The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 7

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with Beck & Walker on Main Street.

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, 1885.)
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, Grain 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,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

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.

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.

L. C. ZIRCKEL & BRO.,
1821—1829 Canton Avenue, Baltimore, Md.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Tower's Oiled Clothing, Hats, Etc.
Metropolitan Rubber Co.'s
Rubber Clothing and Mackintoshes.
LYCOMING RUBBER CO.'S
EXTRA FINE QUALITY
Rubber Boots and Shoes.
THE LYCOMING
NON-SNAG DUCK BOOT,
The Best in the World.
Write for Discounts. j16-tf.

WILLIAMSON'S
WATCHES
AND
WATCH
REPAIRING AT
LIVE
AND
LET
LIVE
PRICES.
D. T. WILLIAMSON,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,
May 19, 1892. Cross Street, Chestertown.

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.

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.

HASTY PENCILLINGS.

From the Garden of the Gods, Through Poverty Flat Nearly to the Land of Almost Eternal Sunshine.

Now, with a rush and a clatter, the editorial party passes from flood-sweep, but fertle Kansas, to paradoxical Colorado—paradoxical, because of the seeming inconsistency, yet delightful harmony of its every part. It is neither a crime nor even a reproach to be paradoxical like Colorado, and in this does its variety of harmony consist; one may sit in a bower of blossoming flowers, sip ice-water from a sparkling stream at his feet, while above him are mountains whose rocky crests are eternally snow-capped and crowned in the peculiar beauty of an arctic winter. This beautiful harmony of conflicting seasons exists in many portions of the State. Her mountains, rocky and treeless, are stored with a store of wealth sufficient to purchase the crowns of all the potentates of earth, and still have more than a sufficiency for the sportive whims of a billion-dollar Congress. Its very rocks, shape and arrange themselves into vast temples of beauty, and her waters flow from springs fragrant with the breathings of health.

After passing the State line of Colorado and Kansas, the triumphal portion of the tour of the Eastern editors commenced when progressive, beautiful Pueblo was reached—Pueblo, the Pittsburg of the West, and the "Bullion city of the world." At this point the door was placed ajar and the strangers were allowed a dainty peep into the glorious temple of Western hospitality. We are envious that the royal triumph of the ever-sinning and never sinned-against editor should be known, therefore, it *may* happen, that at times other matters of interest to the outer world may be completely forgotten, in order that a reception may be mentioned. If never before, the newspaper man felt a degree of importance, equal in degree, if not in kind, to that which habitually pervades the sacred trysting places of gaudy idleness and luxurious ease of other mortals. He was an honored guest, rather than an object for the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." But delightful memories of Pueblo, must prove an elixir of smiles and not of frowns and complaints, so we must not murmur.

At the station, we, the excursionists, were met by the "Cow Boy Band," which discoursed music as enjoyable as the air was pure and delightful, and that is saying much. The Maryland party, never too diffident to act upon the time-honored injunction, "if you don't see what you want, ask for it," never failed to call for that (with one exception, "Home, Sweet Home,") sweetest of songs, "My Maryland, and there, at the foot of Colorado mountains, breathed from the strong, manly lungs of a "cowboy band," came welling forth the soul-inspiring song, "Maryland, My Maryland," and if ever the Marylander, (and he *always* does) felt himself the peer of any man on earth, and gloriously proud of his brightest gem among the priceless jewels in the coronet of the Thirteen Original States, it was when far away from home, he heard either of those sweetest blossoms of heart-song, "Home, Sweet Home," or "Maryland, My Maryland." The "Cowboy Band" is composed of magnificent specimens of manhood, dressed in the, to the Easterner, curious but ever attractive costume of the real, animated, blood-curdling cowboy of the Western plains. The entertainment here consisted almost exclusively of music and shaking hands with and becoming acquainted with the people who thronged to the depot to welcome us, but as we must again speak of a more elaborate programme and fuller joys, we will hasten on to the delights of Colorado Springs. Late, late, too late. The feast had been prepared, but the host had reckoned without his guests, and like the bridal feast of sacred record the guests were drawn from unexpected sources, if present at all.

On account of floods in Kansas and Illinois, we were forced to run on late time, and though a royal reception had been prepared for our arrival according to the itinerary, we arrived just one day too late. The St. Louis section of the party was on time, arrived the day before our advent at Colorado Springs, and partook of a delightful reception and drives to the different points of interest. The belated pushers of the quill were royally entertained on the night of their arrival, however, by Mr. G. W. Childs, in the magnificent Casino, at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain. Cheyenne is a beautiful peak, and was the favorite haunt of Helen H. Jackson, the sweet singer, who did most of her most charming work in the midst of its inspiring seclusion. This loyal daughter of the mountain, requested that her remains be interred on the spot she loved so well, and in response to this request her remains were placed in a tomb amid the wild flowers of beautiful Cheyenne.

A monument formed of rugged mountain boulders, over which this daughter of the mountain had so often clambered to sweet song, marked the last resting place of Helen Hunt Jackson. The place finally became so popular as a picnic ground, that the spot was desecrated by the unhallowed presence of pleasure and curio seekers, and the remains were removed to another resting place, which is only sought out by those who seek to love and honor, rather than desecrate the sacred memory of the dead. At the base of this mountain, nestles the Casino, a beautiful building, and about four miles away nestles the city of Colorado Springs.

The altitude of Colorado Springs is 6000 feet above the sea, and its climate the year round is said to have no superior on the globe. Its population of 12,000 is composed largely of the leisure class, attracted by its charms of climate and scenery. It is truly a beautiful city, beautifully located, with rugged Pikes Peak, 14,147 feet high, solitary, eternally snow-capped and grand overlooking the towns and valleys below. The view of Pike's Peak from Colorado Springs is sublimely beautiful and inspiring. When the visitors were at the base of the mountain in May, snow lay on the mountain in places to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and its ascent was impossible. At the base of the Peak is the beautiful town of Manitou—the Great Spirit.

This Eden, whose streets are bathed by the melted snow-crystals of the mountain above, quietly rests in the strangely picturesque mountain cradle which Nature has formed. The Indians gave the town its name, and it was to the Manitou Springs they brought their sick to be cured of the Great Spirit, who supplied the healing waters. The Garden of the Gods, Nature's album of choicest natural gems, at this point, is completely encircled by towering battlements and rugged crags, and is studded with grotesque figures of a thousand imaginary beings and things, chiseled by the action of water in ages dead. The Garden of the Gods is a marvel of beauty, and the surrounding country is one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth. But we have lingered too long, and must away on our return to Pueblo.

The return to Pueblo marked an afternoon of feasting, sight-seeing and a grand ball in the Mineral Palace at night. Every section of the town was visited, and the vast smelting furnaces inspected; an elegant supper was served, the privileges of the street cars were placed at the disposal of the visitors free of all cost. The Mineral Palace, a magnificent building, containing possibly the most valuable collection of minerals in the world, was at night resplendent with light, and the youth, wealth and beauty of Pueblo were present at the ball given in honor of the editor visitors. The residences of Pueblo are unusually handsome and the hospitality of its people are even superior to their elegant city, with all of its vast possibilities and its phenomenal growth.

Adieu to picturesque, salubrious and hospitable Colorado, and now quaint, interesting and curious New Mexico is reached; as rich in her possibilities as she is now sun-parched and dry. Of all the States through which we passed, none were more interesting than the territory which now loudly knocks at the door of the Union for admission as a State. During the entire route through the country, the rugged outlines of snow-capped mountains loomed up resplendent in the sun-rays of each day. Raton—the "Gate City," is so called from its being at the very entrance of the great Santa Fe route, into the erstwhile home of so many peculiar races of men and their peculiar interests. At Raton, all of the enormous number of cattle of the territory are taken for inspection. "Wagon Mound," after leaving Raton, was reached. The name is given the peculiar rocky formation, because of its striking resemblance across the plains, to the old emigrant's wagon, or what is more familiarly known as the "prairie schooner." Far across the plains this vast emigrant wagon, placed there by nature, looms up against the background of millions of acres of arid prairie lands.

At Las Vegas, we were given our first rest on New Mexico's sail. The town is a purely New Mexican product, and was an object of much interest to the host of sightseers. Near the town are the celebrated hot mineral springs, which are annually visited by thousands of invalids and tourists. The curiously constructed adobe houses of the "Greasers" and poorer classes of the New Mexicans, are situated on the outskirts of the town, forming a village—a picturesque assembly of curiously constructed homes. The adobe houses will be seen dotting the plains in every direction. The quaint little Burro, or New Mexican donkey came in as an object of curiosity—the animal is scarcely as tall as a yearling calf, and has ears large enough for an entire family of jack rabbits, and that is saying much. These little animals were seen, from six to eight in a group, each having a load of wood strapped securely to its back. The wood was old and scrubly, and sold for four bits, or fifty cents. The strange looking cavalcade was in charge of one of the oddest specimens ever be fore seen, a Mexican "Greaser." A definition for the term Greaser was difficult to obtain, some, even in New Mexico, asserting that he was a cross between the Indian and Mexican, and others asserting that the term was applied to the lower class of Mexicans. The latter is possibly correct. At Las Vegas, in a neat and pretty yard, a number of pansies were noticed, and in response to a request a number were given our party as souvenirs of the visit. In course of conversation it was discovered that the hand of hospitality was being extended, and the courtesy received, by Marylanders. The lady was Mrs. Wilson, formerly of Baltimore, who is living in New Mexico for her health. It was simply refreshing and delightful in this far-away place to grasp the hand of a Marylander. The name Las Vegas, means "the meadows," and near the prosperous town are some fine peach and other fruit orchards, though grazing and stock raising are the principal industries of the poeple.

All crops here to a great extent depend upon irrigation. Great plains of fertle land spread away to the base of snow-covered mountains, only awaiting the introduction of water to make what are now barren wastes to burst into flower and blossom as the rose. The mountains will never cease to pour down their wealth of water from the melting snows, and the future of New Mexico is full of brightness and promise. Irrigation has already been largely introduced with most satisfactory results. The prairies are sparsely covered with a growth of coarse broom sedge, upon which the aristocratic Maryland cow would starve, but upon which her Western sister prospers and grows fat. The population is, with the exception of the American settlers, principally Spanish and of the Catholic religion. To see a New Mexican or an Arizonian, as a rule, means to see his faithful broncho, lasso and saddle. The deadly stiletto is his weapon, and every man is armed to the teeth on each and all occasions. Numerous Indian villages were passed, and at several places our train stopped sufficiently long to allow a visit to their curious homes, which were invariably neat and well-kept, and the Indians, like most of the population, live in adobe dwellings. Adobe is a sun-baked brick, and the size is fixed by law. The brick is made of a sandy loam, mixed with finely cut straw. The legal size of an adobe is 9 inches long, 6 inches wide and 4 inches thick. The dwellings are flat on the roof, and if grass and weeds are kept from growing on the roof these adobe houses will last for a number of years. When vegetation is allowed to start on the adobes the roots penetrate and admit the water, and the building soon leaks and becomes worthless. The Pueblo Indians, many of whom were seen, are industrious and self-supporting. In the territory are the Pueblos, Navajos, Moqui, Zuni and others. Here is a little story of the Navajos:

"That your girl?"

"Yes."

"What'll you take for her?"

"Diez caballos," (10 horses), answered the crone, holding up her ten fingers, "Stamuncho bonita."

I admitted that the girl was "bonita," but I didn't have the ten horses with me and guessed I would not buy.

Such is material affection among the Navajo—so different from our Christian mothers, who never think of wealth, title, or position, but always of the moral virtues and intellectual decorations of a prospective son-in-law.

How many of my countrymen who have read of the "prayer-wheels" of Burmah, and the paper prayers of the Chinese, know that there is a mechanical prayer used by thousands of people in the United States? The Pueblo "prayer-stick" is quite as curious a device as those of the heathen Orient; and the feather is the chief part of it.

Prowling in sheltered ravines about any Pueblo town, the curiosity-seeker will find, stuck in the ground, carefully whittled sticks, each with a turf of downy feathers (generally white) bound at the top.

Each of these sticks is a prayer—and none of the less earnest and sincere because so misguided. Around the remote Pueblo or Zuni I have counted over three thousand of these strange invocations in one day's ramble; but never a tithe as many by any other Pueblo.

According to the nature of the prayer the stick, the feathers and the manner of tying them vary. The Indian who has a favor to ask of the Trues prepares his feather-prayer with great solemnity and secrecy, takes it to a proper spot, prays to all those above, and plants the prayer-stick that it may continue his petition after he has gone home.

Santa Fe, the territorial capital, is situated on a short line of railroad eighteen miles from Lamy, on the main line of the Santa Fe system. On the night of our passing near the city, the handsome public buildings were completely destroyed by fire. The territory abounds in points of more than ordinary interest. Starvation Peak stands out among the most interesting spots. This is a very high, cone-shaped peak, having a cheese-box shaped apex which is accessible but by one path. During one of the Indian raids, a number of years ago, about two hundred and fifty men, women and children left their homes in a village on the plains below and sought to defend themselves on the mountain. Provisions sufficient for a reasonable siege were provided, but the Indians, not knowing the number entrenched in the mountain, feared to make an attack, but with numbers largely in excess of those of the besieged, guarded the only avenue of escape, and every soul perished of starvation—hence the name Starvation Peak. Albuquerque was found to be a quaint, but interesting town. Yet the old Spanish Mission, the most curious product of the past, we were unable to visit. The ruins of an old adobe mission were passed, around which hangs an interesting legend. The good father who presided over the spiritual destinies of his little flock in the trackless wastes of the then (for it was centuries ago) new country, left his charge promising to return. But after waiting for years, during which time a light was kept constantly burning on the altar, finally a great serpent appeared on the altar and demanded the sacrifice of a female child at stated frequent intervals. This demand was complied with, and in a short time the little settlement was so much depleted, that it was at last swallowed up into obscurity. The sacred circle of the church is drawn around the decaying ruins, which promise to withstand the ravages of the elements and time for a century to come. Specimens of rare and beautiful flowers were gathered, curious combinations of landscape were enjoyed, and the novel peculiarities of this, before stranger country were studied, all forming a series of most delightful experiences, which can only be referred to here. Pleasant memories have induced our pen to become unmindful of our promise to stop in this letter, with our delighted sight feasting on the first view of the royal robe of glorious California. We have been prolix and tedious possibly, but will not apologize, only promising to *try* to be more considerate next time. We will enter the land of song, of sunshine and of beauty in our next letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Impolite Things.

We give a few of those impolite things in which young people render themselves disagreeable:

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Smoking about the house.
6. Cutting finger nails in company.
7. Leaving church before public worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in church.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of reverence and respect for seniors.
12. Correcting persons older than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking of others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.

WHAT is lacking is truth and confidence. If there were absolute truth on the one hand and absolute confidence on the other, it would be necessary for the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a $500 guarantee. They say—"If we can't cure *you* (make it personal please,) of catarrh in the head, in any form or stage, we'll pay you $500 for your trouble in making the trial." "An advertising fake," you say. Funny isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee *absolute* Wise men don't put *money* back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

Magical little granules—those tiny sugar-coated Pellets of Dr. Pierce—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pill ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness, constipation. One a dose.

It is a pity that we cannot all get what we want.

TARIFF IS A TAX.

We publish below a striking illustration of the fact that tariff is a tax, from *The Great Columbian Dragoon*, a publication by D. A. Reynolds, of Lansing, Michigan. Be sure to cut this out for your scrap book, and show it to your neighbors. It is a practical application and shows how the tariff tax affects every family in the U. S.

"Robert Smith had been a life-long Republican, had entered his country's service when a young man, had formed a dislike for his southern neighbors which, fanned by the subsidized press of his party, had kindled into a growing hatred that had long blinded him to the issue of the hour. He had been the happy recipient of two hundred acres of fine land upon his return home, a present from his parents, while an obliging neighbor had consented to furnish a young wife. Prospects were indeed fair. Twenty-five years old, 200 acres of beautiful land, everything around him to make him comfortable, a charming wife, lots of friends and out of debt.

For a time everything was prosperous, but after a few years the buildings began to look old for want of paint, the fences were the worse for years, everything wore a forlorn look while himself and family at times, were actually shabby.

In vain had he told himself that with each return of the seasons, times would be better. He congratulated himself in the general prosperity of the country and pointed with pride to the thousands of millionaires in every part of this broad land. He had tried to impart a little of his enthusiasm to his wife, but a weary sigh and a half reproachful smile from those care-worn features were his only answer. He had been faithful to his party, had been recognized two or three times with petty local offices and was considered one of the "tried and true."

But times were getting harder, prices lower, clothes more ragged, wife more care-worn, temper more uncontrolable and a general blight seemed to settle over and upon everything. One day, meeting a former political opponent, he was urged to read a small pamplet, which, upon examination proved to be a copy of the "McKinley Tariff Law."

McKinley had been his ideal representative, and he resolved to study it minutely. Long into the night did he sit and study that "wonderful document," rising from his chair a changed man. Grinding his teeth to keep back the strong invectives that kept rising to his lips for utterance, he mentally resolved to take an inventory of his surroundings by the new light he had received.

There lay his wife upon a couch on which he had paid a bonus of 25 per cent. while over her shoulders rested a blanket upon which he had paid a tax of 90 per cent. The sheets were taxed 45 per cent., the spread taxed 40 per cent., and the cotton lace upon the pillow covering, 70 per cent.

He dropped his eyes to the much worn carpet taxed 110 per cent., leaned his head upon the table taxed 35 per cent., and removed his spectacles taxed 60 per cent. In doing so, he nearly upset the lamp taxed 45 per cent., spilling the oil taxed 20 per cent., and ruining a table spread taxed 40 per cent. Crazed with the thoughts that kept coursing through his brain, he glanced at the clock taxed 45 per cent., put a stick of wood in the stove taxed 12-10 cents per pound, turned the key in the lock taxed 45 per cent. and resolved to drown his thoughts in sleep.

His troubled sleep did him but little good, for he arose before daylight, scratched a match taxed 10 cents per gross, lit the candle taxed 25 per cent. that stood in the candle stick taxed 55 per cent, upon the stand taxed 35 per cent. He arose, put on a pair of pantaloons taxed 109½ per cent., a pair of hose taxed 55 per cent., a pair of shoes taxed 25 per cent. and laced them up with shoe strings taxed 50 per cent. He washed himself in a washdish taxed 55 per cent. with soap taxed 20 per cent., wiped himself on a towel taxed 50 per cent., and combed his hair with a comb taxed 30 per cent. before a mirror taxed 45 per cent.

Fastening his suspender taxed 40 per cent. to a button taxed 50 per cent., he seized his hat taxed 55 per cent., called his wife and was soon out in the open air.

Starting for his barn taxed $1 per thousand feet of lumber and covered with shingles taxed 30 cents per thousand, he fell over the garden rake taxed 45 per cent. and a hoe taxed 45 per cent., which Johnnie had left in the path the day before, striking his head upon the plow taxed 45 per cent. and came very near cutting himself upon his axe taxed 45 per cent.

He returned to the house, bound up the wound with court plaster taxed 25 per cent., rubbed on some liniment taxed 25 per cent., and putting on some mittens taxed 85 per cent. started again to see to the chores.

Mrs. Smith awoke with a dull headache and began dressing. It was Sunday morning, and so she put on her corset taxed 50 per cent., caught up her hair with pins taxed 30 per cent., in a net taxed 75 per cent., inserting a set of artificial teeth taxed 40 per cent., completing her toilet by fastening a shawl taxed 40 per cent. about her shoulders with a pin taxed 30 per cent.

On a chair taxed 35 per cent. lay Johnnie's best pair of pants taxed 60 per cent., exhibiting a rent the result of an accident of the day before. She had been too weary to fix them the night before, so taking needle and thread taxed 14 cents per dozen spools, her thimble taxed 45 per cent., shears taxed 45 per cent. and selecting a patch taxed 60 per cent. she began her daily toil.

As the repairs were nearly completed, little Bobbie showed signs of waking and getting him the nursing bottle taxed 40 per cent., she gave him the nipple taxed 30 per cent., and left the rattle taxed 25 per cent., within his reach.

Going to the kitchen she put over the kettle taxed 45 per cent., the teapot taxed 45 per cent., brushed up the room with a broom taxed 40 per cent., set her table with china taxed 60 per cent., knives and forks taxed 63 per cent., a water picture taxed 60 per cent., put on some pepper taxed 4 cents a pound, salt taxed 12 cents per barrel, pickles taxed 45 per cent., catsup taxed 45 per cent., set her wash-tub taxed 55 per cent., and a crock taxed 50 per cent., in the cellar hung up her rolling pin taxed 35 per cent., dusted a picture taxed 25 percent., that hung in a frame taxed 35 per cent., and called Mr. Smith to breakfast.

While the children were eating breakfast Mr. Smith took his razor taxed 84 per cent., from the case taxed 35 per cent. whet it up on a leather strap taxed 25 per cent., and lathering his face with a brush taxed 40 per cent., from a mug taxed 60 per cent., was soon shaved, thereby saving ten cents that he must otherwise have paid the barber.

As Mr. Smith lived some distance from the village, he was in the habit of driving to church in the farm wagon, and wishing to be in season, went to the barn to hitch up the team. Throwing the harness taxed 35 per cent., upon the horses, he fastened the hames taxed 45 per cent., took down a whip taxed 35 per cent., hitched his horse to the wagon tongue taxed 20 per cent., and called to his wife that he was ready.

Mrs. Smith had not been idle. Looking through the window taxed 45 per cent., she had seen her husband's preparation and throwing on her cloak taxed 50 per cent., pulling on a pair of overshoes taxed 112 per cent., she adjusted a brooch taxed 50 per cent., put on her bonnet taxed 30 per cent. trimmed with artificial flowers taxed 50 per cent. and fastening it with a pin taxed 25 per cent., hoisted an umbrella taxed 55 per cent. and was soon in the wagon.

She had noticed her husband's changed manner, and inquired if he was ill, but he assured her that he was thinking busily and would let her know as soon as he had arrived at a conclusion.

It was the last hair that broke the camel's back, and Mr. Smith found it in church that beautiful Sabbath morning. The bell taxed 45 per cent., had just ceased ringing, the minister arose and leaned over the altar taxed 50 per cent., to thank God for our *free* and glorious Republic, founded upon *absolute equality* and *equal justice*.

It was a brilliant production, but it had lost its power upon Mr. Smith, who set with eyes riveted upon the organ, taxed 35 per cent., nor noticed the collector who stood waiting for his contribution, until Mrs. Smith touched him upon the arm.

Producing his pocket-book, taxed 35 per cent., he found that he had just one cent left, which he thrust into the cup and with a frenzied look rushed from the church.

It was very strange conduct, but who will question the forces at work? He had received a revelation.

A SAVING FATHER.

How Wedding Expenses Were Reduced to a Low Figure.

"Papa, I will wed George."

"Never."

The young girl's eyes flashed and the hot, passionate blood of her forefathers, to say nothing of her own, mantled her cheek with an angry flush. The old man was excited, too. Parent and child confronted each other and neither quailed.

"Do you refuse me that which alone will make me happy?"

She stamped her new russet shoe upon the floor and never winced, although the fourth corn on her second toe hurt like sixty. It simply made her madder, and it looked as if the stern father might be compelled, in order to save himself from personal violence, to come off the porch.

"Your happiness is very dear to me, my daughter."

The old man was feinting, as they say at the ring side.

"What wouldst have me do, sir?"

The father shrugged one shoulder, being compelled to be careful of the other on account of rheumatism.

"Wilt abide by my command, daughter?"

With an effort that convulsed her frame she repressed her emotion.

"I will. Say on, papa."

With infinite grace he led her to a seat. He considered it a great indorsement to have things come his way thus.

"My child, you said wed."

She nodded.

"I say elope.

She started.

"Then I may marry George?"

"Most assuredly. But no wedding, if you please."

He looked at his watch.

"Bless you, my daughter. I am willing to pay for a very stylish elopment, but a wedding—no, indeed. Tell George not to stint himself on carriage hire and hotel bills. I will cheerfully meet the expense. You may elope sumptuously and I'll furnish the cash, but I can't possibly afford a wedding."

Like the sensible girl that she was, she consented to the sacrifice after a good long cry.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Texts for the Fourth.

American patriotism must be a household virtue.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues which the Almighty has planted in the human heart.—Emery A. Storrs.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong.—Stephen Decatur.

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne
And think it kindness to his majesty.
—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.—Patrick Henry, March 23, 1775.

This nation has dissolved, but in tears only. It stands, four square, more solid to-day than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted nor daunted nor disordered. The government is made stronger.—Henry Ward Beecher.

God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free—
While God is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe.

A great deal of indigestion is due to the foolish drinking of icewater at every meal.

SHE—"And why is a ship called 'she?'"
HE—"Aye, ma'am! because the rigging cost so much."—*Judge.*

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