The Democratic Advocate.

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FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

A FULL LINE

AND

AT LOWEST PRICES,

AT

J. E. MATHEWS',

Corner Court and Main Streets,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

DRESS GOODS, CASHMERES,
ILLUMINATED CREPES,
WORSTED PLAIDS, VELVETINES,
6-4 CLOTH SUITINGS,
CASSIMERES, KERSEYS,
CORDUROY,
FLANNELS, COTTON AND WOOL,
BLANKETS, SHAWLS,
NOTIONS, GLOVES AND HOSIERY,
CORSETS, UNDERWEAR,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
GUARANTEED BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.

All Very Cheap. Come and See,

And get good value for your money.

PELS' HAND-MADE SHOES.
DR. MATHEWS' CELEBRATED FAMILY PILLS.

oct6 J. E. MATHEWS.

FALL. FALL.

Our stock is now complete for the Autumn season.

We have a big variety of

SCHOOL SUITS

FOR BOYS,

to which, together with our

GENERAL ASSORTMENT,

We would call your attention, as well as to the fact that we offer our goods at such prices as will prove satisfactory to our patrons.

All of our goods are perfectly shrunk before being made up.

NOAH WALKER & CO.,
165 and 167 West Baltimore Street,
oct6-tf Baltimore, Md.

CHAS. C. KRAFT,

(Late Organist of the First Presbyterian and other churches in Baltimore for over 15 years,)

TEACHER OF PIANO, CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGAN, HARMONY AND VOCAL MUSIC.

Vocal Classes and Schools Taught.

CONCERTS AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES CONDUCTED.

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOS, CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS.

Permanently located at

MARSH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, MD.

All orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Refers to Dr. Chas. Billingslea, Westminster, Prof. W. H. Zimmerman, Westminster, New Windsor College, Protestant Episcopal Church, Westminster. sep1,83-1y

FALL GOODS.

A FULL STOCK OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Shirts and Drawers,

Gent's Furnishing Goods Generally,

Boots, Shoes and Hats.

PRICES GUARANTEED AS LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN THE COUNTY.

The best Shoe for the price is

THE "DOUGLAS" SHOE,

In Lace, Button and Gaiter.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED. SOLD ONLY BY

sep8 H. L. NORRIS.

FOR BARGAINS IN

HATS, CAPS AND STRAW GOODS,

We would advise you to visit

FRANK RAYMO'S HAT EMPORIUM,

221 North Gay Street, 2 doors south of Market,

Baltimore, Md.

A CALL SOLICITED.

ap 9 1888-1yr

T. P. BUCKINGHAM,
(Successor to A. M. Warner).
West End.....Westminster, Md.

DEALER IN

SYRUPS, SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS,
BACON, LARD, SALT, FISH,
BURNING AND LUBRICATING OILS,
CONFECTIONERIES,
PURE CIDER VINEGAR, TOBACCO,
CIGARS, CIGARETTES, ETC.

Also Agent for ROLAND CHILLED PLOW. Repairs constantly on hand. A call is solicited.

july28-1yr T. P. BUCKINGHAM.

ACROSS THE LINE.

Immigration pours into Waynesboro', Pa., thick and fast. Her manufactories with invested millions gives an immense impetus to all kinds of business, begets a vigorous market for produce and keeps real estate piling up in values

The undersigned have a half dozen MAGNIFICENT FARMS near town for sale, and a great number of Town Properties, descriptions of which will be promptly furnished on application.

MARTIN & STOLER,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
sept 8-6m Waynesboro', Pa.

A. BILLINGSLEA.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes,

SNUFF, &c.

Main St., Near Court, Westminster, Md

TO FARMERS IN NEED OF A GRAIN AND FERTILIZER DRILL.

We would call your attention to the immense advantages of the Empire over all others.

The EMPIRE is a POSITIVE FORCE FEED

in all of its departments. It will sow exactly any reasonable quantity of grain, fertilizers or grass seed to the acre, without bunching or clogging, and is the

Lightest Draft Drill in the Market.

Our Fertilizer Device is the

SIMPLEST AND MOST DURABLE

in the market. It sows wet and dry phosphate alike, without pasting. It distributes an even and continuous stream. It regulates the quantity sown positively by change of gear, thereby avoiding all guess work. Our patrons say

THEY CAN SAVE 15 PER CENT.

of their fertilizers by using the Empire device, over any other.

THERE ARE SEVEN THOUSAND IN USE

giving unbounded satisfaction. Our Drill is

Fully Warranted in Every Particular

and sells as low as the lowest. Send for circulars.

EMPIRE DRILL CO.,
No. 10 Swan St., Baltimore, Md.
sept 1-2mos

FOR SALE BY A. N. STEPHAN.

The finest stock of Spring Goods ever offered in this market, such as Hames,

TRACE CHAINS OF ALL GRADES,

Tongue, Breast, Stay, Halter,

LOG AND FIFTH CHAINS,

Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Rakes, Spades, SAWS of every description, Grindstones and Hangers, Vises, Anvils, Bellows and Blowers.

STEEL SHOVEL BLADES,

of all sizes. To any one needing such goods it will be to their advantage to call and see my stock. Also HARDWARE, Iron, Steel, Coach Goods, Wheels, Leather, Glass, Oils, Paints, &c.

CUCUMBER PUMPS,

The Celebrated Excelsior COOK STOVES,

LONDON HORSE and CATTLE FOOD,

READY-MIXED HOUSE PAINT,

BARB FENCE WIRE.

A. N. STEPHAN,
feb 17-tf Near Depot, Westminster, Md.

FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR!

Westminster Flouring Mills,

W. S. MYER & BRO. PROPRIETORS.

Manufacture and have on sale the following brands of Flour:

Oriole Family } Patent Process.
A No. 1 Family }

Westminster Family } New Process.
Parr's Ridge Family }
Westminster Extra }

Above Brands Flour on sale at Barrel Prices, in

Half Barrel Sacks, (98 lbs.)
Quarter " " (49 lbs.)
Eighth " " (24½ lbs.)
Sixteenth " " (12½ lbs.)

Have constantly on hand and for sale Bran, Middlings and Offall in general. Agents for

Standard Brands of Fertilizers.

For sale at Manufacturers' Prices.
feb 4 1882-1y

A. H. HUBER,

NO. 3 CARROLL HALL,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
AND PERFUMERY.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO PHYSICIANS' ORDERS AND PRESCRIPTIONS.

april 25-tf

LUMBER, COAL, LUMBER.

I have just returned from the Lumber Regions—and am now receiving the largest selection of LUMBER ever offered at this place, at Reduced Prices, consisting of Yellow Pine, Spruce and Hemlock

JOIST AND SCANTLING

of all lengths and sizes, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 White Pine Boards and Plank, Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Dressed and Undressed Weatherboarding, White Pine, Cypress and Chestnut Shingles, Walnut and Ash Boards and Plank, Plain and Headed Picketts, Shingle and Plastering Laths, prime lot of Chestnut Rails and Posts. Also all the

DIFFERENT KINDS OF COAL.

Thinking large sales with small profits better than small sales with large profits, I have concluded to adopt the former as my guide, and hope I shall be enabled to carry it out by persons in want of anything in my line giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

EDWARD LYNCH,
Near Depot, Westminster, Md.
feb 29-tf

FRANK K. HERR. SAMUEL K. HERR.

F. K. HERR & BRO.,

Manufacturers of

COACHES, CARRIAGES,

BUGGIES, JAGGER WAGONS!!

PHAETONS, &C.

Special attention given to Repairing. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

Factory opposite The Court House, Court street, Westminster, Md.
aug 8-1y

J. H. MEDAIRY & CO.,
PRINTERS,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

No. 6 NORTH HOWARD STREET,

Opposite the Howard House,

BALTIMORE.

Blank Books Made to Order in any Style. nov 25 1882 1y

Select Poetry.

WHEN.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some day in the spring,
When earth is bright and glad,
When wild birds sing
And fewest hearts are sad,
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter when!
I know it will be sweet
To leave the home of men
To rest beneath the sod,
To kneel and kiss Thy feet
In Thy home—Oh, my God!

Some summer morn,
When all the winds sing songs;
When roses hide each thorn,
And smile, the spirit's wrongs,
Shall I die then?
Ah! me! no matter when!
I know I will rejoice
To leave the home of men
To rest beyond the sod,
To hear Thy tender voice
In Thy home—Oh! my God.

Some autumn eve
When shadows dim the sky,
When all things grieve
And fairest things all die,
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter when!
I know I will be glad
To leave the home of men
To rest beneath the sod,
No heart can e'er be sad
In Thy home—Oh! my God.

Some winter day
When all the sky is gloom,
And beauteous May
Sleep in the December's tomb,
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter when!
My heart will throb with joy
To leave the home of men
To rest beneath the sod,
Ah! joy has no alloy
In Thy home—Oh! my God.

Ah, me! I tell
The rosary of my years:
And it is well
The beads are strung with tears!
Haste, death, and come,
I pine, I pray for home!
I know it will be sweet
To rest beneath the sod,
To kneel and kiss Thy feet
In Thy home—Oh! my God.

Select Story.

THE PLAGUE OF HIS LIFE.

"That girl has done nothing but provoke and annoy me ever since she came from school three months ago. I wish, Carrie, you would send her away somewhere—anywhere out of my sight. She is the plague of my life."

Miss Carrie Ives looked pleasantly up from her reading, her plump finger marking the paragraph that had been interrupted by her brother's impatient speech.

"Why, Fred, what has the child done now?" she inquired.

His fine, pale, grave face flushed a little, and a half confused expression came into his serious, gray eyes.

"This is the young vandal's latest achievement in the impertinent line!" he said, with a short laugh of chagrin as he pushed toward her a big volume of some abstruce work and turned the fly-leaf.

Thereon had been sketched an inimitable portrait of himself, sitting in his familiar and scholarly attitude in his leathern chair before his library table—an inelegant study gown hanging ungracefully from his large shoulders—and the hand that supported a Websterian head clutching an untidy shock of hair. It was too consummate a resemblance to be gratifying, and altogether too exact for caricature; the dexterous pencil had not in the least exaggerated the peculiarities of Frederick Ives, for he had his own little eccentricities and mannerisms, just as all have, if we chose to admit the fact.

"It is an amazing likeness of yourself, Fred," was his sister's laughing comment.

"Possibly," he returned in that half mortified, half angry manner; "and I dare say it may be good for a man to see himself occasionally as 'others' see him. But this sort of embellishment is not precisely desirable in a valuable book of science. Jessie Evelyn is becoming quite too mischievous, Carrie; and I fear if you cannot provide a home elsewhere for her, I shall feel compelled to leave you."

"O, Fred!" the gentle little lady cried in dismay. "Surely you cannot mean that? Jessie must really stay with me while she is a minor and remains unmarried. If you would be less captious toward her, perhaps she would be more amiable toward you. You treat her as if she were a little vixen, and she resents it by being as vixenly as possible; but that is woman's way, I suppose," she added humorously.

"I know nothing about woman and their ways," he answered grimly.

"But you could try to win Jessie's liking, Fred," she returned coaxingly.

"I win her liking," he repeated in a strange, harsh voice. "You suggest what is impossible, Carrie—it is only too obvious that our protege detests me."

Just then a dark, swift something rushed pass the window outside. It was only a handsome, smiling girl riding a superb black horse rapidly up the gravelled path toward the stables; but at the sight Carrie uttered a quick cry of surprise and amusement, and the man started to his feet, his features ashy and his lips unsteady.

"I advised Jessie not to ride at all. I forebade her going near that horse," he exclaimed after a long incredulous stare at the composed rider and admirably behaved animal. "I wonder she is not killed."

"She has subjugated your horse, Fred, just as she manages to subjugate everything else which opposes her," the lady said admiringly. "Observe her and allow her cleverness. She has metamorphosed my old black cloth mantle into a really pretty habit; with characteristic ingenuity she has arranged your man's saddle to suit a lady's seat; and she has utilized your best silk hat, Fred—it becomes her too with that bit of deep gauze about the tall crown."

"I detest anything manish in a woman," Fred declared crossly, as he resumed his leathern chair.

Certainly the gentleman had experienced very little peace since that perverse girl of seventeen—that incarnation of audacity and witchery, had invaded the tranquil country home of his indulgent spinster sister. If he wished a little season of particular quietude, the tinkle of the piano and a distractingly sweet voice would sound through the house. If he consulted his labored notes upon some especially favored historical or poetical work, his equanimity would be disturbed by keen and pertinent interpolations that his own wit had never suggested. If he attempted any remonstrance, she would blunt his censure with a pun and defy rebuke by an ingenious repartee. She would affect scientific themes that she might disconcert him by some problem too difficult for his elucidation; she dared his opinions and challenged his sentiments; she wore the colors, the flowers, the gems she knew he most disliked; and she was indeed the plague of his life.

"Why do you always wear the topaz, Miss Evelyn?" he asked her later that day.

He had glanced up with a ready frown at the exquisite shape and charming brunette face, perceiving only the yellow gem he whimsically abominated, glittering in her coal black hair and amid the white laces on her bosom.

"An amulet," she replied quickly, merrily and meaningly. "It is a preservative against poison, you know."

The speech was not quite civil; the laughing glance of the big black eyes was saucy and significant; but her manner was the perfection of innocent playfulness.

Fred's frowning face crimsoned.

"What monster of iniquity would wish to harm so gentle and gracious a lady?" he retorted, with ungallant irony.

She regarded him for a moment with a curiously intent and questioning look, before which his countenance suddenly changed—suddenly he seemed defensive rather than aggressive, as one who feared his own weakness rather than the strength of the enemy.

Perhaps she discerned something in his uneasiness that she wilfully declined to understand; perhaps she comprehended a pain that thrilled her more than she cared to acknowledge—or she, too, changed.

"Mr. Ives," she began at length, with a singular new splendor in her sweet smile and a singular new sweetness in her voice, "any sarcasm is absurd between you and me. The candid truth is so much better always even if it be disagreeable. I am perfectly aware that you detest me; that everything I do displeases or annoys you. You have given me abundant proof of dislike, and never yet vouchsafed me a kindness nor a courtesy. It is you who are ungentle—you are ungracious. Why you are so I may not inquire; but I shall implore our Carrie to send me away, and trust that you may never again be afflicted with the presence of so luckless a person as myself."

And while he marveled if this new amiability, this charming combination of humility and dignity, were sincerity or a snare, she had gone, leaving him somewhat bewildered and wholly uncomfortable.

"I have a mind to try the subjugated black horse myself," he thought presently, as he noted the gleam of a white dress and an amber scarf among the trees up the long shady road.

But the black horse had not been subjugated for Fred's pleasure, evidently. The mettle that had been obedient to the slightest command of one dainty, daring girl, had not been tamed for his control.

Jessie, pausing by the pleasant wayside, was suddenly started by the unsteady tramp of hoofs, and looked up to behold the unmanageable animal galloping toward her. The next instant he tossed his vicious head aloft and reared on his haunches; simultaneously the saddle girth snapped asunder, and the unfortunate rider was precipitated upon the level sward almost at her very feet.

"Oh, Fred, are you hurt?" she inquired in tones of tenderest concern, as she knelt down beside him and slipped her pretty arm beneath his fallen head.

"Yes," he answered, gazing straight up into her anxious eyes. "I am hurt to death for love of the girl who hates me, who fancies that I have disliked her."

It was an odd love-making, doubtlessly; but there and then, holding fast the little wilful hand, the lover rehearsed the ancient and delectable story.

"Of course I will marry you, Fred," she assured him sweetly. "I always knew I was doomed to be the plague of your life."

A New Metal.

Not a new metal, either, but a new and cheap method of getting a valuable old metal. I stepped into the office of the poet broker, E. C. Stedman, down on Pine street. There's a "piece of aluminum," he said, handing to me what seemed a piece of a silver bar. I had never seen any before, and was surprised to find it apparently no heavier than so much white pine. Suddenly I recalled Stedman's article in the *Century* on ballooning, and his remark that the science of aerostatics would make great progress if a mass of aluminum could be found, thereby putting into our hands the lightest and strongest of metals. It is only one-fourth as heavy as silver, but has been found in a mass nowhere on the earth, being obtained only from the powder found in clay and granite. "They have discovered a process in Sheffield," said Mr. Stedman, "of producing it easily, so that what has cost $1 or even $2 an ounce may fall to twenty cents an ounce or less. Now that will be an important element in successful navigation of the air. As an alloy of copper it results in a metal thirty-seven times stronger than steel. That's what we have been looking for. It is very ductile. It will not rust. Don't you see how indispensable it is to flying? And then, if it is produced cheaply, a precious metal that has been costlier and scarcer than silver will be introduced into the arts. No more plated spoons, you see, but aluminum spoons wear the same all through. So of countless other articles of necessity and luxury. The jeweler will be again reinforced. Lighter than glass and seven times stronger than steel. That's it!"—*New York Letter.*

Newspaper Honor.

Said Col. G. A. Pierce in an address at Fort Wayne, Ind.: A short time ago a discussion arose in Chicago as to the relative duty of lawyers and newspapers, and the following query occurred to me: What would be said of any respectable journal that would take a fee for trying to make black appear white—that should undertake the defence of a notorious murderer, for instance? Not secretly, and while pretending to be impartial—that, of course, would be intensely hypocritical and dishonorable—but openly and notoriously? The accused party would say: "I want defenders, I will hire lawyer Such-a-one and newspaper So-and-so." What an outcry would go up, and yet what is it that makes such an act highly dishonorable on the part of an attorney? Is newspaper honor held too high, or is legal honor too low? I believe the time will come when a lawyer's duties will be confined to seeing that murderers and highway robbers have a fair and just trial according to law, and when no amount of money will be allowed to convert them into paid eulogists of dangerous men.

A CAR-LOAD.—You often want to know what constitutes a car-load. Well, paste this in your hat and you will have the answer handy:—Nominally a car-load is 20,000 pounds. It is also seventy barrels of salt, seventy of lime, ninety of flour, sixty of whiskey, eighteen or twenty head of cattle, fifty or sixty head of hogs, ninety to one hundred head of sheep, two hundred sacks of flour, six cords of wood, 30,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one-fourth less of green, one-tenth less of joist, 340 bushels of wheat, 400 of barley, 400 of corn, 660 of oats, 360 of flax seed, 360 sweet potatoes and 1,000 of bran.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing, and of making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens far more than tears.

Labouchere says that the British public must be paid or amused in order to make it charitable.

Our Olio.

The Cape Ann Fisherman.

A Gloucester, Mass., letter to the New York *Evening Post*, says:—"The more one studies the Cape Ann fisherman, the greater becomes his respect for him. Really the courage, energy and fortitude displayed in the founding and building of a flourishing city, among these sterile crags, is most admirable. Fishermen have reared it from the beginning. The fourteen men who may be said to have founded the town in 1623, were fishermen, part of the crew of a vessel despatched to this coast for a fare, by a fishing company in England, and left here with the design of founding a fishing station and depot of supplies; and since then the prosecution of the fisheries has been the only inducement for men to settle or remain here. The town has literally grown up through and in spite of disaster; every year Neptune has titled its population, and every year the gap has been filled, and the town given a sturdier and more tenacious hold on life. From lists kept in the town, it appears that between 1830, and April, 1882, 2,351 men, in 438 vessels, were swallowed up in the sea. Of the thousands lost before that date, no record has been kept; they are as utterly forgotten as though they had never been.

Singularly enough, the most terrible gales, involving wholesale destruction of life have been of comparatively recent date. The February gale of 1862, swept down on "George's" from the northwest with terrible force; thirteen of the seventy sail there at anchor were sent to the bottom with their crews, two were abandoned, the crews being rescued, and of the remainder not one escaped unharmed, all losing anchors, booms, masts, or being so badly stove as scarcely to be able to make port. In a few hours 120 men were overwhelmed, leaving behind in the home port, seventy widows, and 150 fatherless children. The reader can imagine the scenes presented, beyond all power of description, when the battered remnant of the fleet came weeping into port, bearing news of the disaster. In the northeaster of March 22, 1864, four vessels, with fifty-seven men were lost. The gale of February 20 and 21, 1879, was the most destructive to life ever known, 249 men being lost in it, leaving fifty-seven widows and 140 children, to mourn their loss.

In an economic sense the condition of the fishermen is much better than it was a quarter of a century ago. With improved methods they generally secure a better fare; they have a larger share, and more care is taken by the fitter-out for their comfort. Crews still ship "on the lay"; that is, for a certain share of the profits, after expenses of salting, packing, barrels, etc., have been deducted, the owner furnishing vessel and outfit. The lay at present is one-half the profits. From some fares brought into port during the last ten years, one would conclude that the hardy toilers must soon become wealthy. For a long time the largest "stock" ever made in a season by a banker, was that of the schooner Racer, in 1866. Her catch brought $22,000, William Thompson who was "high lines" that year, receiving $1,300 for his season's work. The schooner Mary Carish, in 1871, after an absence of thirty-four days, brought in 58,553 pounds of halibut, 6,900 pounds of codfish, netting $4,738.75, the crew sharing $236.25 each. Capt. Benjamin Hines, however, eclipsed both by arriving in October, 1880, with 320,000 pounds of codfish and 1,600 lbs. fletched halibut.

These voyages might be often duplicated; but it must be remembered that in too many cases the fisherman toils for weeks and gets nothing. In the fresh halibut fisheries, $1,500 to $2,000 is considered a good trip, and stocks from $3,000 to $4,000 are rare. A Grand Banker averages about nine trips a year, and the trips vary from $8,000 to $17,000. As showing the uncertain nature of their occupation, the fishermen tell the story of Mr. Taber, who launched his dory one day, pulled out to the fishing grounds, took 2,114 pounds of codfish, and pulled ashore, having spent but three hours on the trip, in contrast with that of Mr. Woodbury, who hauled three tubs of trawls, comprising 1,500 hooks, and secured five pounds of fish; and with that of a neighbor, who hauled six tubs of trawls, and failed to secure even a dogfish. It is owing, perhaps, to this system of "shares," that wealth is so evenly distributed in the town. One sees in his walks few pretentious mansions, but many neat and comfortable homes.

The native American goes no longer to the fishing banks, prefering to remain at home, fit out, handle the products, and transact other necessary business of the city. His place is supplied by men of the provinces, and by waifs and strays from all nations. There is quite a colony of Portuguese, chiefly from the western islands, who occupy a quarter by themselves, and are worthy and industrious citizens. There are Irish, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, but exceeding all others, the Bluenoses, from the maritime provinces of the Dominion. These men are born fishermen, reared to that occupation in lack of any other. Naturally shrewd, the swift, staunch well-appointed vessels of Yankee skippers, and their improved methods of fishing, early attracted their attention, and led to their shipping on them when opportunity occurred. There has been for years a steady stream of these hardy fellows flowing into port. They make excellent fishermen; many of them, rising to be skippers, marry here, settle down, and add much to the town's prosperity. There are others, again, to whom more of romance attaches—men of birth and education from England and the Continent, whom some youthful error had driven into exile. Others seem to have adopted the business because of its danger and adventure. A volume might be made of the tales told in the town of men of this character, who are now, or have been, forecastle men on the cod and mackerel catchers."

Alberton, the Chicago cattle dealer, denies that there is pleuro-pneumonia among cattle in the United States. He says: "They have been locking up cattle in native yards or fields formerly occupied by tick-covered Texas steers. When Texas cattle are shipped to the East many of them are covered with little nests of "ticks," or bugs, and these insects fall off to the ground and crawl over the grass. If the herds are changed, as they usually are, it often happens that the native cattle get into the Texas pastures. The native cattle eat the grass covered with these poisonous green ticks, and in a short time get sick and show symtoms of what is termed pleuro-pneumonia. But it is not pleuro-pneumonia. It it is easily cured. Give a steer a lot of green corn, and see how quickly this dreadful thing they talk about will disappear."

The man who acts on impulse will find himself, when near the goal, just three paces behind the man who acts on conviction.

We suppose, when a woman has all the pin money she wants, she has attained the pinnacle of her happiness.

Deferred Pay.

The principle of deferred payment is one which in many forms is familiar to us all. With the military economist, the phrase denotes a varying sum deducted from the daily pay of men in the ranks, to be repaid at the end of a term of service. In another sense, an annuity, or other periodical payment, is said to be "deferred" when it falls due only after the expiry of a certain number of years—thus forming perhaps a prudent provision for old age—or it may be only receivable after the decease of a relative, or conditional on the occurrence of some future event. These are instances, upon which we may not here enlarge, of some of the ordinary uses of deferred payments; and, generally speaking, the phrase has much the same signification when otherwise employed, usually denoting a postponement to some future period, often at present sacrifice, of some existing resource, in order to secure a corresponding benefit afterwards. It is, in fact, the abstract principles of self-denial and forethought reduced to a concrete form, and adapted to the ordinary transactions of life.

There are many persons, however, apparently unconcerned with deferred payments, in the ordinary use of the term, who are unquestionably entitled to them, although the consideration they hope to receive may not in every instance take the shape of money. Indeed, apart from the classing of all education as, properly speaking, a provision for future returns, the higher training and early career of many of our best and most gifted men is little else than prudent forethought in this direction. The principle, in fact, may be traced deeper still, and may be found to underlie all our national industry and enterprise. It is as ancient as the civilization of which it is one of the distinguishing marks—this system of present endeavor, the suffering and endurance, perhaps, of toil and hardship, the working-time of life with its sparse opportunities for leisure or recreation—in short, the training undergone for the sake of the future recompense which forms the deferred payment.

The expenditure involved in some individual cases, either of actual toil or of its equivalent in patient waiting, is often greater in proportion to the reward obtained than in others. In the race of life some men are heavily handicapped by hindrances in social position, or lack of opportunities for training; for, although there is no royal road to learning, the approaches to it are often blocked by what, after all, are but adventitious circumstances. The ambitious student, born and bred in the humbler ranks, coming to the university city to train for professional pursuits, makes large payments, in kind, to carry out his cherished scheme. His has been arduous preparatory study at home, perhaps under great disadvantages. The contest for the much coveted bursary has been a hard one. Even with it secured to him, the struggle in town life to make ends meet, and to maintain a respectable exterior, the scanty meal and the prolonged study—all these form his provision for the deferred payment of the college diploma, which shall enable him to enter on his professional career. Nor can it be said that his reward is gained even then. The self-denying spirit has to be carried forward far into his future life. Such a one may fairly be said to have more than earned his deferred payment. And yet it is only one instance out of many of the same kind of self-denying discipline for a certain end, and that perhaps without promise of the highest rewards. The prospect aimed at throughout may be only that of middle-class distinction, with a social position and emoluments of a very ordinary kind, and yet such may be the *summum bonum* of the aspirant's hopes.

There are, however, loftier ambitions cherished by the few who will not be satisfied with mediocrity in attainment, even though it should be accompanied with affluence. We have at this moment in our recollection the instance, amongst many others, of a barber's boy—"not a barber," as he himself said, "but only a barber's boy"—whose aspirations were not satisfied until his name was inscribed on the roll of England's peers. The instances we could easily adduce are of men who started with little or nothing in their favor, and succeeded; others, whose hearts were perhaps as high, and who had better opportunities, failed; or not attained the highest honors, were at least fain to be content with what lay within their reach. But in this our moral lies—that there must necessarily have been, even in examples of the most brilliant and unqualified success, no small amount of careful provision, of payments into the Bank of Futurity. Many of the pleasant and harmless enjoyments which lie around us all, and which moderate means and station might have secured, and the easier attained success which would have satisfied others—all these must have been foregone and disregarded, in looking to the larger prize ahead. It was a strife, doubtless, in each case against a cold and unsympathizing world—against rivalry, competition, and professional jealousies; but it was also a victory over a self-satisfied contentment with the lesser, so long as the greater prize remained in view, and so far, therefore, it was a self-denial for the present. Then all the obstacles proved surmountable, and the present enjoyments capable of being resisted, and the looked-for payment, long-deferred, came at last.

Even in those exceptional instances when so-called Fortune proved propitious, and where favorable opportunities may be said to have gained half the battle, there has doubtless been throughout much postponement of contentment and ease to future years. There may have been, perhaps, much to endure in an early and uncongenial lot, before the golden opportunity presented itself, and ere the future career was made plain; for although "the labor we delight in, physics pain," the burden of a thoroughly distasteful occupation, to an ambitious mind, is an uneasy and galling yoke, hard to bear.

Then there is the dark side of the picture—the payment, hardly earned, which if it comes at all, comes not in expected measure, or too late, to be a solace only at the very ending of life, or to hang its laurels upon the tomb. The deferred payments of posthumous fame, the too long delayed tribute to merit and genius, form some of the saddest pagest in history.

All we have said, however, concerns instances where deferred payments previously provided for were actually due, at some time or other. But, in addition to the truism, that opportunities neglected seldom or never return, we can add this one, drawn from our subject—that if there be no timely provision there will certainly be no store for after-drawing upon. If there be no self-denying labor, there will be no future recompense. "Does he work?" inquired Ruskin, when told of the great abilities of a contemporary; and we may be sure the question was asked with a view to estimate the success the individual would probably achieve. If there is no work, there is no reward.

For if our virtues go not forth of us,
'Twere all alike as though we had them not.

It is quite possible, even in this busy world, for a man so to shirk and shun work within his range, or to content himself with the measure of it which may suffice for daily necessities, as, practically, to make no provision for coming days. He will be entitled to no deferred pay. His later years may indeed be secured from want; perhaps, through no effort of his own, he may even have an abundance; but the rapture of achievement, the satisfaction arising from a task well done, will not be his to possess.

All perseverance of patient effort for the highest ends, all the "taking of infinite pains"—which we are told is the best definition of genius—is but the deferred payment system adopted in daily life, being the storing-up of present available resources, including those of patience and endurance, for the securing of future benefit. And when the end is once accomplished, the efforts expended will not be grudged nor mourned over—will scarcely be remembered.

Great Fires of the 19th Century.

The greatest destruction of life and property by conflagrations of which the world has anything like accurate records must be looked for in the current century. Of these the following is a partial list of instances in which the loss of property amounted to some $3,000,000, and upward:

Dates. Cities.	*Property destroyed.*
1802—Liverpool	$ 5,000,000
1803—Bombay	3,000,000
1805—St. Thomas	30,000,000
1808—Spanish Town	7,500,000
1812—Moscow burned five days; 30,800 houses destroyed	150,000,000
1816—Constantinople, 19,000 dwellings, 3,000 shops	.....
1820—Savannah	.....
1822—Canton nearly destroyed	.....
1827—Havana, 350 houses	.....
1835—New York ("Great Fire")	15,000,000
1837—St. John's, N. B.	5,000,000
1838—Charleston, 1,158 buildings	3,000,000
1841—Smyrna, 12,000 houses	.....
1842—Hamburg, 4,219 buildings, 100 lives lost	35,000,000
1845—New York, 35 persons killed	7,500,000
1845—Pittsburg, 1,100 houses	10,000,000
1845—Quebec, May 28, 1,650 buildings	3,750,000
1845—Quebec, June 28, 1,300 dwellings	.....
1846—St. John, Newfoundland	5,000,000
1848—Constantinople, 2,200 buildings	15,000,000
1848—Albany, N. Y., 600 houses	3,000,000
1849—St. Louis	3,000,000
1851—St. Louis, 2,500 buildings	11,000,000
1851—St. Louis, 500 buildings	3,000,000
1851—San Francisco, May 4 and 5, many lives lost	10,000,000
1851—San Francisco, June	3,000,000
1852—Montreal, 200 buildings	5,000,000
1861—Mendoza destroyed by earthquake and fire, 10,000 lives lost	.....
1862—St. Petersburg	5,000,000
1862—Troy, N. Y., nearly destroyed	.....
1862—Valparaiso, almost destroyed	.....
1864—Novgorod, immense destruction of property	.....
1865—Constantinople, 2,8000 buildings burned	.....
1866—Yokohama, nearly destroyed	.....
1866—Carlstadt, Sweden, all consumed but bishop's residence, hospital and jail, 10 lives lost	.....
1866—Portland, Me., half of the city	11,000,000
1866—Quebec, 2,500 dwellings and 17 churches	.....
1879—Constantinople, Pera suburb	26,000,000
1871—Chicago, 250 lives lost, 17,420 buildings burned, on 2,124 acres	192,000,000
1871—Paris fired by Commune	160,000,000
1872—Boston	75,000,000.0
1873—Yeddo, 10,000 houses	0
1877—Pittsburg, caused by riot	3,260,000
1877—St. Johns, N. B., 1,650 dwellings, 18 lives lost	13,500,000

The five greatest fires on record reckoned by destruction of property are:

Chicago fire, of October 8 and 9, 1871	$192,000,00
Paris fires, of May, 1871	160,000,00
Moscow fire, of September 14-19, 1812	150,000,000
Boston fire, November 9-10, 1872	75,000,000
London fire, September 2-6, 1666	52,052,500
Hamburg fire, May 5-7, 1842	35,000,000

Taking into account, with the fires of Paris and Chicago, the great Wisconsin and Michigan forest fires of 1871, in which it is estimated that 1,000 human beings perished and property to the amount of over $3,000,000 was consumed, it is plain that in the annals of conflagrations that year stands forth in gloomy pre-eminence.

Payment of Debts.

A large number of people seem to fancy, when paying a bill, that they are conferring a great favor upon the man who has entrusted his goods to their home for weeks and even months. They act as if they had received actually nothing in return, and were simply doing a work of charity. The man who buys commodities of any kind usually does so of his own accord; ordinarily there is nothing compulsory about the transaction. He makes his purchase and gets the worth of his money, presumably, in goods of whatever kind. This places buyer and seller on an equality. If the buyer could make a better bargain elsewhere, very likely he would do it—for in trade, when dollars and cents are involved, friendship doesn't count for much. People go where they can get the most for their money. Having done so, the seller confers a favor upon the buyer, at least equal to that which the former receives in payment of his bill. Then why should a collector be subjected to so much discourtesy? A well-bred man, one who has a proper appreciation of what is due to others, is never guilty of such impoliteness. The collector who calls for his money is treated with as much respect and consideration as is shown the buyer when he makes purchases. This deportment should be universal, and the man who departs from it, and who pays the money he honestly owes grudgingly and with all marked expressions of ill will toward the receiving party, is lacking in one of the most important essentials of fair and square manliness, and more than that, in business tact.

How Diamonds Are Cut.

"There are three processes necessary to be gone through with between the rough stone and the diamond as you see it here," replied the jeweler. "First, a piece of stone the required size must be cut off. To do this we use a circular saw made of sheet iron and without teeth. It is worked like a woodworker's saw, and two men stand at the treadle. One man holds the stone to be cut tightly against the edge of the saw, while the other, using a small leather dipped in oil, applies diamond dust to the edge of the saw. The saw is made of very ductile metal, and the particles of diamond dust becoming firmly set in it, soon wear through the hardest stone. Now the piece of diamond passes to the cutting table, upon which is strapped a wheel running parallel to the top of the table. The stone is fastened by cement to the end of a stick six inches long. The lapidary takes the stick in his right hand and holds the stone firmly against the wheel until one facet is ground down. Diamond dust and water are constantly applied to the wheel. The table and upper facets of the stone are cut this way and the stone is then removed from and readjusted to the stick before the lapidary cuts the under sides, callets and remaining facets. The stone is manipulated the same in the third or polishing process as in the cutting process. The wheel, however is composed mainly of tin, and tripoli and rotten stone are used in the polishing process."—*Cleveland Herald.*

A neat statement of the case was that made by a Western farmer who had tried to make a living on some of the arid government grants of the far West. Some one said to him: "That's a pretty good law giving a man 160 acres if he will live on it five years." "No such thing," said the other. "This is all there is of it: The government gets a man there, and then bets him a quarter section agin nothin' that he'll starve to death if he tries to live there five years. And Uncle Sam wins nine times in ten."

The late Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, must have had a serene faith in the destiny of his charge. On one occasion he gave notice from the pulpit: "The audience will please rise and continue rising." Query: What about the roof?

For Young Ladies Only.

Notwithstanding the fact that young men are continually lectured, they are not the only cause of earthly misery. To be sure they sometimes give the moral peace of the family a twist, but the young ladies very often give the moral peace a shaking up. Parents are, to a certain extent, as much to blame for this state of affairs as their children. They do not teach them, especially the girls, cultivate a spirit of self-reliance and independence. They don't teach them what it means to be thrown on their own resources