A MISER SEES SATAN.

THE DEVIL CAUGHT HIM STEALING AN ACTOR'S FIREWOOD.

His Satanic Majesty Was Only Impersonated, but the Hotel Keeper Thought It Was a Real Vision—Milton Nobles Reforms a Penurious Landlord.

Milton Nobles is a brilliant conversationalist and a good story teller. Among the many anecdotes credited to him, the following experience which he relates will prove interesting reading:

In 1867, during my first year of theatrical life, I was a member of a small traveling "Black Crook" company, under the management of the late Tom Davey. We were playing small towns in Wisconsin and Minnesota. One cold January night found us in a little town in Wisconsin, where the theatre and hotel were under one roof, and owned and run by one man.

The man has been in recent years well known to professionals, and there are many stories extant of his peculiarities. He was very wealthy, but a confirmed miser. A stranger entering his hotel would invariably pick him out as the porter, and indeed he performed the most menial offices, even to blacking the boots of his guests if asked to do so. Yet he always kept a good hotel. On "show" nights he cleaned out the dressing rooms and acted as janitor in general.

From the second story of this hotel there was a hallway leading to the stage. The actors were usually assigned to the rooms along this hall, and would occasionally use their rooms as dressing rooms at night, a proceeding to which the old man seriously objected. The old man would watch the doors like a cat, and as soon as a room was vacated he would let himself in with a pass key, and if the gas was left burning he would turn it out. He would also gather every stick of wood from the rooms and redeposit them in the big box at the top of the office stairs.

THE DEVIL.

I was playing two or three characters in the piece, among others that of Zamiel. My room was near the stage door, and I could hear the orchestra and so tell just how long I could safely remain in the room before my scene would come on. I finished my first character, and taking my costume for the Devil went to my room to make the change. The dress was a combination of flaming red, black and green, tight fitting, with big bat wings. The feet were long and pointed, with cloven hoofs; there was a close fitting skull cap with two protruding horns. I made the face a flaming red, with large pieces of green foil paper under the eyes.

There were a large skull and cross bones on my breast, with red foil paper set in the eye sockets. The long scarlet tail was forked at the end and illuminated with foil papers. As I completed this satanic toilet I could hear the orchestra playing the ballet music of the grotto scene, so I knew that I should not be wanted for at least twenty minutes. I dropped two or three pieces of pine wood on the open grate fire, and drawing a big chair to one side of the grate seated myself comfortably for a short snooze, placing my feet in another chair directly in front of the grate, and hitching Zamiel's forked tail gracefully over my right shoulder.

I was just dropping off when the door was opened softly, and by a reflection in the mirror I could see the old landlord sneak into the room. His eagle eye missed me, half hidden in the big chair, but lit on the single gas jet burning at full head. He turned it off quickly and moved toward the well filled woodbox; he filled his arms full, leaving two or three small pieces as a blind, and turned. This movement brought him face to face with the apparition in the big chair. The darkened room illuminated by the glare from the burning pine added a weird effect to the scene. The wood fell from the nerveless arms, and his lower jaw dropped to the point of dislocation. I remained motionless, staring at him through my green foil eyes.

THE MISER SCARED.

The old miser seemed to have grown to the floor; he must have stood for thirty seconds without breathing. Finally his breath came with a gasp and a gurgle. With one hand I gently shook that forked tail, the end of which was standing on a level with my head. Raising my arm slowly I leveled at him the long red foil tipped finger. With a gasp he rushed for the door. As he reached it I stood erect, my back to the fire, scratching my ear with the tip of my tail. The old man gave one glance over his shoulder, and, with an unearthly scream, fell against the door, and seemed trying to push it through; but the door opened in. I took one step toward him, and he gave another screech and tried to jump through the transom.

At that moment Tom Davey, my roommate, pushed the door open and the old man fell across the threshold. He gathered himself quickly and flew wildly into the hall. I explained the situation briefly to Davey. Opening the door he looked down to where the main hallway intercepted the main hall. In a fit of wild extravagance the miser had turned the gas full on and stood staring in the direction of our door. The old man motioned to Tom and asked whether he had seen anybody in the room. Tom assured him that there was no one in the room. "What! Nothing at all?" "Nothing at all," answered Tom. The old man stared at him vacantly for a moment and then sneaked down to the office, keeping one eye over his shoulder.

It is said that for a year or two afterward he never entered an actor's room to turn down the gas or rob the woodbox; but gradually the force of habit became stronger than the terrors of memory. A few years ago he died miserably, leaving millions for others to squander.—Atlanta Constitution.

Afraid of Being Buried Alive.

I for one am not at all surprised at the rather startling instructions in the will of the late Duchess Pozzo de Borgo that in order to make quite sure of her death her heart should be removed from the body. The dread of being buried alive in a condition of trance or coma is spreading curiously, and I have heard quite a number of people express a desire to be cremated, not upon hygienic grounds, but simply through a horror of being buried alive. The supposed necessity of such strong measures is not very flattering to the doctors, but that it is a growing idea is obvious.—Lady's Pictorial

A Gentle Voice.

Tommy—Oh, I'm so glad you've come home, papa! Mamma has been awful mean to me today.

Mr. Skyflatt—Ah, I am afraid you have been a naughty boy. Did she spank you?

Tommy—No; but she scolded, and her voice sounded like it does when she talks at the ice man down the dumbwaiter shaft.—Puck.

Ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts, possesses the remarkable ability of recollecting what he has written without reading it over even by himself. It is said that during his most animated speech he has in his mind's eye a vivid impression of his manuscript, so that he knows where every page and every line ends, and even where there are interlineations.

Fowls have undoubtedly a larger vocabulary than any of the other domestic animals; yet in half a day you will probably hear from them all the sounds that they use in ordinary life. But anything out of the ordinary is instantly expressed in unusual sounds.

His First Stump Speech.

"Talking of campaign speeches reminds me," said Senator Graham, of Nashville, "of the first speech that Charley Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, ever made. Fairbanks, you know, is a genial, whole souled gentleman, with plenty of jury eloquence, but at the time of which I speak had no experience on the stump. One day I met him and he seemed considerably worried.

"'Graham,' said he, 'I have been invited to address a political meeting at ——, and you know I never did anything of the kind in my life. I haven't a bit of confidence in myself and I am afraid I cannot hold the crowd. You are up in this kind of thing and I want you to post me a little.'

"I never wanted to laugh so much in my life, but Fairbanks' woebegone face told me plainer than words that he was very much in earnest. So I gave him all the points I could bring to mind. I remember that I said that an auctioneer always held his crowd by entertaining it, and told him to imagine himself an auctioneer. Well, he went to his meeting, and everything went wrong. He was placed so that a strong wind blew through the room, tossing his hair over his face and giving him a terrible cold and sore throat.

"The brass band drowned half he said, and the small boy got in his deadly work. I met him a month or so later, and he told me his experiences. 'Every time I would feel myself giving way,' he exclaimed, 'I would think of your instructions to imagine myself an auctioneer, and I guess I entertained them, for I made myself more of an auctioneer than I did a political speaker.' But Fairbanks is all over that now. There is not a better or more effective speaker in Indiana than he is."—Indianapolis News.

Photography Applied to Surveying.

Surveyors are becoming more and more indebted to photography for the way in which it facilitates and improves their work. For reconnaissance the camera offers some pleasant features. The public is always anxious to know what an engineer is doing with a transit, but if he has a map of the country and an aneroid in his pocket, so that, by fences or otherwise, he can tell pretty nearly where he is, he is only an amateur artist, making views of scenery, and the farmer is not suspicious that he wants to run a railroad through his corn crib. Such pictures as may thus be secured, understandingly used, may help to decide where a line will probably be best, so far as the general features of the country are concerned.

Progress is the order of the day. It is not long since the engineer who used a camera to take occasional or semi-occasional records of the progress of his work was looked upon as putting on airs. Now, however, the blue print and the camera come in very handily, so much so that it is not the engineer who uses them, but rather the one who does not, who is the exception. The engineer is not likely to dispense just now with his transit, but he who avails himself of such help as photography can give him, especially in such work as making close topographical surveys, will have a very great advantage over him who does not. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cats as Chronometers.

An acute observer of contemporary life remarked the other day that the typical cat devoted each one of his nine lives solely to the cultivation of his voice. The statement, although obviously exaggerated, serves very well to convey the impression which the cat has made upon those who know him best. The weasel having largely supplanted him as a rat and mouse exterminator he has come to be regarded as an animal of leisure, much given to music, but bearing few or none of the practical burdens of existence. But attention has lately been directed to the fact that the Chinese use cats to tell time.

A Celestial who was asked what o'clock it was took up a cat and examined it, and replied that it was two hours past noon. On being asked how he told time in that way he explained that the pupils of a cat's eyes were largest in the morning, and that they gradually grew smaller as the light increased till they reached their minimum at noon; that then they began to widen again till at night they once more became large.—New York Tribune.

Early Minstrel Shows.

It was in the early fifties that minstrel shows first became so popular in the States, and in 1857 Jack Raynor, who used to be middleman and bass singer for E. P. Christie when his troupe played in old Mechanics' hall, at No. 472 Broadway, New York, started the first Christie minstrels in London. Raynor is one of the few old timers still alive, and he lives in Paterson, N. J., to-day. Another of the old leaders to the front is Dick Hooley, who used to be with Campbell's for years and afterward run a minstrel theatre of his own in Brooklyn. What's he doing now, d'you say? Why, it's the same Dick Hooley, of Hooley's theatre, Chicago, today, and the same Cool White that was middleman and stage manager of the Hooley Opera house of the war times, is manager of Hooley's theatre today.—J. W. McAndrews in Chicago Herald.

A Mooted Pronunciation.

The chorus "O ho ro, i ri ri cadul gu lo" in Sir Walter Scott's poem "The Lullaby of an Infant Chief" means, freely translated, "Bye, bye, lullaby, sleep till the morn." The pronunciation is, "Ohoro, erere, cawdlegulaw;" at least, so say two Scotch women, members of my household, who are direct from the highlands of Scotland, and who daily speak the Gaelic in preference to the English language. —Cor. Boston Transcript.

Army and Navy Death Rates.

Army and navy death rates in time of war and peace deserve much attention. The official tables give us not only the number of men killed in action, but the relative tendency to disease in divers armies. For example, in the Crimean war the British army lost 2,840 men killed on the field and 21,000 who died in hospital. It took 910 Russian shots to kill or mortally wound an Englishman or a Frenchman, and 700 English shots to kill a Russian; but the havoc caused by disease was far greater. If we study these statistics with attention and act upon them, we may reduce our campaigning losses by 50 per cent. We may also learn some interesting physiological facts, as that the proportion of Frenchmen who die after amputation or other surgical operation is greater than of British or Russians.—Contemporary Review.

Sanitarians and health food people are sounding the note of warning against ingredients so common in our everyday cookery that we use them always as a matter of course. The first danger signal is hoisted alongside the bottle of flavoring extract with which we make tasty our cakes and puddings. These extracts all contain alcohol, say the wise ones.

A Famous Duck Hunter.

One famous duck hunter in Havre de Grace is William H. Dobson, who has a record that is unsurpassed in the history of the river. His enthusiastic admirers contend that as a duck shot his equal does not exist, and his reputation is world wide. Mr. Dobson has a record of 520 ducks killed in one day. He performed this feat in 1884, and it has never been equaled. He is a native of Havre de Grace, and is now about 50 years of age. Duck shooting has been his delight since boyhood, and it is said that he will lie in a sink for an entire day without a murmur, with a quick eye and ready hand for each victim that comes within range of his gun. He rarely misses a shot.—Baltimore Sun.

ACROSS THE WAY.

"Have you friends across the way,
My little darling said;
"And when here comes a rainy day
Can't you look out, and nod your head
To some one else, as I can do
To Will and Fred and baby Sue?
I heard you tell mamma today
You had no friends across the way."

"But I have friends—dear friends across,"
With quick, remorseful thought of home,
"A band of brothers, side by side,
To greet me if I go or come.
How dear they are, I cannot say!
Nor how it cheers me day by day
To see across the valley far,
How strong and beautiful they are!

"And you should see the robes they wear;
Their mantles thick and soft of green,
Then rainbow tinted, yet more fair,
Or ermine wraps with silver sheen.
But yet I think I love them best
When, all in somber shadows drest,
Their broken ranks in silence lie
Beneath the solemn midnight sky

"Sometimes a misty curtain drawn
Between us hides these friends from me;
But when at sunset it is gone,
Dear child, how fair the sight I see!
For where the nearer ranks divide,
The gates of glory open wide;
And lo! in that unearthly light
The farther hills transfigured quite;
While yet another and another
Peeps o'er the shoulder of his brother,
And smiles through rosy mist and seems to say,
'Heaven lies beyond us—such a little way.'"

"Such friends are nice," she softly said,
"For any one as old as you;
And when I'm old and you are dead,
Perhaps I'll go and see them too.
But now I'd rather watch to see
Children across the street from me;
And nod to Will, and play peep-bo
With cunning little baby Sue."
—Susan H. Ludlum in Harper's Bazar

Around the World in a 22 Foot Boat.

Two old sailors, Godfrey Sykes and Charles McLean, are going to coast around the world in a twenty-two foot boat. They launched their small craft on the Colorado at Needles, Cal., Saturday. Their course is down the Gulf of California, along the Mexican and South American coast, round Cape Good Hope to Cape St. Roque, then across the Atlantic to Sierra Leone, thence east along the European coast to Great Britain.

The return trip will be through the Mediterranean, Suez canal, Indian ocean, and China sea, and by the Russian coast to Alaska, and thence home. Their boat, built by themselves, is 22 feet over all and 7 feet 3 inches beam, of Mackinaw type, with twenty-one strong steel ribs. She has water tight lockers and will carry three sails. She will have a centerboard with six feet surface. Provisions for four months will be carried, and the men expect to make the voyage in two and a half years.

McLean is a Scotchman, who served seven years as a whaler. He has dreamed of this trip for years and saved money for the purpose. Godfrey Sykes is an Englishman of good education, who ran away to sea. He also had the "fad" of circumnavigating the globe, and he prepared himself for it by a very thorough study of navigation. Singularly enough, these two men, with a craze for sea voyaging, met on an Arizona cattle ranch, and around the camp fire at night learned of their mutual dreams. They pooled their capital, built the boat, and will stay by each other to the end.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Ginkgo Tree in Boston.

No tree, scarcely, excepting the Washington elm, at Cambridge, is more famous than the ginkgo tree near the Joy street gate on the common. Dr. Holmes celebrates it, and others often mentioned it; but I notice with pain that its name is often misspelled "jingo." It has never shown signs of fruiting, and for my part I confess that I, until now, had no idea that it is a fruit tree. But Garden and Forest says that the Japanese ginkgo tree does sometimes bear fruit, that a tree planted in the grounds of the military academy of Kentucky produced fruit several years ago, and that one of the trees in Central park, New York, is now fruitful. A tree in the garden of Charles J. Wistar, at Germantown, Pa., now about forty years old, bore a few fruits last year for the first time. The fruit of the ginkgo is somewhat similar to an olive, with a large, hard nut surrounded by thick oily flesh which soon becomes rancid and is very disagreeable. The kernel of the nut, however, has a delicate almond like flavor much liked by the Japanese, who use great quantities of these seeds as dessert fruit.—Boston Advertiser.

An Historical Oak.

Relics from southern battlefields are still finding their way to the north, and they excite a good deal of interest among the veterans. At the office of Frederick E. Hovey there has arrived a section of an oak tree about 4½ feet long and 12 inches through. It was purchased as a relic from a farmer at Chickamauga for $8, and he secured another dollar for carrying it to the railroad, nine miles away. It was shipped July 10, and should have arrived here weeks ago, but the car was sidetracked during the strikes and did not arrive here until this month. This piece of oak is deeply imbedded with shells. There are two whole shells partly visible and fourteen small pieces. The cap on one of these shells is three inches in diameter, and a few letters can be deciphered on it which might tell its make. The pieces have grown in and are partly covered by the gnarled oak. This tree stood very close to the headquarters of Gen. Thomas on Sept. 19, 1863, at the battle of Chickamauga.—Providence Journal.

What Good Clothes Will Do.

The proprietors of an up town clothing store have adopted a novel method of soliciting trade. They have hired a man who has long been familiar to every one in their neighborhood as a ragged, disreputable looking fellow, clothed him in a handsome full dress suit, furnished him with a beaver, a finely laundered shirt and everything else that a man accustomed to dress well could possibly need, and turned him loose to distribute neat advertising cards about the neighborhood. He usually wears some fresh flowers pinned to the lapel of his coat, and as he goes about distributing his cards strikes people who have known him and scorned him for so many years as a remarkable example of what good clothing will do.—New York Tribune.

The Unprofitable Eiffel Tower.

The stockholders in the Eiffel tower enterprise are feeling blue just now in consequence of the steady diminution of their receipts. In the season now closing 665,000 francs were taken in. The cost of keeping the tower open was 350,000 francs, and 300,000 more were spent for repairs. Next year the small profits of this year will be wiped out, it is expected, and a considerable deficit will appear in place of it. In view of this probability 168,000 francs was reserved for future use from the profits of the exhibition year.—Washington Critic.

What the Ground Mole Says.

Last fall it was noticed that the trail of the ground mole plainly marked the letter "W" on the surface of the earth. The letter indicated "warm winter," and the size of the past summer's ice bill proved that we had it. Now the upheavals of the wandering and busy moles distinctly trace the letter "C," and the wise men are taught by this that this winter will be a cold one.—Newtown (Pa.) Enterprise.

A Practical Difference.

In former days, when railroad accidents were not matters of daily occurrence, it used to be said that the difference between a schoolmaster and a railroad conductor was that one trained the mind and the other minded the train.—New York Ledger.

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.

They Couldn't See the Joke.

Three members of the Episcopal congress sat in a corner of the Lafayette sitting room talking over some important subject. All were men ranging from 50 to 65 years, all were dressed in black, and the face of each wore a look of intense interest. Those who noticed these gentlemen were aware that they were discussing some important church question, and nobody heard what they said but one young man who appeared to have fallen asleep in a chair near by. As he half opened his eyes the western bishop gravely said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to ask a question." The others drew nearer as the bishop, carefully adjusting his spectacles, continued: "Gentlemen, why is grim death like a tin can tied to a dog's tail?"

A silence ensued. The two clergymen thus addressed mused for a while and then shook their heads. "Give it up," they said.

A grim smile spread over the bishop's face as he added, "Grim death is like a tin can tied to a dog's tail because it's bound to a pup." Then he burst into a roar of laughter, and the others made feeble efforts to join him and appreciate the joke.

Late that evening the three met again in the Lafayette corridor, and the bishop, a little embarrassed, said: "Gentlemen, I told that story wrong this afternoon. What I really meant was this: Grim death is like a tin can tied to a dog's tail because it's bound to occur—not to a pup."

The others laughed this trip.—Philadelphia Press.

As Others See Us.

A funny story is told at the expense of Sir Richard Moon, chairman of the board of directors of the London and Northwestern Railway company. Sir Richard is one of the most energetic railway magnates known, and is the terror of the employes of the company, for they never know when he is about to pounce upon them. He makes a point of visiting every station on the line at least once a year, and has an odd habit of overhauling the books and accounts of station masters at inconvenient times. He knows the price of everything, and is said to have rowed an unfortunate freight agent for giving too much for a packet of carpet tacks.

One day he dropped in at Crewe station about 5 a. m. and saw a couple of porters hard at work cleaning up things generally. Sir Richard was delighted. "This is the right way, men," he exclaimed. "I like to see such painstaking industry begun so bright and early in the morning." "Industry be blowed!" said the man addressed tartly, who of course did not know who the fussy old gentleman was. "We don't commence work at this unearthly hour, but we've just heard that old nuisance, Moon, is on the road somewhere and we're getting ready in case the old hunks should drop in on us unexpected." In justice to Sir Richard be it said he took no notice of the opprobrious remarks, but quietly slipped away and gave the men the go-by that time.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Had a Wife at Home.

"I have a little Bible at home," said the bad man, "that in 1868 I wrested from a Sunday school class of nineteen. I haven't opened it since, and it is as new and clean as the day I got it."

"Bring it down some day; I'd like to see it," said his friend carelessly.

The next day the bad man came into his friend's office, and, throwing a little, half wornout book on the desk, he said:

"There she is, old man, but I was a little wrong about its condition."

"I should say so," said the other; "how does it happen that this little book is so badly worn, when you thought it was clean and all right at home?"

"Well," said the bad man, and his voice was a bit husky, "the truth of the matter is I've got a little wife up at the house and a couple of young ones. They sometimes rummage through my things." —Frank Leslie's.

Presentation to a Canine Hero.

At a public meeting in Morecambe a handsome collar, bearing a suitable inscription, was presented to a dog for saving the life of a child. The dog, a fine specimen of an Airedale terrier, the property of Cab Inspector Lamb, was accompanying two young men on a walk in the country, when by its excited manner and actions it attracted their attention to a large dike. In the bottom of this they found the body of a child about 3 years old, lying face downward in the mud, there being only a few inches' depth of water at the time. On being extricated the child was found to be almost suffocated and was with difficulty restored. The dog has on other occasions given evidence of unusual sagacity.—London Tit-Bits.

A Barefoot Rothschild.

The spectacle of one of the rich Rothschilds going daily barefooted can be witnessed in the village of Waereshofen, near Munich. But the sight of great people going in their bare feet in that town is so common as to excite little remark. It is one of the requirements of Father Kneip, the nerve doctor, of his patients. They are also required to take a morning plunge in ice cold water and eschew all meat and intoxicating drinks, but they are particularly required to run barefooted.—Paris Letter.

Muscular Power of Insects.

The muscular power of some insects is simply enormous. A French entomologist had a pet beetle that could lift 350 times his own weight. If the human species were as strong in comparison a large sized man could lift a freight engine from the track and carry it 200 miles between sun up and sun down.—St. Louis Republic.

The London Clearing House.

The daily average at the London clearing house for 1888 amounted to £22,250,000. If these transactions for a single day were settled in coin it would require 175 tons of gold or 2,781 tons of silver, while probably the documents actually used did not weigh more than a hundredweight.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Deceived by Appearances.

On a Philadelphia train that came through here the other day the passengers derived considerable amusement from the actions of a handsome young man and a worried looking but still pretty woman. They were so entirely absorbed in each other that they were not separated for a minute the whole trip. When she wanted to walk on the platform in Baltimore he promenaded up and down at her side, yet they never spoke only when necessary, and the people concluded that a honeymoon quarrel was in progress.

Nobody doubted for an instant that they were bride and groom. When they got out here to change cars for Richmond, their destination, the conductor who knew the man well, said: "Well, so long. Hope you get her there all right." "Oh, I guess so. But she's a mighty slippery customer, and I have to watch her like a cat." The good looking man was a deputy sheriff, and was taking back to Richmond an unusually clever shoplifter that he had tracked to Philadelphia and arrested.—Washington Post.

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.

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.

The Mother's Revenge.

One day while proceeding up a canyon in the Raton mountains a large silvertip bear and her cub leaped out and made a rush up the sloping side of the valley. There were three in our party, and every Winchester began to talk very earnestly and excitedly. The cub tumbled dead the first fire. I call him a cub, but the truth is he was more than half as large as his mother and weighed 240 pounds. The old lady did not show any injury, and the moment the young one tumbled she turned and came back square in the teeth of the rifles, and seizing her dead cub in her mouth as a cat does a kitten raised it fairly clear of the ground and cantered up the hill—no easy matter, as aside from the 240 pounds of limp and dragging weight she had to force her anxious, loving way through oak brush which in many instances might have detained a steer. She got fairly away albeit we fired several shots after the cub fell.

We had just reloaded the magazines of our Winchesters and were communing as to taking the trail of the old bear, which showed wide and clear in broken bushes and disturbed oak leaves and pine needles, when looking up we beheld our game coming back straight for us. She meant business, too. Her red and steaming tongue lolled out of her half open mouth, and her eyes, partially closed in rage, would have seemed quizzical in expression were it not for the ferocity which leaped and flashed in their depths, like sheet lightning behind some cloud screen. She came straight to us, and we settled her troubles at the first fire. We found the cub up on the divide. She had carried it at least sixty rods, with two bullet holes in her shaggy hide, as we found when we skinned her.—Kansas City Star.

Frightened to Death.

C. W. Dunham, a prominent Kensington man, died from the effects of an accident which happened to him Saturday morning while working at his occupation as a butcher. Mr. Dunham was dressing a hog, and as he drew the body toward him a knife, which lay unnoticed upon the bench, was thrust into his groin, cutting an artery. Dr. Gillin, of Berlin, was sent for, and when he arrived it was found that surgical aid was necessary, and Drs. Lyon and Comings, of New Britain, were summoned. The flow of blood was checked, the wound was dressed and the patient left in a comfortable condition.

During the night Mr. Dunham awoke, and, thinking he was bleeding again, sent for Dr. Gillin, but when the doctor arrived Mr. Dunham had passed away. This led the doctor to believe that another artery must have been cut, so an examination was held this afternoon, and as no trace of arterial blood was found upon the bandage it was certain that the man had not bled to death, and the only theory given is that, as the patient was very weak from loss of blood, the sudden thought that he was bleeding to death caused a shock which stopped the pulsations of the heart, or, in other words, the man was frightened to death.—Hartford Courant.

A French Girl's Predicament.

A comical contretemps has just taken place in one of the provincial towns of France. Over twenty years ago the wife of a prominent citizen gave birth to a little girl who was christened Camille, and whose birth, according to French law, was duly registered at the mayor's office. But as Camille is a name that is given to boys as well as to girls in France, the mayor made a mistake in entering the registration, and set down the infant as being a boy. Time passed on and the other day Mlle. Camille—who was on the point of being married—received a notice to report "himself" for military service. Owing to the overwhelming red tapeism of French official matters, the poor girl has had all the trouble in the world to prove that she is really a young woman and not a man at all. Moral: Mothers in France should never bestow upon their daughters names that are masculine as well as feminine.—Paris Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

Trick of a Sturgeon.

A strange accident occurred on the steamer Columbia near Reeder's landing a few days ago. John Bernard, a sturgeon fisherman, was hauling in a huge fish, when it suddenly took a run, and before he could get clear of the line he was dragged overboard and came near drowning before assistance could reach him. Bernard is a brother to the man who was run down and drowned from a fishing boat by the steamer S. G. Reed about two years ago, and was in the boat at the time his brother was drowned. By a strange coincidence the accident occurred at exactly the same place where the fatality occurred two years ago.—Astoria (Ore.) Columbian.

He Weighed 504 Pounds.

Dr. Charles T. Bean died at his home in Chelsea recently of pneumonia. A few years ago he was obliged to abandon outdoor practice on account of growing obesity, and has been confined to his home. His general health has been fair and his mind not impaired. His unnatural corpulence, which amounted to a disease, steadily increased, however, and a short time since he turned the scales at the enormous weight of 504 pounds.—Boston Herald.

A Lemon Shine for a Russet Shoe.

Before putting away your russet shoes for the winter you will want to restore their old color. How will you do it? Very simply. Just squeeze the juice of a lemon on a bit of soft cloth, give the leather a thorough treatment with this, and see if your shoes don't look as well as they did when you bought them.—New York Journal.

A Cactus with 710 Blossoms.

Apropos to the fact that Amesbury claims a cactus with 44 blossoms and Georgetown one with over a 100 blossoms, it is interesting to know that in this city there is one with 710 blossoms on it.—Newburyport News.

Tomato Poisoning.

A singular disease has just been called to notice by a prominent physician. It is a form of recession of the gums of the superior molars, which is said to be due to the use of tomatoes as food. Great sensitiveness is manifested along the line of recession, similar to that of an exposed nerve. The only remedy has been found to be abstinence from tomatoes. If the disease continues the teeth fall out; not usually more than one being lost in a season.—New York Commercial Advertiser

Washington's Thanksgiving.

The first Thanksgiving proclamation of Washington as president of the United States was made in New York on Oct. 3, 1789, setting apart Thursday, Nov. 26, of that year, "to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious being who is the author of all the good that is, that was, or that will be."—Exchange.

The most interesting feature of Mr. Gladstone's face is his eyes. They are described as of a "splendid, flashing, dark brown color." They show his fire and genius, and give his face an ever changing expression.

Mexico is called a republic, but as a matter of fact it is governed by an oligarchy of landlords. Some of these men own vast domains, one possessing 5,000,000 acres of land

The balloon proposed for polar explorations is 95 feet in diameter and 500,000 cubic feet in volume. The journey is to be begun from Spitzbergen, and with a favorable wind is expected to last four or five days.

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

PUBLIC SAFETY DEMANDS

That only honest and reliable medicines should be placed upon the market. It cannot, therefore, be stated too emphatically, nor repeated too often, that all who are in need of a genuine Blood-purifier should be sure and ask for

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. Your life, or that of some one near and dear to you, may depend on the use of this well-approved remedy in preference to any other preparation of similar name. It is compounded of Honduras sarsaparilla (the variety most rich in curative properties), stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, and the iodides. The process of manufacture is original, skilful, scrupulously clean, and such as to secure the very best medicinal qualities of each ingredient. This medicine is not boiled nor heated, and is, therefore, not a decoction; but it is a compound extract, obtained by a method exclusively our own, of the best and most powerful alteratives, tonics, and diuretics known to pharmacy. For the last forty years, Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

has been the standard blood-purifier of the world—no other approaching it in popular confidence or universal demand. Its formula is approved by the leading physicians and druggists. Being pure and highly concentrated, it is the most economical of any possible blood medicine. Every purchaser of Sarsaparilla should insist upon having this preparation and see that each bottle bears the well-known name of

J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

In every quarter of the globe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is proved to be the best remedy for all diseases of the blood. **Lowell druggists** unite in testifying to the superior excellence of this medicine and to its great popularity in the city of its manufacture.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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.

SEVEN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

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

1st *Lady.*—Have you new Rubbers?
2nd *Lady.*—Why, no! These are the old ones dressed with

Wolff's ACME Blacking

It makes them look like new; and my shoes also dressed with it, hold their polish UNDER the rubber, even should the snow creep in.

Change a Pine Table to Walnut.
A Poplar Kitchen Dress to Antique Oak.
A Cane Rocker to Mahogany.

See what can be done with 25c. worth of

DIX-ON'S ASTRAL WAX

A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH. TRY IT.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.
Ask in Drug, Paint and House Furnishing Stores.

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 Older 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.

Young little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $3 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Full Particulars free. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.

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THEY CUT THE EASIEST. STAY SHARP. IF NOT KEPT BY STORES. INSIST ON YOUR STOREKEEPER GETTING THEM FOR YOU. SEND TO US FOR PRICE LIST AND SHEARS BY MAIL. SEYMOUR CUTLERY Co., Box 210, HOLYOKE, MASS.

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 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.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest and among them the following may be mentioned:

Sir Edwin Arnold

contributes to the December number the first series of four Articles upon Japan, its people, its ways and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

Henry M. Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

The Wrecker,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M. P.,

arthur of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of Four Articles upon India, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad Articles. "Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Drivers," and "Management," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

Great Streets of the World

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly, London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once.

$3.00 a Year; 25 Cents a Number.

CHAS. SCRIBNER SONS, PUBLISHERS,
743, 745 Broadway, New York.

1891.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly.

The Twelfth Volume of Harper's Young People begins on November 4, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "Campmates: A Story of the Plains," by Kirk Munroe; "Men of Iron," a romance by Howard Pyle, with illustrations by the author; "Flying Hill Farm," by Sophie Swett; "The Moon Prince," by R. K. Munkittrick; and "Yellowtop," by Annie Bronson King. In addition to these five serials, there will be stories in two