Grand Opening

—OF—

Garden Seed!

THIS DAY, MARCH 17, 1892.

Stam's Drug Store.

Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

We are ready to supply all our friends with the

CHOICEST LOT OF GARDEN SEEDS

ever exposed for sale in Chestertown. We can supply you with all sorts and varieties, from a five-cent paper to a bushel of Seed.

Especial attention of Market Gardeners is called to our stock.

COLIN F. STAM,

DRUGGIST.

J. HERMAN IRELAND'S

Insurance Agency,

Kennedyville, Maryland.

Fire! Lightning! Life!

INSURE YOUR HOMES!
INSURE YOUR STOCK!
INSURE YOUR LIVES!

I represent only first-class companies. My rates are low and all losses promptly paid. To all persons desiring insurance I ask them to write or call and see me.

J. H. IRELAND,
Kennedyville, Maryland

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS'

Annual Notice!

All persons having ACCOUNTS against the county are requested to present the same on or before

Tuesday, 31st day of May Next,

otherwise they may be excluded from the levy this year. All accounts properly chargable to the county are required to be made out in a clear manner and itemized and rendered under oath.

All applications for pension must be made in writing, stating the condition and circumstances of the applicant and vouched for by three or more freeholders having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

N. B.—All persons neglecting to have their assessments corrected are hereby notified that no allowance for taxes paid in error in consequence of such neglect will be made.

T. J. SHALLCROSS, President;
R. C. MORGAN,
GEO. W. RODENHISER,
JOHN A. GROVES,
HORACE A. WILLSON,
COMMISSIONERS.

Attest—T. WATERS RUSSELL, CLERK.
Feb. 25, 1892.

Welcome Springtime!

ONCE MORE WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES WITH

PLOWS,

Rope and Chain Traces,

BACKBANDS, FARM BELLS,
GRUB HOES, VICES, FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, GRINDSTONES, AXES,

FARM and GARDEN BARROWS,
WAGON HAMES, PLOW HAMES,
HATCHETS, GATE HINGES, Etc.

Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

Northern Early Rose Seed Potatoes. Northern Beauty of Hephron Seed Potatoes.

Don't buy FENCE WIRE until you get our prices.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,

Feb 25 1891. CHESTERTOWN, Md.

We Are Leading in

Spring & Summer Goods

LOWEST PRICES.

DRESS GOODS in All Styles!

Also samples of every style, which will enable you to select a dress that no one else will have. This certainly should please ladies.

Outting Cloths, Dress Ginghams, Drapery

White Goods, Edges and Laces,

at prices that cannot be excelled. Muslin, one yard wide for 5 cents. First-Class line of Summer Underwear.

SHOES AND SLIPPERS!

Of every style. We claim them equal in quality and as Low in price as any store. Our celebrated line of Douglas Shoes needs no recommending, as they are of world wide fame. Call and price our Shoes before buying.

Largest Line of Gents' Summer Shirts

ever seen here, and they are remarkably cheap.

MATTINGS IN ALL STYLES.

GROCERIES of Every Kind.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS!

We cannot be excelled in having on hand the R. J. R. best chew out for the money. Gravely's and other fine brands. A good one at 25 cents.

Ladies, ask for our Boulevard Corset. Drs. and Warner's.

WESTCOTT & DODD.

Spring Opening.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

AND MILLINERY

AT R. BERGEN'S

HE CARRIES THE LARGEST AND BEST-SELECTED STOCK IN KENT COUNTY, AND IS

—THE—

LEADER IN LOW PRICES

He has an immense stock of Goods to select from. Come and take a look at his New Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings of all kinds. An Immense Stock of White Goods, Hamburgs, Gloves and Hosiery. FRUIT OF THE LOOM MUSLIN, yard wide, 8½c.

—THE:—

Millinary Department

is now open with a full line of the

Latest Style Spring Hats,
Flowers and Feathers.

Take a look at this stock before buying.

R. BERGEN,
SMITH BUILDING, CHESTERTOWN.
April 7, 1892—2m.

Spring Fertilizers

—FOR—

Corn, Oats, Potatoes,

AND GRASS.

CORN FERTILIZERS:

THE HOME IMPROVER.

CHESTER COMPOUND.

NO. 1

Ammo. Super Phosphate

BLACK RESIDUUM!

In fine sifted condition bagged.

FOR SALE BY

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

COAL and WOOD.

Orders in Any Quantities Left at D. A. Bacchus' Grocery Store, or

At J. D. Bacchus' Yard,

WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

At Prices Guaranteed to be as low as the Lowest.

Building and Whitewash Lime,

CEMENT AND PLASTERING HAIR

AT CITY PRICES.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

Delivered at any station on the Balto. and Del. Bay R. R. at Low Figures

Come and see us before buying.

J. D. BACCHUS.

GOOD CASH PRICES

—PAID FOR—

WHITE OAK BUTTS,

9 to 14 in. diameter and 30 in. long.

CHAS. SCOTT & CO. {KEYSTONE WHEEL WORKS,

174 Canal St., PHILADELPHIA.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

In Baltimore, Md., by A. C. Hathwalker, 508 W. Saratoga St.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

A WITHERED ROSE.

Only a flower—and the flower is withered;
Only a rose with the color flown,
Like one that a careless hand has gathered
And left to die in the dust alone!
Only a rose! Is it good to treasure
Dreams of Dreams that were dreamt in vain—
A fugitive pang for an hour of leisure—
A thrill of pleasure, a throb of pain,
From the Past that cannot return again?

Who shall say? But a magic lingers
'Round this colorless rose today—
Now, as then, when her soft white fingers
Plucked the bloom from the bending spray—
Now, as then, when the summer splendor
Warmed the land with its wealth of flowers
And the beautiful skies were blue and tender,
And the bird songs sounded among the bowers—
Now, as then, in the golden hours.

I have kept the rose, but its bloom has faded,
The leaves have withered, the scent has fled,
And the skies are clouded, the world is shaded,
The summer is over, the flowers are dead;
And the beautiful love that was fair and pleasant
Is buried deep 'neath the fallen snows,
And leaves no trace in the empty present—
Poor, perished love—of its long repose
But this dusty relic—this withered rose!

—T. Ferguson in Once a Week.

RATHER A RAPID RUN

A PACE THAT MORE THAN PLEASED AN IRATE RAILROAD MAN.

President Ives Didn't Like the Speed, and When the Engineer "Pulled Her Open" Things Flew—When the Train Struck a Bridge That Structure Moved.

Three or four years ago President Ives, of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railroad, was coming down the road in his special after an inspection tour to Sioux Falls. Chief Engineer White, General Passenger Agent Hannegan, General Freight Agent Utt and the president's son Charlie, who has now become general freight agent, were among those on the old special car No. 101. The equipment of the road was not in as good condition then as now, but President Ives believed it was a better roadbed than the New York Central had. He would pin his faith to that any time, and nobody connected with the road ever thought of differing with the "old man."

Now, between Livermore and Goldfield there is a good long stretch of straight track which swings off in a sharp bend at Goldfield, just as the bridge over Boone river is reached. The Boone is not a large stream anywhere, and up here near its headwaters it is a pretty small waterway to be called a river. Still, it is big enough to have a bridge over it, and that is something. All the way down the party had been sitting in the cozy little office at the end of the car looking out over the track, spinning yarns and smoking, and every little while President Ives would growl out something about the slow time the train was making.

At last, when Livermore was reached and a stop made to take water, he said to his son, "Charlie, go ahead and tell the engineer to pull her wide open; I'm getting tired of this slow time." Charlie obeyed with cheerful alacrity. No message ever lost any of its redundant accessories when he carried it, so he went up to the engine and yelled: "Dave, the old man says he wants you to pull her wide open, or he'll raise ——. If you're afraid to run the train, he'll come up himself."

"Oh, he will, will he?" replied old Funk.

RAPID TRAVELING.

When the train started there was a jolt that nearly cracked the coupling pins, and Livermore was out of sight in about a minute. Before the train had gone two miles General Passenger Agent Hannegan said, "That's a deuced big herd of cattle grazing over there." The fact was that there were several herds of cattle, but the velocity of the train merged them into one. The farmhouses, which were never nearer than a mile apart, began to look like a row of city flats.

All this time the inmates of the special were being tossed about the car like a dollar in a basket. Engineer White had his watch in his hand and was vainly trying to count the telegraph poles so as to gauge the speed of the train. General Passenger Agent Hannegan was hanging on to a window sill with both hands, and General Freight Agent Utt had backed his chair up in a corner so that he could not be hurled to the floor.

President Ives sat in his chair in the middle of the floor, his feet well spread out, so as to guard against the sudden and terrific jolts, his hands grasping the sides of the chair, his teeth set and his face pale. He was riding about twenty miles an hour faster than he wanted to, but he wouldn't own up, and he was prepared to die rather than acknowledge by sign or word that it wasn't the smoothest roadbed he had ever ridden over.

In the meantime the car rolled from side to side, jumped clear of the track and then settled down again as though it was going right through to China. It was wonderful how it ever kept the rails, but it did.

THE BRIDGE MOVED SEVEN INCHES.

When the train began drawing near Boone river everybody drew a sigh of relief, thinking Funk would surely slow up for the bridge. But he didn't. In fact, he seemed to give the lever an extra notch or two, and all of a sudden the bend and the bridge were struck. There was a fearful jar that seemed to tear the car apart. President Ives keeled over in his chair and landed on Passenger Agent Hannegan. General Freight Agent Utt, who was thrown into a corner, lay still and drew on the resources of a choice and rich vocabulary of profanity. Chief Engineer White and Charlie Ives were inextricably mixed up, but the chief engineer was the first to unravel himself, and, grabbing the bell cord, pulled it like a man who has come home from the club at 2 a. m. and finds the door bell won't respond.

"I'll bet that bridge has been knocked two feet out of line," shouted the excited engineer.

The rest of the party scoffed at the idea. "Well, then, let's run back and see," said the chief engineer. "I tell you that bridge is at least two feet out of plumb, and I'll bet a month's salary on it."

The train was brought to a standstill and then ran back to the bridge. Reaching there the whole party disembarked and the engineer produced a foot rule. The bridge had been moved bodily by the force of the blow—not so much as Mr. White had said, but a good seven inches, as was proved by actual measurement. Nobody pretends to say how fast that train was run, but everybody on board is willing to swear the record has never been broken, and the time made was faster than President Ives ever wants to travel again—Iowa Cor. Chicago Tribune.

An Agreeable Companion.

Next to the one who will let you talk all the time about yourself, the most pleasing companion in this world is the one who will occupy all his time in telling you of good things that other people have said about you.—London Tit-Bits.

The newly discovered coal mines in the Argentine Republic have caused a cancellation of the contracts with England for coal for the railroads in that country.

During our war with Mexico General Taylor's command boasted a soldier of 7 feet 1½ inches in height and one of seventy-four years of age.

Ampere declared that he was only inspired while standing and in motion. Descartes required perfect stillness.

Two Ways of Meeting Trouble.

It is hardly fair to assume that because a woman appears to be more affected by small worries that therefore she has more to bear. The worries of the house, we admit, fall mostly to the woman's share—indeed, in the actual sharing of these little woes we should say that the man generally comes off the worse, for when the cook is impertinent, or a chimney smokes the master of the house is almost always called into lend his aid and sympathy, whereas he can hardly count upon much help or sympathy from his wife when his own soul is vexed by the shortcomings of his clerk or the stupidity of his groom.

When it comes to questions of the minor ills that affect the body, the case is entirely reversed. Here a woman will show an infinitely greater and more admirable patience than a man does, and while he rages impotently against some small ache or pain, she will suffer in the most stoical and resigned silence. It is certainly curious how differently the small worries of mind and body affect the two sexes. In the case of the former, the merely mental worries, a man's natural impatience of suffering comes really to his aid.

He at once assures himself that the matter cannot be helped or remedied, and therefore that it is of no use troubling himself over it. He resigns himself to the inevitable, or rather to what he chooses to consider as inevitable, and successfully hastens to forget it and think of something else. A woman's patience rather stands in her way. She cannot bring herself to think that the matter is inevitable, and even though she can see no possible remedy she will still trouble and vex herself with the vain effort to right the wrong, or to prove to her own satisfaction that she has been ill and unjustly treated.—London Spectator.

John Burns' Two Suits.

An amusing anecdote of the dock strike is related by Mr. John Burns. It is a story of two suits of clothes. One day the newness of Mr. Burns' attire aroused the suspicions of a political adversary, who accused him on the strength of this evidence of "making a fine thing out of the poor dockers." Hereupon Mr. Burns insisted on relating the history of his new suit. It was very simple. Mme. Tussaud being desirous of adding a wax model of Mr. Burns to her collection, she expressed a wish to present him faithfully "in his habit as he lived." "Very well," said Mr. Burns; "but if you want to take my clothes, it is only fair to give me another rigout." So she did, and hence the gloss of novelty.

The explanation was accepted, but some time afterward Mr. Burns once more appeared in a new suit, which was so evidently not the same suit that his old antagonist sarcastically shouted, "You didn't get them at Mme. Tussaud's." This time it appears the scoffer was correct. It appeared that Mr. Louis Tussaud had also set up a model of Mr. Burns in his rival establishment, in Regent street, and he, too, desired to strip the dockers' champion of his garments. In common fairness, the latter was bound to stipulate for the same terms. Thus, once more, the explanation was simple. The suspicious suit was not Mme. Tussaud's, but it was a Tussaud suit for all that.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Remarkable Man.

A strange story is told of a contractor of Chicago. While at work he swears and drinks like a good fellow, or rather bad fellow, but as soon as he has reached his home and donned his feminine attire he is a changed man. He is not a man; he is a woman—so far as dress and manners can make one. He puts on corsets and form improvers, shaves and powders his face, pierces his big red ears and inserts in them great golden earrings. He has spent much of his earnings for gaudy ball dresses and evening wardrobes; spent his time and wealth in dressing himself up in the height of the feminine fashion, in compressing is waist, in shortening his steps, in whitening his hands and face, in learning womanly grace and, in short, in making himself a woman, with all her little graces, poses, foibles. He is a strong man—a man who has done manual labor almost all his life, a man who can outclimb, outwrestle, outdrink and outrun ninety-nine men out of a hundred of his neighbors. He is said to be worth $100,000.—New York Tribune.

Her Last Thought.

A Springfield gentleman tells of a terrible railroad accident he was in some time ago, on his way home from the west. He escaped with only a few bruises and immediately joined the force of men who were doing their utmost to rescue the victims. The sleeper was on fire and the scenes there were terrible. After a hard struggle they managed to drag one old lady through a window. She was terribly hurt, but she had just breath enough to whisper to her deliverers that her daughter Elviry lived in a little Vermont town, and she wanted them to be sure that Elviry had the new switch sent her, which she hadn't worn but a couple of weeks. Being Elviry's own hair, 'twas a perfect match, and she'd probably want to wear it. And then in a few minutes the careful old soul passed away.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

A Mania for Calendars and Maps.

In the back part of one of the office buildings in Broad street, and on one of the upper floors, there is a small room, the walls of which are thickly hung with calendars and maps. A young broker occupies the room, and he is possessed of such a mania for illuminated calendars and railroad maps that he frequently neglects his business to go on collecting tours. He has several score of calendars for the year 1892 of various sizes and colors, all of which he has begged or pilfered from other offices. Some of these calendars are very elaborate and handsome. Of railroad maps this peculiar young broker has fifty or more, representing the principal roads in this country.—New York Times.

A Warning as to Flower Beds.

Against one thing let me warn the reader, and that is the indiscriminate use of formal foliage or flower beds on most lawns. They are apt to lend a garish and vulgar air to the place. Close to the house you may sometimes use one or two of these beds, but their bright red and yellow colors should be set a little on one side and not allowed to glare at one too much. I respect the universal delight in rich color, but all formal patches of color should be used carefully and in proper relations to the whole picture.—Samuel Parsons, Jr., in Scribner's.

The American Apple in Europe.

Apples form a considerable part of our exports to Europe. They command higher prices, proportionately, than any other American fruit. Those which can be bought here for ten dollars a barrel sell for twenty-five dollars on the other side. A year ago Prince Bismarck paid thirty dollars for a barrel of Newtown pippins which would have sold here for fourteen dollars. Europeans acknowledge that in apples and several other things the United States cannot be equaled.—New York Evening Sun.

The man who never went to the theater in his life is usually the man who declares loudest against the immorality of the stage.

Several women have been permitted to practice dentistry in Denmark after having passed the regular examinations.

FOR THE BLOOD, Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

Amazons in Review.

Reviews or maneuvers of the Amazons are held frequently during the annual custom and are not the playful affairs that they are in civilized countries. In a space used as a drill ground there is built a bank of thorny cactus bushes about 1,300 feet long, 20 feet broad and 7 feet high. Beyond and parallel with this heap is a house representing a fort. The barefooted female warriors have to surmount three times the heap of thorns which represent the fortifications, descend into the clear space like a ditch, escalade the house, which represents a citadel bristling with defenses, and take the town simulated by the hut. They are to be twice repulsed by the enemy, but at the third assault they are victorious and drag the prisoners to the king's feet in token of success. The first to surmount all the obstacles receives from his hand the reward of bravery, for, says the king, "We reckon military valor as the first of the virtues."

The king places himself at the head of the column, harangues his women soldiers, inflames them, and at a given signal they throw themselves with the utmost fury upon the bank of thorns which torture their naked feet. At the first assault, when the most intrepid had already gained the summit of the house, I saw a woman soldier, who was at one of the ends, fall to the ground from a height of sixteen feet. She was wringing her hands and remained seated, though her comrades were trying to reanimate her with courage, when the king himself came up and threw at her a glance and cry of indignation. She sprang up then as if electrified, continued the maneuvers and carried off the first prize. It is impossible to give an idea of the scene.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

At the Opera.

The orchestra was rendering a famous intermezzo, and the beautiful dulcet strains charmed, as it were, the very atmosphere of the brilliant auditorium with their sweetness.

Before me sat a young man who listened to the grand, moaning, sighing melody with rapt attention. I glanced around and noted that everybody was impressed—even the occupants of the boxes deigned to listen—but the face of the young man showed unmistakably that the music stirred him with unusual emotion.

Slowly, slowly, yet how quickly those last parting notes died away and were heard no more.

Then followed a storm of applause. A glance over the house disclosed thousands of hands—from the less aristocratic ones in the gallery to the dainty gloved ones in the boxes—in animated demonstration of their owners' intense appreciation of the brilliant musical conception.

Yet what a mockery was this, coming when the air was still impregnated with the subtle melody. How that generous tribute of approval grated on the ears!

The young man in front of me did not applaud, nor did the pretty young lady who was with him. Neither of them spoke a word. Presently the young man looked around at the demonstrative audience with a look of contempt on his face.

When the house had again become quiet the young man turned to the young lady and said: "How charming! how exquisite! What beautiful color of tone and how delicately shaded!"

"I am so glad you like it, George," she replied sweetly. "What a beautiful pale blue, indeed! My very ideal! I have had my eyes on it all evening."

"On what?" asked the young man in surprise.

"Why, the charming dress of that young lady in front of us. Is not that what you mean?"

"Oh—yes—yes, of course."

Silence followed between these two souls for the remainder of the evening. I was pained at the young man's distress, and I went home soliloquizing on men's and women's ideals.—New York Herald.

A Visit to Dumas.

It was during my second visit to Paris in 1842 that I met Dumas. Whenever I called I was told that he was not up yet, until I concluded that he spent the whole day in bed. At last, when I had called half a dozen times in vain, I sent up my letter and determined to wait until he should get up. After awhile the servant returned and asked me to accompany him to M. Dumas' bedroom. It was a splendidly furnished room, but in great disorder. As I entered Dumas looked up, nodded kindly to me and said, "Sit down a minute; I am just having a visit from a lady;" and seeing my astonishment he burst into a hearty laugh and added: "It is my muse. She will be going directly."

He was sitting up in bed as he said this, writing at lightning speed in a clear, beautiful hand, and shying each sheet as he finished it across the floor in all directions. I could scarcely step for fear of spoiling his manuscript. I waited for ten or fifteen minutes, during which he kept scratching away, crying out every now and then, "Viva! Bon, mon garcon!" "Excellent Alexandre!" At last, with a jerk as of an earthquake, he rolled his huge form out of bed, wrapped the blanket about him toga fashion, and in this costume advanced toward me, declaiming furiously at the top of his voice. As he strode along with theatrical gestures I fell back, half alarmed at his vehemence, and when I had reached the door he seized me by the lapels of my coat, shook me gently and said: "Now isn't that magnificent, eh? Superb; worthy of Racine!" I assented, as soon as I could catch my breath, that it was very magnificent. "It's my new play," he said. "I write an act, and often more, before breakfast. This is the third act I have just finished!"—Professor H. H. Bogesen in Century.

True Love.

A young man at the risk of his life saved a beautiful girl from drowning. Her grateful father seized the rescuer of his daughter by the hand, and in a voice trembling with emotion said:

"Noble youth, to you I am indebted for everything that makes life dear to me. Which reward will you take—$200,000 or the hand of my daughter?"

"I'll take the daughter," replied the heroic rescuer, thinking thereby to get both the girl and the money.

"You have well chosen," replied the grateful father, "I could not have given you the $200,000 just yet, anyhow, as I have not laid up that amount, being only an editor, but my daughter is yours for life. Take her and be happy. God bless you, my children."—Texas Siftings.

Use Their Feet for Paddles.

The Banaka tribe, the most famous canoemen on the west African coast, will impel their light canoes with great velocity over the waves and at the same time use the feet to bail out the water that happens to be dashed over the sides of the light craft. If from any cause a Banaka breaks or loses his oars he throws his legs over the sides of the boat and propels it almost as fast with his feet as he could with the paddles.—St. Louis Republic.

The Mystery Solved.

Mrs. Yerger is not handsome, and her voice when she sings is dreadful, but Colonel Yerger is very demonstrative.

"Why is he always kissing her?" asked a friend of the family of another gentleman.

"I can't imagine, unless it is to keep her from singing."—Texas Siftings.

Hardening Plaster Casts.

A new method of hardening the various plaster ornaments so largely used in the arts has been suggested. The process consists in saturating the article to be hardened with a solution of silica, and following this by the application of a baryta solution.—N[illegible]nal.

A Storm on the Coast of Chili.

In the southern part of the desert of Atacama a storm occurs only at intervals of many years. One of these rare storms was experienced by only one person, Mr. Joel Phillips, now of Cornwall, but then a mule owner and copper ore carrier, who lived in a rancho located on an insulated rock fifteen feet above the level of the bottom of a ravine in which it was situated and distant from the port of Pau de Azucar about twenty miles. He had just arrived at his home an hour before sunset when a heavy cloud appeared overhead, causing sudden darkness. But he was soon aroused from superfluous reflection by a shower of hailstones of dangerous dimensions and followed by a copious downpour of water, which continued for about eight hours, accompanied by loud peals of thunder. His terror was further aroused by the roar of flowing torrents of water around his lonely island home, as the ravine, one-half mile in width, was now filled to a depth of twelve feet and rolling down continuously thousands of huge bowlders with a pulverizing, rumbling noise along its bed down to the sea on each side of him.

Bewildered by the misunderstood occurrence and unearthly din created as the white foaming circle of water insidiously approached within two feet of his dwelling, and with faint hopes that it would rise no higher, he ceased reflecting, and after enduring hours of indescribable mental agony, he fell exhausted into a stupor, dreaming of a second deluge. From this he was benignantly aroused by his famished saddle horse devouring the vegetable materials his hut was constructed with, the animal having escaped from the stable in the ravine to the heights above and thence to his master's home for his usual breakfast. The storm was over, and the sun was shining brightly, as if nothing special had happened; the ravine was free of water and cleared out for another such deluge, which probably would not again happen for a century or two.—London Engineer.

He Had His Coat Repaired.

He was one of the army who are living and seeing life in New York on an attenuated income, and one cold morning he awoke to the realization that the overcoat would be a necessary part of his garb for that day. He looked at it. 'Twas unpresentable. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets. They were empty. Two direful facts, neither of them surprises, faced him, but he was not annoyed. He proceeded cheerily to a small tailor's shop and presented the overcoat for repairs.

"It will cost you a dollar," said Shears. "The price is no obstacle, proceed," replied the customer. Shears turned the coat over to a subordinate and sat down for a chat with the heaven-sent customer, for Shears was a Spaniard. And yet he was sufficiently Americanized to produce a deck of cards and propose a little game of poker. The heaven-sent assented. Vest buttons made admirable chips, and the cards flew for some minutes, until the coat was repaired. Then the customer paid his bill in vest buttons, and received from Shears fifty cents for the remaining buttons he had won. Then, equipped for the inclement weather, he went forth conscions of the rift in the clouds, and bought for himself a luxurious fifty cent breakfast.—New York Times.

He Is a Happy Boy at Times.

There is at least one boy in this city who is overjoyed by the news of every funeral the services of which are to be held in the church to which he is attached. He is only nine years old and is a very poor lad, the child of needy parents. He sings in the church choir, and whenever the choir is called upon to sing at a funeral he is paid the sum of one dollar for his service in it. Yesterday forenoon he rushed home to tell his mamma that there were to be two funerals in the afternoon. He laughed beyond measure as he shouted, "Good news, mam! two funerals!" He danced and was filled with bliss over the prospect. He had not sung at a funeral for nearly a week, and had been disconsolate. His mother, too, was happy over the news, for she needed money and her husband was out of work. When the lad returned home with two dollars after the funerals the household was cheered up and the family got a good dinner.—New York Sun.

An Anecdote of the Emir.

Mr. Pyne, an English engineer resident at Cabul, in the service of the emir, tells a good story about his highness and the Russians. Mr. Pyne is stated to have been told it by the emir himself. The Russian governor of Turkestan sent to the emir saying that it was proposed to exercise some 500 artillery and cavalry on the Afghan frontier, and expressing the hope that it would not give rise to apprehensions on the part of his highness. To this his highness replied that he had no objection, because as it happened that he was about to exercise 5,000 cavalry, artillery and infantry on his side of the frontier at the same place and there was plenty of room for both. The reply to this, after thanking his highness was that another more convenient site had been found for the proposed maneuvers.—London Times.

A Man with the Supremest Humanity.

Once I was warned by a well known statesman against putting ecclesiastics on my society's committee. I said, "But we have already one on it, Cardinal Manning." His reply was, "Oh, Manning; he is not an ecclesiastic; he belongs to us all!" That the supremest humanity is king among men, this is the lesson of the great life which the nation mourns and which it will see no more.—Contemporary Review.

Stating the Case Frankly.

The servant girl answered the doorbell and replied that her mistress was out. "Please tell her," said the caller, "that I would like very much to have her come over tonight to play whist." "Well, ma'am," answered her royal highness, the servant girl, "I know Mrs. S. can't go; it's my night out, and she's got to stay in."—Springfield Homestead.

How Blood Was Secured.

An anecdote is going the rounds concerning the manner in which a well known leading actor supplied the accidental absence of a necessary item of "makeup." He was playing Macbeth and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for the blood with which he had intended to imbrue his hands. After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect, the actor, struck with a happy thought, suddenly hit the functionary on the nose, so that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained and in this the actor bathed his palms.

It is said that after the performance there was a "realistic" conflict between the "pro." and the property man in which more "claret" was "tapped"—this time not for stage purposes.—London Tit-Bits.

Every Animal is Fond of Bananas.

The leaves of the banana, often six feet long and two feet wide, are tender, and the strong winds of the tropics soon tear them in strips, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. The banana is a fruit that beast and bird, as well as man, are fond of, and the owner, when he lives in a sparsely settled country, must protect his plantation by a fence of some thorny plant.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Helped by His Wife.

Lamartine, the great French poet, was happily married and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.—Writer.

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