DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

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I take pleasure in announcing to the friends and patients of the late Dr. T. H. Cooper and to the public generally, that I have purchased all of Dr. Thomas H. Cooper's SPECIAL REMEDIES and offer them to the public. The merit of these remedies are widely known and I am in full possession of his receipes. Any one needing these remedies will find me at

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Office and residence in the house recently vacated by Mr. W. O. B. Knight, opposite Market Space, Chestertown, Md. a28-3t.

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MR. H. M. BROWN

will represent us at Chestertown during the season of 1899. We will keep him thoroughly posted on the markets by mail and frequent telegrams, and invite the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's to have Mr. Brown bid for their crops before disposing of them.

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DR. HENLEY'S EXTRACT OF CELERY
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A Tonic and Nervine of acknowledged supremacy. A cure for Debility, Dyspepsia and Nervous Disorders. Relieves Languor and general debility; brightens thought and strengthens the great organs of the body, improving their functional activity; restores worn-out nerves; aids digestion; promotes assimilation; restores the blood to its proper constitution and is wonderfully efficacious as a General Tonic, appetizer and promoter of physical activity. It is pleasant to the taste, and, used regularly, braces the system against the depressing influences of Malaria.

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OF KENT COUNTY.
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are offering to the general public the largest and most complete line of
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House Furnishing Goods,
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OUR LINE OF Excelsiors, Parlor and New Lea Cook Stoves is unrivalled for beauty of finish and superior construction, as well as for celebrity in practical work Our "Excelsior" Cook, in particular, ha no superior on this or any other market

OUR RANGES, the New Royal, New Washington, New Magic, Splendid and Victor are well known in this community for their excellent worth as home "comforts."

WOOD STOVES are more popular this season than for years past, and we are selling the best makes. The "Excelsior Air Tight," with Three Bodies, Cast Top and Bottom, neatly ornamented with Spun Brass Urn and Nickel Foot Rail, is the best on the market and cheap.

OUR HEATING STOVES are selected with care, and none but the best makes are sold by us. SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN FIREPLACE HEATERS are superior to all other makes. The People have demonstrated this fact. The Rupert Double and Single Heaters, Magnet Regal, Morning Light, Vulcan, Egg and Crystal Heating Stoves "have all been tried and not found wanting." Our Oil Heating Stoves give perfect satisfactir ..

MEAT CUTTERS and Lard Presses, all sizes, at very low prices. Lard Cans, 25, 40, 50, and 75 pounds. Colanders, hand made and city made. Toilet Sets, Comb Cases, Crumb Trays and Brush, Dust Brushes, Feather Dusters, Ironing Boards, Cake Boards, Slaw Cutters, Cedar Tubs, Wash Boards, Clothes Horses, Towel Rollers, Rolling Pins, Pie Pans, Pudding Pans, Cake Pans, Jelly Pans, and an endless variety of other articles needed in any household.

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On all of these goods I am prepared to name you SPECIAL PRICES.

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Do not forget we carry a full line of
GENERAL HARDWARE
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Isaac Robinson,
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COOL WEATHER

Wearables are now arriving and our establishment is beginning to assume an Autumn Appearance. In a few days the Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing Departments will be fully stocked with all the staple and novel features that has characterized this house for a number of years, and made shopping for the heads of families both easy and economical at home.

Just Now
the boy can be fitted out about complete, as our assortment of
BOYS'
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CLOTHNIG
has been nearly all received, in cluding many new designs, far above the average.




Men's Suits and Overcoats
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SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR and GLOVES,
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Is another branch of our Business, and we think we have a right to be proud of it. We give it our personal attention and guarantee all work to be the best. How about that drill of yours? Better bring it to us and have it cleaned. We can get you what repairs you need at close prices. Harrows, 1, 2 and 3 horse-trees, are here for you.

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Do You Want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

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I have several pens of Barred Plymouth Rocks, headed by fine cockerels and cocks of noted breeders. Eggs $1.00 for 13, or $5 a hundred.
ROBERT W. LUSBY,
Kennedyville, Md.
march 16-3t.



# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, OCTOBER 12, 1899. VOL. XXXIX—NO. 14.

ADVERTISING RATES.
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JOB WORK of ALL KINDS
DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

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## A FIENDISH WEAPON.

**It Would Kill and Leave No Mark to Tell the Tale.**

"I have handled a good many outlandish weapons," said a New Orleans curio dealer, "but here is a little instrument that for pure diabolism beats anything I ever saw in my life. I bought it the other day from a Norwegian sailor, who tells me it was given to him by a Jap at Yokohama—a story that you may take for what it is worth."

As he spoke he opened a show case and took out what seemed to be an ordinary Chinese marking brush of rather large size. The handle was some ten inches long and the diameter of a lead pencil. By giving it a sharp twist it separated about a hand's breadth from the end, after the manner of a sword cane, and attached to the smaller piece was a slender glass rod with a needle point. The rod was not much bigger than a knitting needle, and with the handle it had the effect of a very small and delicate stiletto.

"I should think that would break if it were used to stab with," remarked a visitor after examining the contrivance.

"Certainly it would," replied the dealer, "and that is where the fiendishness of the thing comes in. Look closely at the glass rod and you will see a tiny groove filed around it about two inches from the hilt. Suppose that it was driven into the body of a man, it would be certain to break at the groove and would leave at least three inches of glass buried in his vitals. The puncture would be so small that it would close when the stump was drawn out, and I doubt exceedingly whether a single drop of blood would follow. In other words, the victim could receive his deathblow without knowing exactly what had happened to him. He would feel a shock and a pang, but find no wound, and meanwhile the assassin would stick his brush together and go about his business.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## HOW TO STOP WORRYING.

**There Is a Sure Way If You Will Only Make Yourself Think So.**

"The usual way people set about stopping worry is a wrong one," writes Mary Boardman Page in The Ladies' Home Journal. "That is why it is so unsuccessful. If a doctor tells a patient he must stop worrying, the patient is likely to say impatiently: 'Oh, doctor, don't I wish that I could! But I can't. If I could have stopped worrying a year ago, I would not be ill now!' All of which is probably perfectly true. And the doctor does not always know how to help him, because both doctor and patient have an idea that it is possible to repress worry through an effort of the will. This is a mistake. It is not possible to repress worry. You have got to replace it with something else.

"Let me illustrate this by a figure. Suppose you were to go into a completely dark room, wishing it to be light. How would you set about the work? Would you try to scoop the darkness up in buckets and carry it out at the door? Not at all. You would just open the windows and shutters and let in the blessed sunlight. You would replace the darkness with light. So it is with worry. The only possible way to get rid of it is to replace the worry attitude of mind with the non-worry attitude. And this can always be done when the person is sincere and patient in his desire to bring it about. All he has to do is to be passive and let nature have her own perfect way with him."

**Fatal Loquacity.**

In a New England village rich in quaint and amusing characters John Bates was renowned for his ability to hold his tongue. The gift approached genius, but John was keenly alive to what he considered its incompleteness, although of course he said nothing about it.

He made mattresses for a living, and one day a native of the village came into his shop and said:

"John, what's the best kind of a mattress?"

"Husks," said John and said no more.

Twenty years later, so the tradition runs, the same man came again to the shop and asked what, in Bates' opinion, was the best kind of a mattress.

"Straw," said John.

"Straw? You told me husks was the best!"

John gave a despairing sigh. "I've always ruined myself by talkin'," said he.—Youth's Companion.

**May a Woman Tell Her Love?**

It is true it is unconventional for a woman to tell a man that she loves him unless the man has persuaded her to make such confession. But is there any good reason why a woman should not take the initiative? Is she any less a woman for doing so? A shy and timid man may not know how to tell a woman that he loves her. Should the woman, who is of firmer faith and stronger mind, stand halting and waiting for a confession that may never come? Why should she suffer in silence? By so doing may she not lose the man who loves her and also the happiness of a lifetime as well?—New York World.

**Mutual Aid.**

From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment when some kind assistant wipes the damp from the brow of the dying we cannot exist without mutual aid. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals. None who hold the power of granting aid can refuse it without guilt.

**True It Is.**

"Gur-ruls are niver satisfied," mused the janitor philosopher. "Whin they are in short skirts, they are crying fer long wans, an whin they git long wans they have to hold thim up."—Chicago News.

**Advantages of Emerson.**

Bertha—But isn't there a good deal of Emerson's writings that you do not understand, Uncle Charles?

Uncle Charles—Of course there is. The great pleasure in reading Emerson is the opportunity it gives a man with a fertile imagination to think out meanings for profound passages.—Boston Transcript.

**Queen of the Home.**

"I thought you were going to break up housekeeping?"

"We did intend to, but the cook refused to leave."—Town Topics.

Dig down to the *cause* of your sickness if you want to get well and stay well. Most likely it's indigestion. The irritating poisons of fermenting, putrid food, left in the stomach by indigestion, cause headache, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, stomachache, nausea, irritability, and all the other well-known symptoms of indigestion.

They also cause many pains and disorders which are often laid to other causes and hence are not easily cured. But as soon as the poison are *removed*, all these symptoms and disorders *disappear*, because there is nothing left to cause them. Nothing succeeds in this like Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it *prevents* the undigested food from fermenting in the stomach and *helps* the stomach to digest its food.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

## THE WORD BLIZZARD.

**Said to Have Been Used In South Dakota In the Sixties.**

A well known book of reference states that the Chicago Advance was the originator of the word "blizzard" on the 8th of January, 1880. Old timers in South Dakota take exception to the statement. A story is told by the editor of the Hutchinson County Herald, who commenced his newspaper work on the Dakota Republican, at Vermillion, in August, 1867.

The Peake family, Swiss bell ringers, arrived in Vermillion by stage, and William Peake, manager of the bell ringers, said to a party of friends, "I would like to see one of your blizzards I have heard so much about." Mr. True answered: "All right. We will order one for your special benefit and have it here when you come back through here from Yankton."

After showing three nights in Yankton the troupe started homeward to Sioux City. Mr. Peake being on the outside of the stage with the driver. The morning was warm and balmy. Mr. Peake was astonished at the actions of the driver, who suddenly whipped up, and asked what the matter was. T. C. Williams, who was driving, answered that he was afraid Mr. True's order was going to be a little ahead of time. "Look to the northwest," said he. There was the blizzard approaching in all its fury. In almost a minute the blinding snow was being whirled through the air, and Mr. Peake withdrew to the inner part of the stage. It was one of the most terrific storms known to the territory, which is saying considerable. The Peake troupe was compelled to wait several days at Vermillion until Mr. True's blizzard had blown itself out.—Sioux Falls Argus.

## READ THE BIBLE 11 TIMES.

**Began From Curiosity and Continued Through Interest.**

A stout, elderly man was noticed gazing earnestly at a display of "Bibles in all languages" in a show window. A stroller passing halted to see what this man was gazing at and remarked that there was a fine assortment of Bibles.

"Yes," said the man, "but I have one at home older and bigger than any of them." There did not seem to be any connection between the age and size of a Bible, so for lack of anything further to say the stroller asked the man if he had ever read his big Bible through.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have read it through 11 times."

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated the stroller. "What do you think of the Bible after reading it through so many times?"

"Well, the Bible is all right. I will tell you how I came to read it through the first time. An old circuit rider who used to visit my father's house when I was a boy one Sunday preached a sermon from the text, 'For a man shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body.' I asked him if that text was to be found in the Bible, and he said, 'Of course it is.' I said I did not think it was, and he proposed that we both read the Bible through to find it. We did not find it, but I found so many things which interested me that I kept on reading the Bible till I have gone through it 11 times."—Portland Oregonian.

**A Curious Looking Egg.**

A shark's egg is one of the most odd looking things imaginable and has no more resemblance to an egg, strictly speaking, than it has to a paving stone. In one variety it is pillow shaped and has a long "horn," or "feeler," at each corner. It is about two inches long and the color almost pure black.

It is unprovided with shell, as we understand that word, but the contents are protected by a thick, leathery covering, which has almost as much elasticity about it as a covering of rubber would have.

The "feelers" mentioned enfold hold of and wind themselves around pieces of seaweed and other floating objects and hang until the egg is hatched.

One variety of the shark lays 18 eggs during the month of April. These float about until early in December when the little sharks emerge.

**Love at First Sight.**

Believers in the possibility of love at first sight may feel a sympathetic interest, and perhaps find a Darwinian argument, in a story of the first meeting of two apes in the London zoo. We retell the tale from "Wild Animals In Captivity."

Sarah was seated alone in her cage when a new ape made his appearance in front of the bars. Instantly both animals uttered short cries, and, bending toward each other, protruded their thin lips until they met across the bars of the cage. Then, as the keeper threw open the cage door, the apes rushed into each other's arms and, squatting on the floor, hugged each other with comic affection. In a few seconds they rose, and, standing erect, raised their arms above their heads, grasped each other's front paws and screamed and howled in mutual appreciation.

Let us hope that they lived happy ever after.

**As to the Contrariety of Barbers.**

"Every barber on earth," said the observant man, "has one habit that drives me to drink. He gets you nicely lathered up, strops a razor carefully and then makes one sweep with the blade across your face. Then he looks at you inquiringly and suspends operations while he asks, 'Razor suit you, sir?' If you answer yes, he always turns around and strops the razor two or three times, or else he promptly changes the blade. Why he should do either when you say you are satisfied I cannot fathom. Lately I have always said that the razor did not suit, and in nearly every case the barber kept serenely at work with the same razor. I might add that that's the reason that I am now shaving my self."—New York Sun.

**Bound to Kill.**

A story is being told of a country doctor who was going his rounds one morning with a gun on his shoulder. He was a keen sportsman and was looking forward to polishing off a little game when his professional duties were over. A friend meeting him and seeing him with the gun exclaimed:

"Where are you going, doctor, so early in the day with that deadly weapon on your shoulder?"

"I'm hurrying off to see a patient," he replied.

"Well," said his friend, "I see you are determined not to miss him."

**The Old, Old Story.**

"There is one story which every woman has told so often that she believes it herself."

"What is that?"

"The story about some rich man whom she could have married."—Boston Traveler.

If two men engage in a controversy and ask you to settle it, don't do it; one of them is bound to jaw you instead of the other man.—Atchison Globe.

The ordinary folding fan was invented in the seventh century by a Japanese artist, who derived the idea from watching a bat closing its wings.

## RATHER EMBARRASSING.

**The Sad Case of the Young Woman Who Wanted to Talk.**

A most embarrassing experience was that of a certain West Philadelphia young woman who a few evenings ago attended a reception, in which a number of well known clubwomen participated. It so happened that among these were several who had found the matrimonial yoke an unwelcome one for various reasons and had obtained legal separation from their husbands. To one of these women, quite unwittingly, having just been introduced, the young woman, who is nothing if not vivacious and conversational, addressed the question:

"By the way, Mrs. R., don't you think divorce is wrong?" The woman, reddening slightly, replied:

"My dear, there are two sides to that question. Perhaps you have not heard my story."

The questioner, embarrassed beyond measure, stammered an excuse and walked away. To the first woman she met she confided her trouble, saying: "Oh, dear! I have just made a most unfortunate remark. You know Mrs. R.? Well, I spoke to her about divorce, and she's divorced, you know."

"So am I, my dear," was the smiling reply, and once again the young woman wished that the floor would open under her. She felt so bad that she went to one of the women in charge of the reception and, taking her aside, told her the whole story, asking her advice as to what she should do.

"Do nothing at all, Miss I.," was the reply. "I really don't think they have any horror of the subject so long as it's innocently called up. I know I haven't, and I, too, am a divorcee."

Whereat the conversational miss donned her hat, and, fearing to say another word, went home.—Exchange.

## A CHILD'S FANCY.

**Explanation of What Seems Precociousness In Imaginative Children.**

"An active, healthy imagination is one of the happiest gifts a child can possess," is the theory advanced by Florence Hull Winterburn, the well known padiologist, in The Woman's Home Companion.

"If we watch an intelligent child, four or five years old, who believes himself unnoticed we will probably be astonished at the richness and fertility of the fancy which can give life and color to dull, commonplace things and weave whole stories and dramas around the simple toy that means nothing more to us than what it plainly stands for. But we will perceive that even his wildest romances found themselves upon many facts, for free and frolicsome as imagination may appear, it is subject to its laws. It deals with real things in a playful way. It embroiders, paints, molds, but it must have its material, its basis in actual life.

"What we call creative ability is really nothing but the power to reconstruct, perhaps to connect several separate plans or patterns into a whole which seems different from the original. The child is an artist who daubs on his colors boldly, without any sense of the absurdities he may commit, and so he often produces effects that surprise others as well as himself. Many of the acts that seem so precocious because we suppose them to be the outcome of a well considered plan are really happy accidents, not devoid of the merit of originality, but neither to be overpraised as work of genius. Childhood is one unbroken succession of experimentings."

**Found Its Soul.**

After the Lucky Baldwin theater and hotel fire in San Francisco there were nine feet of water in the basement, where the instruments of the orchestra were stored. When a little of it had been pumped out, August Hinrichs, leader of the orchestra, hired a man to swim in and get out his famous Amati violin.

It was wrecked—water soaked, warped, twisted and broken up into 68 pieces. The hot water had soaked out all the old glue, and every piece had fallen away from its neighbor, besides a good many patches of wood, put in when repairs had been done. To all appearance the thing was smashed beyond recall.

Nevertheless Herman Muller, a local violin repairer, who knew and loved the old fiddle, took it in hand. Twice he carefully joined the time darkened pieces of wood. Twice he decided that the Amati would not do.

So once more he soaked the 78 bits of wood apart. Then he carefully modeled out of clay an arch such as he remembered that of the old Amati to have had and for nine weeks kept the bits of wood bound to it until they had gained the proper shape.

Once more he put the bits of wood together. Then for five weeks more he patiently varnished and polished the more than 200-year-old fiddle until it shone. Then Hinrichs once more drew his bow across the vibrating strings and the violin spoke. It sang, wept, bubbled with life and joy.

The Amati had found its soul.—San Francisco Examiner.

**The Macaw and the Portrait.**

While Northcote was studying painting with Sir Joshua Reynolds he painted the portrait of one of the housemaids and placed the picture on the parlor floor, resting against a chair for the family to see it. Sir Joshua had a large macaw, which he often introduced into his pictures. Between the bird and the housemaid there was no little hostility, as she had to clean up after him and resented his roaming habits.

When the picture was placed against the chair, the macaw, being in a distant part of the room, did not see it, but on retracing its steps the bird saw the portrait of its enemy and, with outstretched wings, furiously rushed at the hated face and even tried to bite it.

Discovering that the face did not move, the macaw attacked the hand in the picture. As it moved not, the bird marched round the picture, as if examining what the thing was, and then walked away. Again and again the macaw repeated the advance, the attack and the retreat

The singular story was noised abroad, and Edmund Burke, Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith visited Sir Joshua's parlor to see the exhibition. What made it the more remarkable was that when the macaw was tried with any other portrait it took no notice of the picture.—Youth's Companion.

**Then He Was Mad.**

A Scotch university professor, irritated to find that his students had got into the habit of placing their hats and canes on his desk instead of in the cloakroom, announced that the next article of the kind placed there would be destroyed. Some days later the professor was called for a moment from the classroom. A student slipped into his private room and emerged with the professor's hat, which he placed conspicuously on the desk, while his fellows grinned and trembled.

The professor, on returning, saw the hat, thought some rashly obstinate student had been delivered into his hands, and, taking out his knife, he cut the offending article to pieces, while vainly attempting to conceal the smile of triumph that played about his countenance. He was in a very bad temper the next day.

## HE KNEW HUMAN NATURE.

**And Had No Trouble In Disposing of the Old Stock.**

In Dearborn street is a haberdasher—time was when they answered to a less formidable name—who counts a genius among his employees. This "favored of fortune" is a youth who once clerked in a general store in the country, and his present proprietor wonders if there are any more like him running at large in the provinces.

There had been a stock of cheap collars and cuffs on the shelves for years. Once in awhile, usually just before invoicing, these articles had been brought down, carefully dusted, tied with new baby ribbon, arranged in orderly fashion in the window and marked "9 cents" for the cuffs, "5 cents" for the collars. But patrons would none of them. Occasionally a man would come along and toss them over, attracted by the price, but that was all. They would not sell.

The country youth waited till the first hard rain. Then he took an armful of the goods and dipped them carefully in a pail of water so that about half of each article was moistened. Then he dried them in the sun at the back door and next morning heaped them in the window with this marking:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Ruined by the Rain. |
| 1 | Collars, 10 Cents. |
| 1 | Cuffs, 20 Cents. |

And they went before noon. It was all the genius from the country could do to get subsequent armfuls soaked and dried fast enough to supply the demand.—Chicago Post.

## STRONG ROOMS.

**Remarkable Expedients Adopted to Save Some Fabulous Fortunes.**

The Bank of England's strong room is one of the largest in the world. The foundation, 66 feet below the street level, is a bed of concrete 20 feet thick. Above this is a lake seven feet deep and above that thick plates of iron specially manufactured to resist both skill and force. Any one attempting an entrance from above would find a similar bed of concrete, a similar lake and similar plates of iron. The walls are impenetrable, while the doors are one foot thick, weigh four tons each and are made absolutely undrillable.

Mr. W. W. Astor's valuables are stored in the office of the Pall Mall Gazette in one of the most remarkable strong rooms ever erected. It is steel throughout and covered with half an inch of solid concrete. The door, also of solid steel, weighs over two tons and has the most remarkable lock which the ingenuity of Chubb has ever constructed. The whole cost a fabulous sum, but this is not surprising when we are told that Mr. Astor locks up about £8,000,000 worth of valuables and money in this room.

The Imperial Ottoman bank, Constantinople, had a marvelous steel fort built upon a water bearing rock, and on top of the rock foundation is a four foot bed of concrete. The height is over 36 feet, length 46 feet and width 24 feet. The steel walls are surrounded by masonry and concrete six feet thick throughout, while the whole comprises nearly 30 tons of steel.—St. Paul Globe.

**Sure of Water.**

Sir Joseph Prestwich had bought in 1864 a small estate near Sevenoaks, on which he built a residence, but it was high up on a dry and treeless chalk down. Where was water to be found?

"So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply that he at once engaged an old well digger to sink a well 108 feet deep. The boring proceeded, but when a depth of 106 feet was reached the two workmen went to the city and sought an interview with their employer, whom they found at his desk. They explained that there was no sign of water and that in their opinion it was useless to bore to a greater depth. 'Go on,' was the quiet rejoinder, 'you will come upon water tomorrow. You are within two feet of it.'

"Next day it proved exactly as Prestwich had foretold. And ever after, among many of the denizens of the valley, he had the reputation, much to his amusement, of not being quite 'canny.'"—Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich.

**A Victim of Overconfidence.**

"This bill isn't what I had a right to expect," grumbled the man who had stepped up to the cashier's window at the gas company's office.

"Two dollars, hey?" said the cashier, glancing at the bill. "That doesn't seem so very exorbitant. What was it the month before?"

"Four dollars."

"You didn't kick on that, did you?"

"No."

"Why is this so much smaller?"

"The house was shut up half the month."

"Then what are you complaining about? Isn't $2 about right?"

"Yes; but, blame it, I made a bet of $5 the other day that the bill would be as big as usual!"—Chicago Tribune.

**A Warning Phase.**

"What made you break off the argument so suddenly?"

"Didn't you hear what he said?" asked the cautious citizen.

"Yes. When you left, he had just said, 'Let us talk this over calmly and reasonably.'"

"That's why I went. Whenever a man says 'Let us talk it over calmly and reasonably' you may depend on his being so angry it won't take more than three words to make him fight."—Washington Star.

**Placing the Responsibility.**

Visitor (in penitentiary) — What brought you to this place, my friend?

Convict — Th' sheriff. — Ohio State Journal.

**Eating Like a Bird.**

It isn't as polite as it is intended to be to say that a person has the appetite of a bird. If a human being ate as much proportionately as does the average bird, the sight would be disgusting. In one shrike there have been found the remains of 79 caterpillars, 24 bugs, one field mouse and one leech. A field hawk that was observed for a month is credited with a record of 1,000 mice in that time. A tame owl ate seven mice, one after the other, and three hours afterward ate four more. The robin eats on an average 14 feet of worms daily.

**The End.**

"What have you been writing, my dear?" asked Mrs. Beechwood of her daughter.

"These are the last sad writes, mamma," replied the girl. "This note tells Mr. Homewood that I have ceased to love him."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.


"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantam who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist, Chestertown.


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