The [illegible]tertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. [illegible]TERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 5

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,
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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.
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Reference, by permission, Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore.

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(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
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J. R. NYCE & CO.,
—:PRODUCE:—
Commission Merchants,
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☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

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Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
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E. T. COMEGYS,
—DEALER IN—
GRAIN,
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Agricultural Implements,
OFFICE AND STORE-ROOM UNDER THE "VOSHELL HOUSE,"
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
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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 this, one of the largest and most reliable clothing houses of the South, I would be glad to show our Immense
Assortment of Men's and Boys' Suits
to my many friends of Kent. Assortment, Cheapness and Quality are our principal attractions.
Respectfully,
m14. JOHN W. BORDLEY.

Binder Twine! Binder Twine!
Send your orders early and get FITLER'S PURE MANILLA Binder Twine; also place your orders for the "STANDARD" TWINE as early as possible with
J. K. ALDRIDGE & Co.

ALWAYS GOOD COLOR.

LEA'S
FLOUR!
Always Good Strength.

BARGAINS
—IN—
Broken Lots.

Having had a remarkably good season, necessarily we have broken our stock, leaving a 36 of one lot, 35 of another, etc,, which we have placed on one table and marked below our previous low quotations. These goods cannot fail to attract the attention of close buyers. We have also a new line of Men's and Boys' suits just arrived from Baltimore and New York in all the leading designs, made in the latest styles, best manner and marvels in fit, which will be sold right. Look at them and see for yourselves; this is the sort of demonstration you get with us.
Respectfully,
WM. E. MOODY.
Chestertown's Popular Clothing House.
Few doors below postoffice.

What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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—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.

A LOST FRIEND.

Estranged! And for a cause so slight!
O, heart-depressing word, estranged!
An eye has lost its wonted light,
The aspect of a face has changed.
The winter days go darkly by,
A pleasant dream comes to an end,
And life has lost its zest, for I
Have lost a friend.

Like ships that on the ocean wide
Together come and smoothly sail,
By fair winds wafted, side by side,
Till parted by an adverse gale.
So unexpectedly we met,
And friendship soon knit heart and heart,
But now like ships by storms beset,
We drift apart.

Is man the sport of circumstance,
Or is he fettered to his fate?
Does wise design, or simple chance
His various actions regulate?
Is he a slave, or free?—but why
The time in idle questions spend?
What matters it to me since I
Have lost my friend?

HASTY PENCILLINGS.

Impressions, Incidents and Pleasures of a Trip Across the Continent.

"There are those who seek in other climes the joys they might have known,
'Mid the mountains and the meadows of the land they call their own.
I would seek the shady canyons where at night the gentle dew
Comes to kiss the rose and heliotrope when stars are all in view."

It has been asserted that the "Eastern newspaper statisticians are proverbially masters of the art of inaccuracy, and their so-called statistics are usually to be taken, like dreams or women's whims, by contraries." This sweeping assertion may, or it may not be true. The writer has neither the time nor disposition to join issue with that class of critics who become famous for the ease with which they scale the snow-clad mountains of other men's faults, but become distressingly decrepid when confronted by the dust-beams which flit in the sun-rays of their own narrow lives. For the statements of the about six hundred editors who composed the recent national editorial excursion across the Continent, however, we must, like the Californian, start out and end with an apology, asserting with absolute certainty, that should inaccuracies steal into their letters of travel, they will be far from intentional. It is not less a matter of wonder than regret, that more than one hundred thousand Americans annually make the tour of Europe, never having seen and, forgetful of the glories and grandeurs, the beauties and sublimities of their own matchless land. The American should first see and appreciate the unceasing beauties of landscape, the endless variety of climate, the incomparable wealth and matchless possibilities of his own country, and then the sentimental raptures of European travelers would go at a discount. A writer, thoroughly imbued with that love of country which should spring eternal in ever American breast, thus forcibly treats this subject:

"The more one sees of our majestic halt-world—our continental American republic—the less patience he must have with those absurd creatures who, every year, flock by tens of thousands to other lands; while they have seen nothing and know nothing of their own. Earth has no other lands like ours. Among all the nationalities and realms of the globe, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," is peerless, unrivaled and unrivable, unapproached and unapproachable. The grandest empires of the Old World, of ancient or of modern times, sink to petty provinces beside its vast dimensions. The whole possessions of Rome, when her golden eagles spread their wings victorious from the burning sands of Africa to the mist-clad hills of Caledonia, fell short of the immensity of our New-World domain. Russia, vastest of modern sovereignties, could be lost in our half-hemisphere beyond the power of all the buzzards in Christendom to find her. France, land of Napoleon, at the tread of whose legions but three quarters of a century ago all Europe trembled as when taken with a Wabash-valley ague, would scarcely overlap the single territory of Utah; while Great Britain, whose morning drum-beat sounds around the globe, would hardly make a fly-speck on the face of Texas or California.

"Do other lands boast of their great rivers? We could take up all their Niles and Thameses, their yellow Tibers, castled Rhines and beautiful blue Danubes by their little ends, and empty them into our majestic Mississippis and Missouris, Columbias and Rio Grandes, Amazons, Saskatchewans and De La Platas without making rise enough to lift an Indiana flat-boat off a sandbar. Do they brag of their seas and lakes? We could spill all their puny Caspians and Azovs, Nyanzas and Maggiores, into our mighty Superiors, Michigans, Hurons, Eries and Ontarios, and scarce produce a ripple on their pebbled brims to wash away the eighteen-inch "foot-print on the sands of time" left by the fairy-like slipper of a St. Louis or Chicago girl; while in any ring, Marquis of Queensbury rules, our Wasatch-walled Great Salt Lake could strip the championship belt for mystery and majesty from their long-famed, Sodom-engulfing, weird Dead sea. Do they prate of their romantic scenery? We have a thousand jewel-like lakes that would make all their vaunted Comos, Genevas and Killarneys hide their faces in a viel of friendly fog. The rolling thunder of our Niagara drowns out the feeble murmur of all their cataracts; while the awful crags and canyons of our Yellowstone and Yosemite, Gunnison, Arkansas and Colorado; the prismatic glitter and dash of our Minnehahas, Shoshones and Ocklawahas; and the lonely grandeur of our horizon-fenced prairies, boundless oceans of billowy verdure, dwarf to insipidity the most famous scenes of Switzerland and Italy, eclipse the wonders and glories of the Arabian Nights, and defy all the skill of poet's pen and artist's pencil to depict the veriest atom their sublimity and their loveliness. Do they prattle about their Ætnas and Vesuviuses? With our noses turning so merset of ineffable contempt clear over our heads, we thunder forth our Cotopaxis, Popocatapetls, Chimborazos and a score of other jaw-breakers whose very names alone are too huge for common tongues. (It is true that some of these specimens of national prodigiousness do not just exactly belong to us yet; but they belong to our next-door neighbors, who are not as strong as we are, and to the gloriously expansive spirit of Yankee of progress, where or what is the difference?) Do other lands and nations talk of their mines of jewels and gold? We answer with the exhaustless bonanzas of California, Colorado, Montana, Idaho and Utah, where mountains of gold and silver ore challenge the skies, and where the ceaseless thunder of the world's greatest bullion-mills resounds in the yet warm lair of the Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. Do they rave of the harvest fields of Germany and Britain, and the vine-clad hills of France? We show them half a hemisphere, with soils and climates as varied as the tastes of men, and with capacities for production as boundless as the needs of men; yielding everything, cereal, vegetable, animal, textile and mineral, agricultural, horticultural, geological, zoological, pomological, piscatorial, and ornithological, ovine, bovine, capricornine and equine, that all the wants of all the races, tribes, kindred and tongues of earth can ever require. The sun in heaven, in all his grand rounds since "the evening and the morning were the first day," never looked down on a more magnificent domain—a fresh and glorious half-world, grand in all its proportions, and endlessly diversified, rich and gorgeous in all its adornments, resting like a vast emerald breastpin upon the bosom of four great oceans. It is the broadest land ever given to any people, the grandest and most beautiful, the most varied in its productions, and the most unlimited in its capabilities, and its future. Other lands surpass it only in age and ruins. Time, if we wait long enough, will remedy the deficiency in age; and we are already able to show some rather picturesque, though by no means majestic, ruins after every presidential election."

Though the pen of the writer of the above was evidentally pointed with the diamond of enthusiasm, we are, after a trans-continental pilgrimage, upon general principles ready to vouch for the truth of his statement, and declare that the sun shines upon no fairer land than our own, and to no land has God given a brighter sunshine.

On May seventh a number of the Maryland delegates to the National Editorial Association, started for Chicago, the "Windy City" on the shore of Lake Michigan, to join a host of other delegates *en route* for the National Editorial Convention to convene at San Francisco, May 23. While some took other routes, a number boarded a train on Picturesque B. & O. for the city of rendezvous. At the very threshold of the series of days which were to prove so rich in pleasures, the delighted tourists were met by a wealth of beauty which was scarcely surpassed during the journey of the Continent, and to fail to pause in our retrospect, and mention the wild, rugged beauty of the Cheat river scenery, would be like the child casting diamonds aside that the distant stars might be grasped. As a matter of course, historic Harper's Ferry, surrounded by wooded mountains and bearing sword wounds and battle scars on its rugged breast, was a point of interest.

But the pen, mightier than the sword, it is said, must not linger in recalling wartime memories. The old stone fort, built by Stonewall Jackson on Maryland Heights, has crumbled to decay; grim-looking John Brown's Fort, with its tragic story, has fallen into the hands of the curio-seeker, and now arrayed in gaudy apparel, quietly rests in Chicago as a favorite resort for the curious visitor. The gallant soldier of 1861 is now the gray-hair veteran, marching to meet a sterner foe than the Union soldier of more than thirty years ago; yet it is still picturesque and interesting Harper's Ferry. The change of scene on "picturesque B. & O." comes not with a startling abruptness, but dawns as slowly and beautifully as a summer's day—first, gently rounded hills and valleys with their silent streams; then lofty, rolling landscapes with massive rocks and murmuring waterfalls; next, towering peaks with rugged rocky sides, and noisy rivers—and thus does it proceed step by step, 'till the glorious acme of beauty is reached in the harmonious blending of mountain stream and forest.

To the traveller over the Baltimore & Ohio is offered a delightful variety of scenery extending throughout its entire line. From Washington to Cumberland it is rolling and mountainious; from Cumberland until the mountains are crossed, it is impressively grand. At Rowlesburg, that tiny gem studding the shore of the romantic Cheat river, the scenery is scarcely surpassed on the continent. True, there is a wilder and more rugged beauty in the Rockies or Sierra Nevadas, but at no point throughout a protracted journey was a more charming picture presented to the admiring travellers than along the rocky shores of the noisy Cheat.

The agricultural sections of Ohio and Indiana were also of interest, while the blazing natural gas wells were objects of wonder. Towns were passed in which gas ready-made in the earth, was the only illuminating material used in lighting the streets. Near Findlay, Ohio, vast numbers of oil wells dot the country for miles around and have been a source of much wealth to a large community of agriculturists who for years had cultivated the soil all unconscious that beneath them were vast stores of natural wealth.

Commencing with our next issue we will begin a series of papers descriptive of most delightful wanderings in other pleasant places. The articles will include incidents and facts gleaned from a trip by members of the National Editorial Association through fourteen States and three territories, and over nearly twelve thousand miles, and so far as the writer is able, will be confined to matters best calculated to entertain and instruct the readers of the TRANSCRIPT.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Women Teachers.

Of the teaching body in the United States at the last census 65 per cent. were women. The total number is 238,333. Women are sometimes employed as teachers exclusively for boys, but more frequently for boys and girls together. In Chicago there are no separate schools for boys—the sexes are taught together. Women in Boston teach all the branches in all the public school courses to children of all ages and all classes in life. In reply to the comparative success of male and female teachers, the commissioner of education reports: "Women, I think, as a rule succeed better than men in getting work out of pupils of all kinds. The intellectual training which they give is therefore better up to a certain point than that given by men. They also obtain better discipline than men and with less corporal punishment."—*Exchange.*

Teaching History.

Children of the grammar grades may be taught a great deal about historical persons by frequent ten-minute talks.

Though often familiar with names of eminent personages they have very faint ideas as to the reasons these same personages were or are famous.

I will describe the mode of conducting one of these "talks." The subject was Joan of Arc. A full-page picture of the Maid, cut from an illustrated paper, was exhibited in the school-room on Friday.

The appearance of the picture immediately attracted attention, and a warm discussion arose. Some declared it represented a man, others knew the long hair proved it a woman, some thought the fierce look indicated bravery, others thought only insanity could be conveyed by that expression. The armor was strange to a number who had not access to books, and the teacher gave a little talk during the day on different kinds of armor and its use. The name at the bottom of the picture, Jean d' Arc, also required some explanation.

All day Monday following, the interest in the picture did not flag.

Tuesday noon the teacher told the story to the school, drilling them in the pronunciation and meaning of the words at Rouen, Domremy, etc.

On Friday the children were asked to tell the story, which they did with all the details. One very little fellow remembered and gave the name of the saint whose sword was carried by Joan.

At another time Longfellow was the subject, and for the review the pupils gave not only the story of his life, but recited in concert some of his choicest selections.

There seems to be no difference in quality or amount of interests, expressed by the children in these two very dissimilar characters.—BELLE ANDERSON, in *Exchange.*

Educate the Children to High Ideals.

We are too ready to impart instruction to children from low moods and on a low plane, because we do not ourselves habitually dwell in the latitude of the uplands. Motives of policy, of vanity, of seeming instead of being right, enter into our own lives, and, alas! poison the lives of the little ones at the fountain. A grand life, a brave example, a splendid instance of fortitude, of self-abnegation, of courage against odds, is never in vain. It is an object-lesson that flames out from the sky, as the planet amid the host of lesser stars. Whether it be an Arctic or an African explorer, the leader of a forlorn hope, the missionary living among the island lepers, or the army nurse, leaving home and luxury to minister to the wounded and soothe the dying, the noble ideal is uplifted before the eyes of those who are yet in the initial stages, and whose characters are not yet in the mould of destiny. This thought of the lofty ideal gives the chief value of our annual Decoration day, giving us pause amid the pomp and ease of peace, that we may think not of the pageantry of war, but of its sufferings, its fever and thirst, its rigors of cold and furnace heats, its weary marches, fierce battles, and the patriotism which alone condones its bitter woe and the mourning that follows in its track.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Rules for Using Books.

Never hold a book near the fire.
Never drop a book upon the floor.
Never turn leaves with the thumb.
Never lean or rest upon an open book.
Never turn down the corners of leaves.
Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.
Always keep your place with a thin bookmark.
Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.
Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.
Never place another book or anything else upon the leaves of an open book.
Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.
Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.—*Union Signal.*

Jedge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

Ther ain't one Congressman in a thousand that is as big as he thinks he is.

A man may be a purty respectible sort of a statesman and still eat with his knife.

Farmers that would laff at a statesman tryin' to plow a strate furrer, git mad when statesmen laff at them tryin' to hoe up the afares of government.

Wantin' offis is a dizeze.

Ther has been great statesmen that never played poker, but they never acknowledged it in public.

'Tain't gittin drunk, it's stayin' drunk that ruins a man's political carrere.

Government money is ezy spent.

Congressmen preach economy and practis it outside their deestricks.

Taters is taters and money is money.

The ballot box can't ware petticotes and pants at the same time.

Chips for the Churchgoer.

There are many people who think they ought to help the Lord to keep the preacher humble.

It is easier to run an engine without fire than it is to keep up a church without a prayer meeting.

The pastor who tries to carry his church to heaven on his shoulders will be sure to drop the most of it.

Men who stamp around among the stars in the pulpit are not much account in helping people toward heaven.

Closing the heart against the cry of the needy is only another way of shutting the door of heaven against yourself.

The protracted meeting in which the members of the pastor's family take no interest is not apt to develop into much of a revival.—*Ram's Horn.*

Sad Looking Author of a Merry Book.

One who once set type in a great English establishment remembers the time when that most fascinating of nonsense books, "Alice in Wonderland," was put into metal from young Dodgeson's manuscript. "As you saw the writer, a grave almost sad looking young man, going in and out of Worcester college, or at the office about the proofs, you scarcely think such melancholy looking authorship could produce so merry a book."—*Writer.*

IN the United States there are about 16,000,000 cows—one for every four persons.

A Plea for Co-education.

Education is for the purpose of developing and cultivating the thinking power. It is to the end of making a knowing, thinking mind. The higher education is for the realization of broad knowledge and wide thinking. When we know this we know that the sister in a household should be educated as her brother is educated; that the mother should have the power, by reason of her own serious thought on literature, history, art, the varied good things of life, to guide and train the thought power of her children; that the wife should be in intellectual oneness with her husband, ever stimulating and inspiring him by her thinking, and never giving him opportunity to depreciate, or seem to depreciate her mental capacity in comparison with his own.

It is too late in the world's history to think that a woman's mind is not of as much consequence as a man's mind, or that, whatever may be her peculiar sphere she is not to be richly, broadly and, if we may use the word, thoughtfully educated as well as he.—*Timothy Dwight in Forum.*

Babies.

A baby is born at every beat of the human heart. That is more than one for every tick of the clock. These "living jewels" (as the poets call babies) "dropped unstained from heaven," take wings and fly back whence they came one for every minute of the day. From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 between 38,000,000 and 40,000,000 living jewels are dropped into this cold world.

There are more baby girls than boy babies. The proportion of female births to male births is as 100 to 90. So that between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 more girls are born in the world each year than boys. There is always a surplus of women, and the extra number of girl babies keeps up the supply.

The rate of infant motality is enormous. In round numbers, 5,000,000 babies never live long enough to talk, 5,000,000 more never have a chance to walk or run and 5,000,000 more never get old enough to go to school.—*Baby.*

About Hating.

Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts towards any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be.

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying through the world, some hasty greetings, and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away, and ere long forgotten. Is it worth while to hate each other?

Boys—By a Small Girl.

Boys is hawrid. That's what all the gurls sez. Thay doant think so but they sa so sos thay wunt git plaged.

Boys likes to hav gurls think that thay ur tuf. I lik tuf boys.

Mi big sistur sez tuf boys is the best. Shes had speryunce.

I hav never thot of gettin married but I'v had lets uv chances.

Boys is yusful. They clim tres and steel things fur the gurls thay like best. Sicks diffrunt boys sez thay like me best.

Gurls pretends thay doant car fur boys. Gurls hoo sez thay doant car fur boys wunt go to heven. Gurls mus tell the trooth if thay go to heven. Mi big sistur nevur will go to heven.

After whil boys is men. When boys git to chune tewbacka thay ar men.

Boys is better than men.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Exposition Shavings.

The general tint of the world's fair buildings will be pale ivory. Several of them, however, will show modification of that color.

A relief map showing San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara and Santa Cruz counties, Cal., is being prepared at an expense of $10,000 for exhibition at the fair.

As evidence of the great and wide-spread interest abroad taken in the world's fair, it is announced that more than half of the mail now being received by the State department at Washington is in relation to it.

Liberia, the negro republic, has accepted the invitation to participate in the exposition. Forty-five nations and thirty-one colonies and provinces have now accepted, and the aggregate of their appropriations, with thirty yet to hear from, is $4,646,895.

Childish Faith.

A little girl of four years of age had been taught to pray for all kinds of blessings and help, but the other day she was guilty of some act of disobedience for which her mother took her upstairs to punish her with considerable severity. The litile girl had been there before, and knew what was coming. On the way upstairs she knelt down, put her little hands together, and lifted them in supplication. "Oh, Lord," she said, "I'm going to catch it. If you ever do anything for little girls, please, Lord, now's the time." Then she arose and followed her mother, who in order to increase her little daughter's faith in the efficacy of prayer, let her off that time.

LAST YEAR:
Her eyes were rheumy, and weak and red,
Her breath you could smell it afar,
She had ringing and dizzing oft in her head,
And the cause of it all was catarrh.
This year:
Her breath is as sweet as the new meadow hay,
Her eyes are as bright as a star,
And the cause of the change, she is ready to say,
Was the Dr. Sage Cure for Catarrh.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy will positively cure catarrh in the head, no matter how bad or how long standing. Fifty cents, by all druggists.

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.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

If Queen Victoria were compelled to wear the beautiful crown, of which she is so worthy, all the time, she would be a woman greatly to be pitied and never to be envied, for that magnificent affair weighs nearly two pounds. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," is a proverb easily understood when one realizes this; and yet when one considers what the crown of the Queen contains, it ought not to be difficult to realize that it is heavy. It holds more than 3000 precious stones, more than 2700 of which are diamonds. The golden head-band holds two rows of pearls, the lower having 129 and the upper 112 of these treasured stones. Between these bands in front is a large sapphire, and behind is a small sapphire—small only when compared with the one in front, however—with 6 still smaller ones, and 8 emeralds. Between the sapphires fore and aft are ornaments containing 286 diamonds. Surmounting the band are 8 sapphires, above which are 8 diamonds, and 8 festoons which hold 160 diamonds, and in the front, set in a Maltese cross composed of 75 large diamonds, is the magnificent ruby given to the Black Prince in 1367 by Pedro, King of Castile, and which was worn by that dashing monarch Henry V. on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

In addition to these, three crosses containing 386 diamonds are set around the upper part of the crown, between which are four ornaments, each holding a ruby in its centre, and containing respectively 84, 85, 86 and 87 diamonds. From the crosses rise four arches composed of oak leaves and acorns, the oak leaves containing 728 diamonds, and the acorns—32 in number—made each of a single pearl set in cups composed of diamonds. Surmounting the arches is the base of the cross which surmounts the whole. The base, or mound, as it is called, contains 548 diamonds, and the cross—the crowning glory of all this magnificence—contains a huge sapphire and 112 diamonds.

Of course, anything so grand as this is worth a great deal of money, and the value placed upon it by experts is $1,500,000—although it may be doubted if any one could buy it for twice that amount. It is kept in a great iron cage, along with the other crown-jewels, in the Tower of London, which is at all times strongly guarded, as well it may be, for with the rest of the precious stones and crowns and other valuables comprising the regalia, the contents of the cage are estimated as being worth £3,000,000, or $15,000,000.

The Administration Reviewed.

President Harrison had been in office twenty months and the new Congress had finished a session of ten months when the general election occurred. The Republican party experienced the worst defeat in its history; it lost half its membership in the House of Representativss, and retained control of the Senate only by the admission of six new States, let in, some of them, with less than the necessary population, in order that the political complexion of that body should not be changed. The administration party profess to believe that later elections have materially altered the situation and their prospects. This is disputed, and nothing but the elections in November will settle the matter. If I were asked to give my opinion of the causes of this decidedly adverse, and, in my judgment, entirely justifiable popular verdict, I should say that they are all comprehended in the administrative policy of governing the country for the particular benefit of certain classes and interests, and using, directly and indirectly, all legislative and executive powers to that end; these classes and interests forming a narrow oligarchy in opposition to the needs of the multitude. One of the most signal and unquestionable characteristics of the present day is the struggle of labor against capital, of the weak against the strong of the undisciplined many against the organized few—a struggle of those who would enjoy the fruits of the labors of others; between money and the masses, between those who create wealth and those made wealthy by partial legislation, by the mystery of banking and the regulation of coinage. In this struggle Republican policy and administration have yielded to the demands of the strong and encroached upon the rights of the feeble.—SENATOR COLQUITT, *in North American Review* for June.

Literary Notes.

The North American Review for June covers a wide field of the thought and the activities of the day; while the list of distinguished writers give assurance of the interesting and profitable character of the articles. "The Harrison Administration is discussed, on the one hand, in detail and in expressions of warm commendation, by Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Senator Dolph, of Oregon, and, on the other hand, with strong condemnation from the stand-point of party principles and policy, by Senator Colquitt, of Georgia. Karl Blind, who has had a share in the councils of the principal revolutions of the period, gives, in his article on "Modern Revolutions and Their Results," many interesting reminiscences.

Perhaps the most important series of papers now appearing in any of the periodicals is that on "The Great Capitals of the World," which is being published in *Harper's Weekly.* Among the papers which have already been issued in this series are illustrated articles, on Paris, by Francois Coppee; on St. Petersburg, by Vicomte de Vogue; and on Constantinople, by Pierre Loti. The fourth paper is a superbly illustrated description of Rome, written by G. Boisser, to appear in the *Weekly* for June 1st.

A new story by Constance Fenimore Woolson, entitled "In Sloane Street," was among the attractions contained in *Harper's Bazar* for June 11th. There was also in the same number an article on "Cleveland's Sorosis," written by Helen Watterson, giving an account of the organization and aims of one of the most influential woman's associations in the West.

The Invention of Spectacles.

Spectacles were first used in the latter part of the Thirteenth century. There is no certainty as to who was the inventor of them, but the distinction is generally claimed for Alessandro di Spina, who is said to have made some about 1285.—*Notes and Queries.*

SMITH—Is it possible for a young man to know everything.
Jones—Yes, a young man.

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