The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1892. VOL. XXX—NO. 51

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.

D. B. STEWART COMPANY,
INCORPORATED SEPT. 25, 1890.
(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)

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

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
118 E. Pratt, Street, Near Light.

We solicit consignments, and by prompt attention, perseverence and energy, hope to merit a liberal share of the future shipments of our friends and the public.
Reference, by permission, Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. R. NYCE & CO.,
—:PRODUCE:—
Commission Merchants,
123 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
SPECIALTIES:
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Green and Dried Fruits.

REFERENCES.—Third National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; National Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.; Commercial Agencies.
Correspondence Solicited. a9-6m.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
SUCCESSORS TO Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

E. T. COMEGYS,
—DEALER IN—
GRAIN,
—AND—
Agricultural Implements,
OFFICE AND STORE-ROOM UNDER THE "VOSHELL HOUSE,"
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Agent for the
SYRACUSE PLOWS & CASTINGS,
The Celebrated CHAMPION WAGONS,
BUCKEYE BINDERS AND MOWERS,
The T. T. Haydock Carriage Co.'s
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
102 & 104 E. Baltimore St., Balto., Md.

HAVING connected myself as salesman with the above, 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.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
10, 12 & 15-DOLLAR SUITS,
Latest Styles,
Latest Makes,
Newest Shades,
Newest Materials.
—ALL—
Our Own Manufacture
WORKMANSHIP, FIT AND WEAR GUARANTEED.
CHILDREN'S SUITS $5,
ALL WOOL (GUARANTEED).
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST BALTIMORE-MADE CLOTHING,
Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles.

S. BECK. W. S. WALKER.
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.

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.

WM. S. CULP,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL and WOOD,
—ALSO—
LIME and BALED HAY.
COAL ALL SIZES.
WOOD SAWED and SPLIT for cooking and kindling, delivered at short notice.
Orders left at CHARLES S. SMITH'S promptly attended to.
WILLIAM S. CULP,
March 19, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

C. M. LUCAS,
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. Ellison, Jr., High street.

ALWAYS GOOD COLOR.

LEA'S
FLOUR!

Always Good Strength.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One dollar

VEGETABLE POETRY.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth;
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon our garden wall—
In South America were found.
The onion traveled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain,
Garlic from Sicily obtain.
Spinach in far Syria grows;
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er,
And southern Europe's sea coast shore
Beet root on us bestows.
When 'Lizabeth was reigning here
Peas came from Holland, and were dear.
The south of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt;
But turnips, carrots and sea kale,
With celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land;
And cabbage—a goodly tribe
Which abler pens might well describe—
Are also ours, I understand.
—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL.

A cubit is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A span is 10½ inches.
A palm is three inches.
A great cubit is 11 feet.
A league is three miles.
There are 2,750 languages.
Oats, 35 pounds per bushel.
Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.
Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.
A day's journey is 33⅓ miles.
Two persons die ever second.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A storm blows 36 miles per hour.
Coarse salt 85 pounds per bushel.
A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.
Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.
The average human life is 31 years.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
An acre contains 4,850 square yards.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.
A mile is 5,280 feet long, or 1,760 yards in length.
Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56 pounds per bushel.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.
Wheat, beans and cloverseed, 60 pounds per bushel.
The first use of a locomotive in this county was in 1829.
The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach in 1640.
The first steam engine on the continent was brought from England in 1753.
Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

An Unpleasant Experience.

"Occasionally," said a retired burglar, "a man tranfers to himself in a single night the accumulations of another man's lifetime, but these instances are very rare, and nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that burglary is a quick and easy road to wealth. The fact is that the great majority of burglars make but a scant living, and to make even that they must encounter many difficulties and dangers. The burglar's reward, whatever it may be, is never commensurate to the risks he takes.

"I have myself acquired some property, but if I had my life to live over again I should choose some other occupation than burglary. Indeed, when you come to consider the inconvenient hours and the general worry and uncertainty of that business, the wonder is that anybody should ever go into it; if a man is at all inclined to be sensitive he should certainly keep out of it.

"I remember a long time ago going late one night into a room in which there was one man sleeping. His clothes were on a chair near the head of the bed. I was bending over those clothes and about to take them out into the hall, when the man suddenly woke up.

"Without an instant's hesitation he threw his arms around me. I was young then and strong, but this man was four times as strong as I was. I think he could have crushed me if he had wanted to, and he put me out of the house with the greatest ease. But before he did that he carried me over to the bureau and turned up the light. As he looked at me my watch chain caught his eye, and do you know that that man took my watch an chain and kept them."

Traded His Wife for Farm Implements.

JACKSON, MICH., April 13.—A remarkable transaction has come to light in Sage township, northwest of this city, in another county. A farmer named Henry H. Hudson has disposed of his wife to a neighbor, Philip H. Chubb, the consideration being various farming interests and supplies. A document was drawn up setting forth the transaction. The exchange has just taken place, and Mrs. Hudson, who was, is now installed as mistress at the Chubb farm. The affair is causing no little amusement throughout the State. The document is given verbatim herewith. The spelling and wording are preserved throughout:

Agreement Betwixt P. H. Chubb of the first Part and henry M. hudson of the sexent Part he dose agree to sell Alice hudson, his Wife, to P. H. Chubb for these things what is named down below Marsh hay and buckwheat and potatoes, and one grain cradle one hand rake one plow and set of wifle treas and 3 derases one grass sithe 1 barrell of salt 10 window sash one grine stone i have sold those things to henry M. hudson.

PHILIP H. CRUBB.
HENY HUDSON.
He sold these things to me.
Witness—ALICE HUDSON.

FUCHSIAS require warmth, moisture and a little shade.

Words of Wisdom.

The sweetest thing on earth is a little child when it has learned to know and love.

After friendship and love comes benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate.

How contagious is the laugh of some people; how jarring that of others, like playing on a worn out piano.

In general, there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

There are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth and the other rough.

You cannot churn happiness out of a chest of gold; it will never come. You cannot make unfading crowns of fading flowers.

When people have resolved to shut their eyes, or to look only on one side, it is of little consequence how good their eyes may be.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of the saved, not of the slain.

Men's lives should be like day—more beautiful in the evening, or like summer—a glow with promise; and like autumn—rich with golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened in the field.

Tenderness is the genius of simple minds. If passion knows no obstacles, tenderness knows no bounds. Passion is the attribute of a soul which no longer controls itself; tenderness, that of a heart which no longer belongs to itself.

Contentment is a blessing, and it is within the reach of all, but it will be found only by him who goes out to seek it. It is something from within, and until the heart is right all effort after it must be in vain.

Curiosities of English.

The following are a few amusing examples of the "curiosities of English," as respects the change of sound produced by different consonants:

B makes the road broad, turns the ear to bear, and Tom into a tomb.

C makes limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clever.

D turns a bear to beard, a crow to crowd, and makes anger danger.

F turns lower regions to flower regions.

G changes a son to a song, and makes one gone.

H changes eight to height.

K makes now know, and eyed keyed.

L transforms a pear into a pearl.

N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one none.

P metamorphoses lumber into plumber.

S turns even to seven, makes have shave, and word a sword, a pear a spear; makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe.

T makes a bough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone, changes ether to tether and transforms the phrase "allow his own" to "tallow this town."

W does well; *eg.*, hose are whose, are becomes ware, on won, omen women, so sow, vie view; it makes an arm warm, and turns a hat into—what.

Y turns fur to fury, a man to many, to to toy. rub to ruby, ours to yours, a lad to a lady.

Where He Belonged.

A clergyman who must have believed in preaching righteousness seven days in the week, had his attention attracted by a jockey who appeared to be trying to take in a simple gentleman by selling him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The story is related in Argonaut.

The minister drew the gentleman aside, and advised him to be on his guard, at the same time pointing out the horse's weak points. The gentleman thanked him and the bargain was off. The jockey was nettled.

"Parson," said he, "I had much rather hear you preach than to see you interfere in this way between man and man."

"Very well," answered the clergyman, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me."

"Where was that?" asked the horse-dealer.

"In the State-prison," said the minister.

A Gramatical Curiosity.

Mr. Joseph Jamerson, of this city, says the Culumbus (O.) *State Journal*, has had the leisure and ingenuity to study out the following peculiar arrangement of figures:

The year 1881 will be a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and from right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient; 81 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient. If 1881 is divided by 209, 9 is the quotient; if divided by 9, the quotient contains a 0; if multiplied by 9, the product contains two 9's. One and eight are 8. If the 18 are placed under the 81 and added, the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus, 1, 8, 8, 1, will give 18. Reading from left to right is 18, and reading from right to left is 81; and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying nineteen 9's are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.

Mr. Carlisle's Big Fee.

It was developed recently, through a gentleman in this city on closest terms of intimacy with Senator John G. Carlisle, that in the Preston-Beall case, decided by the Court of Appeal recently, in which the heirs of Robert Wickliffe won the suit involving more than $220,000, Mr. Carlisle had a contract with General Draper, of New Jersey, who married one of the heirs, by which, if the suit was won, Mr. Carlisle was to receive $25,000 to represent the interest of General Draper's wife. Mr. Carlisle, an intimate friend said, did not even have to go into an exhaustive study of the case; but made his argument before the Court of Appeals from the briefs in the case filed by Judge Alexander Humphry and George Davie, attorneys for two of the heirs. To do this required Mr. Carlisle's presence in Frankfort five days, at an earning of $5000 a day.—*Frankfort (Ky.) Special in N. Y. Times.*

A LITTLE GIRL, being put at the table by herself at dinner as a punishment, said this grace before meet: "O, Lord, I thank thee that thou preparest a table before me in presence of my enemies."

THREE EAGLE FEATHERS.

We were strung out on the crest of the Little Rocky Mountains, between the Missouri and the Milk rivers, in northern Montana. There were twenty-three of us, all prospectors, and, though we knew Indians to be about, there had been no cause for alarm for a couple of days. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and some of the men were wandering about, while others rested, when a volley was suddenly fired at our backs—that is, from the East. Not a man was hit, though two had holes shot through their hats. In ten seconds we were all down and crawling among the boulders to the west, and the smoke from five or six rifles floated upward and passed away, and we and seen no further sign of the presence of the red men. Like serpents, one by one, we crept quietly away until it was safe to stand up, and then "Old Dave," as we called him, whispered to the main body to proceed along the route to a spot he described, and await his coming. We sank down behind a great boulder—the two of us—and presently we were alone.

It was a summer afternoon, with no breeze stirring. The mountain cricket generally chirps by day, as well as by night, but the heat seemed to have wearied him at this hour. Not a bird flew about—not a living thing was heard to move. But for the bright sunshine, we would have thought ourselves buried six feet under ground.

"Keep yer eyes open! The varmints will foller!" whispered the old man, and we began watching and waiting.

Five minutes—ten—fifteen! We were facing the east. The old man peered out from the north side of the boulder, I from the south. I did not realize how the suspense was affecting me until he pulled me back behind the rock and whispered:

"Consarn ye, yer teeth are playin' a tune, and them reds can hear ye 200 feet away!"

I put down my gun and gripped the rocks with both hands, and thus forced myself into something like calmness. We had been there full twenty minutes when I suddenly caught a glimpse of something moving among the rocks and bushes. I looked again and again before I made out that the object or objects were three eagle feathers worn as a plume in the headdress of an Indian. His head and body were hidden from sight as he crept forward, but a little of each feather could be seen.

I touched the old man with my left hand. He turned his face toward me and uttered a low "S-s-s-h!" He had made out the feathers before I did, and already had his rifle up. The redskin was not advancing upon us, but heading to the north west, diagonally away from us. He must have suspected that danger lurked behind some of the boulders, but there were so many that he had to take chances. He moved so slowly that I was presently perspiring and trembling under the strain. I could see no one following him, and that seemed to prove that he had either volunteered as a scout or that his companions had given up and he was pursuing us alone, goaded on by the hope that he might secure a scalp.

The feathers were almost opposite us to the north, and not over forty feet away when the Indian raised his head for a look beyond him. As he did so the old man's rifle cracked and the head disappeared. There wasn't the slightest movement—not a sound save the report of a rifle.

"He got it jist for'd of the ear, and never knew what hurt him!" whispered the guide.

We waited a long five minutes to see what might follow, and then crept over to the spot. The warrior lay flat on his stomach, with his chin on a rock and his arms stretched out in front of him, just as he had used them to pull himself along. He had clinched his fingers, but death had come so swiftly that he had not even straightened his legs. We plucked the feathers from the beaded piece of buckskin forming his headdress, secured the rifle lying beside him, and crept away and left the fast stiffening body to those who might come after—companions or vultures.

Work.

"I am a burden to no one. I pay for whatever I have. I am dependent only on myself." We hear such assertions every day from those who never did a stroke of work, either at business or manual labor, but they have some hundreds of thousands left them by some one who did work, and they have sat down to "enjoy life," as they term it. Let me tell you, my friend, the workers of this world support you no less than they do the veriest paupers in the almshouse. I ask you, what do you in your idleness but to consume? And by what divine right are you entitled to idle about and use without endeavor to keep good that which industry has bestowed on you? Are you a better man than was your father, that you can spend his hard-earned gains regardless of the example he set you? Or a better woman that you need not remember that mother was a worker? Rouse yourselves, thoughtless ones. Find a business, go to work as men and women, in your homes, among the busy throng, anywhere or at anything respectable, only find something to do now, and trust the testimony of the many that you will be far happier than in this life of idleness which, when you stop to consider, disgusts you as much as it does any one.

He who makes the highest excellence in his calling the first object of his ambition, gets a thousand times more enjoyment out of life than he who is content to aimlessly drift along with the tide of mediocrity.

The Lover's Lament.

Your face is like a drooping flower,
Sweetheart!
I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay!
Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts strength to the failing system, cures organic troubles, and for debilitated and feeble women generally, is unequaled. It dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

THE *California Fruit-Grower* says: "It is doubtful if there is any place in the world where cauliflower can be produced the year round as it can in California.

Her Rules of Conduct.

The following "rules of conduct" fell out of a little woman's pocket-book the other day, and she allowed me to copy them. She is a belle in the small city where she lives, and has a host of admirers around her.

I don't let a man smoke when he walks or drives with me. If he knows no better than to do it, I promptly tell him what I think of it.

I don't give my photograph to men. I used to occasionally, but I am wiser now.

I should hate by and by to know that my face might be hanging up in Tom, Dick or Harry's rooms.

I don't let a man take my arm when he walks with me. If he does I tell him that I prefer him to give me his arm.

I don't go out with a man friend just because he asks me. I like it better if he asks another lady to go too—his sister, for instance.

I don't let any man "see me home" from church. If he hasn't gumption enough to take me there and sit through the service with me, he may stay away altogether.

I don't let a man friend give me presents unless it is something of trifling cost, like fruit or flowers. And I always gauge a man by his good taste in this respect.

I do not encourage any young man who is not perfectly polite and agreeable to my mother. Whoever calls on me sees a great deal of her.

I don't allow a caller to stay later than 10 o'clock. If he does not go at that time I politely tell him my custom.—*New York Recorder.*

Beautiful Maltese Women.

The Maltese women are among the pleasantest of their sex, both as to their physical attractiveness and winsomeness of manner and character They are as a rule more petite than those of Italy and Spain, but are very perfect as models of proportion and natural grace. Their carriage is superb. They possess an assurance which is never boldness, with a modesty untainted with prudery. Their feet, hands and head are very small; their faces round rather than oval; eyes and mouth are large and expressive, and there is an upward, confiding and expectant look in their faces that is very winsome—at least to men.

They are not generally intellectual, but, better still, they are contented home-makers, and are like birds of song in all the homeside joys. They mate early, being mothers at fourteen and grandmothers at thirty, when they are still youthful and charming. During the reigns of the knights quite an aristocracy of wealth and nobility for so small an area and population sprang up in the islands, which continues to this day, and the Maltese women of this class are types of the greatest beauty and elegance.

As the men of the middle and lower classes are noted for docility, thrift, frugality and many other excellent virtues, virtue itself is the crowning glory of Maltese maids and matrons, and to know this and of their affectionate, true hearted and unassuming lives and ways is to find in every expression of Maltese female loveliness an added and lasting charm.—*Malta Letter.*

Judging a Girl by What She Eats.

There is just as great an opportunity, if not greater, to judge a woman's social standing by the meals she enjoys in a public eating place as if you undertook to arrive at the same conclusion through the medium of her dress. Fashions in eating change as well as in everything else. The quiet, well-groomed girl in the cloth suit and plain little jacket who is putting away two great slices of underdone beef with evident relish, is the society girl par excellence of to-day. She belongs to the very elect, the circle wherein physical training has become a wise and healthful fad, and the roast beef and fine complexion is the result.

At another table a girl who has not the opportunities of her more favored sister to indulge in foie gras, ices and champagnes every evening, is doing justice to salads, ices and olives with a rare appreciation of each one. Roast beef she has in plenty every day of her life, but it is not often she can indulge in dishes she knows the names of, but seldom has an opportunity of tasting. She belongs to the upper middle class, as they say in England.

In a corner shut out from observation, but where she may see and hear all that goes on, the shy country mouse in antiquated finery takes a sandwich and ice-cream, they two being the only things she is quite sure of on the bill of fare.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Books.

Books are masters who correct our ignorance without putting it to shame. They instruct us without rod or ferules; without harsh words or anger, without money, and without fatigue. When you approach them, they are never weary; when you interrogate them, they conceal nothing. If you mistake them, they do not grumble; if you are stupid, they do not laugh at you. They are the most patient and gentle of our teachers, and the most to be cherished.—*Harper's Young People.*

THERE is a national desire in this country to jump to the top of the ladder, ignoring the divine plan to climb to it round by round. So many varieties of nervous tension and exhaustion are produced by it that a foreign writer has given to it the general name "Americanitis." He goes on to say: "This disease is found in every occupation and department of American life. It is a spiritual even more than a physical disease; an intense and almost insane desire to reach the topmost places at a bound; an inability to grow into things; a determination to take them by force.

GIRLS are sometimes counseled this way: "Never let a man know that you love him. No matter how you feel, affect indifference." That is foolish advice. This is wise counsel: "Affect nothing. Be true, be yourself." Only an artificial love can be the result of tricks, and an artificial love soon dies.

The estimated number of sheep in Australia in 1892, according to an Australian exchange, is 60,000,000, against 31,000,000 in 1884.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

An Encouraging Lesson May Be Drawn from Queen Esther's Piety.

An extract from a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman at Temple Emanuel, New York, treats of the influence and education of women as follows:

The festival of Purim brings prominently before us the noble character of Queen Ester. She is the type of a true woman, who, when her people were in danger, was ready to sacrifice her life in their behalf by pleading for them before her liege lord, the king. She says to Mordecai, "Go assemble the jews who are now present in Shushan and fast ye for me, so that ye neither eat nor drink three days, neither day nor night; also I myself, with my maidens, will fast in like manner, and then will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish.

We know the result—how the religious spirit of Esther gave her courage, endowed her with modesty and grace, made her pleasing in the eyes of the king, inspired her with the eloquence to address him, endowed her with those gifts by which she gradually unfolded her petition, succeeded in bringing Haman to punishment and averted the danger that had threatened her people. This almost unparalleled victory of Esther is an evidence of what the religious spirit of a timid woman can accomplish.

What is the proper field for women is a frequent subject of the pulpit, platform and literature of the day. Formerly there was no need of such discussion, for woman was a slave, chattel withouts rights or privileges. Among the Greeks and Romans, 'tis true, she did receive the character of a matron, and beautiful are many of the praises that poets have bestowed upon her. But we nevertheless hear the sad refrain of her inferiority to man.

Among the Hebrews, 'tis true, she was accorded a position of honor, and no more beautiful tribute to woman can be found than the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs. Civilization, which can be marked by advanced art, science, government and religions, can none the less be traced by the ever loosening chains of boudage in which woman was held. To-day marriage is a union of equals who are entitled to reciprocal love, respect, claims, duties and privileges.

At one time only sons were heralded with joy. We have gotten over that silly prejudice and welcome our daughters with equal rejoicing. At one tim. he nation cared only for her sons—t. were the flower of the land. To-day th. tion knows the great worth of her \ n. Formerly only boys were prepared for e battle of life. Now we take as great care of the education of our daughters.

Some fathers and mothers are, alas, still under the influence of the ancient prejudice and prepare their daughters more with regard to effect than to intrinsic merit. They should remember that the dewdrop which on the pretty flower sparkles in the sun is soon melted, but the genuine pearl, though buried out of sight, will last forever and always please.

Women should be afforded the same or similar intellectual opportunities as men. If they desire to enter certain trades and professions, why shall they not? Under certain conditions she could even be introduced into certain branches of politics, and be initiated into the mysteries of municipal and national affairs.

Helping Genius.

It is impossible to estimate how much genius owes to timely encouragement. Crebillion, a French author of distinction, born in 1764, was placed with a solicitor named Prieur, at Paris, who awakened in him his taste for the drama. It was at his instance that Crebillon wrote his first tragedy, "The Death of Brutus' Sons," which was, however, refused by the theatrical managers, and but for the encouragement which Prieur lavished upon him, the youthful author would probably have lost all ambition upon the failure of his first effort. As it was he resumed his pen and produced "Idomeneus," which was favorably received, and then "Atreus," a tragedy, which met with brilliant success. Prieur, then in a dying condition, insisted upon being carried into a theatre, and in his joy at his protege's trimuph said to Crebillou, as he embraced him, "I die content; of you I have made a poet, and to my country I give a man."

Why Men Need Wives.

It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn the socks and cook the meals, that the man chiefly wants a wife. If that is all he needs, servants can do it more cheaply than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needle work and bedmaking, or put a broom into her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will look after them. But what the true man wants is the wife's companionship, sympathy and love. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes, he meets failures and defeats, trials and temptations beset him; and he needs some one to stand by him and sympathize. All through life, through storm and sunshine, through conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. His heart yearns for it.

Ingersoll on Barrett.

"Lawrence Barrett," said the orator, and he paused impressively—"my heart tells me that on the threshold of my address it will be appropriate for me to say a few words about the great actor who has just fallen into the sleep of death. Lawrence Barrett was my friend, and I was his.

"He was an interpreter of Shakespeare, to whose creation he gave flesh and blood. He was the greatest tragedian of our time next to Edwin Booth. He shunned the questionable, the vulgar and impure. He was a thoughtful Hamlet, an intense Othello and the best Cassius of the century. One by one the players leave the stage, and others take their places. There is no pause; no one knows what the next scene is to be. Will this drama have an end? Will the curtain fall at last, and will it rise again on some other stage? Reason says perhaps; hope still whispers yes; sadly I bid my friend farewell. I admire the actor; I loved the man."

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