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OUR FATHER'S HOUSE

DR. TALMAGE TEACHES A LESSON OF PATIENCE.

Preaches an Impressive Sermon, With Moving Day For a Theme. Warns Us Not to Be Puffed Up With Transitory Earthly Grandeur.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is pertinent at this time of year, when many people are moving from house to house, and it teaches lessons of patience and equanimity in very trying circumstances; text, Philippians iv, 12, "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residences. Having been born in a house and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm; they are large; they are very comfortable; they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold.

We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches; we come farther on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the center and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After awhile the porch was born, after awhile the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old chimneys had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding of it. There being no windows, the people were dependent for light upon lattice-work, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as 200 or 300 years ago, in England and Scotland so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand mill and an oven and a few leather bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department.

Modern Architecture. Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mansions and columns, while they allowed the people for residence to burrow like muskrats in the earth. St. Sophia's of Constantinople, St. Mark's of Venice, St. Peter's of Rome, are only the Raphaelic walls against which lean the squallor and the pauperism of many nations. In England and Scotland so great a rejoice that, while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate and grand courthouses in which to administer justice and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the arch of Trajan at Beneventum as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter, nor have I so much interest in the temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house, and I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics which goes crazy over a twisted vase or a queer handled jug in use 3,000 years ago or a pitcher out of which the ancient pharaohs poured their drunken delirium, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

Thank God for your home, not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home today, count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in awhile you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born and whose father was born and his grandfather was born and his great-grandfather was born, but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

A Nomadic Race. In a private vehicle, and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson, the best ride on the planet for those who want to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me they all told me—that all the houses had been sold—that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because of financial misfortune, or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because

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death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up the directory of any city of England or America and see how few people live where they lived 15 years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. I saw Monticello, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the White House, which was President Taylor's residence and President Lincoln's residence and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case? I tell you that the race is nomadic and no sooner gets in one place than its wants to change for another place or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Aye, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips its headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence.

Time For Prayer. A day this spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded; it will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furniture from one house to another; it will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockery broken, and their carpets mired, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers; it will be a hard day for landlords; it will be a hard day for tenants. Especially grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour of the morning of the 1st of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments. There is no more fearful pass than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out and the other moving in. The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the 1st of January, and the 1st of February, and the 1st of March, and the 1st of April will not be sufficient for the 1st of May. In the morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal scuttle and say your prayers at night though your knees come down on a paper of carpet tacks! You will want supernatural help if any of you move—help in the morning to start out aright on the day's work, help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make a Nantippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crises of moving day, and have stood appalled and amazed and hopeless in the shipping dock, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people; so I preach this practical Mayday sermon. All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed, and your wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home.

The New Home. My first word, then, in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now, we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity or make your brightly polished silver doleful the ceiling plate to your buried humility. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked; they stimper where once they laughed; they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of those waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder." I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house. No sooner did they go over the door sill of the new house than they became a glacial nuisance. They were the terror of dry goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept and, if compelled to stand a moment, with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and convicts. They began to hunt up the family coat of arms and had iron couliant or unicorn rampant on the carriage door when, if they had the appropriate coat of arms, it would have been a butter firkin, or a shoe last, or a plow, or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they were trickled out of heaven on a heap of hot sulfur. The first thing you know of them the father will fall in business and the daughter will "die" with a French dancing master. A woman spoiled by a finer house is bad enough, but a man so upset is sickening. The lavender foot goes around so dainty and so precise and so affected in the roll of his eyes, or the whirl of his cane, or the creaking of the ivory handle against his front teeth, or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "Oh's" and "Ah's" that he is to use a dose of Ipecacuanha. Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house thank God for more room for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading or wealth of brick-oven. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common sense; do not lose your balance; do not be spoiled by your successes.

Trust In God. Years ago we were the guests in an English manor. The stately, the ferocious, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could to make the place attractive. For generations there has been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half past 9 o'clock in the morning the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some 20 or 30 manservants and maidservants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the es-

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ate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, his daughter at the organ started the music, and then, the music over, the proprietor of the estate knelt down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employees, to the Lord Almighty. God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. It knows how to abound. He trusted God, and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of 50 merchant princes as mighty for God as they are mighty in worldly successes. Ah, my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life; do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door or the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry! Many of those who come to your house are favoring parasites. They are not so much in love with you as they are in love with your money and your success. You move down next year to 229 Low Water Mark street and see how many of their carriages "halt at your door!"

Timon of Athens was a wealthy lord, and all the mighty men and women of the land came and sat at his banquet, proud to sit there, and they drank deep to his health. They sent him costly presents. He sent costlier presents back again, and there was no man in all the land so admired as Timon of Athens, the wealthy lord. But after awhile, through lavish hospitality or through betrayal, he lost everything. He went to seek help to those lords whom he had banqueted and to whom he had given large sums of money. Lucullus, Lancelus, Sempronius and Ventidius—did those lords send any help to him? Oh, no! Lucullus said, when he was applied to: "Well, I thought that Timon would come down. He was too lavish. Let him suffer for his recklessness." Lucullus said, "I would be very glad to help Timon, but I have made large purchases, and my means are all absorbed." And one lord sent another excuse, and another lord sent another excuse. But, to the astonishment of everybody, after awhile Timon proclaimed another feast. Those lords said to themselves, "Why, either Timon has had a good turn of fortune or he has not been deceiving us, testing our love." And so they all flocked to the banquet, apologetic for seeming lukewarmness. The guests were all seated at the table, and Timon ordered the covers lifted. The covers lifted, there was nothing under them but smoking hot water. Timon said to his guests, "Dogs, lap, lap, dogs!" And under the terrific irony they fled the room, while Timon pursued them with his anathema, calling them fools of fortune, destroyers of happiness under a mask, hurling at the same time the pitchers and the chalices after them. Oh, my friends, I would not want to make you oversuspicious in the day of your success, but I want you to understand right well there is a vast difference between the popularity of Timon the prosperous and Timon the unfortunate; I want you to know there is a vast difference in the number of people who admire a man when he is going up and the number of people who admire him when he is going down.

Sad Changes. But I must have a word with those who in this Mayday time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sad times the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size, and so much room is not required; so they move out into small apartments. I know there are such cases. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other members of the family, and after awhile father and mother wake up to find their family just the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it. Moving day is a great sadness to such if they have the law of association dominant. There are the rooms named after the different members of the family. I suppose it is so in all your households. It is so in mine. We name the rooms after the persons who occupy them. And then there is the dining hall where the festivities took place, the holiday festivities; there is the sitting room where the family met night after night, and there is the room sacred because there a life started or a life stopped—the Alpha and the Omega of some earthly existence. Scene of meeting and parting, every doorknob, every fresco, every mantle, every threshold, meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one else. When moving out of a large house, I have always been in the habit, after everything was gone, of going into each room and bidding it a polite farewell. There will be tears running down many cheeks in the Maytime moving that the car men will not be able to understand. It is a solemn and a touching and an overwhelming thing to leave places forever—places where we have struggled and toiled and wept and sung and prayed and anxiously watched and agonized. Oh, life is such a strange mixture of honey and of gall, wealings and burials, midnoon and midnight, sunshine and shadow, light and darkness! Every house a light-house against which the billows of many seas tumble. Thank God that such changes are not always going to continue; otherwise the nerves would give out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear when his daughter Cordelia came to medicine his domestic calamity.

How To Be Happy. But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and others suffer in grand mansions in 20. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the glare of a chandelier, all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier—John Bunyan in Bedford Jail or Belshazzar in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic; it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rovers in the house to which you move? You will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? All the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old fashioned toilet

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instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with phlegmics and indigestible salads. Is it a little debt? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift your clothesbasket over the banisters and the curruis is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to your new destination I congratulate you. You are going to have a better life this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home, and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor that will sanctify your socialities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children; God in the dining hall that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet; God in the morning that will launch the day bravely from the dry docks; God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

Our Father's House. And get joy, and all of you, whether you move or do not move, get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were destroyed, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to pay it. How much must we pay for it? How much, cash down, and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When we are going to move into it? We are moving now. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after awhile they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in beyond moving day was a jubilation.

On almost the first Lord we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary, and toward night, and perhaps in the last year, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down to eat at a table—each of them with every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord, shows that some of us have been having a good while. We have sent on children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after awhile it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us, they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the chandeliers. And then, the last Lord unloaded, the table will be spread, and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our spiritual families, and the chandeliers will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the net of earthly luxuries, but with the new wine of the "Kingdom." And show for the first time that will make you stand with awe on earth, that we framed to displease death, has turned out only to be the mother from a smaller house into a larger one and the entrance of a party for a prince's coronation and the going of a child from a maternal kitchen to a glorious parlor. O house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Chapter XXXIII. by Louis Klossch. Captain Macomber, captain, U. S. A., who has just been retired on account of age, first left the life of a civilian in 1862, when he enlisted as a private in the First Vermont Heavy Artillery. He served in the civil war with such gallantry that he earned six consecutive promotions, passing through the ranks of corporal, sergeant and first lieutenant. At the battle before Petersburg he was shot through the body and severely wounded in the head and was later brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious service. He became a chaplain in the regular army in 1880, being stationed at that time at Fort Custer, Montana. In 1887 he was transferred to Fort Sherman, Idaho, and in 1893 he was sent to Angel Island. During the last year he has been stationed at the Presidio.

The Poetry Trust. At this the poets formed a trust. "Henceforth," they announced firmly, "the price of all poetry will be \$10 per agate line!" Only the rich could afford poetry now.

As for the poor, all the poetry was taken out of their lives and much of the dogwood.

The Azarrians were furious, and there was more talk than ever of an armed invasion of New Jersey.

"It is with a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction that I received Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Druggist A. W. Sawtelle, of Hartford, Conn. "A lady customer, seeing the remedy exposed for sale on my show case, said to me: 'I really believe that medicine saved my life the past summer while at the shore,' and she became so enthusiastic over its merits that I at once made up my mind to recommend it in the future. Recently a gentleman came into my store so overcome with colic pains that he sank at once to the floor. I gave him a dose of this remedy which helped him. I repeated the dose and in fifteen minutes he left the store smiling. In informing me that he felt as well as ever." Sold by Wm. P. Bell & Co., Accomac C. H., Va.

BLIZZARDS AT SEA.

They Cost the Big Liners Between \$2,000 and \$3,000 a Day.

The question of loss owing to the delay of the trips of ocean steamships during a blizzard like that of 1899 is so involved, having so many factors and many of these unknown to the pure theorist, that an accurate estimate is impossible. As a matter of bookkeeping it is doubtful if the companies themselves can figure their losses to a dollar.

There are some elements, given quantities in the problem, however, which are known to every one. Figuring on the basis of these, we can understand how a large liner can easily lose between \$1,000 and \$2,000 a day by delay. Coal must be burned and food must be consumed. The wear and tear of the ship and, more important yet, the break of other vessels if wrecks are likely are other factors in the complex problem. The wages of the officers and crew on some lines would not count, as the officers receive stated salaries and the men are paid by the trip. Again, on many lines, wages are based upon a monthly scale.

Nearly everybody knows that good steaming coal in England and on the continent costs about \$3 a ton. In the floating first class hotels, which all the best liners are, it costs at least \$3 a day to enter to the ordinary sea appetite of every passenger, and this whether the traveler appears at table or stays away.

It is now easy to make a simple estimate. The Paris docked recently three days late. Her average coal consumption in fair weather is 300 tons per day. In rough weather it would be reduced at least one-half.

The cost of maintaining second cabin passengers may be computed at \$1.50 or \$2 a day and of stowage passengers at 75 cents a day. She brought 100 saloon, 60 second cabin and 100 stowage passengers. The table would thus look like this:

Coal, 150 tons, at \$3.....	\$450.00
Food, 60 second passengers, at \$3.....	\$180.00
Food, 60 second passengers, at \$2.25.....	\$135.00
Food, 100 stowage passengers, at 75c.....	75.00
Total loss for one day.....	\$840.00

Computing the wear and tear, the loss of the use of the ship and other expenses, of which the layman knows nothing, it can be readily seen how the loss would foot up to \$2,500 a day.

A steamship man who spent a lifetime in the business estimates that the delay of the Paris and the Etruria in the blizzard of 1899 cost each of those ships between \$2,000 and \$4,000 a day.

A ship which burns only 50 tons of coal in headstrong weather, brings in 35 saloon and 100 stowage passengers, would spend about \$300 a day for the items detailed. A week's delay would entail a loss of \$2,100.

The managers of the steamship companies themselves say they do not know how much they lose.

In estimating the losses by tramp steamers it is a hard matter to get a mind that steaming coal for some classes of ships can be procured in England for \$2 and even \$1.50 per ton and that a scamm or stoker can be supported for a shilling a day.

The loss of a charter through unexpected delay is a distinct consideration in the problem and would not come under general discussion.

If the subject of profit and loss to consignees of cargo be considered, the question has many ramifications, which involve endless figuring and averaging. In case of scarcity of a commodity the consignee gains by delay, but in case of a glut the consignee loses through a prolonged trip of his freight.—Bangor (Me.) News.

Held the Duke's Baggage. His grace the Duke of Veragua has been annoyed by namesy men again. He was passing through Paris on his way back from Berlin, after delivering the insignia of the Golden Fleece to the German crown prince, when a French creditor levied execution on his baggage. The duke in 1880 undertook to build a bull ring in the Bois de Boulogne, but the speculation proved a failure, and the contractors remained unpaid. One of these heard of the duke's presence in Paris and thought he had caught him. The Spanish ambassador intervened, however, with the statement that the duke was on a diplomatic mission, and the baggage was released.

Vinegar Drinkers in Kansas. It is reported in one of the smaller cities not far from Kansas City that a good many of the people there are becoming vinegar drinkers. They began by taking the vinegar as a preventive of smallpox, drinking it three times a day. The system soon seemed to demand it, and the doses were increased until, as a local paper puts it, the victims imagined they required their vinegar, just as the fustier does his peedical drinks. One woman who has become addicted to the habit drinks a pint of vinegar a day.—Kansas City Journal.

Well Paid Widows. The English parliament makes liberal allowances to the widows of the royal family. A queen dowager's annual income from that source is \$500,000; that of a dowager princess of Wales is \$200,000. Other widows of royal princes receive \$30,000. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, granddaughter of George III, receives \$15,000 yearly.

Dewey's Rank. Here is a conundrum frequently asked at Blue Parties nowadays: "How was Admiral Dewey's naval rank reduced when he got married?" "He became Mrs. Dewey's second mate."—Chicago Record