l Schedule.

HESTER RIVER

mboat Company.

inning 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, r same landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, Pass't.

utt's Pills
re All
Liver Ills.

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quanity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act it's part.

Do you know this?

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

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 1800, Station D, Philadelphia, Pa.

D HAS WORMS, our OLATES" which are pleasant and harmless. Send ston St.,

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Nutritive
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and comforting to the
ervous and dyspeptic.

Your Grocer and Druggist sell it. In Half-P and 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.

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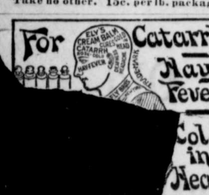
For Your Horses, Cattle and Poultry
Take no other. 15c. per lb. package.



A positive cure. Applied into each nostril is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at druggists or by mail, 10c. by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York City.

CINGER TONIC ... stomach and ... nursing mothers when all other ... 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.

CORNS The only sure Cure for Corns. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.

Foster's English Diamond Brand.
ROYAL 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, Philada., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

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500 North Calvert St., Cor Franklin St.,

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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 salemen 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"

s 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 the choicest game, fruit in season, and the best of everything the market affords. Make no mistake, and go to the "Hotel Wilmer." Boarders by the week at low prices. Send for circulars.

SHE KNEW HER NAME.

But It Wasn't Her Papa Calling, Only the Brakeman of the Railroad Car.

She occupied the seat directly in front of me on a Central Railroad of New Jersey train from New York the other night. She was a plump girl, with auburn hair and hazel eyes. She was evidently a girl employed in New York—perhaps a typewriter. Her name is Elizabeth. How do I know? Well, I didn't ask her. I never saw her before, no one called her by name and she had nothing about her that served to tell me that her name is Elizabeth. Yet her name is Elizabeth.

I am not the seventh son of a seventh son, neither do I possess the power of second sight. But I found out that the name of the plump, rosy cheeked young miss in the seat in front of me is Elizabeth. Before we had gone many miles out of Jersey City the "sand man" began to play havoc with Elizabeth. Her eyes became heavy, and every few seconds her head would drop. Before we had crossed Newark bay Elizabeth was sound asleep. The train sped on, and when the speed was slackened the brakeman opened the door and shouted: "Elizabeth! E-lizabeth! 'Liz'beth!" With the first word the girl began to move. When the brakeman shouted "E-lizabeth!" the eyes were half opened, and when he finally called "'Liz'beth!" she rubbed her eyes and said, "Yes, papa, I'll get up." Through the cars ran the sound of suppressed laughter. But the girl had fallen asleep again, and when the train stopped and the brakeman again called out "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" the plump girl jumped up and said, "All right; I'm coming."

This was too much for the harebrained dude across the aisle, and he began to "Ha, ha!" while the giggling maidens several seats in front began to giggle more furiously. Even the sedate looking old gentleman seated near by could not suppress a smile. By this time the girl was wide awake, and that she was conscious of what she had done was evident by the fact that her naturally red cheeks became redder still, and I even imagined that I saw tears in her eyes.

That is how I found out that her name is Elizabeth.—Gerald Gray in Allentown Call.

SPANISH GRANDEES.

They Constitute the Real Aristocracy of the Haughty Nation.

The real aristocracy of Spain is limited to the 243 grandees, many of them untitled, who enjoy innumerable privileges, including those of remaining seated and covered in the presence of royalty and of access to the sovereign at all times. Admission to the grandeza is exceedingly difficult to obtain, for it is necessary to prove a long line of blue-blooded ancestry, unsullied either on the paternal or on the maternal side by any plebeian strain. The ancient ceremony of conferring the grandeza—this and the ceremony of inducting a peer to his seat in the house of lords constitute the only forms of investiture of nobles that survive in the old world—is termed an almohada and is exceedingly rare. Queen Christina has held but two since her husband's death; there were three during the reign of King Alfonso XII. One of the latter was witnessed by a writer in the New York Tribune, who thus describes it:

"It took place in the small throne-room of the royal palace at Madrid. The men of grandee rank were at the right of the dais and the women at the left. On the king exclaiming, 'Be seated!' they all took their places upon tabourets, or stools of carved wood, topped with large purple velvet cushions. Everybody else, such as the members of the diplomatic corps and of the royal household, remained standing. Then the doors at the farther end of the room opened, and, preceded by a herald and two chamberlains and accompanied by the two grandees acting as sponsors, the postulant for admission to the grandeza appeared and approached the throne with three low obeisances. A tabouret, with purple cushion, having been brought and placed on the lowest of the steps leading up to the throne, the king commanded the candidate to be seated and thereupon addressed a few complimentary words to him, recalling the services of his family to the dynasty in bygone ages. Alfonso concluded his little speech by extending his hand to be kissed, at the same time directing him to take his place among the peers.

"Retiring backward from the royal presence, the newly fledged grandee was conducted by his sponsors to the side of the hall occupied by the ladies of the grandee rank, to whom he made a low bow, and then to that of the men, whom he saluted in the same manner. He thereupon put his hat upon his head, his example being instantly followed by every grandee present, who all remained covered until, his stool and cushion having been removed from the steps of the throne and placed beside those of his peers, he had seated himself thereon. This brought to a close the actual ceremony of almohada, which was rendered extraordinarily picturesque by the superb toilets of the women, by the gorgeous tabards of the royal heralds and by the brilliant uniforms of the generals, the court officials, the ministers of state, and, last, but not least, by those of the diplomats."

Idaho's Island Wonder.

Henry lake is a beautiful body of water with an area of about 41 square miles and is situated on the dome of the continent in a depression in the Rocky mountains near Targees pass, Idaho. Henry lake is of no consequence itself, but it is the "home" of a most wonderful floating island, which is seen first on one side of the lake and then on the other. The island is about 300 feet in diameter and has for its basis a mat of roots and decayed vegetation sufficient to support large trees and a dense growth of underbrush. The edges of this floating island are thin, of course, but near the center it is several feet thick and of sufficient strength to support a good sized summer hotel, if some one could be found that would care to make such a venture. There is a good sized willow thicket near the center of the island, and scattered around among them are several dwarf pines and aspens. These trees catch the breeze which is continually blowing over this highly situated lake, and, acting as sails on a boat, move the 300 foot island hither and thither over the 40 square miles of water at their will. Old mountaineers who are well used to all kinds of queer things declare that the floating island of Henry lake is the most wonderful thing to be seen in the mountain regions of the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

Transvaal Gold.

Of his recent extended study of the gold resources of South Africa Dr. Becker says that the Transvaal republic contains the largest gold deposits in the world. Within 15 miles of Johannesburg there is an amount of gold, practically in sight, estimated to be worth $3,500,000,000, or nearly as much as the entire volume of gold coin now in the world. The gold is extraordinarily uniform, as uniform as coal in an ordinary deposit, as shown by shafts which have been sunk to a depth of 1,800 feet and diamond drillings which have gone still farther. At present the gold is being taken out at the rate of $100,000,000 a year.

The most surprising news which Dr. Becker brings is the testimony of an American who was formerly his assistant in the geological survey, and who is now engaged in mining in the Transvaal, where he has made several millions of dollars. The American mining expert says to his knowledge and belief the gold deposits, instead of being 30 miles long—the region now in sight—is practically 1,200 miles long, except that in the rest of the region later deposits have come in over the gold. This, however, will not prevent economical mining, but will simply delay it.—Popular Science News.

A TEN CENT WORLD.

HOW A JERSEYMAN EXPLAINED HIS IDEAS OF THIS GLOBE.

He Made a Globe by Melting a Silver Dime and Then as It Cooled Showed How the Earth, Which Was Once a Molten Mass, Got Its Mountains and Seas.

"If any one doubts that the earth was once a molten mass and that its mountain chains, its great tablelands and the recesses for the seas were the results of the cooling and settling of the surface and then its shriveling to fit the ever shrinking center, let him see a world made," said the observant Jerseyman.

"That sounds simple," said one of his hearers, "but I haven't noticed that there were any worlds being made just now upon which progress was any faster than right here, and I can't say that I have observed much change in this old globe since I began to watch it."

"I have made many globes," declared the Jerseyman, "not merely insensate things to represent what we know of the natural and political divisions of the earth, but miniature worlds of the days of chaos, with every particle in them aglow with heat and all in motion. And then I have watched them become cold, immobile and dead, with blackened, roughened surfaces, and it required no great stretch of imagination to feel that within the few moments which the whole operation required one had bridged over millions of years in the history of a planet and seen it pass through every stage of its existence, from that of a light giving body to that of our own dead and desolate moon. Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the history of our world since it first took form."

With that he led his little audience to a workbench and drew forth a chunk of charcoal covered on all but one side with plaster of paris, a blowpipe and a jeweler's soldering lamp.

"I will make the globe of a dime," he said. And he placed a silver 10 cent piece on the charcoal. Then he lit the lamp, and with the blowpipe directed the flame upon the dime. Soon the charcoal began to glow and burn away about the dime in a broad hollow, and then the dime turned first black and then red, and as it approached a white heat it drew itself together until presently it was a globule of molten silver.

If you have never seen such a ball of glowing, melted silver, you have missed one of the prettiest of sights. On the outside there forms a very thin skin of black oxide, which serves, like a woman's veil, to heighten the charms beneath it. With the blowpipe still adding heat to the globe, the silver became as liquid as water, and the gases emitted by the heated charcoal made it roll about in the hollow as mobile as quicksilver, while within the globe the metal could be seen agitated by intense currents. These currents changed their direction as the point of flame from the blowpipe was moved from point to point, and every moment the surface agitation was so great that the rest of the oxide would break and disclose the dazzling metal beneath.

All know the beauty of quicksilver, and many have seen the glow of melted lead or tin or the red glare of iron as it was poured in the foundry or furnace, but none of these compares with the beauty of molten silver. Melted gold has a beauty of its own, but not like that of silver. The light which comes from the melted silver seems as brilliant as that from an arc electric light, but not dazzling; it is white, with a tinge of heavenly violet, and the swirling metal seems translucent like a pearl of the finest water.

"Now we will let it cool," said the Jerseyman, removing the blowpipe from his lips and letting his inflated cheeks resume their natural condition. The charcoal was placed on the bench. Soon the agitation of the surface of the tiny globe of silver ceased, and the quiescence of the dull outer coating showed that a skin of metal had cooled and set in place.

"Now watch the mountains and valleys form and see the mighty earthquakes shake the crust," exclaimed the Jerseyman, and as he spoke the crust, which had been smooth and even, began to wrinkle. Sometimes the wrinkles would form long continuous lines across half the globe. Then in spots the whole surface would pucker up and again all of these would straighten out only to form new series of puckers and wrinkles in other places. It was all over in half a minute, and the globe was set enough to drop into a glass of water to cool.

"Now look at it," said the Jerseyman, handing the globe to his visitors and with it a strong magnifying glass. "There is a skimmer of water on it, caught in the interstices of the roughened surface. That is three or four times as much water in proportion as our earth has on it, so you have before you all the features of sea and land, mountain and valley."

It was indeed so, and, although the glass revealed only the more prominent of the features, there was no difficulty in seeing all the others with the mind's eye.—New York Sun.

Lavish With Telegrams.

"Sending a telegram," says a Philadelphia telegraph man, "is serious business for the ordinary man or woman. They think it's expensive and only use the wires when they have to. There's one exception, however, and a kind of complimentary business that most people would never suspect. Whenever there's a Hebrew wedding—that is, one of any importance—we handle scores of congratulations, hundreds sometimes, from all parts of the country. They are sent with directions to deliver at a certain hour, and we generally send them all to the house or the place where the reception is held in one bunch. It's a good thing for the company, for the senders don't count the words and file their telegrams without any revision. Sometimes they run up to 100 or 150 words."

How to Dispose of Bad Coins.

Tackleton—Some one gave me a bad coin yesterday, and I didn't know what to do with it.

Von Blumer—Couldn't you pass it?

Tackleton—Not for a long time. The first man I tried it on was a ticket clerk, and he refused it with scorn.

Von Blumer—Why didn't you try it on a chemist? Their profits are so great they're likely to be careless in money matters.

Tackleton—Oh, I did, but it wasn't any use. Then I tried to buy a newspaper with it, but the boy wouldn't have it. I went to buy a drink, but that wouldn't do. I was almost discouraged, old man.

Von Blumer—I should say you might have been. But you finally passed it, didn't you?

Tackleton (proudly)—Oh, yes!

Von Blumer—On whom?

Tackleton—On a friend of mine.—Boston Traveller.

His Jubilee.

Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?

Criminal—Yes, your honor. This is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.—London Tit-Bits.

More Disastrous Than

Gorman—You know he has run through with his father left him.

Midget—Dissipatio

Gorman—Started a on Transcript.

All In

Marble Dealer—S tombstone, "We M

Chorus of Heirs (

—Yes and spell "lo letters.—Buffalo

The sound o for 20 or 25 m

IF ONLY THE DREAM ABIDE.

If the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay—I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn.
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft,
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Of the moon that the midnight fills.
Still would I know the grace
On love's uplifted face
And the slow, sweet joy dawn there
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee spare me, fate,
The woeful, wearying weight
Of a heart that feels no pain
At the sob of the autumn rain,
And takes no breath of glee
From the organ surge of the sea—
Of a mind where memory broods
Over songless solitudes.
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

—Clinton Scollard in Century.

HER MODEL HUSBAND.

Levity Provoked by Her Reply to the Question of a Spinster.

It was at a woman's luncheon, and they had been exchanging opinions in regard to the husband question, both as a whole and with particulars. By the time ice cream was served the discussion had grown quite heated, and the hostess was beginning to look anxious. At the top of the table the woman in the chiffon vest and her companion in the trimmed gown were at daggers drawn.

"Well, I don't care what any one says, my husband is as good as they make them," said the woman in the chiffon vest excitedly. "He always rocks me to sleep when I have a sick headache, and he gets breakfast when the cook is away, and he always gets up in the night if the baby cries." She glared at the woman in the trimmed gown triumphantly, and she in turn glared back and took up the parable of speech.

"Well, my husband," she remarked, with a strong accent upon the possessive case, "never does any of those things. I should be sorry to see him do any of them. I detest a man who steps over into his wife's province. But he always looks after the furnace, and I never have to worry about the coal bill."

The woman in the chiffon vest smiled disagreeably, and the hostess was about to interpose when the pretty woman at the foot of the table spoke up.

"My husband does all the things you have mentioned," she said sweetly, "and a lot more. When we have no girl, he washes the dishes and sweeps, and I've never had to get dinner once since we've been married. I always knew he was going to be lovely that way because he said so little about it. I never had much faith in the men who talk so much. When we were first married, we talked about it, and he spoke beautifully. 'I don't say I'll always do it, Jennie,' he said the first time I was without a girl, 'but I'll always help.' And he's been better than his word right along. Last night he even made the porridge, so it would be ready for breakfast this morning, and every morning he brings me a cup of coffee before I get up."

With the smile of a conscious conqueror, she toyed with her menu card and smiled sweetly at the angry women at the other end of the table. They were speechless, but the woman in the gold rimmed glasses who sat in the middle gave her a keen look and smiled too.

"Something has got to be done for the protection of us poor spinsters," she said merrily, "and if any one else tells a husband story I shall retaliate with a tale regarding a wonderful cat which I possess. But, first, before we quit the subject, let me ask a question. How long," turning to the pretty woman, "have you been married?"

The pretty woman blushed vividly.

"Nearly two weeks," she stammered out timidly. And the other women laughed in the unfeeling manner they so often affect.—Chicago Tribune.

BEATING FATHER TIME.

The Mormon Bishop Was Frightened at the Railroad Speed.

Speed was once demonstrated on a western road in a fashion to curl the hair of at least one old Mormon bishop. The churchman considered it a phenomenon and got off the train as quickly as he could. He had bullwhacked across the plains in the early days, and, strange to say, had never ridden on a railroad train until the time when he entered upon his trip from Green river to San Francisco. The speed was, therefore, a revelation to him. He had never before seen anything so swift, and he was scared. About 12 miles from Ogden he asked the conductor for the time of day and was told that it was 7:35. He impressed this time forcibly on his mind.

Now, for a wonder, the western connection at Ogden was quickly made, and after the lapse of but a few minutes the San Francisco bound travelers were on their way Californiaward. Ogden had been left behind only a few miles, and the train was whooping along at a behind time rate of speed, when the old bishop, frightened and trembling, dared to ask the conductor what was the time of day.

If you have traveled westward, you know that at Ogden the time changes, and San Francisco time, one hour earlier, is adopted. The conductor had San Francisco time, and he said:

"It is 7:10—ten minutes after 7."

The old bishop, previously haunted by a dread of impending destruction because of the horrible rate of speed at which he was being whirled through space, rose with a wild cry and made for the door.

"Lemme off!" he cried. "It was 85 minutes after 7 an hour ago, an we're goin so fast we are goin faster than time can count itself. Lemme off!"

Had he really been going as fast as the old man had believed, he would surely have been beaten to bits as he jumped from the train. As it was, he was only rolled something like a half mile and was carried back to Ogden on a hand car.—Chicago Record.

THE FROZEN BREEZE.

A Strange Phenomenon Observed by a Lover of Nature.

Did you ever see a frozen breeze? You might have seen one if you had gone with me into the country one winter morning.

This was the way it came to be frozen: All night long the air had been laden with mist. Over the fields, in the hollows, all through the woods, even on top of the hills, the fog hung heavily. All that time the wind blew steadily, but not fiercely, from some northern quarter.

At nightfall the mercury fell below the freezing point, so that this mist, as it drifted through the trees, was frozen upon their branches and twigs. The elms, the oaks and the other leafless trees took their ice coating quite evenly, but the thick, impenetrable masses of the needles of the pine trees were covered noticeably only upon the sides toward the north or northwest, from which the wind came. The strong, steady breeze bent the branches to leeward, while it was icing them, and when the wind went down in the morning they all remained just that way, leaning to the [illegible] inmovable.

REVENGE ON A SNOB.

GETTING EVEN WITH A NEIGHBOR WHO PUT ON AIRS.

The Man Who Made His Money Had a Grudge Against the One Who Inherited Wealth—A Patent Medicine and the Billposter Did the Trick.

This time the drummer was a traveling salesman for a large drug firm in Philadelphia, and he was, as he put it, merely knocking around New York to see if his goods were a drug in the market or not.

"The meanest, low down kind of revenge I ever heard of one man taking on another," he was saying when the conversation had got around to the anecdotal stage, "was told me the other day. I won't mention names of persons or places, for the parties are still living, but a dozen years ago there was hurled at the great American public through the newspapers from every dead wall in the city and every fence and barnside in the country, in millions of pamphlets and pictures, and by every means known to the skilled advertiser with unlimited capital, the name and virtues of a medicine that would cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, and this valuable truth was heralded forth with all painful and realistic details until it actually made the reader feel as if he needed some of the cure all as soon as he could get to it.

"In some sections of the country the landscape was alive with the glittering and glaring advertising of this wonderful medicament, and in one particular city and state it seemed as if every available inch of unoccupied territory was covered with notices of it. Bigger, too, than the name of this medicine was the name of this Napoleon of public benefactors, this healer of mankind, the great discoverer and Blank's Whatever-it-was, and Blank's Whatever-it-was was far more in evidence as Blank's than as Whatever-it-was.

"In the meantime one man in the city referred to above was gnashing his teeth and pulling his hair out by the follicles, and another man was laughing his lungs out. And why? Because one was the revenger, and the other was the revengee.

"And the nub of it is herein. Blank was a wealthy man in the city of Nameless, where the ads. showed up the thickest, and he was ultra swell and un-American and looked down upon earned wealth as compared with the inherited kind—he being an inheritor. He snubbed most of his fellow citizens when he had the chance, but he was particularly ready to down the man who was the architect of his own fortunes. He who made money was too utterly vulgar for anything. Across the street from him lived one of the kind he disliked so heartily, and this man was a millionaire and a gentleman. He had made every cent he possessed and made it honestly, and a snob was one of the objects in life he was gunning for perpetually.

"And Blank was one he had it in for more than all the others, for Blank he had with him always. He didn't know just how he was going to obtain his object in life, but he waited and trusted in Providence, and one day it came to him in the shape of a formula offered to him by a prominent physician who recommended it as very nearly an infallible remedy in certain cases. He listened quietly, said nothing, took the formula, made up his mind and one Sunday morning every Sunday newspaper in the city of Nameless and in all the cities in the United States fairly blossomed with the circus bill posters of Blank's Wonderful Whatever-it-was, and Blank woke up to find himself famous. He tore the carpets up in his vain pawings to assuage his wrath, but that did no good, for before the week was out there wasn't a spot on earth within reach of Blank's eye that didn't carry the hateful thing to glare at him and make his life a mockery and a bitterness.

"His was a proud name to be thus dragged through the mire of vulgar printers' ink, but he had no recourse, for the other man had found another Blank, one who wasn't so aristocratic and was willing to sell his good name at a fair price to decorate a patent medicine. It was the same name, yet in law it wasn't, and Blank couldn't do one earthly thing except groan in spirit and curse the day that the man across the street had been born. Once he threatened to challenge his tormentor, but on second thought concluded that it would further advertise himself and the medicine, so he settled down finally to accepting the situation and preserving a dignified silence, which he has done to this day.

"Now, just to show how Providence is always on the side of the right," concluded the drummer, "I may say that the man who risked his money to make Blank's name a burden to him made $500,000 out of the patent medicine, and to add somewhat to the romance of it he gave $25,000 of his earnings to a widowed sister of Blank, who had several children dependent upon her and had but a small income."—New York Sun.

Rare Hunting.

This branch of sport has a host of earnest supporters throughout the northern states and Canada, and many fine dogs are kept for the sole purpose of driving the white fellows. Some hunters use native foxhounds and crossbreds, such as are used to drive deer. Needless to say, the man who regularly hunts deer and hares will keep certain hounds for each kind of work. Hounds schooled to drive hares are a nuisance on a deer hunt, owing to their tendency to follow the lesser game when the greater is wanted. Smart harriers are excellent for hares, but perhaps the best dogs for the purpose are good sized beagles. These enterprising fellows are unexcelled as trailers and have fine voices, while they are just large enough to have the necessary speed. The very small beagles will trail enthusiastically and make fine music, but they are comparatively slow. Moreover, their short underpinning is not the best pattern for work in deep snow, in which the cream of the hunting is usually to be had. The very small beagle is a dear little dog, true, game and interesting, but he shows to best advantage on the trail of the cottontail.—Outing.

Only a Quarter.

Teacher—You know, Johnny, if you cut an apple in two each part is called a half.

Johnny—Not if my brother Dick cuts it. The part I git ain't never more'n about a quarter of it, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

Galbara, an Arabian giant who was brought to Rome by the Emperor Claudius to serve in the imperial bodyguard, was 9 feet 9 inches high. Pliny says that he was the tallest man ever seen in Rome.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

We would like to look into the pleasant face of some one who has never had any derangement of the digestive organs. We see the drawn and unhappy faces of dyspeptics in every walk of life. In our national disease, and nearly all complaints spring from this source. Remove the stomach difficulty and the work is done.

Dyspeptics and pale, thin people are liter[illegible] because they don't digest the [illegible] upon never develops in peo[illegible] normal digestion [illegible] and [illegible]

AN IDEAL BACHELOR.

A WRITER WHO UNDERTAKES TO TELL ALL ABOUT HIM.

How He Must Dress and the Rules of Conduct He Must Observe to Be Classed as a "Complete Bachelor"—His Manner With Ladies and Servants.

There are those who would say that a bachelor has no business to be complete; that it is the duty of every young man to marry at the earliest practicable moment and so give over the selfish joys of bachelorhood. But as long as young men in their lamentable desire to be comfortable refuse to look at the matter in that light there is need that they should be duly instructed in the properties of their position, and what better instructor could they have than the anonymous genius who writes of things "As Seen by Him" in that very fashionable publication, Vogue? It is he who tells them what "the complete bachelor" should be, and if they are wise they will listen to his words. All the contingencies which arise in the social life of the bachelor are duly considered. First, there is the matter of his public manners, in which many men who regard themselves as well bred are woefully deficient. They will smoke in the street, keep women standing on corners while they talk to them, sit while women are standing, carry sticks or umbrellas at offensive angles, stare women out of countenance at theaters or hotels, and in general make nuisances of themselves. Now, a bachelor who will do any of these things is wretchedly incomplete.

Then comes the question of clothes. Nothing more distinguishes the gentleman than what he wears. Nor is it enough, as many do, to be nice in the matter of gloves, shoes or cravats and owe large sums to the tailor. Dressing is not so much a matter of money as a matter of taste. After a man has put his wardrobe in proper condition he may get along remarkably well on a very small yearly sum. Our author does not disdain to give economical hints, to tell how the tailor around the corner will do perfectly well some things for which the "swell" tailor would charge roundly, to explain how to get out of a suit the utmost possible service. Such things are beneath no man's attention, though he be a genius or a millionaire. Until the art of dressing properly is understood, the moral progress of society will remain an idle dream. We need not add that the man who wears a "made tie" belongs in the outer darkness of barbarism. It is gratifying also to note that the use of the Tuxedo, or house coat, is earnestly recommended. Since every complete bachelor will invariably dress for dinner, he will find in the Tuxedo an economical and easy substitute for the more rigorous full dress coat, and one that can be worn not only at home, but in informal companies of gentlemen and at the theater or in a public restaurant. We note that our author speaks a good word for the black tie with a Tuxedo, though he does not absolutely bar a white one. This is a question upon which no thoroughly satisfactory ruling has ever been made. For our own part, we think that those occasions whereon a man feels a white tie incumbent also demand a "swallor tail" coat.

The toilet is not less important than the dress. Scrupulous care in this respect is certainly the mark of a complete bachelor. That a man should take his tub every morning goes without saying. At the same time there is no need to insist upon the rigor of the game and say that the water shall be cold. Tepid water is best. "Every man should learn to shave himself." These are golden words. A barber is occasionally necessary no doubt, but there is something offensive to refined sensibilities in the picture of a long row of men in chairs having a part of their toilet performed. Our author says nothing of the habit of having boots blacked in the street, justly regarding it as one so bad as to be unspeakable. Patent tooth powders, washes, pomatums and nostrums of every kind are condemned without reserve. This, too, shows good sense. The care of toilet articles is rightly insisted upon. A man cannot be a complete bachelor unless he is welling to take some trouble. The custom of wearing the hair long is disapproved.

No point is too minute for the consideration of this thoughtful writer. The etiquette of cards is a matter upon which lamentable ignorance is often displayed, and in calling and dining out there are those who show the lack of breeding. The practice of grasping or squeezing the hand of a lady is (barring exceptional circumstances) unadvisable. "A man removes his glove from his right hand on entering the drawing room, and holds this, with his stick and hat, in his left. The hat should be at an angle, the top about level with his nose." This is important. But something more than mere politeness is required of the complete bachelor. His goodness of heart will come out in his treatment of his servants. Though he must "exercise an iron will," he must also "encourage them now and then by a kind word." And once in awhile they must have a holiday or some cast off clothing. They, in their turn, should be "noiseless and automatic." Such things too many young men forget. With this book, however, they cannot go very far astray. They can learn how to behave at dances and at country houses and at clubs. If it be objected that on these subjects gentlemen do not need instruction, the retort is obvious. Persons who are not gentlemen have their ambitions and frequently try to become complete bachelors. And since this is so, let us be grateful for the mentor who is able to give them so much excellent advice.—Providence Journal.

NO BACKSHEESH.

Arabs Will Not Accept Any Gifts From Their Desert Guests.

R. Talbot Kelly, an English artist who has lived long among the Arabs, writes and illustrates a paper entitled "In the Desert With the Bedouin," which appears in The Century. In discussing Arabian hospitality, Mr. Kelly says: I had not much time for quiet observation, as one by one all the head men of the tribe called to pay their respects to the "stranger within their gates." Taking off his shoes at the entrance, each one advanced with many salaams and, kissing my hand, uttered the single word, "Mahubbah" ("Welcome"). They then seated themselves in a long row at the other side of the tent, discussing me in undertones. No one spoke to me unaddressed, and even the sheik himself, whose guest I was, would not sit on the carpet beside me uninvited. Literally, while the guest of the Bedouin, your tent is sacred, and all the tribe are your willing servants, and, though I have repeatedly paid comparatively long visits to them, I have never yet succeeded in pressing a gift upon my host.

I remember asking the sheik Saoui el Tahoui, chief of the Hanaardi Arabs, if he knew any of the pyramid Arabs at Gizeh. He replied, spitting upon the ground, "They are not Bedouins; they take backsheesh," thereby expressing his contempt for mercenary service. On another occasion, while living with the Nephaarta, the sheik Mansour Abu Nasrullah had attached to me a young Arab whose special duty it was to attend to my various wants while painting. At the end of the month I tried to [illegible] him to accept a sovereign as [illegible]. Looking much alarmed, [illegible] to my master, I can[illegible]. The sheik would [illegible] had accepted a [illegible] payments failed to [illegible]

In the Yosemite Valley a while ago, a young fellow went out on the edge of a shelving precipice two thousand feet high, and balanced himself on his head. A little slip or little puff of wind would have sent him to eternity. Not one man in a million would be that kind of a fool. But nine men in ten are all the time taking foolish chances.

There is no deadly peril about a little 6t of indigestion or biliousness, and yet if a man allows these troubles to get a hold on him he is taking serious risks. Dyspepsia alone seldom kills anybody, that is, it only kills you by inches, and takes a good many years doing it. But it weakens and undermines the constitution so that it is all ready to receive and fertilize the dangerous diseases which do kill you outright.

Disease-germs won't grow in healthy blood any more than corn will grow on a rock. A man who keeps his digestion perfect and his blood pure may eat and drink and breathe disease-germs, but they gain no foothold. They are cast out of the system. But a man with a dyspeptic weakened constitution breathes in typhoid or diphtheretic germs and down he goes.

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For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville, Mt. Royal Station, 10.18 A. m., 2.24 p. m., 9.57 p. m