The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY NOVEMBER 5, 1891. VOL. XXX—NO. 25

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. E. 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 Voshell House, 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.

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Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.

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LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

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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.

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Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.
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Peculiar To Itself
It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.
It overcomes That Tired Feeling, Creates an Appetite, and gives great mental, nerve, bodily, and digestive strength.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.
100 Doses One Dollar

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From 60 Cents to $5.
Lap Blankets and Fur Robes.
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FARMERS OF KENT COUNTY,
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To be of the same Purity and High Value as they have always been. Equal to any and at as Low Figure as that class of goods can be sold. See us before purchasing your Fall supply.
C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
JOHN McCLOUD, Agent, Chestertown, Kent County.
GUS. PORTER, Agent, Church Hill, Queen Anne's

A MODEL SUBSCRIBER.

BY WILL CARLETON.

"Good morning, Mr. Editor, how are the folks to-day?
I owe you for next year's paper—I thought I'd come to pay;
And Jones is going to take it, and this is his money here;
I shut down on lending him, and then coaxed him to try it a year.

"And here's a few little items that happened last week in our town;
I thought they look good for the paper, and so I just jotted them down;
And here is a basket of peaches my wife picked expressly for you,
And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must send something, too.

"You're doing the politics bully, as all of our family agree;
Just keep your old goose quill a flappin' and give them one for me.
And now you are chuck full of business, and I won't be takin' your time;
I've things of my own I must tend to—good day, sir; I believe I will climb."

The editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his fist with a thump:
"God bless that old farmer," he muttered; "he's a regular jolly old trump."
And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be still;
There are some who appreciate its labor, and some who perhaps never will.

But in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound,
And they who have labored and rested shall come from the quivering ground,
When they who have striven and suffered to teach and ennoble the race,
Shall march to the head of the column, each one in his God-given place
As they march through the gates of the city with proud and victorious tread,
The editor and his assistants will be not far from the head.

LETTIE'S LOVE CHARM.

"Why, Lettie Vincent, you don't mean to say you have been quarreling with Bertie—and only six months married?" said Mrs. Austin, reprovingly, to her neice, who had run in for a moment to see her.

"Well, it wasn't exactly a quarrel," half sobbed Lettie. "But if he finds fault with me, I have to answer him back a little sharp, and then he goes away angry."

"I always had a charm against these little storms when I was married; I inherited it from my mother, and I think I shall give it to you."

"As she spoke she unclasped a necklace from her throat, made of twenty lustrous amber beads. "I didn't wear them when I was first married," said Mrs. Austin, "but carried them around in my pocket. So must you. Now, when your husband speaks so sharply to you, and you feel like snapping back, just count three of these beads on your fingers. There is something mystic about amber, and when you have counted three beads you can say what you please." Lettie laughed a little angrily.

"You are making fun of me, aunty," she said.

"No, I'm not," she said gravely. "I don't expect you to believe it, but I do ask you to give it a fair trial."

"But it seems so rediculous."

"Plenty of good things seem rediculous at first; but I know that if you won't utter a syllable after you have been vexed by Bertie until you say one, two, three—one for faith, two for hope, and three for charity—then, mark my word, chiid, you will find the amber charm will work."

"Well," Lettie said, taking the beads, and glancing at them a little superstitiously, "I'll try them, but I'm certain they won't do any good."

"And I am certain they will," said the old lady cheerfully.

When Lettie went home that night, in the solitary summer twilight, Bertie Vincent was before her, impatiently pacing the floor.

"Well," he said sharply, "I don't know that I particularly admire to come home and find the house deserted. Why couldn't you have told me you were going away?"

"Because I'm not a three-year-old baby, to have to ask leave every time I go out. That is the reason why."

These words were the answer that rose hotly to Lettie's lips, but she suddenly remembered the amber charm, and slipped her hand down into her pocket and deliberately counted three of the glittering globes; and by the time she had finished the "one for faith, two for hope, three for charity," a little of the dreariness of the unlighted apartment struck into her own heart, and she realized that it was a cheerless place for Bertie to come home to.

"I didn't mean to stay so late," she said cheerily. "But I did want to go and see aunty so badly, and perhaps I should have told you that I thought of spending the day at the farm. I'll light the gas in a minute, dear."

Bertie's frown faded away.

"Well, suppose we both go down on Sunday, Lettie? I declare, I don't wonder you want to go, for it is insufferably stupid for you here all day long alone with the canary and kitten for company. Now sit down and let me read the paper to you until you get rested."

And an almost superstitious thrill passed through Lettie's heart as she realized the success of the amber charm.

The next morning, Mr. Vincent, dressing in a hurry, found a button off his shirt.

"If there isn't another button gone," he exclaimed, angrily dashing the shirt to the floor. "It does seem to me you might be a little more careful about such things, Lettie."

A short retort trembled on Lettie's tongue, but like lightning the amber charm flashed across her memory, and the faith, hope and charity trio were called to her relief.

"I will look them over this morning, Bertie. You shall find every button right after this."

As she spoke she laid out another shirt, not buttonless, and he laughed happily.

"I shouldn't have spoken so quickly," said he, "but you know what a button off a man's shirt is to his temper."

When he had gone to the office, leaving an affectionate good-by on Lettie's pretty face, she drew out her amber charm and divided Bertie's kiss with it.

"You darling old thing," she said aloud. "Bertie does love me, and thanks to you, my blessed trio, I am learning to control this pettish, wayward tongue of mine a little."

Autumn leaves were falling when she went down to the old farm-house again.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Austin, "and how does the spell work?"

"O, aunty," she cried, "I am so happy! I am so thankful to you! And if I can only keep those precious old beads forever—"

"Of course, my dear, of course; keep 'em as long as you want 'em. Only as far as their being a charm is concerned—"

"You needn't tell me, aunty, about that." And Lettie laughed and colored. "I know it is not the three beads so much as the stopping to think. But who would suppose that little way of stopping to count would be actual discipline for ourselves! I know I was always quick and irritable, but, aunty, I am learning to control my temper. And if I live one hundred years, I feel that I must have my 'faith, hope and charity' charm."

"And so you shall, dear," said Mrs. Austin, as she took off her glasses and wiped away the mist of tears that had gathered on them.

"Because," Lettie replied, "they have no doubt been to me a precious charm."

COMMITTEES OF THE PENINSULA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Below is a complete list of the committees appointed by Col. E. L. Martin, president of the Horticultural Society which meets in Dover, Delaware, January 19-21, 1892.

Fruits in General.—J. W. Kerr, Denton, Md.; Charles Wright, Seaford, Del.; P. Emerson, Wyoming, Del.; Wm. Peters, Wesley, Md.

Propagation of Fruit Trees and Plants.—Dr. J. J. Black, New Castle, Del.; J. S. Harris, Still Pond, Md.; George Biddle, Cecilton, Md; J. G. Brown, Rising Sun, Del.; Chas. Baker, Milford, Del.

Apples.—J. Alex. Fulton, Esq., Dover, Del.; C. E. Jarrell, Hillsborough, Md.; J. L. Banning, Easton, Md.

Pears.—Walter Morris, Dover, Del.; R. G. Nicholson, Chestertown, Md.; D. W. Corbit, Odessa, Del.

Peaches.—Charles Wright, Seaford, Del.; W. S. Maxwell, M. D., Still Pond, Md.; Chas. E. Shannahan, Easton, Md.

Grapes.—J. S. Barat, Denton, Md.; R. M. Cooper, Cheswold, Del.; W. Irving Walker, Chestertown, Md.

Small Fruits.—George Biddle, A. W. Slaymaker, Camden, Del.; R. L. Gulick, Federalsburg, Md.

Plums.—J. W. Kerr, C. E. Jarrell, I.H. Wright, East New Market.

Nuts and Nut Trees.—W. P. Corse, Washington, D. C.; C. E. Compton, Redden, Del.

Injurious Insects.—Prof. M. H. Beckwith, Newark, Del.; Charles C. Brown, Bridgeville, Del.; F. C. Bancroft, Camden, Del.

Fungous Diseases.—Prof. Chester, Newark, Del.; J. Alfred Pearce, Chestertown, Md.; Maj. W. E. Stewart, Easton, Md.

Marketing Fruit.—Col. W. H. Burnite, Felton, Del.; Hon. George W. Covington, Snow Hill, Md.; Thomas A. Sweet, Ridgely, Md.

Sweet and Round Potatoes.—E. H. Bancroft, Camden, Del.; W. P. McMath, Onlly, Va.

Melons.—Paynter Frame, Harpeson, W. T. Case, Felton, Del.; J. C. Phillips, Salisbury, Md.

Tomatoes.—John Heyd, Felton, Del.; C. F. Eastman, Easton, Md.; Harry Roe, Denton, Md.

Asparagus.—Dr. W. S. Maxwell, Still Pond, Md.; S. H. Derby, Woodside, Del.; Jas. B. B. Gilchrist, Milford, Del.

Other Vegetables.—A. J. Wilson, Easton, Md.; W. T. Case, J. C. Philips.

Landscape Gardening.—Prof. Thomas L. Brunk, College Park, Md.; Prof. Beckwith, Manlove Hayes, Dover, Del.

Nomenclature.—Maj. Alvord, College Park, Md.; Dr. H. Ridgely, Dover, Del.; R. S. Griffith, Sassafras, Md.

Crate Implements and Fertilizer.—S. H. Messick, Bridgeville, Del.; J. G. Morris, Easton, Md.; D. Hugh Martin, Seaford, Del.

Floriculture.—Dr. R. W. Hargadine, Felton, Del.; Mrs. Harry S. Speakman, Easton, Md.; Mrs. W. C. Denney, Easton, Md.

Horticultural Items.

Tuberose bulbs are sensitive to frost.

The nut crop is a large one this year.

The Cape Cod cranberry crop is an unusually large one.

A portion of Florida's orange crop is to go to Great Britain.

One estimate of Canada's apple crop is 1,000,000 barrels.

Keep the seed potatoes at as low a temperature as possible without freezing them.

J. M. Samuels, of Kentucky, has been appointed Chief of Horticulture of the World's Fair.

California fruit growers say that the Thompson seedling grape is growing in popularity.

The New Jersey cranberry crop is a medium one as regards quantity, but a little under the average in quality, according to recent report.

There appears to be a permanent and active demand for American apples for European markets.

The orange crop of Florida, according to Florida exchanges, will be the largest in the History of the State.

At the exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society the new seedling strawberry "Beverley" received several prizes.

Owing to the lateness of the season it has been decided to postpone the annual chrysanthemum show of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society to Nov. 10—13, or one week later than the schedule time.

Poultry Don'ts.

Don't kill a bird for market until its crop is empty.

Don't kill a chicken until it is in good condition.

Don't wait until the day before going to market before you begin to feed to fatten.

Don't waste food, but seek to give what is most profitable.

Don't keep forty hens where only twenty can live.

Don't allow the hens to roost in the carriage house, wood shed, tie up, or on the big beams over the barn floor.

Don't try over one breed at a time.

Don't expect eggs in return for neglect.

Don't cram to-day and starve to-morrow.

Don't expect poultry to thrive in damp quarters.—*Maine Farmer.*

WOMAN COMING TO THE FRONT IN ENGLAND.

The same will be found true of the working women. Not very long ago I was one of the speakers at a meeting in Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, which was presided over by Lord Dunraven, who is well known in the United States. It was a meeting called for the purpose of trying to bring about some better conditions of labor for the poor working women in the East End of London. Many men made good speeches,—peers and members of the House of Commons, and clergymen—there was even a a bishop there—and Dissenting and Nonconformist ministers, who are endowed with a special gift of eloquence, which goes home to the heart of a popular audience. But the speech which interested me most was made by a woman. It was not merely because she understood the practical question better than we did; it was not because, like the waitress whom Disraeli describes in his "Coningsby," through the mouth of his Sidonia, she was "Mistress of her subject." Her expert knowledge, of course, counted for a great deal. But beyond this there was to my mind a remarkable capacity in her for taking at once a broad and a practical view of any subject; for recognizing the inevitable necessity of compromise; for accepting the conditions under which reform of any kind has to be made; for admitting limitations. Besides all this, there was a certain composure about her; a certain dignity of manner. She was neither obtrusive nor diffident. She seemed to say in effect: "You must take me as I am; I don't pretend to be a lady, in the conventional sense of the word, and I don't pretend to be a good speaker, but I have something to say, and I want to say it. I am not anxious to make a speech, but I have something to say to you which ought to be said." Now, I think that woman personified fairly the best aspect of the woman's movement in England. I think woman is coming forward because she has something to say which she feels ought to be said. This is the strictly legitimate influene of woman. It is not the influence of the petticoat. It is the intelligence of the woman coming to the help of the intelligence of the man. I am utterly unable to see how this comradeship in the management of affairs can either lower the dignity of man or unsex the nature of woman. I may say at once that I am an utter disbeliever in the possibility of unsexing woman, or man either. I am very fond of reading Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; but I disbelieve some of the stories.—From "*Woman in English Politics*," by JUSTIN McCARTHY, in *North American Review* for November.

Wife's Commandments.

Thou shalt have no other woman but me.

Thou shalt not have a picture or likeness of any other woman but me; for, I only am thy wife, and a jealous wife.

Remember thy wife's commandments to keep them sacred.

Love and cherish thy wife, and no other woman, that she may live lovingly in the home thou gavest unto to her.

Thou shalt not find fault when thy wife goes out to spend money, buying fashionable shawls and dresses; for I am thy wife. Thou shalt not scold. Thou shalt not suffer thy wife to wear a threadbare dress, but shalt keep her decently clad and in good repair. Thou also shalt furnish buttons and thread to keep thine and thy children's shirts in order. Fail not.

Thou shalt not gad about, from saloon to saloon after sunset, neglecting thy wife and children. Thou shalt not dress thyself in fashion, unless thou dress thy wife also.

Thou shalt not go to spiritual or other slight-of-hand meetings, neither to speak thyself, nor hear others speak; thus saith thy wife.

Thou shalt not find fault if thy wife should fail in getting the meals in due time: for, knowest thy, O man!—better late than never.

Thou shalt not drink beer nor spirits, nor chew, nor smoke; for, knowest thou it consumeth money. Verily, verily I say unto thee: I am mistress of the house thou gavest unto me.

Some Old-Time Newspapers.

The oldest newspaper in the collection brought together in the exhibition at Cologne, of the early triumphs of the printing press, dates from 1529. It describes the entry of the Roman Emperor into Bologna, and tells how his Papal Holiness met his Imperial Majesty on that august occasion. The next oldest gives an account of the overflow of the Tiber in 1530. Other, newspapers, coming down to 1614, tell of wars with the Turks, the attacking of cities, and other remakable events. There are fourteen of these sixteenth century papers, and all except two consist of four small quarto leaves. The latest was evidently a campaign extra, got up to add glory to the King of Spain. It has a formidable title, which runs thus: "True Newspaper, describing how the Mighty King of Spain has lately acquired in the East Indies an Incalculable Treasure worth many Hundreds of Millions, the like of which has never been Heard of before." The precious boomerang was issued from the press of Peter von Brachel in Cologne.

Princeton's Great Men.

Princeton stands second to none of our American colleges in the part her graduates have played in the general history of the United States. Her roll of fame is long in proportion to her numbers. She has given her country nine of the fifteen college graduates who sat in the Constitutional Convention, one President, two Vice-Presidents, four Justices of the Supreme Court—one a Chief Justice—five Attorney-Generals, and fifteen other cabinet officers, twenty-eight Governors of States, a hundred and seventy-one Senators and Congressmen, a hundred and thirty-six judges, forty-three college presidents, and a hundred and seventy-five professors, eighty of whom have been appointed since Dr. McCosh became President. It is a safe assertion, therefore, that in the Middle and Southern States no single educational influence has been as powerful as that of Princeton.—From "Princeton University," by Prof. W. M. Sloane, in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

THERE is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY AT HOME.

I knew a girl of thirteen years who used to lay out most of her weekly pittance in sugar and butter, and make taffy that would melt in one's mouth. She did this rather than spend her money at the confectioner's, for two reasons: first, because she could make it just as she pleased; and second, because she had more of it when she put in all the labor herself. She not only had as much candy as her money would buy, but an additional amount equivalent to the value of the labor she put into the making of the taffy.

For these very identical reasons many other people, young and old, indulge in candymaking at home. But it were a mistake to suppose that this is all that can be said in behalf of candymaking at home. Those who have not tried it know not how much fun can be got out of it. There is also the anticipation. And we confess, that in many cases, the anticipation is more enjoyable than the realization. For this reason, therefore, this article may be found full of useful hints as to the constituents to employ, the amount of boiling, etc.

Who has not taken part in a "taffy pull?" How the jokes go round, and merry laughter resounds as hands, smothered in flour or butter, seize the shining brown mass and pull it with infinite patience until the taffy takes on cream-white color. Our parents derived much pleasure from the "taffy pull." It is one of the recognized institutions of the country.

FOR A GOOD TAFFY PULL.

Some excellent taffy may be made by taking one quart of molasses, half a pound of butter, and boiling the two until the mass thickens. This will take about half an hour. Then stir with a spoon until, on taking out a little taffy, it becomes hard on immersion in cold water. Take half a teacup of vinegar, pour into the mass, and stir for half a minute. Then pour the taffy into buttered tins, or dishes, and set aside to cool.

TO MAKE BUTTER-SCOTCH.

Take three pounds of sugar, a quarter pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, and add sufficient water only to dissolve the sugar. Boil without stirring until it will easily break when dropped in cold water. Then pour into a well-buttered dripping-pan, and, when almost cold, cut into small squares. If desired, a dash of lemon may be added into the mixture before putting on to boil. Eight drops will be sufficient.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO BE PASTED IN THE BIBLE.

The books of the Old Testament, 39.
The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.
Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.
Words in the Old Testament, 529,430.
Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.
The books in the New Testament, 27.
The chapters in the New Testament, 260.
Verses in the New Testament, 7,959.
Words in the New Testament, 181,253.
Letters in the New Testament, 838,280.
The Apocrypha has chapers, 183.
The Apocrypha has verses, 7,081.
The Apocrypha has words, 152,185.
The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.
The middle verse is the eighth of Psalm cxvii.
The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament, 35,543 times.
The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times.
The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,684 times.
The middle book of the old Old Testament is Proverbs.
The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job 29.
The middle verse of the Old Testament is 2d Chronicles, 22d chapter, 17th verse.
The shortest verse of the Old Testament is 1st Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse.
The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, 8th chapter, 9th verse.
The middle book of the New Testament is 2d Thessalonians.
The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans, 13th and 14th.
The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts, 17th chapter and 17th verse.
The shortest verse in the New Testament is John, 11th chapter, 35th verse.

Tried His Oratory on His Wife.

"During the heat of the political campaign they called on me for a speech at West Oakland," said Justice Charles E. Snook. "I don't take very kindly to political speechmaking, and I was especially timorous about making an address in the First ward, where everybody knows me, and where in consequence I would be sure of the severest criticism.

"But I was in for it, and set about preparing myself for the ordeal. After I had thought out an address which I imagined had enough hurrah in it to make the boys hit the floor, I thought I'd try it on my wife.

"So I placed her in a good seat in the front row of our parlor furniture, struck my most statesmanlike attitude, and unlimbered my mouthpiece. Finally I reached one of the most impressive periods and came to a full stop a good deal out of breath.

"'Well, what are you waiting for?' calmly inquired the side partner of my joys.

"'That is where I pause to permit the tumultuous applause to get in its work,' I replied.

"'Oh, I thought you were afraid you had awakened the baby,' was her unsympathetic and disheartening response. Still, I noticed that when I poured that speech into the listening ear of West Oakland my wife was the first and only listener to appreciate and applaud when I paused at that critical point."

EVERY one who approaches us owes something of his character to our influence, and the effect does not stop there. Like a magnetic current, it passes on from one to another; and no power of computation can ever measure its strength or its extent.

THE successful man, as a rule, is the one who knows the trick of doing the right thing at the right time, and the trick is not one that comes from inspiration, but from trained habits and thought.

TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.

A "Cobweb" Party.

The rooms, halls and stairs of a wide house, all tangled in a web of strong twine, its guests struggling, twisting, tripping and weaving themselves together in their endeavors to unravel the meshes, while the host stood laughing at the sight: that was the "Cobweb."

It was startling to find those familiar rooms in such a haze of gray twine. The staircases were pitfalls; the dressing-rooms, traps. Every one warned every one else, and then went ignominiously down. Never had the maidens in the Whist Club been so demure; with thoughtful gaze they looked ever modestly downward. When all had worked their way to the hostess, they were told to draw lots from trays of numbered cards; one tray for women, another for the men. Each was given at the same time a little stick, on which to wind the string which fate had sent. The men's strings started at the hall table, the women's at the rug by the library door.

There were cards at their beginning, like those which had been drawn. After one had found the right twine, one was to wind it up, following whithersoever it led. But to begin: The library door was an impassable web, one string after a turn or two about a sofa, passed directly through that doorway, and was caught on a far-away corner of the rug. The only thing its owner could do was to throw the stick in too, and then dizzily to convolve to it through an adjoining room; the noisy, struggling crowd was left behind, and a most perilous voyage was accomplished all alone, after shoes, shoulders, hair, hands, sash, had been snared in turn.

Then groups of two or three began to find themselves "knotted up," and the oddest things came about. "Excuse me, Miss Eigh, but this string—" as a grave gentleman passed his arm about somebody's waist.

"Pardon me," Mr. Bea," and a soft hand loosened the cord threatening to strangle Mr. B.

Four times did a certain string lead back across a great parlor to one same rocking-chair. That string deserved a prize, and got it. The grandest web was swung between the baluster rails. There the unfortunate men who had drawn those threads which composed it, let themselves down, and climbed up again till its last mesh was gone. Incredibly soon the balls were all wound. There was no need for hurry. There was no prize for the first one through, but one could not help hastening through that combination.

Many strings led to prizes; dainty trifles, painted by the artist daughter of the house. The others had spiders at their ends, made of larch cones and wire.

HOW TO GIVE A "CALICO" PARTY.

A big barn makes the best setting for a "Calico" party, sheaves of grain and pyramids of pumpkins decking the floor, stalks of corn hanging from the rafters and weired Jack o'lanterns grinning in dark corners.

Cut and fold the calico the size of note paper, and have the invitations printed on the face of the sheet. Fashion the envelopes of the same calico stiffened. Calico may include lawns, ginghams, sateens and curtain calico, and the bizarre air of the costumes lifts the party out of the ordinary.

THE "OBSERVATION" PARTY.

A sixth sense would be a boon to a man at an "Observation" party, when he finds his five senses "steeped in forgetfulness." There are blanks on his card for ten articles he is given ten seconds to see; for the ten instruments in the kinder symphony he hears but does not see; for the five spices making up the brownish powder he is given to taste; for the contents for the five bottles uncorked for him to smell, and for the five articles passed, when he is blindfolded again, for him to feel.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

DROOPING AUTUMN AND COMING SPRING.

There is a lesson in the foliage, too; in that a leaf fades and falls only to make room for another next spring. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserved forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold-leaf will have more gold-leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come; they only make room for other life. So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these autumnal leaves because other leaves are to follow them next spring. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling and sewing, let us cheerfully give for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling and sewing. God grant their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy Spring. Old men must be patient with boys. As you grow older, you must be prepared to have your place filled with a younger head, a younger mind, and more alert eye. Dr. Guthrie once stood up in Scotland and said: "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore year of age they never got old. They were always at the eastern gate of life.

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