It is a marvel how some men will risk their lives by sheer neglect. They sleep away entirely oblivious of the danger creeping upon them. Men can hardly be made to realize that a little sputtering spark of disease which might be stamped out in an instant may mean death if it is allowed to keep on. Dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint seem like trifling matters but they will eventually wreck the constitution as surely as a spark will blow up a keg of powder.

If your health is not strong and vigorous it is a simple and sensible thing to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., and obtain from him and his staff of eminent specialists, without charge, professional advice which will enable you to put your constitution on a solid basis of health and strength forthwith, before these ailments have a chance to reduce you to a physical wreck.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is acknowledged as the most wonderful medicine ever devised for those diseases which are caused by imperfect action of the liver and digestive organs.

Mr. F. M. Robinett, of Xenophon, Hancock Co., Tenn., says in a letter to Dr. Pierce: "I can heartily recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for indigestion and torpid liver. I tried different doctors with but little result. I could scarcely eat anything—it would put me in such dreadful distress in my stomach. I had a dull aching pain in my stomach, and continual hurting behind my shoulders, bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated brown, had faint spells with a tired worn-out feeling. I took eleven bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and received great benefit. I am now able to work. If it had not been for this wonderful remedy I believe I would not be living to-day."

The most difficult diseases to cure are those which are aggravated by constipation. In such cases Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken in conjunction with the "Discovery." They never gripe. All good dealers sell them.

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A new and useful device which every family will buy, is sold only through local agents. Simple and strong; can be put up anywhere; securely holds rope or wire; instant adjustment and removal of line; no props needed. Sells on sight. Popular price. Agents wanted everywhere. Exclusive territory. Attractive terms. *Premiums and profit-sharing.* Anyone may become agent. Sample pair, by mail, 25c. KELSO NOVELTY CO., 528 Locust St., Philadelphia.

FUN MAKING

and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

HIRES Rootbeer is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up to-day and have it ready to put down whenever you're thirsty.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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

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

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Livery & Feed Stables.

I AM now prepared at my Livery and Feed Stables, on East Cross street, to supply the traveling public with FIRST-CLASS TEAMS AT ALL TIMES. HORSES also taken on Livery and careful attention given to them.

SAMUEL D. SHAWN, East Cross Street. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

LINEN MAKERS.

Ireland and Holland Have Most Women Engaged In This Work.

Though Ireland today holds the first place, so far as America is concerned, in regard to linens, Holland occupied that position everywhere in the past and holds it today in many parts of Europe. The very word Holland is employed to designate a fine linen cloth or a linen and cotton cloth and has been used for this purpose from time immemorial. It is both glazed and unglazed and used for wearing and household decoration. Flax grows well in that part of Europe, and the sunlight is said to be brighter and to have more power in bleaching in the Low Countries than elsewhere. The linen industry is carried on in Holland more by women than by men. In the fields there are almost as many female as male cultivators. In the harvesting there is an excess of women.

In the many processes, such as liming, hackling and spinning, the women outnumbered the men three to one. In the mills the women are in the majority. The men preponderate when it comes to the making of damasks and fancy designs. For at least four centuries it has been an honored custom in the Netherlands for young women to begin making their marriage portion in linen when mere girls. Some go so far as to start with the sowing of the seed; others begin with the spinning, while those better off buy the finished cloth. All do the cutting and sewing. A wedding outfit consists of petticoats, nightgowns and other underwear, several suits for summer wear, sheets, pillow cases, bolster cases, pillow shams, shirts for the husband to be and a number of rolls of the uncut material for future emergency or use. Nearly every girl of marriageable age has a stock of these goods ranging from a trunkful to three or four times that amount. — Philadelphia Press.

MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION

A Father Who Seeks to Enlighten His Son on a Small Point.

There is a certain man who by the sweat of his brow—in summer time—earns his bread as a government official, with an office in the big state, war and navy building. He also earns bread for a wife and three likely children and a servant, who manages to carry a slice of pie along home with her bread about three evenings in the week. But that is the cook's privilege always.

This official has a son aged 13, who is very nearly as sharp as the father thinks himself to be, especially in those things that everybody ought to know and not one person in a dozen does know. About three times a week the father comes to the office loaded with some new information which he seeks to impart to his fellow clerks by the inductive method—that is, he induces them to show how little they know; then he springs it on them. His strong point is words and their pronunciation, and he thinks he is an authority.

The other evening while he was entertaining three or four of his office friends at a small supper the eldest boy spoke up from the far end of the table.

"Say, pop," he inquired, "how do you pronounce N-e-w-o-n-e?" spelling it out slowly.

"I presume," replied the father, with the courage of his convictions, "that it is an Indian name, and by the rule I would pronounce it Ne-wo-ny."

"But that isn't the way," dissented the boy.

The father was never more surprised in his life.

"I don't quite see how it would be euphonious any other way," he said, with a mild air of offended intelligence.

"What's the matter with pronouncing it new one?" inquired the boy, with a loud, irreverent ha ha. And the blow almost killed father.—Washington Star.

A Collector of Book Plates.

An interesting collection of book plates is owned by Mr. Howard Sill, head draftsman at the office of a firm of architects in this city. The collection consists of some 2,500 specimens—American, English, French and Spanish, modern and antique—belonging to the various periods known as Jacobean, Chippendale, Wreath and Ribbon, etc. Mr. Sill has collected many examples of the work of Dorkins, Johnson, the Mavericks, father and son, famous colonial book plate engravers; also some specimens of the rare and valuable work of Nathaniel Hurd, a New England engraver, born in 1720, a duplicate of one of whose book plates owned by Mr. Sill brought $60 in New York a short time ago. Mr. Sill has also one of the six book plates engraved by Paul Revere, which is of great value and interest. Among the colonial plates are those of William Byrd of Westover, Bushrod Washington, John Randolph, William Smith, president of William and Mary college; Charles Carroll, Thomas Heyward and Samuel Chase, signers of the Declaration of Independence. There are also many examples of modern book plate making, the work of French, Hopson, Spenceley and other well known modern engravers.—Baltimore American.

Thoughts.

Thoughts are certainly able to spread themselves without the aid of looks or language. Invisible seed that floats from the parent plant can root itself wherever it settles, and thoughts must have some medium through which they sail till they reach minds that can take them in, and there they strike root, and whole crops of the same sort come up just as if they were indigenous and naturally belonging to their entertainers. This is even more true in great matters than in small.—Jean Ingelow.

Bad Every Way.

"Thirteen is an unlucky number in all cases," said Jarley.

"I don't know," said Butler. "I'd rather have $13 than $12."

"I wouldn't," said Jarley. "If I had $12, I'd spend only $12, but if I had $13 I'd spend $13."—Harlem Life.

Significance of the Nose.

The nose, the form of which regulates the beauty of the other features, is by no means inaccessible to higher culture, for we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half of an individual human life the nose is capable of receiving a more noble form. The training of the individual, the culture of his intellect and character, has a very considerable influence not only on the expression of the face in general, but also on the bodily nature of the nose. The characteristics of the various shapes of nose, according to physiognomy, are as follows: The small, flat nose found among women and called the soubrette nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable and fortunate build of features, indicates a certain gracious and cheerful naivete combined with an inconsiderate curiosity. Such a nose seldom is possessed by men, and when it is it denotes an individuality characterized by weakness and deficient sagacity. A nose thick and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as with women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material and sensual instincts, while a turned up nose, with wide nostrils, bespeaks a vain, puffed up disposition. Especially wide nostrils are signs of strength, courage and pride; small nostrils, of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are found mostly among men and are masculine attributes.—New York Ledger.

Walked Right Over Them.

"So your wife won that suit about her real estate?"

"Of course. You didn't suppose that such little obstacles as a judge, 8 lawyers and 12 jurymen could throw her off the track, did you?"—Detroit Free Press.

Physiological.

Instructor—What is it that gives to the blood its bright red color?

Little Miss Thavnoo—I know. It's the corpuscles. But ours ain't red. They're blue. Mamma says so.—Chicago Tribune.

HORSES IN HISTORY.

SOME OF THE NOBLE STEEDS THAT HAVE ACHIEVED FAME.

The Four Footed Friend For Whom a City Was Named—Roman Horses That Lived Like Princes—Chargers Who Won Renown Amid the Carnage of War.

It is hard to say with any near approach to accuracy how long the horse has been a domesticated animal. We can only say that he has been so from time immemorial—that is, from the earliest times of which we have any records. The Assyrian sculptures—and they are about the most ancient of which we know anything, for some of them are estimated to date from 4200 B. C.—contain more representations of caparisoned horses than even men. Still, we do not get any examples of favorite horses until a long time after this.

Even the first examples, indeed, are only legendary, for, though there is no doubt that Hector of Troy existed, it is not improbable that Homer invented the names of his three favorite horses, Poderge, the cream colored Galathe and the fiery Ethon. But the horse of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus, is an individual as historically real as his master. This famous horse was, says Plutarch, offered to Philip for 13 talents (about £2,518), but he displayed so much viciousness that Alexander's father was about to send him away when the young prince offered to tame him. He agreed, in the event of failure, to forfeit the price of the horse and began by turning his head to the sun, as he observed that the horse was frightened at his own shadow. In the end he completely tamed him—so completely, indeed, that Bucephalus, though he would permit nobody except Alexander to mount him, always knelt down for that purpose to his master. He died at the age of 30, and his master built as his mausoleum the city of Bucephala.

Readers of Macaulay will remember the famous black Auster, the horse of Merminius, and the dark gray charger of Mamilius, whose sudden appearance in the city of Tusculum without his master brought the news of the defeat of the allies at Lake Regillus. Connected with that battle, too, were the horses of the great "twin brethren," Castor and Pollux, coal black, with white legs and tails. But those are legendary. Not so, however, the well known horse of Caligula, Incitatus. This animal had a stable of marble; his stall was of ivory, his clothing of purple and his halters stiff with gems. He had a set of golden plates and was presented with a palace, furniture and slaves complete, in order that guests invited in his name should be properly entertained. His diet was the most costly that could be imagined, the finest grapes that Asia could provide being reserved for him. Verus, another Roman emperor about a century later, treated his horse almost as extravagantly. He fed him with raisins and almonds with his own hands, and when he died erected a statue of gold to him, while all the dignitaries of the empire attended the funeral.

As we come to later times, so we get more examples of favorite horses. William the Conqueror had one which he rode at the battle of Hastings, about which almost everything seems to be known except his name. He was of huge size and was a present from King Alfonso of Spain—"such a gift as a prince might give and a prince receive." This gallant horse, however, did not survive the battle, for Gyrth, Harold's butcher, "clove him with a bill, and he died." Richard I's horse was called Maleck, and was jet black. He bore his master through the holy war and arrived in England before him. In fact, he survived the king several years. The second Richard, too, had a favorite horse, called Roan Barbary, which was supposed to be the finest horse in Europe at that time, and it was on Roan Barbary that the young king was mounted when the incident wherein Wat Tyler was stabbed by the mayor of Walworth took place.

About a century later we get the Wars of the Roses, and in the many battles of that civil disturbance a couple of horses played important parts. These belonged to the great Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker. His first was Maleck, a beautiful gray, which he rode at the battle of Towton. It was this horse whose death turned the fortunes of the battle, for Warwick, seeing that his men were giving ground, deliberately sprang from his favorite horse and killed him. Then his men knew that the kingmaker was prepared to conquer, but not to fly. They rallied and finally won the battle.

There were two horses belonging to highwaymen which were famous in their time. One of them belonged to the celebrated knight of the road, Paul Clifford. He was called Robin and was Irish. In color iron gray, he was reputed by judges of horseflesh — and there were some who were quite as competent to give an opinion, if not more so, as any of the present day—to be absolutely without blemish and to be second to none. Another famous horse, or rather mare, was Black Bess. Her owner, Dick Turpin, or, to give him his correct name, Nicks, committed a robbery in London at 4 o'clock in the morning, and, fearing discovery, made for Gravesend, ferried across the river and appeared at the bowling green in York the same evening, having accomplished his ride of 300 miles in 16 hours on one horse. At least so says the legend, and this is certain—that on his trial he was acquitted, the jury considering it impossible that he could have got to York in the time.—London Standard.

He Listened to All.

Fontenelle listened to everything and he offended no one by disputing anything. At the close of his life he was asked the secret of his success, and he replied that it was by observing two maxims, "Everybody may be right" and "Everything may be so."

A Contingent Name.

The Syracuse Post says that a girl baby was recently brought to a clergyman of the city to be baptized. The latter asked the name of the baby.

"Dinah M.," the father responded.

"But what does the 'M' stand for?" interrogated the minister.

"Well, I do not know yet. It all depends upon how she turns out."

"How she turns out? Why, I do not understand you," said the dominie.

"Oh, if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May, but if she has a fiery temper and displays a bombshell disposition, like mine, I shall call her Dinah Might."

At Her Mercy.

"So the telephone girl is taking her revenge, Whirly?"

"It's awful. Every time I ring up she connects me with three or four wrong numbers in succession, and then sweetly informs me that the number which I really want is 'busy now.'"—Detroit Free Press.

An Epitaph.

The danger of using porcelain letters on a tombstone is illustrated in a village cemetery not far from St. Louis. The inscription reads:

O Lord,
She is thin!

The final "e" had been knocked off in a thunderstorm.—St. Louis Star.

The clergy of Russia are divided into two classes—the white or village clergy, who must all be married, and the black clergy, or monks, who are vowed to celibacy. The higher dignitaries of the church are invariably chosen from this last class.

A Bad Bargain.

"Jane, did you break the china plate?"

"Yes'm. You got fooled on that plate, mum. It's a weak un. It broke the fourth time I dropped it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CAMILLA.

Strike your guitar, fair Camilla, and sing the
wild song you are dreaming.
Let the lithe fingers fly swift o'er its strings,
for your dark eyes are beaming—
Beaming with faraway fancies, Camilla, that
plead for expression.
Only thy vibrant guitar is attuned for the
sacred confession.

Now Camilla's fair fingers are plucking in
rapture the pulsating strings,
And her faraway eyes are intent on the scene
and the story she sings—
Singing her song of Felipe, her hero intrepid
and true;
Singing his praise and recounting what deeds
for her love he would do.

See the wild race after cattle, the broncho's
wide nostrils blood red!
Hear the hello of the herder Felipe, who
dashes ahead!
Hist, how the lariat sings as it flies o'er the
horns of a steer!
See the wild plunge and the horse standing
firm! Hear the bellow of fear!

Then, on the trail of Apaches, who leads the
long marches by night?
Who but Felipe sits firm in his saddle when
rifles ring out in the dark?
Coolly he levels his weapon. The bullet flies
true to its mark.

Such is the song sweet Camilla is singing with
gaze far away;
Such is the song, for she knows not how long
her Felipe will stay—
Knows not that lone in the waste of the sage
brush her master lies, slain.
Ah, sweet Camilla, thy songs for Felipe, the
fearless, are vain!

—Charles A. Keeler in "The Land of Sunshine."

FERRYBOATS IN THE WAR.

A Veteran's Recollections of One He Saw at Fortress Monroe In 1861.

"It is curious," said a veteran soldier, "how some incident or circumstance may impart to a long familiar object to which we have never given any special thought a significance that makes it always thereafter an object of particular interest. The East river ferryboats impress me in that way now whenever I see one, and this was brought about simply by seeing one of them out of its accustomed waters amid strange scenes and put to strange uses.

"This was in the fall of 1861, in Hampton Roads. The regiment that I served in was aboard a transport there, waiting with other troops afloat there to go farther south under convoy of a fleet of war vessels. There was a great number of vessels there of all kinds, steamers and sailing vessels and warships, and they made an impressive show, but certainly the most striking of any one of them on its first appearance was an East river ferryboat, the Commodore Perry. I can see her at this minute as she looked then, moving across the waters of the Roads; she looked so utterly strange and curious there and amid such surroundings. But she went here and there with the most perfect confidence, constantly employed in transporting stores and troops and making herself quite as much at home there as she ever had been among the currents and eddies of the narrow East river.

"Other ferryboats were taken down there. A soldier friend of mine tells me that later, in the peninsular campaign, there was a New York ferryboat in those waters that was used as a gunboat, carrying two parrott guns, one at each end, mounted in the gangways, where the teams drive in and out. My own impression is that one or two of these boats went around Hatteras, into waters farther south; but, however that may be, I shall never forget the first time I saw the Commodore Perry at Fortress Monroe, and to this day I never go along South street without a feeling of the keenest personal interest for every ferryboat I see on the river."—New York Sun.

Stanley's Cat.

As the bonds of friendship are strengthened by a heavy affliction so does a prolonged sojourn in foreign places, amid strange scenes, turn the most common of everyday sights at home into luxuries. A magazine tells a story of Henry M. Stanley, who, after his return from Africa, was busily engaged in writing his story of the "Dark Continent."

He used to spread his reference maps upon the floor of his room, and on this particular day, after searching in his near neighborhood for a chart which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who presently descried it near the fireside, with Stanley's favorite cat upon it asleep.

He started to turn the intruder off, when the great man interrupted him, saying:

"Never mind; don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the chart until the cat wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that domestic cat curled up in front of that bright English fire is to me, you would never chase her away."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she arose with a lazy yawn, scratching her front nails on the rug as she stretched, did the famous explorer reach for his map.

Asthma From Asparagus.

Among the curiosities of medical literature are the stories, many of them well authenticated, of the peculiar susceptibility of certain unfortunate individuals to certain odors and emanations. Among the substances which have been known to have produced attacks of spasmodic asthma are roses, musk, tea, ipecacuanha, the odor of a cat, fried fish, the dust of oats, malt, rice, feathers, wool and that caused in the demolition of old houses. Dr. Eugene Deschamps has added asparagus to this long list. He has published a full clinical report of a victualer over 40 years of age who suffers from severe spasmodic attacks of coughing whenever he attempts to prepare raw asparagus for the cook.—New York Herald.

Drew the Line.

"Couldn't take him at any price," said the agent who was buying horses for the use of the mounted police. "It is all right for a policeman to interfere whenever he sees fit, but it won't do for his horse."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Lucky Find.

Two men walking on Campbell street toward Twelfth one night were accosted by a negro woman who was excited.

"Kin either one of you mens give me a match?" she said.

"What for?"

"I lost a quahtah down there, an I want to hunt fur it."

She was given several matches and ran ahead and began striking matches and looking along the sidewalk. When the two men came up, she had stopped hunting and had apparently found the coin.

"Well, did you find it?" inquired one of the men.

"No, but I done find this horseshoe, an that's better'n two quahtahs," she said.—Kansas City Star.

A Cure For Lame Back.

"My daughter was recovering from an attack of fever, was a great sufferer from pain in the back and hips," writes Louden Grover, of Sardis, Ky. "After using quite a number of remedies without any benefit she tried one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and it has given entire relief." Chamberlain's Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. Sold by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c. and 50c. *Trial size free.* At all druggists.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT $1.00 per year.

CAPTURE OF DAVIS.

TRUE STORY OF THE TAKING OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Fourth Michigan Cavalry His Captors—Those With the Ex-President at the Time—Exaggerated Stories of His Disguise.

Our cavalry corps went into camp in and around Macon, and in the early part of May it was learned that Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate states, was fleeing for Texas to join General Kirby Smith, there to try and re-establish the Confederacy. Orders were at once issued by General Wilson for his capture. The First Wisconsin cavalry was ordered out on the north or east bank of the Ocmulgee river, and Colonel Minty ordered out his old regiment, the Fourth Michigan cavalry, down the south or west side of the same river, with instructions to intercept and capture Mr. Davis and the party with him. Colonel (since General) Minty, well known in this city, now a railroad official in the west, was one of the finest and most efficient officers in the late war. His command, with Wilder's, in the foremost front, opened the battle on the noted and bloody field of Chickamauga.

At Abbeyville, 70 miles south of Macon, it was learned that Davis' fleeing party had here crossed the ferry over the Ocmulgee and were moving southward toward Irwinsville, Ga., 30 miles below and 100 miles south of Macon. Lieutenant Colonel B. D. Pritchard, in command of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, marched the regiment rapidly down the river road, and after a 30 mile ride reached Irwinsville late in the night and learned that he had got in advance of the Davis party. Early on the morning of the 10th of May he charged into the camp of the "fleeing Confederacy," and Mr. Davis never joined Kirby Smith in Texas. Many false and nonsensical stories have been related about this capture and different regiments given its credit. Now these are the facts:

Jefferson Davis was captured by the Fourth Michigan cavalry in the early morning of May 10, 1865, at Irwinsville in southern Georgia. With him were Mr. John H. Reagan of Texas, his postmaster general; Captain Moody of Mississippi, an old neighbor of the Davis family; Governor Lubbock of Texas and Colonels Harrison and Johnson of his staff; Mrs. Davis and her four children—Maggie, some 10 years old; Jeff, about 8; Willie, 5, and a girl baby—a brother and sister of Mrs. Davis, a white and one colored servant woman, a small force of cavalry, a few others and a small train of horses, mules, wagons and ambulances. Among the horses were a span of carriage horses presented to Mrs. Davis by the citizens of Richmond during the heyday of the Confederacy; also a splendid saddle horse, the pride of the ex-president himself.

On the 11th of May, the next day after the capture, and while on our way back to Macon, as officer of the guard over the distinguished prisoners, I rode by the side of Mr. Reagan, later a senator from Texas. I found him a very fine gentleman. During that day's march a courier from Macon notified us in printed slips of the $100,000 reward offered for Mr. Davis' capture, and which notice connected Davis with the assassination of President Lincoln. When Mr. Reagan read the notice, he earnestly protested that Mr. Davis had no connection whatever with that sorrowful affair. History has shown that he had none.

Besides the suit of men's clothing worn by Mr. Davis he had on when captured Mrs. Davis' large waterproof dress or robe, thrown over his own fine gray suit, and a blanket shawl thrown over his head and shoulders. This shawl and robe were finally deposited in the archives of the war department at Washington by order of Secretary Stanton.

The story of the "hoopskirt, sunbonnet and calico wrapper" had no real existence and was started in the fertile brains of the reporters and in the illustrated papers of that day. That was a perilous moment for Mr. Davis. He had the right to try to escape in any disguise he could use.

There were many interesting incidents connected with this capture, but I have not the time now to relate them. Of the children of this noted couple Maggie grew up, married and is now living in Colorado. One of the boys died early. One grew to manhood, married and died with yellow fever near Memphis since the war, and that "girl baby" grew up to womanhood and is now a talented and beautiful young lady and known as "Winnie, the daughter of the Confederacy."

My mind reverts to those days of the war, and I often think of that scene and the march back from Irwinsville, through the somber pine woods, swamps and plantations of southern Georgia. There in the ambulance with his wife and baby was Jefferson Davis, a prisoner of war. How weak and small had become the head and front of that power against which the men in blue had been so long battling! How had the mighty fallen!—Paper by Judge Peabody of St. Louis.

Falling In Love.

"It is not everybody who can fall desperately in love," Andrew Lang declares. "Many a young woman knows that she, for one, is not a born heroine. We cannot all have a genius for passion. Indeed that genius is, first, rather unusual, and, secondly, is apt not to be confined to a single object. Girls ought not to be educated in a belief in the coup de foudre. Most of them will find some good fellow who is much attached to them, as they will be to him. They will marry, if they have luck, and never think of losing their heart, in the style of Dido or Medea. This has always been the prose fact of matrimony, and thus 'Hymen peoples every town.' If young women wait for the coup de foudre and the handsome knight who comes riding through the forest, they will coif St. Katherine or lead apes in hell. Novels prove the inadequacy of the ideal. The heroine always loves the unsatisfactory poet, is jilted, meets the solid squire or business man and finds that 'what she had taken for love was,' etc.—we all know the formula—and lives happy ever after."

His Notion of It.

"Why," she asked, "do so many of the poets write about goldenrod? It seems as if every one of them had tried to glorify it."

"Well," replied the man who had worked on a farm, "the only explanation I can give is that the poets probably never tried to raise potatoes in a field where goldenrod had got a good start."—Cleveland Leader.

Expensive Modesty.

"What's the matter, old man? You look sad."

"I am. I just asked Farnsworth to lend me $5."

"And I suppose he said he didn't have that much in the world."

"No. He had to get a $10 bill changed in order to let me have what I had asked for."—Cleveland Leader.

A True Maxim.

Nothing succeeds like success, is a maxim well applied to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for this famous remedy succeeds in curing every case of croup, cough and cold which it undertakes, and to this alone is due its wonderful popularity. Mrs. E. W. Richards, 2214 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., states: "I have had Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on my bureau for the last nine years, and have found it a certain and safe cure for croup. I have also found it efficacious in extreme membraneous croup, and would advise all mothers to use it." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs only 25 cents, and you should bear in mind, that substitutes simply benefit the dealer's purse. Insist on getting Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

MADEMOISELLE THERMOMETER.

I know of a restless young lass,
Who lives in a house made of glass,
And from her location
Marks each vibration
Of hot and cold waves as they pass.

When heat is announced, she will spring
To quickly make note of the thing.
'Tis very surprising
That simply by rising
So true a report she can bring.

To self elevation inclined
She has such a volatile mind
That in every season
A suitable reason
For frequent depression she'll find.

Her temper mercurial thus
Creates everywhere such a fuss
That in conversation
Affairs of the nation
Are slighted, this maid to discuss.

—Julia M. Colton in New York Christian Advocate.

A MORNING GLORY CULT.

This Flower Taking the Place of Chrysanthemums In Japan.

Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore has an article on "The Wonderful Morning Glories of Japan" in The Century. Miss Scidmore says:

As a floral sensation the chrysanthemum may be said to have had its day, the carnation is going, going, and seekers after novelty among flower fanciers are sighing for a new flower to conquer. It is hardly known, even to foreign residents in Japan, that that land, which has given us so much of art and beauty, has lately revived the culture of its most remarkable flower, the asagao, our morning glory. For size, beauty, range of color and illimitable variety there attained this sunrise flower precedes all others until its cultivation has become a craze, which is likely to spread to other countries, and—who knows—perhaps there introduce the current Japanese custom of 5 o'clock in the morning teas and garden parties.

Asagao, the morning flower, is more especially Japan's own blossom than the chrysanthemum, which, like it, came from China as a primitive sort of weed, afterward to be evolved by Japanese art or magic into a floral wonder of a hundred varying forms.

We who know and grow the morning glory as a humble back yard vine on a string—a vine with leaves like those of the sweet potato and puny little pink or purple flowers—are as far in the floral darkness as the Chinese, who know it chiefly as a wild thing of fields and hedge rows, the vine of "the little trumpets" or the "dawn flower," that is entangled with briers and bushes for miles along the top of Peking's walls. The old poetry and the old art do not seem to be permeated with it, as in Japan, where the forms of vases, bowls and cups, the designs and paintings of the greatest masters, repeat the graceful lines of vine and flower, and scores of famous poems celebrate the asagao in written characters as beautiful to the eye as is their sound to the ear.

The asagao was brought to Japan with the Buddhist religion, that particular cult of early rising. Scholars and priests who went over to study the new religion brought back the seeds of many Chinese plants. The tea plant came then, and Eisai brought the seeds of the sacred bo tree, and Tai Kwan, the Chinese priest at the Obaku temple in Uji, who may have introduced the flower to Japan, was one of the first to sing of the asagao in graceful outas, classic poems which scholarly brushes repeat today. "Asagaos bloom and fade so quickly, only to prepare for the morrow's glory," is Tai Kwan's best known verse.

How Punch and Judy Came to England.

The heyday of the puppet show in England was during the last century. Long before then strolling showmen had exhibited "drolls" or "motions"—as the English puppets were known in the early days—to crowds of gaping rustics, but it was not until the time of Steele and Addison that the puppet show became a fashionable amusement, patronized by upper tendom.

Pulcinella came to London in 1666, when an Italian puppet player set up his booth at Charing Cross and paid a small rental to the overseers of St. Martin's parish. His name was at once Englished into Punchinello, which was soon to be completely Anglicized as Punch.—Harper's Magazine.

DON'T TALK OF YOUR ILLS.

People Are More Interested In the Pleasant Side of Life.

"Every one of us has his and her own ailments," writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal, decrying the unpleasant habit many people have of discussing their bodily ills. "It is enough for us all to keep well ourselves. To be compelled to listen to the ailments of others does not make that task any easier. Besides all this, these unnecessary narratives of personal ailments are positively injurious to ourselves. Physicians all agree that many of the slight illnesses, of which some people make so much, could be cured if they would but take their minds from themselves. Too many people work themselves into illnesses or prevent themselves from getting well by talking about a petty ailment which, if forgotten, would right itself.

"I will not say that women, more than men, are prone to this evil, but as the majority of women have more leisure than the majority of men they are more likely to let their minds dwell upon every little ill that assails them and talk about it. It seems to me that one of the most important lessons we can all learn with the close of the year is to refrain from inflicting upon others what is purely personal to ourselves. Let us cease this tiresome, this inconsiderate, this unnecessary talk about our ailments. Cold and hard as it may seem, the fact is nevertheless true, and will ever remain so, that the vast majority of people are interested in what is pleasant in our lives, but not in what is unpleasant. Pains and sorrows are elements in our lives which are sacred and interesting only to ourselves."

Von Moltke.

Von Moltke was originally an officer in the Danish army. At the age of 9 years he was entered as a royal cadet—i. e., he was to be educated at the expense of the king, Frederick VI, in the Copenhagen Military academy—and, having taken his examinations, he wore the Danish uniform until he, as a sublieutenant at the age of 27, petitioned the king for three years' leave to proceed to the continent to study the military art, as he says in his petition, "to be able on his return to employ his acquirements for the good of his country." This petition was granted, but the count also asked to be allowed to retain his pay, and as the king refused this he took his discharge and entered the Prussian army, a recruit whom that organization has every reason to hold in enduring memory.

Papa Is Excused.

Here is the latest of an enfant terrible who lords it over the home of a politician in this city, says the Toledo Blade: The minister came to the house the other day and the kid entertained him for a short time.

"I say, I'm awful 'fraid of the dark," was his first remark.

"You should not be," admonished the visitor, "for God takes care of you everywhere."

"I know it, and I say my prayers every night, but pop he don't have to, as he don't get home till 'most morning."

Tablets said to contain the "concentrated essence of wine" find a ready sale in France. Two of them cost about 3 shillings and will produce three quarts of so called claret.

What do the Children Drink.

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 20c.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF