Fall Schedule.

CHESTER RIVER

Steamboat Company.

Beginning on Monday, September 23, 1896, the steamer

EMMA A. FORD

will leave Chestertown at 8 o'clock A. M., on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Bogle's, Queenstown and Kent Island.

RETURNING, will leave Baltimore at 10.30 A. M. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, making the same landings.

On and after Monday, Nov. 2, the

STEAMER B. S. FORD

leave Centreville at 8 A. M., Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, stopping at landings on Corsica River, Jackson Creek and Rock Hall. Returning, will leave Baltimore at 10 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, same landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, Pass'r.

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills.

A Strong Fortification. Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life" Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

HYPNOTISM taught by mail. Lessons given through the mail only by the Physician. Send 2c. stamp to learn and such proof as will convince you. Prof. Lloyd, Box 3800, Station D, Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUR CHILD HAS WORMS, our "WORM CHOCOLATES" which are pleasant and harmless, may save from death your little pet. Send 25c. in stamps to Dr. Hunter, 1509 Wharton St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL. COMFORTING.

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of flavor, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic.

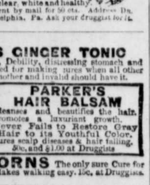
Your Grocer and Druggist sell it. In Half-P und Tins only. Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemist, London, England.

BREAKFAST. SUPPER.

EPPS'S COCOA.

NASAL CATARRH IS A LOCAL DISEASE, and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes

CATARRH



remedy does not contain mercury or any injurious drug.

ELY'S CREAM BALM COLD IN HEAD

Cleans and cleans the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals and Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, N. Y.

Rainbow Liniment

Banishes all Pain

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Cramp & Colic.

Price, 25c, per bottle. Sample bottle, 10c.

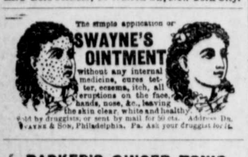
Sold by Dealers. Manufactured only by

H. J. HACKETT & CO., 27 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

USE HACKETT'S CONDITION POWDERS For Your Horses, Cattle and Poultry

Take no other. 15c. per lb. package.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.



The simple application of SWAYNE'S OINTMENT without any internal medicine, cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. 50c. at Druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. Address Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your Druggist for it.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Lung Troubles, Debility, disorders stomach and female ills, and is noted for making cures when all other treatment fails. Every mother and invalid should have it.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand. PENNYROYAL PILLS Original and Only Genuine. Safe, Sure, Reliable. Ladies ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Phila., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

DO YOU EVER VISIT BETTERTON?

The "Hotel Wilmer"

is the place for you to stop. Elegant Suppers 25c. while you wait for the boat. A comfortable home for families as well as for single ladies and gentlemen. The Table is always supplied with fish, crabs, fruit in season, and the best of everything the market affords. Make no mistake, and inquire for "Hotel Wilmer." Boarders by the week at moderate prices. Send for circulars and terms. Meap'y, etc.,

MRS. SARAH W. WILMER, Betterton, Kent Co., Md.

Dec. 13, 1894.

ED. BURKE. TOM KENNEY.

BURKE & KENNEY,

Restaurant, Buffe & Pool Room,

FINE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.

Meals at Popular Prices and served to order.

Ladies Dining Room on 2d floor.

Elegant Furnished Rooms for gentlemen only.

Furnished Rooms 25, 38 and 50 cents.

14-716 E. BALTIMORE STREET, Baltimore, Md.

Note Monumental Theatre

When you visit Baltimore, try one of our Famous

AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

Only as a Last Resort Would He Part With His Treasures.

A bent old man, shabbily clad, with a face like the face of the poet Bryant, in the evening twilight he stands, beside the desk of one who is a stranger to him, in a little town in northern California.

"I ask you to pardon me," in a voice that trembles and is low.

Something confused as to illness and weariness and then:

"It pains me to seem a beggar, but I am near the end of the road, and"—

The sentence dies in inarticulate murmur, and from under the worn coat comes a small bundle wrapped in a bit of faded oilcloth.

"It is hard to part with them, even now," slowly removing the oilcloth, "but if there is some one here who cares for rare editions of good books they may be thought fair exchange for the price of shelter and something warm."

A well thumbed Shakespeare, a carefully preserved "Imitatio Christi."

The old man looks at them tenderly as they are exposed to view and places them reverently on the desk.

The man at the desk views the books coldly and denies the plea for aid. Not that he is consciously unkind, but experience with vagabonds has made him suspicious, and he interprets the pathos as a new imposture.

Next morning, an hour after sunrise, a pedestrian finds an aged man, with a face like that of the poet Bryant, lying in the shelter of a cypress hedge by the roadside. The tired heart is still. Rest must have come about the time the sunshine touched the valley. Beside the sleeper, as though it had fallen from beneath his coat, a well thumbed Shakespeare, clasped in his gaunt hands a carefully preserved "a Kempis." The "a Kempis" has a sprig of cypress for a bookmark, on one of the pages between which it rests this passage:

"O Father, always to be honored, the hour is come which from all eternity thou didst foresee would arrive; that thy servant for a short time should be oppressed exteriorly, but interiorly should ever live unto thee; that he should be for a little slighted and humbled and should fall in the sight of men."—San Francisco Call.

GRANT'S NAME.

How He Came to Adopt "U. S." as His Initials.

Up to the start for West Point, Grant had been Hiram Ulysses, or H. Ulysses Grant. The young traveler required a trunk, and Thomas Walker, a local "genius," was the man to make it. He did so, and, to finish it off, he traced on the cover in big brass tacks the initials "H. U. G." James Marshall, Ulysses' cousin, went to help him carry the new trunk home. Ulysses looked at the big, glaring letters. "I won't have that so," he said. "It spells 'hug.' The boys would plague me about it." And he thereupon shifted his middle name and became Ulysses H. Grant, and so he went forth into the world.

He registered at Roe's hotel, West Point, on the 29th of May, as "U. H. Grant," and the same day reported to the adjutant, George G. Waggaman, deposited $48 and signed his name Ulysses Hiram Grant. His name as reported from Washington, however, was U. S. Grant, and the error arose in this way: The Hon. Thomas Hamer received the letter of Jesse Grant only the day before the close of his term, and, being much hurried, sat down at once and wrote to Secretary of War Poinsett, asking for the appointment of his neighbor's son. He knew the boy's name to be Ulysses, and, inferring that his middle name was Simpson, so filled in the application, and thus it stood when Ulysses faced the adjutant.

He asked to have it changed, but was told it was impossible without the consent of the secretary of war.

"Very well," he said. "I came here to enter the military academy, and enter I shall. An initial more or less does not matter." He was known to the government thereafter as U. S. Grant.—Hamlin Garland in McClure's.

Prince and Peasant.

Prince Christian of Denmark, had he been only a king instead of a prince, would certainly outrival the story of Alfred of old and the cakes. One day he had to review some troops at Bierre, a country town of small dimensions. Riding home, tired and thirsty, he stopped at a farmhouse to beg a drink. The old farmer's wife bade him welcome and enter. As she was at the moment pancake making, she asked him if he would like some. "Very much, indeed," replied the prince, and soon he was comfortably seated, enjoying his humble fare at the kitchen table.

Having finished his meal, he asked the old dame how much he owed her. "Nothing at all," was the answer. On his persisting that he would prefer paying, she patted his shoulder affectionately, saying: "You are a soldier, my son, and soldiers are always 'hard up.' I never take anything from them." He suggested he was not quite so "hard up" as the generality of them. "Oh, I know better!" and with a knowing wink and a nod she turned to her pancake making. "It is quite true, good mother," said the prince, laughing heartily, "for, you see, my grandfather happens to be the king." "What?" cried his astonished hostess, dropping her whisk and nearly upsetting the frying pan in her fright. A second or two she gazed at him speechlessly, then remarked naively, "I should have asked you into the parlor, shouldn't I?"

Car Searchers.

"There is a class of people," says a railroad man, "who are always last to leave the cars—for a purpose. This is especially noticed on suburban trains. They go from one end of the train to the other, looking in seats on both sides of the car. It is impossible for our men to be always on the watch, and presumably there are many losses that can never be reclaimed."—New York Tribune.

How She Dieted.

Mr. I. Zangwill, at a dinner of the Maccabees, told the following story: "The fat girl of C., gentlemen, is not a myth, nor a show person, but a solid, private reality that I have seen. Her fatness weighed upon her; so she went to a physician to be rid of some of it. He drew up a careful dietary. She was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month to report reduction. At the end of the month she could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He was aghast. 'Did you eat what I told you?' he asked. 'Religiously.' His brow wrinkled itself. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration. 'Anything else?' he asked. 'My ordinary meals.'"

The Force of Habit.

On the day before the execution; the keeper informs the doomed man that a visitor wishes to see him.

"Do you know who he is?" asks the doomed man.

"No."

"Well, just ask him if he wants to collect a bill, and if he does tell him to call tomorrow."—Strand Magazine.

The Wonderful Marching Ant.

Paul Du Chaillu tells of the doings of a queer African species of ant, which the natives call the bashikonay, which marches through the forests in a regular line. This line usually averages about two inches in breadth and is often several miles long, with not a break in the column. "All along the line," says the great traveler, "large and fierce looking ants act as officers, keeping the singular army in order."

In the south of France the handing of a sweet pea by a young lady to a young gentleman is a polite way of stating that she is tired of his company.

An ordinary tablespoonful of common salt, dry, weighs almost exactly one ounce.

In Rome crowns of the leaves of various trees were given to the actors in the circus and theater in various sports.

PUZZLERS IN COURT.

POINTS THAT HAVE KEPT THE LAWYERS GUESSING.

Curious Questions Raised In Courts of Law. All Countries Contribute a Share of What Would Make an Interesting Volume—Several Examples.

An interesting volume might be written on the curious points of law that are constantly arising in the courts. The most expert lawyers and judges are frequently puzzled by the novel situations in which they are placed.

One of the most curious points of law on record arose recently in a court at Jersey, in America. The question was whether eggs, after reaching a certain stage of incubation, were to be regarded as eggs or chickens. After quarreling about the matter for some time, counsel offered to break one of the eggs to satisfy the law that it contained a chicken, in which case, of course, the eggs would have been considerably enhanced in value, but there was a general demur to this suggestion, and the justice reserved his decision till he had consulted his colleagues. The result had not come to hand at the time of writing.

A remarkable case in France excited a great deal of attention some time ago. A gentleman dining on the terrace of a Narbonne restaurant let a bank note fall into his soup. He laid it down on the table to dry and a gust of wind blew it away. A passing dog swallowed the note, and the gentleman detained the animal, whose collar happened to bear its master's name. Indignant at his loss, the owner of the note sued the dog's master for 100 francs, the value of the note. There was much legal hair splitting, but at length the court ordered the owner of the dog to pay the money.

Another French case was that against a Paris hairdresser, who was sued by a lady for £60, being the price of her damaged locks. The fair claimant had used the hairdresser's wash, which was said to restore fallen locks, but the result in this case was to burn the hair off completely. The point was the liability of the hairdresser, and the court awarded the lady £8.

Applications for injunctions often raise curious points. Not long ago an injunction was granted to restrain an officer in the life guards from keeping horses in a London drawing room, the ground of objection being the noise which the animals made, which annoyed the neighbors. The offending officer is now in a lunatic asylum.

There was a fight not long ago in one of the London courts between a barrel organ and a piano, an injunction being claimed to restrain a gentleman from keeping an organ. It seemed that the offender was annoyed by his next door neighbor's piano, and to avenge himself he obtained a barrel organ, which he played at all times of the day. The question of the "liberty of the subject," of course, came up, but the court decided that, if an Englishman's house is his castle, it is not a fit place for a barrel organ that never stops, and the organ received strict instructions to remain silent, on the ground that the owner evidently intended to create a nuisance.

The market value of a cough was the question submitted to the Birmingham county court. A barrister sued a railway company for £50 for discomfort suffered by smoking being allowed in a waiting room at a station and in nonsmoking carriages. The smoking aggravated the barrister's cough, and he was awarded £10.

A queer point arose in the revision court at Nottingham. While the court was sitting a young collier named Allcock killed his wife in the most deliberate manner and afterward confessed his crime. An application was made that Allcock's name should be struck off the register. "Why?" queried the barrister, receiving the answer, "Because he is a murderer." "That remains to be proved," said the barrister, and the name remained on the roll.

The finding of lost property has often given rise to curious points of law. A workman who found a valuable ring in a London theater claimed the return of the ring from the proprietors, who had taken possession of it. The court, however, rejected his claim, as the ring had been picked up while the man was fulfilling his duties as a servant. At first sight this decision appears to be inconsistent with that arrived at some years ago in a case in which a chimney sweep sued a jeweler for a precious stone. The sweep had found a brooch on his rounds, which he took to the jeweler, who extracted a precious stone and substituted a worthless imitation. On this being discovered, the jeweler replied to the sweep's demand for the return of his stone that the stone did not belong to the sweep, as he had found it, the inference being that he could, therefore, steal it with impunity. The court, however, held otherwise, and the sweep recovered his jewel.

Eastern superstitition gave rise to a singular argument in a Chinese court not long ago. A Chinaman had been sent to prison, and, according to custom, the authorities proceeded to cut off his pigtail, whereupon the prisoner applied for an injunction on the ground that without his pigtail he could not enter the kingdom of heaven. After much legal quarreling the court decided that there is no religion in prison, and that the prisoner must share the fate of his comrades, whatever the result in the world to come.—London Tit-Bits.

The Episode Closed.

He is a young lawyer, and she lived in the west end. They were to have been married in a month. The other day they fell to quarreling over the telephone. She was petulant. He was angry. Finally she called him a b-b-brute and said that he could consider the engagement off.

"All right," said he, and then he "rang off," as they say in telephone parlance.

And she—well, she returned the ring.—Albany Journal.

Proved His Love.

They were two working girls, and they happened to meet the other day at the restaurant where they eat luncheon. The brunette ordered baked beans and lemonade, and the blond selected fruit cake and coffee. "Tomorrow is pay day, you know," she said in reply to the inquiring look of the other.

"Oh! Well, have you heard the news about Mary? She's resigned."

"I know," said the blond. "I was in hopes I'd be the first to tell you. She's going to be married."

"Yes; in a lovely blue silk. I forget the name of the man she's going to marry. He isn't very good looking, they say, but Mary says he's intellectual. She says'—

"Oh, pshaw! You can't tell from Mary."

"No; but Sadie's seen his photograph, and she says he wears glasses."

"Does he? Well, Mary's lucky, if she is redheaded. Why, he would just do anything in the world for that girl."

"Humph!" said the brunette. "That's the way she talks now, but you can't tell a thing about it until after they're married."

"You can tell it easy enough in this case. He's proved it already," said the blond warmly.

"Said he'd die for her, I suppose," returned the brunette scornfully. "Lots of 'em talk that way before they have to pay the butcher."

"This isn't talk anyhow. He's proved his love, I tell you."

"How? Did he save her life, or tell her that her hair is golden?"

"Neither. He sold his bicycle to buy her an engagement ring."—Chicago Tribune.

The tickets to the village ball were not transferable, and this was the way they read: "Admit this gentleman to ball in assembly rooms. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

A wood pulp mill in Christiania, Norway, has begun making roofing tiles out of wood pulp chemically treated. They are light, strong and cheap.

IT CANNOT BE.

The dying lips of a dear friend
At parting spoke to me,
Saying: "Wheresoe'er your path may trend
There ever I shall be.

"Go walk where over Egypt's sand
The burning simooms blow,
Or in Alaska's sunless land,
Your wake my wing shall know.

"When winter's nights are long and dark,
I'll lead you by the hand,
And when the waves beat on your bark
Will beacon you to land."

He died. I watched his spirit go
Across death's darkening sea.
He came not back, and now I know
Of things that cannot be.
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

PLACE NAMES.

Some Odd and Curious Names of Places In Massachusetts.

In the Middlesex fells some good old colonial names are preserved, like Jinglejerry hill and Shillyshally brook. Spot pond was named by Governor Winthrop, who discovered it in the winter, because of the many rocks that showed through the ice and spotted the surface. Powderhorn hill in Chelsea is said to have been bought from the Indians for a hornful of powder.

The fact of misfortune to divers unknown persons—whether trivial or great does not appear—finds a record in Bad Luck brook and swamp in Rehoboth, Bad Luck mountain in Granville and Bad Luck pond in Douglas. There may be some association between Burncoat brook and pond in Leicester and Spencer and Burnshirt river, likewise in Worcester county.

Drinkwater river is a felicitous name for a stream of good water. It is in Hanover, and possibly there may have been a family of that name in the neighborhood. Strong Water brook in Tewksbury has quite different associations. Sought For pond, in Westford, suggests a long and baffled quest for the spot through the wilderness in the olden days. One of the least euphonious of names is Skug river in Essex and Middlesex counties. It is worthy a place among such English names as Wormwood Scrubs, a park in London.

The legend about the names of the group of islands on the south coast presents an instance of how fancied resemblances give rise to stories. It is related that these islands once belonged to a man with four daughters. To Nancy, the oldest, the father gave the first choice, and the fact that "Nan took it" is recorded in the name of Nantucket, the island she selected. Nantucket, of course, is in reality an Indian name. Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth islands went to Martha and Elizabeth, respectively, while for the fourth daughter, whose name has been lost to memory, there was nothing left but the most remote and undesirable of the group, which was called No Man's Land, because its owner was a woman. The Elizabeth islands, in fact, were named by Queen Elizabeth by Bartholomew Gosnold, their discoverer, whose name has been given to the town that comprises them.—Boston Transcript.

Mailing Candy Abroad.

A young man who apparently knows a girl in London came into the office the other day and asked whether candy could be sent abroad through the mails. So he was taken over to the postoffice and the state of affairs was laid before an official, who instigated an investigation. After a long time he returned and reported as follows:

"I am very glad," said he, "that you asked that question. Its answer shows a curious state of affairs. In this country you can send candy up to 4 pounds as merchandise for 1 cent for each ounce. If you want to send candy abroad you only have to pay 1 cent for every 2 ounces, but you can only send 12 ounces in each package. If it weighs more than 12 ounces you have to pay letter rates, or 10 cents an ounce for the whole thing.

"That is to say, you can send 10 ounces to London for 5 cents, but it would cost you 10 cents to send it to Brooklyn. So if you are thinking of sending a pound it will cost you $1.60. The stamp department is right over there."

"Thank you very much," said the young man. "I just happen to remember that the doctor has forbidden the girl to eat candy."—New York Mail and Express.

A FIGHT WITH A LYNX.

Jim Berry Had a Desperate Struggle With a Savage Bobcat.

The ugliest appearing animal that ever walked a log, killed a rabbit or fought a trap is the lynx, which is just as ugly as it looks ten months in the year and somewhat uglier during the other two. Not only will the lynx fight anything that walks the woods, but it will also tackle a visitor from the clearings, be he man or dog or half grown calf, if the occasion offers.

Jim Berry was hunting up in Maine, about 40 miles north of Greenville, when he and his friend suddenly came upon the carcass of a caribou which a bear was eating. The bear made itself scarce, much to Jim's regret, as he wanted to kill the bear. Without saying anything to his friend he left camp the next day and started for the carcass, intending to watch it, in the hope that the bear would return. He waited and watched until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he began to think of returning to camp. A soft footfall back in the woods—the crafty step of some wild animal—just then sounded in his ears. Pretty soon the bear was chewing the caribou meat, and Jim could see it plainly. He leveled his buckshot gun and pulled the trigger, when the wabbling muzzle was pointed in what he thought was the right direction. The beast went down, and Jim started for it. Then he stopped, with his mouth open.

The beast had leaped to his feet and jumped sideways, with its back up. Jim knew the yell, and he also recognized the humped back. It was a wounded lynx spoiling for a fight. Not having time to level his gun to shoot, the man clubbed it, and the blow stunned the cat a little, but the beast got in a rake on the man's leg and tore his trousers and hide too. Another frantic sweep of the gun barrel laid the beast flat, and then a revolver bullet killed the animal. The buckshot had torn the top of the lynx's head—enough to make it angry.—Shooting and Fishing.

A Strange Nursery.

On the slopes of the Himalayas the native women have a most curious plan of disposing of their babies and keeping them quiet while they are engaged at work in the fields during the greater part of the day. Before the mothers set out to work in the morning they wrap their babies in swaddling bands, leaving nothing but their little faces exposed. Then the babies are taken and laid under a ledge of rock from which water is falling, and by means of a bamboo the water is made to drip gently on each baby's forehead. The effect of the dripping water is most soothing, and soon the little ones are all asleep and remain motionless till taken up by their mothers on their return from their work, when they are carried off to be unwrapped, dried and fed.

The eye of a fly is so constructed as to bring the entire horizon within his circle of observation, a fact which explains the extreme alertness of these insects in escaping attack.

The goldenrod, which was advocated some time ago as the national flower of the United States, is emblematic of encouragement.

Champion Shot of the World.

Miss Annie Oakley writes: "Myself and many of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Co. have given Allen's Foot-Ease, the powder to shake into the shoes, a most thorough trial, and it does all it not more than you claim." It instantly takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for swollen, hot, aching or sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT $1.00 per year.

A ROMANCE OF WALES.

The Two Ladies of Llangollen Who Lived a Strange Life Together.

Helen Marshall North contributes to The Century an account of Lady Eleanor Charlotte Butler and the Hon. Sara Ponsonby, who, more than a century ago, ran away from their homes and settled in the picturesque little town of Llangollen. They dressed in a strange costume that was partly made up of masculine garments. They were visited by many distinguished people and corresponded with most of the notables of their times. The writer says:

Among their visitors the ladies also counted a certain Sir Alured, a handsome and interesting but venerable man at this period. Here is a romance within a romance, for of this gallant gentleman it is said that one of the princesses fell desperately in love with him, and her father, poor old George III, sent the too fascinating young man away to India, where there was war at the time, and whence, therefore, there was some likelihood that he would not return. But at 80 he came back, still handsome and fascinating, and was received with distinguished favor by the new king, who made him a field marshal. Of the princess and her affection nothing more is learned.

Sir Alured had long known Lady Eleanor—indeed, for aught I know to the contrary, he may have been one of the five despairing swains mentioned in that lady's obituary—and once a year, usually in October, he came down to Llangollen to pay his respects to the two ladies, to whom the visit was always an occasion of consequence.

The death of Lady Eleanor was a grievous blow to the old man. He came the year following, however, but was less gay than usual, and it is even said that he neglected to bestow the usual parting kiss on his fair entertainer. The Hon. Sara promptly reminded him of the oversight, for which he at once made atonement.

Mary Carryl, the faithful servant, had died in 1809, making the first change that had occurred in the inmates of the household.

Each of the friends wished a picture of the other, but neither was willing to sit for her portrait. By some stratagem of a friend pictures of the two together were secured when the ladies were unaware.

In June, 1829, at the age of 90, Lady Eleanor passed away, and, although her friends surrounded Miss Ponsonby with every possible kindness, she refused to be comforted. She was seldom seen except by her domestics and survived in her loneliness only 18 months.

ICE CAVES.

In California With Their Product as Clear as Crystal.

In Modoc county, Cal., is an immense field of lava covered with a beautiful forest of conifers, which is inhabited by deer, bear, panther, lynx, coyote, porcupine and numerous fur bearing animals whose pelts are of value to the trapper. It was in these lava beds that the Modoc Indians made their stand against the government troops some years ago and were with very great difficulty destroyed. It is here that the ice caves are found, and from them the Modocs drew their water supply while besieged by the troops.

One never having been over a lava field can form but little idea of the chaotic manner in which the ingenious workmen have left the products of their labor. The only order observed is disorder of the most exaggerated kind, wherein every mass of rock has been twisted or raised or depressed or arched over some cavern in a different way from that of its neighbors. The caves scattered throughout these lava beds are of very varying shapes and dimensions. Some are mere covert ways, with an arch of stone thrown over them. Others are immense chambers some yards from the surface, another kind is sunk quite deeply and may be in a series of chambers united by a corridor that opens at the surface, while another kind seems to go directly to the center of the earth without stopping.

It is here that the stores of ice are found, which is formed from water that filters in annually from the melting snows above. Every winter the lava beds are covered with a fall of snow which varies from two to ten feet in depth. The temperature over this region in the coldest weather is often 20 or more degrees below zero, so that any water that might be in the caves is frozen solid, unless the caves' mouths should be entirely covered with snow, which is not often the case. Now, when spring comes and the snow melts, the water percolates through into the cold storage chambers beneath and is there congealed by the prevailing cold. It is in this way that the ice has been made and stored for years. And were these caves accessible to market they would furnish the purest of ice to many cities for years to come.—Popular Science News.

ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

A Submarine Mountain In the Middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Almost at the very center of the Atlantic ocean—only a trifle north of the equator and about half way between South America and Africa—is a submarine mountain so high that, in spite of the immense depth of the sea, it thrusts its peak 70 feet above the waves. This peak, startling from its position, forms a labyrinth of islets, the whole not over half a mile in circumference, known as St. Paul's rocks. So steep is the mountain, of which this lonely resting place of sea birds is the summit, that one mile from these rocks a 500 fathom line with which soundings were attempted by Ross on his voyage to the Antarctic failed to touch bottom.

Were the bed of the sea to be suddenly elevated to a level with the dry land, St. Paul's rocks would be the cloud capped peak of a mountain rising in sheer ascent in the midst of a broad plain. They are supposed to have been formed by the same disturbance of nature which separated the Cape Verde islands from Africa.

Treacherous currents make navigation in the vicinity of these rocks dangerous. A Brazilian naval officer, who passed them on an English steamer, tells me that the evening before they expected to sight them he was told by the captain that at 5 o'clock in the morning they would appear about five miles west. At that hour the officer went on deck and looked to the westward—nothing but an expanse of heaving sea. He chanced to turn, and there, five miles to the eastward were—the rocks. The currents had, in less than 12 hours, carried a full powered steamer ten miles out of her course.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

The Measure of the Man.

When a man says he is satisfied with his lot, you may be sure of one of two things—either he is a very enterprising and cunning specimen of humanity or he is a liar.—Up to Date.

For more than a hundred years the Shakers have been studying the remedial properties of plants. They have made many discoveries, but their greatest achievement was made last year. It is a cordial that contains already digested food and is a digester of food. It is effective in removing distress after eating, and creates an appetite for more food so that eating becomes a pleasure. Pale, thin people become plump and healthy under its use. It arrests the wasting of consumption.

There never has been such a step forward in the cure of indigestion as this Shaker Cordial. Your druggist will be glad to give you a little book descriptive of the product.

Give the babies Laxol, which is Castor Oil, made as palatable as honey.

Why Attempt to Cure

catarrh by the use of so-called blood remedies? That catarrh is caused by blood troubles is self-evident when you reflect that attacks are always due to sudden climatic changes or exposure, and occur most frequently during the winter and spring, though the blood is as pure then as in summer or fall. A remedy which quickly relieves and cures the catarrhal attacks has been found in Ely's Cream Balm.

JUST A BOY.

Laurence Hutton's Reminiscences of His Juvenile Life In New York.

He was not a very good boy or a very bad boy or a very bright boy or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy, and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about the boy that is commendable he owes to his father and to his mother, and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else—always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything, the boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was, "What on earth shall I do with it?" When the boy came to her one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from heaven, and when she was told that it was a boy, and not a bad looking or a bad conditioned boy, her first words were, "What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than 40 years afterward, and the boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry. What better benediction can a boy have than that?

The boy was redheaded and long nosed even from the beginning—a shy, dreaming, self conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red and that his nose was long. At school for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Redhead," "Carrot Top" or "Nosy."

His mother, married at 19, was the eldest of a family of nine children, and many of the boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he was likely to be spoiled, and consequently he was never praised nor petted nor coddled. He was always falling down or dropping things. He was always getting into the way, and he could not learn to spell correctly nor to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so.

But nobody except the boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passersby pitied him as he walked or played in the streets, and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man, at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.—"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

A TRIBUTE TO ART.

The Maid of Milesia and the Beautiful Venus de Medici.

Somewhere in Washington — just where is not necessary to the main point at issue in this short article on the development and undevelopment of art in the national capital—is a mansion presided over by a woman of wealth and refinement. She is a most artistic woman, too, and in her house are some unusually fine pieces of painting and statuary. There is also a Milesian maid, by name Maggie, who knows a deal more about housecleaning than she does about sculpture, and Maggie has been trying for a long time to cultivate her taste up to the point of properly appreciating the painted and carved beauty with which she daily comes in contact.

Not many days ago the mistress and the maid were going over the house with brush and broom, putting it in especial order for a musicale that was to be given to a few artists and fashionables, and the mistress observed that the maid on three several occasions passed by with cold neglect of cloth and brush a beautiful figure of the "Venus de Medici," in an alcove just off the hall.

"Here, Maggie!" she called. "Why don't you brush the dust off this figure?"

"Which wan, mem?" inquired Maggie with great innocence.

"The 'Venus' there in the alcove, of course. See"—and the lady touched it with her finger—"you have left dust all over it."

"Yis, mem," confessed Maggie, "but I do be thinking for a long time, mem, that there aht to be something on it, mem."

It was a delightful and logical excuse, perhaps, but the lady could scarcely accept it, and Maggie's brush removed even the dusty drapery she wished to leave.—Washington Star.

His Grandmother.

A gentleman once asked Uncle Daniel, a droll character in a New England village, if he could remember his grandmother. "I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father. 'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick.' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"

Saw Through It.

"Package, sir," said the agent as Mr. Sharp came to the door. "There is $2 express charges on it."

"Be kind enough to wait a moment," said Mr. Sharp as he disappeared indoors. Presently he returned. "Just allow me to throw this X ray on that package, please."

The telltale light revealed three bricks carefully done up in raw cotton, and, unopened, they were returned to the would be joker marked "Refused."—Washington Times.

Manning and the Jesuits.

Edmund S. Purcell, who wrote the biography of Cardinal Manning that was so widely discussed and in some quarters condemned, wrote a paper for The Nineteenth Century entitled "On the Ethics of Suppression In Biography," in which he makes an interesting statement concerning Manning's relations to the Jesuits:

Cardinal Manning could not endure—it was not in his nature—to be looked upon by the Jesuits as an "enemy of vital godliness." They fell under his ban. Metaphorically he "cursed them with bell, book and candle." In a laughing fashion their retort came quick:

Cardinals may come, cardinals may go,
But we go on forever.

Cardinal Manning, as is known of all men, regarded the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773 as the work of God's hand. He likewise looked upon its restoration in 1827 as God's work. But his abiding hostility to the Jesuits, based, as he declared, on their corporate action in England and Rome, was testified by the prediction which he uttered on various occasions, "I foresee another 1773."

His Chance.

Timmins—I have a notion to write one of these Scotch dialect stories.

Simmons—But you don't know anything about Scotch dialect.

Timmins—I know as much about it as the people who buy the stories.—Indianapolis Journal.

Muzzled.

He (telling a hairbreadth adventure)—And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves.

She (breathlessly)—Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!—Pearson's Weekly.

The Visigoths in Spain, from Alaric, in 362 A. D., to Roderic, in 709, had 34 kings.

From Washington to Timbuktu, by land and sea, the distance is 8,395 miles.

Choosing a Husband.

George Eliot says in one of her novels that almost any woman can marry any man she makes up her mind to. Whether this is truth or fiction, certainly a woman chooses her husband oftener than he knows it. But she must play the negative part. She can only make herself as attractive as possible in a modest, womanly way and rely upon human nature and manly instinct.

A sensible man naturally seeks a wholesome-looking, healthy, capable companion. Men are not unselfish enough to willingly assume the care of a weak, nervous, debilitated wife.

Men are not attracted by a sallow, pimply complexion, foul breath, or thin, emaciated form, because these symptoms are the sure index of poor digestion and impoverished blood.

A woman afflicted by these mortifying miseries should seek the powerful, purifying and nutrimental influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which completely dispels all unwholesome appearances by clearing and renovating the organic sources of healthful vitality.

It helps the liver to filter all bilious impurities from the blood. It gives the digestive organs power to extract nourishment from the food. It rounds out thin forms, wipes away wrinkles, and gives to the complexion its natural clearness and bloom.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Sella Ricca, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "Boils one after another would break out on my arms, and were very painful. I have tried the loudly praised Sarsaparillas without any benefit whatever, and not until I took your 'Discovery' did I get well. That was two years ago, and I have not had a boil or sore of any kind since."

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Having purchased the stock of goods and business interests of Miss Maggie V. Hersch, we announce that a first-class

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