

THE DELAWARE LEDGER.

VOL. IX.

NEWARK, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, JULY 14, 1888.

NO 31

WITH YOU

again this time to invite you all to come see our

Elegant Spring Styles.

All the latest **NOVELTIES** to be had in this COUNTRY and EUROPE in Covering for Parlor Work and Hanging. Every kind and grade of Parlor Suits from \$23 to \$1000, and from \$15 to \$500 in Chamber Suits. DON'T put it off but come SOON. I am still here ready to SHOW you our immense stock of goods, and sell any thing you need at lower rates than you can buy any where else. Drop in and ask for me. Polite attention buy or not. Goods packed and Shipped free.

Send for price list. Yours Truly, **W. C. LAWS,**
WITH IVINS & BRO., 55 NORTH 2ND STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It's Summer in Oak Hall.

Do you know what's going on?
Maybe you'll know by the prices.
Bargains are as plenty as chippies in a wheat-field.

After getting the lowest prices for our reliable clothing all through the season, some lots are totally sold. Others—part of them are left. They make enough, gathered together, to more than fill one of our big rooms.

They're two-thirds or half price as long as they last. We're not a bit anxious to lose money.

We're brave enough to do it when we've either got to do that or carry goods till next season.

You wouldn't stick at the railroad fare if you knew what you'd save. Maybe \$2.00; maybe \$10.00.

For the Summer itself. Stacks of Thin Clothing. Customers say: It's a sight to see the beautiful goods we have. It's the finest we ever had. We've a heap of Clothing yet to sell, and we've made the prices low enough to cut a quick furrow in it.

Wanamaker & Brown,

OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Streets,
Philadelphia.

PICTURE FRAMES

Harry Yerger, 405 Shipley St, Wilmington, Del.

Has the largest PICTURE FRAME ESTABLISHMENT in Delaware, and does by far the largest business; and the only practical FRAME GILDER in the State. His prices are the lowest and his goods the best.

Re-gilding Old Frames a specialty.

MOTHERALL'S STORE!

IS THE PLACE TO GET

Dress Goods and Trimmings, etc.

Of the Finest Qualities and Latest Styles.

BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS

That will look well, fit well, and wear well, at the right prices.

China and Glassware etc.

Of every description in west window, call and examine it.

PROVISIONS Such as Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Preserves Canned Goods of all kinds, and everything found in a First Class Store.

N. M. MOTHERALL, Proprietor.

Main Street, West of College, Newark, Del.

Cummings
PHOTOGRAPHER,
302 MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

12 Cabinets
One \$10 PICTURE
FREE for
\$3.00

Beaton Smith, DRUGGIST.

CASKEY BUILDING,
Newark, Del.

WESLEY B. HART,

Furnishing Undertaker,

Newark, Delaware
Opposite the residence of Dr. N. H. Clark.

Funerals attended in all parts of the country.

FURNITURE done up.

Dobson's Ice Cream Saloon.

SPECIAL PARLOR FOR LADIES

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND

JOB OFFICE

You can save money by getting your BILLS printed at

this office. Also, increase the attendance by advertising in these columns. The paper has a splendid circulation.

No common work done.

J. R. HUDSON & CO.,

STEEL COAL AND DIRT BARROWS.



Belting, Steam Packings, Oil Cans,
Twines and Rope.



FINE BURNING OILS.

No. 15 Market Street.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

WILLIAM M. PYLE.

411 MARKET STREET.

Wilmington, - - Del.

We have been offering extraordinary bargains in every department and buyers have not been slow in availing themselves of them. We have opened more new

DRESS GOODS

A line of all-wool, 36-inch goods, very fine and all the popular shades. A full line of all-wool Henriettas, 46 inches, at \$1. The genuine article. There is a goods in the market called all-wool Henriettas, less in width, and not near so fine as the genuine goods, selling for a trifle less. You can take your choice.

40-inch, all wool Cashmeres in all colors, 55 cents. Elegant, fine goods.

A full line of those standard Gilbert Cloths, 50 inches, 70 cents, which will make one of the most serviceable dresses for the money, of any goods in the market.

In our Domestic Department we are offering decided bargains. Gingham, Cheviots, Prints, &c., at the lowest possible price.

We have had an unprecedented run on our Hosiery Department on account of the remarkable bargains we have been offering. We opened Saturday morning some new lines ladies' gents and children's Hosiery at wonderfully low prices, in some instances not over half the real value.

Bargains in every Department.

WM. M. PYLE.

"BEE HIVE"

306 Market Street.

A Big Cut in the Price of Dress Goods.

Dress Goods for Half.

Some for Three-quarters.

New Goods, Right Shades.

DRESS GOODS. DRESS GOODS

Now is your time to buy, ours to lose.

Thousands of Lace Caps for the little ones, direct from the manufacturers

A fearful big stock of Parasols and Gloria Silk Sun Umbrellas to be sold at cut prices.

Demorest perfect-fitting patterns.

Dress Trimmings for the million.

RUSSELL, MISSIMER & CO.,

Successors to R. L. Russell,

306 Market street.

Wilmington, - - Del.

1847. 1888.

Geo. W. Williams,

NEWARK, DELAWARE.

agent for the Kent County Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of Dover, Delaware, insures against loss of Fire, issuing Mutual Policies only under which Payments are made annually in advance during membership, and on ceasing to be members whatever remains unexpended after paying losses, expenses and dividends are returned, thereby furnishing insurance at cost. Dividends returned after the second annual payment.

Jan 1st

MULTIPLYING TALENTS.

BY SARAH LEE YOUNG

It was a gem of a house, with a sweet home-like air pervading every nook and corner, far enough removed from the glare and dust of the city, but not too far to be easily accessible.

A stately group of magnolias cast their shadow and fragrance over the open bay window where Mrs. Andrews was engaged in setting things to rights after the housewarming of the night before. Something else evidently occupied her mind more than the bisque ornament she was dusting, for she paused, and looking dreamily out, said, half aloud:

"What could he have meant; there he comes now. I will ask him," and she fluttered through the window down to the entrance.

"What did you mean, doctor," she said after they had exchanged greetings, "when you prayed last night that we might use our house for God's glory?"

"What did the faithful servant do with his Lord's talents?" was the seemingly irrelevant reply.

"But you don't mean that a house is a talent?"

"What is?" said the pastor.

"Why, I don't know—but a house is just to make a happy home."

"Exactly, and that home is to radiate in all directions, till the increase is like the ten other talents."

"But how?" she asked, while her eyes shone.

"That I can't tell; you will find ways enough if you look for them."

All day Mrs. Andrews went around among her pretty belongings with a preoccupied air. The books, the pictures, the curiosities from far away lands, all seemed to say, "how are you going to use us?"

Mr. Andrews' business as a cotton buyer and broker had taken him abroad and kept him there for some years, and now, tired with wandering, they had come back to their old home on the Chickaw Bluffs, as Memphis used to be called, to settle down again to quiet life.

There is nothing like home, after all, is there?" said he as they sat on the moon-lit veranda.

"No, indeed," she replied; "and I hope nothing will never come to make us leave it again. But did you notice what Dr. Martin said about our using the house for God's glory?"

"Yes, I noticed it, but it passed out of my mind."

"Well, he says a house is a talent and you must use it to multiply it, but how can one do it?"

"You'll find a way I don't doubt," laughed he.

"I've been thinking," she said, slowly, "as God has given our own darlings a happy home, perhaps he means us to open its doors to some one else's dear ones."

"Do you mean adopt a child?" her husband said.

"No, I wasn't thinking of that."

"Well, is it a gospel feast, case of the lame, the halt, etc?"

"No," she answered, "that would be a party merely. That might come in though."

"I give it up, then. I am no Edipus. You must read the riddle."

"I am not sure I quite know myself, but my idea was to take one evening in the week, hunt out those who are in need of home influence and have none, and bring them into our home and make them feel that they belong somewhere. I don't want to be visionary, but don't you think it might be done, so as to brighten some cheerless lives and lighten some sad hearts?"

"My dear," her husband answered, "I should have thought such a place the 'Garden of Eden' if it had been opened to me when I can here a forlorn and home sick boy with not a soul to care whether I lived or died. But there reminds me of a card put into my hands as I left the elevator."

"Dear Andrews," it ran, "I wish you would do something for Wright to-night. I don't think there is much the matter with him now, but he looks badly, and will be ill if somebody don't look after him. I can but feel as if we were responsible for the clerks, so take him in hand, if you can. I am off to New Orleans in the morning."

"There, Nan, is something for you to begin on. I'll send him out tomorrow."

"The afternoon sun blazed on the pavement as a young man came wearily down the street.

"I don't believe I'll go in, after all he muttered. 'What does she care for me, and my head aches now,' and he turned back, but the idea of his steaming third story room made him hesitate, until the cool shadows and the tinkle of the fountain drew him on.

The faint bell pull was not answered, and really unable to stand, he dropped on the sofa in the hall, and there Mrs. Andrews found him asleep.

"Oh," he exclaimed; starting up, and coloring furiously, "pardon me."

"It is I who must beg pardon for keeping you waiting, but here is my apology," and she handed him a great bunch of Marchal Mel roses.

"Oh, how delicious!" he exclaimed, inhaling the fragrance.

"How tired you must get in the hot city," she said, noting his pallor now that the flush had faded—and his tremulous hands. "Can't you get a vacation and go home to your mother?"

"I have no home, and no mother."

"My poor boy," was all the answer she made; but her eyes which were filled with tears, and the gentle clasp of her hand, spoke more than words.

"Now, I am going to give you a curious prescription, and send you off to take a bath before tea, there is nothing so refreshing. Mr. Andrews always has one when he comes from town."

Half an hour after, rested and refreshed, Calvin Wright came out on the veranda to find a tempting lunch of strawberries and cream, in sparkling cut glass dishes, awaiting him, and he dropped into the soft cushioned chair with a sigh of pleasure. Ambrosial berries were there to him, at least he told the boys that night, that he had been in Paradise.

The dainty tea table with its exquisite napery, and its quaint, delicate old china, was a revelation to the boy who had known nothing but third rate boarding house fare to say nothing of the white robed figure at the head, and the earnest souled man who heaped his plate with delicacies and brought forth his rich conversational powers to entertain his guest, with as much interest as if he had been the highest in the land instead of the youngest clerk in the elevator.

"Oh well," thought the boy, "they are rich, and have always had everything they want; it is all luck any way."

But in the long talk that came after tea, Mr. Andrews told how he had come to Memphis with a suit of butternut jeans and one dollar in his pocket; how he had steadily worked his way up, stayed on through the terrible years of pestilence—and had the fever himself in a hospital.

"So you see it is not all luck."

"Did I say that, sir?"

"No, you did not say it, but that is what you young ones think. It is courage, determination, perseverance and above all, it is God's good hand upon you—and that you can have for the asking—that makes a man's success in life."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, involuntarily holding out his hand. The elder grasped it cordially, saying:

"God bless you, my boy, and give you the true success which may not be measured here."

"Good-night, Mrs. Andrews," said Wright as the clock gave a warning stroke; "you will never know what this evening has been to me. May I come again?"

"Come whenever you can. Thursdays are to be my reception days, and if you have any tired, homesick, sad or discouraged friends, bring them with you. We will find some way to help them."

It would take many pages to tell summer, how many tired shop girls, seamstresses, and school teachers, as well as clerks find a haven of rest in the beautiful homestead of "Sweet Content," as it was aptly named. The pictures, the books, the grand piano, the curios, all played their part.

The story is not all written yet; its circles are still widening, and only eternity will tell the whole.

"She is an angel," said the young men but she is not, only a consecrated servant, doing her Master's work and using to the best advantage that which her Lord has committed to her trust, are there not others whom He has blessed with houses and land who will go and do likewise?—N. Y. Observer.

Advertise in THE LEDGER and it will doubly repay you for all money spent.

A Question of Health.

WHAT BAKING POWDER SHALL WE USE?

This plain question comes home to every housekeeper. We all desire pure wholesome food, and this cannot be had with the use of impure or poisonous baking powder. There can be no longer a question that all the cheaper, lower grades of baking powders contain either alum, lime or phosphoric acid. As loath as we may be to admit so much against what may have been some of our household gods, there can be no gainsaying the unanimous testimony of the official chemist. Indeed analysts seem to find no baking powder entirely free from some one of these objectionable ingredients except the Royal, and that they report as chemically pure. We find some of the baking powders advertised as pure, to contain, under the tests of Professors Chandler, Habirshaw and others, nearly twelve per cent. of lime, while others are made from alum with cream of tartar. This, we presume, accounts for their lack of levelling power as sometimes complained of by the cook, and for the bitter taste found in the biscuits so frequently complained of by ourselves.

But aside from the inferiority of the work done by these powders, the physicians assure us that lime and alum taken into the system in such quantities as this are injurious. Their physiological effects are indigestion, dyspepsia, or worse evils.

The question naturally arises, why do these cheap baking powder makers use these things? Alum is three cents a pound lime still cheaper, while cream of tartar costs thirty-five or forty.

The reason for the chemical purity of the Royal Baking Powder were recently given in the New York Times is an interesting description of a new method for refining argols, or crude cream of tartar. It seems that it is only under this process that cream of tartar can be freed from the lime natural to it and render chemically pure; that the patents and plant for this cost the Royal Baking Powder Company about half a million dollars, and that they maintain exclusive control of the rights.

Professor McMurtrie, late chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., made an examination of this process, and reported upon the results attained in the refined cream of tartar. The following extract from his report would seem to answer the question repeated at the head of this article, and which is so frequently preponderated by the housekeeper:

"I have examined the cream of tartar used by the Royal Baking Powder Company in the manufacture of their baking powder, and find it to be perfectly pure and free from lime in any form. The chemical tests to which I have submitted the Royal Baking Powder prove it perfectly healthful and free from every deleterious substance. The Royal Baking Powder is pure in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge."

One mistake made with selling fowls is in growing them to a large size before selling. The best weight are from three to four pounds each. The demand is greater for such weights, as many buyers have found the larger size more expensive. Commission merchants report that while there is, of course a demand for choice, large fowls, yet the smaller ones sell more readily.

A Pleasure Shared by women Only.

Malherbe, the gifted French author, declares that of all things man possesses, women alone takes pleasure in being possessed. This seems generally true of the sweeter sex. Like the ivy plant, she longs for an object to cling to and love—to look to for protection. This being her prerogative, ought she not to be told that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the physical salvation of her sex? It banishes those distressing maladies that make her life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weakness. As a nerve, it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria, and promotes refreshing sleep.

Show THE LEDGER to your friends and get them to subscribe for it. It contains all the local news in this section. Six months, 75 cents.

Intellectual Character.

CLAYTON T. CANN.

The desire and the duty of this age is education, or that culture which develops, and enriches each individual according to the measure of his capacity by familiarizing him with the facts and the laws of human nature.

No person can be called educated until he has systematized his knowledge and can wield it as a weapon.

Intellectual character is the last and highest result of intellectual education, and the indispensable condition of intellectual success.

It is evident that when a young man leaves school to take his place in the world, he must be something as well as know something; and it will require but little experience to prove to him that what he knows is little more than what he really is.

The moment he comes in contact with the stern and stubborn realities which frown over his entrance into practical life, he will discover that power is the soul of knowledge, and character the condition of intelligence.

He will also discover that intellectual success depends primarily on the qualities which are not strictly intellectual, but rather personal and constitutional.

The test of success is influence. In every act of earnest thinking the extent of the thought depends on the pleasure of the will, and the culture of this power is one of the requirements of intellectual success, for it gives that discipline of the individual which develops dim tendencies into positive sentiments and sentiments into ideas in such a way as to penetrate one through and through with the qualities of manhood.

This is intellectual character, and the first great question to be answered by every young man who has passed through the course of instruction called education, is,

What do you intend to do, and what do you intend to live?

Do you propose to play at living, or do you propose to live?

No varnish and veneer of scholarship, no command of Rhetoric can ever make you a positive force in the world.

Look around you in the community of educated men, and see how many who started on their career with minds as bright and eager, and hearts as hopeful as yours, have been mysteriously arrested in their growth, have lost all the kindling sentiments which once glorified their youthful studies, and dwindle into mere echoes of surrounding mediocrity, have begun, indeed to die on the very threshold of manhood, and stand in society as tombs rather than temples of immortal souls.

See to the wide distance between knowledge and life; heaps of information piled upon little heads; everybody speaking, but few who have the right to speak.

Now this disposition to shirk the serious requirements of intellectual growth in an indolent surrender of the minds power of self-direction, must be overcome at the out set, or in spite of our grand generalities, we will be at the mercy of every bullying lie, and shape our life in accordance with every low motive.

All solid intellectual culture is simply the right development of individuality into its true intellectual form.

What is meant by individuality? for the word is commonly used to signify some peculiarity or unreasonable twist of the mind or disposition.

An individual in the sense in which we use the term, is an inner force who lives, grows and builds up his nature in time. All the object of sense and thought, all facts and ideas, are external to him.

But he has bound up in his being sympathies and capacities which connect him with external objects, and enable him to transmit their inner spirit and substance into his own personal life.

The progress of his growth therefore is a development of power from within to assimilate objects from without, and result of this assimilation is character. The principal characteristic of man, is a desire to know.

Success in all the departments of life over which the intellect holds dominion, depends upon the growth of the mind.

Take the good farmer, and you will find that ideas in him are endowed with will and he can work.

Take a good statesman, like Webster, and note how by thoroughly individualizing his comprehensive experience, he seems to carry a notion in his brow.

This process of developing manhood and building up the mind while the person is in search of a definite object of intelligence is always in danger, however, of making the student a mere machine, which though it may turn out prodigies of memory, will be sure to leave them little men; and the moment they come in contact with a really live man, they will find their souls inwardly wither, and their boasted acquisition fall away before the evidence of his intellectual power.

If on the contrary, they are guided by good or great sentiments, which are the souls of great or good ideas, these sentiments will be sure to form the basis of positive intellectual character.

But let them once lose their love for their occupation in life, and they will find that labor will degenerate into drudgery, and drudgery will weaken the power to labor.

Bright Drummer.

Messrs. H. B. and E. A. Pugh, of Oxford, have bought from S. E. Nivin Landenber, the Jersey calf Bright Drummer, His sire Drummer 12079 is by Spacus 6304 the brothers of Michael Angelo 18116 bought of Messrs. Miller and Sibley, when six weeks old for \$12,500 more than his weight in gold. Black Prince of Linden 9063 bought by the late Mr. Shoemaker for \$15,000, Bomba's daughter 25829 sold at auction for \$5,200 Daisy's Black Prince 12116 \$3,000, Rupta's Black Prince 14384 \$2,500, &c. Bright Drummer's dam Katie's kitten 31518, was bred by F. LeBrocq, St. Peters, Island of Jersey and has the blood of the famous Comassie Garneen combination. As an individual the calf is near perfection having the popular squirrel grey color with full black points. The Messrs. Pugh are laying the foundation for one of the best herds in the country and the price paid for this youngster is evidence that breeding good stock is always profitable.

A Barrenite wants to Sell His Cow.

Owing to my ill health I will sell at my residence in East Nottingham according to government survey, one plush-raspberry colored cow, aged 8 years. She is a good milk-er, and not afraid of the cars (nor anything else.) She is a cow of undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who don't fear death in any form she would be a boom. She is greatly attached to her home, at the present, by a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrelled gun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away some where for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf, with long wabbling legs. Her name is Rose, and I prefer to sell her to a non-resident.

"What Drug Will Scour Those Hence?"

Wicked Macbeth, who murdered good King Duncan, asked this question in his despair. Thousands of victims of disease are daily asking "What will scour the impurities from my blood and bring me health?"

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do it. When the purple life-tide is sluggish causing drowsiness, headache and loss of appetite, this wonderful vitalizer, which never fails. It forces the liver into perfect action, drives out superfluous bile, brings the glow of health to the cheek and the natural sparkle to the eye. All druggists.

Col. Cody, known to fame as Buffalo Bill, is well up in biblical knowledge. To Mrs. Jester, his sister of Leavenworth, Kan., he telegraphed as follows, on his recent arrival in that city. "Read Second Epistle of St. John, twelfth verse. Your brother."

Turning to the verse indicated Mrs. Jester read the following words: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face, and our joy may be full."

"Sir," he said, "did you ever bleed for your country's flag?"

"Oh, yes."

"In what engagement?"

"In an engagement I made with my substitute; he bled me for \$300."