beg the Americans to stop importuning the old gentleman for souvenirs. Gladstone is much more amiable. He is particular to answer all communications addressed to him, and considerable sport has been made of the old gentleman because he writes most of his correspondence upon postal cards.

Gladstone is said to regard it as his duty to employ the postal card freely, inasmuch as it was under his auspices that the postal card was introduced into England. As for Tennyson, he treats autograph hunters with disdain. The sure way, however, to secure his signature "with an appropriate sentiment" is to approach the old bear through the medium of a pretty girl, for the poet laureate is by no means proof against the fascinations of the gentler sex.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Exhausting the Reptile.

Said the man from Punxsutawney: "I never knew that snakes would run at you until one day about three years ago. I was out clearing up a piece of ground, and one of these darned blacksnakes, or black runners, whipping up out of a bush, put his tail in his mouth, and came rolling at me like the driving wheel of a Shoo Fly express. But didn't I run? Jehosaphat!"

"Why didn't you stop? He'd have stopped if you had stopped," interrupted a listener.

"Yes," continued the gentleman from Punxsutawney; "but, by the holy horn spoons, I wouldn't have stopped. I ran down the road two clean miles for home, and every time I looked over my shoulder there was that reptile coming like a scared greyhound. I couldn't get in the house, but had to keep running around it; didn't even have time to think of getting tired, and I kept on running until that infernal reptile died from sheer exhaustion."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Briefly Worded.

The difficulty which boys and girls experience in expressing their ideas in writing is notorious. An examiner at a seminary for young ladies requested one of them the other day to give him her notion of what sort of telegram she would send to her father in the event of her having met with a railway accident. It was a thing that might occur, of course, and the lesson prove useful; but in any case it would give an idea of her mental resources.

He threw out no hints, but, with the proviso that it should be as brief as possible, left the whole composition to the young lady's imagination. This was the telegram: "Dear papa: Dear mamma is killed; Jane" (her sister) "and I are in the refreshment room."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Improvements in Smoke Suppression.

Determined attempts are being made in Chicago to suppress the blinding smoke that is blown ashore from passing steam craft. An experiment was made recently to demonstrate the practicability of a new invention. A small tube with a perforated top, like that in a sprinkling can, was introduced into the smokestack, and through this steam could be injected upon the uprushing smoke, which immediately condensed. The little tube, with its jets and sprays of steam, is not a smoke consumer, but there seems little doubt of its utility in the prevention of smoke.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A MEMORY.

A wail of a child at midnight,
The chime of a minster bell,
The sorrowful moan of a sorrowing soul
And the sound of a passing knell.

An old worn book on a corner shelf
And a spray of faded yew,
A locket with hair all golden and fair
And a ribbon of faded blue.

A needle case, both empty and old,
And a case with hidden spring,
Wherein two golden watch keys lie,
A heart—and a wedding ring.

I take the book from the corner shelf,
And the ribbon of faded blue;
And before me stands the form I loved,
With hair of a golden hue.

And I gaze so long in those earnest eyes
That my soul grows weak with pain;
Then she fades away—and I gently lay
The old book down again.

—Every Other Saturday.

Georgia Cotton for Spinning.

A northern spinner recently mentioned his estimated waste at 16 3-10 per cent., but subsequently wrote me that he thought it was then about 14 per cent. I think that northern spinners usually estimate it at 16 per cent. Even 14 per cent. seems a very large wastage from "middlings," the grade my correspondent uses, which I attribute to his using the gulf and southwest cottons—from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, etc., made mostly by negro labor—in preference to cottons from the upper counties of Georgia, made largely by white people—the farmers, their wives and children, who certainly handle the fleecy staple with far more care.

The cotton marketed at Marietta, in Cobb county, about twenty-five miles above Atlanta, is generally beautifully white and clean. It is grown much more abundantly than before 1860, and almost always by the aid of fertilizers, which hasten the maturity of the cotton, so that the crop of that part of the country is much sooner prepared for market than in the lower counties, where it was often plowed in to make way for the new crop.

The prejudice in favor of the Gulf cotton has always seemed to me to be unfounded, though I know it to prevail in Old as well as in New England, and generally in the north. These northern spinners have often bought uplands in New Orleans, shipped from Columbus and Macon in this state.—Henry V. Meigs in Popular Science.

A Sandwich Men's Union.

The sandwich men of London, estimated to number some 15,000, are being urged to combine and form a trades union for the redress of their grievances and the protection of their interests. It is pointed out that their average wages range from 1s. to 18d. a day, for which they have to work nine or ten hours. Nor is this the worst, for it not infrequently happens that these peripatetic advertisers apply in vain for employment three or four days in succession. Their chief complaint is against the contractor, or middle men, who, they allege, charge double what they pay.

The question has now been taken up by the labor bureau of the Salvation Army, which has issued an appeal to various religious, philanthropic and commercial societies inviting them to assist in the movement. This body undertakes to supply bill distributors and sandwichmen at the rate of 2s. 2d. a day, the two shillings going to the men themselves and the odd pence toward the payment of expenses. The discovery has been made that a large proportion of the men of this class in London are discharged soldiers without pensions, and as many of them have young families to support their destitute condition can easily be realized.—London Letter.

Chinese as Bank Robbers.

A St. Paul dispatch to The Chicago Tribune says: "On the arrival of the Chicago, St. Paul and Omaha train this morning Detective Mason placed under arrest Wing Shoo and Gee Sham, two Chinamen on their way from New York to Portland. The robbery for which the Celestials were held was that of the safe of one of the largest banking establishments in The Dalles, Ore. The safe was blown open and robbed of $10,000 on Sept. 15. It was found that the robbers had tunneled under the building from a long distance, and had calculated correctly where to strike under the bank vault.

"There was at first no clew to the perpetrators of the bold deed. Suddenly suspicion was directed toward several Chinamen. Some arrests followed and a part of the money was found. The authorities got on the track of the two who arrived in St. Paul this morning, and their coming was awaited by detectives. The two Chinamen were searched and four large knives were found in their possession, on the blades of which was sandy soil, which is regarded as proof that the men were engaged in making the underground passage."

A Boom Town in Kentucky.

"Fifteen months ago," says a man who has just been there, "there were not a dozen people in Middlesborough, Ky. Now it has a population of 6,000. An English syndicate worth $20,000,000 is building the town. They have spent $300,000 in straightening a creek which runs through it, and have encircled it with a seventeen mile dummy line. They have put up electric cars and electric light and have about completed seven furnaces.

Business buildings costing less than $10,000 are not allowed to be built, and lots are selling for as much as $450 a front foot. The bonds of the circular dummy line have been gobbled up at 115. The syndicate own 100,000 acres in and around the place and have already realized $1,500,000 on the investment. Mr. Arthur, the manager for the syndicate, gets $35,000 a year for his services, and last Christmas they made him a present of $50,000.—New York Tribune.

Fruit Scarce.

Housekeepers are put to their wits' ends this autumn for winter supplies in the way of relishes and preserves. All fruit is so scarce and so high that such table goodies have become this year positive luxuries. In this regard a Brooklyn woman was overheard the other morning to make a remark nearly as unique in its way as the famous one of Marie Antoinette anent the starving Parisian populace. Her Brooklyn prototype had inquired the price of plums at a grocer's and resentfully replied to the high rate he gave her: "Why, I can preserve nothing this fall at such prices; my family will have to live on canned and dried fruits"—wholly overlooking the fact that the French queen's "buns from the pastry cook's" were scarcely more accessible than her alternative will be during the coming season.—New York Times.

Painted Shirt Fronts.

The latest reliable fashion news from Paris notifies us that hand painted dress shirts are to be the exceptionally elegant thing for the coming season. These deliriously original devices of fashion are to be decorated in designs appropriate to the wearer's tastes or practices.

Thus the yachtsman in full dress will display upon his manly bosom a water color drawing of a regatta or the portrait of his favorite craft; the devotee of dogs will have his front elevation embellished with canine designs instead of diamond studs; the horseman will wear horse races or stable scenes on his starched linen, and in a similar style each individual hobby, fad or characteristic indulgence of the man of fashion may, at his pleasure, mirror itself to the world as a legitimate part of his outfit.—Philadelphia Record.

Many Persons

Are broken down from overwork or household cares **Brown's Iron Bitters**

rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

The Darky of the Rice Fields.

It is of the rice fields of the tide lands of the Georgia and Carolina coast, and of the adjacent islands, that we would speak. To those who have never been among them these rice plantations would afford much that is both novel and interesting. This evergreen region, where the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill and song of the sweet throated mocking bird float up through the moss covered trees, and negroes, fever and ague, rice birds and alligators abound, would indeed seem to be a new world to our northern brethren, and the picturesque effects charm the eye of the stranger artist.

The rice field darky is himself a distinct type, totally different in both aspect and dialect from the negroes of the interior; and a not uninteresting sight is the force, as with shout and song they take their way along the embankment to the rice field. Their ancestors for generations back, or as they would tell you, "mi farrar an' mi granfarrar," have lived and labored in these malarial regions, and they accept chill and fever and other infelicities incident to these localities as unavoidable evils, plodding on with no higher aim nor hope, careless for the future and not over anxious for the present.

The cost of living is small, as not many nor very warm garments are considered necessary, and the rice field darky's ideas of a wardrobe are extremely limited, from both blissful ignorance and choice. Fish and game are plentiful, and in these regions a heavy diet is to be indulged in only at great risk.—L. W. Robarts in Popular Science.

Safe Experts.

In Cincinnati there is a man by the name of John Henry Williams, and this secluded individual sports the reputation of being "the best safe expert in the country." If one should watch him as he gracefully balances a billiard cue preparatory to making a hard shot, surrounded by the elite of social lions with eagles eyes, he would little think that this white knuckled gentleman is a man who handled iron and steel for a livelihood.

But it is so, and there is perhaps no other man in the world who can judge of the workmanship of a cracksman better than he. Almost instantly after viewing a "cracked" safe he can tell by whom the work has been done. He has been engaged in this business for many years, and quite successfully.

"Yes, the man who knows the inside and outside of a safe," said he to a reporter, "has about as much as he can do following up successful and unsuccessful attempts to "crack" them by professional burglars, for no occurrence of this kind takes place without the police sending for experts to make an examination.

"Indeed, the statements which appear in the newspapers," he continued, "after an attack on a vault or safe are always given by one of our men. The police get the credit for such discoveries, but we are content with our remuneration."—Exchange.

A Deaf Cat in High Life.

Snowball is one of the best known Angoras in the city, and although she is but 4 years of age she is the mother of seventeen kittens, every one of which has been of spotless whiteness. She weighs twelve pounds and has a tail that waves in the air like an immense banner. Her eyes are sky blue and she never heard a sound in her life. She has been thoroughly trained and knows many very amusing tricks, among which is that of fetching the ball when thrown by her mistress. She performs this with all the fidelity of a well trained retriever, and her ability as a catcher would make Buck Ewing green with envy. Her marked peculiarities are her grace and gentleness and her habit of playing with shadows.

A moving object has no attractions for her, but if a shadow is thrown upon the floor and moved rapidly about Snowball will chase it for hours with a grace and elegance of movement that would eclipse those of the finest ladies in the land. Notwithstanding her fastidiousness in other respects Snowball's appetite is gross, and she prefers raw liver to any other article of diet.—New York World.

Nails in His Brain.

At Eastbourne, England, a tradesman named Thomas Wickens was charged with attempting to commit suicide by driving four long nails into his head. Dr. McQueen produced four nails which he had with difficulty withdrawn from the head of Wickens. These nails had penetrated three inches and gone through the brain, but, to the surprise of the medical staff at the Memorial hospital, Wickens had fully recovered. Wickens said he drove the nails into his head in succession with a hammer, and that he had felt better in his head since the occurrence. He is now sane and able to resume business, and medically is regarded as the most wonderful case on record. The magistrate ordered him to be discharged.—London Tit-Bits.

Of Long Standing.

The fashion of telling the history of a thing, whether or not the occasion requires its telling, is a very common one with orators and writers who do not know exactly how else to spin their yarns.

A certain worthy merchant was once quite unexpectedly called upon to preside at a banquet. He wanted to say something in opening the "post-prandial exercises" which would be graceful and sound well, and so he began in the following words:

"Gentlemen: The practice of eating meals—ahem!—as we have reason to believe, dates back—oohoo!—to the most remote antiquity!"—Youth's Companion.

This is Nym Crinkle's clever and just estimate of Boucicault: "He was not a maker, but he was such a fashioner that genius itself looked on with wonder at his talent, and as the man who digs the trench that brings the water to the thirsty camp is better than the chemist who can make oxygen and hydrogen unite let us believe that the world is less arid than it would have been if Dion Boucicault had not lived."

The Holyoke Lawyer and His Son.

Going to Springfield the other day there was seated in the car one of Holyoke's legal lights, accompanied by his wife and his 6-year-old son and heir, whose sole ambition in life at present is to learn to whistle. The windows were open, and the boy had been holding on to his hat with one hard for fear it would blow away. The conductor coming in slammed the door, and for an instant the boy let go his hat. His father reached round through the window and whisked it off his head. The boy was disconsolate. "Look straight ahead and whistle for it and it will come back," said his father.

"I can't whistle. I'm too mad."

"Well, then, I'll try," and the dignified lawyer whistled a few bars of "Annie Rooney," and shortly afterward placed the hat on the boy's head, whose tears were now turned to smiles. Then he stood up in the seat, and snatching his father's new $8 tile from his head deliberately threw it out of the car window, saying, "Whistle for it again, papa."—Northampton (Mass.) Journal.

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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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A Savings Bank Story.

There is an impression abroad that much money is lying unclaimed in the savings banks of the state. But money is a thing that is not lost sight of to any extent either in savings or other banks. There may be periods of dormancy in the claims made for it. Often it is left by design. An instance of that kind occurred at the National Savings bank of Albany, which was twenty-one years old on Saturday. The first savings bank pass book, No. 1, issued by it for $1,000, was presented. It was money deposited in 1869 for his then infant son by a father, and now at his majority the son brought his book for settlement, and has principal and accumulated interest compounded for twenty-one years at his own personal command, and yet the bank officers had not seen the book since it was first given out, although they knew that the father was dead, and that the son was living and growing up an estimable young man worthy of his parentage. Had the son died his heirs would have claimed the deposit and interest by legal right as theirs.—Albany Argus.

Facts About Birch.

The birch is capable of supporting a much greater degree of cold than any other tree. In the Old World its northern limit is 71 degs. upon the west and 63 degs. upon the east coast; in America its northern limit is 64 degs. upon the west and 58 degs. upon the east. In Germany the highest elevation at which it is found is 5,200 feet above the level of the sea; in Sweden at 3,900 feet and in Lapland at 1,722 feet. It is worthy of remark that this tree decreases in size not only as it advances toward the north, but also as it proceeds southward beyond the limits of its native region. It attains its highest perfection and greatest height in Germany and southern Sweden. The birch is not particular in its choice of soil or situation, and will grow almost equally well in sandy, rocky, dry or damp soil.—London Garden.

Where Bathing Is Unfashionable.

It is no longer fashionable to bathe in the surf at Newport. Mme. Haut Ton discovered that it was possible to meet her neighbor's maid in the water, and then, too, she came in contact with the summer tourists, whom she regards as very undesirable to know, so she concluded that surf bathing must no longer be recognized in "our set." The people in bathing are usually those who do not care for the opinion of the fashionable world or those from the hotels. Hotel life is not interesting. Unlike some of the other summer places, life does not center in the great caravansaries; and so unless one has an extensive acquaintance among the Newport people it is extremely stupid to be at a hotel.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Champion Rattlesnake Story.

Last week a negro killed a monster rattlesnake six miles this side of Clover Valley, on the Union Pacific extension from Milford. The only weapon which the darky had was in the form of earth clods, but he succeeded in crushing out the life of the rattler, and upon examination found the snake to measure ten feet in length, with ninety-six rattles and a button on the lateral extremity. This would give an almost phenomenal age to the snake, making it about 100 years old. The skin and rattles have been taken north to Salt Lake, whence they will be shipped to the east.—Beaver (Utah) Utonian.

Big Sales of Ice Cream.

It takes a good deal to cool off New York on a hot day. On the Fourth one ice cream manufacturer sold 50,000 quarts of cream. It is said that the profit on this was $7,500. A popular pharmacy sold twenty-one gallons of lemonade alone from its soda fountain one hot day recently. Cold coffee is highly recommended as a warm-weather drink. It is stimulating, excellent for the stomach and very palatable.—New York Times.

Ducks Should Have Shade.

The duck is more thickly covered with feathers than the hen, and is therefore more subject to the effects of heat on very warm days. They are sometimes affected by sunstroke and die in a few minutes. Ducks have but few diseases, but they will thrive only under proper conditions. They must have some kind of shade in summer to protect them from the direct rays of the sun.—Christian at Work.

Professor Samuel Cushman, apiarist of the Rhode Island agricultural experiment station, maintains as the result of personal observation that bees do no damage to growing or fair fruit. The juice of fruit is in fact injurious to them, and they do not attack sound fruit but only bruised fruit or that which has been previously injured by other insects.

With the present developments of electrical science it does not take long to start an elevated railway and get it into running operation. Beatrice, Neb., is one of the newest places to make use of electricity for motive power. It is said that the line will be in operation sixty days after the plans and specifications are drawn up.

There is now no doubt that the potato disease has attacked the crop in south and west Ireland. The district most affected up to the present is the country around Skibbereen and Schull, county Cork, which the famine of 1848 ravaged so terribly. There is no fear of famine now, but the disease means ruin to thousands.

Deer Slaughtered by a Locomotive.

The Eastern Minnesota railway's limited train left Mansfield north bound twenty-seven minutes late. Five miles this side of the station, while the train was running nearly sixty miles an hour, an immense herd of deer dashed across the track at the entrance of a cut. It was too late to stop, and the train struck into the herd, killing a great number. The train passed through the herd, throwing them right and left, but did not stop. When the train arrived here a magnificent specimen buck deer was found dead on top of the engine pilot. The engineer estimates the herd at over 100.—Duluth Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Raising Turtles.

A Dexter youth has recently been engaged in a novel enterprise. By hook or crook he captured a pair of dignified mud turtles and confined them in an old tub. One morning when he went to examine his treasures he discovered that the turtlette had industriously laid a nice batch of eggs. The boy kindly remembered his friends with ovate souvenirs of the occasion, and contemplates an extensive system of hatching, as far as the remainder of the litter is concerned.—Dexter Gazette.

The slight market for fancy waistcoats is to be accounted for in the fact that the vest openings are so much larger than used to be the case, and the neckwear is so much more voluminous that there is really no necessity for the display.

In Bloomfield, N. J., a few days ago was buried Adam Metz, a well known citizen. In accordance with his dying wish his funeral procession was headed by a brass band, and fourteen societies and about one hundred coaches followed.

Above and Below.

First Little Girl—Don't you associate with that little girl?

Second Little Girl—No, indeed. We don't move in the same set at all. Her family is below us.

First L. G.—Is they?

Second L. G.—Yes. They lives in the flat above us.—Good News.

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SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH FLOORS.

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Opening day September 24, 1890. Eleven hundred and forty-one (1141) separate students last year. Early application necessary.

Our students uniformly bear testimony in favor of the utility and practicability of the course of instruction, the skill and devotion of the Faculty and the earnestness of effort and the general success attending the same in promoting their interests after leaving College.

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CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

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Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.

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Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

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"Guess I'll go home and try this, and see if I can't make that Thousand!"

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WILL STAIN TINWARE
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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

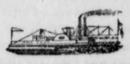
GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2 daily except 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 SCHEDULE.

Tolchester Line.

On and after Wednesday, October 8th, 1890, weather permitting, the

Steamer Emma Giles

WILL LEAVE TOLCHESTER BEACH EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

At 9 A. M. and 4.30 P. M. Will leave Baltimore at 7.00 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

Freight received in Baltimore daily.

SPECIAL.—Comfortable Waiting Room for Passengers. Plenty of Stable Room for Teams. ☞ By this Route passengers have 3½ hours to spend in Baltimore and return same day.

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Oct. 9, 1890.

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