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

Having enlarged and otherwise added to the convenience of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.

☞ EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

☞ I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mrs. Abe Casey.

Office 115 Main street, With Dr. J. T. Twilley.

MEDICAL ANNOUNCDMENT!

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 recipes. Any one needing these remedies will find me at

344 High St., next door to McFeely's Furniture Store, each day in the week.

DR. F. W. HODGKIN,
April 7-tf. Chestertown, Md.

DR. H. BENGE SIMMONS,
HOMOEPATHIC Physician and Surgeon.

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

DR. J. G. EMERSON,
✻DENTIST✻

☞ Ex-Demonstrator of University of Maryland.

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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.

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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.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Chestertown, - - - - Maryland.

WILLIAM W. BECK,
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Office opposite Market Square.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

10 South Street, Room 35, Baltimore, Md., will attend the jury terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.

All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

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Having removed to 305 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,
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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, MARCH 2, 1899. VOL. XXXVIII—NO. 33.

LUMBER.
LUMBER.
SHINGLES. SHINGLES.

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VA. PINE FRAME STUFF,
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VA. PINE SIDING,
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T. W. ELIASON,

Study Your Interest
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Insure Your Property
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Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
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ITS TOTAL ASSETS ARE:

STOCKS, BONDS, REAL ESTATE, and cash	$64,608 08
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Liberal in Terms and Settlements.

The business of '95, '96, '97, and '98 saved to the policy holders of the company $16,261.92.

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1899. THE SUN. 1899,
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For the People and with the People.
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Fearless in Expression.
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The Weekly SUN publishes all the news of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world. The Weekly SUN is unsurpassed as an AGRICULTURAL PAPER.

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Anything you want in the line of
Hardware
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I can sell you if you will give me a call,

Forks,
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All bought ahead of the ADVANCE, and on these goods I can offer you attractive PRICES.

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Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

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From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

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LEA'S
FLOUR
IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

TO THE PEOPLE
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I have now on hand the most Complete stock of
BOOTS, SHOES
AND RUBBERS
that have ever been shown in this town, embracing all the latest style toes and widths, all of which have been selected with the greatest care, and I defy competition on the same lines of goods. All I ask is an inspection of them to convince you that a regular Shoe Store is the place to buy.

Men's Shoes and Boots.....$1.00 to $5.00
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Also the W. L. Douglas Shoes $2.00, $3.00, $3.50 and $5.00; Boys', $2.00.

Some Shoes require a lot of talk to sell them, but we have in our $2.00, $3.00 and $3.50 line of Men's Shoes that after you have seen them does not repuire much talking, because they speak for themselves. We have them in Box-Calf, Willow-Calf, Russets and Patent Leather, for a strictly dress shoe, on the new English Toe, Golf cut with back stay Double Sole, right up to date. Inspect this line and satisfy yourself.

Boys', Misses' and Children's
SCHOOL SHOES.
A fine line to select from.

See what $1.00 buys.
See what $1.50 buys.
See what $2.00 buys.
See what $3.00 buys.
See what $3.50 buys.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

We believe in so treating customers that they will not only feel grateful to us but will send others to us about the Shoe question.

If they come again, that's clear gain; if they bring others, that helps swell the average. In any event, it now begins to look as if people knew where the Shoe Store is. Large lot of Shoe findings, such as Slipper soles, Over Gaiters, Shoe Laces, Cork Soles, Brushes and all the different kinds of Polish.

DON'T GO TO THE CITY
to buy until you have given your home merchant at least a chance to show you what he keeps.

T. G. Wroth,
The Shoe Man Under Stam's H

A THOUGHT FOR THE LENTON SEASON.

"When we have an all-surviving love for men, all shall easily compass the message of Jesus to the church."

S. REESE MURRAY, D. D.

In the magnificent prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple, after extolling God and referring to His gracious promises to the kingdom, he makes confession of sin and supplication of the Divine favor. That prayer has remained to us a lofty specimen of address to the Most High, and because of the marvel of it some recent criticism has declared it a growth, and not the utterance of a single mind. Whether a growth of many years (as are the prayers of the Church of England, and the prayers found in the rituals of our American churches) or Soloman's unassisted production, as undoubtedly it is, it is a model for us in its acknowledgement of sin, and its everywhere-confessed need of Almighty guidance and protection.

We are building here in America to the Lord of heaven and earth a temple worthier than Solomon's, and a Kingdom greater than David's. The expansive thoughts of the pious men of this generation is to perfect a people in christian life and distribute their force in intellect, in industry, in benevolence, in religion throughout the earth. God has lifted us into the place of power and made us foremost among the nations of the world, not for self-aggrandizement, not for national glory, but for the development of the empire of the immortal Christ. The origin of this people, so distinct from that of almost every other of the leading governments of men, is an indication of the divine purpose with us, a presage of a destiny that is bound up with the reign of Christ in the earth. We live undoubtedly to teach religion to mankind. The growth of wealth among us, and the trobbing enterprise that has made itself felt in the farthest habitations of man, is but incidental to this other first and most necessary matter, namely; that of preserving and distributing the truth of Jesus in all the world.

But one thing prevents us from speedily realizing our aim, so far as any human toil can accomplish that. The sin that lurks in the church, that manifests itself in selfishness and resistance to the divine call; the spirit that stubbornly contends with the grace of benevolence, that takes its ease, that shuts up its bowels of compassion, that has little humanity, that does so love men as to give itself for them. This sin of the Church rather than of the people at large is making for the spread of the Kingdom of Satan rather than for that of our God and of His Christ.

Many things might call for humiliation. The nation has passed through a stupendous business crisis that has evoked the very worst passions of men and led up to starvation, or to murder, as also to the loss of work to 3,000,000 of our population.

The growth of gambling and licentiousness which has been simply appalling during business stagnation, the frequency of crimes against the person and the almost as frequent attempts, often successful, at lynching of the assailant. These and various disasters in private life and fortune throw us back upon God in shame and acknowledgement of deep transgression.

But these are not the worst features of our national life, for all such wickednesses Christianity has not *once*, but again and again overcome. But it is the indifference to common obligation of those who profess to love Jesus, their heartlessness in the presence of suffering, and their hardness in financial dealing that cause fear and even alarm to the Kingdom of the Son of Man.

Foolish and sensational outcries against Christians, or any pessimistic utterances founded upon individual experience are to be deprecated here as elsewhere; but the vice of grievance of 30,000,000 of our fellow-citizens who are churchless and Christless, is significant and awful, though there be many notes of mere rage of contempt of religion in it. To be beyond the pale of the Church in such a day and such a land as ours, bespeaks a supineness on the part of both ministers and laymen most disastrous to religion.

The propagandism which affects "the rich, the cultured, the few," has received a back stroke from the efforts of devoted men and women of God to plant churches among the depraved, and to lift up the exampie and influence of a holy career by living in their very tenements with them. But still goes on devouring greed to possess the man of means or the man of position. In our most elegant capitals I have witnessed the mad chase after men of distinction, while in that very neighborhood the poor were shifted by one pastor upon another to escape a ministry of care and benevolence.

Dr. Melanchon W. Jacobus in the last address he ever delivered to the graduates of his own Seminary, the Western, said with pathetic humor, "Let not the *reproach* be brought against any of you, 'to the poor the gospel is preached'." The reproach might not infrequently be brought that the poor alone hear the truth rightly divided. The rich escape its admonitions, its charges of corruption and of "covetousness which is idolatry," and hear not its woes against a fatal self-indulgence.

But whether preaching to poor or rich it must be realized that gold is not the crying need of the hour, nor yet influence, nor learning in any department of of study. It is love for men then Jesus employed, and that John illustrated and evermore taught Love that sends our business-men after business-hours into the streets and saloons; that leads our best women into the haunts of their "strange sisters," and that teaches the man of God himself that the study is less important than the closet, and a soul of infinite more worth than a reputation as "pulpit-orator."

When we have an all-consuming love for men, all shall easily compass the message of Jesus to the Church, and make living an evident to the world His own divine Word, that His Cross shall draw all men unto Him.

"As if a brick were lying in my stomach" is a description by a dsypeptic of his feeling after eating.

This is one of the commonest symptoms of indigestion. If you have it, take Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Not only this syptom, but all the symptoms of indigestion are cured by Shaker Digestive Cordial.

So many medicines to cure this one disorder. Only one that can be called successful, because only one that acts in a simple, natural, and yet scientific way. Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Purely vegetable, and containing no dangerous ingredients, Shaker Digestive Cordial tones up, strengthens, and restores to health all the degestive organs.

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

LAST WORDS OF MONARCHS.

"An Emperor ought to die standing upright," said the Roman Emperor Vespasian, just before he expired in the arms of those helping him to rise. And in his last hours the philosophic Marcus Aurelius Antonius repeated the words: "These are the works of mournful war." Hearing a church bell, William the Conqueror of England raised his eyes to Heaven and thus spoke his last: "To my lady, Mary, the holy mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." Just before breathing his last, Henry V. whispered: "Comfort my dear wife, the most afflicted creature living." Richard III fighting the battle of Bos vorth, cried: "I will die king of England. I will not, budge a foot," and as he fell, overpowered by numbers, he shouted: "Treason! Treason!" Edward VI. exclaimed at last: "I faint; Lord! have mercy on me—receive my soul!" As she bowed her head upon the block, Mary Queen of Scots murmured: "Into thy hands, Oh Lord, I commend my spirit." And Charles I. on the scaffold said to his executioner: "When I put out my hands this way, then—" and thinking the axe was about to strike, he cried: "Stay for the sign." During his last night Oliver Cromwell repeated often: "God is good," and when urged to drink and sleep, he answered: "It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." On his death-bed Charles II. begged the pardon of his attendants, and hoped the trouble he made them would soon be over.. William III. asked his physicians: "Can this last long!" and with his last articulate breath called for an old friend. Queen Anne in her delirium repeated: "Oh, my brother! my dear brother! what will become of you?" until she was speechless. Dying of apoplexy in his coach. George I. cried, impatiently: "Osnaburg! Osnaburg!" the place of his destination. George IV. called out to his companion: "My boy, this is death!" and never spoke again. Taking leave of an archbishop, not long before his end, William IV said: "Believe me, I am a religious man." Queen Victoria was ever in the thoughts of her beloved Prince Albert, and his last recorded words were the endearing exclamation of "Good little wife."—*New York Observer.*

INTERESTING FACTS

Gleaned From Curious Gleaners.

The *Eskimo Bulletin* is the most unique newspaper in the world, and is the only journal published within the Arctic circle. It is printed at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, where are located an Eskimo village and a missionary school. *The Bulletin* is a small sheet, 12x8 inches, printed on one side only, of stiff, white paper. It is printed by the hektograph process. As there is practically one mail to and from Cape Prince of Wales during the year, one issue of the paper during the period is quite sufficient. It triumphantly carries at the head of its columns the legend: "Largest circulation in the Arctic," and also the additional boast of "Only yearly paper in the world."

***

The sun never sets on the territory of the United States, for when it is 6 P. M. on Attoo Island, Alaska, it is 9.39 A. M. of the following day at Eastport, Me.

***

The great cave in the Black Hills region is said to be 52 miles long, and contains nearly 1500 rooms, some of them 200 feet high, having been opened. There are streams, water-falls and thirty-seven lakes one of which is an acre in extent. The cave is 6000 feet above the sea-level and 400 feet below the earth's surface.

***

The Chinese custom of wearing queues dates back for only two centuries and a half. This fact is of importance, for nearly everything else in China is as old as the hills.

***

Many women in France make a living as shoeblacks.

***

Miss Dickens, the daughter of the immortal novelist, is said to be a sad-faced, disappointed looking woman, of fifty-five. She makes her home in Essex, at the Dunton rectory, a few miles from picturesque Brentwood, and devotes her entire time to the parish poor.

***

Appearances are deceitful. A mild glance has been known to come from a cross eye.

***

"Any interesting legends about here?" asked the tourist.

"No," returned the native, slowly; "ain't never seen none, though you may find 'em 'way back in the thick woods."

STUCK ON CLEOPATRA.

The Irreverent Yankee, the Mummy and the Postage Stamp.

A Worcester (Mass.) man says that when visiting the British Museum some time ago he stuck a postage stamp on the mummy case of Cleopatra.

"I was all alone," he says. "No one was looking, and I stood there gazing at the mummy case and thinking over the stories, when I put my hand in my vest pocket and felt the postage stamp. I could not help it. The thought of the mummy thousands of years old and the brand-new stamp of the brand-new country was too much. I hastily whispered in the ear of the effigy: "Why is this stamp like Antony? Give it up? Because it's stuck on you," slapped it on the case and started out to establish an alibi as quickly as possible."

Strength of Ice of Different Thicknesses.

Two inches thick—Will support a man.

Four inches thick—Will support a man on horseback.

Five inches thick—Will support an eighty-pounder cannon.

Eight inches thick—Will support a battery of artillery, with carriages and horses.

Ten inches thick—Will support an innumerable multitude.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptish Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any suffer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

THE BETROTHED.

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

Open the old cigar box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.
We quarrelled about Havanas; we fought o'er a good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on Maggie's face.
Maggie is pretty to look at, Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay.
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away.
Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown,
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty, gray and sour and old!
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold.
And the light of days that have been, the dark of the days that are,
And Love's torch sinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar.

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket,
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider awhile
Here is a mild Manila, there is a wifely smile.
Which is the better portion, bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent, comforters true and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.
Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the bush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking naught in return,
With only a Suttee's passion, to do their duty and burn.
This will fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main.
When they hear my harem is empty will send me my brides again.
I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their mouths withal.
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god Nick O'Teen;
And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelve-month clear,
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure and Work and Fight.
And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the will-o'-the-wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar box, let me consider anew;
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?
A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke,

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first sworn vows.
If Maggie will have no rival. I'll have no Maggie for spouse!

A GHOST IN COURT.

Queen Anne and Talbot Have Two Rather Remarkable Cases on Their Court Records.

But few judicial circuits have had two more unusual cases than are placed to the credit of the second, in this State, embracing the counties of Wicomico, Worcester, Talbot, Caroline, Queen Anne, Kent and Cecil. Certainly, no county in Maryland can surpass the Queen Anne ghost case and the hog witness of Talbot.

Mr. Lewis A. Leonard, originally from Talbot but now a resident of New York city, gives the facts of this remarkable case, but is in error in locating the trial at Easton and the principals as being citizens of Talbot. The case was tried at the Centreville court, and about twenty years ago when the old Queen Anne county court house was repaired and remodeled, the rail, still bearing the hand marks, and the old records in the case were found stored away in an old upper room and unfortunately destroyed. The Osbornes, he claims, lived in Kent, when in fact they lived in Queen Anne, in what has for years been known as Wilmer's Neck, a section which has since enjoyed the picturesque distinction of having had a ghostly visitor, a Woman in Black.

Some of the older citizens made copies of the interesting records, my grandfather among the number, and the case is fully authenticated.

Here are the facts as given by Mr. Leonard: "Mr. Osborne was a highly respected Englishman, who had come to this country with his five boys, for the purpose of bettering his fortunes. The sons had grown up, and by their united efforts the family had become large land owners. His extensive estate was divided into two parts—'Glenham' and 'Willow Crest,' which lay some six miles apart. Both were excellent properties in colonial days, but Glenham was the more valuable of the two. Mr. Osborne died, and Peter, the eldest son, attempted in the county court to establish a verbal will by which Glenham was to be divided among the other sons. The will was a very unfair one, as we regard things to-day, but under the English idea of primageniture, which was firmly fixed in the people's minds, such an arrangement was not unusual in those days. So, though in a mild way, Peter's brothers resisted his efforts to establish the will, no great bitterness was shown on either side, and the indications were that Peter would win the case and secure possession of Glenham. But the case was postponed from week to week until finally, Peter came to court one Tuesday morning with a look of consternation on his face, avowing his purpose of withdrawing from the effort to establish the will. When court opened, he said he was there with some witnesses to prove a most extraordinary incident, and that he desired to withdraw the non-cupative will which he had attempted to set up, and to ask that his father's estate be equally divided among the children. Then he told the following remarkable story, and established the truth of it by witnesses whom he had brought.

"'While at work in the field the other day, two neighbors were walking along with me towards the turning row. We were discussing the will and the probabilities of my success. As we approached the end of the row my father suddenly appeared at the side of the fence. He said to me, in a clear and distinct voice, 'Peter, don't do that. Don't try to rob your brothers in that way. You know I never intended that it should be done.'

"'While he spoke, my two neighbors, Mr. Hale and Cressup, heard the voice and understood every word that he said. When he ceased speaking, he laid his hand on the top rail of the fence, and we all saw the smoke arise from it. A moment later he was gone, but the print of the forefinger and thumb was distinctly burned into the rail. I have brought the rail with me that the judges may examine it, and Mr. Hale and Mr. Cressup are both ready to testify to the truth of what I have said.'

"It is recorded that the judges examined the rail and heard the testimony of the two witnesses, both of whom testified to having heard the voice, although neither of them saw the figure of Squire Osborne, as did Peter. And, furthermore, when this case was being recorded by the clerk of the court, a drop of blood fell upon the book as the last word was written, and this drop of blood may be examined to-day on the oldest record book of this county."

Here is a Talbot county court story told by Mr. Leonard in his book, "Tales I've Heard Told:"

"Yes, I remember the hog story well. Have heard it told many times. It's perhaps the only case on record where a hog testified in court."

"A hog testified?"

"Yes, a hog testified. More than this, the testimony of the hog carried the case against that of fine respectable men."

"How was it?"

"The case was tried in Easton, Md., many years ago. Col. Edward Lloyd had lost a hog, and a colored woman had been arrested, charged with the theft and with having the hog in her possession. The overseer, who had charge of the hogs, swore to the identity of this one. The man who fed them and several others were equally possitive that this was Col. Lloyd's lost hog. The woman protested her innocence, and said it was her hog, that she had raised it. Her witnesses were indefinite in their statements. They had seen a pig in her pen, and had seen a hog like this one running about her hut, but couldn't swear that it was this same hog. She was indicted and the situation looked blue for her. During the trial she told her attorney that the pig knew her and would recognized her anywhere. At the close of court that day the attorney sent for the hog and next morning moved that the court and jury go down to the court house yard and take the testimony of the pig.

"Judge Hopper, before whom the case was tried, was a man of most merciful feelings, and was quite willing to do anything that would vindicate the innocence of the woman, if she were innocent. The attorney made his statement, saying he would rest the case for the defense on the question of whether or not the hog recognized the woman to the satisfaction of the jury. A half dozen women and as many men stood in the yard when the hog was turned out. The woman spoke to it and it ran to her grunting and squealing with joy. There was no mistake about the recognition. Col. Lloyd's hog had not been gone long enough for such a friendship to spring up. The jury promptly acquitted the woman, and a week afterward Col. Lloyd's hog came home."

The Model Domestic.

Is polite.
Is neat and tidy.
Is honest and truthful.
Doesn't break the china and glass.
Never lets the range fire go out.
Riddles the ashes daily.
Stays in o' nights.
Doesn't know the policeman.
Keeps a brisk blaze in the heater.
Has the wash done by Monday noon.
Wears clean aprons.
Answers the door bell promptly.
Doesn't spoil the steak.
Washes the windows once a week.
Takes an interest in the household.
Is attentive and kind when one is sick.
Doesn't make faces at the baby.
Doesn't continually try to impress one with her inalienable independence.
Appreciates favors and kindnesses.
Doesn't save the best of everything for herself.
And if she does better herself and leave one, takes one's best wishes with her and leaves a pleasant memory behind.

Conundrums.

What domestic article represents a pillar of Greece? A candle.

Why can you be absolutely certain that a blacksmith is a horse? Because he is a horse, sure (horse-shoer.)

Why are geese impostors? Because there are a great many quacks among them.

What game gives many persons a cold? Draughts.

What game is affixed to baggage? Tag.

What game peremptorily orders silence? Whist.

If you were the first letter of the alphabet, what country ought you to get your employes from? Servia.

Is there a country in which any letters of the alphabet are musical? Well, there is Tuni-s.—*Harper's Young People.*

Show Your Best Qualities.

Honesty does not require us to hang our oil paintings faced to the wall in order that our friends may see that they are made on coarse canvas. It is right to appear always at our best. Give the world your brightest thoughts, your most courteous speech, the outcome of your kindest impulses and purest motives, no matter if you are conscious that these things are above your ordinary level. God made the flowers show their colors, not their dull fibrous matter; to load the air with their odors, not with the rankness of their sap.—*Homiletic Review.*

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on M. A. Toulson, Druggist, and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

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THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Self-love often lies at the root of disappointment.

Friendship is not friendship till circumstances put it to the test.

He whom temptation never has assailed, knows not that subtle sense of moral strength.

Pain is but little varied. Every human heart must sometime hear the miserere desolate and drear.

The meanest insect dies and is no hero. Heroes dare to live when all that makes life sweet is snatched away.

In matters of business, it is quite as important that you should be exact and careful with your nearest friends, as with a stranger.

Pride and Time can heal the saddest hearts of Love, while Friendship's wounds gape wide, and better fountains of the spirit prove.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday. As to the morrow, it is time enough to consider it when it becomes to-day.

If we should study the lives of the people about us we would grow interested in them, and life would be less lonely and more unselfish. It is not well to be too exclusive.

A woman who posseses tact and art and strength of will can take the hand of doom and walk on, smiling sweetly as she goes, cheating a world that never knows the pain and sorrow of her hidden heart.

Our own interests are bound up in those of our friends, our town, our city, our nation, our race; and he who most fully realizes this, and most conscientiously works for it, is the truest benefactor of the community, and will generally be one of its happiest members.

When our heart is in our work, when the desire to do it faithfully and well is pre-eminent, when the means we use are in harmony with the means we approve, when human sympathy and fellow-feeling promote just and equitable dealings with others, then shall we experience that peace which no amount of ease or idleness or luxury can ever impart.

PUNISHING AN EDITOR.

Curious methods of punishing indiscreet editors are in vogue in some countries. In "South American Sketches" Mr. Crawford describes the interesting experience of an editor who had been unfortunate enough to give offence to the ruling powers by the freedom of his criticisms.

The editor was arrested and confined in a narrow passage between the cages of two jaguars, notorious for their bad tempers and their intense dislike for human society.

The intervening space was so regulated that neither of the ferocious animals could get its paws quite to the middle line between the cages; so that a spare, active person, if very careful to follow the classical advise about the advantages of steering a middle course, might manage to pass without special injury, though the achievement would be both exciting and dangerous.

Our editorial friend happened to be stout, and therefore was the more easily reached by the occupants of the cages. As if to add insult to injury, he was given a chair on which to sit, and at the same time was furnished with a copy of his own paper, the issue which had brought him into trouble, in order that he might meditate upon its contents.

He tried to sit motionless and bolt upright, feeling those sleepy, cruel eyes fixed upon him. At the slightest movemovement, or the rustle of the paper, uneasy mutterings arose from the cages, and a paw would stretch stealthily toward him. Leaning quickly to the other side, he was sure to be met by the ugly claws of the second jaguar. It was a case of Scylla and Charybdis.

Every few minutes the jaguars became wildly excited and clawed fiercely at the shrinking editor, who, do his best, could not escape those rending toe-nails. His clothing was torn to shreds, but except for a few scratches he was not really injured.

Wisdom in a World of Folly.

Responsibility walks hand and hand with capacity and power.—J. G. Holland.

Absence of occupation is not rest; a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.—Cowper.

He is richest who is content with the least, for content is the wealth of nature. —Socrates.

He who lives only to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when he dies.—Tertullian.

The reflections on a day well spent furnish us with a joy more pleasing than ten thousand triumphs.—Thomas A. Kempis.

If we have need of a strong will in order to do good, it is still more necessary for us in order not to do evil.—Mole.

There is