



THE



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—AND—
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Deer Creek Farmer's Club.

Farm Implements.

[We are indebted to the *Examiner* for the following interesting report of the August meeting of the Club. It would be well if our more progressive farmers of Cecil would organize Farmers' Clubs. An interchange of ideas on their business would be of immense advantage to all.]

The August meeting of the Deer Creek Farmers' Club was held at Friendship Farm, the residence of Mr. Wm. B. Hopkins, August 22d. This farm formerly belonged to the late Col. Wm. B. Stephenson. It is situated on the "river hills" of Harford, from whence a magnificent panorama is spread before the eyes, taking in the Susquehanna river and a long stretch of Cecil county, with Port Deposit nestling under the hills. The farm contains 300 acres of rich land, of which 135 are in grass, 35 in corn, 20 were in wheat this summer and the remainder in woods. The land has been highly improved and it is no uncommon thing for the fields to produce from 18 to 20 barrels of corn to the acre.

The meeting was largely attended by active and honorary members and visitors from the neighborhood. In the absence of the President, Mr. John Moore was called to the chair. Mr. Hargraves Spalding, Secretary.

Messrs. R. Harris Archer, Wm. Munnikhuyzen and James W. Hanns were appointed a committee to examine and report upon the condition of the farm and premises.

Mr. Archer on behalf of the committee, said that the farm, no doubt, had had more fertilizers, principally bone, applied to it than any other farm in Harford county. The barn is very large and if Mr. Hopkins succeeds in filling it once a year both he and the place will be doing their duty. The lower part of the barn is arranged for stabling 50 cattle and more stalls could be put in. Col. Stephenson, however, never stabled his cattle but once. The cattle stable and part of the barn yard are paved

There is a pump in the yard and a hydraulic ram from which water can be brought from a spring. Mr. Hopkins has 35 stock cattle grazing on splendid sod. One of his permanent pasture fields has not been plowed for 35 years, another for 25 and another for 17 years. The grass is rank and luxuriant and would suffice to pasture much more stock than is on it. The farm has on it much stone fencing, which Col. Stephenson had built immediately on the surface of the ground, believing that to be a better way than digging a trench for a foundation for the fence. Some of the fencing was erected more than 50 years ago.

The subject previously announced for discussion was "Farm Implements."

Mr. Wm. B. Hopkins thought that the improvement in farming implements during the last 25 years as great as anything else. The plows of that period would not slip in any soil: now they are made to do good work and good plowing is essential, to good farming. The mowing machine, too, is a great labor-saving implement compared with the old scythe. There is also a great advance from the sickle to the self-binder but he did not know whether the self-binder would work on the steep hill-sides on his farm or not. The improvements in farming implements have been so many that it would be impossible to enumerate them. He had used a double riding corn worker on steep hill sides and it worked as well as in any land. To carry on any farm properly it is necessary to have good implements.

Wm. C. Wilson said that the best implements are the kind for a farmer to buy. The improvement in plows has been one of the greatest. He uses a Crawford mower, but thinks nearly all of those offered for sale are good. It will pay to have the latest improved labor-saving machinery, but he would not advise farmers going too much in debt for them.

E. C. Hopkins of Lee said that to be successful a farmer must keep up with the times. Judgment, however, should be used in buying machinery, as what would suit some farms would not suit others, and many farmers make a mistake in this direction especially in buying plows. Buy one kind of plow and stick to that. The Oliver Chilled is good for smooth land, but on rough land he prefers the Wiard or Syracuse. A man on a small farm is apt to buy too much machinery. He thought it would be a good plan for persons owning small farms to buy some machinery together.

Wm. Stephenson considered that money is saved by having the best machinery. Hands work better if they have good implements to work with.

Geo. R. Stephenson said that from observation he considered it economical for a farmer to have a mower, a horse rake, a hay fork and a corn-sheller. It would pay a farmer to go in debt for these. Other machinery, such as a reaper, binder, wheat drill, &c., are not so essential. He had seen as heavy crops of wheat grown from broadcasting as from drilling. It is cheaper to buy the best machinery even at a higher price than to buy inferior articles.

Dr. W. W. Hopkins said every farmer ought to have good machinery. In buying, also, he ought to look to the source of supply in repairs. Other things being equal, he would rather give \$10 more for a mower or \$25 more for a binder if it were convenient to get repairs for it. In buying machinery a farmer should consult with his neighbors and find out from their experience, what is best before buying.

John Craig said he wanted good implements on the farm. He regarded the Oliver Chilled plow as the best and was the first farmer in his neighborhood to use one. He had never broken a point and his land is rough. A mower is so important that he would go in debt for one. On hilly land he thought the cradle almost as cheap as the reaper and binder for cutting wheat.

S. B. Hanna was also in favor of having the best farm implements. He considered the mower as the most labor-saving machine and the hay fork next. The binder does good work but the high price asked for them make them objectionable. The Oliver Chilled plow is the best he had yet tried.

James Lee said that before buying much machinery is important to have a proper place in which to store it. He did approve of buying everything offered. He thought the self-binder could be worked on any hill side.

R. Harris Archer said the average farmer is inclined to buy too much machinery. Three-fourths of them are in debt, and he would advise them if they have a good self-rake reaper to use that instead of buying a binder. A poor man with only a pair of horses can frequently buy for 50 cents a plow which would have been considered a good one a few years ago, and Mr. Archer argued that it is better to do this than buy an Oliver Chilled plow at \$15. A farmer can hire a wheat drill, which is better than going in debt for one. The poor farmer also, had better begin by working his corn with the ordinary cultivator instead of buying a riding cultivator. It takes many a bushel of wheat to pay for a binder or corn worker.

S. M. Lee said that to keep up with the advance of the day we must use improved machinery. The amount of land to be farmed must be considered in buying machinery. We should have such plows as do their work properly, whether it takes more or less power to work them. He often has to get out a plow he made 20 years ago to take the place of plows of the present day.

R. John Rogers said that a farmer can not get along without improved machinery, and the best is always the cheapest. A man with small means should buy very little. Farmers are too much disposed to buy machinery with the latest improvements, often throwing aside a good machine for one more expensive and doing no better work. The kind of machinery to buy is a matter of opinion. He doubted whether there was much difference. Above all things it is important to take proper care of machinery. The binder appears to be a success, but there did not seem to be last enough in them to justify farmers in buying one. The saving in the use of a binder is trifling over a reaper.

Wm. Munnikhuyzen said farmers ought to have labor saving machinery but not too much of it.—Almost all kinds of plows are good, but he would in addition recommend a McCormick mower, a McCormick binder, a Thomas hay rake, a Thomas hay tedder and a Superior grain drill. Plowing is done better now than formerly and with more ease to the plowman. Thomas Leachery said there is economy in getting the best implements and keeping them in the best order. Hands work more cheerfully with good implements and do more and better work than with poor tools. There is such a thing, on a small farm, as getting too much machinery. A farmer ought to consider whether his place will justify him in getting certain machinery or not.

Wm. B. Hopkins asked if it did not require some knowledge of machinery to run a self-binder.—The President replied that any one who could run a wheel-barrow could run a self-binder.

H. Spalding thought it a great disadvantage to have too much machinery. He had used a Champion reaper and mower for eight years and it had cost very little for repairs. The Oliver Chilled plows do better work than any other. He had used the wheel cultivator on wheat ground and found that it works well.

Rev. F. C. Lee said a farmer ought to be familiar enough with the implements he uses to be able to repair them ordinarily they might be saved a great deal of trouble and expense.

Wm. D. Lee said that while it is important to have all the improved machinery necessary, farmers should not encumber themselves by buying too much at one time. For a small place expensive machinery can often be hired to advantage. He thought the new plows much easier and better to work with than the old kind. A double corn worker is of great advantage, as with it one man can do the work of two with the ordinary cultivators.

Wm. F. Hays believes in good machinery. A man with a bad tool had better not undertake a job at all.

John Moore said every farmer should have the best kind of machinery—good wattocks, picks, shovels and forks. If he had from 15 to 20 acres of wheat to cut he would have a self binder. He had been using one for 23 years and it has not cost him 25 cents for repairs. He only knew of one kind of machine that farmers use too much, and that is fine buggies and carriages. They are, also, much apt to put them under cover while their useful machinery is left in a fence corner. Among good neighbors several expensive machines, such as the self-binder, &c., might be owned in common. With a binder to cut it, wheat may be allowed to stand ten days longer than when cut in any other way. There is also a great advantage in double or riding cultivators, as lazy men can work with them. Farmers ought to consult each other before buying an important piece of machinery. If farmers all used the same kind of binder, for instance, it would pay the manufacturer to have a man in every section five miles square to furnish repairs.

Dr. John Sappington regarded it as a mistake in manufacturers not

sending suitable persons to adjust self-binders and other expensive machinery. A binder is more convenient but probably no cheaper to use than a reaper. They are besides, more complicated and when out of repair the farmer cannot manage them. We ought to have a machine shop in this country and farmers ought to patronize it. They ought to be willing to pay a little more for machinery in order to have it repaired at home.

An Old Document.

Through the kindness of Esquire Taylor, we had the pleasure of inspecting the deed to the lot of 6 acres on which the little brick Friends' meeting house of West Nottingham stands. The deed bears date 1727-8. We copied a few extracts from the old brown and faded paper, which will serve to show the language and style of speaking and writing of that day. The Reynolds name appears in the Society's records of that early day and seems to have been as active and influential as at present.

The Friends' denomination has proved a potent element in Christianity and civilization, but has not been so aggressive or progressive as other denominations. What work it performed it did well. The historian cannot place his finger on a single uncharitable word or act emanating from that sect from its organization to the present day. The old deed recites—

To all whom these presents Shall come, Henry Reynolds, William Reynolds, William Hanly & Thomas Browne all of y^e Township of Nottingham, in county of Chester & province of Pennsylvania S^{ds} Greeting Whereas James King & William Harris by their Indenture of Lease & release bearing Date of 11th of y^e first month 1723 for y^e Consideration therein mentioned did grant & confirm unto us y^e above said Henry Reynolds William Reynolds William Hanly & Thomas Browne a Certain tract of land situate in Nottingham a^d Containing Six acres together with all y^e buildings woods, ways water courses rights liberties hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging & y^e reversions remainders rents issues & profits thereof etc. etc.

After reciting at considerable length, this old deed declares that—y^e a^d six acres of land a^d be dedicated to y^e use of y^e survivors of y^e above named trustees and y^e heirs of such survivors upon y^e request Cost & charges in y^e Law of y^e monthly Meeting thereof y^e principal thereof paying y^e quit rent or purchase accruing thereupon unto y^e proprietor or Chief lord of y^e See thereof.]

The old deed is dated y^e 12th day of y^e first month 1723.

The oyster season commenced the first of the month. The tongs are allowed to take oysters, but the dredgers are prohibited till the 1st of October.

From Superintendent Milligan.

Woodbury, N. J., Sept. 18, 1882.

G. Holdstein—I have used Aromanna during the past three years, as occasion required. As a remedy for liver affections, dyspepsia, and malarial fever, I do not know its equal. It does all you claim for it. I most cheerfully recommend it to the afflicted.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN,
Supt. Public Instruction.
For sale by Dr. L. R. Kirk, Rising Sun.

The Farm.

Some New Agricultural Industries.

The canning of sugar corn and tomatoes has grown into an industry of considerable proportions in Cecil and Harford counties. The canners have not attempted to push the business further, and include the preparation of other vegetables or fruits by the air-tightening process. These additions to the industry are processed in the large cities principally. There is no reason why the canning of peas, beans of the various kinds, and other vegetables should not be prosecuted by those who have engaged in this branch of business, and have become familiar with the work. The knowledge already gained might be used as a stepping stone to enlarge and extend the business. The buildings and machinery are in place and it appears like a positive loss to have them remain idle ten months or more in the year, when the canning industry is capable of being extended to occupy a much greater part of the time. Large crops of peas and beans, also berries, raspberries and strawberries could be produced in this country round the Sun, and the cultivation of such crops made infinitely more profitable than confining all labor to raising the three crops, corn, wheat and grass, which all the world is engaged in. There are hundreds of acres lying in close proximity to the town, which could be brought under irrigating ditches with scarcely any expense, so that our summer droughts could never blast, or even shorten the crops. Land that can be flooded at the pleasure of the farmer, is the most productive in rainless climes, farm crops never fail and are universally heavy. One acre of irrigated land, planted to any of the saleable vegetables and berry crops, will bring more ready cash than ten acres in ordinary farm crops.

There is one other branch of the green produce business which our canners might adopt with profit—profit to themselves and also to the neighborhood—which is the pickling business. Cucumbers, cauliflower, small onions, peppers and tomatoes which are used for pickles, could be produced right here in immense quantities. To push these crops to maturity and guard against failure or check from our usual summer droughts, irrigating water must be accessible.

With plenty of water and fertilizer there is no such thing as failure with these summer crops. The market for pickles is unlimited. There never is a glut of these condiments. Would it not be well for our farmers to meet with the canners and consider a departure to some extent, to be tried gradually, and see if their fortunes could not be bettered and their whole farm business improved?

Preparing Ground for Wheat.

With the short rotation of crops that is now everywhere becoming to be adopted, wheat follows oats or millet in rotation, and even where wheat follows wheat, the methods to be observed are not altered. To retain the moisture of the soil, plowing for wheat should immediately follow the removal of the oat or wheat crop from the field. The fields are usually covered, to a greater or less extent, with green vegetation of different sorts, all of which is during the dry, hot days of August drawing up the store of water from the subsoil, and evaporating it into the air. August showers are apt to be light in character, and are quickly drawn up, and the weeds and grasses again go on pumping up water. If the field is at once plowed, there is a certain amount of water in the surface soil that enables the farmer to do better work, and if the harrows and rollers follow in close order to the plow, the field is neatly plowed, and made fine, and the green material at the surface, now at the

bottom of the furrow, commences at once to decay, and forms, so to speak, a strata of moisture, both drawing from below and slowly giving to the soil above; but the surface vegetation now having disappeared, roots and all, the "pumping" operation cannot longer be carried on, and so the seed bed soil simply absorbs, and if, between plowing and seeding, this soil shall be occasionally gone over with a harrow, making the surface yet more mellow and fine, it will first act as a mulch to retain the moisture in the soil, and complying with well known rules, attract moisture from the air, which will be about in amount to compensate for the evaporation. If time allows should fall, this soil is all the more adapted to receive its just due, and retain it.

This surface is also at its best estate to receive its quota of stable manure, which should be harrowed into the soil as fast as spread. If allowed to remain upon the surface until it has dried out, then when it is incorporated with the soil it draws upon the latter for the needed supply, and the soil is made all the more different in the one thing needed, which loss cannot be made good, except by a fall of rain, and which unfortunately cannot be depended on to fall at short notice.

If plowing is delayed a week or so before seeding, or the harrowing is neglected, the work of preparation becomes much more laborious. The hardened soil is turned over in clods and lumps, which thus doubly exposed to sun and drying winds becomes hardened almost beyond the power of crushing, and at best are but little better than dust in which to seed. The labor of crushing them is double that of mellowing free plowed soil, and going over these well mellowed fields occasionally to keep them in fine condition, using the wide-working harrow, does not equal by any means the other half that the work of the lumpy and clod-covered field will demand.

Another valuable point made in the earlier plowing and fitting, is that all vegetation is put under, and the occasional harrowing destroys any that may appear; but the rough unharrowed field often appears half covered with weeds and grass, which have grown up through the half-turned furrows, and which are a bother to overcome in the hurry of a favorable day to drill the wheat.

But few farmers have a choice of soil in which to grow wheat, and it is necessary to obtain mechanical effects of manures and machinery, to break down and make very fine the seed bed. The frequent plowing under of crops of clover, and the application of stable manures, afford the mechanical effects of vegetable matter. On the heavy clay soils, clover is especially valuable, and its importance more clearly made evident each year, and as a means of rendering soil loose and friable, has no equal. The improvements in machinery are marked, and the turning, stirring, cutting and pulverizing with sulky plows, spring drags, Acme harrows, and field rollers, are valuable aids. Unless the field is underdrained, it is always better, on clay soils, to back-furrow, as then the surface water is readily carried to the outlets; but on sandy lands, this is not essential, as these have natural drainage. In back-furrowing, the dead furrows can be carefully harrowed at the edges so as to cause but little, if any, obstruction to the reaper.—Country Gentleman.

A. H. Topson Esq. Milford Station, Pa., says in the year 1883 and 1884 he used Powell's Prepared Chemicals for wheat, and realized an increase of five bushels per acre over land where he used no fertilizer, and for oats and buckwheat the result was very good. Address Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

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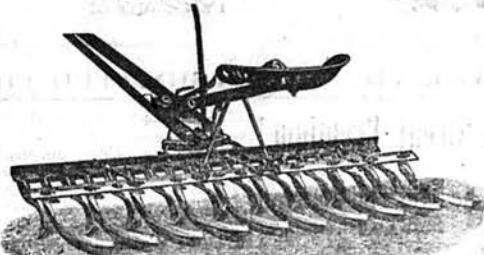
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"LOME" PULVERIZING HARROW,

CLOD CRUSHER AND LEVELER.



This invention, the production of Mr. Fred K. Nishwitz, the original inventor of the Disk or Wheel Harrow, is the result of a long series of experiments, in which he became convinced that the Disk Harrow is adapted only to superficial pulverization. Being himself a practical farmer, as well as mechanic and inventor, and feeling the need of a thorough pulverizer in his own farming operations, he conceived the plan of combining a Clod Crusher, Leveler and Harrow in one implement.

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Weights much less than other Pulverizing Harrows, Sells about one-third Less, and withal Does the Most Thorough Work of any.

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SURE GROWTH is a thoroughly reliable high grade Bone Phosphate. It is in excellent mechanical condition, and is guaranteed to drill freely without trouble. To produce Wheat, it excels any fertilizer sold in this section. **TRY IT!**

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Items of Interest.

There are 60,000 trees in the streets of Washington.

New Bedford (Mass.) carpenters shingled one side of the roof of a house before they discovered they were working on the wrong building.

An episcopal doctor says that in order to obtain the full flavor of butter the bread upon which it is spread should be introduced into the mouth with the buttered surface downward.

An additional picture for nearly every day in the year was placed last year in the "regime" album in the Berlin Criminal Police Court. During the year the collection served to identify 124 criminals.

In noticing a new medical work entitled "Palatable Prescribing," a scientific journal makes the curious and highly suggestive error, for which it apologizes for calling the book "Palatable Poisoning."

The ideal Christian community would seem to be in Iowa, where, under one pastor, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and others are harmoniously working together. The Sunday school superintendent and two of the Bible class teachers are Baptists, one of the elders is a Congregationalist, and another is a Lutheran.

A farmer of Peacock, N. J., while ploughing recently, lost his watch out of his pocket and "turned it under." He did not miss it until night, and next morning he commenced ploughing the ground over again, and soon ploughed it up. The watch had been under the ground eighteen hours, and was still running.

It is said to be quite the custom now for French ladies to carry revolvers. At a fashionable dinner party lately, a gentleman was observed hesitating whether to sit on the right or left of a handsome young widow. At length he said, with a very polite bow, "Pardon me, madam, but will you kindly say on which side you wear your revolver?"

A young farmer of Westford, Otsego county, N. Y., was struck recently in the face by the tail of a cow which he was milking, and because so enraged thereby that he procured an axe and chopped off the tails above the switch of every cow in his stable—six in number. The proceeding finally came to the ears of outsiders, and the tiller of the soil was fined ten dollars.

The birds of Louisiana, papers of that State say, will soon be exterminated. The colored people there not only make birds an article of food, but have begun to use their eggs for the same purpose. The eggs of partridges, robins, vireos, mocking birds, and all others that they can get their hands on—no eaters.

Abraham Hanson, a negro boy of Lawrence, Kan., can pick up a piece of clay and mold it in a few minutes to almost any form that suggests itself to his mind, with a life-likeness truly astounding. From the common clay there found in abundance, without tools of any kind, without models or designs, he forms men and beasts with a wonderful reality and no inconsiderable artistic talent.

The old story about a recitation of the Lord's prayer by the child Booth to a company of clergymen, who were affected to the point of hysteria thereby, has started on a new round in the religious journals. "Such a performance by a play actor dealing with sacred language," says Edwin Booth, "could not possibly have moved orthodox ministers to any other tears than those of regret. A recitation, to be so effective, must have favoring circumstances."

OCEAN WAVES.

The results of a series of observations carried out by the Hydrographical Bureau at Washington, in order to determine the length, depth and direction of ocean waves, have been published. The largest wave observed is said to have had a length of half a mile, and to have spanned in twenty-three seconds. During storms in the North Atlantic waves sometimes extend to a length of five hundred and six hundred feet, and last from ten to eleven seconds. The most careful measurements of the height of waves give from forty-four to forty-eight feet as an extreme limit, the average height of great waves is about thirty feet. These measurements refer to ordinary marine service, and do not relate to earthquake waves or other exceptional agencies.

Scientific.

At a recent meeting in Edinburgh, Dr. Foulis gave a demonstration of the circulation in the web of a frog's foot by means of the oxyhydrogen light. The light transmitted through a powerful condenser passed through an ordinary microscope lens, and was thrown upon a large plate of ground glass at a distance of about twenty-five feet with excellent effect.

Writing on the production of photographs to scale, a correspondent of the Field says if a man wants a carriage or implement photographed so as to make a working copy to scale, all that is necessary is, when a plate is being taken, that a clear and distinct three-foot rule be placed on the carriage or implement. The rule is photographed with the other object and, no matter what the size of the print or negative may be, will always give true scale. Within certain limits such a procedure should prove very useful.

"If," says Mr. Coleman Sellers, "a bar of ordinary forged iron be placed up to measure one inch square, and the bar be one English yard long, it will weigh ten pounds, and the tenth of such a bar will weigh one pound more accurately than will the ordinary liter of water weigh one kilogram. The English engineer, in these days of iron, knows when he uses shapes of iron, rolled of uniform section, that the tenth of their weight in pounds per yard gives him the area of the section, and that this one admirable incident will long fix the desirability of the present unit of England and America."

The prediction of a long epoch favorable to agriculture in the northern hemisphere is in danger of being falsified this year in Europe especially. While frost has injured the fruit trees and berry bushes and the early potatoes in Great Britain. In France, Germany, and the south of Spain the outlook is decidedly gloomy. The winter wheat crop of South Russia is in a very poor condition. Farmers in Austria-Hungary are far from satisfied with the effects of the unseasonable weather. Thus far the weather prophets have hardly received any confirmation of the accuracy of their forecasts.

The difficulties experienced by draughtsmen account of the shrinkage of paper, a correspondent of a foreign paper says may be overcome by a system which he has adopted for many years. All drawing paper is ruled with very faint lines to either one-quarter or one-fifth inch scale, and the drawing are made to correspond with these lines. Whatever the alteration in size or form of the paper the variation in any square of one-quarter or one-fifth inch is a matter of no importance, and the drawing and scale both being on the same base a ready and certain means of correction always exists.

A select committee of the British House of Commons has after all, and in direct opposition to the draft submitted to its Chairman, issued a report favoring the maintenance of an overhead system of electric wires in cities. This report is justly characterized by Mr. W. Slingo as bearing "so strongly the stamp of a partisan spirit that it is a matter of impossibility for an uninterested observer to regard it with equanimity." After thoroughly exposing the singularly illogical nature of the statements contained in the report and the very iniquitous conclusions it suggests, in the course of which contention he cites the opinions of such high authorities as Sir John Hawkshaw and Dr. Perry in opposition to overhead wires, Mr. Slingo concludes that "it is to be hoped that such legislation as is hereafter adopted by the report may never see the light of day, for far better would it be to let things go on as they are with the certain knowledge that a catastrophe must happen sooner or later, and that it would look unbecomingly to have to withdraw a concession once made in good faith."

A letter from Darwin has been published recently in an English newspaper, in which he says that twenty years ago, when he began the management of his traveling show with 500 persons, it was made a condition that they should be discharged and forfeit five dollars if they were not total abstainers from strong drink during the season of seven months. Nearly every one complied, and at the end of two years he had to invest their savings and guarantee them the principal with interest at six per cent. if they would still continue to abstain. Over 400 accepted the offer, and most of them today have several thousands dollars safely invested.

GRANT IN MEXICO.

A correspondent says: Some time since, in speaking with Capt. H. L. Shields, of Troy, N. Y.—a most gallant officer of the army in the war with Mexico—of Gen. Grant, the Captain narrated an instance of the great soldier's heroism at the capture of the City of Mexico. The Captain is now at his summer home at Bennington, and he telegraphed him a request to write for us some reminiscences of the deceased General. This the Captain has done with characteristic elegance of diction, but with the brevity of a soldier. Capt. Shields' tribute to Grant in the closing lines is as pointed as it is brief:

"I was a cadet at West Point during part of the time that U. S. Grant was there—my senior by a few years. He was then a quiet, modest young man, with no enemies, and but few intimate personal friends. He was remarkable only as a bold, fearless horseman. He rode the three-quarter horse chestnut horse York, noted at the Military Academy in those days as an animal of great courage and style and a remarkable jumper. I have seen Cadet Grant, in the riding hall, take York in a flying leap over a bar held above the heads of two dragoons of ordinary height."

"After graduating I did not see him again until the Mexican war, when we were attached to the same brigade (Garland's of Worth's division in Gen. Scott's army). This brigade took the advance in the Valley of Mexico on one of the campaigns leading to the capital of that country. When nearing the city we found the approaches so well swept by artillery in intrenchments as to check our advancing columns. Night closed on us after the day's fighting, with our brigade resting on its arms and somewhat doubtful of our successful entry into the city the next day. Lieut. Grant, (as I understood at the time), without orders and at great personal peril, took a few soldiers, and with axes and picks actually couched his way through the walls of the buildings on the side of this avenue, until he reached the rear of the Mexican batteries which entailed the street, when, by a few well directed musketry shots from the housetops, the cannoners were driven from their posts and abandoned their guns and so opened the way for our troops. Thus, much of the credit of the capture of the halls of the Montezumas with so little loss was due to the reckless bravery and cool judgment of the late earnest, honest, just, and truly great soldier, Ulysses S. Grant. Believe that no other man has passed through such an eventful life leaving no enemies and having so many admirers and friends."

A BRITON MARRIAGE.

A typical Briton (France) wedding is curious as it is improvident. So poor often are the young pair that the only way they can set up housekeeping is by presents from their friends of food, fash, furniture and money. The youth desirous of matrimony simply offers his hand to the object of his choice. If she accepts, she must confirm her acceptance by drinking wine with him. Her father's consent is asked by proxy, the deputy holding a piece of furze during the interview. The father usually offers an old woman, then a young widow and a child before granting the request. On the wedding-day a cow-bell leads round the village an ox-wagon laden with the trousseau. This consists of a press, a bedstead like a wardrobe (shutting up entirely, with only framework for ventilation), a cask of cider, a churn, a porridge-pot, and a bundle of faggots. On the top of this load two maidens are seated, one spinning hemp and the other flax. The bride shows her fine breeding by making her friends drag her to church. On either side of the altar burns a wax taper, and it is expected that whoever of the two is next to the less brilliant light will die first. The bride, on leaving the church, is presented with a distaff to remind her of her duties. Tape, butter, buckwheat bread and cider form the marriage feast, toward which each guest pays his share. During the meal the bridegroom disappears to purloin a mattress if he be caught in the act, it is pulled to pieces. Finally the bell-ringers inflate the bag-pipes, and on a new-mown field dancing is let off by the bridegroom. At night, according to an ancient custom, the mother gives her daughter a handful of nuts. The happy pair are serenaded as they retire, and are served with a soup containing crusts threaded together in symbol of unity. Their endeavor to eat these crusts provokes much amusement, after which they are bidden "good-night."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.
This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Neurasthenia.
It is an invaluable remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Pleurisy, Peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, restores heartiness and bracing, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Languor, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Sole only by DRUGS CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

TUTT'S PILLS
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Drowsiness, Pains in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pains under the shoulder-blades, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weakness, Dizziness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with Stiff joints, Itchy colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and do effects which a change of dieting is not calculated to produce. They regulate the Appetite, and cause the body to "Take on Pleasure," from the system is purged, and by their Purgative Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. JOHN C. TUTT & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OF WHISKERS changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, sets instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
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Plumbing in all kinds, Roofing and all other work in Tin and Sheet Iron.
—PUBLIC ACCOMMODATED PROMPTLY AT LOWEST CASH RATES.—
Manufacturers of Celebrated Extra Tested Tin Fruit Cans!
Extra Tested Tin Fruit Cans for Packers in Large or Small Orders

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON & BALTIMORE R. R.

CENTRAL DIVISION

On and after Sunday, Oct. 21st, 1893, trains (from as follows):

LEAVING NORTH.

Station.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
PHILADELPHIA	4:30	6:30	8:30	10:30	12:30	2:30	4:30
Wilmington	6:47	8:47	10:47	12:47	2:47	4:47	6:47
Port Deposit	6:57	8:57	10:57	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57
Wilmington	7:14	9:14	11:14	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14
Port Deposit	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25
Wilmington	7:38	9:38	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38
Port Deposit	7:48	9:48	11:48	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48
Wilmington	8:01	10:01	12:01	2:01	4:01	6:01	8:01
Port Deposit	8:11	10:11	12:11	2:11	4:11	6:11	8:11
Wilmington	8:24	10:24	12:24	2:24	4:24	6:24	8:24
Port Deposit	8:34	10:34	12:34	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34
Wilmington	8:47	10:47	12:47	2:47	4:47	6:47	8:47
Port Deposit	8:57	10:57	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57
Wilmington	9:14	11:14	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14	9:14
Port Deposit	9:25	11:25	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25
Wilmington	9:38	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38
Port Deposit	9:48	11:48	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48
Wilmington	10:01	12:01	2:01	4:01	6:01	8:01	10:01
Port Deposit	10:11	12:11	2:11	4:11	6:11	8:11	10:11
Wilmington	10:24	12:24	2:24	4:24	6:24	8:24	10:24
Port Deposit	10:34	12:34	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34	10:34
Wilmington	10:47	12:47	2:47	4:47	6:47	8:47	10:47
Port Deposit	10:57	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57	10:57
Wilmington	11:14	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14	9:14	11:14
Port Deposit	11:25	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25	11:25
Wilmington	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38
Port Deposit	11:48	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48	11:48
Wilmington	12:01	2:01	4:01	6:01	8:01	10:01	12:01
Port Deposit	12:11	2:11	4:11	6:11	8:11	10:11	12:11
Wilmington	12:24	2:24	4:24	6:24	8:24	10:24	12:24
Port Deposit	12:34	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34	10:34	12:34
Wilmington	12:47	2:47	4:47	6:47	8:47	10:47	12:47
Port Deposit	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57	10:57	12:57
Wilmington	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14	9:14	11:14	1:14
Port Deposit	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25
Wilmington	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38	1:38
Port Deposit	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48	11:48	1:48
Wilmington	2:01	4:01	6:01	8:01	10:01	12:01	2:01
Port Deposit	2:11	4:11	6:11	8:11	10:11	12:11	2:11
Wilmington	2:24	4:24	6:24	8:24	10:24	12:24	2:24
Port Deposit	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34	10:34	12:34	2:34
Wilmington	2:47	4:47	6:47	8:47	10:47	12:47	2:47
Port Deposit	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57	10:57	12:57	2:57
Wilmington	3:14	5:14	7:14	9:14	11:14	1:14	3:14
Port Deposit	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25	3:25
Wilmington	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38	1:38	3:38
Port Deposit	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48	11:48	1:48	3:48
Wilmington	4:01	6:01	8:01	10:01	12:01	2:01	4:01
Port Deposit	4:11	6:11	8:11	10:11	12:11	2:11	4:11
Wilmington	4:24	6:24	8:24	10:24	12:24	2:24	4:24
Port Deposit	4:34	6:34	8:34	10:34	12:34	2:34	4:34
Wilmington	4:47	6:47	8:47	10:47	12:47	2:47	4:47
Port Deposit	4:57	6:57	8:57	10:57	12:57	2:57	4:57
Wilmington	5:14	7:14	9:14	11:14	1:14	3:14	5:14
Port Deposit	5:25	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25	3:25	5:25
Wilmington	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38
Port Deposit	5:48	7:48	9:48	11:48	1:48	3:48	5:48
Wilmington	6:01	8:01	10:01	12:01	2:01	4:01	6:01
Port Deposit	6:11	8:11	10:11	12:11	2:11	4:11	6:11
Wilmington	6:24	8:24	10:24	12:24	2:24	4:24	6:24
Port Deposit	6:34	8:34	10:34	12:34	2:34	4:34	6:34
Wilmington	6:47	8:47	10:47	12:47	2:47	4:47	6:47
Port Deposit	6:57	8:57	10:57	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57
Wilmington	7:14	9:14	11:14	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14
Port Deposit	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25
Wilmington	7:38	9:38	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38
Port Deposit	7:48	9:48	11:48	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48
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Port Deposit	8:11	10:11	12:11	2:11	4:11	6:11	8:11
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Port Deposit	8:34	10:34	12:34	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34
Wilmington	8:47	10:47	12:47	2:47	4:47	6:47	8:47
Port Deposit	8:57	10:57	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57
Wilmington	9:14	11:14	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14	9:14
Port Deposit	9:25	11:25	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25
Wilmington	9:38	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38
Port Deposit	9:48	11:48	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48
Wilmington	10:01	12:01	2:01	4:01	6:01	8:01	10:01
Port Deposit	10:11	12:11	2:11	4:11	6:11	8:11	10:11
Wilmington	10:24	12:24	2:24	4:24	6:24	8:24	10:24
Port Deposit	10:34	12:34	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34	10:34
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Port Deposit	10:57	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57	10:57
Wilmington	11:14	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14	9:14	11:14
Port Deposit	11:25	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25	11:25
Wilmington	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38
Port Deposit	11:48	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48	11:48
Wilmington	12:01	2:01	4:01	6:01	8:01	10:01	12:01
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Port Deposit	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25
Wilmington	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38	1:38
Port Deposit	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48	11:48	1:48
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Port Deposit	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57	10:57	12:57	2:57
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Wilmington	11:38	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38
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Wilmington	12:24	2:24	4:24	6:24	8:24	10:24	12:24
Port Deposit	12:34	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34	10:34	12:34
Wilmington	12:47	2:47	4:47	6:47	8:47	10:47	12:47
Port Deposit	12:57	2:57	4:57	6:57	8:57	10:57	12:57
Wilmington	1:14	3:14	5:14	7:14	9:14	11:14	1:14
Port Deposit	1:25	3:25	5:25	7:25	9:25	11:25	1:25
Wilmington	1:38	3:38	5:38	7:38	9:38	11:38	1:38
Port Deposit	1:48	3:48	5:48	7:48	9:48	11:48	1:48
Wilmington	2:01	4:01	6:01	8:01	10:01	12:01	2:01
Port Deposit	2:11	4:11	6:11	8:11	10:11	12:11	2:11
Wilmington	2:24	4:24	6:24	8:24	10:24	12:24	2:24
Port Deposit	2:34	4:34	6:34	8:34	10:34	12:34	2:34
Wilmington	2:47	4:47	6:47				

RISING SUN DIRECTORY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

CLOSING
To all points by railroad and stage—
Stage line 6.25 a. m. By Railroad—
North—9.40 a. m., 4.20 p. m. South;
10.12 a. m., 7.18 p. m.

RAILROAD AND STAGE.

NORTH
Trains leave Rising Sun 9.55 a. m.
4.20 and 7.14 p. m.

SOUTH
Trains leave at 6.19, 10.26 a. m.;
and 7.28 p. m.
Daily stage and mail line leaves Rising
Sun at 6.30 a. m. via Farmington,
Principio and Woodlawn to Port Deposit.
Returning, leaves Port Deposit
12 m., arriving at Rising Sun at 2.30
p. m.

CHURCHES.

M. E. Church, Preaching every other
Sunday morning at 10.30 by Rev. J.
Robinson. Sunday School every Sunday
morning at 8.45.

Presbyterian Service held at Normal
School Building every second and
fourth Sunday of the month at 4 o'clock
p. m. Pastor, Rev. S. A. Gayley.

NEWSPAPER.

JOURNAL.—A Weekly Paper, devoted
to Home, Farm and County affairs.
Independent of party. \$1.00 per year.
E. E. Kwing, editor and publisher.

SCHOOLS.

Public School Trustees: Barclay
Reynolds, Job Haines and H. J. Sheppard.

Normal School Trustees: President,
E. R. Haffington, Barclay Reynolds, Dr.
L. R. Kirk, Jonathan Reynolds and
Joseph Lincoln.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS.

Dr. L. R. Kirk, M. R. Kirk, H. J.
Sheppard, Theodore Garvin and A. L.
Duyckinck.

OFFICERS.

President, Dr. L. R. Kirk; Secretary,
M. R. Kirk; Street Commissioner,
Theodore Garvin.

SOCIETY RECORD.

The following are the times and places
of meeting of the various associations of
Rising Sun.

Garfield Post No. 18, G. A. R.,
meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings
of each month in Library Room.

Excelsior Lodge No. 67, I. O. O. F.,
meets Saturday evenings at 7.30 o'clock.

N. G. Smith P. Ryan, V. G. Joseph
O. Hild, R. S. David G. Waring, P.
S. Jesse A. Kirk, Treas., Jas M. Evans
Chaplain, C. J. Davis, Janitor, Reese
Malran.

Library Association: President, W.
F. Overholt; Secretary, E. Haines.
Books exchanged Wednesday afternoons.

Detective Association, for protection
of property and detection of thieves.
Meets annually first Saturday in January.
Officers: President Dr. L. R. Kirk;
Secretary, W. H. Pennington.

NATIONAL BANK OF RISING SUN.
Officers: President, H. H. Haines;
Vice President, Jas. M. Evans; Cashier,
John D. Haines; Directors—H. H.
Haines, Jas. M. Evans, Jesse A.
Kirk, Job Haines, L. R. Kirk, M. D.,
and Timothy Haines.

RISING SUN CORNET BAND
Meets in Library Room.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

H. J. Sheppard.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

I. R. Taylor.

CONSTABLES.

Jno. C. Hindman, D. G. Waring.

NOTICE.

By the Orphans' Court for Cecil County,
January 15, 1902.

ORDERED, That all Administrators, Executors
and Guardians that have not stated an
account within a year, come forward and
do the same, or show cause to the contrary,
or they will be cited up.

Test: R. E. JAMAR, Register.

ORPHANS' COURT.

The Stated Meetings of the Orphans'
Court of Cecil county will be held on the
second Tuesday of every month. Executors,
Administrators and Guardians, wanting
their accounts stated, will please bring in
their vouchers a few days before Court.

Test: R. E. JAMAR, Register.

Meetings of County Commissioners.

The regular meetings of the County
Commissioners will be held on the
second Tuesday of every month. Col-
lectors and others having accounts to be
stated or settled will apply to the Clerk
during the recess of the Board. Persons
having claims against the county will
please file the same in the Commissioners'
office, with a legal
voucher, as no account will be allowed
not properly chargeable to the same.
By order, JOHN S. ROSSSELL, Clerk
Commissioners Cecil County.

COUNTY NEWS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1902.

MINOR LOCALS.

The Tolchester business is about
ended for this season.

Peaches are reported to be the best
paying crop in the Sassafras Neck this
season.

Stove pipe of all sizes at McClure's.

The Seminary, at Zion, this county,
will re-open September 14th, under
the care of Mrs. A. E. Johns.

A well advertised Sanctuary;
Crouch's Chapel. It has had a stand-
ing advertisement in Elkton paper
for ten years.

Tin cans and Mason's fruit jars at
T. T. Worrall's.

There will be a festival held in the
grove, at Mt. Hope Church, on Friday
and Saturday evenings, Sept.
11th and 12th. Proceeds for the
benefit of the Church.

Tin wash bowls and pitchers at O.
C. McClure's.

William McDowell, residing near
Brick Meeting House, lost three val-
uable horses by disease within the last
fortnight. One of the animals was a
stallion valued at \$5000.

Woodbury celebrated fruit jars at
E. R. Buffington's.

Asiatic Mixture, is the best known
remedy for Diarrhea, Cramps, Pains,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Tooth-
ache etc. always keep a bottle in the
house, only 25 cts. Prepared at Dr.
L. R. Kirk's Drug Store, Rising Sun
Md.

FOR RENT.—Store house, north-
east corner Queen & Cherry Sts. Ap-
ply to James Barnes, Rising Sun.

Wm. J. Jones, attorney named in
the mortgage, sold at mortgagee's sale
last Tuesday a small farm on Bo-
hemian Manor, lying between the Elk
and Bohemian rivers, containing about
18 acres, with fair improvements, to
Jacob Tome, for \$755.

Maalin Kettles for preserving at C.
C. McClure's.

Messa, Geo. McQuilkin and Jno.
M. Allen of Elkton have had a steam
yacht built for pleasure trips on the
Elk and adjacent bay. The capacity
of the boat is 8 tons, and was launched
from her ways near the bridge last
week. This is the first steam vessel
ever built on the Elk river.

The Granger excursion which was
advertised to take place from Elkton
last week, did not come off. The Pilot
Boy having been disabled and unable
to reach Elkton in time. About 300
disappointments was the result. Granger
picnics and excursions are among
the most enjoyable out door recrea-
tions that are organized.

Another bale of heavy Muslin ar-
rived this week at E. R. Buffington's.

Albert Constable and Robert E.
Thackery filed a petition for
Edwin Barnes, in the Clerk's office,
stating that Charles P. Barnes is a
lunatic, and has been for a consider-
able time past, and not capable of
governing himself or his estate, which
amounts to about \$3000. The peti-
tioner asks for a committee to take
charge of his brother and his estate.

You can get the English Wauken
phast gaiters made on the Wauken-
phast plant from J. W. Buckley.

John E. Wilson, Esq., of Post No.
10, G. A. R., has received from Gen-
eral Grant's family at Mount McGreg-
or, N. Y., an acknowledgement of the
resolutions of condolence passed by
the Post upon the death of General
Grant. The card is about 3x4 inches,
with a heavy black border, and con-
tains the following manuscript in-
scription: "Mrs. U. S. Grant and
family tender their grateful thanks
for your resolutions."

On Thursday of last week Matthew
Morrison, who lived near Colors, de-
parted this life at the ripe age of 78.
He deceased spent the greater part
of his life in the upper part of this
county, and was one of our most es-
teemed and useful citizens, as well as
one of the most advanced in years.
He was buried at West Nottingham
Presbyterian burying ground. Jno.
T. Burkina of the Sun officiated as
undertaker.

Rev. Mr. Conoway, Presbyterian
Minister of the Rock Run Church,
and William Way of the Friends de-
nomination, delivered appropriate
and impressive discourses at the
house, and Rev. Mr. Galaway of the
M. E. Church officiated at the grave-
yard.

Tin ware of all kinds, best quality
and lowest price at McClure's.

A Jury was sworn in by Sheriff
Smith, on Monday morning last, un-
der a commission granted by Judge
Stump, to inquire into the sanity of
Charles P. Barnes. The Jurors were
Tobias Rudolph, C. W. Maxwell, T.
L. Graham, Geo. T. King, E. W. Jan-
ney, Geo. S. Price, Rufus Oldham,
John Fenton, Evan Almsow, Henry
Wood, Jesse Dunbar and Morris Dun-
bar. Dr. Jamar and the Sheriff testi-
fied that they believed Barnes was
insane. The jury went into the jail
and held a conversation with the pris-
oner and disagreed, standing evenly
divided in their opinions. The case
will come up for trial at next term of
court, commencing 3rd Monday of
the present month.

A full line of child's, Misses', wo-
men's and men's Rubber Shoes and
Boots at T. T. Worrall's.

Rising Sun, Aug. 18 1885.

J. A. Davis & Son,

Gentlemen:—I have thresh-
ed out my grain, and my oats measured
from the machine \$5 12 bus per acre.
Measured as it is usually sold, it makes
over 50 bushels of nearly standard
weight. This was grown on a field that
has been farmed two successive years
in corn, and last year in tomatoes, be-
sides, in the June floods of 1883 and
1884, much of the best soil was washed
off.

I attribute this extraordinary crop
to the use of "National Bone," which
was drilled in at the rate of 200 lbs. to
the acre, and only 14 bus of oats to the
acre. I am satisfied that the crop was
fully doubled by the use of this bone.
My wheat made 25 bushels to the
acre, a fair crop for this year.

Very Truly Yours,
JON HAINES.

Escape from Jail.

As Dr. Jamar was leaving the
Elkton jail on Sunday afternoon, a
man who had been committed that
day for violating the local option law,
pushed the doctor aside and made
his escape.

For Fruit Cans with the celebrated
war strings go to C. C. McClure's.

Wounded by a Revolver.

Mrs. Cul e y, an aged lady living
near Elkton, while making a bed on
Sunday last, was severely wounded
in the thigh by the accidental dis-
charge of a revolver which fell from
the bed where it had been left by her
son.

German Millet.

Mr. James Barnes presented a head
of German Millet at the MIDLAND
office measuring 6 inches, and said it
was a specimen of four acres he had
on his farm. German Millet is a
favorite feed among western stock
raisers for young stock. For good
hay the crop should be harvested
when the seed is in the milk.

Those Dress Gingham containing
many choice styles that cannot be
found in general stock, are going off
rapidly at E. R. Buffington's.

Hay.

Immense quantities of baled hay
are being hauled to our warehouses
and shipped. Hay commands a good
price, and Cecil county timothy
heads the list in quality, of all hay
received in the Baltimore market.
The shippers from this point James
Barnes and A. L. Duychinek & Co.,
have shipped of new hay to date nearly
1000 tons, and if cars could have
been obtained would have shipped a
much larger quantity.

Roofing and spouting done to order,
satisfaction guaranteed, by C. C. Mc-
Clure.

Another Dentist.

A. H. Howlett S. D. announces
to the public this week through the
MIDLAND that he has located an office
in the Sun. Visit the new corner and
make him feel that he is in the midst
of friends. This is the secret of the
marvelous growth of many western
towns. When a business man "stops"
with them they make it a point to call
on him and give him such a cordial
welcome that he is won over and is
the means of drawing others.

The Schools.

Last week the long holiday from
school came to an end. The Friends'
Normal School at this place, W. F.
Overholt, Principal, commenced on
Monday, with a larger attendance
than ever before on the opening day.
Mr. Overholt is highly gratified with
the auspicious beginning of the fall
term.

The public School, with Miss
Owens, teacher, opened on Tuesday,
first day of September, the general
opening day for the public schools
throughout the county, with an over-
flowing attendance.

Miss Jennie Stephens is teacher
at the "Stone School house," about
one mile East of the Sun, with a good
school.

When you are ready to have your
Heaters and Ranges set up for the
winter call on McClure.

Water for the Town.

Mr. Pogue has his wind mill in
working order and several hundred
feet of pipe laid reaching from the
pump to one of the main streets, op-
posite Mr. Buffington's store. Mr.
Pogue proposes to supply any of our
citizens with water on reasonable
terms who wish to have pipes connect-
ing their premises with the main.

James E. Haines, commonly called
"Bud" for short who is a miscellane-
ous genius and natural mechanic, did
the work of laying the pipe putting
in the pump, and patting the mill in
working order.

Mr. Haines has recently put pipes
and fixtures in for Mr. Jno. Keilholz
who has his house and barn supplied
with water by a wind engine. The
wind mill system bids fair to soon be
the principal means employed for
supplying farm buildings with water.

The Acme at Work.

Mr. Brown put the Acme harrow
clod crusher and leveler to work on
his wheat ground last Monday morn-
ing, and we went into the field in or-
der to better note its performance.
The ground was a little wet for work-
ing and was very stony, being filled
with slatey shell-like stones from the
size of a penny to that of a peck
measure, notwithstanding the Acme
turned, fined and smoothed the
ground at one stroke better than two
strokes with the old drag harrow
would do the work. The draft for a
span of horses was quite easy, with a
sizer on the harrow. The Acme
shows its superiority over all common
harrow when the ground is dry and
cloddy. Then its crushing and pulver-
izing power is put to the test. The
choke and trash dragged to the sur-
face by all tooth harrows, is buried
and covered by the Acme, in place of
being left on the surface in bunches.
The ground often having a cross
stroke was left like a garden rake had
dressed it more than any ordinary
harrow.

The Last Rites.

The funeral of Mrs. Hannah M.
Kirk, wife of our bereaved townsman
and present post master, held on Sat-
urday, was attended by neighbors and
friends of the deceased.

The services were held in the M. E.
Church of Rising Sun, commencing
at 11:30 o'clock A. M. Rev. S. A.
Gayley, Presbyterian pastor of the
West Nottingham congregation, a
communicant of whose church the de-
ceased was officiated, assisted by Rev.
Ellis Kirk, pastor of the Mount Hope
Church. After singing, by the choir,
Rev. Mr. Kirk continued the services
by reading the 15th chapter of 1st
Corinthians, and offering an earnest
and impressive prayer. Rev. Mr.
Gayley then conducted the services
to the close. He took for the text of
his discourse, Rev. 14 chap. 13 v.—
"Blessed are the dead who die in the
Lord." The discourse was long and
earnest, the minister at the close,
eulogizing the many christian virtues
of the deceased in an earnest and elo-
quent manner.

At the close of the services many
of the friends and neighbors passed
in solemn procession and viewed the
corpse reposing in a rich but plain,
handsome casket, which rested in
front of the altar. The bearers, Jas.
M. Evans, Timothy Haines, H. H.
Haines, Job Haines, Jno. W. McCul-
lough and Dr. L. R. Kirk, after the
ceremonies at the church were con-
cluded, conveyed the coffin to the
hearse, and the funeral cortege pro-
ceeded to the family burying at West
Nottingham Cemetery, where the last
sad rites of committing dust to dust,
ashes to ashes was concluded. In the
death of Mrs. Kirk the community
loses one of its most estimable women,
leaving a blank in her family that can
never be closed, while her life was
one of those lights which lighteneth
the world. I. R. Taylor of the Sun
was undertaker and embalmed and
prepared the corpse for interment.

Kidney Disease.

Mr. H. Waram, member of City
Council, Woodbury, N. J. says: "I was
a victim of the worst form of kidney
disease. A sheet trial of Aromance
completely cured me." Price 25 and 75
cts. Sold by Dr. L. R. Kirk, Rising
Sun.

The typhoid dysentery is prevalent
to almost an epidemic in the lower
part of Chester county, about Berra-
mington and Fremont. A son of Ellis
Brimham aged 10 years, died on Sat-
urday last and a son of Joseph Wright
aged 7 died on Friday, both of that
dangerous disease. The children
were buried at the Union Church
burying ground.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Smith, of Tredwell, Pa., was
afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bron-
chitis, which time the best physicians could
do her no good. Her life was almost a
living hell. She was finally cured by
taking Dr. King's
Remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping
Cough, and all the ailments of the
throat and lungs. She has since been
well and happy. Free trial bottles of this
cure of throat and lung troubles at Dr. L. R.
Kirk's drug store. Large bottles \$1.00.

HEADACHE
And all such complaints are relieved by taking
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Pills Pleasant to the Stomach. Price 25 Cts. All Druggists.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
HARRIS' PASTILLE
A Radical Cure for
NEURALGIA
AND
IMPOTENCY.
Treats for over 60 years
the most difficult cases of
Neuralgia, Impotency,
and all the ailments of the
urinary system. It is a
positive cure for all these
affections, and is the only
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A RAINY DAY.

On days like this, when the streets are wet,
When the skies are grey and the rain is falling,
How can you kinder an old regret
For a joy long dead, and a hope long set,
Prowling out of the grave and calling?
Casting to you with a voice so shrill,
That it scares the reason and stuns the will.
On a day like this, when the sun is hid,
And you and your heart are loosed together,
If memories come to you all muddled,
And something suddenly wets your lid,
Like a gust of the outdoor weather,
Why, who is to fault the dim old day,
Too dark for labor, too dull for play,
On a day like this, that is blurred and grey,
When the rain drips down in a ceaseless fashion?

It is dress that you hunched and put away
Comes back to stare in your face and say
Mute eloquent words of passion—
If the whole vast outspreadness amaze—
Why, who can help it on a day like this?

A MONDAY ROMANCE.

She, that is, Miss Laura, had a city lover. She captured him, or he had captured her, or they had mutually captured each other while she was on a visit to her step-mother's sister-in-law.

Miss Laura's home was in the country—not on a farm, where, presumably, the good things abound—milk and butter, cream and cottage cheese; eggs and chickens; or at least pork, with perhaps, string beans, or cabbage. She lived in a small village, through which the express train rumbled without a nod of recognition, without a glance, and where the "accommodation" paused barely long enough for a "howdy." This village had no green grocery store, and only two freshmeat stalls in the week. It had no ice, hence no ice-cream, no lemonade.

Miss Laura's father lived by his wits. Of course, then, he made no garden.

Miss Laura earned precarious pin-money by making an occasional dress, by trimming an occasional bonnet, by crocheting an occasional decorative piece, by giving an occasional music lesson at fifteen cents the lesson. Of course, then, she did not raise chickens or make butter. Neither did she any kitchen-work, nor horse-drawings. Her time was reckoned too precious for such use, since even when her hands were not engaged, she had her "thinking" to do, plans to lay for the capture of a music pupil, or for securing an order for a tidy. Her ears had to be kept in a receptive condition to catch the flying words about the villagers' layings. Whenever a dress pattern was among these, she felt it her duty to throw out a mantua-maker's bid.

Another part of Miss Laura's duty was to do the buying for the house. As to who did the paying, this writer could not speak with definiteness. It is often impossible for a writer to learn all about a case.

Sophronia, a sister aged fourteen and three-quarters, presided over the drug-store. She knew how to boil potatoes and to stir cream; and she thought she knew how to make coffee and griddle-cakes.

One certain Monday, the president of the drug-store was wrestling with the family washing; and all through the wash-bowling, the boiling, the rinsing, the wringing, the bluing, the starching, there was running a little vein of envy—envy of the elder sister—removed from the shop and team, in the cool middle room, fitting a yellow calico dress to "Sissy" Pinback.

As she was finishing the last of the boiled clothes, Sophronia was entering vague wishes in connection with Mr. F. G. Gumms. He was the city lover about whom Miss Laura had made some blushing confessions. Sophronia was wishing that he would "come along," and do "something or other." There was a knock at the front door. She heard it above the creek of the wringer and the splash and drip of the rinse-water. She paused, listening, with one hand on the wringer-handle and the other holding Miss Laura's stocking to the rubber lips. There was a hurried, rushing noise in the middle room; the kitchen door was opened with precipitation, and in ran Miss Laura.

"It's Mr. Gumms at the front door!" she exclaimed, nervously working at the curl papers which kept up her banged hair. "You must go to the door, Phronie."

"Why, I can't go. See what a fright I am," said Sophronia.

Her sleeves were rolled to the shoulder, her skirts were half-way to the knee; her bare feet were well splashed with the bluing-water and dabbed with starch.

"No matter about your looks," said Miss Laura, breathing fast; "he'll take you to be the hired girl. Please go, Phronie," she added with earnest pleading. "There he's knocking again," she

went on in a panicky way, twitching and peering at the curl papers. "Do go along, Phronie! I'd do as much for you; and I will do a great deal more when I am able to, as I probably shall be at an early day. I can't possibly go till I get my bangs arranged and my dress changed. Go along. Please do, Phronie, and make haste or he'll go away. You can act like a hired girl, and speak incorrectly; call me Miss Laura, and he'll never know the difference."

"Until he's my brother-in-law, and then he will prosecute me for getting a brother-in-law under false pretences," Sophronia was beginning to make ready, by "sneaking" off her arms. Then she went forward to the front door, feeling awkward enough for the role of servant girl.

"Sissy" was dismissed by the back way; she might have been sent to the door, if the idea had occurred to Miss Laura's bewildered brain. Mr. F. G. Gumms's card was soon brought to the destined trembling hand. And, at length, the bangs and the dress being arranged, Miss Laura went to the happy meeting.

Do not imagine that you are to be told what transpired at the happy meeting. Doubtless Sophronia could have told somewhat, since she made prolonged keyhole observations before returning to the washing. It is about the interruption of the happy meeting that you are to hear. This occurred about twelve minutes before twelve, when the improvised servant maid put a head in at the parlor door, and intimated with an Irish brogue which was not above suspicion, that "a word was wanted with the mistress."

The red of Miss Laura's face was deeper than rose, as she went forth to the interview with Mr. Gumms's whispered entreaty that her absence might be made short.

"What is to be done about dinner?" said Sophronia, her face in a pucker.

"Why, it isn't dinner-time," said Miss Laura in a tone of injured surprise and remonstrance.

"It's nearly twelve," said Sophronia. "Why you must be mistaken, it can't be much after ten," Laura expostulated.

"Time runs like a mill to folks that are courting," said Sophronia; "but it's a very little way from noon, and you've got to say what's to be done about dinner."

"Oh, dear! nobody has a particle of sympathy with me," Miss Laura complained.

"My sakes! you talk as if I had been putting the sun forward, and had been straightening the shadows all over the place. It's noon and I've got to know what's to be done about dinner," Sophronia persisted, giving her sleeve an additional roll-up.

Miss Laura was pestered to the point.

"Can't you put off dinner?" she said, with unusual meekness. "Have it about two o'clock. I'm not a particle hungry."

"But I am," said Sophronia stoutly, discerning that for once she had the advantage—ground usually held by the elder sister. "I've been at the wash-tub all morning and haven't had my food to feed on, so I'm foredoomed to be hungry."

"Well, you can just take a bite," said Miss Laura in soothing tones, and preparing for a return to Mr. Gumms.

"But," said Sophronia, with dignified insistence of tone and manner, "there's not a bite in the house for 'a piece,' and besides, you're in the back yard coat, for his dinner."

"Well, you can make some coffee and have some griddle-cakes; they are quickly got."

Miss Laura turned to go.

"Coffee and griddle-cakes!" cried Sophronia; there's not a grain of coffee in the house, and there is no flour or eggs for griddle-cakes; and besides, there's no lard to fry them."

"Then fry some potatoes," said Miss Laura.

"Fry potatoes without lard!" cried Sophronia. "Besides, there isn't a potato in the place."

"Well, what is there?" demanded Miss Laura with tears in her eyes.

"Nothing but a quart of corn meal," said Sophronia, and Miss Laura turned suddenly serene as if earth had no more sorrow, and glided away to the spot of her felicity.

The next interruption was one minute before twelve, when again Sophronia's head appeared at the parlor door, and again an interview was solicited in Irish-English.

"What is it now?" demanded Miss Laura when she had shut Mr. Gumms in the parlor and herself in the kitchen. Her face was very, very red, and she fanned it very fast, and looked vexed.

"I want to know if your fellow is coming out to dinner, so as to know whether or not I shall put on the desolomanius things."

"Of course he isn't coming out to dinner. Do you suppose that I could ask him out here to eat mush?"

"Well," said Sophronia, with a touch of vehement scorn, "if I think it will be sneaking meat to eat dinner while he is in the house and not ask him out. What do you suppose he'll think of such a performance? He'd never marry you in the world."

"He doesn't know there's eating going on. He'll think we dine at four or five or six, like city folks. I can hint to him that we do."

"But he'll hear the dishes rattle," said Sophronia.

"No, you can set the table in the kitchen and keep all the doors shut."

"Well," said Sophronia, snapping, "I'll sold at a good rate about setting there in the middle of tubs and wringer and wash-boiler and the best, and about having only mush. I shall put all the blame on to you. I wish you to understand. It's your business to order and provide things."

"But how could I, in such peculiar circumstances," said Miss Laura, humbly.

"If Mr. Gumms wasn't a gump," Sophronia said, "he wouldn't have come out here on Monday. He might have known that we'd eaten up everything 'o' Sunday."

"But you know," Miss Laura apologized, "he's always been a lachelor, poor fellow! He'll soon learn better. Pardon me as well as you can, Phronie, dear; put the blame on me if it is necessary to defend yourself. I shall not be here long to bear fault finding. Now, please, Phronie, dear, don't call me out any more, and please, please don't rattle the dishes and jump me to the situation; tell him that probably my fortune is hanging in the balance, and ask him to eat quietly."

"All right," said Sophronia, cheerfully, "I'll do my best. Perhaps I may persuade him to eat with his fingers, and mush is a noisier kind of food."

Sophronia had a sense of the funny, and beside, felt cheered at the prospective abdication of the family.

Miss Laura again departed to happiness. Sophronia began tiptoeing about the kitchen. Why she did this is not evident, since she was still without shoes. (Upon the writer's honor, the wit of the last remark was unintentional.) The father came in soon. The situation was explained to him. For some time he had been reckoning on the convenience of having a son-in-law to get a loan from when the wife should not produce well. He readily fell in with the whim, and joined Sophronia in tiptoeing.

He had two hundred and thirteen pounds to keep quiet; his feet had never been submitted to Chinese treatment, and his boots squeaked. When he whispered that he'd help her set the table, Sophronia was alarmed.

"I'd rather, pa, that you'd sit down and keep quiet; your boots are so noisy," she whispered.

"That's a fortunate thing," he whispered back; "their noise will drown the rattle of the dishes."

At this he went on his toes the length of the kitchen out to the cupboard, which was in the wood shed; Sophronia "whisked in" to clean the table of the soapy and starch and bluing, of pans and pails and dippers and clothes poler. Then she spread the cloth, then she went over to the stove and stirred the mush. Then the puce equatorial, squeaking, squeaking, a glass tumbler in each hand. Sophronia took them gently, and set them slowly, holding her breath.

"I've got an idea," whispered the man of wit, and away he went teeing back to the cupboard.

Sophronia laid the knives and forks and spoons, handing them as if they were of spun glass. She heard the clatter of dishes out at the cupboard, and began watching to drown the noise. Then she heard the returning squeak of the pa's boots. She looked, raising a warning finger. He was advancing on tiptoe, carrying a tea tray loaded with crockery and juggling glasses.

"No need," he whispered at the kitchen's length, "making twenty trips to the cupboard. I'll do all the fetching in one."

"But," whispered Sophronia, "we'll not need the half nor quarter of all those; you'd better take them back to the cupboard."

"No," he whispered, still advancing on his foot-tips, "I'll set them on the table, and you can pick out the ones you want."

"But, pa," whispered Sophronia,

"that's the most troublesome way that we could manage it; they'll be such a rattle in picking them out, in handling over so many."

"No," he whispered, frowning, "that is the best way." If you can't pick what you want without a great clatter, you select which ones you want, and I'll be bound I can pick them out with no more sound than if they were all covered with velvet."

"You can never do it," she whispered.

"I can," he whispered, with no more noise than if they were made of velvet."

By this he was at the upper end of the room within a foot of the door. As he whispered the word "velvet," the door was suddenly opened by Miss Laura. She had come to say that she was getting hungry, and asked about dinner. But she did not say the one, she did not ask the other. The suddenly-opened door struck the end of the loaded tray, and the pa's hand. His hold was lost. There was a rattling, shivering crash. Miss Laura and Sophronia shrieked, "Heavens!" the pa cried, "Thunder and blazes!" The parlor-door was burst open, and the ex-imprisoned Mr. Gumms came running through the middle room into the kitchen, exclaiming—

"Ladies and gentlemen, what is the matter?"

"Oh, the mush is burning up!" screamed Sophronia, discovering a fresh calamity.

She dashed to the stove, and snatched off the smoking kettle.

"Mr. Gumms, my father," said Miss Laura, with great mental presence.

At the introduction, the pa, who was getting to his knees to save the pieces of crockery for a prospective asparagus bed, quickly recovered his perpendicular, bringing up in his right hand the fraction of a soup-dish. He bowed low to Mr. Gumms, and dropping the fraction shook hands with the guest, saying he was extremely happy. Then with a wave of his large, soft hand toward the girl with the mush-kettle, he said—

"My daughter Sophronia, Mr. Gumms."

Mr. Gumms bowed, Sophronia snickered.

Miss Laura hastily took Mr. Gumms by the arm, and hurried him from the apartment of desolation.

Mr. Gumms was seen, soon after, at the village tavern, eating fried ham and soda biscuits. He has been seen by none of those villagers since.

HOW GOLD RINGS ARE MADE.

Gold rings are made from bars nine or fifteen inches long. A bar fifteen inches long, about two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, is worth about \$1,000. It would make 300 four penny-weight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes time are required to change the bar into merchantable rings. A pair of shears cut the bar into strips. By the turn of a wheel, one, two or three times, the guillotine blade of the shears cuts the bar into slices, one, two or three-sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine presses out the strips and makes them flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under a blowpipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface, and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid, and the bit of gold is stamped with its quality and the name of the maker, and is put through a machine that bends it into the shape of a ring of any size. The ends are soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people imagine that rings are run in a mold, because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathe, is rounded, pared and polished, first with tripoli and then with steel filings and rouge.

WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE IN AFRICA.

About 900 miles inland from Leopoldville, Africa, Stanley says in his book that he found a band of slave-traders having in their possession 2,300 captives. "Both banks of the river," he says, "showed that 118 villages and forty-three districts had been devastated, out of which was culled 2,300 females and children, and about 2,000 trucks of ivory. To obtain these they must have shot 2,300 people, while 1,300 more died by the wayside. How many are wounded and die in the forest, or drop to death through an overwhelming sense of their calamities, we do not know, but the outcome from the territory, with its million of souls, must be 5,000 slaves, obtained at the expense of 32,000 lives!"

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false which ought not to be true.

THE GREATEST BARRECK RIDER.

James Robinson was probably the king of the trade. Joseph Wheelock, the actor, who was the boom companion of the rider once told me the incidents in the career of his friend during a visit he paid to England about fifteen years ago. Robinson had been engaged at a salary of \$2,000 a week to ride in Astley's Royal Amphitheatre in London. For weeks before he arrived he was heralded as the greatest barbeck equestrian of the age. To amuse himself he took over with him a team of American trotting horses and a light buggy, but neglected to bring such horses as he would need to ride. This oversight rather astonished the English managers, who thought their contract, of course, included the furnishing of horses. Robinson made light of the matter, and said he could break the animals to his liking in the fortnight intervening between his arrival and the date of his debut. There was nothing left for the managers to do than to swallow their disappointment and provide him with horses. These he rehearsed day after day at the circus with skill and assiduity, but to find at last that they were beasts far inferior in intelligence to the Kentucky thoroughbreds with which he was accustomed to deal.

The night of the first appearance of the American champion arrived. The great building bearing the historical name of Astley was packed to suffocation to see the performance of the reckless rider from over the sea. Robinson had, however, in the short time allowed been utterly unable to train the English horses to his wits, and as a consequence was at a sad disadvantage in what he attempted. The best features of his act, including the vaulting, he failed in. The audience hurried his exit from the ring with hisses. A more dismal fiasco could not have awaited an artist. The Englishmen naturally took keen delight in the failure of the American, whom it was announced would eclipse the best exploits in horsemanship as illustrated by English and French riders. The disgrace humiliated Robinson to the dust.

That very night he went to the manager of the circus to release him from his contract. "All I ask," he said, "is that I may be retained in the establishment on the salary of the tumbler with whom I will appear at each performance unannounced. Then I want the privilege of practicing in the morning." The manager, glad enough to be relieved from the heavy cost of the bargain, accepted the conditions. The next day Robinson had disposed of his trotting horses and vehicle, as well as other traps and jewelry, until he had enough to purchase six horses of the best blood attainable, none of which had ever been ridden in a ring. The selection of the animals occupied some time. When at last the troupe was completed he began breaking them to his business, a task which required great patience and an absolute insight into the nature of the beast.

Weeks passed. James Robinson, who had in the meantime been the butt of ridicule, was forgotten. Nightly he was turning flip flops in the sawdust with a pack of mountebanks, some of whom did not know that among their number was the best rider in the world. About the time that the manuals about the dress establishment began to whisper that they guessed that "blasted Yankee could ride a little bit after all, Robinson called on the manager. "I wish," he said, "that you would bill me to re-appear next next Monday night. I would like to try to redeem my reputation. If I don't succeed, I'll pack up and go home."

With more than a mingling the posters were pasted up over London's red walls. Again, there was an unusual throng to have their sneer at the presumptions fellow, whom everybody thought had long before gone back. But the dashing American made them laugh on the other side of their mouths. The display of equestrianism which he gave threw the house into an ecstasy of delight. The way he vaulted on and off the backs of the flying steeds electrified the fabled hearts before him. Recall after recall made him famous in London town. The newspapers rang with his praise, and spoke of his previous failure as a remarkable reminiscence. The Astley people were glad enough to renew the original contract to retain the American rider, who returned home two years later with a European reputation and fifty thousand dollars to boot.

Ladies Department.

Our New York Letter.

Fancies for Fall.

Special report for the MIDLAND.

Importers are bringing out new brands.

The pulse of waning Summer remains at fever heat.

Flannel remains a fixture amid fabrics for the incoming carnival.

Rough surfaced fabrics with borders of broche are a popular feature of fall fashions.

Tailor-made costumes of cloth and tricot touched with gold and silver remain intact.

Bands of otter, beaver and seal shades au naturel will ere long finish many costumes for street service.

For full dress, waists are made much garnished and skirts enriched with robbings and tabliers of rich bead embroidery or pascimenterie.

The skirts of tailor made suits are round and full, mounted on silk foundation, skirts with draped tablier raised a trifle at one or both sides and supplemented by a pleated breadth at the back, sleeves bodice and are moulded to the figure with perfect accuracy.

The Continental tunic is the latest freak in the form of drapery. A style fastened at the shoulders falling straight down to the feet in front and at the back, closed in with a richly ornamented girdle at the waist line is called the Thedora Dalmatic. Another style known as the Cleopatra, is closed at the neck and in front and fastened upon one shoulder with armhole extending half-way down the skirt. These graceful outer garments made of silk on lace brighten a toilet wonderfully.

The practice of labeling American fabrics with foreign brands has become a practice almost to be marked for mention. Yet such dealers as Lord & Taylor handling as they do the best brands of two continents can afford to speak truthfully concerning the factors of the fabrics specialized by this old reliable stronghold, which buys more and sells cheaper goods than any other dry goods house in the country. Commercial character goes quite as far as finance in determining the calibre of an establishment and I am sure my readers will not be slow to act upon the hint.

SIDNEY EARLE.

A man in Charleston has made the discovery that dancing is only demoralizing because men have to catch hold of women when they dance. He has accordingly invented a knob or handle, which is affixed to the female dancer as it is to a door. She can wear it on a belt and her partner can seize it without fear of coming in contact with her. This may be called a nobby arrangement.

Ridley's Fashion Magazine for fall is an excellent number. There is no limit to the information comprehended in its finely embellished pages. The literature covers the ground of interesting facts as well as fiction Poems and Sketches are scannable and the notes on fashion are eliminated from the head centres of foreign and American styles. In a word "Ridley's" abundantly sustains its claim to leadership in the extended lines of trade journalism. It is the Alpha and Omega of mercantile momentum, the sign manual of supreme success worth twice the money that is asked for it, and no patron past, present or to come, who has become accustomed to this entertaining and serviceable journal will not consent to do without it at any price. A year's subscription figure is 50 cts. a year. A postal address to the merchant Publishers, E. Ridley & Sons, Grand, Allen, and Orchard St. will settle the question concerning the cost of sample copy.

Good Cooking a Foe to Intemperance.

Dr. Branton, in a recent work on "The Physiology of Digestion," says:—

"Good cooking is one of the most effective means of satisfying the craving for drink, which is the root of so much evil. Drink-craving, in truth, depends, as often as not, on causes of a purely physical nature. Bad cooking is one of the causes of an unequal thirst, and the demand thus created leads very naturally to a 'supply' in the shape of alcoholics. The mental phase of contentment which supercedes on the digestion of food which has been savory and well cooked, is a powerful stimulus to temperance; just as the opposite condition of badly-cooked meals suggests a remedy in the shape of liquor, which is often consumed, under such circumstances, greatly in excess of any needs the body may, physiologically, exhibit for alcohol. This is well seen in Switzerland, where, when the food is by no means of a savory kind, a glass of 'schmapp' is resorted to for the purpose of 'tempering' the meal, and of rendering it more appetizing. There is probably a mental effect produced by a pleasant, well-cooked meal, which effects the brain and nervous system in an appreciable manner, but one of the same time difficult to explain. Be this as it may, there seems no reason to doubt that good cooking and temperance are sworn allies; carelessness in preparing food, and, it may be added, in feeding at large, is the equally sworn ally to intemperance and excess."

The *Herald of Health*, writing in the same vein says:—"The greatest foe to intemperance is the sanitarian, the health reformer, who leads people into healthy habits of living, of eating and drinking, of working and sleeping, of recreation and study. Every nutritious and healthful meal, neatly served and partaken of with thankfulness, is a temperance lesson. Every bad cook who prepares unsavory, indigestible meals helps to make a demand for stimulants.—*The Cook.*"

Rice Toast with Poached Egg.—Boil rice the night before it is to be used; put it in a bread-loaf pan and keep it on ice; the next morning, cut it in slices brush a little melted butter over the broiler and the sliced rice, and broil, or rather toast before the fire. When done, butter the slices, place on each a poached egg, spot the top of the egg with a little black pepper, and serve.—*The Cook.*

Lamb Fritters, Tomato Sauce.—When cold roast lamb will not alienate, owing to its having been badly carved at the preceding meal, it may be served as fritters. Trim the meat free from bones and cut it very fine; to one pound of this add half a scant teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper (red and black mixed) and the yolks of two eggs; bind together and shape the mixture into small thin cakes, dip them in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs repeat the process, and drop them in very hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce.—*The Cook.*

Rolls Jelly Cake.—Beat the yolks of twelve eggs with one pound of pulverized sugar, add the whites beaten to a stiff froth with three-quarters of a pound of flour which has been sifted three or four times. The whites and flour should be stirred in alternately, a little at a time. Have some shallow tin pans 12x18 inches and an inch deep; line with thin brown paper—do not grease—pour in batter, spread out with a knife and bake in a good oven. When done, take out, let it get some what cool and turn out upside down. Wet the paper with a soft cloth dipped in water, and pull off. Spread with jelly, roll up, being careful to place the outer edge against something so that it will not unroll. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Use no baking powder as that makes it too brittle to roll. The paper lining should be larger than the pan so that you can take hold of it in turning out.

The Young People.

A Mock Polar-Bear Hunt.

The mock polar-bear hunt is a favorite game among the Eskimo boys. A few lines will describe it. One of the boys of the village gets a polar bear robe, and wrapping it around him after he is out among the ice hummocks about the village, he comes crawling along some sledge-path near the igloos, when he is discovered by the dogs and surrounded. This is likely to be very rough sport; for the boys take their spears and jab away at their brothers in the bear robe, until you would think they would break some of his ribs; while the dogs emboldened by these supposed brave advances, oftentimes take big bites of fur from the dangling edges of the robe. The mock bear rears up on his hind feet and growls in a very ferocious manner, until, worn out at last with his hard work and having his head so tightly covered up with a heavy robe, he finally falls over a some thrust of a spear and pretends to expire. But the next moment he crawls out from the robe, much to the disgust of the dogs, with their hopes of a fine meal of bear flesh.—"Children of the Cold," by Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka.—*St. Nio las.*

A Salt Lake Jeweler has invented a novel time piece in the shape of a steel wire stretched across his show window on which a stuffed canary hops from left to right, indicating as it goes the hours of the day by pointing with its beak at a dial stretched beneath the wire and having the figures from 1 to 24. When it reaches the latter figure it glides across the window to 1 again. There is no mechanism whatever that can be seen, it being all inside the bird. The inventor says he was three years in studying it out.

How Graded.

An ingenious contemporary has made the following classification, which our readers will discover a much truth as humor:

Taking \$1,000,000 is called a case of genius.

Taking \$100,000 is called a case of shortage.

Taking \$50,000 is called a case of litigation.

Taking \$25,000 is called a case of insolvency.

Taking \$10,000 is called a case of irregularity.

Taking \$5,000 is called a case of defalcation.

Taking \$1,000 is called a case of corruption.

Taking \$500 is called a case of embezzlement.

Taking \$100 is called a case of dishonesty.

Taking \$50 is called a case of thievery.

Taking \$25 is called a case of total depravity.

Taking a loaf of bread is a case of war on society.

"Your conduct surprises me!" exclaimed the good old farmer when he caught a neighbor's boy robbing his apple orchard. "No more than your appearance surprises me," replied the boy, as he skipped away.

Royal Blood.

We are all kings and queens in this country, and we have a right to as good blood as that which courses through the veins of emperors. The blood is poor and the cheeks are pale, it is well known that Brown's Iron Bitters is the great tonic which gives color, vigor, and vitality. Mr. M. K. Gibson of West Point, Miss., says, "I felt weak and debilitated. Brown's Iron Bitters made me strong, and well."

Facetia.

Sound a sleep—A spore.

A great hardship—An iron steamer.

"Out of every one hundred and nine female school teachers," says an exchange, "seven marry every year. How many times do the remaining 102 marry? Give us and the facts."

A magazine writer says the Indians are increasing in number. This must be an error. Not nearly so many Indians are standing in front of cigar stores to day as there were twenty-five years ago.

The composer of "Put me in my little bed" announces that he got ten dollars for writing that interludic lyric and hints that it was not enough. It was not; he ought to have got ten years.

Coddlehead's used to rave over Miss Gulligan's hyacinthine curls. Since he has discovered that they are fastened on his head with a new brand of curlers and now calls them "be-locks."

Priest: "Tell me, Murphy, how came you by that black eye? Were you fighting, eh?" Murphy: "Well, inside, I won't deceive yer reverence; but sure, if yer reverence only seen Mick's eye, now, you'd say there was nothing wrong with mine at all, at all."

A Patterson, N. J., school boy persisted in throwing his hat upon the floor, until finally the teacher chastised him severely. "Now," said the irate teacher, "do you know where your hat ought to have been?" "Yes, sir; inside my clothing, sir," replied the boy.

An absent-minded professor was sitting at his desk writing one evening, when one of his children entered. "What do you want?" he inquired. "I only want to say good-night." "Never mind now, to-morrow morning will do as well."

One of them was just coming out of the post-office. The other was going in. They stopped, shook hands, smiled and the first one observed: "Quite a swell affair, that of Smith's." "Indeed! What was it?" "A ball." And then they separated without shaking hands.

A Massachusetts ship captain recently died, and his chief claim to glory was that he had "rounded the Horn" thirty-three times. We know men in Kentucky who have rounded the horn thirty-three times in hours of times, and their chief claim to glory is that some body else set him up.

"We encourage the interchange of visits with persons of other records," said the proprietor of a leading Summer hotel; "when our people are away for the day they pay for the dinners they don't have, and when their friends return the call they pay for the dinners they do have; so we gain both ways."

"I wish you wouldn't go over to Tracy's," said Crissman to his wife the other morning. "Why not?" inquired the wife. "Well, you know, they've got the fever over here, and if you catch it you'll be sure to spread it." "Nonsense!" replied the lady. "Well, you see, I never knew a woman yet to keep anything to herself," was the husband's parting shot, as he went out of the door.

A BOY WITH A BULGE.

"No, my son," he replied, as he put on his hat, "you can't go to the circus."

"But why, father?"

"But in the first place I can't find away my money on such things."

"Yes, but I have enough of my own."

"And in the next place it is a rough crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy, and no respectable person can countenance such things."

"But, father—"

"That's enough, sir. You can't go. I want you to enjoy yourself, but you must seek some more respectable amusement."

An hour later a curious thing happened in the circus tent. A boy climbed to the top of the seats and sat down beside a man who had just finished a glass of lemonade and was lighting a cigar. He had his pig on the back of his head and seemed to be enjoying himself hugely. It was father and son. The father had gone straight to the grounds from dinner, and the boy had run away. They looked at each other for half a minute, and then the boy got in the first blow by whispering: "Saydad, if you won't lick me I won't tell you was here."

The father nodded his head to the agreement, and the great spectacular parade in the ring began.

CUTTING IT SHORT.

"There is a great deal of religion in nature," solemnly remarked a young clergyman, while calling upon a lady of his congregation the other evening. "There is," was the quiet reply.

"We should never forget that there is a sermon in every blade of grass."

"Quite true. We should also remember while we are about it that grass is cut very short at this season of the year."

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

"The old army shoe," said a slender, dark-haired man, "was a great institution. I have a pair at home that I have preserved, not as mementoes of any long march, but as landmarks in a venturesome life. It was a custom among the poorly shod Confederate troops to remove after a battle, the shoes from the dead Union soldiers. This was not done in any spirit of vandalism or heartlessness. The shoes were taken off to supply men who had much marching to do in inclement weather. We simply changed old, worn-out shoes for the good ones worn by those who fell in battle."

On one occasion I took a pair of nicely polished No. 6s from the body of a man who must have been in life a model soldier. I had worn these shoes with great comfort through the four or five remaining days of activity incident to the battle before I had any opportunity to examine them carefully. When we were again in permanent camp and allowed to remove our cartridge boxes and shoes at night, I made a startling discovery, or rather I was greatly startled by a discovery that I made one morning as I took up the shoes to put them on.

On the under side of the flap, or tongue, was written in a clear, round hand my own name. I was confident that I had never written it there, but there on both shoes were my initials and my family name, and I had taken those shoes four days before from the feet of a man killed in battle. The inference was that I had stolen the shoes from a man related to me in some way. I could not put them on. I walked in my stocking feet to the commissary department, secured a pair of new shoes, and I have the other shoes yet.

"The affair, troubled me for a long time. I had no opportunity for making satisfactory inquiry in regard to the man who bore my name, but in due time I did learn that there was no family relationship whatever. He had come to this country from England and had been in the country only a few months when the war broke out. He enlisted through a spirit of adventure, and I was the means of giving his relatives definite information as to his fate. The only evidence I had bearing on points in which they were interested was a pair of my old army shoes."

THE DEAD SEA OF THE WEST.

The famous Dead Sea of the West, Mono Lake, situated in Mono County, California, is thus described by a writer in *The San Francisco Chronicle*. Its water is so strongly impregnated with alkalis that the hand held for a few minutes in it will crack open and the skin be eaten off. No living thing exists in it, though it is said that often after strong winds have blown across its surface, there is a layer of worms several feet under its lowland shore. It clounds cloth dipped in it almost instantly, and if they are not as speedily removed does worse. Its shores are barren, bleak and lonely in the extreme, bordered by a soil that will grow nothing but the scrubbiest of sage brush. In the prosperous times of Bolivia a steamer plied on the lake, but it is now laid up in ordinary. The length of the lake is about thirty miles and its greatest width about eighteen miles. Seen from the great walks of Bloody Canyon, it is one of the noblest views on earth, but at the same time it only proves to one who has been about its shores and toiled across the desert and sandy interval to the welcome foot of the Sierra, with even no better way across than the Bloody Canyon, that truly "distance lends enchantment to the view."

The use of fire in the preparation of food is peculiar to man, who has been called the "cooking animal." A few of the strictly herbivorous and carnivorous animals have shown a capacity for changing their diet. Thus, the horse and cow may be brought to eat fish and flesh; the sea birds can be habituated to grains; cats are fond of alligator pears, and dogs take naturally to plantain. Certain animals, in passing from the young to the mature state, make a remarkable change of food; thus the tadpole feeds upon vegetable matter, but when it becomes a frog it lives on insects.

In hours of recreation the well-trained mind is active, not passive. The rest it craves consists in change of subject, not in cessation of thought.



A. C. YATES & Co.

THE EVER POPULAR
CLOTHING HOUSE

OF PHILADELPHIA, are fully prepared to show a new and handsome variety of Fall and Winter Goods for Men, Youths, Boys and Children (all under one roof now).

A. C. YATES & CO.

602-604 806 CHESTNUT STREET.

NOTICE OF CONFIRMATION.

H. ARTHUR STUMP, Attorney.

Kaufman Katz and Jacob Kraus trading as K. Katz and Brother vs. Jacob Kraus

Judgment of Confirmation before Joseph W. Abrahamus a Justice of the Peace for Cecil County for \$100.00 with interest from date of Judgment and \$2.00 costs.

Kaufman Katz and Jacob Kraus trading as K. Katz and Brother vs. Jacob Kraus

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Rising Sun Markets.

(Reported by JAMES BARNES.)

GRAIN AND HAY.

Wheat (red).....	85
No. 2 Del.....	80
Oats.....	25
Corn yellow per bush.....	46
" white ".....	48
Hay, Timothy per ton.....	\$ 15.00
Straw, oats per ton.....	4.00
" wheat ".....	4.00

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

(Reported by E. H. BOWMAN.)

Potatoes per bush, new.....	75
Butter per lb.....	15
Lard.....	8
Eggs per doz.....	14
Chickens old per lb.....	9
" young ".....	10

Baltimore Markets.

Super Flour.....	\$3.00@3.40
Extra Flour.....	3.50@4.25
Family Flour.....	4.35@5.00
White Corn Meal, 100 lb.....	1.25
Yellow Corn Chop, " 1.15@1.15	
Fultz Wheat.....	86@91
Long-Berry Wheat.....	94 @ 96
White Corn.....	48 @ 50
Yellow Corn.....	51@52
Oats.....	30@33
Clover Seed, 100 lb.....	1.75@1.90
Timothy Seed, 100 lb.....	35@45
Potatoes, 100 lb.....	12@13
Eggs.....	12@13
Cecil County Timothy Hay.....	\$17@18
Mixed Hay.....	\$14@15 00
Clover Hay.....	\$12@14
Wheat Straw.....	28@29
Oats Straw.....	28@29
Rye Straw.....	\$16@17
Wool, unwashed.....	20@21
Wool, washed.....	26@28

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3,000 Tons of Hay,
10,000 Bushels of Grain

Wanted at highest
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250 Tons of Fertilizers
500 Tons Coal Best Quality,
250 Tons Winter Wheat Bran,
250,000 Ft. Pine & Oak Lumber,
Shutters, Blinds, Doors, Windows, &c

For sale
at prices
to suit
the times.

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RISING SUN, MD.

GREAT VARIETY
SUMMER GOODST. T. WORRALL'S,
—SUCH AS—VICTORIA LAWNES,
LINON D'IRELANDE,
BASTILLE CLOTHES,
DRESSING GOWNES,
LAWNES, &c.Gauze Underwear for Men, Ladies and
Children at very Low Prices.Nice Line of Straw and other Hats.
Mens' and Boys' CLOTHING,
Boots and Shoes, &c.GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
GROCERIES.—CALL AND SEE US, NO TROUBLE TO—
—SHOW GOODS!—T. T. WORRALL,
Rising Sun, Md.

July 18-8t

BISSELL CHILLED
PLOW!Our purpose in presenting this
Plow to farmers is to call attention
to the fact that we offer to the buyer
an improved and perfect Chilled
Plow, the Best and Cheapest on the
market.The Hoosier Grain and
Fertilizer Drill!"It has given good satisfaction as a fertil-
izer, also as a grain and seed drill. It
drills oats and grass seed with the same reg-
ularity and accuracy that it does wheat."
"D. BAKER."The Hoosier Drill is a complete success
and is in demand. We are not afraid of
any drill. It is a very easy running drill.
"T. W. WILLIAMS."Improved Willoby Grain
and Fertilizer Drill!We have handled this Drill for 5
years with entire satisfaction. The
WILLOBY IMPROVED runs as
light as any drill in use.CORN SHELLERS, HAY & STRAW
CUTTERS, POWER OR HAND, TWIN
HARROWS, CULTIVATORS
FOR PREPARING GROUND FOR
SEEDING.PLOW CASTINGS FOR SOUTH BEND,
DIAMOND IRON AND ROWLAND
CHILLED PLOWS, TWO-HORSE
WAGONS OF OUR OWN MAKE.Repairing of Farm Machinery a
specialty. Parts kept on hand for all ma-
chinery sold by us.J. C. BIRD & SONS,
Rising Sun - - - MdJAMES BARNES,
NOVELTIES!—AT WAREHOUSE—
Rising Sun Station,Offers the highest rates for
HAY, GRAIN, &c., and has for sale
COAL of the BEST QUALITY at
the BOTTOM PRICES.Fertilizers of Established
Reputation, such as
Cope's, Waring's,
Eureka, Pork
& Co's andThe Planet Brand Bone
and Phosphate.

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Rising Sun - - - MdNOVELTIES!
NGVELTIES

AT E. K. BROWN'S.

The Yale Comet Clock, Reliable time
keeper; will
give purchaser entire satisfaction. Only \$1.25.FOX'S
Eureka
EYE GLASSES,can be adjusted to fit comfortably and
firmly on any nose, whether large or
small.KEITH'S
COMMON SENSE
CUFF
HOLDER!1st. To avoid the annoyance of but-
toning on your Cuffs.2nd. To regulate the length of your
Cuff by moving it up or down, and
fastening it to the slit of your shirt
sleeve.3rd. The convenience of taking off
your Cuff or putting it on without
handling it.4th. Now, would you do without it
for 25 cents?Also a Full Line of Watches,
Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles on
hand, or secured on Special Order at
Short Notice.

—Repairing promptly attended to.—

TO FALL TRADE.

National Bore will be offered
Low!All making early engagements will, for
Cash or good Note, interest added,
obtain these Goods at Low Prices.
Clubs of 50 Tons are
offered at Inducements.—They re in Good Drilling Condition.—
J. A. DAVIS & SON,
Port Deposit, Md.

June 16th, 1885. 9t.

Buckton's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for cuts,
bruises, ulcers, skin rheum, fever sores, tet-
ter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and
all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles
or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give
perfect satisfaction, or money refunded.
Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. L.
R. Kirk. June 7The above represent what men in our employ
are earning in 1 year round. We send a few more
reliable men ON THE FURNED RED PLOWS every
man who has got with us. For terms address
E. F. ATTWOOD & CO.
AUSTRIAN, GENEVA, N.Y.



THE



MIDLAND



JOURNAL.

E. E. Ewing, Proprietor.

[Entered at the Post Office in Rising Sun, Md., as Second Class Matter.]

One Dollar per Annum in Advance.

VOL. VII. RISING SUN, CECIL COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1885. NO. 48.

A Great Premium!

The Midland Journal

—AND—
American Farmer

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.25!

The *American Farmer* is a First Class sixteen-page Agricultural Magazine, published monthly, at Fort Wayne, Ind. The *Farmer* is jam full of instructive reading and elegant illustrations. Tells about the Farm, Garden, Orchard, Stock Raising, Dairying, Domestic Economy, in short, is one of the best Agricultural Magazines in the country.

As an inducement to extend our circulation, we offer to every subscriber who

PAYS IN ADVANCE \$1.25

THE MIDLAND JOURNAL

—AND—
AMERICAN FARMER

FOR ONE YEAR! This offer is made until January 1, 1886.

Rambles of the Editor.

In a short trip through a portion of the three upper districts we observed that the crop of apples in some orchards promises to be quite heavy. The trees bending beneath their load of tempting fruit. The corn crop every where appears to be unusually good but the fields show the effect of the severe storms that succeeded the long drought of June and July. The seed clover crop will be a very short one this fall in all this region of country. We did not meet with a single field which showed anything like a fair crop, and heard of only one field, which belonged to Mr. Stephen C. Magraw of Porters Bridge. We are sorry to record that Mr. Magraw had lost a fine horse a few days before, by overdriving in one of those intensely hot days which characterized the last week of August.

Mr. Magraw has lost several horses within the last two or three years, and has been the victim of what might be termed a series of misfortunes. His dam and mill sustained heavy damage by the June flood of '84, and one year ago his little 8 year old son was drowned in the mill race. These series of afflictions following each other at short intervals is indeed a severe trial and weighs heavily on the spirits of his good wife, who expressed a wish that a purchaser might turn up who would buy the place. The farm faces the south, the soil is the famous gray stone, the land, and has one of the finest flowering mills, and the best water power on the creek. The land is rough but productive, and if converted into a fruit farm would be very valuable. The great flood in his wild career left behind a beach which over laid a rich piece of loam. On this sanded spot Mr. Magraw informs us he raised some of the finest melons and cantaloupes this season he ever saw. And sweet potatoes possessing all the excellence of the famous Jersey sweet potato. While seated at the dinner table we had ample evidence of the

excellence of the two latter vegetables. This may serve as a hint to melon raisers. Sand is the grand indispensable as a top dressing for these crops.

In one respect the 8th district resembles the law of the Mends and Persians. It changes but little, but that little within the last twenty five years is on the side of improvement. Conowingo has made the longest stride in the way of improvement of any place in the upper end of the county; and the change here has indeed been marvelous. This used to be famous only for its fever and ague. But a New York shipper, Mr. Bell, came there some years ago, bought a large portion of land in the village and adjacent to it, and commenced improving the place. He has drained the land, cleared away the bushes, put up buildings, and encouraged improvement in every direction. The railroad came to his aid and now the place presents the greatest net work of telegraph wire of any centre in the county. There are two flint mills and the large paper mill is on the Harford side directly opposite the village, which serves as the distributing point for all this manufacturing industry. This enterprise and evidence of life has drawn another true spirit and genius of business to the place, in the person of Mr. C. M. Childs, who is rapidly laying the ground work of what will in the near future prove an immense trade.

The McCullough Iron works are the vertebra of Rowlandville—the place used to be called Rowlandville, but they have dropped the 'a'; every thing they make for short in this busy age. The scenery is very picturesque among these Oceanic hills, and the land of a superior quality. There are a great many more consumers in all this region of country than there were 25 or 30 years ago, but the farmers do not appear to realize the fact put keep on raising wheat and corn, competing with the West, which can give them two days start every week and be ahead of them on Saturday night. There are 1000 mouths to feed within easy distance of their farms where there was but one 30 years ago, but there owners have not found it out.

Up Basin run is a pleasant summer trip. The little villages have come down to the railroad, with their smiling flower beds and vine covered verandas, like soft eyed gazelles of the desert which come down to the brooks to drink.

Liberty Grove which used to be a tangled wild woods is now a settled when neighbors not to close are at least within calling distance, and where we found one of the neatest and most inviting stores in the country owned by Mr. Robert Rowland, who is P. M. as well as tape cutter for the neighborhood.

Two miles farther up is the village of Coloma, where the Waring Brothers have demonstrated the vast superiority that brain has over brawn in the building up of one of those modern industries for supplying the agriculturist with phosphates and nitrates, which alone makes it possible for the great majority of farmers in this part to escape the fangs of object poverty. Science has overturned many long and fondly cherished delusions,

which have been given up with many a sigh and tear, but it has made it possible for the million to obtain bread. Had the farmer joined hands with science, and advanced as rapidly as she has opened the way for him, he would occupy a higher plain to day than he does, although advance has been marvelous, if we take a long vista and look back, say 500 years.

But we will look at Coloma some day again and say more about its material wealth, we have got switched off on its moral greatness some how this time, and must stop.

Canning Corn and How it is Done.

We have two canneries at the Sun; one establishment belongs to Carter and Brown, and the other to David McCoy. The fixtures and process in both is virtually the same, but Mr. McCoy has introduced some machinery this season not heretofore in successful use in the business, which cuts the corn from the cob and separates the silk and bits of refuse from the grain. In the old process for this part of the business, the cutting is done by hand with a common thin bladed knife, and the silk is cleaned off the husked ears with hand brushes.

The variety of corn used for canning is the Stowell's Evergreen. The canneries make arrangements with the farmers to furnish them the product of a certain number of acres, and when the corn arrives at the 'roasting ear' period, pulling and hauling commences. The ears are pulled and thrown into wagons, hauled to the cannery, where the machine is driven onto a platform, weighed and the corn thrown out in long heaps under sheds where the huskers strip off the green husks and toss the plump grain ears into baskets. Where the silking is done by hand the silkers sit by with stiff brushes and clean off the silk. Mr. McCoy, as it is, has provided his establishment this season with one of the Warfield cutting machines which is driven by steam power. This machine has cost the inventor several years of labor and experimenting, and spending a fortune he has succeeded in producing a machine which does the work rapidly and well. The machine consists of an iron frame about ten feet long in which a piston is worked by a crank and has a stroke of about 3 feet. The knives are a complicated piece of machinery provided with springs. The ears are fed to the machine by hand, point foremost, the jaws of which open and receive one ear at a time, when a blow from the piston sends it through the cutters, which shears the grains from the cob in a twinkling and shoots the cob out of a horizontal spout while the corn falls on an incline and is taken out below by a man or boy who dips up the milky grain with a scoop and carries it in buckets to the silker. This Silker is Mr. McCoy's own invention, and consists of a strongly made box one foot square and about 2 feet high placed in a vertical position with a hopper fitted on the top. This box is partly well filled with cross wires and screens, through which the corn is forced, by a tilting and bumping motion imparted to it by a kind of lifting cam on a shaft driven by steam power. This

silking machine separates the silk and nibs from the grain which is taken up in buckets and poured into shallow tin trays. These two machines save the work of 10 or more hands. The trays are about 3 feet square by 5 inches deep and are perforated in bottom with 40 one and a quarter inch holes at even distances apart. As many cans as the trays contains are placed in a crate with open ends up. The shallow square tin pans or trays are then set on the cans and the corn emptied into them. A woman or man as the case may be, stands at each tray, and with a cob pushes and works the corn round which falls through the holes into the cans. As the cans fill up, the packer punches her cob into each settling the corn in the cans till they are full, when the crate of filled cans is pushed along the table to the weigher who is generally a girl. This weigher has a common counter scale before her, with a cam filled the proper quantity of corn—2 pounds—which serves for weight. The cans are taken up one by one by the weigher, and a little corn added where light or damped out if containing over weight. A boy stands beside the weigher and places the cans as they are set from the scale in an iron crate which hold one dozen cans. The crate of cans is immersed in a bath of weak pickle for a moment, till the bubbles cease to rise, when the crate is lifted and placed on an incline for the surplus pickle to drain back into the vat. This dip in the pickle or salt water bath forces out most of the air and slightly seasons the corn with salt. A boy lifts the drained crate of cans to a table, runs a brush hastily over the tops to clean off the cans; and places a cap over each hole. These caps are cut and crimped by the can manufacturers, and are all an exact fit. On each can a top bit of solder is laid, just enough to solder on the top. This solder is cut by machinery and is purchased as the cans are from the factory where it is cut in lumps of uniform size. The crate of cans is now ready for the soldering iron, and is shoved over to the opposite side of the table where the capper stands with his soldering irons in a gasolene furnace.

One end of these soldering irons is shaped like an inch and a half gauge, and is fixed to a handle similar to a brace for boring. This brace like handle is hung on an iron shaft pointed at the lower end, which point is placed in the small vent hole that is in the centre of the cap, the hot iron placed on the lump of solder and with a quick forward and backward turn the cap is sealed. The operation is but the work of a moment. The capped cans are then placed in large air metal iron crates, holding 125 cans each. These strong crates are provided with a pair of balls which are folded together and hooked to a chain of the hoisting crane, swung over a tank of boiling water, and lowered in. The cans remain in this tank 18 minutes, which expands the contents and forces out the cold air. The crate is then hoisted out and placed on a table, when the tops of the cans are brushed dry and the vent holes brushed over with a soldering liquid. A sealer with hot iron and bar of solder puts a drop on each small hole and the can is hermetically

sealed. The crate of sealed cans is then swung to the opposite side and lowered into a test tank of water kept at the boiling point by a coil of steam pipe. When the cans are lowered beneath the hot water the heat expands the contents and if an air hole, ever so small is present the fact is revealed by bubbles rising to the surface, when the faulty can is lifted out of its place by a pair of fat nosed tongs and the solderer, with hot iron and a bit of solder stops the hole if the defect is not to extensive. The operation of testing a crate of 125 cans requires but a minute, when the crate is again hoisted and swung over beside the processing kettle, when the cans are lifted steaming hot by two men with leathern pads on their hands, and piled in circular crates holding three tiers and containing 280 cans. The processing or cooking is done by dry steam in these factories. The crates of cans are next lowered into this cooking kettle or heavy iron cylinder, the lid shut down and held securely by bolts when steam is turned on. This processing cylinder is provided with a steam gauge and thermometer, and the heat is raised rapidly to 250° then lowered and brought up gradually to 260° where it is kept 40 minutes. The lowering and slowly raising the heat is to allow it to penetrate the goods, in order to process the contents of the cans evenly. Forty minutes is the length of time required to cook corn thoroughly in a heat of 250 degrees, requiring a greater heat to process it than tomatoes.

At the end of forty minutes the cans are lifted from the processing kettle or cylinder and submerged in a tank of cold water, where they remain until cool enough to handle, when they are put into the boxes or cases as they are technically termed, and piled away. After standing ten days the goods are overhauled and the 'swells' sorted out. Notwithstanding all the care taken, quite a good many 'swells' are found among them. The cans are now ready to receive the fine labels all are familiar with, and when properly labeled, they are replaced 2 dozen in a case, the case lid nailed down and the goods are ready for market.

We have followed this modern art of preserving green fruit and vegetables, in all its details which consist of some 16 or so, manipulations. All this work proceeds with the utmost regularity, every one stands at his or her appointed post, and performs the part allotted and the work proceeds with clock like movement.

The green corn crop is short this season, our canners not having more than a three weeks run on corn. Mr. McCoy had calculated on having enough corn to fill 250,000 cans but will process probably 140,000. Carter and Brown will process probably 130,000 cans of corn. The latter are running some tomatoes, but this has been a very unfavorable season for tomatoes. Mr. McCoy employs 400 hands at wages averaging a \$1.00 a day while Carter and Brown employ 50 at about the same wages.

Kidney Disease.

Mr. H. Waram, member of City Council, of Albany, N. Y., says: 'I was a victim of the worst form of kidney disease. A short trial of Aromanna completely cured me.' Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by Dr. L. R. Kirk, Rising Sun.

The Farm.

Two Farmers' Gardens.

Farmer "In-the-ruts" has a cooped-up garden spot back of the house. It has always been the garden and it is handy, both for the farmer's wife to weed and the hens to scratch. Two apple trees monopolize the best soil, and the straggling wall which surrounds it has a four-foot fringe of briars and witch grass. This farmer don't think much of a garden, though he has always had one and so must this year. He grudgingly applies a little green stable manure and gets some box seed from the village store. He plows around the garden, giving the wall fringe a new furrow of earth and leaving the middle thinner than ever. Then the garden is planted, everything in one day. The hired man sows the seed while the farmer sets a few strawberry plants "just to keep the women folks good natured." Then the hens get in their work and in due time part of the seeds and all the weeds begin to grow. The hired man hoes the garden, while the farmer gets seed for replanting from the other box at the store and threatens to shut up the hens. Haying comes in now and the farmer can't stop for such small business as gardening, but after haying he will "clean up that garden," he tells his wife. Weeds and bugs and hens are more than a match for this good woman, though the pole-beans climb above the smothering weeds and make a partial crop, and there would have been sweet corn if the red heifer had not broken in and eaten it. After the meadows are cut, the farmer and hired man spend two days in chopping out weeds and pulling "pusley" from the strawberries, when they both agree that "a garden is more bother than it's worth," and leave it for the season. And they are right.

Farmer "Up-in-the-trees" has his garden plot at one side of a three-acre mowing. It is longer than wide and contains nearly three-quarters of an acre, with good head lands left at either end. He secures the best of seed, manures and fits his ground thoroughly and plants entirely in long rows running north and south. He plants for a succession and occupies the spare moments of many days in this way, that he may enjoy a long season of fresh vegetables and fruits. Then the cultivator and wheel-hoe are put to work and kept to work, and little hand weeding is necessary. It is a pleasure to care for the garden, for the return is so bountiful. The farmer's wife thinks a pleasant walk for a basket of vegetables preferable to a backache from weed-pulling. Strawberries, raspberries, asparagus, celery, all the best fruits and vegetables supply the farmer's table through the season and many a dollar's worth finds its way to market in the farm wagon. This farmer loves his garden and he knows it pays—pays in a double sense, for he says that his care of the small things of a garden has taught him the principle that underlies his success in general farm management—painstaking thoroughness and attention to detail, doing the right thing at the right time and keeping ahead of his work. So he says with emphasis: "A good garden is the best thing on a farm." And he is right.—Country Home.

Horticulture.

Every kind of bulb grown in a pot should be repotted every year and have a complete change of soil.

Now is the time to trim out the old raspberry wood. An inquirer asks, "What instrument shall I use to do this with, and where shall I get it?" We find nothing better than a large hook-bladed jack-knife. Bind the arm with an old piece of sack or something to prevent the briars doing injury.

Strawberries should be well cleaned out this month for the last time, taking pains to train the runners along the

rows, so as to have thickly matted rows. However, keep the cultivator running till they cease growing, narrowing it down if necessary as rows fill up and widen out.

A little compost or ashes or commercial fertilizer scattered among them now will largely increase the crop next year.

There is an opening for men, who will, by continuous effort learn how to produce large crops of first-class berries from a small amount of land, and at the least cost. The call is for scientific fruit growing, as well as scientific farming. I have known fine large Sharpless berries to sell at fifteen cents per quart, while common berries were hanging a market at five cents. Our farmer friends who look down on fruit growing, regard berries as an expensive luxury, and consequently think there will not always be a surety of demand, but many are learning to look upon them as an inexpensive article of food, taking the place of meat. Thus new markets are opening up, and old markets are consuming more and more every year.

Fall-Planting Strawberries.

To the question: What are the wants of the strawberry when planted in the fall? M. Crawford, of Ohio, answers as follows:

Now, what are the wants of the strawberry when planted in the fall? The soil for the strawberry should be rich and moist, but not wet. It matters not whether it be sand, clay, or muck, so that it furnishes anchorage for the plant and contains an abundance of the elements necessary to its growth. It should be stirred to a good depth, but little or no poor subsoil should be brought into the surface. It is well to have it prepared some little time in advance, so that it may have time to settle somewhat before the plants are set. The surface should be rich. This is especially important with Fall set plants, as their roots have comparatively little time to go far in search of food.

There is another advantage in encouraging surface roots; they are not drawn out or broken by the expansion of the water in the soil when it changes to ice, but rise and fall with the ground. Roots that run deep are apt to be broken or drawn out—as red clover—while white clover roots remain uninjured, although frozen and thawed a dozen times. If the soil has been enriched for a previous crop, so much the better; but if not, well-decomposed stable manure may be worked into the surface, either before or after setting the plants.

—Tribune and Farmer.

Lifting Plants

Previous to frost is an annual source of anxiety to many amateurs. For plants out of bloom, that have a great many roots and naturally retain the soil, no especial direction is needed; but for geraniums and heliotropes, and other plants in full bloom and bud, and whose bloom it is desirable to retain, more than ordinary care is necessary. The florists' departments of our county fairs are too often a museum of abortive efforts in this direction. The conditions necessary to success in moving growing plants are the same as those needed in rooting cuttings; namely, heat and moisture, with a quiet, confined atmosphere.

Where plants are very bushy and leafy, like rose and zonal geraniums, all surplus growth that can possibly be spared is removed with a sharp knife, reference being had to beauty of outline and the saving of flower buds. About ten days before removal, the roots around one half the plant are severed with a sharp spade. The distance from the center depends upon the size of the plant and the size of pot in which it is to be placed. If the plant is to be exhibited, the pot should be of ample size, or larger than would be necessary for wintering. Five days later the roots should be severed on the other side. This is to canvas the putting out of new feeding roots near the center of the

plant to make up for those which are removed in digging up. Thus treated and transplanted into rich, fine earth, thoroughly saturated and set in a warm, shady place out of the wind, there is little difficulty in lifting even very large plants without wilting.—Fruit Recorder.

TINWARE

A large assortment of TIN SHEET IRON, GALVANIZED and JAPAN WARE constantly on hand and manufactured to order. Special attention given to

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QUEEN'S COAL OIL CANS

CHAMBER SETS, &C.

ELECTRIC LAMPS—genuine make—best coal oil lamps in the world.

TUBULAR LANTERNS with head light reflectors, unequalled for driving.

Have your HEATERS and FURNACES put in order before cold weather. We make this a leading feature in our business, and are anxious to work. All kinds of HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS and KITCHEN KNIVES for the week table kept in stock.

C. C. McCLURE,
Rising Sun, Md.

BEST STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS



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COMPARE THE PRICES AND PRICES OF OUR ENGINES. We have no agents or salesmen to pay by adding commissions which customers must pay. If power, Cylinder, Price, on March 4, 1890.

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44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76

Stationary Engines, 2 to 60 Horse Power, of any style and for any purpose. We also have a large stock of all kinds of machinery, including pumps, mills, and all kinds of iron and steel work. JOHN BEST & SON, LANSING, PA.



The above named medicine, and also Sellers' Jamaica Ginger for sale by Dr. L. R. Kirk, Rising Sun, Md.

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The Hotel is a commodious and quiet boarding house convenient to Post Office and stores. We have pleasant suites of rooms for families. Our table is supplied with the best the market affords. Terms reasonable.

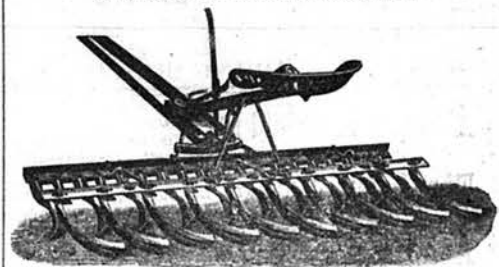
One mile of easy ascent to the top of Mt. State, giving one of the best views of the whole range. Fire-alive drive to the top of the Smoky White Mountain. Other grand peaks, also water falls too numerous to mention. Health and pleasure seekers and lovers of nature may find here a mild climate, except from great extremes of heat and cold, pure, invigorating air, pure cold spring water, and grandest mountain scenery east of the Rocky Mountains. Our grand and elevated region of mountain country and latitude accounts for our cool and restful summer climate, the delight of all who spend a summer here. No mosquitoes, few flies and insects. Our beautiful town site on the crest of the Blue Ridge, about five miles from the Georgia line, and contains nearly 300 of the best class, from nearly every State in the Union. Good society, excellent schools, church privileges, stores, mills, boarding houses and several fine dwellings. We shall continue to try to make the visits of our guests to the Highlands pleasant ones. We especially solicit the patronage of those who wish to enjoy long in this "Land of the Sky."

Highlands is 30 miles north of Wallula, South Carolina; 50 miles south of Webster, on the Western N. C. R. R. Good roads to the line at Sylva, near Webster, at Jones's, W. Wallula, at Holland & Wingo's, Jones's, N. C., on Air Line R. R. Ready to long passages to Highlands at reasonable rates.

JOSEPH FITTS,
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"ACME" PULVERIZING HARROW,

CLOD CRUSHER AND LEVELER.



This invention, the production of Mr. Fred'k Nishwitz, the original inventor of the Disk or Wheel Harrow, is the result of a long series of experiments, in which he became convinced that the Disk Harrow is adapted only to superficial pulverization. Being himself a practical farmer, as well as mechanic and inventor, and feeling the need of a thorough pulverizer in his own farming operations, he conceived the plan of combining a Clod Crusher, Leveler and Harrow in one implement.

His success has been truly marvelous, as is shown by the result, viz: the production of an implement which

Weights much less than other Pulverizing Harrows, Sells about one-third Less, and withal Does the Most Thorough Work of any.

Brown & Reeder,

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are Agents for this UNRIVALED Farm Implement. No Farmer will do without one if he consults his own interest.



SURE GROWTH SUPER PHOSPHATE.

SURE GROWTH is a thoroughly reliable high grade Bone Phosphate. It is in excellent mechanical condition, and is guaranteed to drill freely without trouble. To produce Wheat, it excels any fertilizer sold in this section. TRY IT!

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Items of Interest.

For finally drying an enemy's air, bright red, an Englishman has been compelled to pay \$300 damages.

"A servant girl who permits no familiarity on the part of the gentlemen of the house," advertised for a place in Cincinnati, and received 580 answers in two days—all from ladies.

The Iowa Supreme Court has decided that a hotel keeper who receives guests knowing that there is a contagious disease in his house is liable for damage to any guest who may contract the disease.

Young ostriches are warmed out of their shells by incubators in California, and manifest great astonishment when they discover they are not in an African desert. They have not yet become accustomed to being born on this continent.

A Chicago hotel keeper had a man recently arrested for stealing a cake of soap. The man pleaded, in extenuation of his offense, that he wanted it for his collection of curiosities, it being the first cake of soap he had ever discovered in a Chicago hotel.

A Georgia has a postoffice named "Talking Rock." The origin of the name is thus stated: Some one discovered in the vicinity a large stone upon which was painted the words "Turn me over." It required considerable strength to accomplish this, and when it was done, the command, "Now turn me back, and let me fool some one else," was found painted on the under side of the stone.

For its private work the bank of Devil's Lake, Dakota, has adopted a rather peculiar but very suggestive vignette. The base is a sheaf of wheat, on which rests a silver dollar, over the back of which Satan is climbing, holding in one hand the scales of justice and in the other a lance. At his left is a map of the lake, which forms the place for writing the amount of draft or check, on which are the words, "Give the devil his due."

To make blackberry brandy use the following formula: To 10 gallons blackberry juice and 25 gallons of spirits (40 above proof) add 1 dram of oil of cloves and oil of cinnamon, each dissolved in 65 per cent. alcohol, and 12 pounds of white sugar dissolved in 6 gallons of water. Dissolve the oils separately in a half pint of 65 per cent. alcohol; mix both together and use one-half the quantity, if the cordial is not sufficiently flavored use the balance.

In killing poultry the French are adepts, as they are in everything appertaining to the cuisine. They open the beak of the fowl, and with a sharp-pointed and narrow-bladed knife, make an incision just at the back of the roof of the mouth, which divides the vertebrae and causes instant death. The fowl is then hung up by the legs to bleed. This is a neat and quick process, and is a decided improvement over the usually clumsy method generally practiced in this country.

To remove grease stains from pages of books, warm the parts and then press pieces of blotting-paper upon them, so as to absorb as much as possible. Have some clear oil of turpentine, almost boiling, again warm the greased spot, and then with a soft clean brush apply the hot turpentine to both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this the grease will come out. Lastly, with another clean brush, dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer be seen, nor the paper marked.

The line of Stuart was perhaps the most uninterruptedly unfortunate of any royal race. James I. of Scotland was assassinated; James II. was killed at the siege of Banburn; James III. was killed while endeavoring to crush an insurrection; James IV. fell at Flodden; James V. died of grief for the loss of his army; Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded; Charles I. met a similar fate, and his son wandered for years in exile; and finally James II. of England was expelled from his kingdom.

In the gardens of a well-known nobleman's country seat in the south of Ireland painted boards were set up in different parts of the pleasure grounds, with this request: "Please do not pull any flowers without leave." Recently the district racketeer passed that way, and at daybreak added an "a" to the last word on all the boards, which had the effect of making things pleasant—until the cause was discovered—for tourists and strange visitors who checked a latent passion for floral games.

GRANT'S FIRST NOMINATION.

A veteran of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment tells the story of Gen. Grant's first nomination for the presidency. The second Corps was marching from Cold Harbor to Richmond, and one morning, when about ten miles from the Confederate capital, a halt was made for breakfast near an old church. Some of the boys entered the church out of curiosity, and the first thing that met their gaze was an inscription in charcoal upon the dead white wall back of the pulpit. It reads:

Clydes R. Grant; may he be hung, drawn, and quartered.

The first impulse of the soldiers was to take revenge by burning the church, and this would undoubtedly have been done had not one of the men approached the pulpit and discovered another inscription, which could not be read from the further end of the church. It was this:

Hung with the laurels of victory, drawn in the chariot of peace, and quartered in the White House at Washington.

The church was saved. A distinguished officer here tells a new story of Gen. Grant. In one of the opening battles of Grant's last campaign, a Maine soldier received a peculiar and painful while not dangerous wound. He was but a short distance from Gen. Grant, who at the time was talking to Gen. Hancock. The Maine man yelled with considerable vigor, and Gen. Grant, turning to Col. Moore, now of Deering, said: "Let that man go to the rear; he'll demoralize the entire rebel army if he keeps up screaming in that way." At that time Gen. Grant was in constant danger of being killed.

SUCCESSFUL AS A CLERK.

"When Grant was in Chicago three or four years ago," said an army official, "he lounged about Sheridan's headquarters a good deal. His son Fred was at that time on Sheridan's staff, but was absent one day, and Grant took his place at Fred's desk and looked after the business. A nervous, fidgety, irritable old fellow came in to inquire for some paper that he had left with Fred. When he stated his case Grant took up the matter in a sympathetic way, and proceeded after the manner of an over-anxious clerk to look the paper up. The document could not be found, and Grant, apologizing, walked with the old gentleman to the door. As I walk down the stairs with the mollified visitor he turned and asked, 'Who is that old codger?' He is the politest clerk I ever saw at military headquarters. I hope Sheridan will keep him," I answered, quietly. "That is Gen. Grant." The fidgety old gentleman, after staring at me for a full minute, said, with considerable fervor, 'I will give you fifty cents if you will kick me down stairs.'"

WHAT THE BRAIN DOES.

It is a well-known fact that people whose limbs have been amputated tell you that they can feel their fingers and toes for a long time afterward—for years, sometimes—and will even describe pains and definite sensations affecting certain joints of amputated digits. This is readily understood when we remember that the brain is the only part of the body that feels, all sensations and impulses being conveyed to it from different parts by nerve fibers. Feelings of pain, heat, cold, touch, and the functions of the special senses are telegraphed to it; and when the connecting nerve is divided it may be some time before it learns to localize truly the seat of the sensation it appreciates. When we knock our "funny bones" we experience a thrill in the little finger and inner border of the hand; the fact being that we have stimulated the bundle of telegraph wires—known as the ulnar nerve—which transmits sensations from that finger and part of the next, in the middle of its course, as it winds round the joint of the elbow.

When a chief dies in Sitka his wives pass to his next heir, and unless these relict purchase their freedom with blankets, they are united to their grandsons or nephews as a matter of course. High-strung young Siwash sometimes scorn these legacies, and then there is war, all the widows reuniting such an outrage of decency and established etiquette. It is said, however, that benching is too small a word to describe the way in which the wives bully their lords. Women's rights have reached a development among the Sitkans that would astound the woman suffrage leaders.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HORSE.

Much interest was an exchange, has been felt in discoveries relating to the natural history of the horse, of the remote ancestry of which noble animal much is now known. Some time ago it was learned that America was the original home of the horse, which, had, in the earliest form of which distinct remains have been found, four toes and a splint bone, the rudiment of the fifth toe. Equine animals with three toes on each front leg and those with two toes have left unquestionable evidence of their existence. In a recent issue of the Edinburgh Scotsman is an article which says that six or seven wild species belonging to the family of horses are known, but these all belong to that section of the family of which the ass is the type, and which are distinguished from the true horses by the absence of warts upon the hind legs, by rounded hoofs, and by the long hairs of the tail being confined to the extremity of that organ. Recently, however, the Russian traveler Przevalsky, while journeying in the Dugarian desert lying between the Altai and Tianshan mountains of Tibet discovered a new species of wild horse, which seems to have more claim than any of the already known wild kinds to be regarded as the primitive stock of the domestic horse. Like the latter, it has warts upon the hind legs as well as on the fore legs, it has also a broad hoof, while the long hairs of the tail begin about midway, being in this latter aspect, therefore, intermediate between the horse and the ass. It differs from the true horse, however, in having a short erect mane, and in the absence of the forelock, while it has not the stripes down the back found in many horses.

Przevalsky's horse, according to an account contained in Nature, keeps to the wildest parts of the desert, where it is met with in troops of from five to fifteen individuals led by an old stallion—the other members of the troop being apparently mares. They are hard to approach, being shy in disposition and passing highly developed organs of sight, hearing and smell. Przevalsky only met with two herds; in vain he and his companions fired at these animals. "With outstretched head and uplifted tail the stallion disappeared like lightning with the rest of the herd after him." A single specimen subsequently procured is now in the St. Petersburg museum, and is the only one in Europe. It has since been pointed out by Mr. W. Watts that the figures of the horse found incised on antlers in the cave of La Madeline bear a close resemblance to Przevalsky's horse. There, he says, "the same massive head, the same long mane, absence of forelock, pointed ears, short body, and powerful legs, while there seems even an indication that the long hairs of the tail spring first from the middle of the crest."

THOSE STOLEN SPOONS.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is a personal friend of Ben Butler, and to him the Massachusetts ex-Governor related the true story of the stolen spoons. He said: "When I was in New Orleans, complaints were frequently made to me of houses being entered and plundered. I had these complaints investigated by an officer of my staff, who reported that they were immensely exaggerated. One day while I was in a bad humor, a prominent citizen came and renewed the old complaint. 'If the United States,' said he, 'has sent an army of robbers down here, I can put up with it, but if robbery is not authorized, I want my property restored.' He expressed his opinion of the government, its troops and myself in language that was quite earnest. So I concluded to investigate the matter personally. He told me who was the blackman that had brought the robbers to his house, whom I found and compelled to tell the truth. He said that he had driven some soldiers to a number of houses to plunder, and took me to a place where the booty was stored. To my surprise, the officer who had led the gang was my staff officer to whom I had intrusted the investigation. I had the plunder removed to my warehouse until it could be claimed and restored, and had the officer arrested, tried, sentenced and shot, and his family thought he was killed in the service." Said Senator Beck, "Why have you never told this story before, and cleared yourself of the offensive charges?" "Oh," said Butler, "they would get up some other d—d lie on me if I did."

Put down as soon as possible every sum which you receive or pay; and trust not to your memory.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable Glycerine, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Headache, Nervousness, and all ailments arising from a deficient supply of blood.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Stomach and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—dew iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, removes heartburn and biliousness, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermitting Fevers, Lamehood, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.

See the genuine has above trade mark and colored red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Drowsiness, Costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weakness, Disturbance, Fluctuating at the heart, Dizziness before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Headaches, with stilted dreams, Highly colored urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, cure them effectually and a change of food is not needed.

They improve the Appetite, and cleanse the bowels, thus restoring the system to its normal state. They are sold by all druggists, and by J. C. Tuttle, New York, and by J. C. Tuttle, New York, and by J. C. Tuttle, New York.

OTTAWA, 44 Murray St., New York.

REYNOLDS BROS.,

PORT DEPOSIT, MD.

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Hardware House and Tin Can Factory.

Hardware, Oils, Paints, Glass Lamps, Chandeliers, &c. Iron Pipe and Fittings,

Plumbing in all kinds, Roofing and all other work in Tin and Sheet Iron.

PUBLIC ACCOMMODATED PROMPTLY AT LOWEST CASH RATES.

Eureka Tested Tin Fruit Cans for Packers in Large or Small Orders

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON & BALTIMORE R. R.

GENERAL DIVISION

On and after Sunday, Oct. 21st, 1893, trains (time as follows):

LEAVING NORTH.

Station.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia	4:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30
Wilmington	5:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00
Baltimore	5:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
Washington	6:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
Richmond	6:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30	1:30
Frederick	7:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00
Hagerstown	7:30	10:30	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30
Gettysburg	8:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00
Carlisle	8:30	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30	3:30
Harrisburg	9:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00
York	9:30	12:30	1:30	2:30	3:30	4:30
Lebanon	10:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00
Conowingo	10:30	1:30	2:30	3:30	4:30	5:30
Annapolis	11:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00
Washington	11:30	2:30	3:30	4:30	5:30	6:30
Richmond	12:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00
Frederick	12:30	3:30	4:30	5:30	6:30	7:30
Hagerstown	1:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00
Gettysburg	1:30	4:30	5:30	6:30	7:30	8:30
Carlisle	2:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00	9:00
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Lebanon	9:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00
Conowingo	9:30	12:30	1:30	2:30	3:30	4:30
Annapolis	10:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00
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Annapolis	7:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00

THE MIDLAND.

E. E. EWING, Editor & Publisher.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1885.

Original Forests.

If the original forests of the States of Indiana and Ohio were standing to-day," said a lumber buyer, according to the Chicago Herald, "their valuation would be many times greater than are the farms which they were sacrificed to improve. In making their farms the settlers in those States destroyed millions and millions of dollars' worth of black walnut. Miles and miles of fence were laid with black walnut rails. An old farmer says that only thirty years ago he began making his farm, and that he had worked eight years in clearing it of the walnut timber eighty acres of which he burned up. After thirty years of cultivation the farm is worth \$8,000. If it had its walnut timber back it would be worth more than \$100,000. This farmer is only one among thousands who for years girdled, cut and burned the great forest they found occupying the land."

The above paragraph we clipped from an Indiana paper, and is very similar to other paragraphs which are always afloat among the papers. It is a short-sighted way of looking at the matter. Suppose the timber mourned for had not been cut off and destroyed, what would the state of Indiana be worth to-day, a dense, impenetrable forest? Without farms what is a country but a trackless wilderness, without railroads towns, or even habitations? Under such a condition of affairs, with the land in its primitive condition, the immense walnut woods would be as valueless as they were when the settler's first axe was laid at their root. In order to fit the country for the habitation of man, it was an act of imperative necessity to destroy the immense forests of Indiana. Those forests can readily be replaced. And they can be renewed on such places as will not interfere with the comforts and improvements which have been added by man.

There is no timber easier to cultivate than black walnut. Any farmer who has a piece of low lying, rich ground that he would like to have covered with walnut timber can have his wish gratified in a few years. Plow the ground, gather the walnuts, mark the ground out in rows five feet apart, and with a hoe make holes four or five feet apart in the rows, drop a walnut in each hole, as soon as the walnuts can be gathered after they are ripe, cover them and the work of commencing a walnut forest is well begun. It is better to plant quince, which position gives the trees more room and light. The next spring and summer after planting, the young trees will come up and make a fair growth. Keep the ground clean as you would a corn field. The original stock is liable to be rough and quarrelsome. After it has attained a year's growth, and strong roots, cut the sprout off at the ground. The roots will then throw up a strong, straight shoot, which with proper cultivation will rapidly grow into a fine thrifty tree. Chestnut and poplar timber can be raised in the same way. Any farmer can have a thrifty forest in a few years if he so desires. And a great deal of the land which is now being poorly farmed would pay the owner much better if planted to forest trees.

Is Willing to Abandon the Pills for the Pen.

Two weeks ago an inquiry was suggested in the MIDLAND JOURNAL whether if elected clerk of the Court, Dr. Crothers would abandon his practice of medicine among the Octoraro hills, and take up the business of recording scribble in Elkton. Happening to meet with the Doctor the other day he assured us that his intention, in case of election, was to go into the clerk's office and perform the work of one of the clerks.

We stick—A Little More Enterprise.

We do not know of a spot on the coast where a little more vim would pay a larger per cent. than right here. There is no better centre for almost any kind of business than the Sun. But unfortunately our people don't seem to exactly realize this fact. Can't our young men venture a little more out of the ruts their granddads made? It is well to bear in mind that money getting is not money making or wealth, but borrowing from Peter to pay Paul. A bank is only useful in a community as a labor-saving machine; a merchant only as a time saver. They supply necessary wants on the spot and thus save time to productive industry. They add nothing to the wealth in themselves, but husband the time to productive industry, giving it more time to elaborate the wealth which toll alone can win from Nature.

Grapes.

The Doctor handed us a bunch of fine flavored grapes that were grown in the neighborhood of the Brick, and which proved to be well ripened Concord. Picking the berries led to a little confab on small fruits. The Doctor informed us that this was a good section of country for grapes and all other small fruits, and that the canvassers for nurseries have sold large orders to the farmers. The misfortune is that farmers, after buying and planting out good varieties, are apt to neglect them. If the same attention was devoted to the cultivation of small fruits and berries that is bestowed on corn and wheat, those crops would soon prove very profitable, and more aesthetic taste would be infused into country life.

CONOWINGO ITEMS.

Business is improving; the tramp nuisance is somewhat abating, having eaten up all of our Susquehanna smoked herring and exhausted the hospitality of our frugal housewives, they have struck for newer fields of conquest. And as Providence always tempers the wind to the shore lamb we are patiently awaiting the grig eel harvest for our winter supplies of brain food.

Our veteran bass fishers, Robt. Stewart and Jacob Barrow are busy every day piloting fishing parties to the haunts of the black and striped bass, of which large numbers of fine ones are being taken. Mr. J. W. Dustin, at the regret of our citizens has parted with Conowingo Maid, and Chris Trout is now the fortunate possessor of the fastest cog in these parts. As Mr. Trout has lately procured one of Charlie Dustin's make of buggies, and gets his mail at this office, we shall still claim the Maid, and expect under the management of Mr. Trout to hear of her lowering her anchor, 24½ being the time made the day Leafe Dustin and Lizzie Stewart drove her to Rock Springs.

Prof. Soloder, a native of the Fiji Islands a christianized and educated cannibal, is lecturing to large and appreciative audiences in this neighborhood. We hope that the Professor will not develop any cannibalistic propensities while in this vicinity, unless it be to devour the miscreants who pulled up the hitching post and tore down the sign at the Pilot Town broom factory.

Alexander McCullough, of Pilot Town, has an afflicted family, nearly all being sick with a light form of diphtheria. Dr. Gatchell, the attending physician, by sanitary precaution and skillful treatment has so far kept the disease within bounds.

Mr. John McCullough, also of Pilot Town, one of the cannibals at the Susquehanna paper mill, had his foot badly mangled by a falling log. Dr. J. J. Butler, who has been treating the injured member, thinks he will be out in a few days.

Miss Maggie Blair, proprietress of the Souther Hill store, is home again, from a foreign shore, (Lancaster Co.) and being in near proximity to Mr. Sam Moore's cannery the tin shakels are rattling into her money till at a lively rate. NOBODY.

The Oxford Agricultural Society fair to be held on the 23, 24 and 25th will doubtless be a grand agricultural exhibit. The managers have got out a lithographed bill and every thing is to be run on the same elevated gauge, we learn. Let the Cecil Agricultural Association follow suit and trump the Oxford effort, in variety and excellence. To insure success our farmers must feel it a duty to contribute to the demonstration. They should act and feel that it is their fair, and exists for their benefit.

Teachers Association.

The Teachers Association of the 6, 7, and 8, districts met on Saturday last, pursuant to appointment, heretofore published in the MIDLAND.

Under the head of new business was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: Mr. F. S. Everist, President; Mr. S. O. Saylor, vice-president; Mr. O. O. Saylor, secretary. The following executive committee was elected: Miss H. Louisa Owens and Mr. F. S. Quigley from the sixth district, Mr. V. H. Waite and Mr. J. L. Crothers from the Eighth district, and Miss Sidney J. Heckart and Miss Emma Wilson from the seventh district.

The question, "Would a compulsory system of education be beneficial to the public schools of Cecil county," was debated. Rev. Mr. Conway and Mr. O. O. Saylor spoke on the affirmative and Rev. Mr. Squire, Mr. E. S. Quigley and Mr. B. R. Hanna on the negative. Upon motion of Mr. Tammam the question was postponed until the next meeting, so that teachers might have time to prepare for a more lengthy discussion of it.

Miss Owens then asked the teachers the following question, "If you have more classes in your school than you could bear during school hours, what would you do? The object of the question was to make a move toward having the law relating to the appointment of assistant teachers, modified. Remarks were made upon it by Messrs. Tammam, Waite, Hanna, and Saylor.

From the report of the secretary the meeting would seem not to have been entirely successful, the main question is at issue, namely, "or oranges and the sum of the angles of a polygon" which were to have been answered, were turned over to the next meeting which was appointed for the first Saturday in October.

Death of Dr. Rowland.

Dr. Wm. B. Rowland died at 10 o'clock A. M. Saturday in West Philadelphia, where he had been taken to undergo the operation of lithotomy.

The deceased has been in ill health for several months, and in this declining state of health was attacked by gravel an almost incurable disease in aged persons.

Dr. Rowland had been a practicing physician in the neighborhood where he was born, for 40 years and was very popular both as a man and physician, his benevolent nature endearing him to all, and we have never known him to have an enemy, although acquainted intimately with him from the earliest days of his professional life. Last week he was taken to Philadelphia to undergo the operation which had become necessary, as no medical skill could possibly prolong his life beyond a few days. Knowing the uncertainty of surviving the operation he arranged all of his earthly affairs before leaving home, and calmly submitted himself to the ordeal which he doubtless knew was almost certain death. Drs. D. Hayes Agnew and White performed the operation successfully on Friday but owing to his extreme physical weakness and his age, 74 years, he did not survive the shock. Dr. Rowland leaves a widow and one son, Dr. Samuel Rowland, and two daughters, Miss Helen, who is at home, and Mrs. R. C. Hopkings, wife of the cashier of the Cecil National Bank. Mr. J. Harry Rowland, another well known citizen of Cecil county, is an only brother of deceased.

The funeral was largely attended, and services held at the house Rev. Mr. Conway of Rockrun Presbyterian Church, Rev. S. A. Gayley of West Nottingham Church and Rev. Jno. Squire, officiating. A heavy shower of rain commenced falling as the coffin was being conveyed to the hearse, making it very disagreeable for the guests while getting to their carriages, and forming the funeral procession.

The pall bearers were Enoch McCullough, S. R. Carson, J. M. McClenahan, Geo. M. Christie, A. R. Nagraw and F. S. Everist.

Honorary bearers, Drs. S. T. Roman, W. W. Verden, R. E. Shrawall, Geo. W. Gillespie, C. E. Shore and Jno. H. Jumper. I. B. Taylor, of Rising Sun, undertaker.

Awarded the New Bridge.

The County Commissioners opened proposals for stone work of the new bridges at Crawford's factory and the McCullough Iron works, at their session last week, and the work was awarded to S. Bell Nesbitt and E. McDowell.

Petition for a bridge over Stone Run near the old Reynolds foundry was granted.

The stone work for the abutment of the proposed bridge over Stone Run, near Reynolds's old foundry has been awarded to William Richards and Jas. S. Ray for \$7.00 a yard.

FOR SALE, WANTS, &C.

Advertisements inserted in this column for one week at one word. Initial letters and figures count as one word.

FOR SALE:—ONE YOKE OF Oxen, one pair of Steers, 4 years old, nearly broken, one fat Cow, JAMES STERRETT, Rock Springs, Md.

FOR SALE:—A NEW "PEER less Clover Huller (can be bought at a bargain. Apply to JAMES BARNES, Rising Sun. sep 4-21

FOR SALE:—TEN TONS OF Bone Meal, a No. 1 article, of Thompson & Edwards Chicago manufacture, at \$29 per ton. Apply to JAMES BARNES, Rising Sun.

FOR SALE:—A CHESTER White Sow and nine pigs. Apply to GRANVILLE T. REYNOLDS, near B. & O. House. sep 11-21

CHAS. BEIN.

84 LEXINGTON STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Watches, Diamonds JEWELRY.

Ladies' Vest Chains, Bagle Bracelets, Sleeve Buttons, Gold Pencils, Gents' Vest Chains, Onyx Pins and Ear Rings, Gold Lace Pins and Ear Rings, Rings, Studs, Etc.

Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Rogers' Plated Knives, Forks, and Spoons; Watches and Jewelry Repaired in the best manner, at low prices. sep 11-17

CHAS. BEIN.

The "CLARENDON,"

Cor. Pratt and Hanover Streets, BALTIMORE.

\$1.50 TO \$2 PER DAY.

Rooms without Board, 50 cts.,

75 Cts. to \$1 per day.

The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms newly furnished and everything first-class, at low rates.

A. P. ADAMS, J. F. DARROW, Prop'r. sep 11-17

DR. A. H. HOWLETT.

DENTIST.

Graduate of the University of Maryland, offers his professional services to the people of Cecil County, and hopes by close attention to his business to merit their patronage.

Rising Sun, Cecil Co., Md. sep 4-21

This space for the use of
E. R. BUFFINGTON, after his return from
the New York
Market.

HEADACHE

and all RHEUMATISM are relieved by taking
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Pills' Tablets; No Doping, Price 50c. All Druggists.

\$30, \$45, \$60, \$75 PER MONTH.

The above represents what men in our employ are earning the year round. We could show reliable men, GETTING FURNISHED FREE every man who engages with us. For terms address
P. F. ATTWOOD & CO.,
Rome, N.Y.

RISING SUN DIRECTORY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

CLOSING

To all points by railroad and stage—
Stage line 6.35 a. m. By Railroad—
North—9.40 a. m., 4.20 p. m. South;
10.12 a. m., 7.13 p. m.

RAILROAD AND STAGE.

NORTH

Trains leave Rising Sun 9.55 a. m.
4.36 and 7.14 p. m.

SOUTH

Trains leave at 6.19, 10.26 a. m.;
and 7.28 p. m.

Daily stage and mail line leaves Rising
Sun at 6.30 a. m. via Farmington,
Principio and Woodlawn to Port Deposit.
Returning, leaves Port Deposit
12 m., arriving at Rising Sun at 2.30
p. m.

CHURCHES.

M. E. Church, preaching every other
Sunday morning at 10.30 by Rev. J.
Robinson. Sunday School every Sun-
day morning at 8.45.

Presbyterian Service held at Normal
School Building every second and
fourth Sunday of the month at 4 o'clock
p. m. Pastor, Rev. S. A. Gayley.

NEWSPAPER.

JOURNAL.—A Weekly Paper, devoted
to Home, Farm and County affairs.
Independent of party. \$1.00 per year.
E. E. Ewing, editor and publisher.

SCHOOLS.

Public School Trustees: Barclay
Reynolds, Job Haines and H. J. Shep-
pard.

Normal School Trustees: President,
E. R. Buffington, Barclay Reynolds, Dr.
L. R. Kirk, Jonathan Reynolds and
Joseph Lincoln.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS.

Dr. L. R. Kirk, M. R. Kirk, H. J.
Sheppard, Theodore Garvin and A. L.
Duckkuck.

OFFICERS.

President, Dr. L. R. Kirk; Secretary,
M. E. Kirk; Street Commissioner,
Theodore Garvin.

SOCIETY RECORD.

The following are the times and places
of meeting of the various associations of
Rising Sun.

Garfield Post No. 18, G. A. R. R.
meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings
of each month in Library Room.
Excelsior Lodge No. 67, I. O. O. F.,
meets Saturday evenings at 7.30 o'clock.
M. D. Sam'l P. Ryan, V. G. Joseph
C. Bird, R. S. David G. Waring, P.
S. Jesse A. Kirk, Treas., J. M. Evans,
Chaplain, C. J. Davis, Janitor, Reem-
Mahoe.

Library Association: President, W.
F. Overholt; Secretary, E. Haines.
Books exchanged Wednesday afternoon.
Detective Association, for protection
of property and detection of thieves.
Meets annually first Saturday in Janu-
ary. Officers: President, Dr. L. R.
Kirk; Secretary, W. H. Pennington.

NATIONAL BANK OF RISING SUN.

Officers: President, H. H. Haines,
Vice President, Jas. M. Evans, Cash-
ier, John D. Haines, Directors—H.
H. Haines, Jas. M. Evans, Jesse A.
Kirk, Job Haines, L. R. Kirk, M. D.,
and Timothy Haines.

RISING SUN CORNET BAND

Meets in Library Room.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

H. J. Sheppard.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

L. R. Taylor.

CONSTABLES.

Jno. C. Hindman, D. G. Waring.

NOTICE.

By the ORPHANS' COURT for Cecil County,
January 17, 1902.

ORDERED, That all Administrators, Ex-
ecutors and Guardians that have not stated
an account within a year, come forward and
do the same, or show cause to the contrary,
or they will be cited up.

Test: E. E. JAMAR, Register.

ORPHANS' COURT.

The Stated Meetings of the Orphans'
Court of Cecil County will be held on the
second Tuesday of every month. Executors,
Administrators and Guardians, wishing
their accounts stated, will please bring in
their vouchers a few days before Court.

Test: E. E. JAMAR, Register.

Meetings of County Commissioners.

The regular meetings of the County
Commissioners will be held on the
second Tuesday of every month. Col-
lectors and others having accounts to be
stated or settled will apply to the
Clerk during the recess of the Board.
Persons having claims against the
county will please file the same in the
Commissioners' office, with a legal
voucher, so no account will be allowed
not properly chargeable to the same.
By order, JOHN B. ROSS, Jr., Clerk
Commissioners Cecil County.

COUNTY NEWS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1885.

MINOR LOCALS.

Corn canning closed this week.

There has been a milkman's associa-
tion organized at Oxford Pa.

Mrs. J. T. McCullough who has been
for some time dangerously ill of typhoid
fever is rapidly recovering.

Semi-porcelain ware—very delicate
at T. T. Worrall's.

The tomatoes are beginning to come
into Carter & Brown's cannery in consid-
erable quantities.

The new postal cards continue scarce.
The Sun P. O. is out of old cards.
Hurry up the cards Uncle Sammy.

Have your stoves and ranges fitted
up for cold weather by McClure.

There were three carloads of stock
cattle dumped out at the depot on
Monday night for Carroll Kimble.

Rev. John France has been appoint-
ed presiding Elder of M. E. Church of
the Wilmington Conference.

Dr. H. H. Mitchell of Elkton is
about introducing the roller machinery
into his mill.

Full line ladies and gentlemen's
under wear at T. T. Worrall's.

The Waring Fertilizer Co., are ex-
ceeding busy, and their sales bid fair to
be heavier this year than ever before.

Mr. E. C. Cather is building a hand-
some residence on his farm recently
purchased from the estate of the late
Wm. Waring.

Liberty Grove Sunday school will
hold its annual reunion on the school
grounds Saturday, September 19th.

Have your spouting and roofing
done by C. C. McClure—he will do
you a good job.

H. B. McCoy has sold his farm near
Colona containing about 80 acres to
Mr. H. C. Nesbitt of Port Deposit.
Price, \$70 per acre.

Full line of men and boys' winter
clothing just arrived at T. T. Worrall's.
Mr. S. C. Rowland of Port Deposit
in order to get away with the shavings
made by his planing mill has built a
large brick oven to burn them in.

Mr. R. E. McClanahan of the grant
quarries, is putting up a large resi-
dence, grant being used for the
walls.

Mr. T. T. Worrall is in Philada.
on the look out for the latest agony in
dry goods.

Wilson Waring had a fine bag of
rail birds last Wednesday Sept. 2d.
He had been visiting the marshes.

Go to McClure's for your fruit cans
and wax strings.

A good deal of wheat in Harford
was ruined by the late heavy rains,
water penetrating the stacks. Bad
stacking.

Jno. P. Wilson of B. M. House,
left for Florida last week to superin-
tend the building of a house for
Franklin Darling of West Chester.

For lanterns of all kinds at bottom
prices go to C. C. McClure.

The Managers of the Fair are hav-
ing a lot of show cases made for the
accommodation of persons exhibiting
fancy goods.

D. Scott & Bro. have made a small
shipment of Sure Growth to England
by the steamer British Prince from
Philadelphia.

The foundation of the new M. P.
Church at New Leeds has been laid.
It is a short distance east of the vil-
lage, on a lot donated by George W.
Childs.

If the loose stones were picked out
of the roads they would be pretty good.
A loose stone clause ought to have been
incorporated into that "poison road law"
the Appear! insists on patronizing

Brown & Reeder have just received
another invoice of Acme Harrows,
and this is not a good fall to show the
Acme to its best advantage.

Benjamin Boots committed suicide at
Charlestown on Tuesday, last week, by
cutting his throat with a razor. He was
it is believed insane.

The bridge over the R. R. deep cut
at Rowlandville, which has been need-
ing repairs badly was put in order
last week.

Members of the Susquehanna Pleas-
ure Club, who went from this place
on a bay trip a fortnight since re-
turned on Saturday last.

Burglars made a raid on Newark
last week and succeeded in extracting
from two public and two private
houses over a hundred dollars in
goods and cash.

Job Haines is having the tops of
the chimneys of one of his houses in
town repaired. This would make an
important "local" for some of our
contemporaries.

Robert R. Vandiver, one of the
oldest residents of Havre de Grace,
died there Friday night. The decen-
ased was one of the most active enter-
prising citizens of Havre de Grace.

Rev. John Wagg, of Barnagat, N. J.
will supply Rev. Mr. Robinson's pul-
pit, M. E. Church, Rising Sun, on
Sunday morning next, and on Sunday
evening at Hopewell.

The annual meeting of the stockhold-
ers of Woodlawn camp will be held in
the M. E. Church at Port Deposit on
tomorrow, September 12. Next year's
camp will open on the second Tuesday
of August.

The Elkton Academy opened on
Monday morning under the charge of
Prof. Faulke. His assistant is Miss
Helen Gay of Va., a niece of Dr. M.
Canby, President of Dickinson College.

The Cecil Agricultural Fall Fair
will open at Elkton on the 6th of
next month. The farmers should
rally in force and make it a farmers'
Fair by their attendance and support
in every way.

Tomorrow is the last day of regis-
tration. If you want to vote don't
forget to register. You will find the
Registrar in the hardware store with
Bible in hand, prepared to swear you,
and list on the counter ready to re-
cord your name.

E. R. Buffington one of our wide-
awake merchants is off to New York
this week for fall goods. That vacant
space in the JOURNAL will be filled
on his return. So will the counters
and shelves of his capacious store.

We have the pleasure of introduc-
ing to the readers of the MIDLAND
this week, Mr. Chas. Bein, Jeweler,
84, Lexington St. Baltimore. We
suggest that all of our folks who visit
Baltimore stop at Mr. Bein's store,
examine his goods and make his ac-
quaintance.

A. C. Yates & Co., again come be-
fore the people of Cecil with their
season's advertisement in the MID-
LAND. This is an excellent clothing
establishment, and should be patron-
ized by our people who visit Phila-
delphia to purchase fall and winter
clothing.

Amos Nesbitt, son of our old friend
Marshall H. Nesbitt, of Pleasant
Grove, had a surprise party given him
on the 21st anniversary of his birth-
day, Saturday last. Plenty of good
cheer and the glowing hours chased
with flying feet, was the program of
the evening.

The complaint is general that this
has been the poorest season in this
part of the county for all garden
"sassa" within the memory of the oldest
inhabitant. Green corn has come
and gone, tomatoes are scarce and
poor, cucumbers even are classed
among the luxuries; lima beans are
backward and scarce, and the unusu-
ally cool nights threaten to bring ear-
ly fall frosts and bring to an early
close the green vegetable business.

Asiatic Mixture, is the best known
remedy for Diarrhea, Cramps, Pains,
Cholera Morbus, Neuritis. Tooth-
ache etc. always keep a bottle in the
house, only 25 cts. Prepared at Dr.
L. R. Kirk's Drug Store, Rising Sun
Md.

Mrs. R. R. Swisher, widow of the
late Jeremiah Swisher, residing near
Rowlandville, accidentally fell out of
the barn door one day last week,
slighting on her shoulders and striking
her head against the barn in the fall.
She was injured so severely as to con-
fine her to bed for some days.

A little girl armed with a small
earthen jug with a slit in it, visited
the Sun this week begging
for a church. The practice of
sending little girls out to beg
for questionable, or any other purpos-
ought to be frowned down. The habit
is disgusting.

Mr. S. Harlow Smith of Philadel-
phia, is teaching a class in the Sun
the art of painting Ivory types. Mr.
Smith also teaches painting on satin
or does the work to order. He gives
4 lessons and guarantees to teach the
art with this instruction or ask no
pay. He has some very handsome
paintings which he exhibits that he
has executed since he has been in
town. His tuition fee is moderate
\$3.00 or \$2.00 for instruction in water
colors.

A few peaches find their way in
wagons to our streets, but they are
not very choice. Apples in this im-
mediate neighborhood are very in-
different and not plentiful. Pears are
in considerable quantities, but scaly
and of poor quality.

The late rains give promise of an
abundant crop, and the corn crop
will be heavy.

The Rowlandville M. P. Church
Fair and Festival held on the 27-8 &
9 ult. for the benefit of the parsonage
fund, netted \$781. This we consider
not only a successful strike, but an
unparalleled success, and reflects much
credit on the administrative ability of
some leading spirit, who evinces tal-
ent for conducting a high order of
business.

The "Clarendon", corner of Pratt and
Hanover Sts., Baltimore, is a central-
ly located house and a handy and ex-
cellent house for Cecil county people
who visit the Monumental city on
business or pleasure to put up at. See
the advertisement of the "Clarendon"
in the JOURNAL for terms etc. and
try the house when you go to the city.

You can get from J. W. Buckley
the English Waukenphast made on
the Waukenphast last; you can get
mens' buttons galters with alligator
bindings, box toes and Scotch buttons;
you can get French Kip or French
Calf stitched or pegged. We have on
hand a few pairs really made heavy
winter boots for farmers. Call in and
see them, satisfaction guaranteed,
both in quality and fit.

The caterers in our neighboring
towns are giving notice through their
papers of preparations for the fall and
winter, and the oyster holds, as usual
a conspicuous place in their bill of
fare. Have we any such places of
"resort" in the Sun and if so will they
keep oysters? This would be a good
opening for some enterprising Del-
monio.

Lucky Fritz;—Old David Frisby of
Elkton, a colored geman you know,
collects fertilizers about the streets to
supply farmer, went on a sight seeing
expedition to Philadelphia last week.
A good looking, pleasant speaking
white man met Fritz at the depot, knew
him; offered to pilot him about the
city and show him the sights. The
principal sight the clever chaparrone had
to show him was the 3 card monte-
ker the game—in a stable on Jump-
er street. Just then a couple of police
budded the clever guide and marched
him to the lockup.

The farmers are beginning to put the
wheat drill to work. One thing they
don't do, barrow, roll and pack the
ground enough, and barrow and pul-
verize the surface sufficiently to make
a proper seed bed for the grain, so that
the roots in place of running deep will
grow thick and strong near the surface
and not be broken by the freezing and
thawing of winter.

The drill trade is comparatively
slow this fall. Mr. J. S. Pogue re-
ports 22 sales up to the present time,
but considers the trade only com-
mencing. Last season he sold 55.
For farmers who really need drills
now is the time to purchase. When
trade is slow, there is always the best
opportunity to buy cheap.

The typhoid dysentery still rages
as an epidemic in the borders of Lan-
caster county. Dr. Peeples reported 15
new cases on Monday last in his cir-
cuit. On Thursday of last week an
infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert
Phillips, near Union Church, died of
the disease, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
Wright in the same neighborhood lost
their daughter Mary aged 10 years.
The epidemic is truly pestilential in
that vicinity.

J. Dixon West carpenter and build-
er of Port Deposit had his left shoulder
dislocated last Thursday week in a
very singular manner. He was using
a nervous horse for some purpose and
the animal refusing to stand quietly,
Mr. West made a sudden grab for the
bridle, detaining to bring the animal
up with a short turn, but just missed
the rein, and this sudden movement,
without the member meeting the ex-
pected support at the culminating point,
threw the shoulder joint out of
place, and the arm flew up in a perpen-
dicular position, where it remained
till drawn down by the other hand.
The physicians placed the patient
under the influence of chloroform,
slipped the joint in place, and band-
aged the injured member firmly across
his breast, in which position it was to
remain for two weeks.

Oil Upon the Troubled Waters.
The pipe of the Tidewater Pipe Line,
which crosses the Susquehanna river at
Shen's Ferry 30 miles north of Port
Deposit, burst last week, and the oil es-
caped in such quantities as to cover the
surface of the river. When the oil flow-
ed over the water it became very
smooth and unrippled. Wonder how
the wise men of old found out that oil
would quiet troubled waters? Must have
had oil wells and plenty of kerosene to
experiment with.

A Snake Pest.

Dr. Kirk has a copperhead snake
in a Mason fruit jar which draws like
a circus. This species of the reptile
tribe is pretty nearly extinct in this
part of the country. The old Gar-
ner farm adjoining Cecil Paper and
on the Octoraro occasionally affords
a specimen. The Doctor's present
pet came from there. A snake is a
very inexpressive pet. It eats nothing.
The more venomous the more stupid
they appear to be. A rattlesnake
will lie for months about an old log
or rock. A noise seems to attract
them. Where children are at play,
if a rattlesnake chances to have a
lair in the vicinity, the reptile will
slowly crawl whence the rattling noise
proceeds.

DIED.

A seven year old daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Z. Whitlock near Wood-
lawn on Thursday last, of diphtheria.
The child was buried at Asbury on
Friday.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harburg, Ill.
says: "Having received so much benefit
from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to
let suffering humanity know it. I have had
a running sore on my leg for eight years;
my doctors told me I would have to have
the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used
indeed three bottles of Electric Bitters and
seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and
my leg is now sound and well." Electric
Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and
Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25 per cent. by
Dr. Kirk.

WHO HIDES HIS TIME.

Who hides his time and day by day
Fears defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mischievous smile,
However poor his fortune be—
He will not fall in any quail
Of poverty—the paltry time
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his come,
And like a never-ending rhyme,
The maddest bloom in his applause,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time, and fears not
In the hot race that none achieve,
Shall wear cool wreaths laurel, wreath
With crimson berries in the leaves,
And he shall rejoice goodly long,
And away his hand over every clime,
With peace writ on his silver ring,
Who hides his time.

The Old Chart.

"With all your due courage you wouldn't dare to spend an hour in the old Grange alone after dark."

"I would!" cried Rilla, with a flushing glance at her fair, pale cousin.

Oh, Rilla, but they say it is haunted!" faltered Bessie Sage, with a little shudder.

"By rats and owls," said Rilla, laughing.

Miss Justine Penryn, the heiress and beauty and also the cousin of fearless, daring Rilla Brooks, rapidly concocted a little plot, which should test the girl's courage, and also appease the spirit of malice and spite harbored in her own heart.

She had no cause to hate Rilla, but hate she did, and with venom. She had all heart could desire—or at least it seemed so—youth, beauty, fortune and friends by the score, while her young cousin lived in penniless obscurity. It came about in this way.

Old Capt. Penryn had a son and daughter. The son married to please his father, but the daughter married to please herself, and suffered disinherence in consequence. She died in a few years, leaving a baby daughter, and a pleading, pitiful letter to her father, who read it with tears in his eyes, and who forthwith took charge of the little girl—a brown-eyed, dainty spirit, who made the old Grange merry with her childish laughter and pattering, childish feet.

It seemed that Capt. Penryn was doomed to out-live all his family, for his son also died, leaving one daughter, so he had only two grandchildren to inherit his wealth, and he made a new will, dividing the property equally between them.

Two years before our story opens, he died very suddenly; but when Lawyer Sage searched for the latter will, lo! it had vanished.

He was astounded; he went through his old friend's private papers again and again, but no will appeared, except the one leaving all to his son and his heirs, forever.

"Perhaps he hid it," mused the puzzled lawyer. "I remember just before he died, he pointed toward that chart and tried to speak. I will examine it."

He took down the heavy chart, and shook it, and looked behind it, but only the blank wall met his view. So he read the old will, after an elaborate explanation to the assembled friends and relatives, and Justine listened with secret exultation, and Rilla with some pain and bewilderment.

Miss Penryn returned to town without offering even a small portion of the estate to her cousin.

"A mean, heartless, stingy thing!" cried Bessie, indignantly.

Her father, secretly agreed with her. He could not see pretty, impulsive Rilla turned adrift on the world, and took her home with him, to finish her education with Bessie, and to help teach the younger children.

She had lived a quiet, busy, happy life there until Paul—came out to the village to spend the summer hunting and fishing.

It was by the doctor's orders he sought the healthy quiet of country life, and after making acquaintance with Lawyer Sage's family, he ceased to groan over the dullness of his existence.

He had not been in Hartwell more than a month, when Miss Penryn came down for a few days. She wished to consult dear Mr. Sage about some investments, and she coolly announced that she would stop with them, and her Paris flattery and finished worldly graces quite overshadowed Rilla and Bessie.

The few days had lengthened into three weeks, and they had been weeks of torture to poor Rilla, for she had only

to endure half-veiled taunts, and cutting malicious glances from the velvet-tongued heiress, but her poor passionate heart suffered an agony of jealousy. Justine stepped in between her and Paul Davenport. She claimed his attention almost as a right, and, with a fine assumption of careless indifference, he allowed her to do it.

Perhaps it amused him, perhaps it pleased him; Rilla thought the latter, and blushed scarlet with shame and indignation to think that she had given her heart to a man who cared nothing for it.

She grew cold in her manner toward him, and avoided his society so persistently that he must have noticed it, though he made no sign. But she was miserable and half-reckless, and rather fancied the idea of spending a night at the lonely old Grange, which had not been inhabited since the captain's death.

Perhaps it was haunted, as some of the ignorant country people said, and perhaps something would happen to her, and then she would never have the heartache any more.

"Suppose you go to-night," said Justine, after a few minutes' thought. "We can leave you as we go on to the party, and call as we return."

"But Mrs. Williams said she wanted Rilla to be sure and come; and then, I want her to enjoy the party."

"Nonsense! It is sure to be a dull affair; and then, Mr. Davenport has gone to the city to-day. Our dear Rilla would not enjoy it unless—"

"I am sure you are altogether mistaken; but I care nothing for the party, and—yes, I will stay at the Grange to-night."

"Oh, Rilla, don't—mam'ma will be so angry!" pleaded distressed Bessie.

"She must not know it until afterward, and then it will only be a joke," said Justine. "After all, Rilla's heart will fall her when the time comes."

"Not so; it is made of tougher material than that," said the girl coolly.

"Is it? I thought it was rather soft and weak."

"Did you? That proves that even you can make mistakes sometimes." And Rilla met her cousin's mocking eyes steadily.

That evening, Miss Penryn held quite a conversation with her maid—a conversation made up of terrified protests on one side, and threats on the other.

"Oh, I dare not!" sighed the woman, clasping her hands.

"Then consider yourself dismissed from my service," said the mistress coolly. And then, to save her situation, she submitted.

Rilla put on her white party dress, fastened some superb crimson roses on her breast and in her hair, and with her deep, dark eyes, her fresh, delicate color, and piquant face, I am not sure that she did not look lovelier than her cousin with all her laces and glittering jewels.

The Grange was a mile from Hartwell, and Bessie almost wept when Rilla sprang out of the carriage before the lonely gate; and Bertie Wilford, their escort and Bessie's lover, used all his powers of persuasion to change her mind.

But the amused glitter of Justine's eyes, she remained firm, and waving the hall-door key at them in farewell, she flitted up the leaf-strewn walk to the dark, desolate old house.

A light shiver crept over her as the hall-door swung open with a noisy creak of its rusty hinges, and a gust of damp, ill-smelling air rushed out; but lighting a bit of candle she had brought with her, she mounted the stairs to her grandfather's room.

Most of the furniture had been removed, but the old man's armchair still stood by the window, and the chart hung on the wall opposite.

Rilla did not feel afraid, but rather sorrowful.

"Poor grandpa! you intended to provide for me," she said, and patted the chair.

Then she opened the window, and sat down by it to keep her long vigil.

The hours passed, and for all her heartache she grew drowsy, and sleep was stealing upon her, when a soft, stealthy footfall, echoed from the stairs. She was sitting erect and wide awake in an instant. She listened breathlessly. Yes, the steps were coming upstairs, and along the hall. She could hear the rustle of drapery, and then the door swung open, and bracing herself, she looked to see who or what it was.

The sight was enough to try stouter nerves than a young girl's. Rilla felt an icy thrill rush over her, and she caught

hold of the chair-back for support, when she saw the tall, shaggy form standing motionless in the doorway, but she was at bay, and after the first few moments of terror, she found her voice.

"Who are you? and what do you want?"

Miss Justine had not provided for that question, not crediting her cousin with courage enough to ask it, but an answer was not needed.

A great owl had taken up his abode in the hall, and disturbed by the unusual sounds, and the flicker of candlelight, he gave one awful hoot, and flapping his wings, swooped down over the head of the ghost into the room.

It was more than the waiting-maid could bear.

"Oh, Lord, Miss Rilla, what is it?" she shrieked; and tearing her ghastly raiment off, fled to the girl for protection.

It was a case of "run, black devil, white devil catch you," and after recovering from her astonishment, Rilla laughed aloud.

"Sarah, what does this mean?"

"Miss Justine made me do it. Don't—don't let the thing touch me! I didn't want to do it!"

But after knocking down the chart, which fell with a crash, and upsetting the candle, the owl flew out at the window and vanished.

Rilla soothed her terrified companion, relit the candle, and then essayed to pick up the broken chart. But the frame fell to pieces, and out from the back of it rolled a bundle of papers.

Meanwhile, all went merry as a marriage bell at the party. Bessie left it to Justine to make excuses for Rilla, and that young lady did so with the best grace in the world, and then she danced and flirted as though she had not a care on her mind.

But timid Bessie suffered a cruel anxiety, and she drew a breath of relief when late in the evening Paul Davenport entered the room.

He glanced slowly around, and a shade of disappointment crossed his handsome face.

"Where is Rilla, Miss Sage?" he inquired as soon as he reached Bessie.

"That question loosened Bessie's tongue, and she poured out the whole story to the gentleman, who listened with a quietness the gathering fire in his eyes belied.

He glanced at his watch.

"It is time the joke ended. If you are ready, we will go on together. If not—"

"Oh, yes, I am glad to go! Call Bertie, and I will speak to Miss Penryn."

Justine smiled disagreeably, but thinking that it would not do to go too far, she made no objection to an early departure, but gave her version of the little joke, and all called Rilla a silly child for taking any one so literally.

The others listened in silence, and Bessie clasped her hands and strained her eyes through the gloom to catch the first sight of the Grange, but there was a keener pair of eyes watching, also, and the horses had hardly been pulled up before the gate when Davenport dashed open the carriage-door and sprang out.

All his careless indifference, his languid nonchalance, fell from him under the pressure of fear and anxiety.

He entered the empty, echoing house. He mounted the stairs two at a time, softly yet clearly calling—

"Rilla, Rilla!"

She met him at the doorway of her grandfather's bedroom, flushed but radiant and unharmed.

"Rilla, love!" he cried, and snatched her to his breast with hurried, passionate words of love.

"Is it true? Do you really care for me?" she said, in a sort of glad wonder.

"So well that if you had come to harm this night my peace and joy would have been forever destroyed," he said, bending his lips to hers.

In her happiness she could afford to be charitable, and she explained the presence of the waiting-maid with as little blame to her cousin as possible, and then came a brief account of the fall of the chart and leading him near the candle, she held a folded paper out to him to examine.

"What is it?" he inquired, struck by some subtle change in her.

"Grandpa's last will, hidden in the back of that frame. Oh, Paul! you loved me without the money, but I am glad your wife will not come to you penniless."

"Let her come as she may, she will always be my best beloved, my dearest," he said, with tenderness. "After all,

malice can overreach itself," he continued, as they went down stairs hand in hand, the frightened maid closely following. "If your cousin had left you in peace the will might never have been found."

And so she thought, railing bitterly against herself and all the world, when made to comprehend what had occurred. As for Lawyer Sage, he rubbed his hands and said—

"I knew he could not have destroyed the will, and I always felt that the old chart had something to do with it."

A SECRET OF LIVING.

Light and life are inseparable, that is, such was the generally received opinion many years ago, and in accordance with it, houses were built, liberally supplied with windows, and as liberally now—but go along any one of the fashionable streets of New York, and you will find not less than three, and often six contrivances to keep out the sunshine and gladness. First, the venetian shutter on the outside; second, the close shutter on the inside; third, the blind which is moved by rollers; then, fourthly, there are the lace curtains; fifth, the damask or other material.

In the same train come the exclusion of external air by means of double sash, and a variety of patent contrivances to keep any little stray whiff of air from entering at the bottom, sides and tops of windows. At this rate, we will, in due time, dwindle into Lilliputs, if indeed we do not die off sooner, with all science and art, and leave the world to begin anew, from the few sons of the forest, who persisted in eschewing civilization. We lay it down as a health axiom—the more out-door air and cheery sunshine a man can use, the longer he will live.

But the preserved sunshine! What about it? That very same sunshine which so lavishly beamed upon our continent with all its tropical fervor in the earlier ages of creation, what has become of it? A casual reader of the *Journal* will exclaim: "What a fool of a question that is!" Let us leisurely inquire into it; but in doing so we must take it for granted that the reader knows something. In Central America, where the sun shines with all its brilliancy and fierceness, vegetation is of fabulous growth, of luxuriance almost incredible. But how does a tree grow? Without light no wood is made in any vegetable growth; the woody fibre is from carbonic acid gas being absorbed by the leaves and through the bark of any growth. But light separates the two constituents which compose this carbonic acid gas, carbon and oxygen, and two different usages are made of it; the oxygen is liberated, thrown out and breathed by animals and men, while the carbon or "coal" goes to form the woody fibre of the plant, which presents a kind of ring, plainly seen in sawing through any tree, the number of rings indicating the age of the tree in years; some of these rings are broader, some narrower, indicating more probably the more or less sunshine of that year, for a plant will not grow as much in a cold summer as in a warm one.

In a section of a California tree, a part of which we have seen, more than two thousand such rings were counted, showing that these trees must have lived in the times of David, and perhaps of Abraham. In the earlier ages of the world, some great flood of floods swept over the immense growths of the warmer climes, which then, no doubt, included what is now called Ohio and Pennsylvania. In process of time this growth was covered with earth and stones, and eventually became coal, the anthracite and bituminous, with which we are so familiar; and the very identical carbon which the sunlight of ages ago separated for the purpose of vegetation is now, by its combination with its old associate, oxygen, returning to its original condition of carbonic acid gas, and in making that change of what we call "burning" warms our houses, lights up our streets, and in preparing to grease our rail cars, by the oil which it is capable of yielding.

Walnut, once so much in demand for furniture, has lost its prominence, and dealers in wood report a large falling off in the demand. Mahogany is coming again into its old-time prominence, and Boston dealers say that the demand is increasing daily. Stained cherry is much used for imitations of mahogany in furniture, but this wood in its natural color is handsome enough, and is at present very popular.

For family dyeing an enemy's ash bright red, an Englishman has been compelled to pay \$200 damages.

KEOKUK, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

An old pioneer in the Keokuk Gas City tells the following story:

Being a very superstitious people, legends grew with the Indians, and to almost every child was attached a special phenomenon, or attending its birth a legend. Among the many that Keokuk could recount was the one attending his own babyhood. It was a custom for conquered tribes to mingle with their conquerors, and on one occasion the members of the entire wigwam of Keokuk's tribe girded themselves for a Western hunt, leaving only one squaw behind, who had just returned from a dance with a conquered tribe. Keokuk at this day was only 18 months old, and during the day the squaw fell asleep, leaving young Keokuk to play himself, when a wolf, finding everything silent about the camp, ventured boldly up and took young Keokuk off to its den. When the tribe returned from their hunt they found young Keokuk gone.

Search was immediately made for miles and miles around the grounds, but with no results. They returned, and gave up hope of ever finding the missing child, and held a mourning dance in honor of this lost papoose. On the third day after the loss the mother of young Keokuk was frantic with grief, but was quieted by being told that her child was in the moon, to look after and forever guide the destiny of the tribe. This was substantiated by the squaw who was left in his care declaring that the Great Spirit came while she was asleep and took him to the moon. That she saw the spirit in a vision while asleep. Three weeks passed and no trace of the babe could be found. The next day, however, a wolf was seen prowling around the ground, and chase was made by a young brave by the name of Fleet Foot.

The wolf was tracked to his den in the ledges of the rocky bluff that crowned the banks of the broad Mississippi. In this burrow was found little Keokuk, in company with four cub wolves, snugly stowed away in a comfortable nest, fast asleep with his stomach well filled, presenting every appearance of being well kept. The old wolf was pursued, caught and killed. She proved to be a mother in milk, and it was upon her pap that young Keokuk had lived for over three weeks. The babe and cub of wolves were removed from the den, and the babe restored to his mother, who exhibited much joy and ordered grand festivities upon his return.

It is said that much of Keokuk's bravery, strategic cunning and success as a warrior was due to his imbibing the pap of a wolf. He was, without a doubt, the greatest chief of the time, and he is remembered by many of the early settlers of Iowa as both friend and foe to the white man. As a trophy of this legend, the nest in which young Keokuk was found was reported to the wigwam of his parents, and there kept till the extinction of his tribe.

GRAY HAIR.

Many persons begin to show gray hairs while they are yet in their twenties, and some while they are yet in their teens. This does not by any means argue a premature decay of the constitution. It is a purely local phenomenon, and may co-exist with unusual bodily vigor. The celebrated author and traveler, George Borrow, turned quite gray before he was thirty but was an extraordinary swimmer and athlete at sixty-five.

Many feeble persons and others who have suffered extremely both mentally and physically, do not bleach a hair until past middle life; while others, without assignable cause, lose their capillary coloring matter rapidly when about forty years of age.

Race has a marked influence. The traveler, Dr. Origny, says that in the many years he spent in South America he never saw a bald Indian, and scarcely ever a gray-haired one. The negroes turn more slowly than the whites. Yet we know a negro of pure blood, about thirty-five years old, who is quite gray. In this country sex appears to make little difference. Men and women grow gray about the same period of life. In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years, but there seems no general rule as to which whitens first. The spot where grayness begins differs with the individual. The philosopher Schopenhauer began to turn gray on the temples, and complacently framed a theory that this is an indication of vigorous mental activity.

Ladies Department.

Worth.

For years Paris has been the Fashion capital of the world, and Worth the acknowledged king. To his taste the proud ladies of the European courts have submitted the selection of their costly wardrobes; those of the aristocracy of every country acknowledge their dependence on him for the adornment of their fair forms; the wealthy of every clime come to the Mecca of fashion, and do homage at the shrine of Worth; and dressmakers and merchants from all over the world visit Paris each season to secure the styles and models for those whose means or convenience will not permit of a personal visit. Yet Worth himself is not a dressmaker. He is simply an able salesman and a critic of remarkable ability with an eye so keenly sensitive and appreciative of the aesthetic and beautiful, and a judgment so unerring, that at a glance he can detect the imperfections in an artist's model, and suggest alterations that will bring it up to the standard of perfection. It is supposed that Worth himself produces but few. If any of the designs that are credited to him, but which secure the best efforts of the most accomplished artists in the world and adapt them to his own purpose; thus does he secure the variety and excellence which have made his name so famous throughout the civilized world.

Charles Frederick Worth, who is not yet sixty years of age, was born in Lincolnshire, England. His father was a lawyer, and came from a good old English family. He had been in difficult circumstances, but by some family misfortune his means were reduced and his children compelled to abandon their studies and seek their own livelihood. Charles Frederick, at the age of twenty, went to Paris with the double object of finding employment and perfecting himself in the language. He found employment in the *Maison de modes*, Gagein, and soon became chief salesman at a very liberal salary. Here he met and became enamored of the lady whom he afterwards married—she was employed in the capacity of *demoiselle de magasin*. Mrs. Worth was a practical dressmaker, and such had few equals. Worth's extraordinary success in selecting the most appropriate styles and materials so as to produce the best effects, soon made him a great favorite with the patrons of this famous house, for Gagein was the leading Fashion Depot in the world, and still ranks among the first class. The encouragement which he received, determined him to commence business for himself, and with his able wife and his friend, M. Bober, for partners, he started the famous house which bears his name, at 1 Rue de La Paix. Monsieur Bober had no knowledge whatever of the business, but he was an able financier and well qualified to take the business management of any concern, however extensive. While neither of the partners were possessed of any capital of their own, the circumstances attending their commencement were of such an auspicious nature that advances of money were freely and liberally offered to start them. The patronage of the Empress Eugénie and the cream of the European aristocracy afforded ample scope for the artistic talent of Worth, who, relieved from the practical details of the business by his accomplished wife, and from the distracting cares of finance by his able partner, Bober, could give his undivided attention to the artistic styles and harmonious embellishments which have made his models the standards of excellence, and himself the recognized dictator of Fashion the world

over. M. Bober remained in the business only a few years, but the fact that he retired with a fortune of 17,000,000 francs, sufficiently attests the wonderful prosperity of this great house. M. Bober married and retired to Switzerland, where at the cost of 5,000,000 francs, he built a splendid castle which he still occupies. Worth is to-day immensely wealthy. His chateau at Suresnes, a pretty town six or eight miles from Paris, is one of the grandest residences in Europe. Surrounded with gardens conservatories of the rarest, most curious, and beautiful exotics from the tiniest plants to tall fern palms, the residence of this Napoleon of costumers is a paradise that might well excite the envy of the luxurious and the rich. Worth's stables are in keeping with the rest of his establishment. Each horse has a marble basin for his oats and another for his drink. Everything, in fact, denotes ease and luxury, and the stables, with the hospital for sick horses attached, are probably the best appointed in France. Our space will not permit of detailed descriptions but what we have briefly sketched will give some faint idea of the enormous resources of the great dressmaking establishment of Worth which can afford to pay its two head bookkeepers a salary equal to that paid to the President of the United States, namely, fifty thousand dollars, and where it is not an unusual thing to receive over 2,000,000 francs by one mail.

English Cake.—Mix two cupfuls white sugar, one-half cupful butter, whites of four eggs beaten, one cupful cold water; stir well, then add three cupfuls sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda; stir five minutes. This makes two large loaves of splendid cake.

Pain Lemon Pie.—To the grated rind and juice of two lemons add two cups of cold water, the beaten yolks of two eggs, two cups of sugar, and place over the fire. Blend two large tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a very little water, and add when boiling, stirring briskly for a few moments, until it becomes thickened. Pour into a good undercoat. This amount makes two medium-sized pies, and may be enriched by adding a little butter.

Brandied Peaches or Pears.—Four pounds of fruit, four pounds of sugar, one pint of best white brandy. Make a syrup of the sugar and a quart of pure water. Let them come to a boil, then put the pared fruit into it, and let it boil for five minutes. Having removed the fruit carefully with a perforated ladle, let the syrup boil fifteen minutes longer, or until it thickens well. Lastly, add the brandy and then take the kettle at once from the fire. Pour the hot syrup over the fruit, put in glass bottles with wide mouths, and seal up tight. If after taking the fruit from the fire the first time a reddish liquor oozes from it, drain this off before adding the clear syrup. Choose always the fairest, firmest specimens of fruit for brandying if you would be rewarded for your pains. Well-made brandied fruits should keep good for years.

Do you Mean Business.

Well, if you have strength to push your business, it is well. But many a man's business has broken down because the man was broken down, and had no push in him. If you want to make a success build up your system by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. Mr. W. M. Winfree, of Petersburg, Va., says: "There is no medicine equal to Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility. It cures dyspepsia, enriches the blood and strengthens the muscles."

The Young People.

A Bear Story.

From Theodore Roosevelt's account of "Still-hunting the Grizzly," in the June Century, we quote the following: "Sure enough, there were two bears (which afterwards proved to be an old she and a nearly full-grown cub) traveling up the bottom of the valley, much too far for us to shoot. Grasping our rifles and throwing off our hats, we started off as hard as we could run diagonally down the hillside, so as to cut them off. It was some time before we saw them, when they made off at a lumbering gallop up the valley. It would seem impossible to run into two grizzlies in the open, but they were going up hill and we down, and moreover the old one kept stopping. The cub would forge ahead and could probably have escaped us, but the mother now and then stopped to sit down on her haunches and look around to us, when the cub would run back to her. The upshot was that we got ahead of them, when they turned and went straight up one hillside as we ran straight down the other behind the hill. This time I was pretty nearly done out, for running along the steep ground through the sage-brush was most exhausting work; and Merrifield kept galling on me and was well in front. Just as he disappeared over a bank, almost at the bottom of the valley, I tripped over a bush and fell full length. When I got up I knew I could never make up the ground I had lost, and besides could hardly run any longer. Merrifield was out of sight below, and the bears were laboring up the steep hillside directly opposite and about 500 yards off; so I sat down and began to shoot over Merrifield's head, aiming at the big bear. She was going very steadily and in a straight line, and each bullet sent up a puff of dust where it struck the soil, so that I could keep correcting my aim; and the fourth ball crashed into the old bear's flank. She lurched heavily forward, lay over herself and reached the timber, while Merrifield, who had put on a spurt, was not far behind. "I toiled up hill at a sort of trot, fairly gasping and sobbing for breath; but before I got to the top I heard a couple of shots and a shout. The old bear had turned as soon as she was in the timber, and come towards Merrifield; but he gave her the death-wound by firing into her chest, and shot at the young one, knocking it over. When I came up he was just walking towards the latter to finish it with the revolver, but it suddenly jumped up as lively as ever and made off at a great pace—for it was nearly full grown. It was impossible to fire where the tree trunks were so thick, but there was a small opening across which it would have to pass, and collecting all my energies I made a last run, got into position, and covered the opening with my rifle. The instant the bear appeared I fired and it tumbled down some rocks downhill, rolling over and over; the ball had struck it near the tail and ranged forward through the hollow of the body. Each of us had thus given the fatal wound to the bear into which the other had fired the first bullet."

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" snarled a young lady at the conductor of an overcrowded street car. "A good deal like crushed sugar, Miss," said the bell-ringer. And the lady hung onto a strap and rode four miles farther with the smile of an angel.

J. Wagner, Esq., Springfield, Va., says in the year 1883 he used Powell's Prepared Chemicals for wheat, and harvested double the quantity where he used it to where he used none, and would advise all who use fertilizer to try it. Powell's Prepared Chemicals, cost only \$6.00 per bbl., a sufficient quantity to make one-half ton of complete fertilizer. Brown Chemical Co., manufacturers, Baltimore, Md.

Facetia.

It is easier to tell a lie than it is to catch a fish.

The question of the hour—"What time is it?"

A girl should marry for protection instead of for revenue only.

A man who slides in a penitentiary is a law-abiding citizen.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, says that "a woman is nothing but hugging and so much."

A wicked little boy says that home without a mother would be a solid picnic all the week.

A summer resort circular says: "No body dresses here." A sort of African watering place.

If a pair of lovers would be sure their match is made in Heaven, let them get married in a hall.

A man who some time ago married "an angel," says it is about as complete a fairy cure as anything he ever heard of.

We often hear of the manner in which a bank is run, but for first-class, A No. 1 managing the cashier is the one to observe.

TILL HE KILLED HIS FIG.

Lawyer V—, who can tell a story as well as any living man, was once urged to relate one of his experiences.

"Well," said he, "when I was a young man and had just passed my examination, and been admitted, I hadn't much money. I had made up my mind to get to work at once and not to run in debt. The first question was, where should I hang out my shingle? After a good deal of consideration, I made up my mind to visit the town of S— and see what chance there was for a young lawyer there. As I tramped along, I drew near to apparently the only hotel in the place. A man in his shirt sleeves was seated in the chair outside the hotel. The chair was tilted against the wall, and the man was smoking a short pipe. "This is the hotel I believe," I said.

"Yes," said the man, blowing out a cloud of smoke.

"Where can I find the proprietor?" I asked.

"I'm the man," was the answer.

"Well," said I, "I'm a young lawyer, and I came here to see whether there was an opening."

"I guess there is," the landlaid said; "a lively young fellow that will act square and not charge over much will go along here, I reckon."

"Glad to hear it," said I, adding, "I should want a room and board at a moderate rate."

"There's a room right up-stairs on the first floor," said the landlaid; "there it is (pointing with his pipe to the window); go right up-stairs and look at it."

"But about the price?" I asked.

"Go up and look at it," the landlaid said, "and we'll talk about the price afterward."

"I went up and saw the room. It was small and scantily furnished, but it would do. When I came down the landlaid asked me how I liked it, and I said it would suit."

"But how about the price for room and board?" I asked.

"We'll settle that after you've got fairly started," said he.

"I insisted, however, that he settled at once, and at length the landlaid said—"

"Will two dollars and a half a week meet your view?"

"You may be sure it did, and the bargain was made. Well, I hung out my shingle and sat down at a small table spread with paper and a few law books and pen and ink to wait for clients."

After waiting two or three days, a knock came to my door and I said, "Come in. Business at last, I thought to myself. The door opened and a shock-headed, roughly-clad man entered."

"Is the lawyer in?" he asked, in an unmistakable Irish brogue.

"I'm the man," I said; "come in and sit down," and I offered a place on my trunk as I had not a second chair. He came forward, sat on the edge of the trunk, and nervously fingered his battered hat. After a few questions I found out what he wanted and that he had a good case, and I told him so.

"And what shall I have to pay you?" he asked.

"Never mind that now," said I; "we'll settle that when I've won your case."

"You're mighty kind," he said, "and it makes me bold to ask you a favor. Will you honor him the loan of twenty-five cents till I kill me pig?"

"This might have disheartened some new beginners, but it didn't me. I lent him the twenty-five cents and won his case for him. He became a prosperous man and was my client till the last, and brought other clients to boot."

BUILDING STONE.

The sandstone commercially known as freestone, which is extensively used for building purposes in American cities is subject to disintegration from the action of the sulphurous acid, produced by the consumption of coal and from frost. There is much difference in the ability of various quarries to withstand these destructive influences. The outer surfaces of some buildings in New York and Philadelphia have been, by the action of an eminent chemist, treated with a mixture of paraffin and carbolic acid with apparently good results. The flat surfaces are warmed by means of a stove like a plumber's stove, but with a flat side, and the paraffin when applied in a melted condition, penetrates the stone readily—it is said that in some instances to the depth of one and a half inches. Moldings and curved work are heated by means of a blast flame from India rubber bags of illuminating gas. Another process has been suggested, but the preliminary results do not appear to be of a satisfactory nature on account of its tendency to crack. In this process the mixture used is an artificial stone, and consists of three parts glass sand, three parts broken marble, two parts anhydrous clay and two parts freshly slaked lime stirred warm. After a coat of the above has been applied, washed in with water on the following day. The central portion and wings of the Capitol building at Washington were originally built of freestone, which disintegrated so rapidly as to threaten the performance of the structure, and the whole was protected by several coats of white paint. The wings afterward added to the above and now used for their House of Representatives and Senate Chamber, are built of white marble, which conforms in color to the central portion of the building, so that the whole building appears to be made of marble.

UMBRELLAS.

There is a language of umbrellas as well as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change owners. To open it quickly in the street, means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, when the man is getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courting. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it, means, "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the foot-path means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, frightens a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates, "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that! To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry your umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying "Oh, do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies lying. To give a friend half your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means that "it will clear off."

MUST LIE DOWN TO REST.

Says an authority on horses: "A backworking horse is almost as much a necessity as good food, but tried though he may be, he is often very tired to the bone, even when a cheat has been provided for him. Unless a horse lies down regularly, his rest is never complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen; and while it is true that some horses that sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, it is equally true that they would wear much longer, and perform their work much better, if they rested naturally. Young horses, especially, are not infrequently refused to lie down when first made to exercise a short time, when introduced into a town stable, the habit may become confirmed, unless inducements are offered to overcome the disinclination."

THE MIDLAND JOURNAL.

E. E. Ewing, Proprietor.

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OXFORD FAIR.

SEPTEMBER 23, 24, 25, 1885.

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sep 4-3n Rising Sun, Cecil Co., Md.

Dr. Geo. B. Raub,

DENTIST.

54 Franklin Street.

Near Charles. Baltimore, Md.

sep 18-ly

Cans and Canning Etc.

The Reynolds Brothers of Port Deposit report their tin can manufacture a most gratifying success this season; no complaint of a single can proving faulty having yet reached them. Of the tens of thousands they have turned out and are daily turning out from their factory. And we cannot comprehend how it was possible that any faulty cans could escape after being put through their new process of testing under hot water by compressed air which subjects every can to a pressure of 30 pounds to the square inch. If there is the smallest aperture or a flaw stopped temporarily with rosin the hot water softens it and the air bursts out showing the defective spot, although so minute perhaps that the naked eye could not discover it, last season they tested by the process in common use by having an inspector to examine carefully every can, and the result proved very unsatisfactory. A number of the cans proving faulty after having been filled with goods. Under the present hot water and air pressure test if a can is not strongly soldered it will burst.

This is an important manufactory and the enterprising proprietors should receive a most cordial support from our canners. If we can produce the best vegetables in the country, manufacture the cans and process the goods fitting them for the table, and all accomplished on the spot, it may be said, where raised, this three fold operation will redound to the wealth of the county and add to the prosperity of the whole people. Every stage in the business is a productive industry, there being no middle men employed; and this is the true road to wealth which consists in universal prosperity, or work for all at good wages. If twenty five per cent of the solid grain growing industry of the country were devoted to the production of fruits, vegetables and grasses, and canneries and evaporators in every neighborhood, the agricultural wealth of the country would be more than doubled. When, oh when will our farmers study their business and venture to improve on it so as to double their profit, lighten their muscular toil and increase their mental activity?

The Largest Cabbage Grower in the World.

W. M. Johnson & Co of Chicago use upward of 5000 acres of land for growing cabbage. Last year they manufactured 19,600 barrels of Sauerkraut besides shipping 457 car loads of cabbages to Eastern Markets.

Such statements should cause cultivators of the soil to pause and think. With 2,000,000 consumers lying within a radius of 50 miles, and the best of land for such products, why cannot they help to supply this large market with a portion of this heavy, bulky produce, that is shipped all the way from Chicago, and finds a remunerative market for it, right on the borders of our own fields that are kept raising meagre crops of grain at starvation prices? The only answer possible is that old fogyism has bound our farming class so firmly in his heavy chains that they are helpless to make the slightest variation from methods acquired in boyhood—scarce a particle advance except so much as new machinery and implements compelled.

The New Marriage Law.

The new law which goes into effect in Pennsylvania on October 1st, requires all persons desiring to be married by a justice or clergyman to procure a license from the Clerk of the Court, for which a fee of fifty cents will be charged. In procuring the license the following questions have to be answered under oath or affirmation: 1. Full name of man. 2. Full name of woman. 3. Relationship of the parties either by blood or marriage. 4. Age of the man. 5. Age of the woman. 6. Residence of the woman. 7. Parents name—man. 8. Parents name—woman. 9. Guardian's name—man. 10. Consent of parents or guardian. 11. Date of death of man's former wife, if any. 12. Date of death of woman's former husband, if any. 13. Date of divorce of man at any time. 14. Date of divorce of woman at any time. 15. Color of parties. 16. Occupation of man. 17. Occupation of woman. Some of the interrogatories will be embarrassing in special cases, but the law is inexorable and must be answered. The Clerk of the Court will be liable to a fine if he fails to enforce the law to the letter and parties answering falsely will be subject to the penalty of perjury. The above questions have only to be sworn or affirmed to before the Clerk by the would be husband, and the wife prospective not having to appear in the matter at all.

A good many Marylanders have been in the habit of going to Pa. to get married, but it will not be so convenient in future, and the trade will doubtless decline.

The Great Yacht Race.

Two matches were sailed between the American yacht Puritan and the English yacht Genesta, in New York bay for the prize silver cup, the Puritan winning in both races. The first race was on Monday last, with a light wind, the Puritan beating the Genesta 16 minutes and 19 seconds. The second race was sailed on Wednesday with a stiff wind and rough sea, the American yacht crossing the line only one minute and thirty-eight seconds ahead of the English cutter, so little that the race might be called a tie, but it keeps the prize cup in America.

The MIDLAND JOURNAL and American Farmer one year, both for \$1.25

The Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of the Oxford Agricultural Society will be held on the Society's Grounds, in the Borough of Oxford, Chester county, Pa., on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September, 23, 24, 25, 1885. The premium list embraces every article of Household and Mechanical Manufacture, as well as all Agricultural Products and Implements. Running, Trotting, Hurdle and Dog Races. Amusements and music each day. The Managers will leave nothing undone to make the Fall Fair of 1885 the largest and best ever held in Oxford. Excursion trains at reduced rates. Exhibits returned free.

Every lady wants the MIDLAND for its literary and ladies' Department. It contains a pleasant story every week.

Since the cholera appeared in Spain there have been 72,387 deaths out of 187,565 cases.

GENERAL NEWS.

There were seventeen deaths from small-pox on Saturday and eleven on Sunday in Montreal.

There was frost Sunday night on the lowlands of Maine, which did considerable damage to corn, beans, &c.

Maud S. made an unsuccessful effort at Narragansett Park to lower her record. She made a mile in 2.13.

The steamship Island, from Copenhagen landed 250 Danes in New York. Many of them intend to join a colony in New Mexico.

Seven hundred thousand dollars have been expended in new buildings during the past year in Montgomery, Ala.

The annual convention of the Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia beekeepers will be held in the court house in Hagerstown on Wednesday, October 21.

A heavy wind and hailstorm did much damage to the crops in Charles county on Saturday afternoon. Tobacco and cornfields were stripped, and barns were blown down.

The period of forty days fixed by the President for the removal of the squatters from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agencies expired Tuesday, and the squatters are already leaving.

There is no other journalist in Philadelphia who owns a trotting horse equal to the famous pair belonging to Mr. Singler of the Record. He also owns the best Holstein cow in the world.

Henry Ward Beecher has accepted an invitation to deliver an eulogy on General Grant at the public memorial services to be held in Boston.

"I was never buried alive," said an old clerk, relating his experiences, but I once worked a week in a store that did not advertise. When I came out my head was almost as white as you see it. Solitary confinement did it."—Cincinnati Gazette.

An elephant connected with a circus in Philadelphia broke loose on Monday, and created great excitement. He was finally secured after toiling into the air and severely injuring a young man named John Kimberline, of Altoona, Pa. The police declined to assist in the animal's recapture.

Commonplace people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see it; the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves. The man who says, "I never split my stick" is one of these.

General Grant's family appear to be amply provided for. The mortgage of \$60,000 upon the Grant mansion was paid off by friends of the family, it is said, during the General's illness. The royalty from his Memoirs will amount to \$250,000 and besides there is the \$250,000 fund, raised for General Grant, which was assigned to his wife, and which yields an annual income of \$16,000, guaranteed. Congress will also vote Mrs. Grant a pension of \$5,000 and probably the General's half-pay of \$5,600 for one year. So that altogether Mrs. Grant's income will be \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year.

Items of Interest.

Only ten tunes were known in New England in the first ninety years.

Chili pays a bounty of \$5 a head for the scalp of cougars, but the birds are so shy that it does not pay to hunt them.

A Missouri editor, soliciting subscriptions to his paper, declares that a neglect to take interest in reading the news of the day is an infallible symptom of early death.

Prince Bismarck recently told a Russian diplomatist that he had decided never again to use tobacco in any form, and that he regarded cigarette smoking as extremely noxious, and ridiculous to boot.

The Afghans eat onions as we do apples. The cause of the recent attack by the Russians can therefore be easily understood. They were obliged to use their guns to keep the Afghans from coming within hailing distance.

Two young Philadelphia sportsmen were recently trod for a whole day up in Potter county by a bear which, as was afterward found out, was perfectly tame—an escaped pet; but they paid \$30 for the privilege of shooting it.

Headaches, accompanied by dizziness, may be cured by some simple medicine, such as magnesia or Rochelle salts, taken at night in small quantities. Coffee should be left alone and the diet taken but once a day, and the head should be kept elevated during sleep. The more exercise you take in the open air, the better.

Some few days ago a lad in St. Louis decapitated a rattlesnake. He then picked up the head of the reptile for closer inspection when its mouth suddenly opened and closed, striking its fangs into the boy's thumb. Immediately all the symptoms of poisoning manifested themselves, and the unfortunate youth died after some hours of great pain.

Conscientious leads in longevity in this country. The majority of very old people are women. Among men, soldiers and farmers are the longest lived. A recent investigator found one hundred ministers who had passed the century limit, but he found only thirty doctors, ten lawyers, and ten actors.

According to tradition, famines occur in Japan every forty or fifty years. Modern history records great famines in 1610, 1673, 1781, and 1833. This is the fifth year since the last great death, and as the climatic changes have been frequent and severe, apprehensions are felt as to a recurrence of the calamity.

Experiments by means of photographic plates in the Mediterranean show that in the middle of a sunny day in March the rays of the sun are unable to penetrate the water of that sea to a depth beyond 150 fathoms. In September the distance is reduced. The depression at this depth on the photographic plate is not equal to that made by starlight.

Gen. R. Brinkerhoff declares that we cannot blink the fearful fact that the tide of crime is rising. He would gladly doubt it, and figure it away, if he could, but the statistics are pitiless. National, State, and county statistics all concur that the flood of crime creeps upward year by year. "It must be checked or it will overwhelm us," he exclaims.

The Maine bird catchers, who drive a thriving trade in native song birds, use a cage divided into four compartments. In one is a captive, which, when taken into the field, utters a call to his wild brethren, one of whom is very likely, in flying about the cage, to enter one of the open doors and set free a spring that shuts the door. The favorite bird is the red linnet or "redpoll," which is hardly, easily contented, and a sweet singer; it mates with the canary and an excellent cross breed is the result.

The picture of Washington crossing the Delaware has popularized a scene that recurs every spring. Except for the absence of the figures of the command and his patriots, it has lost none of its picturesque features. When the winter snows are melting and the spring rains fall, the swollen current of the river sweeps along with its bed of jagged ice cakes as restlessly as when it imperiled the lives of the rugged little army who dared the passage that Christmas night 100 years ago. At the point where Washington crossed the Delaware is a comparatively tame to what it is along on the upper courses of the river.

THE PAMPAS.

The peculiar characteristics of these vast plains, which descend from the Andes to the great river basin in unbroken monotony, are the absence of rivers or water storage, and the periodical occurrence of droughts, or "secos," in the summer months. These conditions determine the singular character both of its flora and fauna. The soil is naturally fertile and favorable for the growth of trees, and they grow luxuriantly wherever they are protected. The emulphus is covering large tracts wherever it is enclosed, and willows, poplars and the fig surround every estancia where fenced in. The open plains are covered with droves of horses and cattle, and overrun by numerous wild rodents, the original tenants of the pampas. During the long periods of drought which are so great a scourge to the country, these animals are starved by thousands, destroying in their efforts to live, every vestige of vegetation. In one of these droughts, at the time of my visit, no less than fifty thousand heads of oxen and sheep and horses perished from starvation and thirst, after tearing deep out of the soil every trace of vegetation, including the wiry roots of the pampas grass.

Under such circumstances the existence of an unprotected tree is impossible. The only plants that hold their own, in addition to the indestructible thistles, grasses and clover, are a little herbage on oxalis, producing vivacious larva of extraordinary vitality, a few poisonous species, such as the hemlock, and a few tough, thorny, dwarf acacias and wry rushes, which even a starving rat refuses. Although the cattle are a modern introduction, the numberless indigenous rodents must always have effectually prevented the introduction of any other species of plants; large tracts are still honeycombed by the ubiquitous bichacho, a gigantic rabbit, and numerous other rodents still exist, including rats, and mice, pampas hares and the great nutria and caprine on the river banks. That the dearth of plants is not due to the unsuitability of the subtropical species of the neighborhood seems cannot hold good with respect to the fertile valleys of the Andes beyond Mendoza, where a magnificent variety of flora is found. Moreover, the extensive introduction of European plants which has taken place throughout the country has added nothing to the botany of the pampas beyond a few species that are unsuitable by cattle, such as the two species of thistles that are invading large districts in spite of their constant destruction by the fires which always accompany the secos.

THE ORIGIN OF MOSQUITOES.

The Indians have a very satisfactory account of the origin of the Mosquitoes. The legend runs thus: There were in times of old, many moons ago, two huge feathered monsters permitted by the Manitou to descend from the sky and alight on the banks of the Seneca River. Their form was that of the mosquito. They were so large that they flew toward the earth. Standing on either bank they guarded the river, and stretching their long necks into the caucuses of the Indians as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbed them up as the stars king in the fable gobbled up the frogs. The destruction of life was so great that not an Indian could pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be exterminated, and then only by the combined efforts of all the Cayuga and Onondaga nations. The battle was terrible, but the warriors finally triumphed, and the manumoth mosquitoes were slain and left unburied. For this neglect the Indians had to pay dearly. The carcasses decomposed, and the particles, vivified by the sun, flew off in clouds of mosquitoes, which have filled the country ever since.

BURMESE BUFFALOES.

In Burmah, or the Shan country, buffaloes are more hostile to Europeans than any other animal. "They are fine large animals," says the author of "Among the Shans," "of an exceedingly suspicious disposition, gentle and obedient to those they know, but violent and dangerous to strangers. It is curious to see, as one sometimes does, a charge of Englishmen protected from a buffalo by a little Burmah boy of ten or twelve, who quietly leads away the startled animal, which, but for his appearance on the scene, would have charged and possibly killed the detestable white man."

NO COMMON SOLDIER.

An old French writer relates the following of the reign of Louis XIV: "On parade one morning, when my grandfather was inspecting his new regiment he saw a soldier who held his musket awkwardly, and was about to reprove the man, when the major whispered him not to notice it as he would be informed of the reason. When the parade was over the major related that when the regiment was quartered in the province, this soldier, then a corporal, saw two of his comrades fighting in the street with drawn swords. By a general order soldiers were forbidden to draw swords in the streets under pain of losing the right hand—the corporal therefore, seeing the consequence likely to accrue to his comrades, rushed to prevent it, and, according to military usage, which forbids any one from separating crossed swords but with a sword drawn, at once drew his sword and placed himself between them. At this moment the guard appeared, and the two culprits saved themselves by flight, but the corporal knowing the correctness of his intention and forgetting that in the execution of a good deed he had himself offended against the law, quietly surrendered with his sword in his hand and was conducted to the guard-house. A court-martial was speedily called and the corporal told the truth. They demanded the names of the guilty persons, and menaced him with the punishment if he did not reply. 'Gentlemen,' he replied, 'it is true I know them, but I cannot name them; which of you would betray a comrade? No; if I must suffer the punishment, I shall at least know that I have been the means of saving two men for the king's service and the only favor I ask is that my left hand be cut off instead of my right, in order that I yet may be able to draw a sword for my country.' He was condemned, and his request was granted; but when he arrived at the block, he said to the executioner: 'I suffer this humiliation from a sense of discipline and honor, but, as it is the order of the king, it ought to be executed by a soldier. Stand back, therefore, and give me the axe!' Seizing the instrument, he placed his hand upon the block, and severed it from his body at a blow. This was the same soldier that held his musket so indifferently on the parade."

FIGHTING ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The only difference between ancient and modern armies is in the application of steam, gunpowder, and dynamite—a very great one in appearance, but not so much so in reality. Modern armies do not need to be so large in the field as ancient armies; yet it is very questionable whether fewer people are required for an effective war in modern times than of old. The men who make the powder and dynamite and the girls who fill the cartridges are quite as much part and parcel of a modern army as the soldiers who fire them off, and are pretty nearly similar risks. The methods of modern warfare are exactly the same as of ancient warfare, and relatively not much more effective, though just as coarse and brutal. The long bow was quite as effective a weapon as the rifle, and modern cannon do not seem to be any great advantage on the battle and battering rams of the ancients. In naval warfare we have actually gone back again to one of the most ancient naval maneuvers, that of ramming. The siege trains of the present day are just as cumbersome as siege trains in times when, as the Bible tells us, "Mountains and hills were made low and valleys exalted; when rough places were made plain and the crooked straight." Science has not yet said its last word on the adaptation of nature's secrets to resistance against rapine, carnage, and wrong whether exercised by nation against nation or nations against individuals. Even now substances are known to chemists which it only needs finer mechanical skill to make into efficient and invulnerable agents for defending civilization against barbarism and savagery. What secrets may be, and no doubt are, hid in the womb of nature, and are waiting to be revealed by the hand of science, can only be conjectured. But we may be sure of this much—that the higher the civilization and the more developed the intellect of the future the more hopeless will become the attempts of needy and adventurous barbarians against the well-being of rich and highly civilized nations. If the rich Romans had left to Britain their civilization, a body of physical knowledge similar to that even of to-day, the Saxon conquest could have been impossible.

SHOES—AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

"The old army shoe," said a slender, dark-haired man, "was a great institution. I have a pair at home that I have preserved, not as mementoes of any long march, but as landmarks in a venturesome life. It was a custom among the poorly-shod Confederate troops to remove, after a battle, the shoes from the dead Union soldiers. This was not done in any spirit of vandalism or heartlessness. The shoes were taken off to supply men who had much marching to do in inclement weather. We simply changed old, worn-out shoes for the good ones worn by those who fell in battle.

"On one occasion I took a pair of nicely polished No. 6's from the body of a man who must have been in life a model soldier. I had worn these shoes with great comfort during the four or five remaining days of activity incident to the battle before I had an opportunity to examine them carefully. When we were again in permanent camp and were allowed to remove our cartridge boxes and shoes at night, I made a startling discovery, or rather I was greatly startled by a discovery that I made one morning as I took up the shoes to put them on.

"On the other side of the flap or tongue was written, in a clear, round hand, my own name. I was confident that I had never written it there, but there on both shoes were my initials and my family name, and I had taken those shoes four days before from the feet of a man killed in battle. The inference was that I had stolen the shoes of a man related to me in some way. I could not put them on. I walked in my stocking feet to the commissary department, secured a pair of new shoes, and I have the other shoes yet.

"The affair troubled me for a long time. I had no opportunity for making satisfactory inquiry in regard to the man who bore my name, but in due time I did learn that there was no family relationship whatever. He had come to this country from England, and had been in the country only a few months when the war broke out. He enlisted through a spirit of adventure, and I was the means of giving his relatives definite information as to his fate. The only evidence I had bearing on points in which they were interested was a pair of old army shoes."

TENNESSEE MARBLE.

The peculiar and striking beauty of the variegated marble of Tennessee has attracted the attention of builders in every part of the United States. Not only is it now used for ornamenting buildings, both public and private, but it is largely consumed in the manufacture of furniture. This marble exists in great abundance in the counties of Hawkins, Hancock, Grainger, Jefferson, Knox, Roane, Blount, Monroe, McMinn, and Bradley in East Tennessee, and in Franklin, Moore, and Maury in Middle Tennessee, and Henry and Benton in West Tennessee. The best, however—that of finest grain and susceptible of the highest polish—is found in East Tennessee. Fashion rules in the shades of the coloring. When the colors are blended into each other in the stone it is rejected for fine work. The most popular is where the white spots are distinctly outlined in a ground of red or variegated, and quarries of this kind are considered extremely valuable. The variation of coloring is infinite. Dr. Jerunga collected for the Bureau of Agriculture nearly 100 varieties, all differing in the arrangements of colors. This industry is developing rapidly. Five years ago there were but four or five quarries in East Tennessee. The *Industrial Review*, at Knoxville, now reports forty. And this rapid increase is due to increased demand. It now commands a price 25 per cent. greater than the white Italian marble, and is used for every purpose for which that celebrated marble is used except sculpture.

A young man in Brooklyn, after consulting his watch, dropped it into his pocket, when he was startled by an explosion, which was followed by many others in rapid succession. Before he could remove his clothing it had been burned through to the flesh and a painful wound inflicted. The hand in which he held the watch was also severely burned. An examination proved the explosion to have been caused by chloride of potash tablets which he was in the habit of carrying loose in his pocket, and which were ignited by the watch being dropped quickly upon them.

Facetia.

"Some of our circumspect carry a piece of soap with them. When they see a dog about to walk they tie themselves to shade trees and wait for a policeman."

"He called me an ass!" exclaimed an over-dressed, excited duke. "Well you are one," soothingly replied a kindly boy; "you are only a stroke-lame."

Mexico's financial condition leads to the suspicion that there is a back road to it from Canada, used by former of Jews and emigrant financiers of the United States.

"How long does this train stop for refreshments?" asked a traveler, as he passed a railway station in Georgia. "Depends on how hungry do conductor is," said the waiter.

Norwich, Conn., is disturbed by the discovery of an infant's body preserved in a barrel. Bodies of old folks, walking in mind and preserved in the same spirit, excite no comment.

It is said that cholera never attacks a man with a wife and five or more children. This would go to show that men never live a man when he is down.

It is denied that Miss Anna Dickinson was on the stage this coming season. If Justice travels in the Fall it won't be such a terrible year after all.

There are only two occasions when a man finds out what an atrocious villain he is. The first is when he runs for the sub-treasury of his ward and the second when his wife sends him for a divorce.

Smith to Jones, (the latter had recently married):—"Well, it wasn't so bad after all, was it?" Jones:—"There's nothing harder than getting married, Smith—'Getting a divorce, I suppose." Jones:—"No; getting the furniture."

An Iowa judge has decided that a man is duty bound to tell his wife where he is every evening when he is away from home. This decision is now put up to a certain extent, but suppose the man doesn't know!

A school of gesture has been formed in this city. We presume the main purpose in view is to make it possible for married people to settle their little differences without disturbing the entire neighborhood.

Red-headed men, in addition to being war r than other people, now have another advantage—they cannot be struck. A man who was supposed a day or two since immediately recovered when some one shaved his head.

A duke may be less scrupulous in the tears of anguish, or the mute appeals of hopeless despair than he is to his personal decoration, but let him get a picnic grasshopper in his trousers, and he'll be right down in the mud and bawl like a frantic calf.

"Henry, love, I wish you would throw away that book and talk with me—I feel so dull." (A long silence and no reply.) "Oh, Henry, my foot is asleep." "Is it? Well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it."

"If man wants to own the earth, what does woman want?" inquired Mr. Grah of his better half, after a little familiar matinee a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded the lady in a gentle, soothing tone, "to own the man, I suppose."

Two parties were arguing about colored people and one said to the other: "Now, Jim, why is it that some colored folks smell so peculiarly?" "Well," said Jim, "I don't know, Sam, unless it's cause de Lord wanted it fixed so dey could be distinguished from de white folks."

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Keeper, "that when Adam realized the vastness of the world into which he was thrown, he must have had a great deal on his mind?" "Well," responded Mrs. Blunt, "from the photographs I have seen of him, I should say that whatever he did have on must have been on his mind."

A critic dropped into a studio in Paris one day, stopped before a portrait of a lady on the easel, and remarked, "But why did you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "Oh, pardon—a thousand times!" said the critic in great confusion; "you are right, I ought to have perceived it. The resemblance is quite striking."

"Mamma," inquired Bobby, "do only good little boys go up to Heaven?" "Yes, dear." "And bad little boys to the bad place?" "Yes." "I'm a good little boy, ain't I?" "Sometimes, Bobby, and sometimes you are quite a bad little boy." Bobby thought for a moment and said, "Then I s'pose I'll have to spend a part of the time in on place, and part of the time in the other."

SWISS ECONOMY.

The Swiss carry their economy to the length of inhumanity. The public hiring-out of children to the lowest bidder still obtains in the Canton of Bern. A case of this kind is reported from Biel, where the public erector, despite the tears and entreaties of the widowed mother, placed her four young children of ten, eight, six and two years for 28, 31, 40 and 70 francs, respectively, for the remainder of the year, thus leaving the family for fear the woman might become a burden upon the town.

THE MIDLAND.

E. E. EWING, Editor & Publisher.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1885.

Our Agricultural College.

The Peninsula Farmer has a good word to say for the Maryland Agricultural College. After excusing the system of agricultural colleges in its infancy for its lack of practical agricultural Professors, the Farmer remarks:

"There were then no experienced graduates from such institutions. As now, to call on for president and professors, but to select them from the graduates of scientific and literary schools, having very little fitness, if any, for the agricultural department."

If we are not grossly misinformed, this very obstacle exists in our Maryland Agricultural college, to such a degree as to make it entirely worthless to agriculture. The rudiments of navigation, are, or formerly were taught as one of the courses, at that delectable sinecure superannuated politicians. Where does this branch fit into agriculture? The fact is our so-called agricultural colleges are utterly useless, and always has been, to agriculture, and the public money is wasted in supporting some political favorites whose services are of no value to the farmers of Maryland, whatever. The sooner the bottom is knocked out of it, and the money applied to establishing an experimental station the better it will prove for the agricultural interests of the state. The farmers of the state are not interested in keeping up a political rookery at government expense, and we are sorry to record that some of our Cecil members of the legislature have heretofore permitted the wool to be drawn over their eyes, and have voted to continue the college under its present worthless management. Every movement towards establishing an experimental station has been obstructed by the college influence, which endeavors to absorb it, in order that more food may be supplied for the sustenance of this fungus. We trust that the members from this county in the next legislature will give their most earnest efforts towards establishing an experimental station for the state, entirely separated from the Agricultural college, as well as towards clearing off the barncats that have clogged the college, and establish it on a true agricultural basis similar to the Michigan, Kansas and some other agricultural colleges. These colleges are creditable and of great benefit to the farmers, but ours is a discredit and of no benefit, and always will be under its present organization.

The Minister's Protest.

"A little girl armed with a small earthen jug with a slit in it, visited the Sun this week begging for a church. The practice of sending little girls out to beg for questionable, or any other purpose ought to be frowned down. The habit is disgusting."

The above item appeared in an issue of the 11th. At the request of the pastor of the church we publish the following explanation:

Octoraro M. E. Church or Nottingham Circuit of the Philadelphia Conference was rebuilt during the year 1863 and 1864 at cost of about One Thousand dollars. The church is located on

the M. & P. land line about one mile from Cecil Paper Mill, in the center of a sparsely settled section of country. There is no other church of any denomination for several miles in any direction, so that it is needed just where it is, if ever a church was needed anywhere. The people, however, for whose benefit the building was erected, are not able to give largely for its support, being barely able to sustain the minister of the gospel from year to year. A debt of about four hundred and fifty dollars remains upon the church which it is the earnest desire of those interested in its welfare to see canceled. For this purpose various means are being employed by the ladies of the church, the trustees and the pastor, none of which in our judgement, are improper. Among the others a number of money jugs have been distributed to the children of the Sabbath School, to be used by them in soliciting voluntary contributions from all who feel disposed to help the weak church. It was the advent of one of these little collectors into the office of the "JOURNAL" which caused the writing and mention of the above item. "I cannot think it possible that the editor of a paper circulating in a christian community, among people who uphold the church and religious institutions as the sheet-anchor of our republic abiding prosperity would apply upon second thought the term "questionable purpose" to the above item it is so applied. In view however of the fact that the money jug was properly labelled with the name of the church, the object for which aid was asked, and the name of the pastor as a guarantee of good faith. I am satisfied to allow the matter to rest without further remark.

T. G. COXSON.

Pastor of Octoraro M. E. Church.

[We are glad to give place to the above protest of the pastor of the Octoraro Church which allows us to explain a little in relation to the local notice complained of. The offending clause "questionable or any other purpose"—our friend misquotes slightly—was marked out by the proof reader, but the corrector failed to expunge the indicted part, which omission could not be detected till the paper was worked off. This part of the paragraph spoils both the sense and grammar and to understand the position we take the sentence must be read with these words omitted. And now we have the question "fairly before the house," and we are going to stand right on top of the ground we take and defend it: What friend Coxson says in explanation of sending children out to beg will not excuse the practice. Grant all he claims about the necessity of a church in that locality, and the debt that has been incurred in providing it. Church begging has become a bore to the whole land; it is humiliating; it lowers the sanctity of the church in the feelings of the people; and the offense becomes doubly humiliating when the office of street begging is shifted onto the shoulders of children. The object of employing the little innocents is obviously for the purpose of exciting sympathy and thus winning something more from an unwilling public who have been badgered so much by calls on them to give for all manner of schemes under the name of religion, that the public is sick of it. Now we appeal to every member, deacon, elder and minister of the church if these plain words are not plain truths, that no one will deny. To send children into the streets with bottles or bowls or any other device to halt every one they meet and crave alms for any purpose is not likely to improve their morals, manners or refinement.]

* P. S. It was not "the advent of one of these little collectors in the office of the JOURNAL but the appearance of the little innocent in the streets every where, and in every house and every office which induced their notice.

Kidney Disease.

Mr. H. Waram, member of City Council, 99 3dury, N. J., says: "I was a victim of the worst form of kidney disease. A short trial of Aromasol completely cured me." Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by Dr. L. R. Kirk, Rising Sun.

County Government.

The County Commissioners, Orphans Court and School Commissioners were in session last week.

The County Commissioners last week disposed of the following business.

An order was passed authorizing the opening of the new road in the Fifth Election District, through the lands of C. F. Kirk and others, known as the Brown road.

Proposals for furnishing coal for the county buildings were opened as follows: Charles Warner & Co., furnace \$3.85, stove \$4.35; D. Scott & Bro., furnace \$3.60, stove \$4.90; Davis, Keys & Co., furnace \$4, stove \$4.80; John Partridge, furnace \$4.65, stove \$4.95; Walter Armstrong, furnace \$4.25, stove \$4.75; Geo. N. Gray \$5.92 for 160 tons. Contract awarded to Charles Warner Co.

Bids for hauling coal to court house and jail were as follows: H. A. Brake, 22 and 35¢ per ton; Geo. T. King, 21¢ per ton; Allen C. Thacker, 23¢ per ton; Cadmus Price, 23¢ per ton. Contract to Geo. T. King.

Proposals for mason work at Far Creek and Stone Run were opened: Far Creek, Charles H. Smith, labor and material, \$7.50 per cubic yard, labor alone \$3.12; Clayton C. Thacker, \$7.95 and \$4.25; George O. Maxwell, \$7.50 and \$3; Owen Patterson, \$8.50; McDowell & Nesbitt, \$8.75 and \$2.50; Wm. Brennan, \$6.75 and \$2. Contract awarded to Wm. Brennan. Stone Run, Rea & Richards, \$7; L. B. Hickman, \$7.75 and \$2.50; McDowell & Nesbitt, \$7.75 and \$2.50. Contract to Rea & Richards.

Plans of C. H. Latrobe, Civil Engineer, for rebuilding and improving Far Creek bridge were adopted, and Mr. Latrobe authorized to take charge of the work at that place.

The Clerk was directed to advertise for proposals to fill in and grade the causeway and approaches of the Far Creek bridge and to construct an iron span of a 100 feet at that point, also for moving the old span from this creek to Stone Run, in the Sixth district, and erecting the same, and for iron spans at Crawford's Factory and McCullough Iron Works, Fifth district. Proposals will be opened on September 22nd.

The Orphans Court.

Bonds Approved.—Wm. S. Evans, administrator of Ruben H. Tuft; Jas. P. Jackson, administrator of George P. Jackson; Wm. T. Brickley, guardian of Harry E. and I. E. W. Brown.

Inventories and List of Sales Passed.—Inventories of the goods and chattels of the personal estates of George Gorrell, Mary Ann More, Jno. Kyle and John Cooper; list of sales of the personal estates of Edward Biddle and James A. Coulson.

Accounts Passed.—Fourth and final account of Francis M. Rawlings, guardian of Robert Kerr; seventh and final account of Jesse S. Goulden, guardian of Sarah N. and John Boulton; first account of Wm. Thos. Brickley, guardian of Isaac, E. W. and Harry E. Brown; first and final account of Hannah A. Kimble and Joseph Wildman, executors of Priscilla Kimble; first account of John Conrey, guardian of Willie J. Pryor; first and final account of Mary H. Howard, administratrix of Geo. R. Howard.

Court adjourned to meet in special session on the 22nd of this month.

School Commissioners.

The Treasurer of the Board was ordered to pay \$488 for repair of school houses. Miss Bell Harlan appointed assistant for Cherry Hill School. A petition from 8th district asked for \$25 for repairs on School house No. 2, referred to Everset. The death of Dr. Tuft was referred to by the Board, and a tribute of respect

placed upon their records. Herbert Noble, Clarence B. Hason and John Abrahams were examined for vacant Scholarship in St. Johns College. Noble reported first and Abrahams second. The boundaries in school district No. 8 of sixth district and No. 2 in 8th was changed by a line from the Octoraro Creek beginning at a post between Mr. Riley's and the paper mill, and running by a straight line until it meets the road from the new bridge over the Octoraro to William Preston's, at a point where a small stream crosses the road; thence with this stream until it joins the Octoraro, and thence by the said creek to the southwest line of District No. 8, in the Eight Election District.

The following appointments of teachers were confirmed: J. H. Squier, No. 10, Sixth district; E. S. Quigley, No. 9, Sixth; Miss Emma L. Brown, No. 6, Seventh; G. A. Steele, No. 3, Third; Miss Estelle Marshall, No. 3, First; Miss Mary Price, No. 3, Second; Miss Anna Ramsey, No. 8, Fourth; Miss Bell W. Jackson, No. 6, Third; C. B. Crusor, for colored, No. 10, Second; Howard Summers, for colored, No. 1, Seventh.

Mr. James McKane was appointed Trustee for Jackson's school, vice Dr. R. H. Tuft, deceased.

The Board adjourned to meet on the 22nd instant.

Persons having property "for sale," "wants," "lost" or "found," will find our FOR SALE column the best place to advertise them. Only one cent a word.

Greenbacks are at a premium in New York. A thousand and one dollars are paid for \$1000 of ones and two greenbacks. It is not much, but it is a beginning by the gamblers of Wall street.

DIED.

Thos. A. Brown, of typhoid fever, at his residence near B. M. House, on Wednesday of last week. His funeral took place on Saturday morning. Place of interment, Rose Bank Cemetery.

Alice M. Hill, wife of Isaac W. Hill of Alamosa, Col., died on Wednesday 9th instant of puerperal peritonitis. Mr. Hill, husband of the deceased lady, is the son of the late Isaac Hill of the 8th district, where he was born. He was educated at West Nottingham Academy, and struck out for the west soon after leaving school.

Junbo, Baranum's big elephant was ran into by a freight train, at St. Thomas, Ont. and killed.

A number of Subscriptions to the MIDLAND ought to be renewed. Send us a dollar soon as you sell some produce, and ask your neighbor to subscribe.

FOR SALE, WANTS, & C.

Advertisements inserted in this column for one cent a word each insertion. Initial letters and figures count as one word.

FOR SALE.—ONE YOKE OF Ozen, one pair of Steers, 4 years old, partly broken, one fat Cow. JAMES STERRETT, Rock Springs, Md.

FOR SALE.—TEN TONS OF Bone Meal, a No. 1 article, of Thompson & Edwards Chicago manufacture, at \$20 per ton. Apply to JAMES BARNES, Rising Sun.

FOR SALE.—A CHESTER White Sow and nine pigs. Apply to GRANVILLE T. REYNOLDS, near B. M. House. sep 11-21

STRAYED.—12 SHEEP, (11 EWES and one Ram) came to the premises of Wm. Gifford, near Farmington, on Sunday Sept. 13. Owner can get the same by paying for this adv. and the cost of keeping. WM. GIFFORD.

RETURNED

From New York, the Goods are arriving daily.

E. R. BUFFINGTON.

RISING SUN DIRECTORY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

CLOSING
To all points by railroad and stage—
Stage line 6:25 a. m. By Railroad—
North—9:40 a. m., 4:20 p. m. South;
10:12 a. m., 7:18 p. m.

RAILROAD AND STAGE.

NORTH
Trains leave Rising Sun 9.5 a. m.
4:36 and 7:28 p. m.

SOUTH
Trains leave at 6:19, 10:26 a. m.;
and 7:28 p. m.
Daily stage and mail line leaves Rising
Sun at 6:20 a. m., via Farmington,
Principio and Woodlawn to Port Deposit.
Returning, leaves Port Deposit
12 m., arriving at Rising Sun at 2:30
p. m.

CHURCHES.

M. E. Church, Preaching every other
Sunday morning at 10:30 by Rev. J.
Robinson. Sunday School every Sunday
morning at 8:45.

Presbyterian Service held at Normal
School Building every second and
fourth Sunday of the month at 4 o'clock
p. m., Pastor, Rev. S. A. Gayley.

NEWSPAPER.

JOURNAL.—A Weekly Paper, devoted
to Home, Farm and County affairs.
Independent of party. \$1.00 per year.
E. K. Kwing, editor and publisher.

SCHOOLS.

Public School Trustees: Barclay
Reynolds, Job Haines and H. J. Sheppard.

Normal School Trustees: President,
E. R. Hufington, Barclay Reynolds, Dr.
L. R. Kirk, Jonathan Reynolds and
Joseph Lincols.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS.

Dr. L. R. Kirk, M. E. Kirk, H. J.
Sheppard, Theodore Garvin and A. L.
Duyckinck.

OFFICERS.

President, Dr. L. R. Kirk; Secretary,
M. E. Kirk; Street Commissioner,
Theodore Garvin.

NATIONAL BANK OF RISING SUN.

Officers: President, H. H. Haines;
Vice President, Jas. M. Evans; Cash-
ier, John D. Haines. Directors—H.
H. Haines, Jas. M. Evans, Jesse A.
Kirk, Job Haines, L. R. Kirk, M. D.,
and Timothy Haines.

RISING SUN CORNET BAND.

Meets in Library Room.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

H. J. Sheppard.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

I. R. Taylor.

CONSTABLES.

Jno. C. Hindman, D. G. Waring.

NOTICE.

BY THE CLERK OF THE COURT FOR Cecil County,
January 17, 1902.

ORDERED, That all Administrators, Ex-
ecutors and Guardians that have not stated
an account within a year, come forward and
do the same, or show cause to the contrary,
or they will be cited up.

Test: R. E. JAMAR, Register.

ORPHANS' COURT.

The Stated Meetings of the Orphans'
Court of Cecil county will be held on the
second Tuesday of every month. Executors
Administrators and Guardians, wanting
their accounts stated, will please bring in
their vouchers a few days before Court.

Test: R. E. JAMAR, Register.

Meetings of County Commissioners.

The regular meetings of the County
Commissioners will be held on the
second Tuesday of every month. Col-
lectors and others having accounts to be
stated or settled will apply to the
Clerk during the recess of the Board.
Persons having claims against the
county will please file the same in the
Commissioners' office, with a legal
voucher, as no account will be allowed
not properly chargeable to the same.
By order, JOHN S. ROSS, Clerk
Commissioners Cecil County.

TINWARE

A large assortment of TIN SHEET IRON, GAL-
VANIZED and JAPAN WARE constantly on hand
and manufactured to order. Special attention
given to

Roofing, Spouting and Plumbing
QUEEN (TRADE MARK) COAL OIL CANS

CHAMBER SETS, 40.

ELECTRIC LAMPS—genuine make
—best coal oil lamps in the world.

TURBULAR LANTERNS with hand
light reflectors, unequalled for driving.
Have your HEATERS and FURNACE
pipes in order before cold weather. We make
this a leading feature in our business and
take the work. All kinds of ROOFING, SHEDDING
GABLES and KICK BRACKETS for the cook table
kept in stock.

C. U. MCCLURE,
Rising Sun, Md.

COUNTY NEWS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902.

MINOR LOCALS.

Frost on Thursday morning.
Ritchies' Brass band will furnish
music for the fair.

White & Gray Blankets at E. R. Buf-
fington's.

Rev. Dr. Gayley is recovering from
his late malaria attack.

There are 10 cases of typhoid fever in
the vicinity of Zion and the Brick end
and the treatment of Dr. Gifford.

The Hebrew New Year commenced
on Wednesday last, and is numbered
5646 from the creation.

Elkton Academy has a lady assist-
ant teacher, Miss Helen M. Gay of
Middlebrook, Va.

A nice assortment of imported white
granite and semi porcelain queensware
at T. T. Worrall's.

Elkton papers announce that their
new Steam laundry opened on Mon-
day last.

The finishing touches are being giv-
en the new Presbyterian Church at
Perryville.

If you want a Lantern for the barn
or house go to McClure's for it.

For want of room a number of
locals have been crowded out, among
them our "Conowingo Items."

Fine quality of dark Sateen's at E.
R. Buffington's.

Frank Barnes, son of James Barnes
of this town has been lying very low
with typhoid fever for several days.

T. T. Worrall has just received
another invoice of choice mackerel and
shad.

One 25 Franc Gold piece made into a
brazed pin for sale at E. K. Brown's.

Prepare to spend at least a day at
the fairs. Oxford fair next week and
the Elkton fair two weeks later.

Did you say you wanted an Electric
lamp McClure has them.

Thomas Reynolds of Havre de
Grace caught 600 pounds of rock fish in
one day last week.

Girls and boys buy your lunch boxes
and dinner buckets from C. C. Mc-
Clure's.

Prof. G. K. Bechtel, principal of
West Nottingham Academy, has a
larger number of scholars than ever be-
fore.

H. M. Bowman & Son of Wilming-
ton, Del., will publish a daily paper
for gratuitous distribution during the
Elkton Fair.

An acre and a half of Hungarian
grass—small millet—near Ches-
apeake City is reported as yielding
nearly 8 tons of hay.

A few dozen of those superior fruit
cans, with wax strings at C. C. Mc-
Clure's.

The house of Mr. Frank Bittner,
near Woodlawn, was entered on Sat-
urday night last and robbed of \$14.

A large sturgeon was captured in
Stephen Whitaker's fish pot at Peach
Bottom last week. That fish got out
of its latitude somewhat.

S. B. Gray whose place is between Bay
View and North East, will sell some
very desirable dairy cows at public sale
on Thursday next.

The September term of the circuit
court for this county commences on
Monday next. Attendance of wit-
nesses seldom required the first day.

Part of the wing wall of the arch
over the new railroad at Principio
creek fell down on Friday last, caus-
ing a loss of about a thousand dollars.

Call and see the new styles of bread
and cake boxes at McClure's tin store.

We wish to call special attention of
every farmer and stockraiser to the
advertisement of the Elkton Fair, ad-
vertised in the MIDLAND JOURNAL.

L. N. H. R. C. K. what do they
mean. Ask E. K. Brown, or see the
local columns of the JOURNAL next
week.

Patent cut off's for Cisterns at C. C.
McClure's.

The B. & O. bridge has the trouble
work about ready for receiving the
last span on this side of the island.
The track is laid to the river.

The pleuro-pneumonia is reported to
be among the cattle of Mr. W.
Davidson of Harford county and the
cholera among his hogs.

Wash boilers of all sizes and prices at
C. C. McClure's.

Dr. A. H. Howell dentist will occupy
his office next week, as soon as it can
be fitted up and made ready for occu-
pancy. The detention was unavoida-
ble and much regretted by the doctor.

The Oxford Fair will open next
week on the 23, 24 and 25th. We ac-
knowledge receipt of complimentary
tickets from the Secretary, Theo. K.
Stubbs.

Friends Sunday or first day school
held their annual celebration at the
Little Brick meeting house West Not-
tingham, on seventh day 12th inst.
It was largely attended. A big dinner
and croquet being the order of the day.

Friday eve the 11th inst. our reporter
attended the grand hop near B. M.
House in Granville Reynolds's grove.
Chester & Lancaster counties Pa., and
Cecil, were represented by their beauty
and chivalry. The dancing was kept
into the wee hours. The next hop will
be on Friday eve the 25th, at 6 o'clock.

Thos. McMullen, a carpenter residing
at Zion feel from the roof of Amos
Martindale's house, where he was at
work, upon some store steps below.

His head and body were badly cut and
bruised and his spine injured. It is
feared his wounds may prove fatal.

There will be a festival at Octoraro
M. E. Church tomorrow evening 19th
inst. proceeds to be applied to ex-
tinguishing the debt of the church
and have a pleasant evening a
nice supper and help the church.

The funeral of Mrs. Cather of Principio,
was very largely attended on
Monday 1st inst. Revs. Harrett & Conway
of Port Deposit officiated. Mrs. Cather
was the relict of the late Robt. Cather
Jr. and sister to Rev. Elam Kirk.

Thomas E. Duke, of Port Deposit,
is the delegate from St. Joseph's Soci-
ety, Port Deposit, to the 14th annual
convention of the Irish Catholic Be-
nevolent Union, now in session at
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A correspondent of the Havre de
Grace Republican report the sugar
corn crop of Harford short, and the
peck of corn and tomatoes will not be
as large as last year. Most of the
canning houses in the Aberdeen sec-
tion are running only half time.

It makes one think of cold weather
to see the long line of cook stoves
that Haines and Kirk are arranging
in their store. And the coal bins
too, are being filled up from the yards
of Duyckinck & Co. and Barnes. All
these dark reminders, warn us that
cold and ice are just a little way before
us.

A "new invention of delight" to
coax the money from the pockets of
stingy young men of Elkton, is the
"pink festival." The Whip describes
it thus: "The remarkable feature of
an affair of this kind lies in the fact
that the caps and aprons, as well as
the checks, of the maidens who wait
upon the tables will be a standard
shade of pink."

Asiatic Mixture, is the best known
remedy for Diarrhea, Cramps, Pains,
Cholera Morbus, Neuritis, Tooth-
ache etc. always keep a bottle in the
house, only 25 cts. Prepared at Dr.
L. R. Kirk's Drug Store, Rising Sun
Md.

The Elkton Dramatic Association
will give an exhibition of Oliver Twist,
on Fair week for the benefit of the
visitors, the said visitors giving the
price of tickets to the theatrical
performers for the benefit of the
Association. A fair exchange.

Mr. C. M. Childs has purchased
property at Haines Station above
Conowingo, and proposes putting up
a large ware house there.

Mr. Louis K. Brown, of this district
who lost a limb in the late war and
who has held a position in the Treas-
ury Department at Washington nearly
every since, having recently lost
his place as chief clerk has been re-
appointed to a clerkship in the same
department at a salary of \$1,500.

Mr. Jno. Keilholtz has a field of
wheat which shows quite green. Mr.
K. was first to get in his wheat in this
vicinity. He plowed early and pre-
pared his ground well, and this is the
way to farm, cultivate "early and
often" as the politicians say when
they get in their "best licks" at the
polls.

Jas. E. Haines had a sow which
had one of her hind legs broken in
the thigh bone by slipping in the pen.
He did nothing in the way of doctor-
ing, except to let her severely alone
and in three weeks the animal had so
far recovered as to be able to use the
limb in walking, and has wholly re-
covered.

The Presbyterian Church of Port
Deposit, having been closed for re-
pairs some time, will be opened on
Sunday next, 20th inst. and the ser-
mon preached by Rev. A. W. Hodge,
of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Dr. Hodge was pastor of West Not-
tingham Presbyterian Church 30
years ago.

In a local notice of Mr. J. W. Buck-
ley, our enterprising cordwainer
friend across the alley, in last week's
JOURNAL, we inadvertently—or the
types did—said Scotch "buttons" in
place of bottoms. Also Alligator "fix-
ings" should have read "Alligator fox-
ings." Who knows the difference?
Sure we don't.

Edward Balderson of Coloma lost a
valuable horse on Saturday night by
death. The animal was insured in
the Farmers' Branch of the Peoples'
Mutual Live Stock Insurance Co. of
Baltimore, office at Rising Sun, D. G.
Waring, agt. The horse was insured
for \$200, and the owner will receive
\$150 on the loss.

You can get from J. W. Buckley
the English Waukenphast made on
the Waukenphast last; you can get
mens' button gaiters with alligator
foxings, box toes and Scotch bottoms;
you can get French Kip or French
Calf stitched or pegged. We have on
hand a few pairs really made heavy
winter boots for farmers. Call in and
see them. satisfaction guaranteed,
both in quality and fit.

Mr. C. C. McClure our go a-head tin-
ner is having quite a large run of work
through the country, in the matter of
roofing and spouting. He has been
fitting out Mr. Webster McVeys building
near Sylmar, Bolmar (rather) on the
Waring, Nickle property; Joseph
England's; James Brickley's new Eb-
enezer church; Abner Mearnes, and
L. O. Cameron, Zion, and others in the
surrounding country. He has been
kept very busy with a run of this kind
of work for some considerable time,
in addition to shop work in town.

Among the many useful novelties
which attracted our attention while
glancing over Mr. C. M. Child's spec-
imens, was a wheelbarrow, weighing
only 25 pounds, and capable of bear-
ing a load of 500. The secret of its
lightness and great strength lay in its
being in large part constructed of
steel wire, which braced the barrow
from every point.

Another useful novelty was a wire
shelf to clamp around the cook stove
pipe for setting dishes on—a most
convenient and useful warming shelf
for plates. Mr. Childs purposes in-
troducing all the novelties as well as
the old stand bys in his line of trade,
so he informs us and we guess he
means it.

The friends Normal Institute School
Mr. W. F. Overholt Principi, prom-
ises to be unusually prosperous this
term. 40 pupils are already in at-
tendance, with 15 more promised, and
judging from past experience 10 more
may be safely counted on to come in
during the session.

While this flush of pupils is very
gratifying to the principal, the trust-
ees are mourning in view of the fact
that a dozen or more desks, seats and
other school fixtures will be required
to accommodate the increasing num-
bers of the school, but the probability
is they will pull through this threat-
ened difficulty.

Job S. Pugh of East Nottingham
has threshed part of his wheat crop of
last harvest, Landreth's Extra White
and Golden Russian varieties. From
two bushels of the former sown on
one acre of ground he had over forty
bushels of excellent wheat; of the
Golden Russian the yield was about
thirty bushels per acre. The Landreth
withstood the severe weather of last
winter much better than the other
variety and far better than the Fultz,
sown at the same time—after the mid-
dle of October, on ground from which
corn was cut, husked and removed.

The Fultz wheat on part of the same
field will make a very poor yield.
Mr. Pugh has a field of Fultz, sown
earlier, which he thinks will turn out
about thirty bushels per acre.—Oxford
Press.

Good News for the Girls.

Mr. Pogue was busy on Wednesday
hauling sleighs from the depot to his
carriage factory. He is like the early
bird, preparing in advance for the
winter fun.

Ran over by the Cars.

A strange man stepped in front of
one of the express trains while pass-
ing the North East station on
Wednesday and was struck by the
engine, and fatally injured.

Big Oats.

Jehohakim Brickley raised the
present season, on six acres of land
408 bushels of oats measured, weigh-
ing 34 pounds to the bushel. This
crop was raised without the use of
fertilizers.

"The Boy Orator."

The Rising Sun folks will have an
opportunity on Tuesday 29th inst. of
enjoying the rare pleasure of listen-
ing to the elocution of Master Ralph Bingham
the cultivated "Boy Orator" who
has been engaged by the patrons of the
S. S. of the M. E. Church of this place.
The program and particulars will be
given next week.

The Acme.

The following is the testimony of
Mr. William Terry, one of our most
advanced and successful farmers.

Mr. Terry said: "Sowing the Acme
harrow, clod crusher, Pulverizer and
Leveler at level, I felt a desire to
give it a trial. Procuring the services
of one of these famous harrows, I
gave it a thorough test by putting the
harrow into a field which had been
plowed the first of August and had be-
come packed down by the heavy rains.
The soil is composed largely of clay,
and to use a common expression, 'was
hard as a board.' The common spike
harrow would scarcely mark the
ground. Two strokes of the Acme
harrow made it as mellow as a gar-
den, filling and leveling up the hollow
places and drew furrows. Crossing
the field with the second stroke, the
lever was drawn to give the contrivance
depth and they mellowed the soil as
deep as I desired. I tried the Acme
in another field that had been freshly
plowed, and the soil after it was left
like a garden rake had dressed it. I
own a disk and Penn harrow, and
have experimented with about all the
best harrows that have been brought
out, but the Acme lays over them all
and is decidedly the best implement
for doing the work, which its name
implies its inventor claims for it of
any harrow I have ever met with;
name y, pulverizing clod crushing and
leveling."

W. TERRY,
Rising Sun, Md.

TIMID.

Would I were lying in a field of clover—
Of clover cool and soft, and scented sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet—
Just for one hour to slip the loads of worry
In eager haste from Thought's impatient rack,
And watch it rushing in its heedless hurry,
Dismissing wisdom's call or duty's hush.

And I were sweet, where clover clumps are meet-
ing,
And daisies hiding, so to bide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,
Hacking itself to sleep within my breast—
Just to be there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song;
Or words require at times this freedom-seeking—
All words will rust if scattered-kept too long.

And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
As tired of all my tired hands find to do—
I want, I faint for some of life's free beauty,
Its looser bands with no straight string run
through.

Ah, youth, if I reach you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed—
Die for the small joys laid beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

Won by Mistake.

"I do wish you'd sit down and keep quiet, Bessie! You distract me so, flitting round the room like a bird."

Now Miss Minerva Elliott was a tall, masculine female, hard on the "thirties," with stiff little curls, and collar-stained spectacles, and a stand-up collar and cravat, like a man, and she was very busy among a pile of books and papers, preparing hard questions intended for the annihilation of her Sunday school class on the morrow, while little sixteen-year-old Bessie, with her pink and white skin, brown curls, and innocent blue eyes, picked up her white kitten and bent a retreat, inexpressibly mortified at having "distracted" her staid sister.

"I suppose I shall learn better some time," thought Bessie; "but, oh, dear! I am such a silly little goose."

She went on tiptoe past the door where Mr. Leroy, the young minister, was engaged in the revision of his sermon, for Mr. Leroy lodged at Widow Elliott's, and Bessie felt her youth and folly more painfully than ever in his dignified presence.

She stood a moment in the doorway, where the cheerful July sunbeams made a golden checker work on the floor, quivering through the morning-glory vines, and a sweet odor crept subtly in, of newly-mown clover field, and roses just blossoming along the garden wall.

"I know what I'll do," thought Bessie, as her pet, the kitten, darted away through the doorway. "I'll have some of those ripe cherries."

Bessie bounded down the garden walk, and, deftly climbing the old stone wall, swung herself into the branches of the huge cherry tree, like a white-plumed little bird.

"Mother would be horrified, and Minerva would have a fit," quietly thought Bessie; "but it is so nice and shady up here, and the robins are stealing all the cherries. I almost wish I was a robin, it is such a pleasant life up among the green leaves with the blue sky peeping through. Dear me, I hope that isn't mamma."

Bessie crept a branch or two higher up, as footsteps came down the garden path.

Alas! her premonitions were but too correct. Mrs. Elliott's capstrings were fluttering below, and Mrs. Elliott's self had come out with a bowl to pick currants, accompanied by Aunt Sophia, her sister.

"Now I'm caught," soliloquized our little heroine. "I hope they won't be long. I wonder what they are talking about. Mr. Leroy, as I live."

And Bessie held her breath, and secretly laughed to see how utterly unconscious the two old dames were of her near vicinity.

"Yes," said Mrs. Elliott, solemnly, "he's a good young man, a very good young man."

"There isn't no minister all the country round gives such satisfaction!" said Aunt Sophia. "Them cabbages is comin' on fine, Julia!"

"Oh, bother the cabbages!" said Mrs. Elliott, tartly; "it's about Mr. Leroy I'm talking, Sophia. But he ought to marry and settle down. A single minister can't do all the good he could if he was married."

"That's true," assented Aunt Sophia; "and Minerva would make a capital minister's wife!"

"She's the very wife he needs!—and if some one would just put the idea into his head."

"Perhaps he doesn't mean to marry."

"Then he is doing very wrong, encouraging Minerva the way he does—walkin' to Sunday school with her, and

talkin' about the poor-money, and pickin' out the pinnas and tyman, with his nose so close to hers. Of all creatures, I went on Mrs. Elliott, energetically, "I do dislike a male coquette!"

"Dear me, Julia," said Aunt Sophia, with mild remonstrance, "I don't s'pose he ever thinks of such a thing!"

"Then he ought to think of it. Some one ought to speak to him."

Meek Aunt Sophia picked currants in perplexed silence.

"I don't really think he ought to trifle with my poor Minerva's feelings—and she is sensitive, too," resumed the widow.

"I never did pretend to understand young folks, when love and courtship were in the business," said Aunt Sophia. "But it would be a fine thing for Minerva."

"I'd be proud to be the minister's mother-in-law," said Mrs. Elliott, exultant at the remote possibility. "And Minerva is a smart girl. You ought to hear her talk about Scripture and theology! Why, Mr. Leroy himself was astonished!"

"I should think very likely," said Aunt Sophia, dryly.

Minerva had never been her favorite niece—she had lectured Aunt Sophia too often for sleeping in church, eating and frowning, singing out of time, and other venial sins.

"I don't know what to do about it," said Mrs. Elliott. "I wish somebody would speak to Mr. Leroy, and tell him plainly what his duty is."

"Haven't we picked most currants enough?" hazarded Aunt Sophia.

"I s'pose so," said Mrs. Elliott, sharply. "You never had the trials of a family, Sophia, and they come hard, though my girls are pretty good girls, after all. Minerva's quite a model, and Bessie's well enough, if she would sober down a little."

"Don't be everlasting finding fault with Bessie," pleaded Mr. Leroy.

"She is a nice, sweet-tempered little girl, and if you want her to put on spectacles and take to the doctrine of lost souls, I don't. I like her better just as she is."

And the two elderly ladies went in, with the bowl of sparkling red currants, leaving their unseen auditor still sitting among the cherry boughs, with her bright brown curls all blown about, and the scarlet velvet of her lips deeper and redder than ever.

"Dear me!" thought Bessie, "here's a revelation—our Minerva in love! I didn't know women who were spectacles ever did fall in love. And Mr. Leroy's male coquette! Well, I never should have thought that of Mr. Leroy. I really think, as mamma says, some one ought to speak to him. I'm a great deal to do to him myself! and, fired with the ardor of her new plan, Bessie slid nimbly down from her perch in the cherry tree, to the great astonishment of her friends, the robins, and ran into the house."

"I won't stop to consult mother or aunty," thought eager Bessie, "for I know they'd think I ought not to speak, just because I'm only sixteen years old."

So Miss Bessie stole like a white mouse along the hall, and tapped softly at Mr. Leroy's study door.

"Come in," called out the clear, sonorous voice of the young clergyman.

Not until our Bessie was fairly in the room did she fully realize the awkwardness of her position. T. en, with the rosy man lying on her cheek, and her head hung down, she stood a pretty picture of maiden confusion.

"M—Miss Bessie," said Mr. Leroy, abstractedly, glancing up from his paper, and brightening visibly when he saw who it was. "I am happy to see such a little sunbeam in my gloomy old study. Sit down."

"No, sir, I can't stay," said Bessie, taking courage. "I only came to speak to you, sir, about—about being married."

"About being married?" echoed Mr. Leroy, in genuine astonishment.

"Yes, sir," went on Bessie, twisting her fingers together; "the people in the parish think you could do so much more good if you were married."

"So I might," assented the minister, musingly. "I have thought of that myself."

"Oh! then you have thought of it, sir," cried Bessie delightedly. "I am so glad."

"Bessie, I have been here a long time."

"Yes, sir; I know you have."

"Should you be sorry to have me go away?"

Bessie lifted her eyes with a roughish sparkle beneath their curling brows.

And then it was that Bessie was (at least on her part) WON BY MISTAKE.

A RUSSIAN PRISON.

"If what, Bessie?"

"Mother said this morning she would be very proud to be the minister's mother-in-law."

Mr. Leroy looked a little surprised, but not at all displeased, as Bessie stood demurely before him with her roseate cheeks and disheveled curls, like a school-girl on her bad behavior.

"Did she really say so, Bessie?"

"I heard her say so."

"To you?"

"No, not to me, sir."

"Bessie, would you like it?"

"Oh, sir, I should be delighted!"

cried Bessie, clapping her hands gleefully.

"A minister's wife has many trials to deal with, Bessie."

"Oh, yes, sir; but if she loves her husband—"

"Do you think my little wife would love her husband?"

How strange it was to think of Minerva as a "little wife!" Bessie thought love must have cast a glamour on the young minister's eyes; but she answered nevertheless.

"I am sure of it, sir. Minerva is so sensible and learned."

"Yes, I know," answered Mr. Leroy, with something of a puzzled expression in his face. "Miss Minerva is a very worthy person, indeed, and I shall be very happy to be connected, however distantly with her."

Bessie stared until her blue eyes were like newly opened bluebells. What on earth did the minister mean?

Mr. Leroy, however, appeared to be very clear on the subject of his "intentions." He took Bessie's hand in his and drew her toward him with a loving gentleness that the young girl felt to be very pleasant.

"But you, Bessie, my dear little wild flower, when you are my wife—"

"It!" echoed Bessie, suddenly becoming as rosy as her own pink neck-ribbon.

"I want you, Mr. Leroy?"

"Who else?" demanded the young minister, with a puzzled countenance.

"I have been in love with you for the last three months, my Bessie. Nay, do not try so temptingly to escape from me! Surely—surely I am not so disagreeable to you as that!"

"N—no," hesitated Bessie. "It isn't that—but I thought it was Minerva."

Mr. Leroy laughed.

"I respect Miss Minerva very sincerely; but I should just as soon think of marrying my Greek dictionary."

"But I am such a silly little goose, and I am only sixteen, and mamma and Minerva are always scolding me!"

"But I mislaid Mr. Leroy, with playful fondness, "they will not scold the minister's wife! And I shall never let the winds of Heaven blow too roughly on my little flower."

"Can't believe it," said Bessie, energetically.

"But you love me, Bessie, do you not?"

"I have never thought about it before," said Bessie, meditatively twisting one of her curls around her finger; "but I think I do."

"Bessie! Bessie, child!"

Half-an-hour had elapsed, and Mrs. Elliott was calling loudly for the little stray to come and set the table for dinner.

"I never saw such a child!" sighed the widow. "Always out of the way when she's wanted. Oh! here you are! Where on earth have you been?"

"In Mr. Leroy's study, mamma."

"What were you doing there?"

"Talking to him, mamma, about his marriage," answered Bessie mischievously.

"Is Mr. Leroy going to be married?" eagerly demanded the widow.

"Yes, mamma."

Mrs. Elliott elevated her eyes and hands in union.

"Bless my soul alive! Minerva, do you hear that? And to whom?"

"To me, mamma."

"Nonsense!"

"But it isn't nonsense, mamma," cried Bessie, triumphantly, showing a little gold ring with a blue stone that Mr. Leroy had placed on the forefinger of her left hand. "And we are to be married in September next! Mamma, you will be the minister's mother-in-law, after all!"

"Bessie, are you in earnest?" demanded Minerva.

"Never more so in my life!"

"Do you love him?"

Bessie sobbed down in a minute, and held her face on her sister's shoulder.

"I love him dearly, Minerva!"

It was a disappointment to Minerva; but she congratulated Bessie in true sisterly style after all. If she couldn't be the minister's wife, it was next best to be his sister-in-law.

And thus it was that Bessie was (at least on her part) WON BY MISTAKE.

A RUSSIAN PRISON.

The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is huge, hideous and slab-sided, and surmounted by a thin and tapering spire that looks like the end of a Breckinridge's spire. The fortress is in the centre of the city, and faces the imperial palace. During the day it is in part a public thoroughfare, and people pass through a narrow defile of gloomy and tortuous vaults, where heavily armed sentinels march to and fro, and stone slabs in niches hold aloft burning tapers. But at nightfall all is closed, and when darkness covers the capital and the quays of the Neva are all aglow with gaslights, the prison here dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul remains shrouded in gloom like some huge maze, ever ready to swallow up all that is best and noblest of the unhappy band which it comes with its presence. During the last twenty years thousands have entered its gloomy portals, and as fast as they perish or depart the great army of miseries is reinforced by fresh victims. Most of them only remain for a time, either pending the trial or until they are removed to a central prison or deported to Siberia. But there are some whose fate is still more terrible. There are prisoners who have never been tried and never will be—men and women—who are kept in prison generally for years, often for life, simply by order of the Czar. In one case, dying of consumption, is a woman whose identity is so great a mystery as the "man in the iron mask." Neither her jailers nor her fellow-prisoners know either her name nor the nature of her crime. She is a number, and nothing more. What a terrible tragedy must be hidden in that woman's heart, if it still beats! The convicts are cells five paces long and three wide, equal to about seven and a half feet—dens into which little light struggles through a strongly barred slit. The walls steam with moisture. For furniture the inhabitant has a straw mattress and a thin quilt, a jug, the image of a saint, and a plate which serves for all purposes and remains there day and night. The prisoners are never allowed to communicate with each other, nor to exchange a word with their jailers. Once a day the door is opened, and the warden signals to the inhabitant by a gesture that it is the hour for exercise. Silently he rises from his little bed and follows his custodian into a narrow yard so hemmed in by high walls as to seem like the bottom of a well. Here he paces to and fro for the allotted time like a wild beast in a cage, and is then led back to his den as silently as he was brought out. The prison is full of people, yet for every inhabitant of its inmates, its baseness, its rancor and its curtains there is the isolation of death. No books are allowed in this dismal solitude, not even the Bible. If a prisoner wants religious consolation he may look at his saint and raise his thoughts heavenward, I he can. It is no wonder that men imprisoned in these dark places sometimes go mad. For clothing the prisoners have the gray robes of common malefactors. Instead of shoes and stockings, their feet are wrapped in rags. Even in the depth of winter the cells are seldom warmed, never sufficiently; at least, the fuel assigned for the purpose is insufficient, and embowered at that. Hence the cells are always damp. Water streams down the walls and freezes in pools on the floor. So intense is the cold that when the director makes his rounds he never takes off his fur cloak, and shivers even then.

MCCULLOUGH'S EARLY DAYS.

A writer in the *Troy Times* describing the unfortunate tragedian's early life, says: "Mr. McCullough came to this country alone, a poor, friendless Irish boy when he was seventeen years old. He landed in Philadelphia, and while wandering about the streets in search of employment, was surprised to see the name of John McCullough on the sign over a door. He went in, found the proprietor, and discovered in him the uncle after whom he was named, and of whose whereabouts he had not known before. From his uncle, young McCullough obtained shelter, protection and employment, being apprenticed to his uncle's trade as a wood-worker. His inborn passion for the stage manifested itself in his devotion to dramatic literature, to the study of which nearly all his leisure time was devoted, and his fondness for the higher class of dramatic representations, which he attended as frequently as his very limited means would admit.

MCCULLOUGH'S EARLY DAYS.

He finally attracted the attention of Forrest, who soon recognized his genius, and from that time the poor Irish boy was under the care of the great tragedian, who personally conducted his education for the stage. When only about twenty years old, McCullough fell in love, and with the characteristic impetuosity of his race a temperamental, married a pretty young Irish girl. She was illiterate, and did not keep pace with the young actor's rapid intellectual growth, so that the union did not prove an entirely congenial one, though McCullough always retained an affectionate and chivalrous regard for her, provided handsomely for her support, and visited her at not infrequent intervals at the pleasant home which he furnished her in Philadelphia, and where I presume she is living now. No children were born to this marriage, as far as I am aware. That Mr. McCullough was married, as I have stated, admits of no question, and there may have been children; I only know that to his intimate friends, who were well acquainted with his history, he was not known to speak of children, nor yet of brothers or sisters. That he has two sons, one thirty and the other thirty-four years of age, as has been stated, I think, undoubtedly not true.

"The facts above briefly stated are from Mr. McCullough's own lips to one of his most intimate friends."

Now FLYING FISH FLY.

A correspondent writes to *Nature*: "An excellent opportunity of observing the aerial means of propulsion in the flying fish was afforded me during a six days' calm lately when crossing the Bay of Bengal. I watched day by day some hundreds rise under the bows of the ship. The water surface was a glassy calm. As each fish rose it spread its wings at once, apparently beating the surface with them two or three strokes before they stretched out. I say apparently, for it was not a definite beat so much as a struggled to rise. The tail, which, of course, under water was in rapid motion, to escape from the ship, now gave to a down rapid beats, which could be counted by the ripples on the still surface, and the fish was off in aerial flight. As each fish lost the impetus of the first rise, which generally happened at about forty yards, the bioculars showed us the anal fins, which had till now been fully extended, drooping to feel the water. As soon as the surface was felt the tail was quickly introduced, and five or six smart strokes, also indicated by ripples, brought the impetus up again and carried the fish about another thirty yards, when another drop sent it on again, and so forth, some of the older fish traveling in this way 400 to 500 yards. The younger fish frequently fell awkwardly in this attempt to regain impetus. Where waves are running it requires a clever fish to gain impetus by a few judicious strokes on the crest of a wave, and many a fish tumbles over in the attempt."

NOW FLYING FISH FLY.

"I once saw a fish rise close to the ship's quarter, and it flew parallel with the ship, pursued below by a dolphin or bonito. The latter followed every sway of the flying fish, keeping almost under it. At the first dip of the tail the pursuer made a dart forward, but missed it, and again dogged its prey by keeping just under it. On the second dip the pursuer went into the pursuer's mouth, and there was an end of the flyer. It always struck me that it seemed a strain on the fish to keep the wings extended."

The Apaches have smoke signals by day and fire beacons at night, and systems of telegraphy understood only by themselves. The displacement and overturning of a few stones on a trail, or a bent or broken twig, is a note of warning like the bugle call to disciplined troops. The many crosses dotting the road-sides of Arizona and New Mexico mark the graves of murdered men.

"The country seems one vast graveyard," writes Susan E. Wallace, "if we may judge by the frequency of these rude memorials." Trained by their mothers to theft and murder from childhood, they are inured to all extremes of heat and cold, hunger and thirst. They are cunning as the red fox, insatiable as tigers, and so ingenious in preparing for surprises that they will envelop themselves in a gray blanket and sprinkle it carefully with earth, so as to resemble a granite boulder, to be passed within a few feet without suspicion. Again, they will cover themselves with fresh grass, and lying motionless, appear as a natural portion of the field.

The proprietors of a new hair remedy assert that the race of bald heads will now entirely disappear. What will the dies do for a skinking rink then?

A Great Discovery.
Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with cancer for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She has used many remedies without relief and was urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery. I did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years. Trial bottles free at Dr. L. R. Kirk's drug store. Large size \$1.00.



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From the above table it is apparent that 232 names have been stricken off, and 298 added, which is an increase of 66 in the county.

have used it the higher has become our estimation of its merits. We have never had an animal to injure itself on a wire fence. Doubtless some animals are so injured, but in nearly every case the injury is the result of gross carelessness. When we have constructed a new line of fence we drive the cattle and sheep, and lead the horses around it. They smell of it, and henceforth know what it is and where it is. This is a simple precautionary measure that common sense would dictate, and which should never be neglected; and when it is taken the injuries to farm animals will be practically nothing.

How to Keep Early Dig Potatoes.
In response to an inquiry via late *Prarie Farmer*, J. D. P., of Orange Co., N. Y., says: Our plan is to dig the potatoes and let them lie in the sun until thoroughly dry, then spread them thinly on a barn floor or some equally dry place, scatter straw over them. Leave them until cool weather, then place in a cellar where they will not freeze. We thus have them keep good and solid until after new potatoes come around. We think the thorough drying in the sun important.

Excluding two or three of the smaller breeds, as the Small Yorkshire and smaller class of Suffolks, there is not

much closer to *Sonchus*, there is doubt as to the exact classification. The most common class in the remaining breeds, more depending on the make-up of the animal and the feed and care than at anything else. The value of the meat, taking in account its fitness as food for man and the various purposes for which it may be utilized, is of more consequence to the producer than the greatest number of pounds of carcass. Hogs will thrive on any of the good English granges, a mixture being best. It is a mistaken idea that hogs must have clover pasture to do well. Berkshires will fatten on such feed without grain. It is not advisable to in-breed.

Good horses are always in good demand at good prices, especially if they have size, style and are good roadsters. But farmers here as in many other places will breed their mares to horses that ought to be prohibited by law, simply because they can save a few dollars. The result is a class of horses that buyers will not even inquire the price of. The improvement of farm stock is one of the greatest sources of profit and pleasure. A small outlay in the use of a good male and a little care in the selection of a female, is sure to result in large profits.

Farmers should look well to the grass seed which they purchase and be sure that it is good seed. The price is not so much to be considered as the quality. The mere loss of the money expended in poor seed is but a small portion of the actual loss sustained by the farmer who uses it. Good seed will germinate in a few days if placed in a tumbler with moist cotton, and kept warm. Put 100 seeds into each of several pieces of cotton, and you can easily get the average per cent of the seed that will germinate, besides finding out what other seeds are present. Try it if you have any doubts about the quality of the seed.—[G. P. L., Tolland county, Ct.]

Boarded-wire fence is so much superior to hedge that we will make the latter always in preference to the latter. We set posts every sixteen feet. Middle way between these posts we drive stakes. Old posts that have rotted off split into two or three pieces, make splendid stakes. Two six inch fencing boards are placed along the bottom, the ends of the boards being nailed to the stakes. The stakes are only high enough to admit of the two boards being nailed to them. Above the boards three strands of galvanized barbed wire are stretched and stapled to the posts. The lower board is placed several inches from the ground and a furrow is drawn along each side of the fence; this makes a ridge under the bottom board, and the space between the board and the ridge is so small that pigs cannot get under the fence. This allows of the fence being made some inches higher. It also has a further advantage of draining the water away from the fence.

There is much unfounded prejudice against barbed wire for fencing. We have used it largely and the more we

In estimating the economy of wire fences it should be remembered that they occupy little ground, do not blow down, afford no harbor to vermin, and do not give space to weeds.—*J. M. S.*

This plant is a vigorous grower and has been extolled as a prevention of malarial diseases. The seed affords excellent food for hens and also for horses. It is said there is no kind of feed that will keep horses in health, give them sleek appearance and make them lively and spirited like the seed of the sunflower, feeding half a pint night and morning. It is particularly recommended for giving a horse power of endurance, being fed half a pint night and morning with other feed. The stalks and heads, after the seed is worked out, also make good material for fires, and are especially convenient in summer, when a quick fire is desired and an enduring heat is not wanted. In their growth they make a showy appearance about dwellings and give an agreeable fragrance to the air. The latest direction in the line of utilization of the sunflower is the planting of a seed in place at the proper distances, so that the stalks as they grow will serve as bean-poles. We have seen them started in at that way this season, and as they grow the leaves are removed, thus forming an excellent stalk for the beans, but what the effect will be upon them remains to be seen. The roots must tax the feeding capacity of the soil quite heavily.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

A large majority of men like to see their milking cows look in good condition—even fat; but you may take it as a certain fact that if milking cows put the fat on to their backs they are not putting it into the milk.

Those who make butter on the farm should properly weigh it and make it into one-pound prints, or even larger sizes if it rolls. Let the rolls be wrapped in clean muslin cloths, the ends nicely drawn over so as to make a neat package. Then fill a large crock or tub with strong brine and immerse the rolls in it; put a weight on to keep them from floating, and when ready for the market they can be taken out and sent to the grocer. The one who in turn can sell it to his customers without breaking it all to pieces. The butter will not absorb salt from the brine, because butter and salt never make an alliance (this on authority of an old butter maker), nor will it take up additional moisture. Being completely covered with brine, it will not be influenced by the air, and will remain comparatively fresh and sweet for a long time. The lactic acid would also slowly develop under this treatment, especially if it be kept at a reasonably low temperature.

Another plan is to thoroughly wash the butter while in the granular form with brine and when free from buttermilk place the granular butter in muslin sacks holding two or more pounds, to suit the wants of customers and put the sacks into brine, as before stated. Granular butter may be kept for an indefinite length of time if placed in a

fruit jar. It has often been shown at fairs in this condition. Put a quantity of brine in a two quart jar, or a larger one; add granular butter until the brine begins to run over the top; let it stand a few minutes that all the air may escape; then screw on the cover, just as is done when putting up fruit. This is a more expensive way than either of the others, yet there are plenty of people who will pay the extra price in order to get good butter.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

More money is probably made in the hen business—eggs and fowls for market, not for sale to breeders at fancy prices—by Mr. E. Damon than by any other man in New England—on an equal number of hens. He averages to keep 800 to 1000 hens a year on about eight acres, the profit averaging about \$1.50 each above every item of expense. He has done this for 10 or 12 years. He runs two incubators and had 2500 chicks out when we were there, and hadn't but just commenced. He employs one man and runs the hens in connection with a cider and vinegar business and other work. He says two men devoting their time wholly to poultry can care for 4000 fowls. He feeds a good deal of shorn, cracked corn, wheat, etc., mixed with skim milk and pigs' livers cooked and skinned warm.

A cross of three-fourths Plymouth Rocks and one-fourth Light Brahma is his favorite strain for both eggs and market poultry. A Light Brahma and Leghorn cross produces great layers.

Looking over some old poultry papers the other day I came across the following about floors: This is the time of year when many are building themselves a poultry house. From our own experience we advise all to put a board floor in theirs. Place the timbers for the floor a foot above the ground. Cover them with one inch boards, surfaced. On top of this floor lay tar paper so as to leave no cracks for the wind to get through. Now lay mat bed flooring over this tar paper, and you have a floor that is warm, also impervious to wind, water and vermin.....Nothing carries off so many fowls as damp earth floors; besides, rats, mice, mink, weasels etc., will dig in and leave large mounds of earth all over the house, and also eat large quantities of the feed. Don't board up the space below the floor, but let the wind sweep under it, and rats, weasels, etc., will not harbor there, neither can dampness penetrate the floor and give your fowls the roup. Cover the floor about four inches deep with good clean dry earth. This will last the fowls for several months to scratch over; besides, it absorbs the droppings, and removes all bad odors, and keeps the house in a sweet, clean and healthy condition at all times. In the spring remove this earth and droppings and spread it upon the land where you wish to raise onions. As a fertilizer it is worth \$20 per ton..... Tar felt paper costs about \$2 per roll, each containing 250 to 350 square feet, according to the thickness of the paper.—*Prairie Farmer*

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Maui. The main road to Waipahoehoe, on the
eastern N. E. R. R., toward Hahaione and stages at
Kilauea, near Waipahoehoe, at Waipahoehoe, Wailuku and
Kilauea and Waipahoehoe, and on the Alaka'i R. R.
to the Waipahoehoe and Highlands at reason-
able rates.

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HEADACHE

Items of Interest.

Sturgeon from Lake Ontario are said to be manufactured into "smoked haddock" to as great an extent as the real article.

There are in England one hundred and eighty-seven ragged schools which are attended by fifty thousand children.

The carnivorous plants known as *Utricularia* are to be exported from the ponds of the United States Fish Commission. It was found that they caught and destroyed in large numbers the recently hatched fry.

Doctors say that the people who left off drinking beer and took to tea have, in many instances, abused the latter, and are troubled with what is known as "tea dyspepsia."

The dies from which the first United States coins, those coined at New Haven and called the Franklin, were cast are now used as paper weights in a counting room at New Haven.

The *Revue Bibliographique* reports that in Paraguay a tribe of Indians with tails has been discovered. A Guayeno child of eight years was captured with a tail a foot long.

A firm in Northborough, Mass., received from Baltimore a cargo of rags, and in the centre of one of the bales was found an old-fashioned pocketbook containing a \$20 Confederate note, a gold chain, and some small change.

A California physician claims, in the *Indiana Medical Journal*, that the bruised pulp of eucalyptus leaves, which he has been in the habit of applying to his very bald head for the cure of headache, had brought out a new and abundant crop of hair.

They are about to rival America in London in the number and variety of their drinks. The list for the London season includes corpse revivers, flash of lightning, ala-la-gum, flip-flap, gin and tarry, black stripe, locomotive, heap of comfort, gin fizz, rattlesnake, ladies' blush, stone fence, and cherry bluish.

The growth of some of the Southern States is illustrated by the statement concerning Chattanooga that it has increased since the war "from a clump of whitewashed warehouses and shanties to a city of 25,000 inhabitants; from a tax roll of \$1,800,000 to one of \$7,000,000; and has increased its business capital from \$200,000 to \$5,000,000."

Experienced lumbermen have always held that timber cut in the spring was not durable for building purposes. Recent scientific investigations sustain this belief. It is shown that the richer the wood is in phosphoric acid and potassium the more likely it is to rot and mould; wood cut in the spring contains eight times as much of the former and five times as much of the latter as when cut in the winter.

A farmer near Washington, Pa., having occasion to take his horse from the field to the stable, owing to the animal suddenly becoming sick, unthinkingly left his dinner basket behind, which he was surprised to find on returning several days later had been carefully guarded all the while by his dog, which would not move from the vicinity, although several neighbors tried to frighten and coax him away.

At Mt. Airy, Md., the other day, a family of bees were hovering in the air, looking for a place to swarm, when a telegraph operator happened to pass, and they decided to settle upon his head. Several hundred of them descended upon him and the rest were following, when he ran, scraping his head and face with his hands, but getting so badly stung before he could clear himself that he fainted. His face was terribly swollen and he suffered severe pain.

At Otac, about twenty miles from Sanikim, on the Bankin and Berber Railway, stands a huge bunch of rocks about one hundred feet high, of somewhat conical form. Advantage is taken of the eminence of this rock for posting notices; hence it is known as the "Tower Rock." On the face of this rock a huge advertisement, two hundred and fifty feet square, in letters of four and a half feet high, indicates that "Pear's soap is the best."

A Wisconsin woman, desirous her husband of trying to persuade her to commit suicide in a manner that would enable him to collect for their children the amount of an insurance policy on her life. He argued the propriety of the project, since she was feeble and likely to require much doctoring during the rest of her natural life, that was up money needlessly, whereas by dying at once she would leave the family in good circumstances.

Scientific.

The exact knowledge of the combination heat of coal gas has enabled Wits to determine the temperatures and the theoretic explosive pressures of detonating mixtures formed with this gas. The mixtures were taken at 0 degrees Centigrade and at the atmospheric pressure. A mixture of one volume of gas and six volumes of air gave a temperature of 2,064 degrees and a pressure of 8.6 atmospheres. A mixture of one volume of gas with ten volumes of air gave a temperature of 1,514 degrees and a pressure of 6.5 atmospheres.

Roses and all flowers containing perfumed oils may be made to yield their aromatic qualities by steeping the petals in a sauce of water, and setting it in the sun. The water should be soft, or rain-water, and a sufficient quantity allowed for evaporation. In a few days a film will cover the water. This is the essential oil of the flower; every particle is impregnated with the odor. It must be taken up carefully and put in tiny vials, which should remain open till all the remaining water is evaporated. A few drops of this will perfume glove-boxes, apparel, etc., and will last a long time.

Many, indeed, are the luxuries that the magician's wand of invention now brings into the midst of our homes. As an instance, to produce a sea atmosphere for the sick room, a foreign contemporary suggests the use of a solution of peroxide of hydrogen (one solution strength) containing one per cent. of crotonic ether, iodine to saturation, and 2.50 per cent. of sea salt. The solution placed in a steam or hand spray diffuser can be distributed in the finest spray in the sick room at the rate of two fluid ounces in a quarter of an hour. It communicates a pleasant sea odor, and is probably the best purifier of the air of the sick room ever used. It is a powerful disinfectant, the same author writes, as well as deodorizer, acting briskly on ozonized test solutions and papers. It might be well to test the subject in some ward of one of our hospitals.

Experiments have been made in England as to the comparative value of good hay for stock, with the result that it is estimated that 100 pounds of hay are equal to 275 pounds of green Indian corn, 400 pounds of green clover, 443 pounds of rye straw, 320 pounds of wheat straw, 160 pounds of oat straw, 180 pounds of barley straw, 153 pounds of pea straw, 200 pounds of buckwheat straw, 400 pounds of dried corn stalks, 175 pounds of raw potatoes, 504 pounds of turnips, 300 pounds of carrots, fifty-four pounds of rye, forty-six pounds of wheat, fifty-nine pounds of oats, forty-five pounds of mixed peas and beans, sixty-four pounds of buckwheat, fifty-seven pounds of Indian corn, sixty-eight pounds of sorghum, 103 pounds of wheat bran, 167 pounds of wheat, peas, and oat chaff, 179 pounds of mixed rye, and barley, fifty-six pounds of linseed, and 350 pounds of mangel-wurzel.

POPPY CULTURE IN PERSIA.

From time immemorial opium has been grown in Persia in the neighborhood of Yezd, and enough was always produced there to supply the demands of the native market. Nine out of ten of the aged in Persia take from one to five grains of the drug daily; it is largely used by the native physicians, and a considerable export was kept up via Meshed to Central Asia. During the cotton famine caused by our civil war, the attention of the Persian riot was turned to the cultivation of the cotton bush; but cotton soon became hardly worth growing, save the small amount required for home manufacture, and the villagers throughout the centre and south gradually turned their attention to the cultivation of the poppy. Year by year this crop has become a more favorite one, and the result has been that grain-growing has been much neglected, with the effect of raising the price in some districts.

In the neighborhood of Isfahan, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but fields of poppies are to be seen, with a small patch here and there of wheat or barley, which the cultivator produces for his own use or to give some rest to his land. The white variety of the poppy is the one that is grown. It is sown broadcast and very thickly, and when it first comes up resembles a very abundant crop of dandelions. The rudeness is soon reduced by the risk,

who with a short curved knife backs away superfluous plants till those that are left stand some six inches from each other. The weeding process has to be gone through many times, and the ground kept clear of weeds until the plant is six inches high. The fields are also irrigated once a week until the buds are about to burst into bloom. It is this irrigation, probably, that accounts for the inferiority in the percentage of morphia in Persian opium. And now that the poppies are in flower and the petals are about to fall, the riots, under the direction of men from the neighborhood of Yezd, who travel all over Persia to superintend the gathering of the crop and its subsequent preparation, begin to collect the opium from the plant. This is done by scoring the seed-vessels with a small three-bladed knife, which makes three gashes an eighth of an inch apart and three-quarters of an inch long. The operation is performed in the afternoon. From these gashes the opium exudes in tears, which are collected at early dawn by scraping with a piece of glass or a knife. If unfortunately a heavy shower of rain should fall, a large proportion or even all of the opium may be lost. This gashing and scraping is repeated a second and even a third time. The poppies, after the opium is extracted, are used as fodder.

MEXICAN FUNERALS.

It may be interesting to some of your many readers to know how funerals are conducted in Mexico. Instead of hearse, such as we have in the States, regular funeral-drawn street-cars are fitted up for the purpose. The driver is a most comical genius, and is only to be seen to be appreciated. He is gotten up in the most sombre style, sable coat, gloved hands, broad band of crape around his hat, which is an immense stovepipe, and that cocked jauntily to one side, and to give him "tone," a huge cigar—such as they smoke here—is stuck in his mouth. Instead of a subdued look, suitable to the occasion, he assumes a rather festive air, as if chaperoning a picnic party, or as one going out on a lark, and bound to have a good time. I have seen a couple of poems start with a corpse to the car, and it is not being in sight, take a seat on each end, looking as comfortable as if they were seated on a red sofa, and, as they spoke, deliberately discuss as to which was the best drink, "tequila" or "pulque." A game of cards is admissible, and "pulque" is sometimes drunk to the corpse's health, to relieve the tediousness of waiting. Being somewhat of a stranger in Mexico, I shall not vouch for the two latter facts.

There is a second class car, which, having no curtain, exposes the poor unfortunate corpse, not only to the burning rays of the sun, but to the eager gaze of the passers-by. No sooner does the native see this sad sight, than down he drops on his knees and crosses himself, but the fresh American guest as long as he can see a trace of it, with eyes as large as "moons." The coffin lid is rarely put on until the cemetery is reached and, in consequence, one often gets a glimpse of a sorrowful face and crossed hands.

It is not etiquette for a Mexican to attend the funeral of his dead. This is left for hardened men, who are paid for all such work. This is not the case, however, with the poorer class, who are not able to hire the commonest car, or even to buy a coffin. The poor man's coffin for twelve-and-a-half cents, and is often seen with one containing some dearly beloved one on his back, wending his way slowly and sorrowfully to the cemetery, perhaps with feet bleeding as they come in contact with the rough stones. When he reaches the cemetery, he deposits the body in the grave without ceremony, returns the coffin to the undertaker, and—that is all. No one other cares for or pities him, for he is only a poor unfortunate poor.

SERVANTS IN MEXICO.

Servants are plentiful in Mexico, and on are pretty sure to have several householders of the Aztec kings about the house if you have one, for it is the rule that the whole family accompany her father or mother who goes out to service. Your cook brings her husband, her children, and pretty nearly all her relatives, and they are fed from your table and sleep under your roof. The husband may be a shoemaker, or a saloon-keeper, or a hackman, but he lives where his wife works. There are usually rooms enough in the house for them all, and the only food they want is plenty of beans and what is left from your table.

COFFEE-DRINKING IN TURKEY.

The Turks are a nation of coffee-drinkers. They use coffee as the Italians use wine or the Germans beer. Of course alcoholic drinks are popular, but it is illegal to use them in public. Coffee-houses are as plentiful as saloons in a mining town, and in addition itinerant vendors of the drink are omnipresent in the streets. These latter have each a sheet-iron stove, such as tinkers carry, an iron sauce dish with a long wooden handle, a bottle of coffee, a paper of sugar, a can of water, a spoon and a few small cups. When a cup of coffee is ordered from one of these fellows, he retires into the nearest doorway and takes up the coals in his stove. Then out of the bottle is ladled the coffee, previously ground into impalpable powder, a teaspoonful being taken for each cup to be made. An equal amount of sugar is added, and the whole put in the saucepan and covered with water. Then the pan goes up to the coals and is allowed to boil up at once. The result looks inviting and smells good, but you feel more friendly with it outside than when you have got it in. If it did not have so many grounds in it it would be good syrup, but there is altogether too much sugar for it to be good coffee. The coffee-houses are delightfully free from ceremony. I have seen nothing, except a German theatre, that equalled them. They are generally combination concerns, the refreshment clerk being also a surgeon, a dentist and a barber. The rooms are large, but low, and commonly very neatly whitewashed. The only furniture is a set of benches (divans in poetry), that run round the walls, and, in the centre, a stool used as operating chair when the cook is called on to minister to a diseased body or mind. Against the wall hangs a hand-mirror and a case of instruments, and under the benches are a row of *serpils* for the use of smoking customers. The man who is to be shaved, bled, or have his tooth pulled, sits upright on the stool, with no support for his back or head, and gets what enjoyment out of it he can. The smokers and loungers on the benches take no notice of him—or anything, for that matter. Coffee-drinking is a grave matter with a Mohammedan, and he takes his pleasure sadly.

A CHINESE PRINTING OFFICE.

In a San Francisco Chinese printing office the manner of putting a newspaper on the press and printing is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithographic stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the character is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper to be. The Chinese pressman prints three papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work in the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is indolent. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on the left above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bank and a layout reside. Evidence of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles, and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either.

I met Mr. Smith in a shabby coat a while ago. He has not failed, has he? "Oh, no," he only fails on that one when he goes to the assessor's to give him his property for the assessment.

Facetia.

The engineer of the soda-fountain attends strictly to the business of fizz.

Some of the people of Leavenworth, Kan., are said to be so lazy that they write the names of the place it worth.

A large proportion of the models sent to the patent office are like this; they "return to plague the inventor."

"He handled his gun carefully and put on his angel plumage," is the latest obituary notice from Arkansas.

Where all the children are "perfect little lambs," there is danger of there being a goodly proportion of "mutton heads."

Mr. Sylvan sent to the city the other day for "one of those rule-books, ha!" The good woman wanted one of those that turn up at the side.

A stupid man, in buying a book, said to the bookseller, "I will take two copies while I am about it, as I may wish to read it twice."

A poet asks: "What is warmer than a woman's love?" We infer that he never picked up a newly-coined horse shoe, fresh from the forge.

"Yass," said Snooks, "I have been living on an exclusively vegetable diet down in the country—nothing but eggs and milk, you know."

It was a son of Erin who asked the meeting to excuse him from serving on a committee because he expected to be unexpectedly called away.

"He tried to kiss me and I just told him to behave," said an irate young lady after a sleighride last night. "No, the idiot, he behaved."

"How did you begin life?" the young man asked the great man. "I didn't begin it," truthfully replied the great man. "It was here when I got here."

"Mr. Jenkins's wife must be awful jealous," said Miss Smith. "He gave her his seat in the car, and when I thanked him he begged me not to mention it."

"Oh, to lie in the ripening grass!" exclaims a newspaper poet. He can lie there as well as in the newspaper, or can have a tombstone do his lying for him.

"Papa—'Ethel, you mustn't say 'I won't' to papa. It's naughty. 'Ethel—'Well, but papa, what shall I say when I mean I won't?"

"Are you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator in Wall Street yesterday. "Neither," he replied; "I think I am an ass."

HAD IT IN A BAG.

One of the gayly-painted mail wagons which ply between the post-office and the various depots was down at the Union Depot one day, when a stranger looked it carefully over, and inquired of a policeman—

"Census in town?"

"No, not exactly."

"What sort of an animal have they got in there?"

"Can't you read?"

"I can when I'm to him, but this snow kinder blinds me."

"Well, it's a dolo, I believe."

"And where are they going to take him?"

"Off, up town a piece. If you follow the wagon you'll be apt to see him unloaded."

"I believe I will. I haven't seen one of those animals since I was a boy, and if there ain't no charge for it I might as well take a squint."

He followed the wagon at a trot, and was absent about half an hour. When he returned the officer asked—

"Well, did you see the dolo?"

"Not a hair of him," was the disgruntled reply. "I got all ready to, but I'll be hanged if they didn't leave him in a leather bag."

THEY FOUND THE BOMB.

A pretty young mamma, with a little girl by her side nearly as pretty as herself, was being entertained by a male stranger, who had struck up an acquaintance through the usual and always convenient mediumship of the little girl. The stranger did all the talking. He was one of those men who think they know everything, but only rarely get a chance to tell it. The lady answered only in monosyllables. The little girl listened patiently and demurely for a time, and then commenced to fidget around in her seat. Finally, she said: "Mamma, you've found one, ain't you?"

"What, my dear?"

"Why, don't you remember what you told papa when he said you'd to lose some on the cars? You said you'd find some home to talk you to sleep."

Mamma looked out of the window, and the stranger suddenly thought he had better go to the smoking car to find his friends.

THE MIDLAND.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1885.

The Fair.

Every farmer who can, should contribute something to help make the fair an interesting and useful institution to our culture, and all can at least attend and by their presence help to swell the throng and contribute their mite towards assisting financially. If farmers would feel a personal interest in making this annual gathering a great demonstration in the cause of agriculture, and take it more completely into their own hands, there would be no necessity for adding to the enterprise some features which are objectionable to many persons, but which the managers of all Agricultural fairs are forced to resort to to swell the receipts in order to make sure of clearing expenses. The fair has done a great work in arousing up a spirit of emulation among farmers both in the field and in the household and for this it deserves well of all, in support and encouragement.

The President Mr. Adam R. Magraw, has played a distinguished part in organizing and pushing this great farmer's enterprise to its present flattering position, and for his noble, disinterested efforts in the cause of agriculture, every farmer in the county should feel grateful to him. His labor and substance have been given freely and without stint, to make the Agricultural Society of this county an institution that every citizen might justly be proud of, and the flattering success which has crowned past exhibitions, has proven that these efforts have not been in vain. Let every one feel that the fair, which opens at Elkton on the sixth of next month, shall not fall behind the best of all its predecessors, but if possible improve by the experience of the past. Dedicate one day at least, to the fair, if you cannot enter something to compete for the prize.

Population is Wealth.

If a dozen neat dwellings were built in the Rising Sun there would be occupants for them all within the coming year. Industrious population makes a country wealthy. It increases the volume of trade, creates a greater demand for country produce of all kinds. It manufactures something to sell and brings money into the place. It reaches out its many arms in every direction, and like the roots of a plant draws the wealth of the land to a common centre, with the increase of productive capital, real-estate rises in value, men of enterprise with capital, always on the lookout for a lively promising business centre are drawn to the place and add their skill, business abilities and capital to the common stock, and these accession, in place of satisfying the demand only increase it.

Sunday School Celebration.

The annual celebration of the Fulton M. E. Sunday school took place on Saturday 19th inst. in the grove near the chapel and was one of the brightest days and happiest occasions in the history of this life S. S. The programme commenced in the little chapel under the Hill, with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Johnson, an address of welcome by Supt. Hiram McVey and a hymn of praise by the school, after which the scholars 90 in number were formed in line, and headed by the Banner, beautifully adorned with garlands were marched up and down Texas road accompanied by the music of children's voices hymning, sweet gospel songs, after an appetizing march up the hill to the grove the youthful soldiers of Zion made a charge upon a dinner table well filled with chicken, pumpkin pie and other delicacies of the season, the

onslaught, though fierce did not deplete the Rooster Brigade and the table was ere long ready for another attack, which was soon made by the preacher, Supts. and teachers who proved themselves to be veteran chicken eaters. The adults and children that partook of the bountiful repast numbered nearly two hundred. After dinner the scholars to the number of 91 were marched back to the chapel, the interior of which had been profusely decorated with flowers and a number of the children recited little gems of S. S. poetry after which addresses were made by several of the visitors, and the company were then dismissed with a Benediction by Rev. Adam Black.

VISITOR.

A Cooked Hat.

The Cecil Democrat of last week publishes the following description of a peculiar old hat which was found by the carpenter while repairing Clinton McCullough's house. This building is one of the old house of Elkton. The workmen "found in the garret a peculiarly-shaped old black fur hat, which at one time had evidently been part of a soldier's outfit. What would have been the brim of the hat was cut in a semi-circular form and turned up on each side and fastened together at the top above the crown; and on one side was a rosette of black ribbon. In the center of which was a gilt button."

This is a veritable "cooked hat" of revolutionary days, with a black cockade. The cockade was worn as a party badge; one party wearing a white and the opposing party a black cockade. Those were warm times "when this old hat was new," King George and his rebellious colonists were preparing to tackle each other, and if we are not mistaken, the black cockade represented the royalist party. When the war broke out they got the name of "Tories."

Their Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes, who reside near the Sun, were called on by a company of neighbors and relations from Philadelphia and the neighborhood, a few days since, who gave them cordial congratulations on the recurrence of the venerable couple's 50th wedding anniversary. A couple of catrines from the city and two musicians, provided music and good cheer for the company, and all went merry as the marriage bells a half century ago.

Fine Tomatoes.

Carter and Brown left on our desk a can of their "Select Packing for the best family trade, Rising Sun" tomatoes. The can is labeled in the most artistic style, and the contents on trial proved as pleasing to the palate as the richly tinted label to the eyes. Fine art and fine quality make a combination that most win. Our canners have but to persevere and keep up the standard of their goods to give them world wide celebrity, and by extending their work to embrace other lines of vegetables, a business in the canning trade may readily be built up here that will rank among the large agricultural industries of the state. We have the climate and soil in Maryland which produces the finest vegetables in the country. The industry needs but cultivation to expand beyond the brightest dreams of its present workers.

A razor strop factory has been started in North East. The proprietors, S. H. White & Co. are opposed to the custom of wearing long beards.

A number of Subscriptions to the MIDLAND ought to be renewed. Send us a dollar soon as you sell some produce, and ask your neighbor to subscribe.

Laid By.

The Strawberry and Ice cream festival for the benefit of the church; The Sunday School picnic; the excursion to Towchester.

Ralph Bingham the Boy Orator.

As this phenomenal orator will appear before our people on Tuesday evening next, all of our readers will be anxious to know something of his previous history. The boy was born in Virginia in December 1870, and is nearly 15 years old. His strange gift of oratory developed itself at an early age, accompanied by a wonderful memory. At the age of 6 years and 6 months he gave a public exhibition in a Richmond theatre, and this career of public exhibition has been followed up since, giving readings or rather rehearsals in all parts of the country. With constant practice and the development of mind and physical strength the boy orator must have greatly improved, and if his wonderful powers of oratory attracted and astonished all who heard him at so tender an age, a rare literary treat may be anticipated, by all who come out to hear his performance on Tuesday evening next.

Did not Meet Expenses.

The officers of the Woodlawn camp meeting association have had a meeting since the close of the present year's camp, closed up the business and elected officers for the ensuing year. The treasurer reports a deficit of \$45.53.

The new Board of Trustees elected are T. J. Venneman, C. S. Abrahams, Enoch McCullough, Wm. McMullen and James Crothers.

The new Board elected Enoch McCullough President and C. S. Abrahams, Treasurer and Secretary.

August 10th 1886 is the time fixed for opening the Camp for next year.

The Board of Managers appointed are John W. McCullough, E. S. Sentman, J. W. McCullough, Alfred Ford, W. W. Carter, H. C. Nesbitt, Thos. Kirk, Jas. Barnes and C. Wilson.

Friends' Meeting.

Nottingham Monthly Meeting of Friends formerly held alternately at West Nottingham and Brick Meeting House, will hereafter include Oxford in rotation being held at each place every third month.

The first meeting since the change was held in Oxford Friends Meeting House and was largely attended, many of the younger members being present and embracing a very impressive religious service. Those in the ministry were Allen Flitcraft, of Chester, Pa., Margaretta Walton, of Erellidoun, Pa., and Wm. Way and Hannah Reynolds of Rising Sun, Md. The next meeting will be held at West Nottingham on the 16th of next month. The clerks of the meeting are E. R. Buffington and Elizabeth B. Passmore.

The Elkton Fair.

Every effort is being made by the management to make the fall exhibit of the Agricultural Fair of this County one of the most attractive and useful that has been held on the Companies' grounds. Improvements and additions have been made to the grounds and buildings, such as former experience demonstrated were necessary to insure convenience and comfort to exhibitors and visitors, and nothing will be left undone to insure the best results, which money and knowledge of the wants can command. Every farmer and family in the county, who can possibly attend the fair should go and spend one day in examining the improved stock, farm implements and house hold affairs, which will be gathered together on the exhibition ground. There is nothing that will clear the dust and cobwebs from a farmer's brain so effectually as a visit to a well appointed agricultural fair. The agricultural fair when properly conducted is one of the very best educators of the farming class, both in farm and household matters. The

recluse will be forced to admit how insignificant is the knowledge which an individual can unaided, pick up, when placed beside the aggregated learning and achievements of hundreds of his fellow men and women.

Off the Track.

A train of coal cars above Rock Run on Tuesday afternoon was badly wrecked by one of the middle cars of the train jumping the track. Before the train could be stopped 11 cars were wrecked and a portion of the track torn up. Fortunately no one was hurt. Trains were stopped for several hours by the wreck, and passengers had to be transferred at the wreck.

"What Shall We Do with Our Daughters?"

This question is asked by a well known lady lecturer. Well, we can do a great many things with them; one thing, we must take good care of their health, and not let them run down and become enfeebled. For the feminine ailments, which may be summed up in one word—debility, we have a sovereign remedy in Brown's Iron Bitters which has done much good. Miss Mary Greenfield, of Galatia, Ill., writes, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of nervousness, indigestion and general poor health." Let the other young ladies take the hint.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last at his residence, in Rising Sun, after a protracted illness William Cunningham, in the 43 year of his age. He leaves a wife but no children. The deceased was interred at Hopewell, on Tuesday.

Persons having property "for sale," "wants," "lost" or "found," will find our FOR SALE column the best place to advertise them; only one cent a word.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot for thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by Dr. L. R. Kirk.

We want reliable, live agents in all parts of the county and state for the MIDLAND JOURNAL, write for terms

FOR SALE, WANTS, & C.

Advertisements inserted on this column for one cent a word each insertion. Initial letters and figures count as one word.

STRAYED—12 SHEEP, (11 EWES and one Ram) came to the premises of Wm. Gifford, near Farmington, on Sunday Sept. 13. Owner can get the same by paying for this adv. and the cost of keeping. WM. GIFFORD.

DR. A. H. HOWLETT,

DENTIST.

Graduate of the University of Maryland, offers his professional services to the people of Cecil County, and hopes by close attention to his business to merit their patronage. Office in Hall, second story of Passmore's carriage factory.

Rising Sun, Cecil Co., Md.

Dr. Geo. B. Raub,

DENTIST.

54 Franklin Street, Near Charles. Baltimore, Md.

ARRIVAL OF THE GOODS!

Having thoroughly canvassed the Philadelphia and New York markets, we offer a stock of

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, and NOTIONS,

with full confidence that they will be appreciated by our customers for Quality, Style and Price.

Especial attention is called to the Stock of

DRESS GOODS,

which for variety surpasses any of our former efforts and embraces Style peculiar to the Fall of '85, in the latest popular shades.

We claim to have one of the Best 50c SHIRTS and DRAWERS to match, in the market.

Red MEDICATED UNDERWEAR an especial feature at prices below those of last year. Blue Flannel Shirts, Knit Jackets, etc. etc.

Our Boot stock embraces the following makes and brands:

Walker, Walp Dutch, W. & V. Champion, Paul & Bro., Bay State.

Having bought heavily in the various lines, we are anxious to make sales, hence call on us and note prices as the goods are here and must go.

E. R. BUFFINGTON.

Rising Sun, - - - - - Md.

OLD FRIENDS.

The old, old friends—
Some changed, some buried, some gone out
of sight;
Some enemies, and, in this world's fierce fight,
No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—
Where are they? There are lying in one grave
And one from the far-off world on the daily wave
No loving memory sends.

The old, old friends—
One passes daily, and one wears a mask;
Another, long-estranged, comes not to ask
Where countless years are past.

The old, old friends—
No many and no fond in days of youth!
Alas! That faith can be divorced from truth,
When love in severance sunder.

The old, old friends—
They hover round the still, in evening shadows,
Till they will come again when sunlight fades
And life on God depends.

Whatsoever A Man Soweth.

"Yes, Mary, we're most there; to your home and my home. If we always set as much by each other as we do now, it'll be the happiest spot in the country."

"Oh, Tom, it frightens me to think what we have done! What if I am not as you expected? What if you shouldn't love me after a while? All my life before I saw you, I got along with only Uncle Joshua to care for me; but now I know a difference, I could not live to go back to the old way. Tom, you never will repent, will you, and you'll be patient with me if I disappoint you?"

In answer the young farmer drew his bride of a few hours to him.

"May God deal with me as I do with you," he responded, the deepest feelings of his nature being touched.

All her life, her loving heart had found none but a crabbed old uncle on whom to lavish itself. When honest Tom Gray, a manly young farmer from a neighboring town, fell in love with her sweet face and sweeter disposition, all her pent-up affection centered around him. There was something pitiable in the intensity of her regard, for there was but little hope in this work-a-day world but its very strength would bring her pain.

"Cheer up, little woman! There, now, see how Prince speeds along through those pines; he knows what's waiting for him at the end of the journey."

They emerged from the woodland road to an open space, and drew up before a substantial brick house. Shading it were huge maples and two gigantic fir trees. Across the road the long, rambling barns clustered, weather-beaten, unpainted, but their capacious sides promising to hold good store for the winter. The level space on which the buildings were situated terminated in a bluff, and below lay the broad acres of arable land. In the distance, a silver band binding the surrounding emerald of the meadow, wound a river. Beyond, the hills shut in the little valley. Nestled at the foot of one, blue in the distance, the white houses of a small village gleamed.

In less time than it has taken to describe this scene, Tom had flung open the house door and ushered his wife into a large, square room, whose deep windows let in floods of sunshine on the bright carpet and new furniture the young man had purchased for his bride.

"This is where father brought mother thirty years ago; they didn't think how soon they would go, and who would be here after them to give the old house a mistress. They were an uncommon loving pair, though," he said.

"Oh, Tom, I hope I may be all to you that your mother was to your father," she replied, the bright color flooding her cheeks.

Then they wandered over the roomy old house, at last pausing in the kitchen.

"We'll have our wedding supper now," she said, gaily. "If you'll just fetch the bottle from the carriage."

So he obediently brought it in, then sat down in the old rocking-chair by the open window, watching her quick, deft movements as she spread the table with a snowy linen cloth—she had hemmed all sorts of rosy fancies into it—then the delicate old china which had been his mother's. Cold fowl, delicious white bread, a pat of golden butter marked with the letter G, pies, cakes, all made their exit from the basket. He knew they had all been prepared by her careful hands. Then she darted from the door and returned with a great bunch of red roses, which her quick eye had spied, to deck the feast.

How pretty she looks! he thought, in her neatly fitting dress, her dark eyes bright with happiness, the lovely color

coming and going in her cheeks. Barely he was very much to be envied; she was his own always.

And she thought, "What a good gift is life and love! There can't be the unhappiness in the world people are always talking of!"

Then they laughed and chatted, and for once were perfectly content.

Five years had slipped by; a little period yet in it how many have passed to that other country, how many launched on a life that may hold so much or so little in store! In our fondest aspirations are realized, or our cherished ideals shattered at our feet.

Five years had brought to Mary's home an infirm old uncle of her husband's, a little wail of eight, whose mother's dying request to care for her child. Mary could not refuse, and two babies of her own, for the elder was little more than a baby. Time had not touched her very lightly; there were sad lines about the mouth, pitiful to see, and now and then a sore spirit looked from the brown eyes. Evidently life had not been quite so fair as it had promised on that wedding day half a decade before.

And yet they had prospered; Thomas was one of the "substantial men of the town," so the people said.

"Savin' an' sharp, savin' an' sharp. Tom'll be a rich man afore many years," old Uncle Warren was wont to chuckle from his corner by the great fire-place. Then he would add with a long-drawn sigh, "Ef his wife don't rooin him by her extravagance, puttin' cream inter the biscuits an' boilin' eggs when eggs an' butter is high. My wife never puffed on sugar for the hired man, nuther. My wife and me was managers. Now, if Tom'd only married Belinda Thompson, the squaw's darter, she'd a brought in her husband a good sum, an' she's savin', too."

Such conversation Mary was forced to hear as often as Uncle Warren could find an unfortunate listener. Like many people in this world, he was happy when there was something to worry about, be it real or imaginary. He never minded that the kitchen door was ajar, or windows open, so that Mary could not choose but hear. "A good thing for her to know my opinion," and when occasion required he never hesitated to deliver it first-hand.

"It's great expense to Thomas, you're bein' so set on keepin' that child," referring to Nannie. "Ef you'd only taken his advice an' sent her to the o' country farm, an' taken an older girl that could earn her salt," he growled. "I never see such an appetite as she has! Why, yesterday it took her jest twenty minutes by the clock to eat her dinner. Thomas is never more'n ten; he knows the value of time."

Such harangues would have had little effect on Mary, but her husband's conversation was an echo of these. Slowly but surely money-getting and money-earning was becoming his aim in life. Mary saw with alarm the sinking of his spirit in this sordid basis, and all her gentle nature rose to combat it, but so far in vain. One or two successful ventures had raised this evil demon, and now its hold was tightening, till the manly fellow who had won her bride fair to be a miser. So completely had the desire for gain taken possession of him that he saw nothing of the danger to his better nature.

The hands of the clock moved steadily on, and with dinner to prepare, the beds to make, the milk to skim, beside the walling infant to still, and the yet greater task of keeping restless little Madge out of mischief, Mary was tired enough by noon for bed.

Promptly at the stroke of twelve, Farmer Tom, with three hungry men, appeared. The cloth was not even laid for dinner.

"What, late again, Mary?" said her husband, with a slight frown. "You know time is money to us."

With the heavy child in her arms, she was endeavoring to prepare the meal. Tom seated himself in the door. "Where is Nannie, that she can't help a little? At school? Oh, yes, I forgot; it began to-day."

"Here, Tom, you must take the baby if you want dinner to-day; and another thing, there's no use in my trying to do any longer without a girl to help me."

"A girl, Mary? Why I don't know where you could possibly get one now. Mother never had help that I can remember of. It's pretty expensive living; then there's the moving machine to pay for, and another horse for haying. Can't you keep Nannie at home to look

after the children? She might as well earn her board."

Mary said nothing, shutting her lips tightly together as if to keep back any words, and presently called him to dinner.

"Can it be that Tom cares so little for me? I can toil and delve to bring him in more money," she thought, bitterly. "Oh, my darlings, I could not bear it if it were not for your sakes!" she cried, straining her little ones to her heart, the hot, rebellious tears falling on their heads.

Farmer Tom was out in the fields working like a tiger himself to keep up the lagging spirits of his men.

"I never see such a man ter work an' make everybody else work too," grumbled one man to his companion, pausing to wipe his reeking brow. "An' that poaty wife of his'n slavin' herself to death because he's too darned stingy to git her any help. I declare for it, my Nanny don't work half so hard as she does."

The man went on with his hoeing, but Tom, whom he supposed out of earshot, had not been so far ahead but he had caught the drift of the conversation.

"Can it be that Mary is working too hard?" he thought, recalling her face as it had looked that noon.

Then the face of the girl he had wedded five years before—why, it was five years that day—came before him, radiant with youth and happiness. The contrast did not please him.

"But all women grow old faster than men," he said to himself, and then endeavored to dismiss the thought.

Somehow it would not stay banished, work as hard as he might. That night when he reached home, Uncle Warren, who had quarrelled with all his sons, had a tale of grievance to relate.

"You know how I axed my son, Joseph, more'n a month ago for my old eight-day clock. To-day he come along, an' when I told him I'd have it if it took a sheriff to git it, he sees with a long-drawn sigh, 'Father, I'd rather go home an' find my best cow dead than to give up that clock.' Well, poaty soon after he'd gone one of his neighbors come along an' see her. 'Well, grandpa, you've lost your clock. Joe boozed it up an' took it off somewhere, nobody knows where.' Jest to think of havin' such a mean man for a son, after all I've done for him!"

The poor old man whimpered like a child, forgetful of the fact that from their early youth he had instilled it into his children's minds that "gettin' an' savin'" was the chief aim of man. They were living his advice now, their chief solicitude concerning him being that he should leave them his money. The old man readily perceived this, and he had quarrelled persistently with each before taking refuge with his nephew, vowing never to leave them a cent of his property.

Tom-night Uncle Warren's complainings jarred on Tom's mood. The poor, loveless, unlovable old age looked more forlorn than usual.

"What was the use of that life-time of savin'?" he thought. "Only unhappiness."

He glanced at his wife; her cheeks were pale, and her eyes were red as with weeping. His heart ached him.

"Come here, Madge," he said to his little girl who was hanging to her mother's skirts.

She held in her hand a colored card which Nannie had brought home from Sabbath-school. Mechanically he read the words: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." They stung him. What had he been doing? His conscience, already aroused, would not be put to sleep again. What was the good of hoarding if Mary and the children were not happy now?

Uncle Warren's voice broke in on his reveries.

"That note of Avery's comes due to-morrow, don't it? Where'll you put the five hundred to git a good interest?"

He hardly heeded the old man's words. "Whatsoever a man soweth," kept ringing in his ears. Perhaps his repining in his old age would be like that of his Uncle Warren's, avarice fossilized. These thoughts continued to haunt him.

The next morning Mary was ill—unable to rise from her bed. Tom's self-suggestions knew no bounds, for he loved his wife tenderly, in spite of the crust of worldliness gathering over his better feelings.

"Mary, I've been a brute," he said, "letting you overwork while I have hoarded up the money. Little woman, if you'll forgive me we'll start over, and it shan't be so any more. I have my

help, you shall have yours, or we'll sell the farm."

"O Tom!" she cried, laying her flushed cheek on his hand. "It isn't the work so much, but I thought I was losing my kind, tender husband. This year has been so miserable, seeing you growing farther and farther away from me. I thought you had stopped loving me, and my heart was breaking. Oh, Tom, don't let me think so any more!"

And Tom took the poor, tired head on his broad breast, and kissed the white face more tenderly than he had in her girlish days. He knew his own weakness now as he had thought he had known his strength then. And Mary was a happier woman than she had been for many a day.

After that her burdens were lightened, and she was her old happy self again, secure in her husband's love.

But were the old habits of over-economy so easily snapped? He was many times about to yield, but old Uncle Warren served as a constant reminder of his new resolves.

The old man was hugely puzzled to find his homilies of "savin' an' sharp," had so little effect.

"Thomas'll die poor!" he growled.

"Keepin' a hired girl an' buyin' a planer for his wife."

But Thomas never regretted sowing the seed of love instead of that of avarice.

A CHINESE FARM.

The Chinese farm-house is a curious looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathery bamboo and thick spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room, extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet-looking apartments in the corners for sleeping-rooms. There is a sliding window in the roof, made of cut oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth, where at nightfall there often gather together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons and a litter of pigs, all living together in delightful harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands, houses are strongly fortified by high walls, containing apertures for firearms, and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge.

AN INHUMAN TRAFFIC.

The following is Stanley's sketch of a Congo slave pen: "There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms, upright, standing or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children, many mere infants, forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women, bending over a basket of fuel, or cassava tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. On paying more attention to details I observed that most of all are fettered; youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain like one of our boat chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of the curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mammas' breasts. There is not one adult man captive among them. . . . Little perhaps as my face betrayed my feelings, other pictures would crowd upon the imagination; and after realizing the extent and depth of the misery presented to me, I walked about as in a kind of dream, wherein I saw through the darkness of the night the stealthy forms of the murderers creeping toward the doomed town, its inmates all asleep, and no sound issuing from the gloom but the drowsy hum of chirping crickets or distant frogs—when suddenly flashes the light of brandishing torches; the sleeping town is involved in flames, while volleys of musketry lay low the frightened and astonished people, sending many through a short minute of agony to that soundless sleep from which there will be no waking."

All Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Quakers, although St. Paul's injunctions on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The puritans of the Commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on, whether preaching or hearing preached to, since Poyas notes, and a year afterward (1609) writes: "To the French Church in the Savoy, and where they have the Common Prayer Book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister to preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our church." William the Third scandalized his church-going subjects by following Dutch custom, and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the service, he invariably donned it as the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Boswell at the age of fourteen, treated the gay fellows of the Hotel de Rambouillet to a midnight sermon, Voltaire sat it out with his hat on, but covering when the boy-preacher had finished, bowed low before him, saying: "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late." As a token of respect, uncovering the head is one of the oldest of courtesies.

Lamenting the decay of respect to age, Clarendon tells us that in his young days he never kept his hat on his head before his elders, except at dinner. A curious exception, that, to modern notions of politeness, but it was the custom to sit covered at meals down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sir John Pimett, deputy master of the ceremonies at the Court of King James the First, was much puzzled as to whether the Prince of Wales should sit covered or not at dinner in the presence of the sovereign, when a foreign ambassador was one of the guests; since the latter, as the representative of a king, was not expected to visit his host. Giving James a hint of his difficulty, his Majesty disposed of it when the time came, by uncovering his head for a little while, an example all present were bound to follow; and then, putting on his hat again, requested the prince and the ambassador to do likewise. "Hats need not be raised here," so, it is said, runs a notice in one of Nuremberg's streets. "Hats must be raised here," should have been inscribed on the Kremlin gateway, where a government official used to stand to compel passers by to remove their hats, because, under that gate, the retreating army of Napoleon withdrew from Moscow. Whether the regulation is in force at this day is more than we know.

PROOF OF DEATH.

If most people are afraid of anything, it is of being buried alive. That case do happen where it is very difficult even for the experienced physician to determine whether a person is really or but apparently dead, without his having recourse to means which, while they would at once settle the dispute, would place life, if it really still existed, in jeopardy, may be judged from the fact that the French Academy, some ten or fifteen years ago, offered a prize of forty thousand francs for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced may at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize. He had discovered the following well-known phenomenon: If the hand of the suspected person is held toward the candle or other artificial light, with the fingers stretched, and one ton-bing the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers toward the light, there appears a so-called red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the still circulating fluid blood, as it shows itself through the transparent, not yet congested tissues; but when life is extinct this phenomenon at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation, and the prize was awarded to its discoverer.

THE GENUINE ARTICLES.

Italian macaroni is made in New York; the best Newfoundland cheese comes from New Jersey, and genuine Schweizer kase from Ohio. The real Albany baccanti are imported from Albany; Russian caviar is manufactured in the steppes of Harlem from the sturgeon of Lake Erie, and small fish from Maine are boiled in Texas cotton-seed oil, put up in tin boxes from Connecticut, and marketed as "Sardines a l'huile d'Olive" with labels printed in New York.

Ladies Department.

Our New York Letter.

Fashions for Small Folks—Items of Interest for All.

Streets and stores of the great gay city are alive with activities incident to the incoming season.

A pleasing feature in the progress of the century is demonstrated in the present method of appareling children. Garments of every class and fabric are stylishly constructed with a view to health and comfort. The same sanitary side of this absorbing subject is full of interest to all. To insure a perfect figure it is essential to take the friction of clothing from spine and stomach.

Rest and Co. of New York have effected a thorough revolution in this branch of business. Their children's Bazaar in 23rd St. is a revelation of the century's facilities.

Fancy the comfort it is to mothers of being able to procure an infants outfit complete for \$24. Think of the saving to mind and muscle, when such immunities, irrespective of age or sex, extend themselves to other members of the household. To ensure the set and symmetry, it is well to adopt the corset waist adapted to children, of which this firm make a specialty. It is made of two thicknesses of cotton jean, of good quality, strengthened by rows of cable cord, stitched into groups, supplemented by a triple row of buttons placed above each other, just over the hip spring, to which nether garments and stocking suspenders are comfortably attached. No costume so prefaced can fail to set gracefully.

A sanitary corset for ladies constructed upon anatomical principles, has like-wise proven a benediction. A broad shoulder band takes the friction of heavy draperies from spine and stomach, and the all prevalent and popular Jersey fits to perfection over the well rounded bust, and flexible hips of Warner Coralline creations, which within a few years have become, known to the commerce of two continents.

Wonderful textiles are seen at the furnishing centres.

Rough-surfaced fabrics are largely imported for fall.

Silk is more favored than satin as a feature of the season's styles.

Velvets were never so popular, or imported in such quantities.

Plushes are employed in the combination costumes which are still *à la fait* with fashions devotees.

Stripes, broken plaids, brocades in many shades, brilliant effects in silk chenille, shot tinsel, or silver, constitutes a conglomerate of goods, and graces on display.

The fashion of straight skirts has brought velvet into fresh prominence. *Corde de la Reine* is a new imported fabric for tailor made toilets after late models. It may be used for the suit entire, combined with woollens of the heavier weaves, or with nonpareil velveteen of similar shade, to which its corded surface forms a pleasing contrast made up after some one of the pretty models in *Le Bon Ton* or *La Mode Elegante* for October. No costumes could be more stylish and serviceable.

SIDNEY EALL.

Hints for the Sick.

I went the other day to see a sick neighbor who suffers greatly from indigestion and weak stomach. "The doctor says," she told me, "if I could take raw eggs well beaten, they would help me; but I cannot they are so sickening."

I went into the kitchen and asked the daughter if she beat the white and yolk separately in preparing eggs for her mother.

"No," she said, "I beat them together, and then add a little sugar."

I then asked her to let me prepare one. I put the white into a saucer, and the yolk in a tumbler, added two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar to yolk, and beat it until it was perfectly light. The white was then beaten until it was stiff enough to cut with a knife. I then added one teaspoonful of brandy to the yolk, stirring it well. The white was then put into the tumbler, it also being well stirred in. It was carried to the sick mother, who ate it with a decided relish. Eggs prepared in this way are a soothing, strengthening delicacy for those with weak stomachs. They should be fresh, and should be eaten as soon as beaten.

Soft boiled eggs are more easily digested than hard, and are a good, nourishing food for the weak. But oftentimes it is difficult to cook them just right, they being cooked either too much or too little. Our own way of preparing them is to fill a common heavy tea-cup with boiling water. Let it stand until the cup is thoroughly heated. Then pour on the water. Put the egg into the cup and again fill it with boiling water. Set the cup away from the stove, and by the time the egg will be cooked to a nice softness. The cup being heated makes the water retain heat longer. If the following receipt is strictly observed, the result will be a cake that can be eaten without harm to the sick, that is, if any cake can. It is free from grease and heaviness. The baking powder must be stirred in the flour. Three eggs, beaten three minutes; add one and a half cup sugar, beat five minutes; add one cup flour, and a little flavoring and beat one minute. Two tea spoonfuls of baking powder are used. It is better to use two or three shallow tins instead of making the cake into one loaf. Bake in a quick oven. If those who are troubled with sleeplessness will brush their bodies with a flesh-brush just before going to bed, they will find it very beneficial. The prickling sensation might be disagreeable at first, but it becomes very pleasant, as the body becomes accustomed to it, and the pleasant glow that the brushing will almost surely induce sleep.—*Nellie Burns in Country Gentleman.*

Lemon Pudding.—Moisten half a pint of fine farina with a gill of cold milk; add it to a pint of hot milk and stir well. Add a salt spoonful of salt and two ounces of butter, stir until quite smooth and thick and allow it to become cold. Beat together four eggs six ounces of sugar, the grated rind and juice of two lemons and a dash of ground cinnamon; stir into this mixture the cold farina, a small quantity at a time, until used, then pour it into a pudding dish and bake forty minutes. It may be served hot, but is better when served cold, during hot weather.—*Cook.*

Breakfast Cake.—One quart flour, 1 pint of milk, 3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar 2 teaspoons cream of tartar in the flour, 1 tea-spoon soda in the milk, 1 1/2 tea-spoon salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Heat your gem pans very hot. They ought to bake twenty minutes.

Watermelon Cake.—Whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two tea-spoons of baking powder, Bake in jelly tins. This makes two layers. **Red part.**—Whites of four eggs, one cup and a half of red sugar sand, half a cup of sweet milk or water, one-half cup of butter, two of flour, one tablespoon of baking powder. Flavor this with rose water. Bake in two cakes in jelly tins. Place a layer of frosting with rose flavoring, then two layers of red cake with no frosting between the red layers, next, and last, a layer of frosting and white cake. Frost top and sides. One cup of seedless raisins is an improvement to the red part.

Temperance.

The Rum Trade.

It has been said, and truly, that this is a great business, involving millions of dollars, but I deny that it is any source of wealth to this country. You cannot separate a business from its legitimate results, and the legitimate results of the whiskey business, trace it where you will, are poverty, suffering, degradation, disease and death. Every dollar it brings into the coffers of its vendors is reeking with blood and tears. The medium of value it may have as a medicinal agency is overborne and buried out of sight under the untold burdens it binds upon humanity. Beneath its touch the strongest arm falls paralyzed, and the clearest eye grows dim. Youth, strong, ambitious, glorious youth, becomes feeble and palsied as with age at the blighting touch of this monster. Keen intellects lose their godlike powers and grovel in the dust.—*Hon. Joseph D. Taylor.*

Rheumatism is sometimes caused by over eating, and especially by over indulgence in meat, which is certain to cause an excess of uric acid, and render the body liable, on exposure to wet or cold, to an attack. Old people are proverbially liable to rheumatism. The reason for this is that joints and ligaments are harder and stiffer and very often contain deposit—urate of soda; and, as a rule, people up in years eat more than is necessary to support life. If an elderly person would live long and be free from aches and pains, he or she must live more or less abstemiously.

The Young People.

A Boy's Trick in Nutting.

The brown nuts are falling, and the boys are "hot foot" for them, so we will tell them a trick which we learned last year, but too late to tell it to our young readers. We noticed day after day, two boys going to the woods, carrying a bag and a clothes-line, and saw them return in a short time with the bag well filled. We followed, to see whether their good luck was due to accident, activity or their wits. They used the line in this way—selecting a tree in the open, on which the nuts were ripe and the shucks opened by the frost; they shook the tree by climbing into it and shaking and jarring the branches in the usual way, by stamping and clucking. Still the finest nuts seem to stick to the outmost branches. To get these, was a stroke of genius, and the clothes-line a little "mother-wit" were brought into play. The boy in the tree threw a line over a promising branch, so that it lay both ends reached the ground. The boy on the ground made one end fast to a sapling at a suitable distance, and then drawing the other end as fast as possible, made it also fast around the trunk of a small tree. He tugged at the line after fastening it, and then took up the slack. The bough of course, was away down. Then he tugged and tugged, and took up the slack again, until the line was almost as taut as a bow string. Then he beat the line with a club, as hard as he could strike, and with each clip, down came the nuts. Finally he unfasted one end, and drew it off with some difficulty, to be sure, over the ends of the branch, sweeping off a lot of nuts that still held on. Thus the principal branches were stripped. They were lively boys and did very little loafing, but their energy was pretty well repaid.—*American Agriculturist for October.*

The Mormons, it is said, are making converts in Tennessee. Most of the de-luded disciples come from the mountainous districts. This indicates that the attack which was made on the Mormons in Tennessee some time ago has not had much effect in keeping them out of the state or preventing them from making proselytes.



It is an inviolable remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the stomach, but rather produces good digestion—after the medicines of Chemists and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves. For Intermittent Fevers, Laidness, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal. See only the name on the wrapper. Take no other. See only the name on the wrapper. Take no other. See only the name on the wrapper. Take no other.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age.

SYMPTOMS OF TORPID LIVER. Loss of appetite, indigestion, pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, pain under the shoulder-blade, flatulency after eating, with a disinclination to exercise of body or mind. Irritability of temper, low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty. Nervousness, Dizziness, Flushing of the face, Heat of the right eye, Headache, with distal secretion, thick colored urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and exert such a change of feeling as to stimulate the liver. They increase the appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, and the system is invigorated, and by the "Pills of Action on the Digestive Organs," regular bowels are produced, and the system is restored to health.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OF WHISKERS changed to a Glossy Black by a simple application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1. Office, 64 Murray St., New York.

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PORT DEPOSIT, MD.

(ESTABLISHED 1844)

Hardware House and Tin Can Factory.

Hardware, Oils, Paints, Glass Lamps, Chandeliers, &c. Iron Pipe and Fittings, Fruit Packers Supplied with Cans and Cases at Best Rates

Plumbing in all kinds, Roofing and all

other work in Tin and Sheet Iron.

—PUBLIC ACCOMMODATED PROMPTLY AT LOWEST CASH RATES.—

Eureka Tested Tin Fruit Cans for Packers in Large or Small Orders

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON & BALTIMORE R. R.

On and after Sunday, Oct. 21st, 1892, trains will run as follows:

LEAVE GOING NORTH.	
Passenger	Freight
Stations.	P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.
Baltimore.	4:50 5:50 5:40
Frederick.	5:10 6:10 6:00
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Chesapeake.	7:07 7:32 7:04
Colors.	7:08 7:33 7:29
Leesburg.	7:29 7:54 7:36
Washington.	7:49 8:14 7:56
Leesburg.	8:09 8:34 8:16
Frederick.	8:29 8:54 8:36
Port Deposit.	8:49 9:14 8:56
Chesapeake.	9:09 9:34 9:01
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Port Deposit.	10:51 11:16 10:44
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Chesapeake.	73:36 73:51 82:34
Colors.	73:37 73:52 82:35
Frederick.	73:57 74:22 83:24
Port Deposit.	74:17 74:32 83:42
Chesapeake.	74:37 74:52 83:52
Colors.	74:38 74:53 83:53
Frederick.	74:58 75:23 84:42
Port Deposit.	75:18 75:33 85:00
Chesapeake.	75:38 75:53 85:10
Colors.	75:39 75:54 85:11
Frederick.	75:59 76:24 86:00
Port Deposit.	76:19 76:34 86:18
Chesapeake.	76:39 76:54 86:28
Colors.	76:40 76:55 86:29
Frederick.	77:00 77:25 87:18
Port Deposit.	77:20 77:35 87:36
Chesapeake.	77:40 77:55 87:46
Colors.	77:41 77:56 87:47
Frederick.	78:01 78:26 88:36
Port Deposit.	78:21 78:36 88:54

The MIDLAND JOURNAL and American Farmer one year, both for \$1.25

From Superintendent Milligan, Woodbury, N. J., Sept. 18, 1882. G. Holdstein:—I have used Aromanna during the past three years, as occasion required. As a remedy for liver affections, dyspepsia, and malarial fever, I do not know its equal. It does all you claim for it. I most cheerfully recommend it to the afflicted.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN, Supt. Public Instruction. For sale by Dr. L. R. Kirk, Rising Sun.

At the cricket match between the English club and a Philadelphia club, played on Saturday last, the Englishmen were beaten.

An Entertaining, Reliable House. Dr. L. R. Kirk can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Free Trial Bottle.

Every lady wants the MIDLAND for its literary and ladies' Department. It contains a pleasant story every week.

CALL AT

T. T. WORRALL'S

And Examine

The Worsted Finish TRICOT CLOTHS, for Ladies' Dresses, made from the Best Australian Wool, to suit the wants of those that have been using Imported Goods.

ALSO:

A well selected stock of

Misses, Ladies and Gents Underwear

As Good for the Money as can be Found Anywhere.

T. T. WORRALL,
Rising Sun, Md.

July 18-82

CHAS. BEIN.

84 LEXINGTON STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Watches, Diamonds JEWELRY.

Ladies' Vest Chains, Bangle Bracelets, Sleeve Buttons, Gold Fenchs, Gents' Vest Chains, Gents' Pins and Ear Rings, Rings, Studs, Etc. Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Rogers' Plated Knives, Forks, and Spoons; Watches and Jewelry Repaired in the best manner, at low prices.
sep 11-ly CHAS. BEIN.

The "CLARENDON,"

Cor. Pratt and Hanover Streets,
BALTIMORE.

\$1.50 TO \$2 PER DAY.

Rooms without Board, 50 cts.,
75 Cts. to \$1 per day.

The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms newly furnished and everything first-class, at low rates.
A. P. ADAMS, J. F. DARROW,
Steward. sept 11 Prop'r.

\$30, \$45, \$60, \$75 PER MONTH.
The above represent what men in our employ are making the true result. We need, we have reliable men. OUTFIT FURNISHED FREE every man who engages with us. For terms address D. F. ATWOOD & CO.,
Newbury, GRAFTON, N. Y.



A. C. YATES & Co.

THE EVER POPULAR
CLOTHING HOUSE

OF PHILADELPHIA, are fully prepared to show a new and handsome variety of Fall and Winter Goods for Men, Youths, Boys and Children (all under one roof now).

A. C. YATES & CO.
602-604-606 CHESTNUT STREET.

Rising Sun Markets.
(Reported by JAMES HANNA.)

GRAIN AND HAY.

Wheat (red).....	87
" No. 2 Del.....	84
Oats.....	28
Corn yellow per bush.....	46
" white ".....	48
Hay, Timothy per ton.....	\$ 15.50
Straw, oats per ton.....	\$ 5.50
" wheat ".....	\$ 5.20
Timothy Seed, per bus.....	2.50

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
(Reported by E. R. BERRINGTON.)

Potatoes per bush, new.....	50
Butter per lb.....	15
Lard ".....	8
Eggs per doz.....	16
Chickens per lb.....	9
Pears, per bush.....	50

Baltimore Markets.

Super Flour.....	\$3.00@3.40
Extra.....	3.50@4.10
Family Flour.....	4.25@5.00
White Corn Meal, p 100 lb.....	1.75
Yellow Corn Chop. ".....	1.15@1.15
Fultz Wheat.....	90@94
Long-Berry Wheat.....	95 @ 98
White Corn.....	53@55
Yellow Corn.....	52@53
Oats.....	31@35
Clover Seed, p lb.....	1.80@2.10
Timothy Seed, p bush.....	2.10
Potatoes, p bush.....	45@60
Eggs.....	16@18
Cecil County Timothy Hay.....	16@17.00
Mixed Hay.....	\$12@13.00
Clover Hay.....	\$12@13
Wheat Straw.....	\$7@8
Oats Straw.....	\$9@8
Rye Straw.....	\$15@15
Wool, unwashed.....	21@25
Wool, washed.....	28@32

PHILADELPHIA PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported weekly for THE MIDLAND JOURNAL by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Butter, Poultry, Eggs, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce. Thursday, Sept. 24, 1885.

BUTTER.
Creamery Prints.....20 to 23
Dairy ".....16 to 18
Common Butter.....6 to 8

EGGS.
Pa. Del. and Md., "Firsts".....21

LIVE POULTRY.

Fowls, straight, nearly—per pound 10 to 11
" mixed.....11 to 10
Chickens, Spring, heavy.....11 to 9
" light.....9 to 10

LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP—PER POUND.

Calfes, Delaware and Md., prime.....6 to 7
" fair.....5 to 6
" common stock.....3 to 4
Sheep, prime.....23 to 4
" fair.....21 to 3
Lamb, extra, Spring.....4 to 5
" fair.....4 to 5
Live Cattle.....51 to 6
Hogs, live (20 lbs. off).....4 to 5
Pigs.....4 to 5

HAY AND STRAW—PER TON.

Timothy, choice.....16.00 to 17.00
" fair.....13.00 to 15.00
Wheat Straw.....9.00 to 10.00
" extra.....9.40 to 10.00
Rye Straw.....16.00 to 17.00

EDITS.

Timothy, per bushel.....1.50 to 2.00
Clover, per pound.....94 to 10
Flax, per bushel.....1.35 to 1.40

3,000 Tons of Hay,
10,000 Bushels of Grain

250 Tons of Fertilizers
500 Tons Coal Best Quality,
250 Tons Winter Wheat Bran,
250,000 Ft. Pine & Oak Lumber,
Shutters, Blinds, Doors, Windows, &c

A. L. DUYCKINCK & CO.,

July 11-8m

Wanted at highest cash market prices.

For sale at prices to suit the times.

RISING SUN, MD.

LADIES!

With Hanover's Tailor System you can cut dresses to fit, without any instructions. One makes garments it perfect. Price for System, Book and Double Tracing Wheel \$8.50.

TO INTRODUCE.
A System, Book and Wheel will be sent on receipt of \$1.00. Address JOHN C. HANOVER, Cincinnati, O.

TINWARE

A large assortment of TIN SHEET IRON, GALVANIZED and JAPANESE constantly on hand and manufactured to order. Special attention given to

Roofing, Spouting and Plumbing
QUEEN (sawed) COAL OIL CANS

CHAMBER SETS, &C.

ELECTRIC LAMPS—genuine make—best coal oil lamps in the world.

TUBULAR LANTERNS with heat light reflectors, unequaled for driving.

Have your HEATERS and FURNACE put in order before cold weather. We make a specialty of repairing and rebuilding stoves, and all kinds of HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS. Goods and KNICK KNACKS for the cook table kept in stock.

C. C. McCLURE,
Rising Sun, Md.

BISSELL CHILLED

PLOW!

Our purpose in presenting this Plow to farmers is to call attention to the fact that we offer to the buyer an improved and perfect Chilled Plow, the Best and Cheapest on the market.

The Hoosier Grain and Fertilizer Drill!

"It has given good satisfaction as a fertilizer, also as a grain and seed drill. It drills oats and grass seed with the same regularity and accuracy that it does wheat."

"D. BAKER."

"The Hoosier Drill is a complete success and is in demand. We are not afraid of any drill. It is a very early running Drill."

"T. W. WILLIAMS."

Improved Willoby Grain and Fertilizer Drill!

We have handled this Drill for 5 years with entire satisfaction. The WILLOBY IMPROVED runs as light as any drill in use.

CORN SHELLERS, HAY & STRAW CUTTERS, POWER OR HAND, TWIN HARROWS, CULTIVATORS

FOR PREPARING GROUND FOR SEEDING.

PLOW CASTINGS FOR SOUTH BEND, DIAMOND IRON AND BOWLAND CHILLED PLOWS, TWO-HORSE WAGONS OF OUR OWN MAKE.

Repairing of Farm Machinery a specialty. Parts kept on hand for all machinery used by us.

J. C. BIRD & SONS,
Rising Sun - - - Md

JAMES BARNES,

—AT WAREHOUSE—

Rising Sun Station,

Offers the highest rates for HAY, GRAIN, &c., and has for sale

COAL of the BEST QUALITY at the BOTTOM PRICES.

Fertilizers of Established Reputation, such as

Cope's, Waring's,

Eureka, Pork

& Co's and

The Planet Brand Bone

and Phosphate.

aug 7-82

EMPIRE DRILL

In offering the Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill to the farmers of this country, for the season of 1885 and soliciting their valued orders, we are confident that we are presenting for the consideration and acceptance an important which, in the line of seedling machines, was never equalled, and stands today without a peer.

BUNCHING GRAIN

There is no liability to bunch grain with our device, as the construction is such that the grain is carried immediately to the point of discharge by the feeding cup.

LIGHT DRAFT

The draft of the Empire is one-third lighter than that of any other Drill made, because the wheels are hung on taper axles, and a wedge runs true, without binding, the same as wagon wheels.

Force Feed Fertilizer Attachment

In 1879 we secured, and after many experiments at heavy expense. We perceived and put upon the market, the device now widely known as the Empire Force Feed Fertilizer Attachment, which has been met with in the distribution of the commercial market, and holds the conditions which are so conspicuously absent in the gravity feed.

WARRANTY

We warrant our Drill to be well finished, and made of good material, and to be in the grain and fertilizer evenly and continuously, in a good and workmanlike manner.

For sale by JOSEPH F. POITTE,
Rising Sun, Md.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for cuts, bruises, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, itches, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded.

Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. L. R. Kirk.

aug 7

NOVELTIES!

NOVELTIES

AT E. K. BROWN'S.

The Yale Comet Clock. Reliable time-keeper; will give purchaser entire satisfaction. Only \$1.25.

FOX'S Eureka EYE GLASSES.

can be adjusted to fit comfortably and firmly on any nose, whether large or small.

KEITH'S COMMON SENSE CUFF

HOLDER!

WHAT IS IT FOR?

1st. To avoid the annoyance of buttoning on your Cuffs.

2nd. To regulate the length of your Cuff by moving it up or down, and fastening it to the slit of your shirt sleeve.

3rd. The convenience of taking off your Cuff or putting it on without handling it.

4th. Now, would you do without it for 25 cents?

Also a Full Line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Spectacles on hand, or secured on Special Order at Short Notice.

—Repairing promptly attended to.—

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A Radical Cure for SPERMATORRHOEA AND IMPOTENCY.

Tested for over 6 years by one of the most thorough of

NERVOUS DEBILITY AND ORGANIC WEAKNESS

In Young & Middle Age

HARRIS REMEDY CO., 177 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

See the advertisement in the Midland Journal, 20, 21 and 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.