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The Chestertown Transcript.

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ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS —in the— Transcript.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpariel type), 3 or less insertions—$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly advertisements at moderate rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 215 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
County business solicited. Special attention to collections in the city. s28-Y.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Loans on Good Farms Equity Business a Specialty. j22 tf.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office on Main street, Chestertown, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Beck, 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, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.
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.

ESTABLISHED 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
—GENERAL—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
GRAIN, FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, ASPARAGUS, etc.
No. 22 South Charles Stree, Baltimore, Md.
m15 Consignments Solicited.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
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COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
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Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
206 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. R. PROBERT.
COMEGYS BROWN
—WITH—
LONEY & CO.,
Successors to Wright & Loney
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Stewart Fruit Company.
WHOLESALE
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.
Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

FRANK WRIGHT & CO.
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUIT,
FISH, LIVE STOCK, WOOL, HIDES, FURS
AND GENERAL PRODUCE
121 LIGHT STREET,
Between Pratt and Lombard Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD
Telephone 1073.
March 16, 1893.

H. T. FAUNTLEROY. JOSEPH RASIN, JR.
H. T. FAUNTLEROY & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
320 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
Shipments Solicited of Grain, Fruit and General Produce.
REFERENCES—City National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; Planters' Nat. Bank, Richmond, Va., and Mercantile Agencies.
Sept. 15, 1892—Y.

COAL AND WOOD

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember, we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

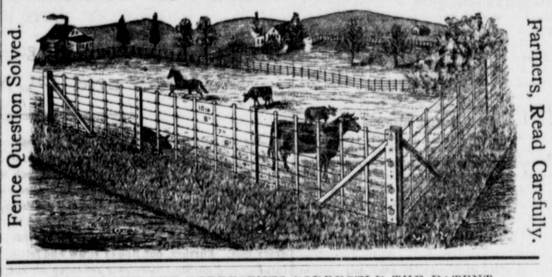
Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.
Office on Cannon street, near Princess.
J. T TWILLEY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the TRANSCRIPT $1 per year,

The BOSS Patent Farm Fence on the Market.

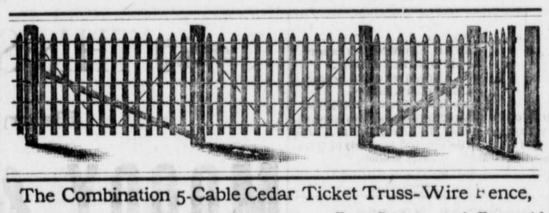
Fence Question Solved. Farmers, Read Carefully.



THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS CORRECTLY THE PATENT

VAN WAGONER FARM FENCE!

REMEMBER, the Posts are set two rods apart; if properly set, will turn all kinds of Stock. It is the only Fence over which you have positive control. It is the Cheapest Good Fence on the market. Buy a Farm Right, and your materials, by quantity, will not cost you, at present quotations, over 27c. per rod for an 8-strand No 10 Galvanized Wire Fence, with five pickets to the rod. With the Farm Rights I furnish the machines (2) necessary to put up the Fence. It will pay you back the Farm Right money in 100 rods at prices charged for putting up—65c. per rod.



The Combination 5-Cable Cedar Ticket Truss-Wire Fence,

4 ft. high, 95c. per rod, delivered at nearest station. Farm Gates to match Fence, with patent non-sagging brace, 10 foot Gate, one patent Brace Hinges and Catch, $3.75. Over 10 feet, 12c. extra per foot. Extra Brace 25c.
☞ *Also FANCY IRON AND STEEL YARD FENCES for sale.*
Call on or Address
JOSEPH GUEST, Chestertown, Md.

SAMUEL BECK. W. S. WALKER.
BECK & WALKER,
FERTILIZER MANUFACTURERS,
OFFER TO THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES,

Fertilizers of All Kinds!

WE WOULD CALL ATTENTION TO OUR SPECIAL BRANDS FOR THE
Spring Crop of 1894.
Corn, Oats, Tomatoes,
Potatoes, Asparagus & General Truck.

All of these goods will be in first class mechanical condition, and only the best materials obtainable will be used in their composition. They have been used by a number of our prominent farmers for the past two years, and in all cases have given satisfactory results. We would be glad to refer intending purchasers of Fertilizers to the parties who have used them. All of our brands of goods are prepared under the personal supervision of Mr. P. B. Hollis, who is well known in this community as an experienced agricultural chemist.

☞ *BUSINESS OFFICE in the Kent News Building, where we shall be pleased to see our friends and the public.*
Chestertown, March 1, 1894.

SPRING OF 1894.

After a successful experience of 19 years in the manufacture of Fertilizers, we confidently refer you to our record, and earnestly solicit your patronage. An article that has been sold 38 seasons in succession, with an increased sale each spring and fall, and our sales the past year larger than ever before, ought to convince the most skeptical as to the merits of our goods, and that they must have superior quality and absolute uniformity and purity.

PEERLESS!
Our CORN and TOMATO Phosphate

The leading farmers and canners throughout New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, speak in its highest praise, declaring it to be positively THE CHEAPEST, THE SAFEST and THE BEST in use. Once a trial, always a patron. Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to try them? Farmers who have not tried our Tomato Phosphate will consult their interest by doing so upon their next crop. Many farmers think that all Phosphates are alike, but a fertilizer apparently the same by analysis on paper may show a vast difference when tested on the soil.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., 1893.
T. R. HUBBARD & SON—GENTLEMEN:—Yes, the ton of your Tomato Phosphate purchased of you and used last year, did well. I had my tomatoes in a young pear orchard of one-year-old trees. I applied the Phosphate by sowing broadcast and cultivating it in. The fruit was large, smooth and perfect, and whilst it is almost incredible, feel sure that my yield was 16 tons to the acre, but I know that Lamotte paid me for over 15 tons per acre. I know it did splendidly for me. R. S. EMORY.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., Jan. 2, 1894.
GENTS:—In reply to your question as to my opinion in regard to your Tomato Goods, must say it is a good goods from the fact the finest Tomatoes grown and brought to my cannery were grown with your Phosphate. I remember one of my growers would bring some loads that were particularly fine, while others were not. I asked what made the difference, and he replied Hubbard's was used on the best, while another that cost more money, on the others. I believe your Tomato Phosphate to be an excellent article. JOSEPH DOWNEY.

FOR POTATOES.
Our "Special Potato Manure" has been used for years in competition with Mapes, Yarnell's and Baughs, in fact, all the high grade goods on the market.

For General Truck
We make a Special Truck Phosphate that contains all the required elements of plant food. One fair and impartial trial, will convince the most skeptical as to its merits.

FOR OATS,
Use our Special Oat Fertilizer, which has stood the test now for years. One patron claims to have grown 61½ bushels per acre with it.

FOR GRASS.
As a top dressing for grass, our Phosphate has no equal, but it should be applied in February or March if possible.

There Are Your Peach Trees.

As the world grows older and its people wiser, there is a growing demand for better and more perfect quality of goods of all kinds. The people to-day are not content with the manner in which their ancestors fertilized their orchards, but are striving to reach the heights of perfection. Finally, T. R. Hubbard & Son offered O. B. Guano, a natural bird manure found in the West Indies, and introduced here after their senior's return from that place in 1882. This goods is the base of their Fruit Grower. In appearance it looks like old peruvian. In analysis it runs higher than dissolved animal bone. In action has eclipsed all competitors. In sales more than any other Peach manure in the world. Then taking into consideration the quality, price, guarantee, our success, satisfied patrons, increased trade, our reputation, together with the fact that you have this season the prospect of a crop, we think further comment from us unnecessary, as a trial will convince you that the goods speak for themselves.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON.,
Chestertown, Md., Manufacturers of Standard Bone Fertilizers.

BAY STALLION, 16 Hands High,
MARYLAND RUSSELL, 9751.

MARYLAND RUSSELL (9751), was purchased by John F. Godwin at Wright Sery's sale for twelve hundred dollars, at 2 years old, and is considered one of the handsome st horses in the State; is very speedy, but has not been trained.

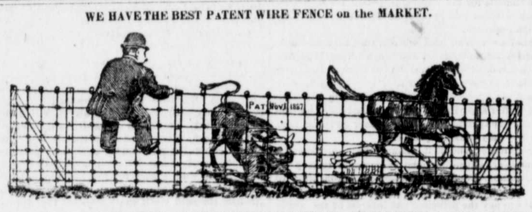
TERMS: $15, payable during or at end of season by cash or note. Mares not proving with foal will have this Fall and next Spring's chance free. For further particulars, address
March 22, 1894—2t. W. H. MCKEE, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPRING HAS COME.

—WE HAVE—
Oliver Chilled Plows and Oliver Chilled Castings
ALWAYS IN STOCK. ALSO
Genuine Factory Castings
for the SOUTH BEND, ADVANCE, SYRACUSE and OHIO PLOWS. We are Headquarters for Oliver Chilled PLOWS and REPAIRS. As agents for that company we represent them in this vicinity, and from us only can the Genuine Oliver Chilled Castings be had in this town. Beware of bogus imitations.

WE HAVE THE STYRON FENCE,
made of Cedar Pickets woven with Wire. The Best Garden Fence out. Sure Protection Against Poultry

WE HAVE THE BEST PATENT WIRE FENCE on the MARKET.



JONES' LOCKED-WIRE FENCE.
This Fence is Positively Stock Proof, is a Thing of Beauty, Adapted to Farm, Lawn and Yard.

Carriages and Buggies of All Styles.
CUSTOM AND READY-MADE HARNESS
at all prices. Harness made to order by the best workman in this entire section. All kinds of Harness Piece Work and Repairs. HORSE GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

GARDEN SEEDS OF ALL VARIETIES.
These seeds are fresh and pure, and obtained from the best seed houses in the country. TOMATO SEED a specialty, including Tomato Seed grown by Livingston, the greatest of all Tomato growers.
PHOSPHATES of High Grade.
Adapted to Tomatoes, Potatoes, Asparagus and all Spring Crops.
SMITH & CLEMENTS,
March 22, 1894. CHESTERTOWN MARYLAND.

The CELEBRATED CLEVELAND BAY STALLION,
PRIDE OF ENGLAND,
Registered No. 161, Imported, Stands Alternate Weeks at Elkton and Chestertown, Maryland.

PRIDE OF ENGLAND, 161, is a beautiful Blood Bay Color, stands 17 hands high and weighs 1300 pounds.

Pride of England is registered in the Ontario Coach and Roadster Horse Breeders' Association of St. Thomas, Canada, as No. 161. He is a descendant of the best producing families on both sides for speed, beauty, endurance and general utility.

Tracing from Mark Twain, Moonstone and Old Clear Grit [859] as producers of speed, and through Rattler and Hornpipe to thoroughbred and imported coach horses, through Fox Hunter, Pride of England [161] sired by Mark Twain, he by Moonstone, by Old Clear Grit [859], he by Lapadist by Touchstone, the English race horse.

Mark Twain's dam Big Nell, by Foster's St. Lawrence, he by Old St. Lawrence. Mark Twain is sire of Nellie Baker with four-year-old record of 2.32 with six weeks handling. She gave a trial mile on Woodbine track, Toronto, in 2.21¼, and a half mile in 1.08.

Moonstone's dam by Bradly's thoroughbred, he by Oliver's thoroughbred. Moonstone is sire of Nettie G., record 2.24, and several others that show their ability to trot close to 2.30.

Old Clear Grit [859], was one of the greatest Canadian sires. Sire of Amber, record 2.23, made in Australia, and the fastest record for two, three and ten miles in Europe, Flora F., 2.24¼, Bay William, 2.27¼, Little Billy, 2.29¾, Billy M., pacer, 2.19¾, Fuller, pacer, 2.15¼, St. Patrick, 2.19¼, and a large number that trot under 2.40.

Pride of England [161], dam Fanny [55] by McQueen's Rattler, he by Wilson's Rattler, he by Biggart's Rattler, by Sir Henry, he by the Garrett horse, by Lounsdale Imported Thoroughbred. Biggart's Rattler, sire of Joe Brown, 2.23, also sire of Warner's Rattler, sire of Mary Davis, 2.26.

Pride of England [161], grand dam by Hornpipe by imported Thoroughbred, great grand dam by Fox hunter, he by imported coach horse.

It will be seen by the above that Pride of England is gilt-edged on both sides.

Breeders cannot possibly err in breeding their brood mares to this noble stallion, as the intensity of his breeding is in itself a certainty that his stock will partake largely of the characteristics of their sire.

TERMS OF BREEDING.—$25, one-half during the season and the other half when mare proves in foal. For more than one mare, special terms.
March 22, 1894—2m. JAMES A. RUSSELL, Agent, CHESTERTOWN, MD.
DANIEL WARREN, Groom.

REGISTERED STANDARD-BRED TROTTING STALLION,
AT $10.00 TO INSURE.
EDWARD WILKES, NO. 7541.

By WILKES SPIRIT, sire of Preston Wilkes, 2.29¾, Parader, Jr., 2.29¾, Sarah Coin, 2.29¾, Cornelia Wilkes, 2.29¾, Volunteer Wilkes, 2.3[illegible], Morgan, 2.34¾, and of Wilkes Spirit, Jr., 2.32¾ (the only entire son old enough to be a producer), sire of Barrington Wilkes, 2.25, Easter Wilkes, 2.29¾, and Chester, 3 years, second to Belmont Prince in 2.17¾, in 1892, and 2.10¾ in 1893 as a four year-old.

1st dam ANTOINETTE ..... by ARISTOS, 2.27¾.
Standard and registered. A bay mare, 15.1, now ten years old, the dam of Antonio (full brother to Edward Wilkes), a last colt sold last year by Mr. Purdon to a Pennsylvania syndicate, and expected this year to beat 2.20. Antoinette is a nervous and resolute natural trotter. She was bred to Red Wilkes in 1892, at a special request of Mr. Prance.
Sire of H. B. Winship, 2.20¾ (2.06 with running mate), and 12 others in the 2.30 list. Sire of Gillig, 4 years, 2.23¾, the sire of the Gling, 2.25¾ at 3 years, and Rapport Gillig, 2.48, and Aristo Gillig, 2.54 at 2 years. Sire of Aristos, jr., sire of Treadway, 2.24¾. Dam of Aristos, Fanny Jackson, dam of Annie Page, 2.27¾, M. T. D. Coin, 2.29¾, Miss Fanny Jackson, 2.30, and Aurora, sire of two in the list.

2d dam BAY FANNY ..... by ABRAHAM.
Bred by Wm. Cook, Ticonderoga, N. Y. Was given a trial in 2.35, and considered by Mr. Cook, faster than her full sister, Kitty Cook, 2.26.
Sire of Brightwood, 2.19¾, Frank, 2.19¾, Bessie H., 2.2[illegible], Kitty Cook, 2.26, and three others in list. Sire of Dam of Retch, 2.18¾.

3d dam FANNY ALLEN ..... by ETHAN ALLEN.
Full sister to Daniel Lambert. Dam of Kitty Cook, 2.26.
Record with running mate, 2.15. Sire of 7 in the list, and 19 producing sons. Daughters have produced 17 in the 2.30 list.

4th dam FANNY COOK ..... by ABDALLAH.
Dam of Daniel Lambert, 2.42, sire of Comet, 2.19¾, and 36 others in the list; sire of 20 producing sons, and of the dams of Altar, 2.16¾, Camilo, 2.18¾, and 22 others in the list. Also dam of Woodward's Ethan Allen, 4 in the list.
Sire of Ryskyk's Hambletonian, and of four in the 2.30 list. Sire of the dams of Goldsmith Maid, 2.14, and 7 others in the list, and of the dams of 28 producing stallions.

TERMS:—$10 to Insure. Mares pastured cheaply. All accidents at risk of owner.
Edward Wilkes is guaranteed sound, and bred as represented. Edward Wilkes is No. 7541 in Vol. 7, American Trotting Register. Address,
G. H. ATKINSON, Bel Rio Farm,
March 15, 1894—3m.* CHESTERTOWN, MD.

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasure all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide and seek" with a child on the floor.
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird song, and beauty, and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the fields he loved best,
Far from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a girl that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And brightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellow, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we fill to the full our own measure,"
Then softly they sank to their rest.

AUTHOR OF THE "RAVEN."

An Anecdote of Edgar Allen Poe Told by a Friend.

"Edgar Allen Poe was one of the most erratic men I ever knew," said Librarian Saunders of the Astor Library to a New York Evening *Sun* reporter the other day.

"He was constantly in hot water as a result of his carelessness and indifference to the feelings of others. He thoroughly appreciated his own genius, and when he had been drinking, which was of frequent occurrence, he could talk of nothing but himself and his work, and the jealousy of other writers.

"I remember meeting him in Broadway at Barclay street one day, a few weeks after the first publication of his poem of "The Raven," and when everbody was talking of that remarkable production. Poe had been drinking heavily, and, as was usual, when intoxicated, was very effusive in his manner. I knew him quite well in those days and he usually stopped for a chat whenever we chanced to meet.

"On this occasion Poe was almost maudlin. He called out to me from a distance, and when he came within reach he clasped me in his arms.

"'Saunders,' he said, '"The Raven" is the greatest poem that ever was written. People are beginning to appreciate real genius. I'm going to go to England and read that poem before the Queen. I think I'll have an elegant presentation copy bound to give to her.'

"Poe went on in that strain for quite a while, speaking fast and in a loud voice.

"I remember distinctly that he was very much troubled about his clothing, and asked me if I thought it would be absolutely necessary to get a dress suit for the occasion of his appearance before the Queen.

"The next time I saw him he was very much depressed, and was suffering from a fit of melancholia, to which he was subject. He spoke of a conspiracy among the other authors of America to belittle his genius and to smother his work.

"'But posterity shall judge,' he said, with a gleam of pride in his eye. 'Future generations will be able to sift the gold from the dross, and then "The Raven" will be beheld, shining above them all as a diamond of the purest water.'"

Love of Home.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It happened to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit; I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war shrunk from no toil to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

April Proverbs.

A cold April the barn will fill,
Snow in April is manure,
April snow breeds grass.
April cold and wet fills barn and barrel.

A cold and moist April fills the cellar, and fattens the cow.

A dry April not the farmer's will; rain in April is what he wills.

When April blows his horn,
'Tis good for hay and corn.

April borrows three days from March, and they are ill.

Whatever March does not want, April brings along.

When April makes much noise we will have plenty of rye and hay.

Thunder storms in April is the end of hoar frost.

After a wet April follows a dry June.

When on the 24th rye has grown so high as to hide a crow a good harvest may be expected.

April and May are the keys of the year.

THE honey bee is a sign of spring—if you sit on it.

OUR richest relatives are often the most distant ones.

A YOUNG GIRL BURIED ALIVE.

Her Terrible Fate Disclosed by the Investigation of Friends.

CRESCO, LA., April 11.—Burial alive in a coffin was the terrible fate that overtook the 15-year-old daughter of J. Luckish. She recently had a tooth pulled while under the influence of an anæsthetic. The next morning she was found apparently dead in bed. The following day she was buried. Two or three days later friends of the family, who feared that she had been buried too soon, secured the permission of the parents to have the grave opened. Then it was found that the girl had been buried alive. The glass of the coffin was broken to fragments. The body was fearfully contorted, the hands cut and blood-stained, and the hair torn out. The girl had turned over and the body lay face downward.

Rosa Bonheur's Lion.

Nettie Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, that Rosa Bonheur loves the animals she paints, and is in turn adored by them. She showed her recent purchase, a magnificent lion, who purred and writhed like a gigantic cat when his owner fearlessly stroked his mighty head. Then, showing the head of a most superb specimen of the African lion transferred to canvas with startling realism, she tells the story of Nero. He was her first pet lion, and was reputed untamably ferocious, and lived for years in the garden at By. At last one day Rosa Bonheur was about to travel, and disposed of Nero to the Jardin des Plantes. She parted with him reluctantly, for he was a great pet, and would greet her always with a peculiar little note of welcome.

When she returned from her wanderings two years later she went to see her Nero, and beheld a sad sight. The poor creature had not been so carefully tended as he was used to be at By. Ophthalmia had set in, and the splendid brute lay blind and ailing, unheeding the curious crowd that stared at him. Rosa Bonheur watched him for a moment and then called "Nero!" The effect was magical. The lion rose to his feet, uttered his accustomed note of welcome, and sprang toward the well-loved voice with such impetuosity that the shock against the bars sent the sightless brute rolling, stunned, back on the floor. The great artist took him back, soothed his last days with tendance and petting, and finally he died in her arms at the foot of the staircase at By, his huge paws clinging to his mistress as if imploring her not to forsake him in his death struggle, and his last movement being a feeble attempt to lick the hands that held him with such infinite tenderness. "You see," said Rosa Bonheur as she meditatively ruffled her new lion's mane, "to be really beloved by these wild beasts you must really love them."

A Darkey's Speech.

In one of the smaller cities of Massachusetts the colored population held meetings to discuss the propriety of celebrating the anniversary of West Indian Emancipation, August 1st. At one of these meetings a very conservative gentleman was exceedingly surprised to see some of the "fair sex" rising and taking part in the discussion. After two or three of the sisters had "freed dar mines" on matters under debate, he sprung up in a greatly excited state and addressed the audience:

"Feller-citizens! ef I'd sposed 'at de ladees wood p'mitted to take a part in dis yere discussion (sensation)—ef I'd node 'at de ladees could jine in dis debate—(all eyes turned on the speaker)—ef I'd b'leeved for one minit, feller-citizens, 'at de femaie sect wood dare to raise deir woice in dis yere meetin' I'd, feller-citizens—('Wot *wot* wood you've a—did—ef you'd node it?' shouted two or three of the strong-minded sisters, as the whites of their eyes flashed on the speaker)—I'd scratching his wool), *I'd a brung my wife along with me!*"

Here the discomfitted orator dropped into his seat, completely exhausted.

Names for Boy Babies.

Guy is French, the leader.
Job is Hebrew, the mourner.
Paul is Latin, the small one.
Hugh is Dutch, the lofty man.
Ernest is Greek, the serious one.
Martin is Latin, the martial one.
Gilbert is Saxon, bright as gold.
Jacob is Hebrew, the supplanter.
Lucius is Latin, the shining one.
Peter is of Latin origin, the rock.
Edwin is Saxon, a happy conqueror.
Isaac, a Hebrew name, means laughter.
Lionel, the Latin name, is a little lion.
Leonard, the German name, is lion-like.
Douglas is Gaelic, signifying dark gray.
Dagmar is German, the joy of the Danes.
Daniel is Hebrew, meaning God is judge.
Oliver is of Roman origin, an olive tree.
James is of Hebrew origin, the beguiler.

Breckinridge Street a Stigma.

THE good women of Phœnixville, Pa., are circulating a petition that will be presented to Town Council, asking that body to change the name of Breckinridge street. This is a small thoroughfare in the west end of the town, the chief building on which is a stocking factory. These women declare in the petition that the name of Breckinridge has been so blackened and disgraced that it is a stigma upon the town to have a street of that name. The petition is being largely signed, showing that the women of the town are not in sympathy with the silver-tongued Kentuckian now on trial at Washington.

BEWARE the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!"

was the peasant's warning to the aspiring Alpine youth. Dangers greater than these lurk in the pathway of the young man or young woman of the present as they journey up the rugged sidehill of Time. But they may all be met and overcome by a judicious and timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the celebrated cure for colds, coughs, catarrh, and consumption. Better than hypophosphites or cod liver oil: unrivalled and unapproachable in all diseases arising from a scrofulous or enfeebled condition of the system.

The "Discovery" is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Hernia or Rupture, permanently cured or no pay. For treatise, testimonials and numerous references, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

CONGRESSIONAL FISH STORIES.

As Told by General Henderson and Supplemented by Mr. Adams.

Representative Henderson, of Iowa, who has a reputation as an orator in the House, wrestled recently, says the Washington *Post* (April 7), with the wonderful beauties of the Yellowstone Park. It is difficult to say which got the best of the struggle, the Congressman or the park. At any rate the former gave his colleagues a good deal of instruction and entertainment.

He told of the canon of the geysers, which looked as if 100,000 campfires were burning; of Hell's Half Acre, which led Mr. Ray to ask if it was the home of the Democratic party; of a great geyser that spouted for six months with tremendous energy and was then silent for six years; of a thousand and one other curious and impressive spectacles, and finally of a lake that was thirty miles long and six miles above the level of the city of New York.

"Six thousand feet," interrupted Mr. Gear, throwing the break of prosaic fact upon the swift-revolving wheels of Mr. Henderson's imagination.

"Well," said General Henderson, after he had acknowledged that the correction was a proper one, "I have stood on the edge of that lake and caught trout and thrown them over into a crater. You can catch trout in the lake and swing them over into the crater and boil them while they are on the hook (great laughter), cooking them to suit your taste. I want to say to you fishermen in the House that you can throw your line into the Yellowstone river with six hooks and bring up six trout at once. (More laughter.) I have done it, and this is no fish story."

General Henderson, as may be imagined, was surrounded by a great crowd of members while he told his tale of the American wonderland. There was much laughter when Mr. Adams, of Pennsylvania, solemnly arose and announced that while out in the park several years ago with a Geological Survey party he had caught trout in the same lake and cooked them in the same hot water. But Mr. Adams, having an unstretchable conscience, would only confess to catching one trout at a time.

THE GIFT OF SELF-POSSESSION.

"The most self-possessed woman I ever saw, is just now one of the belles down at Old Point Comfort," said Arthur Spalding, of Bridgeport. "She is a perfect Juno as to figure, and half the manly heads of the place have been turned by her, and the other half would give all their hopes of the hereafter to be called as she calls her spaniel—'Sweetheart.' The young lady has played no favorites among her admirers, however, and an examination of her card at one of the dances would show a list of names as different as those on the register yonder.

"The other day she went up for her usual promenade on the ramparts of the fort, and, as usual, was accompanied by her aunt, who is her chaperon, one of her rigid rules being to allow no man to escort her when she takes her morning constitutional. By some aggravating cause she lost an article which is an important part of the feminine apparel. It happened that a bright young devil of an army officer came along and picked it up. He caressed the narrow strip of blue silk, admired the artistic workmanship of the gold contraptions on either end of it, and, upon closer examination, deciphered those initials that agreed with those borne by the charming creature who was swaying along the path a hundred yards in front of him. With characteristic honesty he hurried after her, and, catching up, handed out the article with a bow of consummate grace, saying: 'Miss B——, pardon me, but I believe this property is yours.'

"She thanked him with a cordiality that made him almost stutter, and, turning to her aunt, remarked with apparently unconscious naivete:

"'Sweetheart is such a careless fellow. Come here, you rascal.' Then, as the spaniel responded to her call, she fastened the dainty creation around his neck, and, bowing sweetly to the officer, passed on, with the wondering animal scampering in front of her. If her pet had been a toy terrier she would have been lost. It is scarcely necessary to add that when Sweetheart returned to the hotel he was not sporting a blue silk collar with gold clasps on it."

An Anecdote of Mr. Childs.

This incident has been related of Mr. Childs, and I believe it has never been printed, says the New York *Press*. Stopping one of his head employees one day Mr. Childs said: "You are not looking well. I think you must be working too hard."

"I am not feeling very well, Mr. Child's, that is a fact," was the answer, "but I guess I will be all right in a short time."

"How would you like to take a trip to Europe," said Mr. Child's, smiling pleasantly.

"Well enough, sir," was the response, "but I cannot afford it."

"You can afford it," said Mr. Childs, taking him by the arm, "If I pay your expenses and pay your salary to your family while you are gone, can't you?"

The result was the man spent two months in Europe and returned completely restored to health.

"That was one of the best investments I ever made," chuckled Mr. Childs, when the matter was called to his attention. "Why, Mr.—— returned so much improved in health that he could do twice as much work as he could before he left. You see, I was the real gainer by the transaction."

One of Mr. Child's characteristics was that he never seemed to take any credit to himself for doing a kind act.

To Keep Bouquets Fresh.

A bouquet of red or pink roses, if placed in a strong light, even when they are first cut, will in a few hours have a bleached and lifeless look, while if they are not so exposed they will retain their color and freshness for several days. The water in which flowers are to be placed should be slightly salted, and the ends of the flowers' stems clipped before they are placed in it. —*New York Recorder.*

THE feather in some people's cap is a goose feather.

SOME people are so good they are good for nothing.