The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 12

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court 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.

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Chestertown Md.,
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Grain, Fruit and Produce
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COAL and WOOD.
Orders in Any Quantities Left at D. A. Bacchus' Grocery Store, or
At J. D. Bacchus' Yard,
WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
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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.

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—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.

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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).
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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.

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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.

Bakery, Ice Cream, Etc.
HAVING moved from up town into the storehouse recently vacated by Mrs. Cummings. We have opened a
Bakery, Grocery, Ice Cream,
Confectionery and Fruit Store.
Our BREAD is all home-made, and in this line we make a specialty of
Light Bread, Biscuits & Rolls.
We carry a full line of Confectionery, Fruits, Groceries and Tinware, which we are selling at Bottom Prices. The Best Coal Oil in the market at 15 cents per gallon.
We Will Open Our Ice Cream Saloon
on the 20th inst. We have fitted up our saloon to accommodate the ladies and gentlemen of the town and country. The room will be kept private for the accommodation of our customers. Any one wanting
Family and other orders for large or small quantities promptly filled.
A Lunch, Cup of Coffee or Beef Steak,
can be accommodated. Call and see us. We are prepared to accommodate you.
JOSHUA H. BRYAN.
April 28, 1892. Main Street near Queen

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT, One Dollar per year.

L. C. ZIRCKEL & BRO.,
1821—1829 Canton Avenue, Baltimore, Md.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
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EXTRA FINE QUALITY
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THE LYCOMING
NON-SNAG DUCK BOOT,
The Best in the World.
Write for Discounts. j16-tf.

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a
Century
It Has Been
THE LEADER

LEA'S
FLOUR!

MRS. A. C. S. WILLIAMSON,
—DEALER IN—
Fancy Dry Goods,
NOTIONS, Etc.
NEW goods are constantly arriving at the Fancy Dry Goods and Notion Store, in the Hudgins' building, next door to the old "Hudgins bakery." New Fittings, New Goods. Everything bright and attractive. Come and see! Patronage of the ladies of Chestertown and outlying districts respectfully solicited.
A. C. S. WILLIAMSON.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One dollar

CLEVELAND.

AIR—"*Star-Spangled Banner.*"

Oh, say, don't you see at the breaking of dawn
The name that is hailed as the pride of the nation?
Like a beacon it gleams as it ushers the morn,
And fills every breast with supreme exultation:
As it catches the eye,
Freemen everywhere vie
With each other in shouts as they raise it on high;
'Tis that grand patronymic o'er which they may rave—
It is "Cleveland," the honest, the pure and the brave!
[*Repeat last two lines.*

As the plaudits ascend from the earth to the skies
That name is sent flashing from ocean to ocean;
And patriots look up with their tear-lashened eyes,
While they give thanks to God with profoundest emotion:
For they know in the fight
'Gainst the prowess of might
That name will unswervingly stand for the right;
And their hope is the man who his country will save—
Great Cleveland, the peerless, the true and the brave!
[*Repeat.*

Mid the jibes and the scoffs of his foes see him stand,
Unmoved, though reviled by their gross malediction.
As a leader of men who was born to command,
He is firm as a rock in his honest convictions;
See his banner unfurled
To the gaze of the world
As his "tariff reform" 'gainst "protection" is hurled;
To his party himself as its platform he gave—
Great Cleveland, the noble, unswerving and brave!
[*Repeat.*

[redacted] because the debris washed out, was carried for more than a hundred miles away, and navigation in the Sacramento and several other streams was fatally obstructed. Then, too, great injury was done to farming lands along these streams by a backing up of the water. It is now claimed, that this trouble can be remedied, and Congress will be asked to allow the work of hydraulic mining at Dutch Flat to be resumed. The gold is held in flates of greater or less size in the loose soil; great hydraulic guns wash the banks down, and by a simple process the gold is caught. The writer took a miner's pan and secured gold for himself. The breakfast was an ideal miner's repast, and was much enjoyed, and consisted of bacon, beans, coffee, bread and butter.

Leaving this great camp of placer mining, or mine where gold *dust* is found, a magnificent trip over the mountains in flat cars covered with hastily improvised awnings, brings us to Nevada City, another great mining centre where gold is dug hundreds and thousands of feet beneath the surface, mixed with quartz. The TRANSCRIPT man made the descent, and at a depth of more than one thousand feet, took a miner's pick and dug out several beautiful specimens of shining gold. The system of separating the gold from the quartz is most interesting, but space will prevent a detailed account. These sturdy, hospitable people are charming hosts, and entertain with the lavishness and elegance of Vanderbilts. The men are rugged in their candor of expression, and manly and sincere in their manners and methods. The ladies are refined, elegant and beautiful. Lunches, with iced drinks, were served at the mines, and a sumptuous banquet was spread at the town hall.

We now turn our faces northward, toward Portland, Oregon. California and its delightful people, with their glorious country, must be left, and as we made our exit, beautiful Mount Shasta, eternally snow-capped, was passed, and presented a picture of incomparable loveliness. But we have promised to be pointed and brief, consequently we cannot delay for adieus to our erstwhile hosts, or to gather nosegays from the boundless fields which surround us. Oregon invites us to enter her romantic domain, and we are already familiar with the committee of elegant gentlemen who have come to meet us and to welcome their guests. Long before Oregon soil was reached, these gentlemen passed through the cars at frequent intervals, passing cigars for the gentlemen and the finest confectionery for the ladies.

At Albany an elegant meal was enjoyed. The best, if comparisons are admissible, was reserved for us while in Oregon.

At Oregon City a steamer was taken, which, after a delightful run down the Willamette river, brought us to Portland. Tickets to the theatre and to the finest hotels and restaurants in the city were furnished to each visitor, and our badge was a passport on all car lines. At an early hour next morning the beauties of the city were shown, after which a trip up the picturesque Columbia river was enjoyed within the shadow of snow-capped Mount Hood. Portland is one of the most charming cities visited, and personally, would be my choice of all other places in the far West for a home. Its people are hospitable, intelligent and progressive, while the State in which it is situated, is vast in its resources, and its possibilities are almost limitless. In the harbor lay the cruisers Baltimore and Charleston. The former steamed down the river just before our steamer on our trip to the Columbia, and the Charleston was visited on our return. Our old friend Goldsborough, who holds a post of honor on the great warship, was delighted to welcome his Maryland friends, and extended every possible courtesy. We could, and were we to follow our own inclinations, would, write volumes upon the glorious entertainment accorded us at this glorious city on the Willamette, but remembering our promise, we must make a long leap across many miles of picturesque and beautiful country to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Though at the base of snow-clad mountains, Mormonism is the great centre around which the interest of of the visitor gathers. Notwithstanding the fact, that Congress has legislated against it, Mormonism still exists in Salt Lake City to a great extent, though not so openly as formerly. The practice of a plurality of wives, however, is indulged in by the wealthier and representative class to a far greater extent than by those who are poorer, every man before he takes a wife being required to give assurances that he is able to provide for her. The city was originally settled by the Mormons under Brigham Young, in July, 1847, and it abounds in monuments and mementoes of these strange people. We visited Mr. Brigham's grave, expecting to find the suggestive and highly appropriate injunction, "Go thou and do likewise," but it was not there, and within the very sound of the [redacted]mpet of the good angel Moroni, we [redacted]uld but weep at the selfishness of our [redacted]parted brother, who, though he had [redacted]d a confusing abundance of wives him[redacted]f, gave no instructions to guide us in [redacted]gard to the future matrimonial estate. [redacted]re, too, will be seen the magnificent [redacted]rmon Temple, the Tabernacle and the [redacted]sembly Hall. The Temple is, with the [redacted]gle exception of St. Patrick's Cathedral [redacted] New York, the grandest and costliest [redacted]clesiastical structure in the country. It [redacted]s begun in 1853, has cost nearly [redacted]00,000, and is still unfinished. It is two [redacted]ndred feet long, a hundred feet wide, [redacted]d a hundred feet high, with four towers, [redacted]e at each corner, two hundred and [redacted]enty feet in height. The walls are ten [redacted]t thick, and the massiveness and solid[redacted] of its construction insure its defiance [redacted] the ravages of time for ages to come. It [redacted] built wholly of snow-white granite from [redacted] Cottonwood Cayon; and, standing on [redacted]e of the loftiest points in the city, it can [redacted] seen for fifty miles up and down the [redacted]ley.

The Tabernacle, which is just west of [redacted] temple in the same square, is one of [redacted] architectural curios of the world. It [redacted]ks like a vast terrapinback, or half of a [redacted]digious egg-shell cut in two lengthwise, [redacted]l is built wholly of iron, glass and [redacted]ne. It is two hundred and fifty feet [redacted]g, a hundred and fifty feet wide, and a [redacted]ndred feet high in the center of the roof, [redacted]ich is a single mighty arch, unsupport[redacted] by pillar or post, and is said to have but [redacted] counterpart on the globe. The walls [redacted]e twelve feet thick, and there are twenty [redacted]uge double doors for entrance and exit. The Tabernacle seats 13,462 people, and its acoustic properties are so marvelously perfect that a whisper or the dropping of a pin can be heard all over it. The organ is one of the largest and grandest-toned in existence, and was built there of native woods, by Mormon workmen and artists, at a cost of $100,000. It is fifty-eight feet high, has fifty-seven stops, and contains two thousand six hundred and forty-eight pipes, some of them nearly as large as the chimneys of a Mississippi river steamboat.

Just east of Temple Block is another walled square, containing the Mormon Tithing-House and printing-office, and Brigham Young's extensive residence, including the famous Lion House and Bee-Hive House, where eighteen of his wives lived. Across the street to the east is the school-house of his seventy-eight children, which would be a very pretty chapel in an eastern town. Across the street, south of the Lion and Bee-Hive houses, is the superb Amelia Palace, which he built for his nineteenth wife, Amelia Folsom, who was a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. A block above, on the brow of the hill, is Brigham's grave, and his private graveyard, where all his wives, with perhaps one exception, will ultimately be buried around him, in the order of their marriages, or "sealings" to him; the first one nearest to him, and so on, to the latest and farthest.

After leaving Salt Lake City, a halt was made at Leadville, Colorado, and that greatest of American gambling towns was inspected while its Faro banks, Roulette tables, etc., were in full blast. The altitude was such, that the most robust of us experienced difficulty in breathing. Leadville is truly a wonderful town. Just before entering its territory, though sunny June had arrived, we alighted from the cars and enjoyed a hand-to-hand snow-ball battle.

Denver we found to be one of the most progressive, and from a business standpoint, one of the most desirable of all the Western cities for a permanent home.

In Nebraska, our train was wrecked, and all were given a general shaking up. Two cars were completely overturned, and several others torn from their trucks; yet, no one was seriously injured. The most curious feature of the vast level stretches of fertile country in Nebraska, were the dugouts at each man's doors. These are holes dug in the ground, in which families seek shelter during the terrific cyclones which sweep the country, often carrying death and destruction with them. In the town near which we were wrecked, a number of Sunday school scholars and their pastor had been killed several days before by the destruction of the church in which they were practicing for Children's Day services.

The run to Chicago and thence home was pleasant, but uneventful, and though the one-thousandth part of the pleasant experiences enjoyed during the most elaborate trip ever conceived and carried into effect on this continent, have scarcely been hinted at, we will close this series of Hasty Pencilling concerning wanderings in pleasant places.

BOYISH CURIOSITY.—"Papa, was President Harrison ever a little boy like me?"

"Yes my son; why?"

"I was only wondering if I'd ever be a little President like him."

A FORTY YEAR'S RECORD.

How July 27 Compared With Corresponding Days of Other Years.

Among the archives of the old Pennsylvania hospital is probably the most complete and interesting weather report in Philadelphia. This shows that although several degrees cooler than Tuesday, it was the hottest 27th of July ever known—at least since 1825, previous to which time no record is known to be in existence. Every day since January 1, 1825, the hospital authorities have kept a record of the temperature, velocity and direction of the wind, and a barometrical report, together with several minor weather details. The following table, compiled from these reports, which are taken from instruments in the hospital grounds, shows the maximum temperature for July 27 since 1850.

1850—74.	1861—86.5.	1872—82	1883—88.5.
1851—90.	1862—83	1873—90	1884—82.5.
1852—84.	1863—90.5.	1874—89.5.	1885—78.
1853—72.	1864—86.5.	1875—87	1886—85.
1854—82.	1865—87.	1876—87.	1887—80.
1855—90.	1866—86.5.	1877—97.	1888—77.
1856—98.	1867—83.	1878—79.5.	1889—75.
1857—88.	1868—70.	1879—90.5.	1890—86.
1858—88.	1869—85.	1880—90.5.	1891—77.
1859—76.	1870—93.5.	1881—86.5.	1892—90.5.
1860—84.	1871—82.5.	1882—96.	

Interesting Facts.

We have 512,500 telephones.

No telegraph poles in China.

Coke makes the hottest fire.

Armour employs 7900 people.

Uncle Sam has 73,034 paupers.

Letter postage costs us $42,000,000 a year.

Alaska has yielded $33,000,000 in sealskins.

Chinese fishermen wear stockings of human hair.

Hopkins' University has a $10,000 thermometer.

Churches built in America in 1891 numbered 8508.

We exported 649,606 gallons of rum to Africa during the past year.

Grasshoppers contain formic acid, which is worth 60 cents a pound.

A man in Florida this year has realized $10,000 from an acre of pine apples.

It costs the saloons of New York $500,000 a year to replace their broken glasses.

Kansas wheat acreage has increased from 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 acres in two years.

A cubic inch of gold is worth, in round numbers, $210; a cubic foot, $362,380, and a cubic yard, $9,797,762..

The license law of Sweden forbids any person buying drink without purchasing something to eat at the same time.

Literary Notes.

Prominent among the attractions in the number of *Harper's Weekly*, published 27, were two pages of illustrations of the Cleveland notification meeting at Madison Square Garden, July 20th. Apropos of the Naval Reserve's week of manœuvres, the same number of the *Weekly*, contained two superb illustrations of naval subjects, a full page by R. F. Zogbaum, and a double page by T. deThulstrup. Mrs. McGlasson's powerful story of Kentucky life, "An Early Paragon," is continued, and there was the usual entertaining variety of timely articles on current topics, attractive illustrations, portraits of public men, and short papers on miscellaneous subjects.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop contributed a pleasant story for summer reading, entitled "For a Lord," to the last number of *Harper's Bazar*, published July 30.

Frances Eleanor Trollope, the author of *That Wild Wheel*—a new novel just issued by Harper & Brothers—is the wife of the famous novelist T. Adolphus Trollope, to whom she was married in 1866. She has written several successful stories, all of which are distinguished for their freshness and originality. Her faculty for making vigorous and lifelike character studies is especially noteworthy.

Nothing to Wear.

"Where are my suspenders, maw?" shrieked a Jefferson avenue belle to her mother across the upstairs hall.

"Your father borrowed them while I mended his," was the answer.

"I can't find my four-in-hand tie."

"Your brother Tom wore it last night. You will find it in his room."

"But, maw, where's my silk yachting shirt."

"Algy wore it to the regatta."

There was a brief silence. Then the voice wailed across the hall again:

"Maw, I can't find my riding trou-s-e-r-s."

"Charles has them on," was the response.

Then a tired-looking young man who had been waiting unannounced in the hall below, rose up and softly stole away.

"She might want my boots next," he said, wearily, and no one knows why that engagement is off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Plain Information.

Suez canal is 88 miles long.

Glass originally came from India.

Owls have a very acute sense of hearing.

Some Chinese razors are made of horse shoes.

Sales by auction were formerly held by candlelight.

Gold mines about Nevada City are the deepest and the richest in the world.

The first tall hat worn by men first appeared in France nearly 500 years ago.

The most costly of the metals is didynium, which sells at $4500 a pound.

It is said to have cost the present Emperor of China $10,000,000 to get married.

Weaving was practiced in China more than 1000 years before it was known elsewhere.

About 2,500,000 is a fair estimate of the number of flowers required by the busy bee to make a pound of honey.

Some Summer Don'ts.

Don't ask any one to sit in a boat while you try to learn to row it.

Don't risk any other life than your own in a sailboat.

Don't trust to the courage that comes from beer.

Don't change seats in a rowboat when you are in the middle of the stream.

Don't forget that the woods are safer than the water for a landsman.

Don't go swimming in a strong undertow immediately after a hearty dinner.—*New York World.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

An Interesting Account of the Wheelmen's Meet—The Progress of Catholicism—Their Magnificent Institute.

Everthing comes to Washington, from church gatherings to horse races, from Congress to Woman's Rights' assemblies. The number of these is something amazing in the course of a year, and keeps up the interest of public life and social excitement. This week the wheelmen of America have been here, and the wheelwomen, too, and the streets here have been rumbling to the many hundreds of tires and fluttering with streamers and decorations of various design and hues. The meeting was one of the most successful in point of interest and enthusiasm that has ever been held. The magnificent streets and many objects of note not elsewhere to be seen, delighted the thousands of visitors, while the pageant, constantly moving day and night, was something of an attraction even to the surfeited denizen. Nowhere else in America could the conditions be so favorable for enjoyment. Here are over one hundred miles of the finest streets in the world. Then for sights come all the Government buildings, museums and parks with Mt. Vernon and Arlington within easy reach. The praise of the city was universal, and the hospitality bestowed upon the visitors, a theme of common report. The street parade brought out all the features incident to the use of the wheel, from gay to grave, from lively to severe. Some were so heavily trimmed they were difficult to drive, while in some instances the riders were so decorated, that, photographed, they looked as the maid did, "all tattered and torn." One particularly lively young man was pinned up with badges from his waist to his ears, fore and aft, and was a distressingly curious specimen to look upon as he whirred and flashed by in the sunlight. There were few companies who made any effort to appear well. Most all seemed to be in undress, or had adopted no distinctive apparel. A novel and picturesque scene was presented in one of the delegations, who with flannel suits and black socks, and rifles swung across the back, shot swiftly on along the course. But for the most part men wore every day suits, and many of these were turned up about the collar to avoid the showers which fell at intervals.

Chestertown was represented in a contingent that did not hesitate to make itself know by a yell in which the word "Chestertown" was thrice repeated. If no one asked that day, "What's the matter with Chestertown?" it was not because the boys did not whoop it up in good style. Such pluck in a little crowd of fellows, if converted into first-class business grit, ought to make renown for the ancient city on the banks of the Chester.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison, whose particular yell is confined to the phrase, "four, four, four years more," is not as familiar with the wheel as he is with the rod. He was caught napping, and the procession was well on its way past his domicile before he came out to review the fun. He stood bareheaded, having left "G. F's" hat on the rack.

The meet was brought to a close Wednesday, when about 2,000 wheelmen attended the big smoker given at Casino Park, not far from Mount Pleasant. The grounds were beautifully illuminated, Chinese lanterns being strung from the tops to the ground, making an attractive display. The music stand erected in the grove was decorated with flags and bunting. Music was furnished by the Overman Wheel Company's Band. The wheelmen who attended the smoker, went in line from the Ebbitt House, and before they had been at the park many minutes almost every one had a pipe in his mouth, and it took but a short while to raise a thick cloud of smoke.

There were chairs, benches and tables provided under the big trees, and the wheelmen were served with lunches and liquid refreshments. Music and song enlivened the occasion during the evening, and many shouted themselves hoarse giving their club yells.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM.

The Catholic Church, true to its instincts in providing for the material enjoyment of it communicants, has just dedicated a splendid building called *Carroll Institute.*

The building was designed by Barry E. Simpson, and will be erected at a cost of $50,000 by Owen Donnelly, who built St. Peter's Church. The basement will be fitted up with bowling alleys of the most approved modern pattern. The main floor will be a capacious and airy hall capable of seating 800 people. The hall will be nearly square, with exits all around on a level with the ground, and will be fitted with a small stage. On the second floor will be located the Carroll library of 3,500 volumes, one of the most select collections of standard Catholic literature in the city. There will also be smaller reading and committee rooms, a billiard room with three tables, card rooms and a smoking cabaret.

The third and fourth floors thrown into one will constitute one of the finest modern gymnasiums, completely fitted throughout with the most approved appliances of athletic culture. The institute has only recently branched out into field sport, but already its base-ball nine and bicycle club have made good records.

Our "Y. M. C. A." have long since adopted the bowling-alley, gymnasium and athletic sports, but cards and billiards have not yet gotten on the programme. At the laying of the corner-stone and consecration of the institute the Rev. Dr. Stafford, of Baltimore, said: "The present age was an age of organization. Men organized for almost every conceivable object. Some for good ends, some for bad ends. And since some organizations were made for bad ends it was well that organizations, like Carroll Institute, should be made for good ends.

There were certain duties which men owed to the present age, as there were duties to the past and future ages. One of the duties which men owed to the present age was to occupy it as a fact and to make the best of it. That was the first duty of a Christian society. There had been people and there were now people, many of them Catholics, who never thought of anything but the past. What though there had been much evil in the world there was to-day much good in it. Our God is a good God. A God of the living present, and the past dead should bury its dead.

"A second duty which men owed to the age was to understand it and be in sympathy with it. Its aims, its organizations, its course should be studied and understood. A third duty to the age was to direct it. Whatever there was of good in it preserve it and thank God for it. Endeavor to make the age all good."

OBSERVER.

Women in Stores and Shops.

If the normal schools taught girls bookkeeping, many of them could become clerks and book-keepers instead of trying to get places as teachers, and when they find no place open to them turning to the stores and overcrowding them, writes Ida Van Etten, the President of the Working Women's Society of New York, in an interesting article on "Women in Stores and Shops," in the August *Ladies' Home Journal.* Girls have few opportunities to prepare for positions which are remunerative. The two or three occupations which are consided genteel for women are overcrowded, while there is often a demand for girls as feather workers, for example. If trades such as the making of jewelry, surgical instruments, and similar manufacturies, were taught here in technical and industrial schools like those in Paris, girls would receive better wages than they do now. Even now girls of equal ability make more money in factories than in stores, excepting the few who have positions of trust. Occupations like feather making are not overcrowded. The only trouble is in the dull season, when there is lack of employment, but the wages when there is work are sufficient to enable a girl even if she is idle a part of the time. Many provide for this by learning two or three trades. On the whole, the employment of women in mercantile pursuits is undesirable; it is poorly paid; it is not regulated by law as it should be; and while it is considered more genteel than at the light trades,, it is less remunerative. The long hours that are exacted of saleswomen on Saturday and at holiday times are not accompanied by any extra compensation.

Why Women do Not Vote.

Do you know, my positive woman, why women do not vote? writes Edward W. Bok in "At Home with the Editor," in the August *Ladies' Home Journal.* It is because the vast and overwhelming majority of women in this country do not want the ballot, have absolutely no desire for it, and do not waste a moment of their time thinking about it. Do you know why these women do not care to "broaden" their minds by reading Ibsen? It is because they think they sweeten their lives by reading Hawthorne and Thackeray and Longfellow and Walter Scott and Charles Dickens and the great mass of living writers whom you believe simply burden the earth with their presence. Do you know why these women will not don the ridiculous "reform" garments which you unblushingly flaunt before audiences of American girlhood? It is because they prefer to be womanly, and dress tastefully and prettily as God intended women should dress. Do you know why these women will not go to club meetings? It is because they have a little club in their own homes, and the members of it are their own flesh and blood, with which God has sanctioned and beautified their lives. Do you know why they turn with disgust from your paintings about "the rights of our sex?" Because their husbands give them every right of love and kindness they want.

Wise Sayings About Women

A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.—*Emerson.*

Woman's tongue is her weapon, her sword, which she never permits to rest or rust.—*Mme. Necker.*

A French writer says: "I used to believe that women prefer those whom they think handsome. Error! They prefer those who think them handsome."

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.—*George Eliot.*

There never yet was fair woman but she made mouths in the glass.—*Shakespeare.*

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—*Voltaire.*

A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and Self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.—*Richter.*

A shameless woman is the worst of men.—*Young.*

Mrs. Million's Ride.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride she travels forth in state,
Her horses full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate;
But all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye,
Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her view is but a sigh.

For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. $500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

Ages of Trees.

The pine tree has a longer life than trees of other species and attains an age of from 500 to 700 years; the silver fir comes next with 425 as a maximum, then the larch with 275, the red beech next with 245. The maximum ages of the aspen, birch, ash, alder and elm vary from 210 down to 130. The oak begins to decay when about 300 years old, though one particular variety of oak, the holly, attains a greater age than this.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

A Kissing Governor in Africa.

At a ball given by the Governor of Pietermhritsburg on the Queen's birthday, his excellency had all the debutantes about 18 in number, brought before him, one by one after the first dance, and kissed the whole lot. I am told that there was much indignation at this proceeding.—*London Truth.*

One of the Dissapointments of Life.

These are the days when a man goes home longing for ice-cream and watermelon and finds his wife making nice hot tea and custard for him.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

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