The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1892. VOL. XXX—NO. 43

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.
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.

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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.
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Established 1876.

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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.

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LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, 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.

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OF ALL KINDS.
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6x6, 4x6, 4x4, 3x4, 2x4, 3x5, 2x6, 2x8, 2½x8, 2½x10, 12 to 32 ft.
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FLORIDA CYPRESS 6x18 SHINGLES.
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WHITE PINE,
ALL KINDS AND SIZES.
TENNESSEE YELLOW POPLAR,
6x6, 5x5, 8-4, 6-4, 5-4 and 4-4.
HOUSE FINISHINGS—Growing more popular daily.
White Ash, Oak, Cherry and Walnut STAIR WORK.
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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
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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.

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COME AND SEE THE NEW
CHAMPION MACHINE!
Before you buy, I will give you just what you want for Harvest. The Champion only eight cogs on the Binder and two on the six-foot-cut Mower. Repairs on hand for the old Champion.
Plow Castings
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Road Wagons, Carts, Farm Wagons
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AT LOW PRICES.
Yours truly,
J. C. WALTERS,
a16-y. Cross St., Chestertown, Md.

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70,000 PEACH TREES
for the present Fall and Spring of 1892.
These trees are all grown from the natural wild peach seed and on soil upon which peach trees have never been grown. The buds were taken from healthy bearing trees. Any one intending to purchase trees is invited to visit and inspect our nursery and orchards. For further information see following references:
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P. O. Pomona, Md.
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Samuel Mann, C. W. Jones.
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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
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Green House Restaurant
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The Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city. [n5-y.

A Most Delicious
LUNCH AND TEA BISCUIT.
Add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonsful of Baking Powder to one quart of "LEA'S BEST FLOUR," sift, and run into it two ounces of butter or lard, add three gills of milk, handle as lightly as possible. Roll out, cut into biscuits and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.
MRS. RORER.
LEA'S
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Makes the Weak Strong
The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.
Fagged Out
"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.
"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.
N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having
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
THE TRANSCRIPT,
SUBSCRIPTION $1.

Sheep Dip or Thymo-Cresol,
Known also as "THE COLD WATER DIP," is a very highly concentrated fluid preparation, absolutely non-poisonous, and which mixes instantly and thoroughly with water of any temperature, forming a milky liquid, which, for cheapness, convenience, safety and efficiency, is unrivaled as a Sheep-Dip, Cattle-Wash, Insecticide, Disinfectant, etc. One or two applications in a year to Sheep not only keep them in health, but also increase the growth and improve the quality of the fleece to a surprising degree.
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For all Skin troubles, and for ridding all kinds of Live Stock from parasites, it has no equal. It is also wonderfully effective in many infectious and contagious diseases, such as
PLEURO-PNEUMONIA, SWINE PLAGUE, CHICKEN-CHOLERA,
In such cases it is administered internally as well as externally. It is used and recommended by the leading Veterinarians in both hemispheres. Its uses upon a Farm are innumerable. Hon. John E. Russell, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, writes, under date of October, 1886, "Your DIP is not only excellent for Sheep, Dogs, Fowls, etc., but it is the best possible dressing for diseased hoofs of horses. I have used it for thrush, bruises of the sole, and wounds, with great effect. It is also an excellent stimulant for the coronet, to increase the growth of the hoof, in cases of contraction and slow growth. If I did not keep Sheep, I should have it on hand for stable use."
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Nov. 5 1891—y. Chestertown, Maryland

What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.
Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.
Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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Is pleased to inform his many friends and patrons that we are prepared to exhibit the Largest and most Complete line of Clothing, including All the Latest Styles and Novelties for MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.
LOWEST PRICES.
Our TAILORING DEPARTMENT is stocked with the Choicest Foreign and Domestic MATERIALS, and we GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT AND ENTIRE SATISFACTION. All goods are our own make, and we are widely-known as the Manufacturers of the Best Baltimore Made Clothing. Hoping you will favor me with a call.
FRANK A. ROCHESTER,
—WITH—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.
LEADING ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,
Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes bid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note.
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead.
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word.

—*Conference Chronicle.*

Letter M on the Dollar.

There is a popular idea prevalent, that the minute letter "M" to be seen at the base of Liberty on the face of the present issue of silver dollars stands for "Mint," and is an evidence of the genuineness of the coin bearing it. This is a mistake, says the Philadelphia *Record*. The "M" stands for Morgan, George T. Morgan, who is the originator of the design. Upon the same side there is another "M" also the initial of the designer. This is to be found in the waving locks of the fair goddess, and is so cleverly concealed in the lines of the design that it can only be seen after a long scrutiny. A prominent mint official, in speaking of this other initial, said he had had it shown to him scores of times, but could never find it unassisted.

ARE not short cuts in business often haardous to honesty?

THE BABY, WHAT IS IT?

A Prize String of Pretty Definitions.

London *Tit-Bits* has just awarded a two-guinea prize for "The Best Definition of a Baby." The prize was won by Miss Nellie Braidwood, of Girvan, Eng., who sent in this answer:

A tiny feather from the wing of love, dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

The magic spell by which the gods transform a house into a home.

A miniature atlas that bears the whole world of wedded joys and cares on its little shoulders.

Father's rival in mother's love.

A stranger with unspeakable cheek, that enters a home without a stitch to his back, and is received with open arms by everyone.

The sapling of the tree from which will be built the bulwarks of our nation's future greatness.

A bursting bud on the tree of life.

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

A bold asserter of the rights of free speech.

The best developer of the most beautiful part of a woman's nature, "unselfishness."

A tiny useless mortal, but without which the world would soon be at a standstill.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none.

An invention for keeping people awake at night.

The unconscious mediator between father and mother, and the focus of their hearts.

A daylight charmer, and a midnight alarmer.

A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

A wise little specimen of humanity, whose winsome smile makes a good man think of the angels.

A curious bud of uncertain blossom.

A thing we are expected to kiss, and look as if we enjoyed it.

The one thing needful to make a home happy.

There is only one perfect specimen of a baby in existence, and every mother is the happy possessor of it.

The smartest little craft afloat in home's delightful bay.

A crying evil you only aggravate by putting down.

A baby is a tiny drop in the vast ocean of human life, capable of immense possibilities and surrounded by great mysteries.

A little stranger, with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

The most extensive employer of female labor.

A padlock on the chain of love.

A soft bundle of love and trouble which we cannot no without.

It's a sweet and tiny treasure,
A torment and a tease.
It's an autocrat, an anarchist,
Two awful things to please,
It's a rest and peace disturber,
With little laughing ways,
It's a wailing human night alarm,
And terror of your days.

A necessity—in order to keep up the supply of TRANSCRIPT readers of the future.

The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to give wings to.

That which increases the mother's toil, decreases the father's cash, and serves as an alarm clock to the neighbors.

A pleasure to two, a nuisance to every other body and a necessity to the world.

An inhabitant of Lapland.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

The Prince of Wailes.

Who Is Queen Victoria?

Victoria the First is niece of William the Fourth, who was the brother of George the Fourth, who was the son of George the Third, who was grandson of George the Second, who was the son of George the First, who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William the Third, who was son-in-law of James the Second, who was brother of Charles the Second, who was son of Charles the First, who was the son of James the First, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Eighth, who was the son of Henry the Seventh, who was the cousin of Richard the Third, who was the uncle of Edward the Fifth, who was the son of Edward the Fourth, who was the cousin of Henry the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Fifth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was the counsin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Edward the First, who was the son of Henry the Third, who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard the First, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry the First, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror, who was the son of—?

Reed's Definition of Fame.

Another story about Mr. Reed was current yesterday. A few days ago he defined a statesman to be a successful politician—who is dead. Yesterday a Boston man telegraphed him this terse inquiry:

"Why don't you die?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Reed. "Fame is the last infirmity of noble minds."

Three miles an hour is about the average of the gulf stream, though at certain places it attains a speed of fifty-four miles.

VANCE TELLS A GOOD STORY.

An Old Colored Man's Idea of Election and Salvation.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, unquestionably the champion story-teller of the Senate, writes a New York *Tribune* correspondent has a broad stripe of Calvanism down his back, though he is not a communicant in the church. It is told of him that riding along in Buncombe county one day he overtook a venerable darkey, with whom he thought to have a "little fun."

"Uncle," said the Governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sir, not edzactly—I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—now, ain't you?"

No, sah, I ain't no Baptist, do most of the brederen and sisters about here has been under de water."

"Methodist, then?"

"No, sah I ain't no Mefodis, nudder."

"Campbelite?"

"No, sah, I can't errogate to myself de Camelite way of thinking."

"Well, what in the name of goodness are you then?" rejoined the Governor, remembering the narrow range in choice in religion among North Carolina negroes.

"Well, de fac is, sah, my old marster was a Hurruld of the Cross in the Presbyterian Church, and I was fotch up in dat faith."

"What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my church."

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again:

"And do you believe in all of the Presbyterian creed?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?

"I dunno dat I recognize the name, sah?"

"Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and that if he is elected to be damned he will be damned?"

"Oh, yes, boss, I believe dat. It's gospel talk, dat is."

"Well, now, take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

"Come, now, answer my question," pressed the Governor. "What do you say?"

"Well—I tell you what 'tis, Marse Zeb: Ise been libin' in dis hyar world nigh on sixty years, and I neber yit hyard of any man bein' 'lected 'doubt he was a candidate."

Are Women Inconstant?

This never-ending question is answered in the negative by Junius Henry Browne in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*. The authors of the past seem to have thought that they could not make a tale in verse or prose romantic or interesting unless they should introduce inconstant heroines to their readers; and for this purpose they were ready to defame the whole sex, at least by implication. Woman is constant on instinct, on principle, by enlightened policy, by mere self-interest. Her inward prompting and outward advantage conspire to the same end. She is doubly guarded. Man is differently constituted. Principle alone must, as a rule, hold him steady; and comparatively few of his sex, it must be admitted, act on principle in this regard. Woman is monogamous; man, and in fact, male animals generally, are polygamous. Monogamy is but another name for constancy, as polygamy is for inconstancy.

Whatever man may assume, he does not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and entire conduct toward them demonstrate this. If such was his conviction, he would not marry; he would not jeopardize his honor, his peace of mind, his precious self-love. Marriage would in time cease to be custom; for marriage, society, civilization, depend absolutely on woman's fidelity to the matrimonial bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with reason, that some, perhaps many, women are disloyal; indeed, it is easy to ascertain the fact. But it always seems to surprise him; it is different from his expectation otherwise he would not raise such a clamor about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a constant and shallow pretext, more to-day than ever. Nature, society, science, law, men, all demand the exact contrary, and their demand is fully met.

Origin of the Names of the Days of the Week.

The names of the week are derived from mythology, Monday being moon day; Tuesday, Tyr's day—Tyr being the Norse god of war and courage, equivalent to the Latin Mars (the French name of Tuesday is *Mardi—i. e.*, Mar's day); Wednesday being Odin's day, or Woden's day—Odin (or Woden) being, in Norse mythology, the greatest of the gods; Thursday, Thor's day, Thor being the Norse god of stength and of thunder; Friday being Freyia's day—Freyia being the Norse goddess of love (it is by some students supposed to have been Frigga's day, Frigga being the chief Norse goddess); Saturday is Zater's day—*i. e.*, Saturn's day; Sunday—Sabbath, is derived from a Hebrew word meaning rest. How early the names became identified with the day we do not know.

A Beautiful Tribute.

"Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicon, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers."

They Flee from Soap.

A child detests soap, says *Once a Week*. How it would amuse a child to behold a number of matches rushing away from soap! Place some matches in a basin of water in the shape of a star. Take a piece of soap, cut it to a point, insert it in the water in the middle of the matches, and lo! they will fly from it in every direction as if in horror. If you wish to bring the matches together again, you treat them as you would children, with a lump of sugar. Dip the sugar in the water and little bits of wood will come swimming to it as though they yearned for a sip of its sweetness.

THE JEWS OF TOLEDO.

Descendents of the Tribe Who Voted Against the Crucifixion.

All around those ancient synagogues are the narrow streets inhabited by Israelites, says a letter from Toledo, Spain, to the New York *Observer*. Their history in Toledo has been a sad one. They lived there in great security and prosperity in the reign of the Moors, but when the Christians took the city their tribulations began. They were taxed at thirty pieces of silver per head—that being the wages of the traitor, Judas Iscariot. They only saved their synagogues by a curious affirmation. They declared that their ancestors had not consented to the death of Jesus Christ. When he was brought to the council over which Caiaphas presided the votes were taken by the tribes whether Christ should be released or put to death. One tribe voted for his acquittal, and from them the Jews of Toledo have descended. This Jewish claim, with a Latin translation of the Hebrew text, is preserved in the archives of the vatican. But their memorial did not save the Toledan Jews from persecution. In 1389 their market, which was near the cathedral, was suppressed; in 1454, at the instigation of San Vicente Ferrer and Santa Maria Blanca, their synagogue was taken from them; in 1490 the Christians, plotting the further oppression and robbery of the Jews, circulated a story that Juan Passamonte, a boy of Guardia, had been stolen, crucified, and his heart preserved as a charm against the inquisition. In 1478 every Jew who would not be baptized was put under the ban, and when the inquisition was established at Toledo 17,000 Jews became good catholics at a stroke. In 1492 every unbaptized Jew was compelled by Ferdinand and Isabella to quit Spain, and more than 170,000 were cruelly expelled, choosing banishment and the loss of all things rather than to become false to their faith. Persecution by the government is ended in Spain, and Jews may worship when and as they choose.

The Man in the Iron Mask.

For two centuries the identity of "The Man in the Iron Mask" has baffled the researches of historians and given rise to many conjectures. At first confined in the prison of Pignerol and subsequently in the Bastile, the prisoner was allowed, under strict surveillance, to walk on the ramparts every day wearing a mask of black velvet fastened with steel springs. He was forbidden to speak to any one, was closely watched by St. Mars, the governor, who attended him at his meals and his toilet and removed his clothing, sometimes destroying it lest he should in some way have marked it so as to reveal something. After his death everything belonging to him was burned. The strictness with which he was guarded was the cause of the many speculations concerning him. By some it was alleged that he was the son of Anne of Austria, by the Duke of Buckingham; by others that he was a twin brother of Louis XIV, but a few hours after him, and thus disposed of to avoid dispute about the succession. Plays and poems have been written about him, and the elder Dumas built up a whole romance on the subject. Finally, if later reports from France are confirmed, the truth has been brought to light and all the old theories concerning this mysterious person blown to the four winds. The whole story seems to resolve itself into an evidence of bitter enmity against one of his generals by Louis XIV. The true story of "The Man in the Iron Mask" is said to have been discovered by Captain Bazeries, of the French army, stationed at Nantes, who has been able to decipher the secret dispatches that passed between Louis XIV and the Duke of Louvois. From these dispatches it now seems that the prisoner was General de Bulonde, who had offended the King by raising the seige of Coria in Piedmont, in violation of orders and without necessity, thus endangering the success of the campaign in the war then waging. The discovery of his identity is said to be absolutely perfect, but no explanation is given of the remarkable vindictiveness with which he was pursued. It is said that Captain Bazeres' translation of the dispatches will probably be published by the French war department.

One Better Every Time.

Last week Charlie's mother sent him to spend the day with his little cousin Ralph who lives in a Harlem apartment house.

"I've got a goat," were Charlie's first words to Ralph.

"I've got twenty," responded Ralph with more readiness than truth, but determined not to be outdone.

"I've seen Anthony's nose," said Charlie, with a polite little attempt to change the conversation.

"I've seen Anthony himself," said Ralph, who felt that the greater honor must be to the one who had seen the whole of Anthony, whever he might be, and not merely his nose.

Just here mamma felt it necessary to point a moral and said: "Ralph, did you ever hear of Ananias and Sapphira?"

"Yes'm. I knew 'em."

"Do you know they were struck dead for telling a lie?"

"Yes'm. I saw 'em struck."

"Do you know where they went after they were dead?" said his now thoroughly shocked mamma.

"Yes'm. I saw em go."

"The Blood is the Life,"

Runs the old saying, and everything that ever makes part of any organ of the body must reach its place therein through the blood. Therefore, if the blood is purified and kept in good condition by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, it necessarily follows that the benefit of the medicine is imparted to every organ of the body. Can anything be simpler than the method by which this excellent medicine gives good health to all who will try it fairly and patiently?

Absurd.

"Called you a freckled idiot? How absurd! Why, you are not freckled!"—*London Fun.*

CHIMNEYS are scarce in the City of Mexico. There are not ten dwelling houses that have them. Charcoal is the only fuel used for cooking and heating.

NO OTHER preparation combines the positive economy, the peculiar merit and medicinal power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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