The Chestertown Transcript.

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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.

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.

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—DEALER IN—
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OFFICE AND STORE-ROOM UNDER THE "VOSHELL HOUSE,"
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SYRACUSE PLOWS & CASTINGS,
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CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, CARTS, ROAD WAGONS and SPRING WAGONS.
I am prepared to furnish the farmers with any implement they want at short notice. My aim will be to sell only such implements as I can recommend, and of the best material to be had. I have taken great pain and trouble to inquire into the merits of the above articles.
GRAIN BOUGHT, by either Railroad or Water, for strictly responsible parties.
I hope to secure a portion of your patronage by fair dealing and attention to business.
m24-tf. E. T. COMEGYS.

JOHN W. BORDLEY,
—WITH—
New York Clothing House
& 104 E. Baltimore St., Balto., Md.
HING connected myself as salesman with s, one of the largest and most reliable g houses of the South, I would be glad o ur Immense
tment of Men's and Boys' Suits
any friends of Kent. Assortment, Cheapness are our principal attractions.
BORDLEY.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
10, 12 & 15-DOLLAR SUITS,
Latest Styles,
Latest Makes,
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—ALL—
Our Own Manufacture
WORKMANSHIP, FIT AND WEAR GUARANTEED.
CHILDREN'S SUITS $5,
ALL WOOL (GUARANTEED).
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MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST BALTIMORE-MADE CLOTHING,
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BECK & WALKER,
FERTILIZER MANUFACTURERS.
HAVING BOUGHT THE FACTORY LATELY OWNED BY MR. W. H. CACY, WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER TO THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES,
Fertilizers of All Kinds
WE WOULD CALL ATTENTION TO OUR SPECIAL BRANDS FOR THE SPRING CROP OF 1892:
CORN, OATS,
Asparagus, Potatoes, Tomatoes
AND GENERAL TRUCK.
We are confident that a fair trial of these goods will give satisfactory results, as they are prepared under the personal supervison of MR. P. B. HOLLIS, who is well-known in this community as an experienced agricultural chemist.
BUSINESS OFFICE in the *Kent News* building, where we shall be pleased to see our friends and the public.
Chestertown, March 24, 1892.

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.

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"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.

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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 CHARLES S. SMITH'S promptly attended to.
WILLIAM S. CULP,
March 19, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR
Watches, Clocks,
JEWELRY, ETC.
Watch and Clock Repairing
A SPECIALTY.
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
WEDDING PRESENTS
on hand or ordered at short notice.
C. M. LUCAS,
Next door to T. W. Eliason, Jr., High street.

ALWAYS GOOD COLOR.
LEA'S
FLOUR!
Always Good Strength.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One dollar

NOT AS I WILL.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen, and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill—
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still—
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!"—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will!"—the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as I will."

FROM SUNNY FLORIDA.

Its Bird-Life and Other Interesting Notes from the Pen of Dr. A. P. Sharp.

MAITLAND, FLORIDA, March 30.

EDS. TRANSCRIPT:—In my last I wrote of some of the peculiarities of Florida, and a few other notes may interest some of your readers. In passing through the pines along the numerous railroads that are found in this State, one is curious to know something of the thick piles of white sand, thousands of which are seen on an acre. Enquiring of the conductor what they were, he said they were made by a salamander, a kind of land-terrapin. A young Florida cracker, 10 or 12 years old, getting in the car, I asked him if he had ever seen the terraplus that made those piles of sand. Smiling, he said it was not a terrapin but a Florida rat that brought the sand out in his mouth and spurt it out on the hill, and he had seen them. This upset the story of the conductor. The thousands of hills in sight excited the query, if these animals are like the mole (carniverous), how do they manage to find worms or animal food enough to live, in this fine white sand? To determine the question, after considerable effort I secured one, and for some days was amused with my pet in finding out his food, habits, etc. Having been informed that they were very destructive to young orange trees by gnawing and eating the young roots, the carniverous idea of his nature was upset, which was confirmed the first day of his captivity, for he proved to be a first-class vegetable-eater by devouring quantities of sliced sweet and Irish potatoes, corn and oats, and turned his nose on fresh beef and worms. The eyes and ears are very small, with a neck about as thick as the body, which has a pouch on each side. The front leg and claws are enormously large for an animal of this size, and indicates great power in removing the earth. Without doubt he belongs to the class of animals, known in the North and West as gophers, and the orange-growers should be careful to keep them out of their groves, or they may do immense damage to the young trees. What they find in the pine woods to live upon besides the pine roots, is a mystery, for I saw no sign of any grass or vegetation except in some places where the palm seemed to thrive abundantly.

If my old friend, Rev. John Morris, of Baltimore, would do as I have done here, and watch the butcher bird so common here, he would abandon his teaching that a bird has no reasoning power, hence never changes his nature or brings in use anything new. The use of barbed wire fencing certainly belongs to our times, and the butcher bird has in a measure abandoned the old thorn and uses the barbs to hang his victims on, as I have seen in Florida, and is of common occurrence. Often between posts on the barbs can be seen young birds, small snakes, lizards, chameleons firmly fastened to the barbs, as well as large bugs, etc., and it seems to be done from pure wickedness, as they do not return for them. They often use the thorns of the orange to hang their game on, and those thorns are ugly customers, as all will find out if they attempt to get to a mocking bird's nest. I have been there. These birds are the most common birds I observed in Florida, and are quite tame compared to those that emigrate North. Although they have the bill of and are classed as carniverous birds, they are greedy eaters of berries, and will fight other birds after the same food. I have seen them eat heartily of mulberries and fight off any birds coming for this fruit. Although the butcher bird is a great fighter and keeps most birds afraid of him, the mocking bird stands his ground, and makes fight. The butcher bird seems to do his work with a powerful bill, having no talons like the usual bird-catchers. The robin, black bird, partridge and others of our summer birds, were quite common, and I expected to see our favorite blue martin, but none was seen until the 24th of March, and then only for a day or two. I suppose they were migrating North, usually reaching Rock Hall from the 8th to 10th of April. Parties who have been to Hayti and St. Domingo, tell me they are there in winter by the million. They are one of the first birds that leave us, usually from 20th to 30th of August, as I have observed for many years, while the little wren will often stay till real cold weather sets in.

In my previous letter I had something to say about the numerous lakes of sweet water that are seen over much of Florida, and around Maitland are very common. Having investigated a number of them with the view of an explanation as to their formation, I feel justified in speculating or giving a theory of how they are formed. From what I could learn of well-diggers, and what can be seen in the deep cuts through the sand, it is evident that the deep deposits of white sand rests on the miocene formation (the fill of the old ocean), such as we have on the Eastern Shore, and to give your readers some idea of Florida, will say if our Peninsula could be by some sudden action covered from Cecil county to Cape Charles with a deposit of white sand to an unknown depth, it would represent Florida, such as I found for hundreds of miles in this State. Hence, as poor as it is possible for land to be, and when the pine is removed, what little soil (carbonaceous matter) it contains is quickly burnt out by the hot sun, especially when cultivated, as is done in the orange groves, leaving the pure white sand in full possession. This sand being extremely porous, the heaviest rains failing to make even a small basin on the surface, much less forming a current, owing to the rapid sinking of the water. The water sinking until it strikes the miocene clay (not coral), the water naturally seeks its level, and finding these depressions or bottom of the lakes, flows into them, and having no outlet remains there, as it does in our wells. A number of wells examined indicated that the water in them was about on the level of the water in the lakes, and as they sink by evaporation, the wells naturally follow suit and also rise with them during a rainy spell. The well of water used at the cottage we occupied lost at least a foot of water in the month we used it, which corresponded with the loss of water in the lake some two or three hundred yards off. That these lakes are gradually losing their water admits of no doubt, confirmed by several old residents who pointed out the level of them fifteen or twenty years ago. Passing a ridge between two lakes on which stands a neat cottage and outbuildings, some eight or ten feet above the present level, the driver told me he remembered when the two lakes were connected over the ridge where the cottage stands. The old level of water was pointed out at a number of points. The cause of this can be easily surmised; as the land was cleared, exposing the sand to the hot sun, the evaporation must be much greater, hence, the old supply from the shaded land was in a measure cut off, and the result a gradual fall of water. This may be speculative, but I give it for what it is worth.

The successful orange-grower is depending upon these lakes for a supply of water for watering his trees, and during the dry season keeps a steam-engine going pumping water through iron pipes laid through the grove, which, along with a heavy dressing of fertilizer, they are enabled to grow oranges. I saw a number of groves where this artificial application was neglected, not a sign of oranges could be seen, and in many cases the grove abandoned and a comparatively new houses rotted down. Having no stone or clay to make bricks, most of the houses are built on a wooden foundation, and owing to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere this foundation soon rots down. Dry in day time and wet after sun down. Often the weather was oppressively hot in day time, but the moment the sun disappeared, almost instantly a change was felt, proven by the drop of the thermometer, and for comfort it was necessary to make a fire. These sudden changes are hard on those suffering with weak lungs, and I heard more coughing the past winter than I have around Rock Hall in twenty years, notwithstanding the exposure of the residents in fishing and oystering. Another peculiarity that one cannot fail to observe. Almost the moment the sun drops below the horizon, darkness reigns supreme, as they have no twilight. I have been reading plainly when suddenly, as if by magic, all light disappeared, and soon one is reminded of the comforts of the fire-place with a few sticks of the rich pine, which a single match will start a good fire in a moment, and really the making of fires was a pleasure rather than work. Occupying a cottage and having had all such work to do, I speak from experience.

In passing through the woods and around the lakes, you not only see the humble home of some former occupant abandoned to the destructive force of wind and damp air and water, giving a sad thought of one who had no doubt spent several years of hard work and his little pile, and left for parts unknown, but you pass elegant houses fitted up in fine style with all necessary outbuildings, costing thousands of dollars, with a famished orange grove around them. Even near this village I have seen three elegant residences beautifully located on lakes overlooking the calm, clear water below, with orange, lemon and other fruit groves started surrounding them, all abandoned by the owners who can neither sell or rent. One owned by a young Englishman, excited a degree of sadness when I passed through the house, although the house, only eight of ten years old, for the want of paint, etc., looked like an old building. In passing through his parlor, the owner's desk, bed, writing material, library, etc., remained as it was left months ago, and from the collection of literature, being choice reading matter, the owner (a bachelor) was evidently a refined, cultivated young man, but had no doubt been like many others, disappointed in the result of the speculation. This place, like many others, is located on a high knoll overlooking a beautiful lake, and is for sale. The Tangarines and Mangarines were just ripe and in full bearing, and to say they were luscious does not express their quality.

The lakes, many of which have no vissible outlet, have abundant fish in them and afford good fishing. The bait for catching the minnows for the large fish is secured from the top of the lily growing in the water. In the stem below the leaf a worm of a brown color several inches long is found in the centre of the stem, and the minnows are greedy for it as the bass, pike and trout are for the minnow. Many of the lakes have alligators in them, but so many of their eggs are taken and sold to travelors, as well as the young, they have disappeared from many lakes, at least they are seldom seen, and I reget not seeing one in his natural element, although I often looked for them where others had seen them. They sometimes come ashore and take a sound sleep, also pass over the land from lake to lake, and when en route it is well to keep at a distance.

With all the pretty things said on paper about the lovely orange groves and the glorious climate, I would not advise any one, even with a barrel full, to invest in an orange grove. It would clean him up as quick as the land-sharks of Wall street. It will take an extra barrel to keep it running. A. P. S.

THE number of cases of canned corn and tomatoes packed in the United States in 1891, is estimated as fallows: Corn, 2,799,453; tomatoes, 3,405,365. The value of the canned goods exported in 1891 is estimated as follows: Salmon, $2,096,957; other fish, $139,392; beef, $9,068,906; fruits, $703,880; vegetables, $286,321; total, $12,295,456.

CHESTNUT culture is recommended in Pennsylvania.

REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life. —*Goethe.*

"THE NEW BOY."

BY M. QUAD.

He made his appearance at one of the Union schools the other morning, and arrivivd ahead of time, he prevented any feeling of loneliness from seizing him by licking three boys and riding the gate off its hinges. He went in with the crowd when the bell rang, and finding no empty seat, he perched himself on the wood-box. When the children repeated the "Lord's Prayer," in concert the new boy "kept time" with his heel, and when they came to sing he argued that variety was the spice of song, and attemped to sing one of his own—one about a gentleman named Daniel Tucker, who dreamed that he was dead, etc. The teacher warned him to keep still, and he replied that he would not come to that school if his musical qualifications were to be overlooked.—When school finally opened the teacher secured his name and began asking him questions in order to find out how he should be graded.

"Can you spell?" she asked.

"What kind of spelling?" he cautiously replied.

"Spell 'house,' if you please."

"Frame or brick house?" he asked.

"Any kind of a house."

"With mortgage on it?"

"You may spell 'man' if you will," she said, giving a severe look.

"Man?"

"Yes?"

"I don't care much about spelling 'man' this morning, but I will this afternoon. I've spelled it with my eyes shut."

"Do you know your alphabet?" She asked, changing the subject.

"Never had any!" was the prompt reply.

"Do you know anything about reading?"

"I read like lightning!" he answered. She handed him a reader and said:

"Let me hear you read."

"Read right out loud?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid it would disturb the children!" he whispered.

"Go on and let me hear you read."

He looked carefully at the page, scowled his brow, and read:

"If I was a lame boy and didn't get any peanuts in my stockings Christmas, dum my eyes! but I'd make the things jump around that house the next morning!"

He handed the book back and the teacher asked:

"Richard, how many are three and three?"

"Three and three what?"

"Anything."

"It's a good deal according to what it is," he replid, as he settled back. "I know that three and three cats don't make a dog!"

"Did you ever study geography, Richard?"

"Yes, mam."

"What is geography?"

"It's a book!"

"Is this world round or flat?"

"Hills and hollers!" he replied.

"Richard, can you write?"

"Write what?"

"Can you write your name?"

"I could, I suppose; but I've got my name without writing it."

"Can you write a letter?"

"Who to?"

"To any one."

"Yes, I could, if I had money to pay the postage."

"Well, Richard," she said in despair, "you'll have to go into the lower room if you want to come to this school."

"I'd ruther stay here."

"But you can't."

"I'll bet you this knife agin ten cents I can."

She took him by the arm to remove him, but he laid his hand on her shoulder and said in a warning voice:

"Don't get me mad, now, or I'll let myself loose."

She called the principal down, and as he approached the boy he commanded:

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Gitting educashun," replied Richard.

"You go right down stairs now?" continued the principal.

"Wall, don't sass me, for I was never here before!" replied Richard, slowly moving his legs as if he meant to get down.

The principal took him by the collar and jerked him around, got kicked on the shin and bitten on the wrist, and finally landed the young student on the walk.

"Now you go home!" he shouted as he tried to accover his breath.

"Am I educated?" inquired Richard.

"You seem to be."

"Gim me diplony, then."

"You clear out or I'll have you arrested."

"Hain't I a scholar in this school no more?"

"No, sir."

"Who owns this school-house?" demanded the boy.

"No matter—you clear out."

"Will you come out in the yard here where you can't hang to anything?" asked the boy.

"Begone, I say!"

"Don't draw any dearinger on me?" warned the boy as he backed off, "nor don't think you can scare me with any of your bowie-knives!"

The principal walked in and shut the door, and after the new boy had stood there long enough to show that he wasn't afraid, he turned and walked off, growling to himself:

"I'll get the foreman of No. 6 to pound that feller afore he's a week older."

REPORTS from the south and southwest are to the effect that there is a decided shrinkage in the area devoted to strawberries. Wood-ashes afford an excellent fertilizer for the fruit and garden crops.

MR. WILLIAM FALCONER, who is a successful grower of mushrooms, tells in the *Meehan's Monthly* that the best temperature in the mushroom-house is between 50 and 60 degrees, the nearer 56 the better.

LAW OF PROMISSORY NOTES.

The Five Essential Legal Elements in Negotiable Paper.

There are five essential elements to the legal validity of a negotiable draft, note or check:

1. It must be payable in money; that is, gold, silver or greenbacks, possibly also in United States currency, not in any kind of merchandise. Thus a note "payable in 100 calves" has been decided to be invalid.

2. It must be payable without any contingency or uncertainty. A note promising to pay "$1000 out of the proceeds of ore to be raised or sold from any mine" is invalid. But a particular fund may be designated, as "I promise to pay out of the estate of B., deceased.

3. "It must be payable at a certain specified time—a time certain to arrive. A note payable to A. B. "when he is 21 years of age" is not good, for he may not live to be twenty-one, and so the time is not certain to arrive.

But a note payable "on demand" is held to be good, for demand is in the nature of things certain to be made at some time. The owner of such a note would possess common sense if he never demanded payment.

4. It must be payable to the order of a certain party therein named, or else payable to bearer. Otherwise it is not negotiable, although as a simple written contract it is good as between the maker and the person to whom it is payable. But it is not capable of indorsement unless the words "order" or "bearer" appear.

5. The amount payable must be specified and certain. A note for $100 "with interest" is good, because the interest can be calculated and thus certainly ascertained, but a note reading "pay $100 or $200 is not good.—*The Chatauquan.*

A Sermon Without a Text.

Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says.

Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built in fools' heads. In any business, never wade into water you cannot see the bottom.

Put no dependence on the label of a bag, and count money after your own ken.

See the sack open before you buy what is in it, for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.

Beware of everyone who swears; he who would blaspheme his Maker would make no bones of lying or stealing.

Beware of no man more than yourself; we carry our worst enemies with us.

When a new opinion or doctrine comes up before you, do not bite till you know whether it is bread or a stone; and do not be sure that the ginger bread is good because of the gilt upon it.

Never shout hello till you are quite out of the woods; and don't cry fresh fish till they are caught in the net.

Be shy of people who are over polite, and don't be too fast with those who are forward and rough.

When you suspect a design in anything, be on your guard; set the trap as soon as you smell a rat, but mind you don't catch your own fingers in it.

Women at the Polls.

The following are new departures in school elections in the cities of Illinois

Of 800 votes cast at Monmouth 500 were cast by women.

At Watseka 200 women voted and elected their ticket.

Women swept everything before them at Champaign.

At Pittsfield, Illiopolis, La Salle and Cerro Gordo the women elected their tickets.

At Aurora 1000 women voted.

One-half the vote at Pontiac was cast by women.

At Clinton two-fifths of the large vote was polled by women. Nearly 100 marched in one procession to the polling booth, led by the venerable Mrs. E. A. Argo.

At Jacksonville women polled over 400 out of a total of 1000 votes.

Beautiful Gems.

"Kind words are like oil, but harsh words are like sand. The one oils the machinery of life and makes it run smoothly; while the other causes friction."

"There is a great song forever singing, and we're all parts and notes of it, if we will just let Him put us in tune."—*Mrs. Whitney.*

"In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers; and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks."—*Holland.*

"No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musing and silent prayer."—*Farrar.*

Rules About Books.

Three Nevers.

1. Never hold a book by a corner of the cover.

2. Never leave a book lying open face downward on a desk or chair.

3. Never touch a book with soiled hands.

Three Always.

1. Always handle a book with loving care. Open it gently and turn the leaves one by one.

2. Always close a book when you have done with it, leaving a book-mark at the page you wish to find again.

3. Always take extra care of a borrowed book.—*Harper's Young People.*

He Laughed But Once.

"I suppose you haven't forgotten that it is leap year," he said, as he took a seat beside her, "and so I must be careful not to lead the conversation in a dangerous direction," and he laughed.

"I had quite forgotten it," she said with a yawn. "What's the use of remembering it when you never meet a man who is worth proposing to?"

This time he didn't laugh.—*New York Press.*

S. S. Chrissey, secretary of the Chautauqua county (N. Y.) Horticultural Society says: "I think Catawba the best grape for winter keeping. Probably Diana comes next."

THE TRIUMPH WAS HERS.

When She Had Made Herself Beautiful the Firemen Carried Her Down the Ladder.

She looked very bewitching, standing there before the mirror, in her ball-dress of soft white clinging stuff. A lovely woman was she, and the stoniest of cynics could not blame her for smiling in admiration of her own beauty reflected back to her in the polished glass. As she lingered thus there was a sudden movement of feet in the hall below. She listened.

"Charley mustn't get impatient," she murmured. "I shall not be ready any sooner."

With a puff in hand she was enhancing by a deft touch here and there the alabaster whiteness of the glorious complexion. A knock sounded at the door.

"In a minute," she sweetly observed. "Tell Charlie I'll be ready in just a minute."

She was playing the puff with the most engaging deliberation. The knock was repeated louder than before.

"Run for your life!" roared a rough voice through the keyhole, "the house is on fire!"

She was looking archly over her shoulders to gain a side view of her queenly figure.

"In a minute," she softly replied.

One of the golden tresses had escaped from the restraining pins, and hung mockingly beside the shell-like ear.

"Dear me," she exclaimed petulantly, "it does seem as if something must be wrong all the time."

In readjusting her coiffure she dislodged some of the powder from her glorious cheek.

"Plague take it! I shan't——"

"Fire! Fire!" rang the distracted shouts through the whole house.

"In a minute, I say. I do wish they would be a little more patient."

Presently the damask of the fair countenance was restored.

"Break down the door!"

It seemed as if many noisy men were gathering at the very threshold of her boudoir.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she called in dulcet tones—tones that nature makes sweetest and places in the throat of women.

"The fire is right under you."

"I'm coming directly."

With a last smiling glance at the counterfeit of her beautiful self, she carelessly threw a cloak about her snowy shoulders and opened the door.

"I am ready."

They were obliged, the stairway being burned, to carry her down a ladder, but the triumph was hers. Neither man nor the elements could make her hurry at her toilet.—*Detroit Tribune.*

LITERARY NOTES.

From Mines of Literary Wealth.

The *North American Review*, in its May number, furnishes, as usual, its rich contribution to the discussion of the leading topics of the day. The rounded and ample manner in which important matters are analyzed by men of distinction, whose opinions are authoritative and to whom the public eagerly listen, give peculiar weight to this influential publication. In the first article, "The Man, or the Party?" significant, entertaining, and instructive expressions of opinion are to be found from Senators Quay and Vest, and from Representatives Boutelle, Burrows, Wilson and Kilgore. The demand for strong and upright party leadership as well as for clear platforms of principle are set forth.

The fiction in the May number of *Harper's Magazine* will include short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Ruth McEnery Stuart and William McLennan, the continuation of W. D. Howell's "The World of Chance," and the opening chapters of Mary E. Wilkin's first novel, "Jane Field."

A prominent literary feature of *Harper's Magazine* for May will be an article on Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Mrs. Ritchie will relate several interesting personal reminiscences not hitherto published, and portraits will be given of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and of their friend Mr. Milsand, together with a picture of Mrs. Browning's tomb at Florence, and also facsimiles of the handwriting of the two poets.

By Funny Fellows.

Economy's the road to wealth;
But what we'd like to have revealed
Is some sly path where we by stealth
Can quickly cut across the field.—*Puck.*

Street Car Conductor—"How old are you, my little girl?"

Little Girl—"If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare, and to keep my own statistics."—*Puck.*

"Oh, mamma," said Willis when he saw the crescent moon, "the man in the moon has turned it into a hammock."—*Harper's Young People.*

He—"Did you have a good time on your camping party last summer?"

She—"I should say so. We had seven girls and seven men, and when we came home there were forty-nine engagements in the party."—*Life.*

"The doctor grabs the sick man's gold
And adds it to his pelf:
'Tis thus he heeds the warning old;
'Physician, heel thyself.'"

WILKINS and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little outdoor exercise. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver trouble and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health. Watkins was poor. "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home in his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president, rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequaled remedy.

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