DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,

Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

Having enlarged and otherwise added to the convoniences 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 receipes. 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.

Three Doors from Cahall's Corner,
Chestertown, - - Maryland

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.

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.

LEWIN W. WICKES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Chestertown, - - - - Maryland.

WILLIAM W. BECK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, Maryland.

Office opposite Market Square.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 121 Callowhill Street,
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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

FRANK WRIGHT & Co

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

304 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

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 shippe s generally a trial, we guarantee top mark erprices and prompt returns.

Yours respectfully,
FRANK WRIGHT &CO.

Stewart Fruit Company.

WHOLESALE

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. B. PROBERT.

COMEGYS BROWN

—WITH—

LONEY & CO.,

Successors to Wright & Loney.

FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

COMMISSIONMERCHANTS,

No. 215 S. Charles Street Baltimore, Md.

☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics National Bank, cor, Entaw and Fayette, Sts.

Established 1877.

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Live Stock

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

30th & Market, Philadelphia.

We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities for this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced. Jan. 3, 1896.

G. W. ROEDER & CO.,

General Commission Merchants,

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BALTIMORE, MD.

Grain, Fruits, Vegetables, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Hides, wool, Furs, Feathers, Tallow, Bees-wax, Oysters, Fish, Crabs, etc. Returns sent daily.

REFERENCES.—Traders Nat'onal Bank, Bradstreet's and Dunn's Mercanti e Agencies, and the Business Community.

WM. S. CULP,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

COAL & WOOD,

—ALSO—

Lime, Cement and Baled Hay

Telephone connection at Fowler's paper and paint store where orders can be left and which will receive prompt attention.

WILLIAM S. CULP,
Feb. 16, 1893. CHESTERTOWN, Md.

WHEAT MARKET!

We have daily telegrams from the Grain markets of the west and all parts of Europe.

MR. H. M. BROWN

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

I. M. PARR & SON.

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, OCTOBER 19, 1899. VOL. XXXIX—NO. 15.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

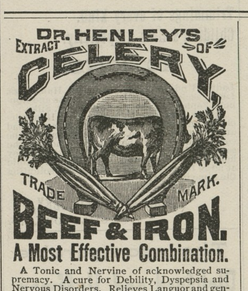
☞ Yearly and Monthly Advertisements at Moderate Rates.

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.



BEEF & IRON.

A Most Effective Combination.

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

PRICE $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

SEASON OF 1899.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

are offering to the general public the largest and most complete line of

STOVES

House Furnishing Goods,

in Kent County, at PRICES THAT CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

OUR LINE OF Excelsiors, Parlor and New Lea Cook Stoves is unrivalled for beauty of finish and superior construction, a well as for celebrity in practical work Our "Excelsior" Cook, in particular, ha no superior on this or any other market

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

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

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

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

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Study Your Interest

—AND—

Insure Your Property

—IN THE—

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

OF KENT COUNTY.

ITS TOTAL ASSETS ARE:

STOCKS, BONDS, REALESTATE, and cash	$64,608 08
PREMIUM NOTES - -	188,176 00
TOTAL - - - -	$252,784 68

Their New Policies cover all losses by lightning whether fire ensues or not.

Their New policies cover all losses from fire occasioned by the use of fire engines when used with proper care. See regulations of policies.

Their New policies are transferable upon approval of treasurer.

Liberal in Terms and Settlements.

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

The Company during these years also returned to holders of cancelled policies $22,156.55.

Applications for Insurance can be made to

JAMES R. JONES.....Millington
JAMES BRICE.....Chestertown.
C. J. SCOTT.....Galena
GEORGE E. OWENS.....Betterton.
ELLSWORTH HOWERS.....Lynch's.
JOS. DOWNEY.....Rock Hall.
E. S. VALLIANT.....Church Hill.
A. M. KENDALL.....Fairlee.

THOMAS W. ELIASON, Pres
GEO. B. WESTCOTT, Sec. and Treas.

LUMBER.

LUMBER.

SHINGLES. SHINGLES.

N. C. FLOORING,
GA. FLOORING,
VA. PINE FRAME STUFF,
GA. " " "
VA. PINE SIDING,
WHITE PINE SIDING,
WHITE PINE BARN & CULL B'DS
CYPRESS FENCING,
DOORS, SASH
BLINDS,
MOULDINGS, ETC.,

—FOR SALE BY—

T. W. ELIASON,

Plumbing and Machine Work

Executed in a Skillful Manner in Every Detail Steam and Hot Water Heating. Pipe and Pipe Fittings, Plumming Materials, Bath Tubs and Sanitary Arrangements. Also, Rubber Hose and Hose Fittings.

Wind Mills & Pumps, Every Description

Special attention to

REPAIRING ENGINES AND BOILERS.

☞ Also, BICYCLES REPAIRED.

FRANK M. MILLER,
Kent News Building, Chestertown, Md.

A QUARTER IS Worth Saving.

We can save you this amount on many purchases, especially in

HARNESS, ROBES and BLANKETS.

The finest assortment anywhere. See the WATER PROOF ROBE, best for rainy or muddy weather.

Husking Pegs and Gloves, Stove Pipes, Oil Heaters, Fodder Yarn, Guns and Ammunition, Hunting Coats, Lard Presses and Meat Choppers.

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

OUR STOCK OF CARRIAGES

is as complete as ever, and to move some of these goods before winter, will make SPECIAL inducements.

Do not forget we carry a full line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

and a FINE SELECTION of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Isaac Robinson,

Still Pond, Md. Town Hall Building.

COOL WEATHER

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

Just Now

the boy can be fitted out about complete, as our assortment of

BOYS' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHNIG

has been nearly all received, including many new designs, far above the average.

Men's Suits and Overcoats

are being received daily from the leading manufacturers of New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR and GLOVES,

all carefully looked after. Plenty styles in all the new

HATS AND CAPS.

Respectfully,

Moody & Lusby,

Directly opposite Court House. Square Dealing Clothiers.

Blacksmithing!

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

☞ Have you had your horse shod here? if not, try us, and we will please you. Bring your business to

HACKETT'S

Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing Parlor,

Still Pond.

FIFTY YEARS OLD

Why let your neighbors know it?

And why give them a chance to guess you are even five or ten years more?

Better give them good reasons for guessing the other way. It is very easy; for nothing tells of age so quickly as gray hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is a youth-renewer.

It hides the age under a luxuriant growth of hair the color of youth.

It never fails to restore color to gray hair. It will stop the hair from coming out also.

It feeds the hair bulbs. Thin hair becomes thick hair, and short hair becomes long hair.

It cleanses the scalp; removes all dandruff, and prevents its formation.

We have a book on the Hair which we will gladly send you.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

The Ambition of EVERY MAN

is to own a home.

When You Want Your Own Home

call on us, we can furnish you

THE LUMBER, THE BUILDING MATERIALS AND THE PAINT

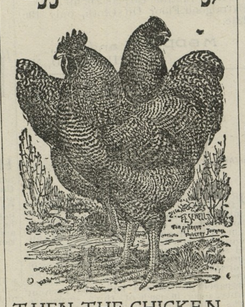
to finish the job and at the right prices.

TURNER & SON,

BETTERTON, MD.

Use John W. Masury & Son's PAINTS.

Eggs For Hatching,



THEN THE CHICKEN.

I have several pens of Barred Plymouth Rocks, headed by fine cockerels and cocks of noted breeders. Eggs $1.00 for 13, or $5 a hundred.

ROBERT W. LUSBY,
Kennedyville, Md.

march 16-3t.

A CIVIL WAR EPISODE

THE RAID UPON PORT GIBSON AND WHAT CAUSED IT.

Fifty Aristocratic Southern Girls Were Taken as Prisoners of War and Were Carried to Vicksburg and There Held as Hostages.

"I was mixed up in one little unrecorded event of the civil war," said General B., "that was interesting from its very unusualness, and which, as I look back upon it, seems strangely picturesque. We were attached to what was known as the marine brigade, a little fleet of 12 'tinclad' river steamboats that plied up and down the Mississippi river after the surrender of Vicksburg. The term 'tinclad,' by the way, is somewhat misleading, as it is not remotely connected with the white metal, but signifies rather boats heavily planked with oak for the purpose of protecting them somewhat from the ravages of bullets.

"One day our little battalion of four companies was ordered to steam down the river, disembark at Rodney, march to Port Gibson and there consult sealed orders in regard to further proceedings. Imagine our surprise upon reading the instructions that we were expected to capture and carry back to Vicksburg as prisoners 50 of the most aristocratic Confederate young women in the city. However, we had served long enough to obey orders without question, and, provided with guides familiar with the town, we set about our bizarre and not too agreeable task. We first established headquarters at the residence of a prominent Confederate judge.

"Then different squads were sent out to call at the homes of the young women and escort them to the place of rendezvous. The instructions were that they must report at headquarters with in two hours on penalty of their family residence being burned to the ground. The only information we could give them (the whole transaction was as much a mystery to us as to them) was that they were to be taken to Vicksburg as prisoners of war, but were on no account to suffer any discomfort or indignity.

"Of course, there was great weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth from tender mothers, loving sisters and irate fathers and brothers. But the incident had to be accepted as belonging to the fortunes of war, and at the end of two hours 49 of the 50, attended by anxious friends and relatives, were at the rendezvous. Mercy was implored for one delinquent. An additional hour was granted, and, at their own suggestion, several of the young women were dispatched to her home to persuade her to follow their example in gracefully submitting to the inevitable. The result was that before the hour was up the last fair prisoner had put in an appearance, though in a very defiant mood.

"Our troubles, however, by no means ended here. Indeed, they were hardly fairly begun. The next question was how to transport our beautiful captives to Rodney, a distance of some 20 miles, over roads that were in a frightful condition from the devastation of war and consequent neglect. All the good horses, too, like all the good men, were off to the war, and as for carriages, they had most decidedly fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude.

"There was obviously nothing for us to do, therefore, but to gather together all the broken down old horses and dilapidated vehicles in the vicinity, which we somehow managed to hitch together with plow harnesses, bits of rope, straps, etc. With these improvised coaches, drawn up into line, began the process of loading on our victims, and when they were all stowed away it was a motley looking procession, I can assure you. Even the sound of farewells and the sight of weeping eyes could not blind us to the humorous aspect of the scene. You must remember that we were all pretty young fellows in 1863. The civil war was fought by men whose average age was only 23.

"Well, we made our way slowly, amid tears and laughter, to Rodney, where we embarked for Vicksburg. Upon arriving there the young women were taken before the provost marshal, who put them on parole, confining them to the limits of the city. Most of them had friends in the town with whom they chose to remain, and suitable quarters were found for the rest.

"The reason for the whole transaction then transpired. It seemed that some northern young women schoolteachers had been taken prisoners by the Confederates and were at that moment in their camps, where they were forced to wash and mend for the soldiers and perform other menial services. These Confederate young women were, therefore, to be held as hostages until the northern women were released.

"There was little delay in the exchange, and we had our visitors in Vicksburg only 30 days. They were, however, very gay, delightful days. Yankee officers and Confederate maidens intermingled socially, and the acquaintance so rudely forced upon the beautiful southerners proved in some instances a mutual pleasure. I could, indeed, point to more than one romantic marriage that was the direct outcome of our raid upon Port Gibson."—Washington Times.

Nameless and Dateless Tombstone.

Speaking of tombstone literature, we have some in our own cemetery which read a little queer. On one of the stones which mark a grave not so very old is the following:

Born
July —, 184-.
Died
September —, 187-.
May He Rest In Peace.
From His Wife.

—Frankfort (Ky.) Roundabout.

Cold and Chloroform.

It has been found that an apparatus for killing animals with chloroform in England would not work in India, because the high temperature prevented the concentration of the chloroform vapor. That this was the case was proved by the fact that by placing ice in the box the animals were readily killed.

If you think you resemble a great man, say nothing. The resemblance may cease the moment you open your mouth.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

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

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

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

LIFE AND LOVE.

True love is of a birth sublime;
It knows not space, it knows not time;
It has a guerdon from above,
For love is life, and life is love.

You, with your dangered gift of scorn,
Would seek to make true love forlorn;
Yet know where'er your wish may rove
That love is life, and life is love.

You flaunt new loves before my eyes,
I note them with a scant surprise;
You cannot spoil the treasure trove
That love is life, and life is love.

We mortals are compact of change,
We have a thought of wondrous range—
For boy and girl, for man and wife,
Yet life is love, and love is life.

Is't well to judge by human skill
What warrant serves true love to kill?
It stands, through all your nescient strife,
That life is love, and love is life.

I match remembrance with your word,
The truth may pierce you like a sword,
The truth may be a keen edged knife,
Yet life is love, and love is life.

False love is like the winding sheet
Figured in snow and blinding sleet;
The shelter whence you dare not move
Is—love is life, and life is love.

—Walter Herries Pollock in Longman's Magazine.

A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

Why the Apartment House Manager Had a Case of the Blues.

The manager of the apartment house, a well fed, well featured, well dressed man, was standing in the main doorway of his establishment, which, by the way, is owned by an out of town capitalist, who is not the most generous provider in the world and insists upon the flat being conducted upon the most economical lines. The manager was not happy, however fair he may have appeared to the eye, and he heaved a long drawn sigh as a friend approached and greeted him.

"What's wrong?" inquired the newcomer.

"Oh, we've all got our troubles!" was the vague and lugubrious reply.

"You oughtn't to have any."

"But I have, just the same."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I'm worried sick because I haven't got an elevator boy."

"There shouldn't be any difficulty in removing that trouble, I should say."

"There is. I've tried 40 and can't get one to suit."

"You must be very hard to please."

"It isn't that," sighed the manager. "I'm all right, but it's this way: The old man insists on having the elevator boy wear a uniform, and he furnishes it. Uniforms cost money, and when the last boy retired he left a brand new uniform, and the old man won't get another. That's the rub. I can find plenty of boys of sufficient intelligence, ample experience, industrious habits, good moral character and fine address, but I'll be darned if I can get one that the uniform will fit, and there you have it. Now what the dickens am I to do? Ain't that enough trouble for any one man?"—Washington Star.

A Painful Discovery.

"It was about the witching hour," said the suburbanite. "I had left the station some distance behind me and was on my way up the road toward home. I had got comfortably cool by that time, and the charming influence of the starlit night possessed me and made me feel at peace with all the world. Nor did the fact that I and my new suit had made a hit with the friends I had been visiting detract from the fullness of my self satisfaction.

"All went well until I came to a street crossing my road. At the corner was a street lamp, which from some cause was not lit, and from this lamp fluttered what seemed to be a handkerchief. You know I am a little bit near sighted.

"I reached over to take it, but it was touched by the wind and waved just beyond my grasp. I reached over farther, leaning full against the lamp post. This time I was successful, and I found that the supposed handkerchief was a piece of paper on which was written in bold and dashing letters the legend 'Fresh Paint.'"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Real Reason.

Long ago he had taken the resolution always to be perfectly honest with his children.

"My son," he accordingly observed, "I am beating you with this trunk strap not for your own good, but because I am hot under the collar! No, it does not by any means hurt me more than it hurts you!"

In the face of such a luminous example it would be strange if a boy did not grow up to be an honest man.

It was perhaps possible to overdo this thing and render a boy so honest that he would be unable to earn his living in any of the learned professions, but that difficulty, if it existed at all, was theoretical rather than practical.—Detroit Journal.

With Pleasure.

McSwatters—I always love to hear that girl next door play "The Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. McSwathers—I thought you said you couldn't stand her piano playing?

McSwatters—Well, when she plays "The Star Spangled Banner" it's a sign she's got through.—Syracuse Herald.

How It Happened.

Jones—What a funny looking house that is across the street.

Smith—Isn't it an oddity, though? I understand the owner instructed the contractor to follow all the plans suggested by his wife.—Ohio State Journal.

Men quite incapable of writing themselves down fools in the old way do it very readily with the help of a stenographer.—Detroit Journal.

There are many people who will never grow rich, because their habit is to spend all they get.—Evening Wisconsin.

A Bride With Some Good Points.

Some years ago in an agricultural district there lived a farmer who wanted to sell one of his cows. There was not at that time a weekly paper in which he could advertise, so he resolved to follow a local custom and ask the vicar of the parish when giving out his notices at church to advertise the cow.

"Yes, farmer," said the vicar, "I should be willing to oblige you, but you don't attend my church."

Presently, however, they struck a bargain that the vicar should advertise the cow, and the man in return promised to go to church.

Now, unfortunately the man was deaf, and on the Sunday following when the vicar gave out the banns of marriage between Joseph So-and-so, bachelor, and Sarah So-and-so, spinster, the farmer took it for granted that the vicar was giving out particulars of his cow and shouted out:

"You might as well say while you are about it that she is a most gentle creature and entirely free from vice."—Stray Stories.

The western part of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is the pygmy of its kind. They are snow white and are on that account almost worshiped by the people.

In Henry VIII's time a lamp was found in a monastic tomb that had been burning for 1,200 years.

Glad He Lost His Job.

There is a certain editor in New York with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raised the salary of a subeditor who "suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered not to spare space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. It was this way:

Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down to an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should point his article.

"Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" was the answer.

The famous humorist half shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence and then said decisively, "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job."

"May I ask what was your job, Mr Twain?" exclaimed the puzzled reporter.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied Mr. Clemens, with great suavity, "I was a reporter."—Saturday Evening Post.

Where's Your Dead Spot?

Most people have doubted their eyes when at some conjuring performance they have seen a man run needles and pins through both cheeks, evincing no pain as he does so. In reality every person has hundreds of senseless specks of skin all over his body through which he could run pins, or even cut them out, without feeling any pain. If some one else were to do so when he was blindfolded, he would not be even aware of the fact. Physicians call them dead spots, and the reason that one man can sew his cheeks up while another could not is simply because the former happens to have many hundreds of these spots in one place.

These dead spots are caused by the minute nerves which convey every sensation to the brain being either absent in these particular places or dead and senseless. But should any one of our readers allow himself to be blindfolded, and then get one of his friends to prod him very gently with a clean needle, say all on one arm, out of every hundred pricks he will feel only about 60 or 70 at the most.

In the other cases the needle will have touched dead spots.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SAUCY, BUT SELF RELIANT.

Such Is the Typical East Side Girl of New York City.

"The typical east side girl of New York," writes Charles T. Brodhead in The Ladies' Home Journal, "is simply a product of her environments. She is surrounded by the good, bad and indifferent. She is in an atmosphere in which no girl should be reared. Her eyes and ears are closed to many disagreeable things around her. And she shuts them simply because she does not care to see and hear. Yet the east side girl is no saint. Far from it. The typical girl of that section is self reliant, saucy, impertinent, slangy, quick tempered, ready to fight with the tongue, and even with fists if necessary. She will dance all night and work all day, repeat it three or four times a week, then declare she isn't tired and look bright and fresh all the while. She will upbraid her mother, whom she calls 'me ole woman;' and abuse her father, referred to by her as 'me ole man;' cuff the ears of her younger brothers; have a hair pulling match with a sister; yet if any one should dare utter a word derogatory to the members of her family, 'Miss East Side' would go at them like a wildcat. She flirts outrageously with motormen, conductors and the like and will laugh derisively at or slap the face of the well dressed man who presumes to become acquainted with her on the street; remain night after night at the bedside of a girl friend who is ill and follow a begging cripple half a block to give her last cent for charity."

Evarts' Puns.

William M. Evarts, secretary of state under President Hayes, made perhaps his best and his worst puns from railway platforms while traveling with the presidential party.

They had ascended Mount Washington by the steep cable road, and other tourists, gathered there from all parts of the country, called for a speech. "We are not strangers," said Mr. Evarts genially. "We have all been born and brought up here."

At another time, when traveling through Tennessee, Mr. Evarts laid a wager with the young people of his party that he could make a pun upon each town through which they should pass. As they reached Chattanooga the crowd clamored for a speech. Mr. Evarts pleaded that as the train would stop but a moment he could only make a few Chattanoogatory remarks!

The unexpected element which characterizes a pun was marked in all the wit of Rufus Choate. "I can't endure X." he once exclaimed of another famous Bostonian. "I should not care if I should never see him again." Then half remorsefully, "Well, I should not care if I should see him in a procession."

Making a Child Too Quiet.

Play is the proper and natural outlet for a child's thoughts. To restrain his motion is to drive back his living fancy into the recesses of his mind, and this results in his confusion and unhappiness. Some children who are forced to be still and passive when they are longing for action find relief in whispering over stories to themselves, but it is an unsatisfactory substitute for dramatic action. And it is also morally injurious, for the necessity of concealing one's ideas destroys after awhile the ability for fluent expression and brings about timidity and distrust of our friends.—Florence Hull Winterburn in Woman's Home Companion.

A Bad Symptom.

"Has George ever hinted that he had thought of you as a possible wife?" asked the anxious mother.

"No," replied the girl, a faraway look in her eyes, "and I'm afraid he never will."

"Why," said the mother. "I thought"—

"It doesn't matter what you thought, mamma, dear," interrupted the daughter. "Only last night he complained of feeling drowsy, and it wasn't 9 o'clock."

His Busy Time.

Mosely Wrags—I never was so busy as I am now, mum

Mrs. Smith—What are you doing?

Mosely Wrags—I'm lookin fer a job.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

We generally are much more ready to say that we cannot afford it when it is a question of some one else rather than ourselves being benefited.—Philadelphia Times.

Hearn's Vivid Imagination.

Many years ago Lafcadió Hearn was a reporter on the staff of a Cincinnati newspaper. One day a famous steeple climber was going to scale the spire of the cathedral to repair the cross that topped the spire 200 feet above the sidewalk. The afternoon he first scaled the spire thousands of people watched him breathlessly as he slowly made his way up the outside of the steeple. Of course he was interviewed, and he said boastingly that the task was so easy that he could just as well carry a man up on his back.

That noon Hearn said timidly to his city editor that he had read of the steeple climber's offer and would be glad to ascend the spire on his back. The editor tried to point out to Hearn the peril of the thing, but he would not listen. Finally the steeple climber and Hearn arranged their end of the feat.

At the appointed time Hearn mounted the steeple climber's shoulders, and the dizzy journey began. Tens of thousands of people watched the foolhardy pair. At last the cross was reached, and Hearn left his perch on the climber's shoulders. The mob in the streets below cheered, and then the two men returned to the ground safely.

Hearn went back to the office and sat down and wrote two columns of a story describing his sensations, and the glories of the view he had obtained from the steeple top. Such a glowing description of a city seen from a great height has never been read before or since. The most interesting thing about it was the fact that Hearn was so near sighted he could not see five feet beyond the tip of his nose.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Sorrowful Tree.

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given. Perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening.

When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and as the shades of night advance and the stars thickly stud the sky the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like one immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust as white as snow covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose.

If the tree is cut down close to the roots, a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time.

In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another, which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

AN INCIDENT IN HAITI.

Illustrating the Peculiar Treating Custom in Vogue There.

Of course there is in Haiti a small circle of native born creoles, who are naturally born ladies and gentlemen, exquisite in their courtly manners and most desirable as friends. Then the white men who are living there, as I have already mentioned, are characters. If they take a liking to you, all they have or can capture is yours. The following will illustrate this characteristic:

Mine host and a friend were walking through the leading thoroughfare of one of the towns when the friend suddenly came to a standstill and, placing his long nervous index finger on mine host's breast, remarked:

"My dear boy, in here they make the best cocktails in Haiti. I have spent three fortunes in assuring myself of the truth of this. Let's go in and try one."

There was a prompt adjournment from the pathwalk to the interior of the building, a few minutes of delightful, expectant silence as the ingredients were shaken together, a mutual bow, followed by disappearance of the liquids.

Friend—How do you like that?

Mine Host—Delicious!

Friend—Let us have another.

Mine Host—Certainly, only this second one is on me.

Friend—Make no mistake, my boy; they are both on you. I've no money.

It is the unexpected that happens, especially in Haiti the unknown.—Henry Sandham in Harper's Magazine.

Chickens In Haiti.

The natives call the island "Eye-te." Nearly every one I have met who can speak English at all drops the "h" and picks it up after the manner of the London costermonger and his cousins, the cockneys and 'Arry boys. Apples in Eye-te are happles. It is a great chicken country, the variety of poultry depending entirely on the color of the complexion of the incoming president. If he be yellow, the "yaller legged" Dominique is permitted to thrive alone in his glory. Every black legged chicken is killed, and any person caught harboring one is bound to suffer. On the other hand, if the president be black only black legged poultry is in the fashion. The "yaller legs" are destroyed. Similar conditions prevail in Santo Domingo.—Victor Smith in New York Press.

Smelling a Railway.

Do you know that a railway track has an odor? The fact was learned from a blind man who was walking with a friend amid strange surroundings in Westchester county last week.

"Is a train coming?" he asked.

"Why do you ask?" his friend inquired, for, though there was a railway track a few hundred feet ahead of them there was not the slightest sound to indicate its presence.

"I smell the rails," he answered.

He did smell them, and though his friend's nose was not nearly so sensitive, he could with his head within an inch of the rails detect an odor like that from slightly heated iron filings.—New York Herald.

Blew Him Good.

Arkansan—It's an ill wind blows nobody some good.

Easterner—How about a cyclone?

Arkansan—Same thing applies. Last one went through here brought me a horse and wagon, a cow stable and a good, steady farm hand, things I've needed for two years.—Ohio State Journal.

To Stop Nosebleed.

To stop nosebleed cut some blotting paper about an inch square, roll it about the size of a lead pencil and put it up the nostril that is bleeding. The hollow in it will fill the space between the tube and the nose and will very soon congulate and thereby stop the flow of blood.—New York Times.

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

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