

6 AFOOT IN MARYLAND. BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE.

The Remaining Debris of Coxe's Camp—A Queer, Uncanny Old Structure—Attractions of Piedmont County—Handsome Country Estates—The Hackneyed Cry.

[Special Correspondence.] SANDY SPRING, Md., June 4.—If there is one thing more than another, it is a tramp in the country in May or June. From Chaucer down all our poets have told in liquid lines how with the revival of nature the instinct of primitive man revives, how as each growing season is newly born even civilized man feels a new birth of that vagrant impulse which stirred the childhood of the world, and so

When Zephyrus eek with his sweet breath Enspir'd bath in every hole and heath The tender croppes, and the yonge sonne Hath in the Ram his halfe courtesie-ronne, And smale fowles maken melodye, That sleepen all the night with open eye, So priketh hem nature in her corages: Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.

Beside Still Waters. There is no Canterbury for me to make a pilgrimage to, but there is a great deal well worth seeing between Washington and the Pennsylvania line, and so as the sweet scents of nature spring floated down our city streets the bohemian corpses in my blood grew riant, and I determined to make the tour of upper Maryland in the good old fashioned way. The morning air was so delightfully crisp and the face of nature looked so fresh and green as I struck out northward that I felt like an old work horse turned out to pasture—had some difficulty in holding myself in; wanted to squeal and kick and run away. By the time I reached Bladensburg, however, the coltish spirit had evaporated. I was willing to pause and chat till the cool of the evening, and even at that short distance from the national capital I found plenty of people as fresh and green as the aforesaid face of nature.

I had to smile as I looked on the remaining debris of Coxe's camp and thought of the ridiculous scare in Washington over that forlorn battalion of mental physical cripples. What a queer episode in our social evolution that pilgrimage was—the perfect flower of paternalism! Any government which advertises that it will take care of its people and see that they have steady employment at good wages will soon have a good deal of that sort of thing on its hands. As our government is now avowedly paternal, we may set it down that



THE TEAM WAS ASTONISHED. the tramp has come to stay. Forty years ago the word as a noun substantive was not in any American dictionary. A little over a year ago, I interviewed Carl Browne in his gypsy tent just north of the district line; the other day I met him in Washington, and, gazing in his eyes, wondered where on earth I had seen that man. This time he was dressed in the finest of linen and black cloth. He recognized me, however, and soon convinced me that he was the original Browne, but on a new lay.

Of Historic Interest. The Bladensburghers are somewhat ashamed of the little countenance they extended to the Coxeites and avoid the subject. They eagerly point out the historic places about the town, especially the road along which the British advanced on Aug. 24, 1814, the alleged battlefield where our militia did better than usual, as they did not run till the British had fired twice, and the old dueling ground where a few good men were killed and dozens mortally scared. My great uncle was a sprinter in the "Bladensburg races," as the Federalists called the affair, and I have often heard him tell how they threw their muskets in the creek as they ran over the bridge, and how he (he was the champion runner of his county) passed a runaway team which was doing its wildest, and how the said team was so astonished at him that it stopped in sheer mortification and was captured by the British. The comedy of the dueling ground has never been written.

One of the last fights were between two congressmen who were so nervous that they fired seven shots at each other without getting a scratch. The seconds stopped the duel on the ground of honor. Cost Johnson of Maryland moved in the house to exempt the tract from the land laws on the ground that it contained a mineral deposit.

Every old Bladensburgher mentions with pride the fact that the place was once the head of navigation on the Potomac. At high tide there was good 30 feet of water in the eastern branch, and ocean going vessels loaded with flour and tobacco at the Bladensburg wharves. The country was rapidly cleared of timber, and as the first settlers did not understand what that meant, and no proper precautions were taken, the loose, red

soil washed into the river, and it is now rather a nuisance than a convenience in times of flood. The backwater covers the lower part of town, and only the negroes can stand the resulting malaria. Hyattsville, a mile or so farther north, is high and healthy, handsome alike in location and buildings and one of the prettiest suburbs of Washington. I passed my first night out in Riverdale and in a building of more historic interest probably, and certainly more varied interest, than any other in the vicinity of Washington. It is the once famous Calvert mansion, now a lodging house, and a queer, uncanny old structure it is. I would as soon live in a stone quarry or dismantled Greek temple.

Henry Clay's Room. It was built 127 years ago, they say, and, if they had said that many years B. C., I should have thought it likely. In style it shows like a rude imitation of the old time western state capitol, with vast porches fronted by Doric pillars, halls wide enough for company drill and rooms so very large that one feels as if sleeping in a warehouse, and it would seem that no amount of fire could warm them in winter. The whole building has grown yellow with age, the lower part of the pillars shades off in dull red and green, patches of fine moss adorn the lower walls and loose tiling, cracks and mold combine to produce a depressing air of gloom and decay. Yet in this house, if the unanimous local testimony is to be accepted, the Union was saved, for the room in which I lodged was occupied by Henry Clay during the summers of 1820-1, in it the second Missouri compromise was drawn up, and in an arbor which then stood out in front of the heads of factions agreed to it one Sunday morning over their after breakfast cigars.

It will be remembered that the original Missouri compromise was devised by Senator Jesse B. Thomas of Illinois, but the Free Soil members bolted when the state constitution was presented, and then Henry Clay, Senator Holmes of Maine and two or three others devised a new compromise, and this one was perfected in this building. In this room, I say, the Union was saved, for the compromise undoubtedly did that, as it gave the needed time for national sentiment to grow, and by the end of the next 40 years the sections adhering to the Union contained three times as many people and eight times as much wealth as the others. Had the struggle begun even ten years before it did we should now have been two nations if not more. No doubt of that.

The average visitor to Washington learns about as much of rural Maryland as a western visitor to New York city does of the Adirondacks or Cattaugus county. As one goes straight northward the rise is so rapid that in two days' easy walking he is in a Piedmont country and certainly one of the most healthful countries in the world, if I may judge from the looks of the people. They are such a fine and sturdy race, with such bright eyes and ruddy faces and such a self-reliant swing in their motions, that it is a pleasure to look at them. From this high central region the land falls off so rapidly each way that the affluents of the Potomac and eastern branch run like mountain torrents. The result is that in every direction there are scores of hidden and romantic dells where the crystal water roars among the granite rocks and the dense timber hangs over the stream in such masses of foliage that the sun's rays are entirely excluded. At almost any point on the valley road one may turn aside and in ten minutes be in a shaded hollow where the babbling of a stream from the hills and the soft sighing of the wind in the tree tops bring sweet repose to mind and body. There are, however, some unpleasant features in the level upland and some really startling contrasts.

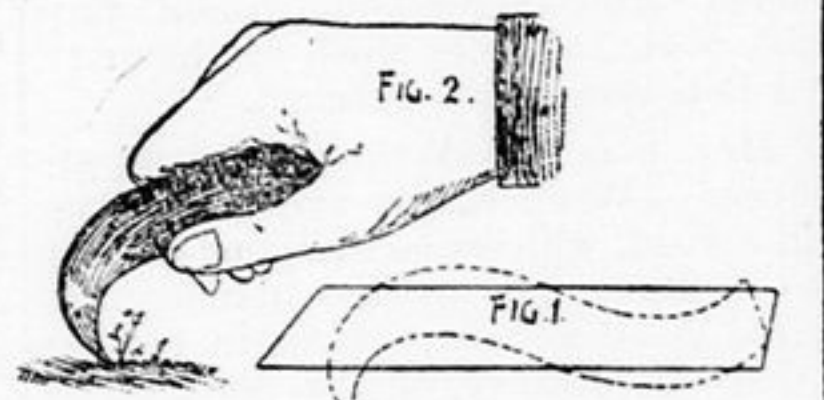
The Pessimistic Farmer. Here and there one may see a country gentleman's place as elegant as the estate of a British nobleman. There are beautiful groves and fine avenues, smooth shaven lawns and pastures of splendid clover and grasses in which blooded cattle give a bucolic charm to the landscape. There are a few of these residences which are really palatial and many of the best style of country cottage. There are also a few regular farms and farmhouses which compare favorably with the best in the northwest. Aside from these, however, a large part of the country presents a distressing aspect of shiftlessness and neglect. The antebellum log cabins and queer frame houses are still occupied, the former by the blacks and the latter by the whites, though many of both look as if they were slowly sinking into the ground; the fences are a wretched combination of old planks set "witch wise," old rails turned into stakes and even logs and brush in a few places, for since the law forbidding stock to run at large was put in force anything will serve. I was not surprised, therefore, to learn that a very large portion of the land was for sale and that prices were surprisingly low, some tolerably good land being offered for \$25 per acre and really fine land for \$40. The complaint is the same there as everywhere else, "All the enterprising young men have gone to the cities." In addition there was a destructive drought last summer, a distressingly severe snowstorm and cold spell last winter and the middle of this May the worst frost known at that period since 1859. "It was no good to put the sheet hurdles over our truck, for it friz right under 'em," said the truck farmers. And yet the fruit is not killed, for the leaves were large enough to shield it, which surprises me very much, for the first thing I usually hear when I go into the country in the spring is that the fruit is all killed and 'we can't

raise fruit here any more like they did when I was young." J. H. BEADLE.

Poor Ink For Official Records. If any doubt the need of official ink for use in legal matters, he should see the document in the hands of Mr. Swan, the record commissioner, in which the ink has burned through the paper, making it a sort of stencil. The writing was made in 1833, not so long ago, considering the average age of our records, and it is now impossible to decipher it. Mr. Swan has marriage certificates written so recently as 1860 and 1864, which are very nearly faded out, and which in tea or a dozen years more will probably be wholly illegible.—Boston Transcript.

Improved Corn Culture. It appears to have been proved that the modern method of planting in drills gives a larger yield of both grain and stover than when crowded into hills. Less seed is required for drill planting, and the use of right tools is necessary for best results. The progressive farmer uses a planter which leaves a track showing where the row of corn lies. This is followed before the corn sprouts with a cultivator, with teeth or pads very narrow and run it as near the row as possible without disturbing the corn. This mellowes the soil, throws a little earth over the corn row, and when followed in a couple of days with a smoothing harrow, the whole surface will be stirred and left clean. The corn will be up in a day or two, and get a good start before weeds appear. As soon as the first leaves of the corn are fully unrolled again go over the field with the smoothing harrow crosswise of the first harrowing. Again in a week give it another harrowing, and often a fourth and fifth with several days intervening. The aim is to harrow so often that no weeds can start, and so often that if, in going over one way any corn is covered, the next time will uncover it before it is smothered.

A Good Weeder. The hardware stores afford a variety of useful hand weeders, but a practical



A HAND WEEDING IMPLEMENT. correspondent of American Cultivator, who likes simple tools best, describes the device here illustrated. It consists of a piece of hoop from an old kerosene barrel, about 8 or 9 inches long and cut to shape as shown in picture. Then bend it in the shape of the dotted lines, Fig. 1, and use it as shown in Fig. 2.

Drill Planting For Corn. A marked instance was the experiment made at the Cornell experiment station. Planted in hills three feet apart each way, with three kernels in a hill, the product was 10 1/2 tons of green corn, or 4,431 pounds of dry matter. Planted in drills three feet apart with one kernel to each foot of drill, thus making the same number of stalks to the acre, the product was 12 tons of green, or 5,292 pounds of dry matter. Here was an increase due to drill culture of over 14 per cent in the green product and of nearly 20 per cent in the dry matter and an equal increase in the feeding value. Experiments made elsewhere agree substantially with this.

working Up a Climax. As he entered the barber shop (he was a prominent official of the Duluth road, very prominent, so near the top that he might be described as the top itself), he sat down in the chair and the barber went to work on his well domed poll. The barber was a cheerful man, fond of social intercourse and rather prided himself on his powers as a conversationalist. So when he felt the head of the Duluth official with his taper fingers, he thought he would astonish and please him with some conversation and perhaps the official would in turn write out a ten years' pass on a piece of shaving soap.

The Barber. So the barber was light and merry, learned and philosophical by turns, and was well pleased with the expression that stole over the official's face, so full of approbation was it. He knew that he would handle a poor bore of a quarter, if he did not get the pass. He was determined to please, and when the official asked him if he had any cotton handy the barber said he thought he had. He sent quickly to a store and secured a small supply of the cotton, and giving it to the official that gentleman took two small fragments and put them in his ears.

Then the barber thought of Casey at the bat.—St. Paul Dispatch. A Distinguished Female Clergyman. In all probability the most distinguished female clergyman in this country is Rev. Phoebe A. Hanford, at present a resident of Gotham. She is not occupying a pulpit, however, and it is hardly possible she ever will again. Rev. Hanford for almost 90 years has been an ordained minister in successful charge of a number of congregations. Dr. Hanford is a member of Sorosis and a well known writer and lecturer as well as minister. She has the honor to be the pioneer of women in the sacred desk in this country, as she was the first ordained woman minister in America and the fourth in the world.—Philadelphia Press.

GRIEVANCE OF A SUBURBANITE. He Quickly Resented the Imputation That He Was Lazy.

"I'm a pretty easy going kind of a fellow," he said as he poked his head into an Illinois Central suburban ticket office window, "but it seems to me you're sort of rubbing it in." "What's the matter?" asked the ticket seller.

"Oh, I suppose I ought not to complain, but I always get the worst of it everywhere, and I thought maybe I could get this one matter fixed just for a change." "I think the company is anxious to do anything it can to please its patrons," said the agent. "What is your trouble?" "Well, you see, I am an inveterate smoker."

"And out where I live the entrance to the station is at the south end of the platform." "Yes." "It's the same way at Randolph street." "Yes." "And you put the smoking car at the north end of each train, no matter which way it is running." "Well, what of it?" "What of it! Can't you see that I have to walk the whole length of the train to reach the smoker and the whole length back again when I get down town. It isn't fair. I ought to get the best of it at least at one end of the line. You can't change it? Well, then, would you advise me to move or give up smoking?" "Smoking." "Well, I don't know. If it wasn't for the work, I'd move. By the way, you don't think I'm lazy, do you? Of course not. I'm only justifiably indignant over an adverse fate."—Chicago Times Herald.

ASKING THE CAPTAIN.

Just What Happened When Information Was Sought From the Commander. "Once on an ocean steamer," said a traveler, "we had a heated shaft bearing, or something of that sort, so that the engines stopped for five or six hours. I had often read and heard about how the captain was the great mogul aboard ship, how about all things pertaining to the affairs of the ship he held aloof and must not be approached by the passengers, and that it was a sort of violation of the unwritten rules of the sea for a passenger to ask the captain anything. And there may be some reason in all this; if one passenger might ask him, 40 might, and surely the commander of the ship ought not to be unnecessarily disturbed by useless questions. We had been lying there three or four hours waiting. There was no danger whatever, but it was a delay and an incident of interest, and of course all the passengers talked about nothing else—the common information was that the delay was due to a heated bearing.

"I was standing on the upper deck by the door to the main companionway leading to the deck below. The captain came along the upper deck from the after part of the ship and went below by that companionway. He must pass within a foot of me, and under the circumstances it did not seem like a violently unreasonable breach of salt water etiquette to ask him what was the matter, which I did. A passenger who stood on the other side of the doorway looked at me with the amused smile of an older traveler. The captain said nothing. He simply passed on, to all outward appearances quite unconscious of my question or even my presence."—New York Sun.

The Tree Killer.

One of the curious forest growths of the isthmus of Panama and lower Central America in general is the vine which the Spaniards call matapalo, or "tree killer." This vine first starts in life as a climber upon the trunks of the large trees, and, owing to its marvellously rapid growth, soon reaches the lower branches. At this point it first begins to put out its "feelers"—tender, harmless looking root shoots, which soon reach the ground and become as firmly fixed as the parent stem. These hundreds of additional sap tubes give the whole vine a renewed lease of life, and it begins to send out its aerial tendrils in all directions. These intwine themselves tightly around every limb of the tree, even creeping to the very farthest tips and squeezing the life out of both bark and leaf. Things go on at this rate but a short while before the forest giant is compelled to succumb to the gigantic parasite which is sapping its life's blood. Within a very few years the tree rots and falls away, leaving the matapalo standing erect and hollow, like a monster vegetable devilish lying upon its back with its horrid tentacles clasped together high in the air. Morgan, "Central America Afoot," says, "Corelike arbors of matapalo are to be seen in all directions, each testifying to the lingering death of some sylvan giant that formerly supported it."—St. Louis Republic.

Plaster casts in their natural state are best freed from dust by covering them with a thick layer of starch. When the starch is dry, brush thoroughly with a stiff brush, and it will be found that the dust has been removed with the starch. The Chattahoochee river in Georgia is so called from an Indian expression meaning "painted rocks." At several places on its banks the cliffs have peculiar markings that resemble artificial paintings. In 1870 candles were first made from ozokerit.

IT'S QUITE A TRICK

To write a convincing advertisement about clothing nowadays, all dealers claim too much for the discriminating reader to believe. All I do is to try and get you to look at my stock, it is easy to sell them, my constant aim is to put into clothes all the attractiveness of artistic fashion and careful making at the lowest possible price; this is why I retain my old customers and am constantly receiving new ones. Ask those who have worn our make of clothing during the past year and they will tell you the place to get a good suit is at

ARMITAGE, THE TAILOR.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE OR RENT. Sell cheap. One hundred acres, more or less. LOT 10, CON. 6, T'P OF FENELON. Apply to ALEX. FLACK, 10 Brunswick-st., Montreal.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

Mr. A. Dorn, wine and liquor merchant, in returning thanks to his numerous customers for their liberal patronage would respectfully intimate that he has disposed of his business to the firm of Messrs. Graham & Co., and bespeaks a continuance of their patronage for the new firm. In order to wind up his business affairs all outstanding accounts due me must be settled at once. A. DORN.

MCLAUGHLIN and McDIARMID, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c., Lindsay and Fenelon Falls, Lindsay Office, Baker's Block, Kent-st. We are loaning money on real estate first mortgage in sums large and small, to suit borrowers, on the best terms and at the very low rates of interest. We do not lend on notes or chattel security. R. J. MCLAUGHLIN, M. H. MCLAUGHLIN, F. A. McDIARMID.

THE DALY HOUSE. Corner of Simcoe and Front Sts., Toronto, now under the proprietorship of Mr. Joe. Daly, late of Lindsay. Refitted and refurnished throughout and is one of the best equipped and conducted hotels in the city. The wine room is unexcelled and cuisine cannot be surpassed. Terms \$1 and \$1.50 per day. Corner of Simcoe and Front-sts., Toronto.

TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

Have you seen the LOCK WIRE FENCE? It is superior to all other wire fences, and is suitable for farm, lawn, garden and cemetery fencing. It will turn all kinds of stock. The Lock Wire Fence makes a most attractive fence for private residences. Stock racks and farm gates especially. Recommendations furnished. J. A. FITZPATRICK. Also agent for the Improved Fire Escape Ladder.

BATSMAN, PEDIGREE.

Batman is a rich chestnut in color, and was foaled in 1888. He was sired by Equinox, by Imported Leanington, by Fugleholah, by Sir Hercules, by Whalebone; by Waxy, etc., etc. Dam Bria, by Verdi; 2nd dam Ice jay, by King Lear; 3rd dam by Imp. Scythian, etc. In confirmation he is all that can be desired. As a performer he has demonstrated that he possesses the qualities that go to make a great race horse, and has won several notable events. As a two-year-old he defeated a field of 15 contestants at Gaitenberg, beating the most noted performers of that day. As a three-year-old he won a great stake for that age at Coxe Island. Full particulars of pedigree and performances can be had on enquiry.

TERMS.

\$10 to insure—less than half price for such a high-bred horse. In this locality there are a large number of mares suitable to cross with a thoroughbred sire, and the owners will consult their own interest by using the Batman. The popularity of the thoroughbred horse cannot be dis, used when only last week from 10000 to 12000 spectators witnessed the races at Toronto each day. WM. WESE, Proprietor.

DR. JEFFERS, 28 WELLINGTON STREET, LINDSAY. TELEPHONE NO. 43.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Re Estate John Welsh. Notice is hereby given pursuant to Chap. 110 R. S. O., 1887, that all persons having claims against the Estate of John Welsh, late of the Town of Lindsay, County of Victoria, pedlar, who died on or about the 1st day of December, 1885, are required to deliver their claims and full particulars of such claims to the undersigned Administrators, at their office, corner King and Jordan streets, Toronto, before the FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, 1895, and that after said 1st day of August, 1895, the Administrators will distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they have had notice.

THE TOUTS CORPORATION OF ONTARIO. A. E. FROEMER, Manager. Administrators with the will annexed. By C. H. HOPKINS. Their Solicitor herein. Dated at Lindsay the 22nd day of June, 1895.—25-3.

CALL and see our stock of PARLOR, BOX AND COOKING STOVES.

made by the best manufacturer in Canada. Also a full line of TINWARE &c. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIME.

PLUMBING

The season is now on getting in the water service. Remember that we employ first-class men in our rooms and the quality of work is the best.

GIVE US A CALL W. G. WOODS

Sign of the Blue Front. HOUSE, SIGN AND DECORATIVE PAINTING. FRESCOING GRAINING KALSOMINING STAINED GLASS.

Art Designs in all Branches. 76 PEEL STREET, LINDSAY.

W. KENNY, V. S., Graduate of the Veterinary College, registered member of Ontario Veterinary Medical Association. Office and residence William-st., Lindsay.

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When a man builds a house there are things he wants, good dry material samples. Shall I copy after he or experience in the factory line, and employ only first-class workmen and the proper mode for drying lumber, I will give my customers the best of everything in the shape of

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Newells Balusters and everything in the building line. I will measure and inspect our work.

FOR SALE. TWO REGISTERED HOLSTEINS. A thorough bred Holstein Cow, two years old, with registered pedigree, applying to THOS. KENNEDY, Queen-st., Toronto.

ALLAN S. MACDONELL, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND CLERK OF THE PEACE IN H. C. J. OFFICES, North-west corner of Kent and Queen streets, Lindsay.

MONEY TO LOAN. MONEY INVESTED. For a short time I will be in a position to loan of \$5,000 and upwards on farm and city property where the value is unquestionable, and at an exceptionally low rate of five per cent. It will be necessary that interest be paid quarterly, and no privilege of repayment can be allowed until a period of five years. With a fractional advance the interest desirable privileges will be given.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for the incorporation of a company to be called the "Matawa Railway Company," to construct, equip, maintain and operate a railway from a point on the Matawa River, in the Province of Ontario, to a point on the Ottawa River, at or near Matawa, in the Province of Ontario, and also a branch line or lines of railway connecting with the said Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Matawa Railway, or the said Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Matawa Railway, and with any other railway, canal or waterway, and with any company or companies for the acquisition, lease, use or use of the said company's rights and privileges. Dated at Lindsay, Ontario, this 2nd day of July, 1895. MOORE & JACKSON, Solicitors, Applicants.

Clara was a fiend; and soon, and she choke herself over into the shirt or seaweed thing by w living. Ar either. Ar months' sen she said: "much whist three days tenced for twenty-one "Nursed fed gin fro tor; "the her inheri Back of the mothers of say how we been invest that crimin birth and h fort, to hal industry! not society these child the slums, cy and pea their bible "There a als in high said the su tur over t servants; g no immedi of their ch unrestrain er, though I know tw who are a decent sco ery, the And eac eighteen th out of win Balls, open days spent day to sit a high ambit no deep me fevered, ne make moth surely as a mother, the jail, the pe sting are fir first case, in number, of outsider and more opened by escape to be "You fir in the tw said the "I find ever there their great children, it training. blind to t restraint, labor, the safez the ill-reat less likely reformator gan. As that while here, man and the to us. It all-environ of the ste negl-ct of members, in great criminals. vocate. "Environments count for much," said the doctor. "What's the environment? Something neat or wear?" "If you took girls like Clara, dressed them in elegant clothes, and set them in a palace, they would reduce it to a slum in a week," said the matron with conviction. "Why not?" demanded Clara, "isn't the slum all we know about? What would we pattern after? Do we know nice people? Have we been reared in manners? Do I know how to play a pianny, or read a book, or work a needle? How do you know but what I'd have been as nice as other folks if I'd had half a chance?" "Come, said the matron, "it's your own now to get your bath and your clothes." "Oh, I know, and all the rest of it—looked up, with nothing to do but sit on a straw bed." "Because you won't do anything, Clara. I'd give you sewing or rip-ping or knitting, if you would do it." "If I could, you mean. Who ever taught me?" "I've spent hours trying to teach you." "Did my mother want to learn be lieve me! All right; but I'll sing. I'll play your ears, and I'll call to all the other women in this corridor. Who's looked up here, anyhow, any of my girls?" "There it is," said the matron, as of Octob