msa_sc3326_scm8208-0644 ©Maryland State Archives

...a the Choir.

...nteer choir is the most ...g work ever undertaken by ... being. In the first place it is ...y certain that at least half a dozen ...bers think they know more than the leader, and two or three are always better informed than the man who wrote the music, so they offer, with cheerful alacrity, the most idiotic suggestions as to the manner in which it should be performed, and feel much aggrieved if their ideas are not acted on. Then the women are always either so devoted to each other that they keep up a constant chatter when they should be singing or listening to the leader's direction, or are quarreling and "put each other out."

They are not responsible for all the trouble, but when they do quarrel they generally manage to enlist the men in the service of both sides, and the first thing the leader knows one half his choir has quit and the other half is about to do so because they are not numerous enough to make a creditable chorus. A choir leader says: "I have gone into church on Sunday morning and found six or eight members sitting in the congregation, instead of in their places, and the rest glaring at them from the organ stand. It is fun for them and for the people, but it's death to the leader."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Congress Gaiters and Drowning.

Speaking of congress gaiters and drowning recalls a fashionable middle aged physician who thoroughly believes in this fatality. He gave it away in this wise: While consulting a man in delicate health about his care for himself in the winter time the doctor said: "What kind of shoes have you got on?" They proved to be the fatal congress gaiters, and the doctor objected. "Did you ever see an account of a drowned man found in the bay that didn't say he had on congress gaiters? You laugh and say that doesn't make any difference, and there is no connection of cause and effect.

"How do you know there isn't? You can't trace it, but I'm not certain that congress gaiters do not tend to such moral and physical degeneracy that a man is liable to fall off a ferry boat, or in a fit of despondency to jump into the river. At any rate I don't wear them. I told a woman the same thing once and she laughed. I went on, and when I reached home found a letter from her, saying she had picked up a paper after I went away, and the first thing found several confirmations of what I said, and she wanted to admit that she was convinced."—New York Tribune.

In the Clouds.

Professor Moller, of Carlsruhe, has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirro-stratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from 10,000 feet to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3,000 feet and 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while their summits rise to 16,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the third class, but the bottoms of the clouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them.

The vertical dimension of a cloud observed by Professor Moller on the Netleberg was over 1,200 feet. He stepped out of it at a height of about 3,700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while veils of mist lay in the ravines and clefts. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it began to rain and snow.—Public Opinion.

A Smart Detective.

Sergeant Moser on one occasion saw a waiter in a cafe at Soho receive and place in his pocket a letter which the detective believed to be from a criminal a knowledge of whose whereabouts he was anxious to obtain. He therefore dropped his ring on the floor and asked the man to look for it. Alphonse, expecting a reward, immediately went on his hands and knees, and while thus engaged Sergeant Moser abstracted the letter from his pocket and thus obtained the means of bringing a forger to justice. Who can doubt that this was a perfectly justifiable act? But if, instead, Sergeant Moser had suborned another person to steal for reward, and without telling him the object in view, he would most assuredly have acted very wrongly.—Spectator.

The First Silk Mill in England.

A portion of the old mill built by John Lombe at Derby in 1718—the first silk mill ever erected in England—has collapsed, and it is expected that the whole building will have to come down. Lombe worked as a silk weaver in Italy, and at the risk of his life made drawings of the machinery. He then returned to England, bringing some Italian workmen, and built the factory on an island in the Derwent, having first patented the machinery. He died soon afterward, and it is said he was poisoned by a female emissary of the Italian manufacturers.

The mill was worked for many years, but has long been in disuse. It was last utilized as a steam laundry, and was condemned some years since as being unsafe.—Galignani Messenger.

Don't Show Your Collar Button.

It is desirable that a cravat or four-in-hand should be held firmly up against the tabs of a collar. The collar button never should be seen. With a cravat this may be accomplished by drawing the first knot firm. With a four-in-hand it may be accomplished by first tying a firm simple knot before making the four-in-hand movement.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Why It Is Twelfth Day.

Tradition says that the twelfth day from Christmas day was remarkable for having been that upon which the visit of the Magi took place, upon which Christ was baptized, the water at Cana turned into wine and the five thousand fed. For 300 years it was kept by eastern Christians as the day upon which Christ was born, and among ourselves it was long observed with great festivities. We are told that in the reign of King Alfred a law was passed "by virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals."

The last day was accounted the greatest of the twelve, and especially given up to "Christmas gambols" and the visiting of friends. The custom seems long to have continued in force, for in the Sixteenth century Twelfth day seems to have been kept with as much zeal as Christmas. The royal family at court led the way, the universities and the inns of court following them in the extent of their festivities. At the temple the whole twelve days were kept with great care, and many of the country gentlemen followed the same custom. In some parts of England the very poorest people contrived to keep the twelve days with such good cheer for themselves and their neighbors as their means would allow.—Exchange.

Something New to Compete For.

Dink Melvin, a veteran fisherman on the waters adjacent to Albany, is considered the most expert bateau paddler in this section. He offers to wager $100 that in the swiftest current he can paddle a boat eighteen inches wide between two posts nineteen inches apart.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

A War Ship in Hoosier Waters.

The United States war ship Michigan is in port on a recruiting trip. She carries 110 men and boys. The boat was built in 1843, and the iron in her was hauled overland to Pittsburg with ox teams. She is still good for several years.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Return to the Pipe.

A Madison street cigar man is authority for the statement that the better class of smokers is returning to the pipe for comfort. This is not only shown by the demand for such goods, but by the novelties that are being gotten out by French factories as well as those in America.

"There is no use of an American shutting his eyes to it. The French still lead in everything that is novel and artistic, and we follow. Here is a French novelty in the pipe line. It is a leather case. It contains four French sweet briar pipes. You see the variety of stems and mouthpieces. It reminds you maybe of a fine fishing tackle. You can have your stems long or short. You can have them straight or crooked. The artistic smoker doesn't confine himself to one pipe.

"He takes one of these, for instance, and smokes it one evening with a long stem. He takes another the next evening with a short stem, and so on. You will notice, too, that by a curious arrangement these stems are so constructed that it is impossible for the smallest particle of nicotine to reach the lips of the smoker. The outfit I show you costs $36. Then there are others that contain fewer pipes, and some contain but one with different stems."—Chicago Tribune.

A Chemical Lung.

A "chemical lung" is the latest thing proposed for the ventilation of tunnels. It was lately tested in London by fourteen scientists. A room 15 by 18 was kept for an hour at a temperature of 82 degs., and the air was loaded with impurities. The men of science were now called upon to enter, and the air was made still more impure by burning sulphur and carbonic acid gas. Then the "chemical lung," or punkah, so called, measuring 4 by 2.6, was set in motion.

The temperature was soon reduced to 65 degs., and the air freed from all impurities. Then fat was burned, to test the machine for organic substances, and the "lung" was started up just in time to prevent the examining gentlemen from running out for fresh air. It is proposed to use the invention during the construction of the channel tunnel.—Philadelphia Record.

Great Generals and Newspaper Men.

Joe Howard says that Gen. Sherman was largely responsible for the feeling that obtained for a long while in the army against newspaper correspondents. Gen. McClellan always welcomed them. Burnside was as gallant and courtly a man in his tent as in his home in Washington. Meade, although a strict disciplinarian, understood and recognized to the limit the duties of other men under discipline. Grant for a long time was averse to entertaining correspondents, but his rare common sense came to his relief, and under proper, legitimate and absolutely welcome restrictions correspondents found themselves always at home where Grant was in command. Ben Butler was a very prince of hosts.

Truth in a Blunder.

The intelligent compositor is sometimes wiser than he knows, and that was the case when recently in setting up a list of persons whose claims against the city had been allowed by the board of supervisors he substituted p k for an l and prefaced the list with the statement that "the following bilks were ordered paid." Good bless the intelligent compositor! He has a bad heart, but his hand is true.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Man Who Says "Fool."

I shudder when I ponder upon the final judgment of the man who, when he hears that a fellow man has gone astray, shrugs his shoulders and sneers, "Fool!" who, when he hears that another has encountered a terrible temptation, resisted until nature herself gave out, exhausted, and then at the very last has yielded to it and plunged headlong into forbidden pleasures, again hisses, "Fool!" who, when he hears that another is the victim of some terrible passion, burning, unconquerable, stronger than death itself, and before which one day he sinks like a beast on the plain, cries out only, "Fool!"

I pity the heart that never aches and the eyes that never grow wet at the tale of another's downfall or ruin, while I think there is something brutal and inhuman about one who can sneer at a long, terrible struggle between the body and the soul. And I have more respect for the man who, having sinned, flees and gives up everything, letting all know his dishonor, than I have for the man who sins and wears a mask through which the eyes of the world cannot pierce. Yet this same world calls the latter an "upright man" and the former a "fool." Some of you "upright" ones—be careful how you sneer at the "fool."—West Shore.

Looks Reasonable.

A Cincinnati policeman who clubbed a citizen without apparent good reason explains to a reporter that the cost of running the department was increased so rapidly that he conscientiously felt obliged to exhibit an increase of energy. The citizen happened to be nearest his "energy."—Detroit Free Press.

Early Autumn.

The country lanes are bright with bloom,
And gentle airs come stealing through
Laden with native wild perfume
Of balm and mint and honey dew,
And o'er the summer's radiant flush
Lies early autumn's dreamy hush.

In wayside nooks the asters gleam,
And frost flowers dance about the sod,
While, lapsing by, the silent stream
Reflects the hue of golden rod,
That flower which lights a dusky day
With something of the sun god's ray.

The grapevine clambers o'er the hedge
In golden festoons; sumacs burn
Like torches on the distant ledge,
Or light the lane at every turn,
And ivy riots everywhere
In blood red banners on the air.

A purple mist of fragrant mint
Borders the fences, drifting out
Of fostering corners, and its tint,
As half of cheer and half of doubt,
Is like the dear delightful haze
Which robes the hills these autumn days.

And strange wild growths are newly met:
Odd things but little prized of yore.
Like some old jewel well reset,
Take on a worth unseen before,
As cock, in spring a graceless weed,
Is brilliant in its autumn seed.

The cricket and the katydid
Pipe low their sad prophetic tune,
Though airs pulse warm the leaves amid,
As played around the heart of June;
So minor strains break on the heart,
Foretelling age as years depart.

The sweet old story of the year
Is spinning onward to its close,
Yet sounds as welcome on the ear
As in the time of op'ning rose.
May life for all as sweetly wane
As comes the autumn time again!

—Dart Fairthorne in Harper's Bazar.

A Shotgun Toll Gate.

A bold highwayman appears to have established a shotgun toll gate in the Pipestone pass, about twelve miles south of Butte, Mont., and is demanding his tolls with a regularity that smacks of the good old days.

About a month since a slender, soft voiced young man, wearing a piece of overalls for a mask, commenced asking for contributions from people passing this point, and all were made tributary, not even the wood haulers being exempt, and he made up in numbers what was lacking in individual amounts. This was kept up for a few days, then the Pipestone was deserted, and the Champion stage was brought under the persuasive influence.

Today word comes to this city that this modern Claude Duval has returned to Pipestone, and that five new victims have been added to the list. The amounts taken in each instance have been small, but the frequency of the demand has made it burdensome, and the people living in that section are organizing to endeavor to discourage his efforts in that line.—Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

A Clock You Need Never Wind.

T. G. Farrar, of Columbus, O., has invented one of the most peculiar clocks of the Nineteenth century. It consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it that are visible are the two hands, the pivot upon which they swing and the dial. Mr. Farrar worked on the invention for six years before he succeeded in perfecting it. He alleges that the only motive power is the gravitation of the earth, and that the clock will run on forever without winding.

The hands are of tin and are hollow, and perfectly balanced on the pivot. Mr. Farrar says that they are moved by the gravitation of the earth, and it puzzles the spectator to account for the power that raises them after they reach 6:30. All kinds of theories are afloat to account for this. But Mr. Farrar keeps his secret. He insists that electricity is not the motive power.—New York Journal.

A Rattlesnake's Skin for a Belt.

Capt. Wright, the raisin superintendent for Logan & Adams, had a close call the other day. He was running a hand basket along under the vines, and throwing Muscats in it as he picked them. Suddenly he heard a click or snapping sound, as though some part of the basket had broken. Lifting it up he was surprised to find an ugly, wriggling rattlesnake follow. It had struck Capt. Wright's hand and buried its fangs in the wicker handle of the basket an inch from the captain's forefinger. No time was lost in killing the deadly reptile, and its skin is now being fashioned in a belt for a Phœnix journalist's sweetheart.—Phœnix (Cal.) Herald.

Assassination by Lightning Flash.

Saturday night about 9 o'clock a fearful storm was raging at Alpine, Tex. Samuel Taylor was seated at a table playing cards with three others. Suddenly there was a lightning flash, a loud report, and Taylor, gasping and bleeding, fell from his chair. The night operator uttered a cry of pain, and he, too, fell. It was found that Taylor was dead, he having received fifteen buckshot under the left arm. The operator was also badly wounded. Five shots had entered the small of his back. A Mexican had also one of the bullets in his shoulder. The assassin fired from a window, and both barrels of his gun are supposed to have been emptied at once.

Two years ago Taylor killed Passenger Conductor Server at Valentine, on the Southern Pacific. The killing created the wildest excitement among the railroad men, as Server was very popular among trainmen throughout the state. At the time of the killing Taylor's right eye was shot out. About eighteen months ago he was shot at through a window with a Winchester rifle in the Haymakers' saloon at Galveston, Tex., and barely escaped death. No arrests have thus far been made, and the murderer is unknown. It is presumed that some friend of Server took this method of avenging his death. The operator's wounds are considered fatal. The Mexican will also die.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

A Huge Fountain of Oil.

A forty quart shot was thrown into the Gibson well at Wildwood recently with dire results. This well, owned by the Bridgewater Gas company, has recently changed into a gasser and was shot to open up the oil product. The object was attained, but the casing was broken by the concussion, and for twenty-four hours it was impossible to shut in the large volume of oil, shooting with such terrific force as to throw it out over the top of the fifty foot derrick. The output since the agitation is estimated at thirty-five barrels an hour, fifteen of which is a total loss. On approaching the well the oil descends in a shower, and every tree, bush and shrub within a radius of 100 yards is covered with a coating of oil. The greater part of the fluid, however, is thrown into the field, whence it runs in a small rivulet to the creek below, and can be traced as far as the Allegheny river.—Cor. Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A Good Start.

The snow shovel factories of New England will start the season with 650,000 snow shovels left over from last year, and the middle states and the west stand ready to furnish a tramp for every shovel. Let old Boreas get up and howl.—Detroit Free Press.

Sarcastic College Boys.

The sophomores, much to the chagrin of the freshmen, have succeeded in painting upon the town water tower "94" in bright green colors. The tower is 120 feet high and the space painted measured 20 feet by 8.—Princeton Letter.

The Roumanian government has offered prizes to the architects of all nations for the best plans for its new assembly and senate chambers. The first prize for each building is $3,000; the second, $1,500; third, $600.

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

LANDING THE SHORE END.

An Interesting Description of How a Cable Is Secured on Land.

We steamed off and anchored as near in shore as we could get, opposite the place intended for the landing place. All was now activity on board. No sooner were we at anchor than a couple of boats were dispatched for the beach, with a party of men and the necessary tools and implements for use on shore. On board both picking up and paying out gear were being made ready for action, as they both played their part in landing the shore end; huge coils of rope and a number of collapsed air balloons made their appearance from below.

These balloons were inflated with air to their full diameter of three or four feet, and the quarter deck of the Dalmatia began to assume the appearance of a giant's toy shop. Meanwhile the shore party had firmly anchored to the beach two large "spider sheaves," or skeleton iron pulleys. These were placed some two or three hundred yards apart, forming two angles of a parallelogram, of which the bow and stern sheaves of the ship made the other two.

A rope was now carried from the stern of the ship to the shore, and, passing round both spider sheaves, brought back to the ship and taken over the bow sheave to the picking up gear. The cable was made fast to the rope and paid out slowly over the stern, the picking up gear meanwhile heaving in on the other end of the rope, and so hauling the cable gradually ashore. The rope was wound four or five times round the big drum of the picking up gear, steam was turned on, and the drum, rumbling and reverberating, hauled the rope in. Aft the cable was wound four or five times round the paying out drum, also revolved by steam in order to ease the strain, which, with about a mile of rope out between the ship's stern and her bow, is something considerable.

As the cable leaves the stern the raison d'etre of the air balloons becomes apparent. At intervals of about fifteen or sixteen yards one is securely lashed to the cable, and in this way the cable is floated from the ship to the shore, and not dragged along the bottom to run the risk of being damaged by rocks. Another advantage is that, if the cable is sagged by a cross current or tide, it can readily be straightened by stopping the paying out and heaving in at the bows.—Herbert Laws Webb in Scribner's.

Dr. Talmage's First Pair of Boots.

I have seen many days of joy, but I remember no such exhilaration as that which I felt when I mounted my first pair of boots.

To appreciate such an era in life one needs to be brought up in the country. Boys in town come to this crisis before they can appreciate the height and depth of such an acquisition.

I felt that robust schoolboys could no longer strike me across the cheek, and when I turned cry, "What are you looking at?" Nay, the time was past when worse than any possible insult could happen, and that was for anybody to chuck me under the chin and call me "Bub."

I do not think there is any law, human or divine, demanding that a boy should submit to the school bully. I remember with what deep satisfaction, after Jim Johnson had knocked my hat in the mud and spat in my face and tore my new coat, I felt called upon to vindicate the majesty of my new boots. That, however, was before I had any idea of becoming a minister.—Dr. Talmage in New York Journal.

A House in a Bottle.

Some years ago a blind boy residing in Chicago constructed a miniature house inside an ordinary four ounce medicine bottle. The building was made up of forty pieces of wood, all neatly fitted and glued together. It would have puzzled a man with two good eyes to put the pieces in the bottle without the task of putting them together. As wonderful as the above may seem it is only a part of the remarkable achievements of this sightless lad.

After completing the house to his satisfaction he set about fastening the cork in the bottle, but how he accomplished the startling feat has ever remained a mystery. Inside the bottle below the neck a small wooden peg was driven through the cork, which extended far enough on each side of the stopper to prevent it being removed from the bottle. The boy is unable to explain the astonishing piece of ingeniousness.—St. Louis Republic.

Wages of Cincinnati Teachers.

A principal of a district school gets $1,900 salary; an intermediate principal, $2,100; the high school principals, $2,600, and the superintendent, $4,500. There is but one man in the city getting as low as $750. The superintendents of music and drawing get each $2,100, and the principal of the normal $2,000, or $10 per day.

The average daily wages of the teachers is $4.13, or $826 per year. They teach six hours per day, and get from 35 cents an hour up to $2.50. In other words, some of the principals make more money in one hour than many workingmen do in two days.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Banyan Grove.

Near Gifford station, on the Staten Island railroad, there is a peculiar piece of woodland, a spot where the roots of the trees all attach themselves to the trunks at from four to six feet above the level of the ground, giving to the stumps an odd, spidery appearance. The soil of the vicinity is very porous, which lends weight to the opinion that the banyan like grove has been formed by the action of frost and water.—St. Paul Republic.

Cleaning Lamps by Machinery.

A machine for rapidly cleaning the gauze of miners' safety lamps has been introduced into the Wombwell collieries at Barnsley. It is driven by a belt and pulley, and the two brushes seen at the end of a shaft have a reciprocating motion. Two other brushes have a circular motion, and are intended to sweep the ends of the gauze and various parts of the lamp.—New York Journal.

A Berth in Heaven for Sale.

When Thomas Cruse, the bonanza king, made the famous sale of the Drum Lummon the news went all over the country. For a man to jump from poverty to a millionaire's affluence almost in a day was an unusual thing even in a mining centre. The result was a stream of letters to Mr. Cruse from cranks of all sorts. He remembers one of them particularly. It was from a minister in Washington. He announced that he had by some unknown means secured a good berth in heaven, the value of which was beyond estimate.

It was a "sure thing," and the minister was willing to make an affidavit to its existence. He had heard of Mr. Cruse's sudden rise to wealth, and thought an opportunity was offered for a fair exchange. He was not entirely willing to relinquish his claim on the future snap, but he offered to give half the berth if Mr. Cruse would in return send his check for half his fortune. Mr. Cruse decided that as matters looked then the minister would get the best of the bargain, and he declined to consider the offer.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

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.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing It is general debility. Try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Ineffective Drugs.

"It is a great pity that physicians so rarely keep their own supplies of staple drugs," remarked a venerable disciple of Hippocrates. "Some country physicians do, but in the city the practice is fast dying out. Yet the great majority of the vegetable extracts on the shelves of apothecaries' shops are unreliable in their quality. The herbs used are not collected at the right season of the year, and are not properly cured, the strength varying according to the differences of the soil and climate where the plants grow.

"Vegetable remedies are easily adulterated, and they are usually prepared by men who lack the knowledge required for proper selection, manipulation and manufacture. Light, heat and atmosphere all bring about chemical changes, and in the course of time the druggists' preparations, even if originally good, become inert and worthless. Let the pharmacist be ever so capable, he cannot propound a good prescription if he uses worthless crude drugs.

"The druggist and pharmacist make their preparations to sell, while the physician who makes his own medicines exercises the care required to produce the proper effects. It is to the impurity and inertness of the materials furnished for prescriptions that much of the disappointment of physicians in the results of the treatment is attributable."—Fall River Herald.

Didn't Care for Sap.

He had come from the west to see Boston. One evening, a moment or two after leaving his lodgings, he was seen to take a knife from his pocket, cut a deep gash in a tree and walk on. He repeated this at intervals along the street.

Cautious as he seemed to think himself his mutilations had not escaped the notice of several citizens, who felt a sort of "woodman, spare that tree" veneration for the tall maples.

"Say, mister," said a burly citizen, approaching the stranger, "don't you think you had better let those trees alone? Too early for sap, you know."

"I don't care for sap," was the reply.

"Then what in the dence are you driving at with that toad sticker?"

"Well, what do yer suppose? Here I've been in this ere town three days, and haven't been able to find my way home once. I walked around the common three times last night, and then I had ter hire a cab. Why don't you straighten your streets? But I don't mean to get left to-night; I'll know this street when I strike it. I'll feel my way by those nicks in the trees."

An humble apology for the streets on the part of the Bostonians followed. Finally a map of Boston was presented to the stranger on condition that he would spare the trees.—Pittsburg Dispatch

The Prince of Wales' Health.

It is a question whether the Prince of Wales ever succeeds to the throne. His health is not robust; there are ugly rumors to the effect that Bright's disease has a hold upon him. But the prince cares little about being king. He does not court the anxieties and the onerous duties which his rise to that exalted station would necessarily involve; he is not an ambitious man; he loves and seeks the society of those whom he likes, and, true democrat that he is, he shudders when he thinks that there may come a time when he will be compelled to associate with men who cannot possibly have a human sympathy in common with himself.

His eldest son, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, is a hulking, shiftless, good natured lubber, looking like his mother, but having neither his mother's tact or dignity nor his father's graciousness or strength of character. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that in the due course of time the duke will marry his cousin, the sweet and pretty daughter of the Princess of Teck.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Two Bogus Lords Meet.

A peculiar incident took place on Sunday. A man came up from New York and gained permission to see Birchall, who was at the time in the yard. The stranger gazed at the prisoner long and earnestly, taking note of every movement and everything about him. When his keen observation was got through he turned away with the remark:

"Pshaw! he is only a shopkeeper anyway, a cad." This visitor was the man arrested in Philadelphia some years ago for fraud and swindling, carried out under the name of Lord Somerset, which he had assumed, and with which title he had gained access to the best society in the city. At the present time he is in New York running a society paper, and he came up to Woodstock for the sole purpose of seeing the other bogus Lord Somerset, who had got into worse trouble through his lying than he had. It is a strange thing that there is a likeness between the two men.—Toronto Empire.

Salvator's Speed.

While the public is still marveling over Salvator's wonderful performance in running a mile in 1:35¼ there are few who have, through comparison and analysis, sought to realize what a terrific burst of speed this is. It is nearly forty miles an hour—a rate averaged by very few of our fastest trains. There are 5,280 feet in a mile, so that for every one of these ninety-five seconds—for every beat of a man's pulse—this wonderful horse covered 59 3-10 feet of ground. The shortest space of time noted by the turfman's watch is a quarter of a second—an interval so brief that the eye can hardly observe the mind can hardly appreciate it. Yet in every one of these 382 quarters of a second that magnificent creature leaped 16 3-10 feet. Such are the amazing results of careful breeding as exhibited in the American race horse. Is the human race improving in the same ratio? Scarcely.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Strangely Imprisoned in Bed.

By an explosion of hot air and gas in the air receiver at the Clinton blast furnace at Pittsburg several thousand dollars' worth of damage was done. The accident was caused by the reversal of air and gas in the receiver. The effects of the force of the terrible concussion were visible on all the houses within a square of the furnace. In one house Thomas McIntyre, a laborer, who was asleep in a folding bed, was awakened by a very tight squeezing sensation. The concussion of the blast had loosened the fastenings of his bed, and it folded up with him in it. His cries for help brought the other members of the family to the rescue.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Gould's Wealth.

Russell Sage's recent interview makes out Jay Gould a richer man than he is generally credited with being. Mr. Sage says Gould is the heaviest owner of securities in the world, his income alone from dividends being $2,000,000 a year. Outside of this he has an income of from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. It is understood that Mr. Gould aims to make his wealth net him about 6 per cent., and if this is the case, and Mr. Sage knows what he is talking about, Mr. Gould will have to be moved up several pegs in the list of the country's rich men.—New York Letter.

Umbrella Parade.

There was a novel display by the colored people of Ellicott City, Md., a few days ago. It was called an umbrella parade, and consisted of a line of men dressed in dark clothes with white caps, carrying tri-colored umbrellas, and followed by two gayly decorated chariots containing children and ladies dressed in white, the whole headed by a band. While marching the umbrellas were kept constantly twirling, making a picturesque scene. The affair was under the auspices of the A. M. E. church.—Exchange.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

FLOORING AND SHINGLES!

BUILDING LUMBER GENERALLY.

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

—GET OUR—

VERY LOW PRICES

BEFORE BUYING.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

414 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, Md

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Specimen Copies and Beautiful Calendar sent Free.

COMES EVERY WEEK. READ IN 450,000 HOMES. STORIES BY THE BEST AUTHORS. 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS. TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE. SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY. CHARMING CHILDREN'S PAGE. WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS. FOR ALL THE FAMILY. ONLY $1.75 A YEAR.

"No other Weekly Paper gives so great a Variety of Entertaining and Instructive Reading at so low Price."

THIS SLIP — **FREE TO JAN. 1, 18..** To any NEW SUBSCRIBER who will cut out and send this slip with name and address and $1.75 (in Postal or Express Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk), we will send THE YOUTH'S COMPANION FREE to January, 1891, and for a Full Year from that Date. This offer includes the FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Easter and Fourth-of-July, and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements. *Address,* THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. — WITH $1.75

That **BOY AND GIRL** of ours.

What shall we have them taught and where?

PEIRCE COLLEGE.

—OF—

BUSINESS & SHORT-HAND

Record Building,

917-919 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.,

SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH FLOORS.

Morning, Afternoon and Night Sessions.

Opening day September 2d, 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.

No trouble and no charge made to anyone for supplying Book-keepers, Cashiers, Salesmen, Stenographic Clerks or General Assistants in the Counting House. Business men may expect more of graduates this year than before, as the **standard of graduation has been raised.**

Peirce College Writing Slips and Real Business Forms, by Professor A. P. Root, for **home practice**, one dollar a set, postage prepaid.

Twenty-sixth (26) College Annual, Graduating Exercises including addresses by President Reed, of Dickinson College, and Bishop Foss, etc., sent when requested. Address,

THOMAS MAY PEIRCE, M. A., Ph. D.
a7-6m. *Principal and Founder*

If You Have

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

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. **Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.**

KISSING "7-17-70" "PHOTOGRAVURE PANEL SIZE." Mailed for 4 cts. (coppers or stamps). J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS MO.

"Well, I won't make that Thousand Dollars, but I will make enough in savings on my shoes to pay me for my trouble.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

is the *only kind* that *left the leather soft.*"

Ask for Pik-Ron, *which*

WILL STAIN OLD & NEW FURNITURE
WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE
WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL ST IN YOUR OLD BASKETS
WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH AND

Varnish at the same time.

PIK-RON TRY IT.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

TIME-TABLE NO. 2.

CHANGE OF TIME

To Take Effect August 18, 1890

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 1 daily except Sundays.	No. 3 Tues. 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

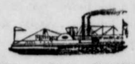
GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2 daily exc't Tu's & Sunday.	No. 4 Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.	
	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 30	12 40
Leave Worton	1 15	12 25
" Lynch's	1 07	12 17
" Still Pond	12 59	12 09
" Kennedyville	12 44	11 54
" Black's	12 26	11 36
" Lambson's	12 08	11 18
" Massey's	11 48	10 58
" Delaney's	11 33	10 43
" Bingham's	11 18	10 28
" Clayton	11 05	10 15
	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 every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 A. M., Jackson's Creek at 9.15 A. M., and Rock Hall at 10.30 A. M. for Baltimore.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.00 A. 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 2½ hours to spend in Baltimore and return same day.

For further particulars apply to

W. C. ELIASON, PRES'T,
Pier 16, Light Street.

DOWNES & JENNINGS,

Importers

—AND—

Ta

NEAL

133 Balti

BALTI

Our aim is style, and to preciate car Our trade ha and we rare noce comes

BALTIMOR

SCHEDULE
LEAVE C
For Chicago and ited Express daily p. m.
For Cincinnati, Vestibuled Limit Express 10.20 p.
For Pittsburgh 7.30 p. m.
For Cleveland 7.30 p. m. Thr 8.30 p. m.
For Washingt 7.15, 7.20, 8.0 (10.35, 12.00 4 2.30, 2.50, 4.00 7.30, 8.20, 8.30 p. m. Sunday 10.20 (10.35, 2.10, 2.30, 4.1 8.30, 10.10, 10
For Way S Washington 5. 2.50, 5.00, 6.2 day, 6.30 and 11.00 p. m