FRANK WRIGHT & Co.
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
304 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

Having removed to No. 304 South Charles St., in the centre of the jobbing trade, and having ample room on the first floor to handle Produce of every description, we respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors, and from shippers generally a trial, we guarantee top market prices and prompt returns.
Yours respectfully,
FRANK WRIGHT & CO.

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, JANUARY 13, 1898. VOL. XXXVII—NO. 36.

ADVERTISING RATES:
One square (8 lines nonpareil type) 3 or less insertions, $1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly Advertisements at Moderate Rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS
DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP.
THE BABY'S COMFORT, THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.
Once tried, always used. Will cure Colic in 10 minutes; cures curd or sour stomach, relieves all forms of indigestion, can be given to babies 1 day old. Will prevent Cholera Infantum and keep the baby in good, healthy condition through the period of teething. An over dose does no harm; nothing injurious in it. 25 cts. at druggists.
Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md.
Trial bottle sent free if you mention this paper.

SEASONABLE GOODS!

Custom and Ready-Made Harness,
A Specialty. Prices Right.
All Repair Work done in the neatest manner by the best workman on the Shore.

Horse Blankets & Carriage Robes
in great variety, and all kinds of Horse Goods.

Sleds for the Boys and also for the Girls, that they can steer at will.

BELTING
of any sizes, and LACE LEATHER in any quantity.

MACHINERY OIL { LARD OIL, CYLINDER OIL, OIL OF ALL KINDS.

THE SHARPLESS SAFETY HAND SEPARATOR
For Farmers and Dairymen.
The greatest invention of the age—stands to-day without a competitor. It is absolutely safe, and skims cleanl it is neatest looking. Call and examine and get prices.

G. W. SMITH,
Eliason Building, Chestertown, Maryland.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
Special Attention Given to Horseshoeing.
AT THE OLD STAND, KENNEDYVILLE, MD
WE KEEP FOR SALE THE GENUINE
OLIVER CHILLED Plows
AND CASTINGS
And All Kinds of Agricultural Implements.
THE CELEBRATED TIGER CORN PLANTER.
McCormick Harvesting Machines,
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, NO-TOP BUGGIES, ROAD CARTS, DAYTONS, SULKIES, CARRIAGE TOPS, CARRIAGE POLES, CARRIAGE HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS.
Power Feed Cutters, Cucumber Pumps, Barbed Fence Wire and Belting of all kinds.
☞ Class of work and quality of material used considered, we can compete with any maker in the county in prices.
☞ Also Fire Insurance Agent.

HAPPY! WHY NOT?
Our customers are satisfied and well-to-do people. *Why?* Because they know they get the best work for the least money at our place. Trade is good, and we are always busy. Remember, we Hoop your Wheels and do not dish them, and make no charge for extra bolts.
☞ We are glad to see how our Horseshoeing is appreciated. We claim to know how to do it. Bring us your horses and you will be happy
HACKETT'S
Blacksmithing and Horse-shoeing Parlor,
STILL POND, MD.

FERD. H. PAAR,
MAKER OF
Gents' Fine Footwear,
No. 104 N. Howard Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

NEWS and OPINIONS OF National Importance
The SUN. ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.
Daily, by mail, - - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail, $8 a year
The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world
Price 5c. a copy. By mail. $2 a year. Address THE SUN. New York.
SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT $1.00 per annum.

Save Your Money
BY INSURING YOUR PROPERTY IN
The Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
OF KENT COUNTY.
Applications for Insurance can be made to
JAMES R. JONES, Millington; C. J. SCOTT, Galena; G. R. OWENS, Still Pond; ELLSWORTH BOWERS, Lynch's; A. M. KENDALL, Fairlee; JOSEPH DOWNEY, Rock Hall; JAMES BRICE, Chestertown; E. S. VALLIANT, Church Hill.
THOMAS W. ELIASON, Pres.
GEO. B. WESTCOTT, Sec. and Treas.

J. WATERS RUSSELL,
—DEALER IN—
Rubber Stamps of all Descriptions
CASH PAID FOR
OLD COINS that are at a Premium,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Building and Whitewash Lime,
AT CITY PRICES. SPECIAL PRICES TO MERCHANTS.
Kerr's Wrightsville Land Lime.
We will deliver to your station at LOW PRICES on reasonable terms.

COAL and WOOD
delivered at short notice
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
We thank you for all past favors, and hope to share your future orders.
J. D. BACCHUS,
April 22, 1897. Chestertown, Md.

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens
STEVENS BROS.,
Members Chamber of Commerce,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
206 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.
☞ Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

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

taving enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.
☞ EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
To prevent needless delays, patients may, in person or by mail, make engagements for any hour or date desired, if not already engaged.
☞ I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mrs. Abe Casey. All persons desiring first-class work are invited to call.
DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Office 115 Main street, with Dr. J. T. Twilley.

EBEN F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY,
will resume the active practice of law. Business promptly attended to.
Money for several clients to loan.
Office in the same building as the TRANSCRIPT. a6-3m.

HENRY W. CATLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland
Office opposite Court House.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 2, Glenn Building, 12 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md., will attend the regular terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.
All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

C. H. B. MASSEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - - Maryland.

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

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

Established 1877.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Live Stock
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
30th & Market, Philadelphia.
We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities or this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced. Jan. 16, 1896.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 121 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

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

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

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 104 N. Pryor St.

THE CATTLE KINGS.

ONCE A GREAT POWER IN THE WEST, THEY ARE NOW DISPLACED.

Small Stock Raisers Have Driven Out the Larger Ones—Big Ranges and Water Holes Fenced In—How the Bonanza Cattle Outfits Made Enormous Profits.

The great cattle ranges of western North Dakota and Montana, where for nearly 20 years, the bonanza cattle outfits have held complete sway, and where cattle have roamed the vast prairies at will, like the buffalo a quarter of a century ago, are passing out of existence.

The deathknell of the large cattle companies has been sounded by the innumerable settlers who have taken up vacant government land in the great grazing region, built "shanties" in the vicinity of every natural spring and water hole, fenced in thousands of acres of grazing land and driven the immense herds of the bonanza cattlemen from place to place, until there is no place left for them to go. All the years that the vast prairies of the west have remained unsettled have been worth millions to the cattle princes. Hundreds of thousands of cattle have been imported, placed upon the ranges at a cost not to exceed $16 a head for the 2-year-old steers, allowed to roam at will for two years, at an average animal cost not to exceed $3, and then sold in the market at Chicago for an average price of $45 to $50. The free ranges offered by the millions of acres of unsurveyed and unoccupied government land have been turned into millions of dollars in cold cash by the cattle kings, but the tide of immigration to the west has sealed their fate and they are ready to go.

For 20 years nearly a vast region lying along the western part of North Dakota and the eastern strip of Montana measuring 100 miles in width and 150 miles in length has been entirely given up to the interests of the cattle kings. Thousands of head of cattle have been grazed year after year, countless trainloads of beeves have been shipped to market and millions of dollars have gone into the pockets of the cattlemen. Pierre Wiebaux, the Montana stockman, said to be the largest single owner of cattle in the United States, has numbered his total possessions of cattle at 50,000 head. The Berry-Boice Cattle company has owned and grazed each year not fewer than 30,000 head, and there are numerous companies that have essayed to keep on the ranges an annual total of from 10,000 to 35,000 head. The vastness of the business of these cattle companies may be estimated from the fact that the annual shipments for the past few years have been from 3,000 to 6,000 head for each of the large companies. The annual profits of the larger companies, after deducting the original cost of the cattle and the cost of their maintenance upon the ranges, are from $75,000 to $150,000—all that from the free ranges of the government, given without taxation or any return whatever.

To understand the situation that has existed up to the present time it must be remembered that this broad region which has been given up to the interests of the cattle growers has not been intersected by a fence, disturbed with a plow or graced with a field of grain up to a few short years ago—nothing for miles but short nutritious grass, which cured on the prairie, as clover in a stack, and served equally well for food in dead of winter as in the heat of summer.

Forth upon this vast area every spring have been poured streams of gaunt, ill shaped, long horned and lean ribbed southern cattle. Left to roam at will, they have thriven and waxed fat, until in two years they have become sleek and fat and comely to the eye. During all that period they have been as free and untrammeled as were ever the buffalo. But at the close of the maturing period they have been rounded up, driven to railroad stock shipping pens and loaded upon the cars for a trip to market. Their places are taken by fresh importations from the south. And so, year after year, have the processes been repeated, until the profits that were known to have accrued from the business have tempted thousands of small holders of cattle to settle in this region and engage in the beef business on a smaller scale.

The presence of these smaller operators is the inevitable doom of the cattle kings. Their vast herds are no longer allowed to roam the range undisturbed. The small ranchmen have built fences and inclosed the water holes. The prairies have been made to yield to the mowing machine, and the former free grass has come to be cut and stacked as hay, until the ranges in many places are bare of feed for the herds of the larger companies. These conditions are responsible for the closing out of the cattle princes. There is no longer room for their thousands of beeves. Fifteen thousand cattle, the property of one of the larger operators, succumbed to the severity of the weather for no other reason than that the ranges had been denuded of grass by the numerous smaller ranchmen. This was a warning that the most obstinate must heed. And so the cattle companies that formerly numbered their possessions by the thousands of head may now number them easier in hundreds. The small ranchman is the man upon whom the market of the future must rely for its beef.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Out of His Depth.

"What," said the girl with loose hair around her ears and a spasmodic manner, "is your opinion of the ultimate destiny of the human race?"

"Did I—er—understand you to say the ultimate destiny of the human race?" inquired Willie Wishington.

"Yes."

"Why—um—if you want my candid opinion, I should say that—uh—that it's a long ways off."—Washington Star.

Edward III's Drum Corps.

Probably introduced from the east, it is frequently mentioned in the accounts of the first crusade. When Edward III and his queen made their triumphal entry into Calais, "tambours," or drums, were among the instruments which were played in their honor. Another of these was called a "naker," or kettledrum, taken, together with its name, from the Arabs. The poet Chaucer also mentions this instrument in his description of the tournament in the "Knightes Tale:"

Fyfes, trompes, nakeres and clariounes,
That in the bataille blowen blody sounes.

The king generally kept a troop of these bandsmen or minstrels in his employ, and we read that Edward II on one occasion gave a sum of 60 shillings to Roger the Trumpeter, Janino the Nakerer and others for their performances.—Chambers' Journal.

Chinese cannot be telegraphed. Figures have to be used corresponding to certain words. Only one-eighth of the words in the language are in this code, but this has been found sufficient for practical purposes.

For the burdens which God lays on us there will always be grace enough. The burdens which we make for ourselves we must carry alone.—A. W. Thorold, D. D.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Ex-Minister Terrell Pays Tribute to His Charm of Manner.

Hon. A. W. Terrell, formerly United States minister at Constantinople, contributes "An Interview With the Sultan" to The Century. Mr. Terrell says:

The sultan is over 50 years old, of medium height, with clear olive complexion, dark hair, high forehead and large dark brown eyes. The habitual expression of his face is one of extreme sadness. Though the pashas who attend his palace when ministers or embassadors are entertained are decorated with regal splendor, he always appears in plain garb, wearing a red fez, a frock coat and trousers of dark blue stuff and patent leather shoes. A broad service sword with steel scabbard, which he holds sheathed in his hand, completes the costume. Sometimes a single decoration is worn on his breast. When he is seen thus plainly attired in the throne-room of his palace, on the first day of the feast of Bairam, seated on an ottoman covered with cloth of gold, to receive the congratulations of his civil and military chiefs, who are all radiant in uniforms and decorations, the contrast is very striking. No Christians but those of the diplomatic corps ever witness this impressive ceremony, which is conducted with the order that distinguishes a military review, but with an oriental servility that an American finds it difficult to understand. On such occasions Osman Pasha stands at the sultan's left, holding a cloth of gold scarf, which all reverently kiss after saluting their ruler.

No sovereign in Europe is more courtly or refined in entertaining his guests, and few can be more agreeable in conversation. In his personal intercourse with foreign representatives he is alike free from that stilted dignity which repels confidence and from that absence of real dignity which invites familiarity.

When I first dined at the palace, the sultan sat at the head of the table, with Mrs. Terrell at his right and myself at his left. Osman Pasha, Ismael Pasha, the former khedive of Egypt, the grand vizier and other ministers of state were the other guests.

Nothing could excel the excellence of the cuisine of which he partook with his guests, the table service and decorations, the magnificence of the dining room or the excellence of his wines, which always remain untasted except by Christian guests. Each pasha wore the insignia of his rank, blazing with stars and decorations, while the plain costume of the sultan was alone in harmony with my own. No armed men stood guard at the palace doors, and except a detail from the imperial guard, who always salute a foreign representative on his arrival, no soldiers have ever been seen by me within the palace walls on any of the occasions when I have dined there.

EDMUND BURKE.

An Able and Versatile Statesman Who Never Attained High Office.

Though Burke never attained high office his abilities were so versatile as to qualify him for any post which a cabinet minister could fill. His practical wisdom was as conspicuous as his power of generalization. No one had a clearer comprehension or a firmer grasp of great principles of universal application; at the same time his policy in every department of English politics rested on a wide and solid basis of information and experience. He was steeped in the history of the past, yet penetrated through and through with the reality of the present and ever and always mindful of that future in which the speculations and measures of the day were to be tested and finally approved or condemned. His prodigious activity in public affairs sprang not from an intellectual source alone, nor from his imperial patriotism. It was constantly fed from an inexhaustible store of moral energy. He was animated by a detestation of all forms of oppression, whether by kings or governors, parliaments or peoples, which was in him a consuming passion, from which his noble nature could only obtain relief by denunciation of the oppressor and the destruction of his power.

I cannot help thinking that Burke must have been stimulated, too, and sustained by delight in his studies and his work. It is impossible, without counting this as an additional incentive, to understand the amazing industry which he devoted to the elucidation of all the great questions dealt with in his speeches and writings. How his method reproves the habit, too common in our day, as in other days, of debating subjects affecting the fate of millions of our fellow creatures as if they could be disposed of by echoing the chatter of ignorance, or prejudice, or vanity, or self interest! When we read Burke's speech on Fox's East India bill, we say, "What a great proconsul he would have made!" When we read his speech on conciliation with America, we feel that the greatest of colonial ministers was lost in him, and when we read his speech on economical reform we exclaim, "Here is an ideal chancellor of the exchequer!"—J. O'Connor Power in North American Review.

SMOKED CANARY BIRDS.

Do Clouds From a Pipe Develop a Rich Color In Their Plumage?

A little old shoemaker who has a busy, old style cobbling shop on the east side is a bird fancier, and he has peculiar ideas about canaries. One night he was sitting on his leather covered bench, smoking an extremely odorous quality of tobacco in a black pipe. A customer was waiting for him to finish straightening up a worn heel, and he made several remarks concerning the birds which hung about the cobbler's shop. They were fancy birds, and he could not help noticing it. Finally he asked the shoemaker how he got such richly colored birds.

"It's part in the breeding and part in the atmosphere," said the cobbler. "You raise birds in a shop where two or three men are constantly smoking, and in time you will get the darkest orange color if you use a little judgment in mating and they don't run to green."

"I should think that tobacco smoke would be unwholesome for the birds," said the visitor.

"On the contrary, it makes them hardy and seems to be good for them every way. Women who have canaries would do well to put them where they can get a little tobacco smoke once in awhile, although I don't think cigarette smoke would do them much good. What they need is strong tobacco smoke from an old pipe like this or the smoke from a black cigar. I've raised my best birds when I had two jours working in this little shop with me and all of us smoking pretty nearly all the time."

Then the old man signed and said: "That was before they half soled and heeled shoes while you wait—before machines were used for cobbling. No two or three jours and an apprentice for me now. I sit here alone, with my birds, pegging away and keeping them well smoked."—New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Work.

"One touch of nature, you know, old man"—

"Of course, of course; but you're not nature, and consequently I refuse to be touched."

Thus the promptness with which he saw the point saved him.—Chicago Post.

LITTLE SISTER.

Little sister's prim and sly,
With a keen and knowing eye,
With a bright and roguish glance,
Sharper than a soldier's lance.
At that glance my faint heart goes
Down and hobnobs with my toes.
Can she know the boon I seek—
Why I call three times a week?
How she watches all my moves—
Ah, I hope she quite approves!
And she treats me to such airs,
While my darling is up stairs.

She's discovered why I call!
Little sister knows it all!
—Harry Romaine in Ladies' Home Journal.

A WOMAN THE STAKE.

SHE WAS PLAYED AGAINST $50,000 IN A GAME OF ECARTE.

Though the Kentucklan Won at the Game, He Was Beaten In Another Way—Strange Story of an Old, Grewsome Looking House In San Francisco.

In 1867 there stood an old fashioned shanty east of the locality now occupied by the Presentation convent, in front of the graveyard, and the people in the neighborhood used to tell strange stories about this grewsome looking dwelling. For several years its occupancy was apparently confined to a decrepit old man, who used to crawl in and out about once a day, his arms filled with packages from the market.

He was known in the neighborhood as the old dago, though in reality he was a native of Alsace. For several years he lived a hermit's life, and the neighbors got so accustomed to his comings and goings that even the small boys forgot to molest him. But one morning all the gossips found food for conversation by the appearance of a remarkably lovely young woman who went out to and returned from the butcher's stall and the grocer's. She spoke English imperfectly and with a very pronounced French accent. This little cabin was destined to be the scene of a very dramatic incident in the history of California gambling.

It was natural that a girl as pretty as Irene should not be long without admirers, so it came to pass that the windows of the old house were lighted up every evening, and the Frenchman developed the natural hospitality of his race and gave little dinners and suppers to his exiled countrymen. But among those, as was only natural, there were some who existed not by honest industry, but by the gaming table. Among them was a young man of striking appearance who had served in France as sous officier in a hussar regiment, had gone the pace, ruined himself, and finally drifted out to San Francisco, where he became the hanger on of the gambling table.

Louis Le Marronais was a strikingly handsome specimen of the Parisian of his class. It did not take him very long to gain the confidence of the old Frenchman, and to him he confided the story of his life. It was not a very eventful one. He was a member of an old French family and could use if he pleased a title which dated back to Charles the Bold. He had been ruined by the extravagance of his younger brother and was then living on the income of a little property in Brittany, which he had saved from the wreck. Irene was his only child, and he idolized her. For her sake alone he wanted to be rich. He wanted to take her back to France and reinstate her in the position to which her rank entitled her.

The ex-hussar won the old man into the belief that his only chance of getting rich was through gambling. So night after night old Lescant was found at the El Dorado or some other gaming hell losing his money under the direction of the arch mentor. One night Irene followed him there to bring him back, and her first visit was a fateful one. Tom Monroe, a Kentuckian, one of the wildest and most reckless characters of that period, saw her, admired her and swore that she should become his property.

It is not necessary to recite the incidents that led up to the scene, which were related to me by an eyewitness. It is sufficient to say that Le Marronais had convinced the old Frenchman that Monroe would stake $50,000 against the hand of Irene. If he won, she was to become his wife, but if he lost the money was to become the Frenchman's property and Irene was free to bestow her affections wherever she pleased. Irene was informed of this proposition, and she looked resigned and rather amused at the transaction.

The eventful night arrived. Monroe, the old man, Louis, Irene and a friend and countryman of the host were the only inmates of the little room. The game was ecarte, and the cards, which Louis had marked, lay upon the table. The old man got the deal. Monroe's certified check for $50,000 was placed in the custody of the hussar. The old man marked the king in the first deal, and when the pack changed hands he had the best of the game. The play went on, and in the last hand Monroe scored every point.

"Irene is mine!" shouted the Kentuckian, reaching for his check.

At this moment the lights were dashed out, and Monroe fell to the floor from the stroke of some heavy instrument. The only disinterested spectator of the scene fled from the room. The next morning there was no sign of life in the old house, and in the evening when the milkman knocked he heard a groaning from the inside. He forced his way into the house and discovered the wretched Kentuckian bound hand and foot. Monroe, avowing murder, rushed the next morning to the banking house. The check had been cashed by an individual who answered the description of the hussar. The other actors in this startling scene were never heard of. Nothing in the house was disturbed, not even the girl's wearing apparel, and the incident became a portion of this strange history of old time gambling in San Francisco.—San Francisco News Letter.

One More Idiot.

Tobacconist—If you'll keep quiet about it, I'll tell you how I manage to make money out of cigars. When a man comes in and asks me for a good cigar, I invariably recommend that brand that costs me the least. It is a great scheme.

Customer—That's so. What idiots they must all be! By the way, I want you to recommend a good cigar to me.

Tobacconist—Well, confidentially I advise you to take one of these. (Customer goes out.) Only one more idiot; that's all.—Boston Transcript.

Smoke and Lightning.

"On the approach of a thunderstorm French peasants often make up a very smoky fire," says Industries and Iron, "in the belief that safety from lightning is thus assured. By some this is deemed superstition, but Schaster shows that the custom is based on reason inasmuch as the smoke acts as a good conductor for carrying away the electricity slowly and safely. He points out that in 1,000 cases of damage by lightning 6.3 churches and 8.5 mills have been struck, while the number of factory chimneys has only been .3."

"It's so seldom," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man jes' puttseeds along, tryin ter do 'is hones' duty, dat when he does folks goes ter guessin an 'spicionin dat he's playin a mighty sly game."—Washington Star.

A TRUE SHARK STORY

PATHETIC ACCOUNT OF AN OCEAN MONSTER'S DESTRUCTION.

The Fatal Feud of the Little Blue and Gold Pilot—The Lump of Fat Pork With the Concealed Hook—Death by Torture With the Inevitable Finale.

"How very hard it is to provide for a young, fast growing family nowadays!" said the mother shark, turning, for the hundredth time that morning, upon her broad side in order to get a better view of what might be stirring above. For nearly a week she had been fasting—in fact, ever since she came in hurriedly at the close of a great feast upon the stripped carcass of a recent whale. There, by dint of the energy of her massive shoulders, her 14 feet of length and fivefold rows of triangular teeth, she had managed to secure a respectable proportion of the spoil for the replenishing of her own huge maw as well as for the up keep of the 14 sharklings that were now restlessly darting in and out of their cozy cave at the far end of her capacious throat.

Within the immediate range of her glance a vast black shadow obscured a wide, irregularly shaped area of the blazing sunshine. It was so calm that the shadow seemed stationary. In the direction of this cool penumbra her gaze lingered earnestly, for hereditary instinct as well as long experience gave her the knowledge that from the substance of such shadows came food dropping down, varied and toothsome, actually alive on rare occasions. Somewhat impatiently she wondered at the long time that her little blue and gold attendant had been gone.

He was so seldom absent from his place between her eyes for a whole minute that she got quite uneasy, but while she fidgeted fretfully, with many twitchings of her flexible "gaff topsail," back came the pilot fish in a tearing hurry. "Now, then, partner, move along, do. There's a lump of fat pork almost as big as your head hanging over that ship's stern. I don't quite understand why it doesn't sink, but it is good. I nibbled just a crumb, and you can be sure this time that it is no bagful of cinders like that nasty mouthful that gave you the chestache so bad this morning." The latter part of this energetic exordium was lost upon mother shark, being drowned in the wash set up by her great tail fin, which was going in grand style, starting her off at such a rate that two or three stragglers of the family had to skip like shrimps to get indoors before they were left behind and lost.

Straight as an arrow to the mark went the tiny guide, keeping just in front of his huge friend's snout. Together they swept into the shadow, where, sure enough, a mass of meat hung just below the sea surface, though gently lifted almost out of water every now and then. "Oh, do look, mamma! There's a big fish. Is he going to eat up that pretty little one, do you think?" "Oh, no, my little man," struck in the mate, "but you watch him now!" As he spoke the great gray body took a curve latterly, a dazzling glare of white appeared, and there beneath the speaker was a crescentic gap in the smooth, livid underside fringed with innumerable points like chevaux de frise and as big as the gap of a coal sack. Around it the small pilot circled excitedly at top speed. Slowly the mate as gently slacked away, there was a gulp, and the big joint disappeared. There was a flash, a splash and an eddy. Then the rope attached to the shark hook concealed in the pork groaned over the rail as it felt the strain.

"Lay aft the watch," roared the mate, and amid the trampling of many feet, a babel of directions and a tremendous tumult alongside, through the writhings of the captive monster, she was transferred forward to the lee gangway, where, by the aid of a stout watch tackle, she was hoisted out of water.

"Don't take him aboard," cried the captain. "Make such an infernal mess if you do. Just spritsail yard him and let him go agen." So a piece of scantling was got from the carpenter, pointed at both ends, about four feet long. This they drove between her jaws from side to side. Another wedge shaped piece was planted diagonally down through her broad snout, the upper end pointing forward. Then they cut off the wide pectoral fins, letting the quivering carcass fall into the sea again by the simple expedient of chopping the hook out. "What abominable cruelty," muttered a gentle faced man among the crowding passengers, as he turned away sick at heart. But the bustling seaman looked pityingly at him, wondering doubtless at his lack of sporting instincts. Thus disabled, the miserable monster plunged blindly in uncertain directions, unable to steer herself, unheeding the frantic caresses of her faithful little satellite, who had almost exhausted himself by leaping up at her as she hung struggling against the vessel's side. Neither did she notice the puzzled, wavering movements of her wondering brood. So she disappeared from the view of the laughing, happy crowd on deck. But whichever way she rushed she always fetched up to the surface promptly, because of the vane in her head. Thus for a day and a night she fought aimlessly with all the forces of amazing vitality pent up in her huge body against these torturing disablements, until mercifully she fell in with a couple of ravenous congeners. Scenting fresh blood, they made for her straightway. Like mad things, they fell upon her. Long and hard they strove, tearing their way through the tough framework until assistance came from all quarters, and a motley multitude of various hungry ones cleaned up every shred of the welcome banquet, leaving only the deserted pilot to seek another partner.—London Spectator.

That Was Clear Enough.

"That's one great fault about many of these picture exhibitions," exclaimed Mrs Hooley as she glared first at the picture and then at the catalogue.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband. "I'm afraid you don't understand"—

"Nobody could understand this sort of thing," went on the predominant partner of the Hooley household, turning over several pages at once. "There's a picture and no title under it. You've got to look in this book for it."

"You mean that one representing a boy lying on his mother's lap while she makes use of a cane? Well, you can guess the title of that easily enough."

"Oh, I know I'm not so clever as you. What is it?"

"'Whaling in Lapland,' of course."

And Mrs. Hooley looked as if she wished the speaker were a little boy.—Strand Magazine.

Conflicting Emotions.

"How happy a fellow feels when he has really repented of something wrong he has done!"

"Yes, and how infernally mad he gets when some other fellow recalls it to his mind afterward."—Exchange.

Walnuts are supposed by some folks to cure rheumatism and toothache and for this purpose, they say, should be carried in the pocket.

If some people would laugh more, their doctors' bills would be less.

EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

Last Night of a Southern Soldier on the Battlefield.

"Don't leave me, captain! Oh, don't leave me!" were the words that came to me with an agonized shriek from a bleeding and dying Confederate soldier on the evening of the great battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. He, a mere youth of 17 years, lay in a heap, gasping for the breath which was fast leaving him, along with the rays of sunlight, on that sad and memorable day. I, for whom that piteous cry was meant, was a staff officer of the brigade to which the Louisiana regiment, the soldier boy's regiment, was attached.

Well mounted, I was galloping back across that bloody field to report the duty I had performed when suddenly arrested in my course by the voice of despair and woe, coming from my stricken comrade. The day was fast passing away into darkness, a darkness that seemed to enshroud this valley of death. The terrific cannonading on both sides that had lasted for hours from the surrounding hills (Malvern hill being the central point of attack by the Confederates) was supplemented by the booming of artillery and bursting of shells from the gunboats on the adjacent James river.

Nature seemed to revolt at this scene of blood and carnage. Thunder and lightning and an avalanche of rain came in quick succession with such great force as to cause the stoutest heart to quake. This great battle was the seventh day's fight to capture the city of Richmond. It was not an ordinary battle, but a demons' fight and the final encounter between those two giants of war Robert E. Lee and George B. McClellan. It gave the laurels of victory to the southern chieftain, bedewed with the tears of broken hearts.

Without stopping to consider what I alone could do for the dying youth amid the chaos and increasing darkness of the night that prevailed, I turned back and dismounted to keep a lonely vigil with the dead. My horse, which, strange to say, had seemed frenzied with fear, became quiet and tractable as though he knew there was safety with his master. I called the boy, who had swooned away from loss of blood, and was glad to know he was not dead. Giving him the bridle of my horse to hold, I tore the sash from around my waist to bandage his torn and bleeding limb.

The boy was praying and called down God's blessing on me. His petition to heaven seemed to be heard. The storm of wind and rain, although still high, was abating. Naught but the mournful wail of the wind through the surrounding forest could now be heard. The great armies that had so lately confronted each other in battle array had seemingly vanished from the scene. I was alone on a battlefield with the dead. Wet and dripping, with the chill of night upon me, I waited for morning, and he, too, the brave soldier boy, was waiting for morning. Oh, God, will it ever come?

He clasped my hand with hope and confidence and seemed to be happy and without pain. I believed he had gone to sleep. Morning came, and he was still asleep—asleep to wake no more.—Dawson A. Blanchard in Washington Post.

ANCIENT WARFARE.

How an English Castle Was Attacked In the Fifteenth Century.

Sir John Fastolf had by his will devised his castle, called Caister, to John Paston. As a fortification, it was an excellent defense against foreign invaders, and as a residence it was worthy of royalty itself. In fact, the Duke of Gloster, afterward Richard III, at one time contemplated making it his abode. While Paston was trying to establish his title in the courts the Duke of Norfolk purchased a pretended claim to it, and sought to gain possession by force. The Pastons did not propose to yield, though the duke was then probably the most powerful noble in England, and John Paston was his liveried servant. Four professional soldiers were sent up from London to aid in the defense. They are described as "provyd men, conning in werr and can wel schote both gonnes and crossbowes and devyse bolwerkys and keep wacche and warde. They be sadde and wel advysed, saving on of them, whyche is ballyd (bald) but yit he is no brawler. Ye shall fynd them gentylmanly comfortable fellowes, and that they dare abyde by ther taklyng."

Young John Paston, aided by these four and by a handful of personal friends and followers, held the castle for several weeks against a siege conducted by the duke's army of 3,000 men. By the terms of the final surrender the besieged were allowed their lives and goods, horses and harness, and a respite for 15 days, in which to go where they pleased. They reported that they were forced to surrender by "lak of vitayl, gonepowdyr, menys herts and surete of rescue." Edward IV had refrained from interfering in this extraordinary contest, because the troubles with Warwick were gathering thickly about him, and the Mowbrays were too necessary to be safely offended.—Sewanee Review.

Road and River.

The brave Pierre Stuppa, the Swiss general, having been deputed by the 13 cantons to solicit the arrears of pay which had been owing for a long time to the Swiss officers in the French service, M. de Louvois, the war minister, who was present, said to the king, Louis XIV:

"Sire, those Swiss are very importunate. If your majesty had all the money that your royal predecessors have given to that people, it would form a road from Paris to Basel."

"That may be," observed Stuppa with an air of firmness, "but at the same time if your majesty had all the blood that the Swiss have shed in the service of France it would form a river from Paris to Basel."

The king was so struck with the observation that he ordered M. de Louvois to pay the whole of the money without delay.—Nuggets.

He Was Cruel.

Mrs. Nubbons—My husband is a perfect brute.

Friend—You amaze me.

Mrs. Nubbons—Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.—London Tit-Bits.

Ethnologists, apropos of the statement that the original inhabitants of America were Asiatics, tell of a Chinook Indian woman found in the last century by Father Huk wandering in the far interior of Asia.

According to a celebrated anatomis there are upwards of 5,000,000 little glands in the human stomach. These glands pour out the digestive juices which dissolve or digest the food. Indigestion is want of juice, weakness of glands, need of help to restore the health of these organs. The best and *most natural* help is that given by Shaker Digestive Cordial. Natural, because it supplies the materials needed by the glands to prepare the digestive juices. Because it strengthens and invigorates the glands and the stomach, until they are able to do their work alone. Shaker Digestive Cordial cures indigestion and permanently. It does so by natural means, and therein lies the secret of its wonderful and unvaried success. At druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

SHERMAN WAS KIND.

A SOUTHERN POET'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GENERAL.

Frank L. Stanton Recalls Some Incidents of the Closing Days of the War—General Sherman's Goodness to the Elder Stanton, Who Was Very Ill In Savannah.

Frank L. Stanton, the popular Georgia poet, always speaks up for General Sherman when he hears any severe criticism of that famous commander's methods.

The story told by Stanton has never found its way into print, but it deserves a place among the minor incidents and reminiscences of the war period.

"When Savannah fell," said Stanton, "I was a little chap about 8 years old. The confusion and tumult in the streets frightened me, and I was afraid to go very far from the house.

"Young as I was, I understood that something very serious had occurred. Instead of seeing Confederate soldiers parading the streets with a few Federal prisoners I saw thousands of Federals swarming through the town, and they had a great many Confederates under guard.

"The situation had been reversed. That was plain, even to a child.

"My father was very ill, in the last stages of consumption, and my mother was worn out with anxiety and the cares of the household. Our neighbors were panic stricken, and everybody seemed to be expecting some awful calamity.

"Penned up there as we had been for a long time, without supplies and without any money except worthless Confederate currency, the outlook was gloomy enough. How was my sick father to get the things he needed? That was the problem with my m