The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1891. VOL. XXX—NO. 18

LEWIN W. WICKES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, - - - - - Maryland.

DR. GENESE.

Of Baltimore, will attend at Betterton every Saturday for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.
March 26, 1891.

DR. W. BARNARD,

—Dentist,—

has located permanently, and will be in attendance daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Howard, Still Pond, Md., for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.

DR. T. H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Vickers Hotel, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.

Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,

Chestertown Md.,

MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.

OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

D. B. STEWART COMPANY,

INCORPORATED SEPT. 25, 1890.

(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

D. B. Stewart, Pres.; R. G. Nicholson, V-Pres.; G. W. Berry, Treas.; T. G. Newton, Jr., Secy.; H. P. Stewart, Att'y.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

118 E. Pratt, Street, Near Light.

We solicit consignments, and by prompt attention, perseverence and energy, hope to merit a liberal share of the future shipments of our friends and the public.

Reference, by permission, Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore.

S. F. CREW. M. L. COULBOURN.

CREW & COULBOURN,

WHOLESALE PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—IN—

FRUIT, PRODUCE,

318 N. Front St., Philadelphia.

☞ Account sales and check daily if desired.

Reference:—Produce National Bank, 104 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Dr. S. Beck, Clerk Circuit Court, Kent county, Md.

Established 1876.

E. T. COMEGYS,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

GRAIN, FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS. POULTRY, Etc.

Member of Corn and Flour Exchange.

No. 222 South Charles Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Reference.—Honest Return and Personal Attention.

J. R. NYCE & CO.,

—:PRODUCE:—

Commission Merchants,

123 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

SPECIALTIES:

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Green and Dried Fruits.

REFERENCES.—Third National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; National Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.; Commercial Agencies.

Correspondence Solicited. a9-6m.

C. WRIGHT SPRY,

—WITH—

WRIGHT & LONEY,

successors to Wright & Sparks.

FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.

STEVENS BROS.,

Grain, Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

303 S. CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,

(Late of Crew & Ireland)

FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 115 Callowhill Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,

118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,

IMPORTERS OF

Wines, Brandies, etc.

PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

FRAME HOTEL.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the house, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE

will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES

contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,

Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

1837. FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, 1891

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS

Baltimore, Maryland.

Special Fertilizers for particular crops are claiming general attention, as practical, experimental farmers and planters have demonstrated that Fertilizers for each crop are necessary to insure such returns as will pay them for their labor and care. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities, to suit purchasers, every article used in fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order, according to any formula which may be required. We were the First House in Baltimore who furnished this facility for obtaining either the Unmixed Chemicals or the Compounding of Special Formulas.

OUR SPECIAL WHEAT PHOSPHATE

we can confidently recommend as an excellent wheat producer. It has been used for years, and the general satisfaction it has given warrants us in making the statement. We have also constantly in stock our carefully prepared brands of

Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates,
Pure Ground Raw Bone, Pure Dissolved Raw Bone,
Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate, Muriate Potash,
Sulphate Potash, Kainit,

And in fact anything farmers may want in the form of Fertilizers or Fertilizing Material, at Bottom Prices. Orders solicited. We do not publish certificates, our goods speak for themselves. Correspondence by mail promptly attended to.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent.

July 2, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

Bickford and Huffman Grain Drill

Positive Free Feed for Wheat and Fertilizer.

THE OLD RELIABLE NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

"As Ye Sow So Shall Ye Reap."

It is all-important that your Wheat and Phosphate be distributed evenly if you expect good results. It has all the improvements ever put on Drills up to this date. Polished steel axles with centre support. Thousands in use everywhere. This Drill is better this year than ever. Call and examine it.

Repairs for All Kinds of Drills.

SMITH & CLEMENTS, Agents.

SCOTT'S HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS.

SCOTT'S SURE GROWTH PHOSPHATE. SCOTT'S STANDARD PHOSPHATE,
SCOTT'S SURE GROWTH COMPOUND,
SCOTT'S TIP-TOP BONE SCOTT'S TIP-TOP BONE AND POTASH,
SCOTT'S RAW GROUND BONE, SCOTT'S PURE DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONE.

Scott's Phosphates have been largely used in Kent and Queen Anne's counties for a number of years, and always with the best results. The best results for the past harvest have been from the use of Scott's Phosphates, as we can show testimonials to prove. These goods will be found in an excellent condition for drilling this season.

SMITH & CLEMENTS.

JUST OUT----A New and Splendid Companion

FOR FARMERS!

An Improved Spring-Tooth Harrow

Steel Frame, elevated throughout its entire length and every tooth riding on a saddle, thus making it the LIGHTEST DRAUGHT HARROW on the market. No two teeth following each other and thereby thoroughly pulverizing the ground. The new Pivoting Frictional Tooth-holder permits the wearing of the Entire Length of the Tooth. Upon an examination we feel that the most skeptical will be convinced that we have the FINEST HARROW YET INVENTED.

Plows and Plow Castings.

We are Agents for the SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW, with the Improved Jointer. We furnish Castings for the South Bend and the Remington Plows. Ropes, Traces, Chain Traces, Hames, Hame Strings, Straps, Plow Lines, Back Bands.

☞ Don't forget we are prepared to do Roofing, Spouting and all kinds of Tin Work at short notice and at prices as Low as the Lowest.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.,

April 9, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

Leads Them All!

—IN—

LOW PRICES!

WE wish to announce to the general public that owing to the great depression in business and low prices of the products of the farm, we have reduced our prices to compare with the hard times, therefore it will be to your interest, when in need of a good

CARRIAGE, ROADCART

—OR—

DEARBORN

one that we can guarantee in every particular, and one that we know to be as represented, know it because it is of our own manufacture, to visit

ORRELL'S CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY

where they will find a full line of the above named articles always on hand. We make a specialty of

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS,

which will receive prompt and special attention. We have a skillful and thoroughly competent workman at the head of this department, and can safely guarantee satisfaction in every particular. We give our personal attention to our

BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING

DEPARTMENTS, and guarantee all work to be satisfactory.

We Take Orders for Farm Wagons

which will be promptly furnished

W. C. ORRELL

Cor. Cross & Cannon Sts., Chestertown, Md

LISTER'S

THOROUGHLY KNOWN

PHOSPHATES!

—FOR SALE BY—

W. N. E. WICKES.

Aug. 6, 1891—2m.

WILLIAMSON, THE JEWELER.

WATCHES.

Watches from $3.00 up. Good serviceable watches, $4. Hunting nickel levers for five, silver for ten. Gold-filled, guaranteed 15 years, from 12. You can't tell what they are like unless you see them.

Yours truly,

D. T. WILLIAMSON,

Cross Street, Chestertown.

WM. S. CULP,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

COAL and WOOD,

—ALSO—

LIME and BALED HAY.

☞ COAL ALL SIZES. ☜

WOOD SAWED and SPLIT for cooking and kindling, delivered at short notice.

Orders left at B. F. Fleming's grain, feed and lime store will receive prompt attention.

WILLIAM S. CULP,

March 19, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

King of Medicines

Scrofulous Humor—A Cure "Almost Miraculous."

"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed years. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well.

"Early in 1886 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY

on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system, I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Peach Baskets

FOR SALE

IN ANY QUANTITY

—BY—

N. LIEBERMAN,

—AT—

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Prices Furnished on Application.

Correspondence solicited.

N. LIEBERMAN,

June 4, 1891. Melitota, Md.

Have Your Dealer Supply You With

LEA'S FLOUR,

FARINA,

TABLE CORN MEAL,

HOMINY,

Hominy Grits.

THE WM. LEA & SONS CO.,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

McDonnell's Specialties

IN STOCK.

In addition to a full line of First-Class Staple

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

I have placed in stock a number of specialties particularly suited for the heated term of the summer months, embracing a full line of fine

CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO

—AND—

CIGARETTES!

Indeed, I am the only dealer in Kent county licensed to sell this hot-weather luxury—the Cigarette. A full line of choice brands of both Cigars and Cigarettes will be kept constantly on hand.

Agency for the famous LA BUENA CIGARS. Best 5c. Cigar in America. Try it. Cigars from 1c. to 10c. each. All grades of Tobacco from 20c. to $1.25 per pound.

A FULL STOCK OF NEW FRUIT

now on hand.

A full assortment of Fancy Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, etc.; Smoking Articles and fine grades of Smoking Tobacco. Prices graded to meet the depressed times. Respectfully,

W. S. McDONNELL.

JOHN W. BORDLEY,

—WITH—

New York Clothing House

102 & 104 E. Baltimore St., Balto., Md.

HAVING connected myself as salesman with this, one of the largest and most reliable clothing houses of the South, I would be glad to show our Immense

Assortment of Men's and Boys' Suits

to my many friends of Kent. Assortment, Cheapness and Quality are our principal attractions. Respectfully,

m14. JOHN W. BORDLEY.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor plows the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without a fear.
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine;
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities raise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Trick out the land with life and flowers,
Great work is done, be't here and there,
And well man worketh everywhere;
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

STATELY MRS. SAVERNAC.

BY SALLIE J. BATTEY.

CHAPTER I.

The title, though lightly worn, was dearly bought!—so said the dear "four hundred" friends of Mrs. Savernac who knew of her romantic attachment to the handsome young author-artist Harold Sterling; and even the most select circle, which has an inconvenient way of remembering things at the wrong time, recalled with bated breath the daily intercourse of the young couple so suited that neither seemed complete without the other. And the gay glittering world so sweet and and suave to both sagaciously sensed the mistake of which it gave no sign and wrote down the odds in favor of the rich Southern Savernac whose millions were irresistible to Margaret.

There are some confidence coins which do not pass current even among the chosen few; the last passage between the lovers was one of them, and the delicate walls of Margaret's boudoir were silent as a tomb.

She well knew Harold would come, and she had thought he would be angry; but the "white heat" of his quiet protest was without its parallel in the annals of fashionable heart-breaks.

"Is it true, Margaret?"

"Yes—Harold—my word is pledged. It may have been a mistake, but remember you have never asked me to be *your* wife."

"Some things go without saying; you knew I had always loved you and I was waiting to offer you my hard-won laurels."

"Harold—those things even to the most meritorious, seldom come except for funeral wreaths. That you have genius I admit, but remember I have no fortune of my own, and my aunt's money goes to her wayward son. Her patronage promptly extended at my parents' death has made of me simply a poor girl with rich ways, and I tell you frankly I think poverty worse than death. Neither you nor I have ever wanted things we could not get; but I know full well what money can buy and the anxieties from which even a prince's estate may not be exempt if the cash be minus."

"You are wrong, Margaret, the rich have anxieties, aye, tortures even, to which the poor are strangers. Believe me, dearest, there are men who drink the world's wines well knowing the edict is death. There are women wearing the world's purple whose smiles and flowers cannot completely conceal the gorgon of desolation that sits at the daily feast. I have known these stately dames whose purses and larders were plenteously filled envy the poorest wife the honest affection and reverence of her husband, so remember, dear, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong and the most unerring foresight is apt to fail when hearts are weighed in golden scales! Had I been the rich Savernac——"

"Oh hush, for mercy's sake, Harold—my Harold—may God pity and forgive me"—and then for one brief moment their lips met in a long, last kiss which had in its subtle clinging tenderness the sweetness of life and bitterness of death; and this was henceforth an unwritten chapter in the life book of Harold Sterling. The Easter chimes said nothing of it on Margaret's wedding morning, and the congratulations were quite as cordial as though it had never occurred.

Had the gay world surmised it, things might have been different. As it was, the bride's mask was a part of the bride's veil, and the husband was an envied if not a happy man for years to come. Harold Stirling also married and seemed to drop out of the social swim; and later on there was a funeral at the Savernac mansion and a volume of crape fluttered from the door-knob of the great banking house of the corporation of which Mr. Savernac, deceased, had been president; but for the fair woman in her black weeds and the dead man under his white monument society had quite as few words as for the retirement of Harold Stirling. Mrs. Savernac seldom went out and gave no entertainments at her house; hence the gay world soon forgot even to leave its cards—and the social *on dits* grew fewer and farther between; until the chimes of old St. Andrew's church had rung a decade and its cycles had run their solemn round.

CHAPTER II.

"LEAVES FROM LIFE."

Yes! that was the name of the sweet, subtle chronicle of the "days that come and the days that go," the history of daily happenings—of laggard joy, of sudden pain and fierce temptations; of crosses too heavy for mortals to bear—yet no publisher would take it "on trust," least of all those who had been so eager to secure the mawkish effusions of Amelie Rives or the more subtle productions of Tolstoi; and the oft returned MS. showed the ambitious young author whither the taste of the age was tending. Alas for the intellectual palate, pampered to require such stimulants that even the daily observance of mortal hunger excited no comment!

The bells of St. Andrew's were ringing again their Easter exultations when Harold Stirling started to return to his shabby room after a long weary search for work—manual work of any kind was better than slow starvation; but one glance at the solemn visaged man caused merchant and master mechanic to turn away with a curt denial. The hollow eyes and sharpened features would do no credit to a prosperous establishment, and even the lowliest menial service was denied him because of the white womanish hands and failing strength.

"If it were not for the boy," he thought, "it would be easy to end it all to-day. I am so ill—I am glad his poor mother does not know. There is no doubt my lack of affection broke her heart. Well, no man with a soul can love two women, and the one I loved—ah, well, Margaret was right; poverty is the curse which bears all other evils in its train, and there is no use trying to fight against such odds, even if I were not so ill! Hark what means this rush of mighty waters in my ears and this reeling of the lamp posts? Am I going to die? God help me and the boy."

Sweet as were the chimes of bells and full of life and light and joy as were the streets, the stores and the homes, it was a painful anniversary to Margaret Savernac lounging upon her luxurious carriage cushions while the austere coachman guided the high-stepping team through the throngs in that cosmopolitan thoroughfare known as Grand street. Her decorator lived in the vicinity, and she was ordering Easter flowers for the altar of St. Andrew. Near the corner of Orchard street the equipage came to a dead halt. There was no stemming the human tide, and as the block promised to last for some time she sought to possess her soul in patience. A beautiful boy came to the door of the carriage with his bundle of papers to sell. Shabby and scant as were his clothes he did not look like the street vender—there was something in the clear-cut features and the fresh young voice which seemed to strike in her sad heart a chord of memory—and half unconsciously she inquired his name as she dropped some silver coins into the small dingy hands.

"Dicky Stirling," Margaret Savernac gasped. "What are you going to do with your money, Dicky." She asked to regain her composure before seeking to know more of the sweet-faced child who had so strangely crossed her path that sombre Easter eve.

"I am going to buy an overcoat for papa. He put his in pawn to get bread for me."

"I will come with you to select one."

The assiduous clerks in the great store of E. Ridley & Sons exchanged glances when the stately lady in costly wraps led the small half-clad child from one section to another of the elegantly appointed establishment. Among the tiers upon tiers of clothing of every cut and class for children of every age and condition contained in those spacious show rooms it was an easy task to supply the needs of Dicky and of Dicky's papa also, which the rich and elegant Mrs. Savernac proceeded to do without further question. It was enough to know that Harold Stirling lived and that her olden idol, her hero among men, was among the poor whom the blessed Saviour had said were always with us. "How kind you are!" exclaimed the sweet, sensitive boy kissing the gloved hand of his benefactress.

"And now, Dicky, we must get something for mamma!" Swiftly the child's eyes overflowed. "Why, lady, you know my mamma is dead. Papa and I are quite alone. Won't you come with me to see him?"

"Yes, I will go." Mrs. Savernac's face wore a strange expression as she gave her coachman orders to follow Dicky's directions, after having seated the boy beside her on the cushions and stored his packages at her feet.

CHAPTER III.

It was dark when the stately vehicle rolled into the overcrowded quarter in which Harold Stirling and his motherless boy were housed. In the fitful glare of the street lamp a man reeled and fell just in front of the horses which were promptly thrown back upon their haunches by the driver.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Margaret alarmed. Dicky was on the ground like a flash. "O papa, pa pa," sobbed the child. In another instant stately Mrs. Savernac was kneeling on the stone flagging holding the dear head in her hands, calling the fallen man by tender names, and in a shorter time than it has taken me to tell it there were three in that roomy carriage driving rapidly—not to the shabby lodging of Harold Stirling but to the magnificent home of Margaret Savernac! And just as the well-kempt hoofs of the bay thoroughbreds touched the concrete of the broad avenue the bells of St. Andrew rang once again their roundelay.

"Christ is risen from the dead—Hallelujah."

"The choir rehearsing for Easter," thought Margaret. Alas! for the needless sacrifices we make to no purpose or would be, if life and love were not immortal, but upon the grave of dead joy were destined to grow the flowers of Spring.

* * * * * * *

"You see I was right, Harold"—exclaimed Mrs. Stirling a few weeks later, entering the breakfast room with an open letter.

"The Progressive Publishing Company consider themselves very fortunate in having secured your 'Leaflets from Life'—and enclose check for one thousand dollars royalty on preliminary sales."

"Thank heaven!" So I shall not be compelled to owe everything to you, my darling—nothing in fact for the future save the joy that money cannot buy. See, here is my remuneration for work done for a prominent trade journal, and the very merchants who refused to employ me—pale and poor and shabby—now offer me a position of trust in their prosperous and powerful house. So you see my 'Leaflets from Life' are likely to lengthen; though doubtless my new duties will give me little time for indulging inspirational fancies."

"Your new duties will lie in the real estate line, and your avocation when you are able to go into active service will be to look after our own interests and the education and training of our boy. Meanwhile a year upon the continent will restore us all to the promise of a bygone Springtime in the happy years to come.

THE use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

Although country editors are nearly always poor, there are plenty of person who believe that half the paragraphs in a country newspaper are paid for with enormous bribes. There are always two sides to ever question, and whichever side an editor falls on, the partizans of the other accuse him of being "bought." It is little wonder, therefore, that the editor is seldom a popular man; I never knew one who was, and I never knew one who was not often accused unjustly Probably the people bleieve in bribes to editors because it is a very rare editor who does not accuse his opponent as being a bribe-taker, creating a prejudice against themselves and their calling. Lazy and incompetent editors nearly always explain the success of their more vigorous opponents by declaring that they carry on a system of black-mail. I once visited a large city, the newpapers of which I had long admired almost with reverence, and was surprised to hear a citizen say that what the city really needed was better papers; they would bring "eastern capital." Every citizen of a country town wants his locality "boomed," to the end that he may sell his fifty-dollar lot for five hundred; he can appreciate how a really good paper might aid him in this, and because his lot does not advance in value as he thinks it should, he has a grievance against the editor. He longs for an editor with some "snap" in him. I don't know what "snap" means, but I know this is the quality usually thought to be lacking. There are more great men in every country town than really exist in the entire nation, and if they are not recognized, the local papers are of no account. I was once bothered a good deal by a certain man who said he could clean more chickens in an hour than any other chicken-cleaner in the world, and he wanted the fact mentioned. Men who are never suspected of greatness by other people accuse themselves of it to the editors, and when they refuse to mention this greatness, they are told that their columns contain a great deal of stuff not half so interesting. It has occurred to me that when a citizen of a country town becomes drunk, the first thing he does is to hunt up the editor to tell him what is the matter with the community.—*By the Author of "A Country Town," in the September Century.*

Baby in Various Lands.

In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine-tree bough, to bring good luck.

In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about the child to keep harm away.

Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put in the cradle of a new-born babe in Holland.

In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of occupants for it.

The Grecian mother before putting her child in the cradle, turns three times around before the fire, while singing her favorite song, to ward off evil spirits.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

The London mother places a book under the head of the new-born infant, that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into its first bath to guarantee its future wealth.

The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, well steeped in hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead.

At the birth of a child in lower Britany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints, and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle, and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton.

In America the child is handed over to a nurse, with instructions to "raise it on the bottle."

Why People Get Married.

Though it is very common to reproach old bachelors with their celibacy, and to pity old maids as if single blessedness were a misfortune, yet many married people have seen fit to offer apologies for having entered into what some profane wag has called the "holy bands of padlock." One man said he got married to get a housekeeper, another to get rid of bad company.

Many women declare they got married for the sake of a home; few acknowledge that their motive was to get a husband. Goethe averred that he got married in order to be "respectable." John Wilkes said he took a wife "to please his friend." Wycherly, who espoused his housemaid, said he did it to "spite his relations."

A widow who married a second husband said she wanted somebody to condole with her for the loss of her first. Another, because she thought a wedding would "amuse the children." Another, to get rid of incessant importunity from a crowd of suitors.

Old maids who get married invariably assure their friends that they thought they could be "more useful" as wives than as spinsters. Nevertheless Quilp gives it as his opinion that nine-tenths of all persons who marry, whether widows or widowers, spinsters or bachelors, do so for the sake of—getting married.

Pleasant Experiences of a Honey Moon.

The true story is told of a Lewiston man who several years ago, was divorced in the West, came East and married a woman who was also a divorcee. They traveled south, and there, as they sat on a veranda, the Lewiston man bowed coldly to a lady who passed hanging on the arm of a gentleman. Curiously enough, his wife also bowed to the couple.

Said she, "To whom did you bow?"

"To the lady," said the Lewiston man with a flush. "She was once my wife. To whom did you bow? Did you know her?"

"No," said she. "I bowed to the gentleman. I had the misfortune once to know him intimately. He was my husband."

And this was their wedding journey.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA is in favor with all classes because it combines economy and strenght. 100 Doses One Dollar.

THE ART OF MAKING A HOME.

Let Each Object Be Rooted in the Rich Soil of Reminiscence.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home, and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing cannot be persuaded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds a table which is exactly what she is looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a book-case or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and book-case in the city.

A ROOM AS A GROWTH.

Such a room is a growth, a gathering together of household treasures, little by little. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph.

A HOME AS A GROWTH.

Such a home built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a far deeper value than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinetmaker.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Relish for Horsemen.

Sunol is said to have about recovered from her lameness.

A 3 year-old sister to Brown Hal is said to be a very fast pacer.

Ed. Geers thinks that McEwen, 2.18¼, can go close to 2.12.

The Nursery Stud of the late August Belmont will be disposed of on October 16 and 17.

The Seer, 2.19¼, is the first trotter out of an Electioneer mare that has beaten 2.20.

Direct, by Director, won the 2.19 class pacing race at Chicago last Monday in 2.11¾, 2.13, 2.18.

The 4-year-old mare, Happy Bee, 2.17¼, is the largest money winner of the season so far.

May Day, 2.30, dam of Margaret S., 2.12½, and Incas, 2.18¼, is the first mare with a record of 2.30 or better that has produced two 2.20 trotters.

John Gibbons, who sold the 4-year-old mare Happy Bee, 2.17¼, for $10,600, has purchased her 2-year-old sister, Happy Lady, 2.28, for $4000.

Los Angeles' win of the United States Hotel stakes at Saratoga, made her fourth consecutive success for that event.

When Nancy Hanks trotted in 2.12¼ at Rochester recently, she equaled the best public trotting performance ever driven by Budd Doble.

The Human Ear.

"The human ear," said a scientist to a Washington *Star* reporter, "is an organ the true inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and of late they have found it possible even to see the gray matter of the brain by looking through the little canal by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth. They have no difficulty in seeing into the stomach by an electric apparatus; the intestines likewise are readily enough investigated, and the bladder also. But the ear, as to its internal arrangements, is unapproachable. It is even impossible to dissect it satisfactorily after death, for the reason that the parts collapse at once when the vital spark leaves the body.

A Half Dozen Medical Don'ts.

Don't frighten children for the fun of it.

Don't get excited; compose your thoughts and rest.

Don't shout in, or close to a person's ear. It may cause deafness.

Don't leave liniment in a drinking cup by the patient's bed side; he might drink it, mistaking it for water or his medicine.

Don't neglect the set-bowls in the sleeping-room. Pour hot soapsuds down once each week. Keep the taps closed when not in use.

Don't allow a poultice or any warm dressing to remain on a patient until it becomes cold and clammy, but change it as often as directed by the physican.—*Household.*

Conundrums.

What girls weigh the least? Cork maidens.

Which is the most dandyish tree? The spruce tree.

What door maybe said to be warlike? Battle-door.

What kind of frames are disliked by everbody? Unhappy frames of mind.

What two letters of the alphabet can talk together? U and I (you and I).

When may merchants be said to stay under ground? When they are sellers (cellars).—*Youth's Companion.*

What Three Days' Work Will Do.

Edward Atkinson, the statistician, is credited with having shown distinctly that one man's work in Minnesota for one day produces the flour which one man would consume in a year; that another man's work for one day carries it to the market, and that a third man's work for one day puts it into bread and on the table. That is to say, three days' work of one man is enough to produce the bread which one man eats in a year.

YOU CANNOT be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood in your body. It makes the weak strong.

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