The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY MARCH 9, 1882. VOL. XX-NO. 44.

NEW GROCERY

—AND—

FEED STORE!

corner of High and Queen streets, Chestertown.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

ALL KINDS

OF

CANNED GOODS;

100 Bushels of White Potatoes,

In First Class Condition,

now in the cellar.

SUPPLY OF OTHER VEGETABLES

WILL BE RECEIVED DAILY,

and furnished Fresh and Good.

Our Motto:

Low Prices,

Cash Rates,

and Quick Sales.

P. S.—Will continue to keep on hand Castings for the Advanced Chilled Plow, also, Champion Reaper repairs.

A. BELL,

Jan. 12, 1882. Agent.

STOVES!

We have on hand as Fine a Line of

Cook

AND

Heating Stoves,

AS WAS EVER OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

THE NEW EMERALD

AND

FARMER GIRL COOK STOVES

are, without exception, the best in the market, no other stoves having so many fine qualities. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case. Call and examine them.

OUR HEATING STOVES

FOR

PARLORS AND SITTING ROOMS,

have been selected from the best houses in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Our

ARGAND,

made by Messrs. Perry & Co. of New York, is the finest finished stove ever seen in this market. Call and examine it, if you want to see something beautiful.

The number of Fire Place Heaters sold last year is a guarantee of their worth. This year they are much improved. We will guarantee every stove to work and give satisfaction.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,

Next door to Kent National Bank.

Chestertown, Oct. 13, 1881.

Chester River Steamboat Company

SUMMER

ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, May 23d, 1881, the steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the above named Landings.

GEO. WARFIELD

May 19, 1881 President.

DR. C. P. GILPIN

DENTIST,

HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,

offers his

Professional Services

TO THE PUBLIC.

Sept. 18, 1879.—6m

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1881.

If you want CHOICE PERFUMES,

Nice Colognes, Hair Oils, Hair Dyes, Soaps Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, and Dentrifices, go to the Corner Drug Store, kept by

C. F. STAM,

Where you will get the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices. July 31, 1879.

SWISS EMBROIDERY, IRISH TRIMMING, TORCHON LACE, VALENCIENNE LACE, DeAlencon Lace, Bretonne Lace, Hamburg Edgings and Insertings. For sale by

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

Is the place to get stove castings. They keep a fully supply of all patterns. Oct. 13

A VERY large lot of Barbed Fence Wire on hand, and cheaper than ever.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.

OARS AND OARLOCKS—for sale by

T. L. HINES & CO

A FULL stock of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco, constantly on hand—at SPARKS'.

WE are still ahead in good cheap *CLOCKS*

SPARKS.

Ladies' Shoe Store.

A NEW stock of SHOES for Spring and Summer wear, just received at

MRS. KATE GILL'S

If you want a cheap City Made Wash Boiler, or a good Home Made Wash Boiler, call on

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

ATTENTION called to Good Things—at

HUDGINS' BAKERY.

DON'T

Go away to buy Christmas Goods when you can find a choice selection at STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Elegant Novelties, Prices Right. *No fancy profits.* The question is what shall I buy? Come and we will tell you. Come soon, before the rush. Choice is greater now, hurry less.

Vases and Toilet Sets in abundance. Plush Goods of the finest quality, and artistic workmanship. Porcelain Roses of French importation, $1 less in price than same goods in Baltimore. Silver Ware, the largest and most varied stock ever seen in Chestertown.

Colognes and Perfumeries of choicest odors. Stationery in beautiful boxes. Books for the old and young. Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and Bibles from 20c. to $5.

For children we have little fancy articles too numerous to mention, and books for them in bright and illuminated covers—one of the best we will mention (Chatter Box), which we have made a specialty of, and will sell you very cheap.

Gold Pens and Pencils. You already know the quality of these goods, they are made by Aikin, Lambert & Co., of N. J.

We extend to one and all a cordial invitation to visit our store, we can give you a comfortable seat while you examine goods.

Respectfully,

COLIN F. STAM.

☞ We forgot to mention above that we had received an extra lot of Fine Majolica Ware, which we intend to sell without regard to cost.

LUMBER LUMBER.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

HAS in yard and for sale at the lowest rates the market will allow, a large stock of

White Pine and Virginia Pine

LUMBER,

embracing in part:

White Pine	Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;	
" "	Rabbitted Barn Boards;	
" "	⅞ " Weatherboarding;	
" "	¾ and ⅝ Plank;	
" "	Dressed Boards, Culls and Picks;	
Virginia "	Boards, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet;	
" "	Siding, dressed and undressed;	
" "	Flooring, No. 1 and 2;	
" "	Scantling, joist, billstuff & railing;	
Georgia "	Sill stuff, from 16 to 32 feet;	
Hemlock Fencing;		
White Pine 2x3 Railing;		
" " 3x4 do.		
Cypress Shingles; Laths, Pickets.		

He also keeps in stock an assortment of

DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, GLAZED SASH, WINDOW FRAMES, BLINDS, CROWN MOULDINGS, BAND MOULDINGS, O G MOULDINGS, BEADINGS, &c.

☞ Do not buy your Lumber from home, and then discover that you would have saved money by purchasing in your own home market. Give me a call.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Chestertown, Nov. 3, 1881.

Spears' Golden Sun

—AND—

NEW GOLDEN SUN,

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the kind in the country. Call and examine the above Stoves and prices at JOHN K. ALDRIDGES'.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES at very low prices, for wood and coal.

THE NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it

THE NEW SILVER MOON, *Parlor* or *Double Heater*, for heating 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds of STOVES for sale at City Pices.

We offer the IMPROVED EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect Baker, and cannot be excelled.

THE NEW JASPER, Niagara, Quaker City Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.

Oct. 13, 1881. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

New Millinery

FOR

FALL & WINTER,

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of

HATS.

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Shaded Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons,

Handsome Ostrich Plumes

and Tips of all varieties,

and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

Oct. 27, 1881. MRS. KATE GILL.

WIRE SCREEN for windows and doors of all sizes. Call and purchase, so that you may not be annoyed with flies for ten years to come. gold by THOS. L. HINES & CO.

BLACK CASHMERES, Black Silks, Black Satins. Black Alpaca worth 50 cents, rice 25 cents. For sale by

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

The Charge of the Heavy Brigade: Balaklava, October 25, 1854.

By Cable to the New York Independent.

Mr. Tennyson's new poem, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava," is published in the March number of Macmillan's Magazine, which appeared in London March 1st, the English magazines being always issued on the first day of the month. It was transmitted by cable to the New York Independent and by that journal furnished to the daily press. The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made the famous charge, and who now pass into poetry alongside the immortal six hundred of the Light Brigade, were the Scots Greys and the second squadron of the Inniskillings.

I.

The Charge of the Gallant Three Hundred,
The Heavy Brigade.
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—
And stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by,
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called: "Left wheel into line," and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge," and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade,
To the gallant three hundred, whose glory will never die,
"Follow and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge and the might of the fight,
Down the hill slowly thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley and halted at last on the height
With a wing pushed out to the left, and a wing to the right.
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then,
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill,
Galloped the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell like a cannon shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crashed like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode, flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,
And some of us, all in a maze,
Who were held for a while from the fight
And were only standing at gaze
When the dark, muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed:
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

IV.

But they rode like Victors and Lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Men Who Paint and Powder.

There are men in New York who paint and powder. The number is small, but they exist, if the statements of druggists, barbers and dealers in toilet preparations are to be trusted. They are usually young men, not of the highest fashion and are to be found occasionally in the lobbies of theaters, or speaking English at the French balls. The practice began a few years ago, and has not flourished. The custom of banging the hair among men, on the other hand, grew very rapidly. Capoul, the tenor, gave it impetus, and now in almost any assembly frequented by the well-to-do youth of the city there are one or more men's heads with banged hair. A druggist of this city in speaking on the subject said:

"We sell many bottles of cosmetics, blooms, lily whites and the like to men, and the inference is that they buy for their wives or sisters, but in some instances they unquestionably buy for themselves. It doesn't need a practiced eye to tell this. The effect on the face is easily discernable."

"Speaking of cosmetics are any of them absolutely harmless?"

"I could not recommend a single one conscientiously. They all contain ingredients more or less injurious, and should not be used with any frequency."

A barber, whose place is near Twenty-third street, and who counts many young men about town among his customers, said: "The desire to look beautiful is about as it is in an idle young woman. Many of my customers have no trouble in fixing themselves up. I sell a good deal in the way of liquid cosmetics, though nothing like lily white or pearl wash. Young fellows will come here twice a day to have their faces well rubbed with a mixture of bay rum, glycerine and several other fluids, which has a smoothing effect on the skin. They come ostensibly to be shaved in the morning and to have their hair dressed at night, but they really want their faces attended to. They often say, 'Put a little powder on my chin, it looks so black,' but if you put a little powder all over the face and then smooth it down and make a feint of rubbing it off with a towel, they're sure to come again."

There is quite a house in Fourteenth street, devoted entirely, according to its signs, "to the beautification of the person." The reporter climbed to the second floor, opened a glass door, and found himself in a small reception room. A girl was addressing circulars at a table. Her complexion is decidedly bad. Perhaps, however, she is only a subject. Again, she may be a result.

"What did you wish, sir?" she asked.

"Do you do men's faces?"

"Oh! yes," with a critical look; "I'll call madam." Madam came and the reporter stated his errand. She thought a moment and then said: "I see no reason why a gentleman should not improve his complexion. I have seven regular male customers. Two of them come three times a week and have their nails and hair attended to, besides the face."

"What do you do to the face?"

"First we use a stringent lotion with considerable camphor in it, which takes the natural oil out of the face. Then we remove the blemishes. Moles are taken out with a preparation of iron. Then we build the complexion up with——"and she went on to give a list of conceptions.

"What kind of men are these madam?"

"Oh," said she, "they are nice young men; quite nice."

New York Sun.

A Keen-Eyed Boy.

A poor lad living near Philadelphia was invited a couple of years ago by a wealthy friend in town, to dine with him. Among the dishes new to him on the table, he noticed that one which he particularly relished was set down on the *menu* as "*Fillet de bœuf aux champignons.*"

A sharp scrutiny showed him that the "champignons" were only mushrooms, such as he had gathered on the sheep walks. These, however, as his friend explained to him, were of finer quality, and had been cultivated and canned in France. They sold at retail, his friend explained to him readily at sixty cents a can.

Strooling through the market the next day, the boy saw one or two quart baskets of native mushrooms marked at that price.

"Is there much demand for these things?" he asked. "We do not think much of them in the country."

"They are considered a rare delicacy," said the man, "but only epicures can afford to buy them."

The lad passed on with a new thought in his brain. Why could he not grow mushrooms? He was poor, to be sure, and had little time to spare from his regular work, and had no land. Here was a crop which he had been told could be raised in a cellar; one for which there was already a demand which could easily be increased, and no supply.

He went home, and during the next few weeks read every book he could find on mushrooms, laid out beds in a back cellar, manufactured his spawn with a few old mushrooms and the manure heap, and last fall filled the market with his boxes of tiny silvery buttons, blushing delicate pink.

They were of precisely the same quality as the French canned champignons, only they were dewy, fresh, and sold at twenty cents. Epicures eagerly filled their baskets, and others who never had tasted them, in the prevailing high prices of all kinds of food, tried the new cheap vegetable and came again and again.

The crop fairly took the market, and the boy has already laid up a snug sum toward going to college. How many boys would have munched champignons, and while eating them have thought only of the taste.

Discovery of Assyrian Relics Near Bagdad.

London Times.

On Monday evening during a discussion which took place on a paper read at the Victoria Institute, Mr. Rassam, the well known discoverer of Assyrian relics, said: "In March last I went out from to the East, as you know I am always doing, for the purpose of ferreting out the old cities which lie buried there. As I was journeying on one occasion in pursuit of this object, I met with an Arab who told me that he knew of an old ruined city, the ruins of which were to be found within five hours of Bagdad—that is to say, taking the computation of three miles an hour, the place he knew of was fifteen miles from Bagdad. As we were traveling along the route pointed out by the Arab, we came at a distance of four hours' journeying, upon an old ruin that I had never seen before—a ruin of great magnitude—so large, indeed, that it must be about three miles in circumference. I at first thought that this was the place of which my guide had spoken. We went onward, and at last the Arab showed me a most wonderful ruin. I set to work and excavated there, but I found nothing of any antiquarian value.

"I afterward went back to the place I had first seen, and commenced a thorough search there. The result was that, after digging for four days, we came upon the top of some walls. This induced us to perserve with increased ardor, and we soon found that we had come upon an enormous building, in which we began to find inscriptions. I may here say that I am not an Assyrian reader. I am only a discoverer of Assyrian relics, which I send to the British Museum, where those who have made Assyriology a study interpret the inscriptions I find. We first of all discovered four rooms, and then came upon a fifth. They were what I should call generally of the Assyrian or Babylonian order, and paved with bricks or stones; but the fifth room was paved with asphalt, the discovery of which brought to my mind Solomon's saying: 'There is nothing new under the sun.' previous to this I had always thought that asphalt was a modern invention. Singular as this discovery was, we dug through the asphalt, and in a short time we were rewarded by coming upon a coffer upon which we found inscriptions. From this, coffer we took two cylinders. These were covered with inscriptions, which are supposed to be the most important records of the oldest city in the world, founded, as historians tell us, by Noah after the deluge, and where, according to tradition, Noah buried the antediluvian records. Well, I had to come home, but I left some workmen continuing the operation at the spot and I have ascertained that they have found, after a few days' more digging, that in one of the rooms there was a channel, and inside that channel there were records inscribed on nearly 10,000 tablets. These tablets are all coming to England, but we cannot, of course as yet say what they contain. They may contain something of even greater value than anything that has hitherto been discovered in the course of our Eastern researches. It may be, indeed, that we shall really find on them the antediluvian records of which I have spoken. After I have been out there again I shall be happy to give you information as to this interesting discovery on my return. I hope to be going out in another month, and then, I trust I shall be able to make still further advances on what we have already discovered."

Pearls of Thought.

Jealousy is the homage that inferiority pays to merit.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

It is with life as with coffee, he who would drink it pure must drain it to the dregs.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

It is a solemn thought with the middle-aged that life's past business is begun in earnest.

Dark clouds roll up and obscure the sun, but we know that there is light above the clouds.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.

The best of all prayers is to act with a pure intention, and with a continual reference to the will of God.

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present and indulging in false hopes of the future.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

How Long Have People Lived in the World.

Every year in the month of May the river Nile in Egypt rises, and breaking through the mountain gate of Essouan, inundates the whole valley below. The water contains a rich mud, which settles upon the fields, and makes them very fertile. It is thought that the bed of the river rises four feet in a thousand years. There is at Memphis a fallen statue of King Rameses II., who reigned about fourteen hundred years before Christ. The Viceroy of Egypt caused a shaft to be dug near this statue forty-one feet deep, and in the very bottom of this shaft pieces of pottery were found.

The Colossus of Rameses II. is surrounded by a sediment nine feet four inches deep. It was erected 3,250 years ago, which gives three and a half inches a century for the deposit. But beneath it similar layers of sediment also exist to the depth of thirty feet, which would, at the same rate, give 23,500 years for the time the deposit has been going on. At the greatest depths, in all the openings made, fragments of pottery and hewn brick have been found.

Why Some Oysters are Green.

A great deal has been written in regard to the peculiar green character of European oysters, and in certain varieties of these shell-fish their value abroad seems to depend on the intensity of color. For those who like such green oysters it may be stated that there are localities in the United States where oysters of the most pronounced verdigris tint can be obtained. Prof. Ryder has found that the coloring is not due in American oysters to the green diatoms on which the oysters largely feed, as was supposed by M. Puysegur to be the case in French waters. In experiment on the green color in Chesapeake Bay oysters, it was found, on drying the substance, that it faded out in time. Prof. Ryder is disposed to believe that it is composed of an immense number of glandular cells, containing chlorophyl, and is due to a vegetable parasite. In this method of coloration oysters would not differ from certain mussels which, as Prof. Leidy has shown, owe their peculiar green tinge to the same substance. —*Scientific American.*

The religious revival in Louisville has taken an exciting hold on the negroes, twenty-three of whom were immersed in one evening. An impatient convert, unable to restrain himself until this turn came' threw himself head foremost into the water.

NEW YORK city is enjoying another walking match.

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.

We must not quarrel, whatever we do;
For if I was (but I was not!) wrong,
Here are the tears for it, here are the tears;
What else has a woman to offer you?
Love might not last for a thousand years,
You know, though the stars should rise so long.

Oh, you, you talk in a man's great way!
So, love would last though the stars should fall?
Why, yes. If it last to the grave, indeed,
After the grave last on it may.
But—in the grave? Will its dust take heed
Of anything sweet—or the sweetest of all?

Ah, death is nothing! It may be so.
Yet, granting at least that death is death
(Pray look at the rose, and hear the bird),
Whatever it is—we must die to know!
Sometime we may long to say one word
Together—and find we have no breath.

Ah, me, how divine you are growing again!
How coldly sure that the heavens are sure,
Whither too lightly you always fly
To hide from the passion of human pain.
Come, grieve that the earth is not secure,
For this one night—and forget the sky!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

IRISH LOVE SONG.

Ah! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
Jewel of joys, arise!
The little red lark like a rosy spark
Of song to his sunburst flies;
But till you are risen, earth is a prison,
Full of my captive sighs,
Then awake and discover to your fond lover
The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me; hark, oh! hark to me
Pulse of my heart, I pray
And gently gliding out of thy hiding,
Dazzle me with thy day;
And oh! I'll fly to thee singing, and sigh to thee
Passion so sweet and gay,
The lark shall listen and the dew-drops glisten,
Laughing on every spray.

—*Boston Pilot.*

The Mule.

The mule is a vertebrate. He has four legs, the rear ones being steam boiler explosions in disguise. He has also a pair of lungs larger than an emigrant's valise, and he can execute the most fatal love taps of any animate creature in all creation and part of New Jersey. The idea of nitro-glycerine was taken from the kick of the mule. More profanity has been expressed upon him than would, if judiciously distributed, stock up all the theological seminaries in the land. The mule is extremely musical, and like all grand musical instruments is composed mostly of stops; and as a stoppist he is a success. In this respect he is like the day laborer. Neither can go as fast as an express train or a false rumor, but they can stop 137 degrees quicker by actual count. I remember once being in the country. It was in the season when the small boy was being tied up into a hard knot by the first peaches of the season, which consisted of a piece of buckskin wrapped around a piece of cobblestone. The flowers were in bloom and the country swain was coming home from picnics with a huckleberry pie war map upon the seat of his pants. It was at this time, then, that I resolved, while enjoying all the comfort and soul satisfying beauties of pastoral life, to see the mule upon his native heath. I found him quietly dozing as though at his own fireside, surrounded by his immediate friends and relatives. His mind was filled with peace and his hide with splinters—from numerous clubs that had been used to fondle him. He was running over with a virtuous serenity. I wanted to hear him warble. So, after I had used up a spade on him, he suddenly sucked into his lungs all the air in the three adjoining counties, and then issued a specimen number of his brays that was enough to lift a mortgage from a 2,000 acre farm or give a mummy the rinderpest. I have heard Nilsson sing for $1,200 a night; the opera of "Fra Diavolo" by a Choctaw brass band and "Rory O'More" on a bass drum by a toothless private, but this was the most musical matinee I ever had a free pass to in all my life. Every note was fired forth in a solid chunk, and the sound was enough to make a man's spirit go down like the price of linen pants in January. I stayed until that mule had brayed down a rail fence and a retired frame shed from active business, and then I left, a sadder but a deafer man.—*San Porte.*

The Methods of Brigands.

It is a great mistake to think that brigands ill-treat their captives during negotiations; it is just the reverse. All share and share alike, the preference being always given to the prisoner when it comes to the last loaf of bread or the last glass of wine. At the same time it can hardly be called an enviable experience to pass night after night in fair weather and foul with no bed but the mountain side and no shelter but the canopy of heaven. The routine of one day is so much like that of another during the wandering in the mountains that the description of one twenty-four hours, will, I think, be sufficient. Soon after dark the whole party start, the prisoner having his arms tied loosely behind him by a single piece of small rope, leaving the end trailing behind. This, I may here mention, is simply used as a sign of captivity, and not as a caution against any attempt to escape, two of the band being sentry over the captive at a time, the remainder dispersing slightly, so as to have the notice of any danger that might be close by. After traveling several miles, through valleys and over mountains, a halt is made about sunrise in some well-wooded and secluded spot; the prisoner is then left in charge of three or four men, and the remainder, excepting, of course, the chief, proceed with their various duties, some lighting a fire, others preparing the morning meal, which generally consists of bread, coffee, and perhaps a bit of lamb or goat, and another party go off to get their next day's food from accomplices or spies who have been warned two or three days previously where to bring the provisions. So suspicious are they of treachery that no member of the band is allowed to eat any food brought by a spy until the bearer has tasted it to see if it contains poison. The way in which the fire is lighted is well worthy of notice. Having collected some dry sticks, not large in circumference, and about eighteen inches in length, a square heap is built by laying them across each other at right angles, and at the same time leaving lots of air space in the centre. The top stick is then lighted and the fire burns downward; by this means a very hot but perfectly smokeless fire is obtained, which of course prevents their locality being discovered from the smoke. When all is prepared breakfast is heartily welcome after the night's journey, but no one thinks of partaking of any food until a short prayer has been said by the chief and all have crossed themselves three times. I have omitted to mention that every band of brigands has a tame ram, which is used to lead any sheep they steal from out of the way villages, thus saving one man having the trouble of doing duty as shepherd. During meals every topic is discussed, no distinction being made between captor and captive, nor restriction placed on the latter as long as he does not broach the all-important subject of his own release. On that subject they are perfectly reticent, and one never knows from the day of one's captivity till within a few hours of one's release how negotiations are proceeding, nor how one's chances of life and death fluctuate according to the temper of the brigands and the communications brought by the spies.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

What Mrs. Grundy Says.

From the New York Mail and Express.

That æsthetic people are keeping rather quiet just now, not liking to be ridiculed.

That the season in Florida is now at its height and is more successful than was expected.

That spring bonnets are small, of pretty shapes and unusually becoming to "all of us."

That some people in society are never mortified until reference is made to their ancestors.

That people who are not going to Europe next summer begin to feel much embarrassed.

That the treatment of strangers at some of the fashionable churches is simply outrageous.

That the only respectable meal some prominent people have is when they go out to dinner.

That spring styles are already exhibited in the shop windows and draw crowds of admirers.

That the young lady students at fashionable boarding schools in town have too much liberty.

That jeweled waist belts are the newest, and no young lady of the period can be without one.

That the "pushers" have been highly successful in society this season, and are much elated.

That in about three weeks will begin the craze, excitement and enthusiasm for Easter cards.

That æsthetic note paper is very comical, and gives a good deal of harmless amusement.

That it is a significant fact that so many private horses and carriages are advertised for sale.

That the sunflower fans carried by ladies at the theatre amuse our country cousins exceedingly.

That French with the New York accent as spoken by leading clubmen is very mirth-provoking.

That artists are very much disgusted because of the low price at which pictures are now sold.

That certain property-holders at Newport have combined to defeat the scheme for a new hotel.

That the increase of rents has caused hosts of families to determine to give up house-keeping in May.

That the days of plush are already numbered, and Miss Flora Mc Flimsy has "nothing to wear."

That "drawing-room" malaria is highly fashionable, and no first-class fool should be without it.

That some new and very novel features are promised at the many weddings announced for Easter.

Make Him High Cockalorum.

From the Boston Post.

Grant has had bull pups, fast horses, Jersey cows, houses, house lots, fat purses of money, two terms of the Presidency, a bank Presidency, a Mexican land grant given him, a house full of trinkets from the Shah of Persia, the King of Siam, and from emperors, empresses, queens, lords, dukes, barons, counts and Wall street brokers; and now the Senate of the United States has voted to make him General of the army with a fat salary.

Why not declare Grant to be the grand high cockalorum of the universe and done with it? The Democratic Senators who voted to make him General of the army, would doubtless be glad to do what they could in this direction. His salary should not be less than $10,000,000.

A WOOD engraver being asked why he did not employ girls replied: "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me, and begins his work he feels that it is life's business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by-and-by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry, and her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so; but she thinks so, and it spoils her work.

A CURIOUS story is told at some length by *Figaro* concerning the negotiations which it asserts have recently taken place in regard to the departure of the Pope from Rome. This flight from the Vatican has long been the fixed purpose of Leo XIII., but it is only recently that he has decided where to go. Prince Bismarck offered to repeal the May laws and to authorize the expelled priests to return to their parishes if the Pope would consent to fix his future residence at Frankfort. He promised that the city should be neutralized, as in the time of the German Confederation, and offered the Pope its temporal sovereignty, with a subsidy of many millions per annum. Leo declined. Strasburg was then offered him on the same terms as Frankfort. This offer was also refused. A refuge in France was out of the question. So at last the Pope closed with the offer of Salzburg, which has been made him by the Hapsburgs. The city is to be neutralized, and the Pope subventioned from the Austrian exchequer. Everything is said to be in readiness for the transfer of the Holy See from Rome to Salzburg, and before long the hour of departure will be fixed.

Gold-crazy Negroes.

From the Eufaula Bulletin.

The crazy old negro, Thompson, who left such a fearful hole in the ground on the banks of the Chewalla, Alabama, has been considerably reenforced in his new field of operations on the Rev. Sam Fantroy's place, five or six miles out. He now has five fresh recruits, among them a colored carpenter named Arnold Fannin, and a colored shoemaker. They have been digging vigorously for the last two weeks for a basket of gold which old Thompson roundly asserts is at the bottom of the hole in which they are digging. They are now thirty feet below the surface, and are cutting through a strata of the hardest kind of red sand rock. Old Thompson says they would have found the treasure above this rock strata but for an unfortunate occurence the other day. Fannin was almost in sight of the basket of gold and was digging vigorously, when he made a miss-lick and hurt his foot, and he sat down and went to "kussin," and the treasure immediately sank ten feet deeper and straight through a bed of rock as hard as flint.

Do Bees Injure Grapes?

At the late annual meeting of the Northeastern Bee-keepers' Association, the charge that bees injure grapes was discussed with some feeling. Two bills have been introduced in the California Legislature to forbid the keeping of bees because of the damage they are said to do to the ripening grapes. The northeastern bee-keepers were unanimous in the opinion that honey bees never puncture the skin of the grape though they frequent the vines to suck the juices of grapes already injured by birds or other insects. This it was claimed has been demonstrated by careful tests. Black ants are the chief mischief makers.—*Scientific American.*

"A pitched battle is certain to be fought very speedily," says the London *Times*, "over the revised version of the New Testament. Already a respectable organ of Conservative opinion has sounded the war cry against its new readings with as much feeling as if it thought Mr. Gladstone had been among the revisers. Vituperation and taunts will not arbitrate finally between contending scholars. If at the end of the wordy warfare they be able to perceive what is the actual amount of questionable matter, something will have been gained. The high probability is that a majority of persons who speak the English language will be content to regard the uncertainties as still uncertain, provided they may keep so much as remains behind admitted."

A Short Sermon.

The ascent of Jack and Jill to fetch the water from its fountain head leads us to consider: 1. The attraction of the heights. 2. The upward impulse of the sense of want. 3. The profit of pursuit. 4. Misdirected efforts. 5. By this memorable catastrophe, we are led to consider—the penalty of overloading. In conclusion, this authentic history indicates that no man rises or falls in the world by himself. When Jack fell down, Jill came tumbling after. Momentous issues hang on every step we take in life. The false step by which we fall is certain to involve some one else in our disaster. Therefore ought we to be ever mindful of our goings, that our footsteps do not slip, like those of Jack and Jill.

"NOT heard of Mr. Sullivan!" exclaimed a member of the Cincinnati Ladies' Literary Association; "not heard of Boston's blue eyed Boy of Genius!"

The pork packer's fair but ignorant daughter blushed at the implied rebuke and timidly asked:

"What did he write?"

"What did he write!" shouted her champion with increasing surprise. "Is it possible that you have never heard of 'The Mill on the Floss?'"

As the hog merchant's crest-fallen child entered her palatial home that afternoon she wiped the moisture from her eyes with a pale blue bandana and whimpered:

"I knew I would never know nothing if pah refused to send me to Yurrup."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

IN a trial before a Justice at Dodge City, Kansas, a witness who was being bullyragged by a cross-examining lawyer called on the Court for protection. The Justice handed him a pistol. "I have no further questions," said the lawyer.

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