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

will leave Centreville at 8 A. M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, stopping at landings on Corsica River, Jackson Creek and Rock Hall. Returning, will leave Baltimore at 10.30 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for same landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, Pres't.

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

HYPNOTISM taught thoroughly through the mail, or personally by a responsible Physician. A full and perfect course, easy to learn and success guaranteed. Address x Box 3800, Station D, Philadelphia, Pa.

IF 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, 1700 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., Homeopathic Chemist, London, England.

BREAKFAST. SUPPER.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Rainbow Liniment

Banishes all Pain

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Cramps & 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

ther. 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.

PILES ITCHING PILES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. THIS OINTMENT stops itching and bleeding, absorbs the tumors. Sold by druggists or by mail for 50 cts. Prepared by Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cheats Lung Troubles, Debility, distressing 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, always reliable. LADIES ask druggist 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, Philada., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

500 North Calvert St., Cor Franklin St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

EUROPEAN. $1 50 to $2 00 per day. $5.00 to $12.00 per week. | AMERICAN. 50 Cents to $1.50 per Day.

Special Party, Family and Weekly Rates. Special Rates for Table Boarders.

JOHN WOOD, MANAGER.

KENT COUNTY'S

LEADING LIVERY,

GEO. B. McWHORTER, Chestertown, Md.

MY TEAMS

are First-Class in every particular, and satisfaction always given to my customers. Traveling salesmen conveyed to all parts of the Peninsula at moderate prices. Teams for private parties furnished at short notice. Give me a call. Resp'y, etc.,

GEORGE B. McWHORTER.

Feb. 21, 1895—y. Chestertown, M

DO YOU EVER VISIT BETTERTON?

The "Hotel Wilmer"

is the place for you to stop. Elegant Suppers 35c. 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. Resp'y, etc.,

MRS. SARAH W. WILMER.

Dec. 13, 1894. Betterton, Kent Co., Md.

NATHAN BROOKS'

Shaving Saloon,

STILL POND.

I desire to inform the people of this and surrounding neighborhoods, that I am permanently located in Still Pond. Shaving neatly and cleanly done. Hair cutting in the latest style. Ladies' and Children's Bangs Trimmed. Shampooing a specialty. Give me a call.

Respectfully, etc.,

NATHAN BROOKS.

Jan. 24, 1895—y. Still Pond.

THE "FAIR CHILDREN" AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

Aye, they grew older, queens and earls
And duchesses and kings.
They lost their innocence and curls
And put off childish things.

They lived and died. For some the lot
In goodly ground was cast,
While others marred with plan and plot
The record of the past.

Young Master Lambton's arms and legs
That crimson suit outgrew.
Port and experience changed the charms
Of jovial Jacky Crewe.

The baby Johnson's thunder woke
To bellow round the arts,
And Gainsborough's Georgiana broke
A score of hapless hearts.

—A. Cochrane.

DEPARTMENT STORES.

The Prominent Part That Profuse Advertising Plays In Their Success.

Aside from departures in policy and innovations on a large scale, the originality of the department store is largely supplied by two departments, to some extent correlated. These are the advertising department and the window dressing department. One is the literature of the great store, the other its art. The shop windows are a great stimulus for the department whose goods are displayed in them. A good showing will often wonderfully increase the sale of the stock as well as attract customers to the store who are new to it. Frequently the head advertising man is the general manager of the store. Whether this is the case or not, he is a general supervisor of the establishment, with a complete knowledge of its ever changing detail. Every day he holds consultations with heads of departments to find out what particular lines of articles they want boomed, and about those articles he writes alluring statements for the shopping public to read, sometimes arranging for illustrations with them.

The amount of money spent for advertising is appalling when looked upon as an expense. One great store in Philadelphia spends on an average $1,000 every day in the year, and a good many spend $500 a day. The advertising receives probably more of the personal attention of the head of the house than any other department. The head of the firm which expends the great sum just mentioned personally suggests and frequently writes the leading lines in the daily announcement. The proprietor of a great store in Brooklyn does this invariably and thinks the time well spent which the work daily requires. The mail department tends to enlarge this expenditure, as the store reaches out to the utmost parts of the country, and the future [illegible] to see an even greater development in the effort to secure mail customers in the small towns and in country places.—Samuel Hopkins Adams in Scribner's.

Electric Railroad Statistics.

Electric railways in Europe formed the subject of some interesting statistics recently embodied in a report sent to the United States government by Vice Consul J. F. Monaghan, at Chemnitz, Germany. According to these, the number of such railways was increased during the year 1895 from 70 to 111, while the total length was raised from about 435 to 560 miles, the number of cars from 1,236 to 1,747, and the horsepower from a little over 18,000 to a little over 25,000. Of all the European countries, Germany, according to Mr. Monaghan's figures, stood at the head, with about 250 miles to her credit, and an equipment of 857 cars and 7,194 horsepower. The other countries followed in the order given below:

	Miles.	Horsepower.	Cars.
France	82	4,490	225
England	50	4,243	143
Austria-Hungary	44	1,550	157
Switzerland	20	1,530	86
Italy	25	1,890	84
Spain	18	650	26
Belgium	16	1,130	48
Ireland	8	440	25
Russia	6½	510	22
Servia	6¼	200	11
Norway and Sweden	5	225	15
Bosnia	4	75	6
Roumania	4	140	15
Holland	2	320	14
Portugal	2	110	8

With this showing it is suggestive to compare the position of the United States, in which, according to the latest available figures, there were 12,133 miles of road, with a total of 34,971 cars. It is not without reason evidently that the United States is considered the home of the electric railroad. Canada comes next in order, with 450 miles of road and 1,150 cars.—Cassier's Magazine.

They Love Dante.

A magnificent upper chamber of the municipal palace (the Palazzo Vecchio) in Florence is set apart in memory of the great poet Dante. To it each of the 69 provinces and all of the larger cities and towns of united Italy have contributed a banner in his honor. There are over 300 of these banners in all, and the donors, in eager emulation, have tried to make each offering more beautiful than the others. The banners are of the differing colors of the provinces and bear their arms in exquisite embroidery or in paintings by the first living artists.

The fervor of the homage paid here to the immortal Italian poet stirs the heart of even the passing stranger. Whatever the jealousies or estrangement of these people, beside his tomb they are united.—Youth's Companion.

A TIGERISH TURKISH MOB.

Murderous Bludgeon Men In the Streets of Constantinople.

Such men as the bludgeon men one does not often see in the streets of Constantinople. Of the better class of Turks there were none among them. They were of a class like the wharf rats and longshoremen of western lands. They were of all shades of color, from the white skinned Laz and Circassian to the brown and hook nosed Kurd and the real black Nubian from Africa. Their faces were a study of fearful passions. There were faces seamed and scarred like the head of a fighting bulldog; faces distorted by malice and greed; faces seared, as by fire, case hardened in ignorance of all except vice and ferocious as an angry tiger. Some of those faces burned their way into my memory and remained for days, a haunting revelation of brutal instincts and beastly desires which made one wonder how it was possible to have lived in safety for weeks in a city containing such men.

These men were not armed, in the common sense of the word. Some of them had revolvers, and the most of them had knives. But they seldom used either, for awkward questions might be raised if the police were called to account for failing to arrest armed civilians on the streets. Carrying ax helves, pickax handles, heavy clubs, like baseball bats; jagged fragments of broken scantling—carrying anything that can crush the skull of man—this horrible rabble flooded the streets of all Christian quarters of the city, like an all desolating tidal wave, silent but irresistible. Their silence by day was almost as terrible as their howls by night. They would be seen going along the street, when they would meet an Armenian who had ventured to attempt to reach his home. Without a word they would break in his skull and go on their way, entirely unmoved and hardly having spoken a loud word. If resistance was offered, they had only to say, "The Giaours resist!" and a horde of their fellows would come running from all directions to destroy one who had proved his seditious quality by daring to resist a Mussulman.—"A Bystander's Notes of a Massacre," by Yvan Troshine, in Scribner's.

One Kind of Business.

Bystander—Wasn't that a pretty stiff price you asked that man for those shoes?

Storekeeper — Yes; that's business. They're not good for anything, so of course he won't come again. Therefore we might as well get as much as we can out of him.—Boston Transcript.

The bite of the mosquito would scarcely be noticed were it not for the fact that the insect injects into the wound an acrid juice, which causes the itching and painful sensation.

FRANKED FOR THEM.

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND BOYS IN BLUE.

An Envelope That Is More Valuable Than the Best Stamp In Any Collection—The Soldier Who Wouldn't Tell Lincoln a Lie.

"Let this go. A. LINCOLN."

Unless it has been destroyed there is in a home in Fond du Lac county, Wis., a soldier letter in an envelope bearing the above words, signed by the great war president.

Frank King was a Lamartine boy, fresh from the farm, and a character our whole company took to kindly from the first.

When the army was camped in Virginia, near Washington, the winter of 1861-2, it was a common practice with the soldiers, when they got a pass, to visit the city to buy a package of envelopes and call at the capitol, send in for their senator or representative and get him to frank them.

One of our boys came back to camp in high feather. He had two packages of envelopes—one franked by Senator James R. Doolittle, now a Chicago lawyer, the other by the late Senator T. O. Howe, who succeeded Captain James as postmaster general in President Arthur's cabinet. For 20 years senators and members have been giving a good deal of their time to helping the soldiers with their pension claims. If they have done it as willingly and pleasantly as they used to frank envelopes for the boys, they must be pretty nearly angels.

"You fellows, there, are making a big blast over getting a couple of senators to frank your envelopes," said Frank King. "Just you wait till you see me come back from Washington with the president's name on some letter covers."

Within a few days Frank King and Harry Dunn, who for years after the war was a Chicago business man, went to the city. They called at the White House. It was easier to see the president then than it is now. At certain hours of the day a soldier could reach the chief executive with fully as much ease as a senator can in these later years.

King was the ringleader. Approaching the guard, he said: "We want to see Mr. Lincoln. Please stand aside and let us pass."

"Who are you, and what is your business?"

"You tell old Abe we have charge of a regiment over on Arlington Heights and want to see him on an important matter. He'll let us in."

"Where are your shoulder straps?"

"We haven't got 'em over in our everyday clothes. Come, we are in a hurry. Let us go in and see Mr. Lincoln."

The parley had attracted the attention of the president. The door swung open and the good natured chief of the nation smiled upon the cheeky young fellows and bade them step right in.

"What can I do for you, my men?"

"Mr. Lincoln, I want you to frank these envelopes," said King.

"Better get your congressman to do that."

"I'd much rather have you do it, Mr. Lincoln. The folks at home would like to see your name on my letters."

"I'll fix one of them. Take the rest to your congressman. Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your home?"

"Lamartine, Fond du Lac county, Wis."

"That is my friend Scott Sloan's district. You go to Mr. Sloan. He will fix the rest of them."

The president shook hands with the two privates, asked them to be brave soldiers and wished them a safe return to their western homes.

Frank couldn't make his tentmates believe that the president had written: "Let this go. A. Lincoln." But the next day he wrote a letter to his father. The name of Lincoln was personally examined by all of the neighbors.

In January, 1864, our regiment was in Washington on the way home, having re-enlisted—"veteranized," as they called it. In company with two others I went to the White House. The president shook hands with us, thanked us for swearing in for three years more and expressed the hope that we would have a nice visit on our veteran furlough.

"Mr. President," said Jones—Ed Jones—"you franked a letter for one of the boys in our company, Frank King. I wish you would frank one for me."

"Odd as it may seem, you are the second soldier to make such a request. So both are of the same company? Very well."

On Jones' envelope he wrote "A. Lincoln, President," and as he handed it back he asked what had become of that other man who had asked him to pass a letter.

"He was killed at Gettysburg."

I shall never forget the look of sadness in the president's face when the answer was given, and it had not disappeared when we left the room.

"Jones, what did you tell him about King for? Did you see how it pained him?"

"What did he ask about him for? Do you suppose I was going to lie to a man I would die for?" was Jones' indignant reply.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cases of Kleptomania.

That plenty of genuine cases of kleptomania undoubtedly exist is well known to both legal and medical experts. There was, for instance, the case of a not very long deceased nobleman who frequently pocketed his hostess' spoons at a dinner party, and whose pockets were invariably searched by his man on his return, with a view to prompt restitution.

In another case a lady who was quite rational upon other points was discovered to have 15 bags concealed about her, in which were over 1,100 little articles which she had stolen and concealed, although nearly every one was absolutely worthless. A clergyman has been known to steal Bibles under the impression that he was thereby propagating the gospel. Another gentleman, sane in other respects, invariably stole the towels from any hotel he stopped at while traveling and returned them when he got home, and, oddest of all, there has been a case of a man who would never eat food which he had not stolen. He was a man of means, and his personal attendant used to hide his meals, so that he might think he himself had stolen them, in order to induce him to eat.—Lady's Pictorial.

Hereditary Suicide.

An extraordinary instance of hereditary tendency to suicide was told by Professor Brouardel in Paris lately. A farmer near Etampes hanged himself without apparent cause, leaving a family of seven son and four daughters. Ten of the 11 subsequently followed the father's example, but not until they had married and begotten children, all of whom likewise hanged themselves. The only survivor is a son, who is now 69 years of age and has passed safely beyond the family hanging age.

In many parts of Central and South America sensitive plants are so numerous that the course of a man or animal through the undergrowth may for an hour be traced by the wilted appearance of the foliage.

There are 3,027 knots of ocean distance between Cherbourg and Fire island.

The Court's Decision.

"You remember Howforth, who married the woman who kept house for him so long?"

"Yep."

"Well, the court granted her a divorce last week."

"Alimony?"

"Not in cash. The decision was that she could keep the house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A hornets' nest usually contains from 300 to 400 perfect males and females and an indefinite number of workers.

The earliest use of weights is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, 985 B. C.

BABY.

WHEN BABY LAUGHS.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,"
No cup of joy to quaff,
Nor rich a treat as dimpled cheeks
When baby tries to laugh.

WHEN BABY CRIES.

Nor anything so tart of taste
As when good nature dies
In vain attempt to "stop that noise,"
When baby cries and cries.

WHETHER BABY LAUGHS OR CRIES.

And nothing half so sweet or dear
As lovelit baby eyes,
Or a pressure close from baby lips,
Whether baby laughs or cries.

—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.

PERE LA CHAISE, THE GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY OF PARIS.

It Contains 96,000 Mausoleums and Monuments—The Last Resting Place of Many Whose Names Live In History—A Battlefield In the Days of the Commune.

Pere la Chaise, so called after Louis XIV's confessor, who had his residence on the hill long ago, covers 106 1-2 acres and is laid out, like a miniature city, in nearly 150 streets or avenues and little paths. Bordering these are 96,000 mausoleums and monuments of every description, from the most magnificent tombs to the most unpretending urns. Each little house has its family name above the door, and few are ever without some fresh tokens of loving remembrance.

The French may not be a deeply religious nation, but they certainly do not lack personal affection and respect, and this is strikingly shown in their devotion to the memory of their dead. Ornamental wreaths made of beads or tin, black, white and colored, many of them with appropriate mottoes, were piled or hung upon the monuments.

Entering one of the main streets and walking up the hill, we were soon in a labyrinth of tombs. Inside of one little house, which had a glass door, there was a shelf built of marble, upon which stood a framed photograph of a man. On each side were vases filled with white lilacs, and underneath was stretched a white ribbon, and letters in gold upon it told that this was an offering from his sorrowful schoolmates. Three columns rising from one pedestal and resembling some fragment of a Roman ruin stood to commemorate three brothers who had wished to be laid together. Many monuments were like obelisks or in other Egyptian forms, showing the influence upon the fashion of the time of Napoleon's eastern campaign. One large column with a broken shaft stood alone in an open space upon a raised platform and attracted our attention because of the great number of wreaths and flowers piled high upon it. This was a monument to those whose burial places were unknown, whose deaths were shrouded in mystery, and whose mourners come here to pray and weep. As we looked a poor woman with a child by one hand added her little spray of chrysanthemums to the gay but pathetic heap. Soon familiar and world famous names began to claim our interest. Here lay Moliere and further on Alfred de Musset, the great poets, Chopin's last resting place marked by a beautiful figure. Lafontaine, with a little fox appropriately crowning his sepulcher—for who can mention him without thinking of the sly puss that got the crow's dinner?—Balzac, the novelist; Cherubini, the composer, and many other famous painters, authors and musicians. Then the brave men who fought for France—Marshal Ney, Napoleon's right hand man, who lies in a little inclosed lot filled with shrubs and flowers, but with no monument, for when he died his enemies were in power and would allow none to be erected, and now its absence and the simple grave speak more eloquently than could the finest tomb.

Near by lies poor Villeneuve, who lost at Trafalgar and in consequence of Napoleon's displeasure received such a harsh repulse when he returned to Paris that he ran a needle through his broken heart. Just across the way from him is Parmentier, the agriculturist. He was the man who with the utmost difficulty convinced the dainty French that the potato was worth cultivating and eating. They say that Marie Antoinette helped him to attain this end by wearing potato blossoms with her beautiful ball gowns. However true this may be, certain it is that the vegetable is planted every year around the good man's tomb. There is one tomb which every one is sure to visit at Pere la Chaise, and this is the grave of Abelard and Heloise, the grave that has been the subject of so many songs and verses, and where lovers come to plight their vows and pledge their faithfulness. Very romantic it must be, too, on a moonlight evening, with the pale rays falling on the stone figures lying peacefully side by side, with folded hands, under the canopy of early Gothic style, with queer gargoyles at each corner. The story of the lovers is well known. They had many trials and tribulations, but at last they rest together, according to Heloise's last wish that she might be reunited to her idol. Through the tombs and trees we went higher and higher, until we came out upon a wide terrace and Paris burst upon our view. Paris, sparkling in the sunlight, spread before us in a glittering panorama, an immense expanse of white buildings with domes, towers, spires and bridges, and the Eiffel tower rising like a gaunt skeleton amid the feast of beautiful architecture. No wonder that the mutineers of the commune appreciated the fine advantages of position afforded by Pere la Chaise. Here they intrenched themselves and transformed the quiet cemetery into a noisy camp. Here they met the fire from the government positions, until finally they were overpowered by troops which scaled the heights, and the terrible slaughter took place when thousands of the communists fell among the sepulchers. Some poor wretches tried to hide in the tombs, and the merciless soldiers closed them up fast, so that to this day skeletons of their victims are found in their ghastly prisons.—Paris Cor. New York Observer.

In a Hurry.

Doctor—How is your brother, Miss Cynthia?

Aunt Cynthia—He's worse this morning, doctor—a lot worse.

Doctor—Did you give him that medicine as I directed—a teaspoonful every hour?

Aunt Cynthia—No, doctor. I just gave him the whole bottle at once. He wanted to hurry up and get well, so's to go to the pantomime tonight.—Strand Magazine.

Pleasant Exercise.

Stern Father—What were those peculiar noises I heard down here last night? Did you and young Comeback uncork any of my beer bottles?

Demure Daughter—No, papa. We were just going through some labial exercises.

Stern Father—Oh, I suppose these new educational fads must have their run.—Detroit Free Press.

The first system of modern fortification—that is, after the invention of artillery—was that of the bastion or Italian system, a bastion being a military work consisting of two faces and two flanks.

Philadelphia has just organized a Rainy Day club, with Mrs. Helen M. James as president. A skirt reaching to the boot tops has been adopted.

The distance between Washington and Liverpool is 3,228 miles.

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.

THEIR DEADLY FIRE.

THE AMERICAN RIFLEMEN AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A Description of the Engagement by General Jackson—A Letter From "Old Hickory"—How Packenham's Veterans Were Defeated by Frontiersmen.

In The Century William Hugh Roberts has an article entitled "Napoleon's Interest In the Battle of New Orleans." In this is quoted a hitherto unpublished letter written by General Jackson to Mr. James Monroe. A portion of the letter follows:

There was a very heavy fog on the river that morning, and the British had formed and were moving before I knew it. The disposition of the riflemen was very simple. They were told off in Nos. 1 and 2. No. 1 was to fire first, then step back and let No. 2 shoot while he reloaded. About 600 yards from the riflemen there was a great drainage canal running back from the Mississippi river to the swamp in the rear of the tilled land on which we were operating. Along this canal the British formed, under the fire of the few artillery pieces I had near enough to them to get their range. But the instant I saw them I said to Coffee, whom I directed to hurry to his line, which was to be first attacked: "By ——, we have got them! They are ours!" Coffee dashed forward, and, riding along his line, called out, "Don't shoot till you can see their belt buckles!" The British were formed in mass, well closed up, and about two companies front.

The British, thus formed, moved on at a quick step, without firing a shot, to within 100 yards of the kneeling riflemen, who were holding their fire till they could see the belt buckles of their enemies. The British advance was executed as though they had been on parade. They marched shoulder to shoulder, with the step of veterans, as they were. At 100 yards distance from our line the order was given: "Extend column front! Double quick, march! Charge!" With bayonets at the charge, they came on us at a run. I own it was an anxious moment. I well knew the charging column was made up of the picked troops of the British army. They had been trained by the duke himself, were commanded by his brother-in-law and had successfully held off the ablest of Napoleon's marshals in the Spanish campaign. My riflemen had never seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp. Their powder might not burn well. "God help us!" I muttered, watching the rapidly advancing line. Seventy, 60, 50, finally 40 yards, were they from the silent kneeling riflemen. All of my men that I could see was their long rifles rested on the logs before them. They obeyed their orders well. Not a shot was fired until the redcoats were within 40 yards. I heard Coffee's voice as he roared out: "Now, men, aim for the center of the cross belts! Fire!" A second after the order a crackling, blazing flash ran all along our line. The smoke hung so heavily in the misty morning air that I could not see what had happened. I called Tom Overton and Abner Duncan of my staff, and we galloped toward Coffee's line. In a few seconds after the first fire there came another sharp, ringing volley. As I came within 150 yards of Coffee the smoke lifted enough for me to make out what was happening.

The British were falling back in a confused, disorderly mass, and the entire first ranks of their column were blown away. For 200 yards in our front the ground was covered with a mass of writhing, wounded, dead and dying redcoats. By the time the rifles were wiped the British line was reformed, and on it came again. This time they were led by General Pakenham in person, gallantly mounted and riding as though he was on parade. Just before he got within range of Coffee's line I heard a single rifle shot from a group of country carts we had been using, about 175 yards distant, and a moment thereafter I saw Pakenham reel and pitch out of his saddle. I have always believed he fell from the bullet of a freeman of color who was a famous rifle shot and came from the Atakappas region of Louisiana. The second advance was precisely like the first in its ending. In five volleys the 1,500 or more riflemen killed and wounded 2,117 British soldiers, two-thirds of them killed dead or mortally wounded. I did not know where General Pakenham was lying, or I should have sent to him or gone in person to offer any service in my power to render.

I was told he lived two hours after he was hit. His wound was directly through the liver and bowels. General Keene, I hear, was killed. They sent a flag to me, asking leave to gather up their wounded and bury their dead, which, of course, I granted. I was told by a wounded officer that the rank and file absolutely refused to make a third charge. "We have no chance with such shooting as these Americans do," they said.

The Rainbow Party.

The latest fad is the rainbow party, which derives its name from the fact that the girls wear pretty aprons of every shade and hue which their good or bad taste may suggest, all of which are left unhemmed. Every girl has a number, and two of them take charge of a box containing duplicates, which is placed near the cloakroom and from which the men, having previously bought tickets, draw a number, armed with which they set forth on a voyage of discovery to find the young lady wearing the corresponding one on her apron.

When all have found their partners, the master of the ceremonies proclaims the conditions—namely, that the young men are to set about hemming the aprons, the one acquitting himself the best gaining the prize. The girls supply the cavaliers with needles and thread, and at the call of "Time!" the fun begins with the efforts of the poor fellows to thread their needles. At the second call of "Time!" the work is handed over to the committee, which passes judgment upon it and awards the prizes, which sometimes are of great value, to the victors, after which the aprons are raffled for, and the party winds up with a dainty little supper.

Precautionary.

"Don't you think the true principle of life is for all mankind to go hand in hand?"

"I don't know about that. There are times and places when mankind has to have one hand on its pocketbook."—Chicago Record.

Michael Angelo seems to have believed that he received some of his most noted inspirations in a dream or vision. In one of his letters he alludes to the statue of Moses and intimates that the idea came to him in a dream.

Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.—Beranger.

When a person is losing flesh and wasting away there is cause for alarm. Nothing so worries a physician. Consumptives would never die if they could regain there usual weight. In fact there would be no consumption if there was no wasting of the system. The cause of this loss of flesh is a failure to properly digest the food eaten. Nine-tenths of all our diseases date back to some derangement of the stomach. The Shaker Digestive Cordial will stop this wasting of the body. It acts by causing the food we eat to be digested so as to do good, for undigested food does more harm than good. The Cordial contains food already digested and is a digester of foods as well.

Every mother hates to make her children take Castor Oil. Laxol is sweet Castor Oil.

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On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of Catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

MISJUDGED HIS COMPANION.

Queer Experience of a Traveler on a Lake Steamer.

"Speaking of misjudging people," remarked the young man who has money and can take pleasure trips whenever he feels like it, "I had a peculiar experience when I took the steamer trip up the lakes. I was little late in applying for a berth, and the clerk informed me that every stateroom was occupied, and he would have to give me a berth in the same stateroom with another person. I didn't particularly like the idea, but it was the best I could do, and, being very tired, I turned in. I saw nothing of my roommate, and, he having first choice of berths, and presuming that he would choose the lower one, I climbed up above.

"I wondered what sort of a man he would prove to be, and to be on the safe side I took my gold watch and pocketbook and placed them carefully under my pillow. I tried to stay awake until he came in, but the motion of the boat lulled me to sleep in spite of myself, and I didn't wake up until morning. The other person had turned in without disturbing me. I heard him stirring around in the lower berth. Cautiously I slipped my hand under the pillow. Both my pocketbook and watch were gone. There was no denying it. I searched the berth carefully and quietly. There could be no mistake. My handsome timepiece and several hundred dollars in bills were gone. I lay still for a long time, wondering what I would do. Perhaps he had hurled the plunder into the hands of a confederate. I felt pretty blue. Anyway, I would report the matter to the captain. I sat up in my berth with sudden resolve. A pleasant faced young man was sitting, fully dressed, on the lower berth.

"'I've been waiting for you to wake up,' he said. 'Do these things belong to you?' He was holding up my purse and watch.

"'Yes, sir, they do,' I answered severely.

"'Well, the blame things plumped down on me this morning about an hour before I wanted to wake up. The wallet struck me blim on the end of the nose and the watch nearly knocked my front teeth out. I was never so startled in my life.'

"I looked sheepish, I suppose; I certainly felt so, for, turning the pillow down, I found that the springs were of woven wire and lacked several inches of filling in the space at the head of the berth. My property had simply slid through and dropped upon the face of my startled stateroom companion. He took matters very good naturedly, and we got to be good friends before we got to Duluth. He was a wealthy young Englishman taking his first trip through our western country, looking for investments, and I found him a very companionable fellow."—New York Tribune.

A BEAR IN A CAVE.

Two Indians Went In by the Light of a Torch and Killed the Game.

Robert H. Davis tells in Gameland how two buck Indians of the northwestern coast tribes went into a bear's den and, by the light of a torch, killed a big grizzly bear.

A young law student got sight of the bear one day while he was still hunting. While trying to approach it the hunter alarmed the bear, and it ran to a 1,000 foot cliff and took refuge in a hole there. The student climbed up 100 yards on the face of the cliff and started rocks down about the hole, thinking to drive the bear out, but the bear would not start. Then he went to a nearby Indian camp and got Trinity Dick and a Pitt river Indian, who said they would go with the man after the bear if he would let them take the rifle. The student let Trinity Dick take the rifle and borrowed another for the Pitt river Indian.

"I waited outside," the student told Davis, "while the Indians went into the cave with a torch. I listened for a long time, then I heard the dull boom of two guns away back in the cave somewhere. Then all was still again for some time. After a bit Trinity Dick came out and waved his hand to me, then went back in. I followed and quickly came to the bear, which was already loosing its hide at the knife point of the Pitt river Indian.

"The cave was deep, with many arms. The Indians had followed the main cave, disputing with each other as to who should go first. Trinity Dick, being the eldest, got the place of honor, while the other followed, holding the torch high aloft. The bear was not in the main cave, and they went to the end without coming upon it. On their way out, however, the men were confronted by the bear at a distance of 20 feet. Trinity Dick told his companion to hold the torch steady so that the sights could be seen plainly. When the shot was fired, the bear pitched forward, and then a second bullet was fired into it. The Indians then turned and ran, loading their guns as they did so. But the bear never moved again."

IN HOLLAND.

Some Curiosities of Etiquette In the Netherlands.

An unmarried girl in Holland always takes the right arm of her escort, while the married one selects the left side of her husband. So deeply has this custom entered into the life of Hollanders that at a wedding the bride enters the church on the right side of the groom, the young wife returning on the left side of her husband when the ceremony has been performed. No unmarried lady in this country can dream of going to church, a concert or any other place of public assemblage without the escort of parents or male members of the family. She cannot take a walk, pay a visit or go shopping unaccompanied by her mother or some married lady friend.

The Holland young lady does not go to the theater with the gentleman who has been introduced to her a week before, neither does she vary her beau to suit her dress or complexion. Unmarried daughters are chaperoned to all places of amusement. Even dancing parties are interspersed with songs, recitations, etc., for the amusement of elders of the family who sit around tables socially sipping their coffee, wine or other favored beverage, while the young members glide over the waxed floors to the fitful strains of music. Here the young must make the best of their opportunities, for when it pleases the parents to seek the quiet solace of the house the daughters also quit the gayety of the ballroom.—Philadelphia Times.

The Red Rocks.

In sight of the Erie tracks, between Susquehanna and Great Bend, are the Red rocks, a red cliff standing above the Susquehanna river. Near them can be seen traces of the grave of a beautiful Indian maiden, the daughter of a famous chief. She was betrothed to a young brave, a member of her father's tribe, then encamped near here. Her father desired her to marry the son of the chief of the neighboring tribe, and the wish of the paternal ancestor usually counted for something.

In consequence she resolved to fly to the "happy hunting grounds," and one night she stole noiselessly from her wigwam, and, with the death song upon her lips, flung herself from the high cliff, her life's blood staining the rocks below. And to this day they have retained the reddish hue which the rains and floods of a century have failed to efface.

When the maiden's lover saw her mangled corpse, he retired to a cave in the mountains and never again was seen alive. Forty years later his petrified body was found in the cave by a wandering remnant of the tribe. Under his body were found the long raven tresses of the old chief's daughter.—New York Press.

Not more than one criminal in a thousand sentenced for life, or 99 years, by the courts of the United States serves more than 20 years.

Raphael is said to have [illegible]ved, in dreams, the ideas of [illegible] greatest pictures.

What a wonder it is that some women are so heedless about the things that concern them most. They endure all sorts of pain and misery with carelessness which would never be possible if they realized the consequences.

Comparatively few women understand that when they neglect their health because they are too busy or overworked or their minds are taken up with other concerns, that they are balancing on the edge of a fatal precipice.

Any weakness or disease of woman's special organism is no trifling matter. A woman who through indifference neglects these troubles is laying the foundation for life-long wretchedness.

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