The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1882. VOL. xxi-NO. 9

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, Agent.

Jan. 12, 1882.

LANDRETHS'

GARDEN SEED!

FRESH,

GENUINE,

RELIABLE.

A FULL STOCK NOW ON HAND.

☞ An examination of our stock is requested. We think we can give you better satisfaction than any one else. Our long experience in the seed business enables us to select the choicest and most suitable kinds for our climate.

☞ Market Gardeners will find it to their interest to buy from us.

COLIN F. STAM,

DRUGGIST.

☞ Our prices are very moderte.

March 9, 1882.

Farmers' Goods!

Farmers' Goods!!

A Large Assortment of

Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes,

Forks, Grub Hoes, Picks,

Tree Axes, Hedge Trimmers,

Pruning Knives, Spears,

Saws, Bill Hooks,

Bramble Scythes and Snaths,

Webbing & Buckles for Plow harness;

GARDEN SEEDS,

ROCK SALT! ROCK SALT!

Plow Lines, Traces, Hames, Farm Bells three sizes; Cow and Sheep Bells, and a large assortment of Sheep Shears.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

April 13, 1882.

NEW STORE!

HAVING opened a NEW STORE at the old stand of Lambert Sisters, opposite the "Kent News" office, I am now prepared to furnish the public with a full line of

GROCERIES,

Such as FLOUR, MEAL, Buckwheat, Syrups, Molasses, Meat, Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Crackers, No. 1 mackerel, Corn and Tomatoes, canned; Hominy, Rice, &c. Also, a pretty line of

DRY GOODS,

Such as PRINTS, GINGHAMS, MUSLINS, FLANNELS, KERSEYS, &c.

Also, a very choice line of

Cigars and Tobacco.

The Finest CIGAR in Town for 5 cents!

and other articles too numerous to mention. Give me a call and convince yourself. I will do my best to please. I will be glad to have you call and examine my stock.

W. H. LAMBERT.

☞ *The Highest market price paid for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.*

Dec. 22, 1881.

PAINTS.

We offer to the people of Kent

The Girard Ready Mixed Paints,

acknowledged, by all who have used them, to be the best. These Paints are put up in pint, quart, and gallon cans, ready for use. Every can fully guaranteed. Should any one find them other than as represented we will furnish, free of charge, any other paint desired.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Dec. 1. THOS. L. HINES & CO.

GLASSWARE and Queensware, Floor and Table Oil Cloths.

E. W. F. SIMPERS.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,

LARGE STOCK

—OF—

LUMBER

—FOR—

Spring Trade

AT AS

LOW PRICES

AS THE ADVANCE WILL ALLOW.

Terms Liberal

AND

SPECIAL PRICES MADE

FOR LARGE CASH OR CREDIT PURCHASES

Give me a call before sending your orders away from home, and the probabilities are that I will *save you money*, either in cash or quality of material.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.

March 30, 1882.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

LOWEST PRICES.

DRY GOODS.

Fancy Dress Goods, Dress Ginghams, all wool black Cashmere, Bunting, Ladies' Cloth and Sacking in latest shades, Lawns, Percales, Red and white Table Goods, White Goods, Muslins, Prints, Cassimere, Cottonade, &c.

NOTIONS,

Summer Shawls, Skirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Hamburg Edging, Towels, Combs, Brushes, Gents' Underware, Cravats, Collars, &c.

SHOES,

Ladies' and Misses' Kid Fox Button Gaiters, Peb. But. Boots, Lace Fox Gaiters, Lace Mor. Shoes, Opera Slippers, Sandals, But. Slippers, Newport Ties, &c., Childrens' Peb. But. Kid But. and Solar Tip Shoes, Gents' and Boys' Box Toe Congress Gaiters, But. Gaiters, English Ties, Alexis Ties, Low Cut Shoes, Plow Shoes, &c.

FANCY, CHECK AND WHITE MATTING.

Carpets and Oil Cloths.

GROCERIES.

Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Molasses, Hams, Coal Oil, Soups, &c.

Queensware and Woodenware.

I have in store a full stock in every department, and will sell at the very lowest prices. A call solicited.

J. H. SIMPERS,

May 11, 1882. Chestertown.

The BEST and the CHEAPEST!

The American

FRUIT DRIER

OR

PNEUMATIC EVAPORATOR.

THE undersigned, agents for the American Manufacturing Co., of Pennsylvania, for the sale of their AMERICAN FRUIT DRIER in Kent county, respectfully request all FRUIT GROWERS who are in want of a

FRUIT DRIER

to call on either of them and examine this Drier before purchasing. It is built in

FIVE SIZES,

with capacities from 6 to 150 baskets of Peaches per day, and is the *CHEAPEST DRIER IN THE MARKET* considering its many advantages. A full descriptive catalogue furnished on application.

Address WM. P. NORRIS, Lynch's, Kent Co., Md.,

or J. C. SLAUGHTER, Chestertown, AGENTS.

April 8-tf.

Spring 1882.

E. W. F. Simpers.

NEW GOODS! FULL STOCK!

NOTIONS,

DRY GOODS,

Woodenware, Glassware,

GROCERIES.

We make a SPECIALTY in this department, always have a full stock of nice fresh goods in part as follows:

GREEN and ROASTED COFFEES, TEA, SUGAR, SYRUP, CHOCOLATE, COCOA, Prepared Cocoanut, Gelatine, Corn Starch, all kinds of Canned Goods, Best Sugar Cured Hams and DRIED BEEF.

FLOUR by the barrel, sack or pound.

TOBACCO & SEGARS.

PRICES ROCK BOTTOM.

Come and see us.

E. W. F. SIMPERS.

April 27, 1882.

SHOES

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

A full line of Low Cut Shoes

MRS. KATE GILL,

opp. Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

CALL in and examine our stock of fine Glassware. We keep all the latest styles, and sell at low prices. SPARKS.

Bolts! Bolts!! Bolts!!! 100 assorted bolts—all sizes, for $1 25—at

T. L. Hines & Co's.

T. G. WROTH. W. R. ALDRIDGE.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE

Have opened a New Store in Chestertown, next to J. K. Aldridge.

Every thing New, bought for Cash, at Best Cash Rates, and will be sold accordingly.

We keep a Full Line of Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Segars and Tobacco, Crockery, and Everything usually found in a First Class Store.

A lady's nice Kid Glove will be sold for a dollar. Every pair guaranteed not to rip or tear.

Eggs, Butter, Lard, Poultry, and all kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at highest market prices. Give us a trial.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Feb. 16, 1882.

D. M. OSBORNE & CO.,

HARVESTING

MACHINERY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 31, 1882.

TO OUR AGENTS:

The following is a true copy of a telegram received from Mr. D. M. Osborne, from Nashville, Tenn.:

"After two days' thorough trial, the Osborne wins over the Deering, Wood, McCormick, Buckeye and St. Paul Self Binders. Its system of binding thoroughly vindicated. Compressors at large discount."

D. M. OSBORNE & CO.

Twine and Wire

FOR SELF-BINDERS,

AND MACHINE OIL.

For sale by

T. W. WICKES.

June 10—1m. CHESTERTOWN

SPRING GOODS.

FRESH STOCK JUST OPENED.

A Full Line of

Dry Goods,

HATS, GROCERIES, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.

HORSE COLARS, PLOW BRIDLES, HALTERS, &c.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market prices. Will also exchange goods for all kinds of Stock, such as horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, &c.

THOMAS J. MANN,

April 27, 1882. opp. the Bank.

SPRING and SUMMER

MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOODS.

MRS. KATE GILL, opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Maryland, takes pleasure in informing the ladies and the public generally, that she has received a ful and complete assortment of new

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY,

Hats and Bonnets,

THE LATEST STYLES OUT.

Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Tuckings, Ruffilings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets, &c.

A full line of Ladies Nice Neckwear.

May 4, 1882.

Chester River Steamboat Company

SPRING AND SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, June 5th, 1882, the steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 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.

On and after the same date the steamer

GEO. LAW

will leave Baltimore for Crumpton and the intermediate landings, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Returning, leave Crumpton for Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 A. M., stopping at above named landings.

Freight received daily.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

May 19, 1881

HARVEST GOODS!

HARVEST GOODS!!

GRAIN Cradles and Snaths, English Waldron Grain Scythes, Grass Scythes, Bush Scythes, Scythe Snaths; Hay, Straw and Manure Forks; Galvanized Muzzles for Horses and Oxen, Scythe Stones, Brass and Zinc Oilers, Monkey Wrenches, Malleable Wrenches; two and other gallons Field Kegs

at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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

For sale by

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

LET US ALL BE GYPSIES.

From the Boston Transcript.

Which is the way from the crowded city,
To the land of shadow and hope and peace,
Where women can love and men can pity
And tears from sorrowing eyes may cease?
For the toiling town is harsh and hollow,
And late points eastward, cary west,
Though many may fall, yet some will follow
To a home of dreams and the haven of rest.
For the love of heaven [illegible]

[redacted]

And the curtain falls on Bohemia's land.

The Spicers' Cows.

They had lots of cows, the Spicers had—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they didn't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spicers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out. Well, one day, grandpa said:

"If those cows get into my corn again I'll drive 'em up to the pound."

"What's the pound? asked Dot.

"It's a pen," sad grandpa, "where you can drive any cattle you find on your land; and the owner can't get them out without paying a fine."

"Oh, I think that's elegant?" said I, "I know lots of people's cows I should like to get into the pound."

When grandpa went out I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicer just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt Jane, you might know, who said that. I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mince) that I never could touch them. But I didn't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them. But I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!" Besides, it isn't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spicers'. We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house.

"How d'ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"How d'ye do, Miss Spicer?" said I.

"Mercy me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she. "It's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried that Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Doesn't dare to!" snapped Sarah.

I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spicers!

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set?"

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word. Oh, but don't I 'spise her! Well, that afternoon, Dot and I were in the barn, playing with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"It's too bad! cried Dot. Those Spicers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had shoo'd them into the road. I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicer ——!"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried silly Dot. "What'll grandpa say? I won't go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me." Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It wasn't far to the pound; but there was one cow and her calf that wouldn't hurry, and besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound and turned to come home. We came quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's corn-field and the woods beyond, and right out in the Spicers' pasture. Dot and I noticed that there was only one cow left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others; and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he isn't, for there he is now." Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you'll find your cows tonight, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you'll find yours," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden, we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te he," giggled Sam.

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set, and grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane. "But, la, it's no use to wait any longer. "I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do you have supper, Children, have you seen the cows?"

"Why, no," I answered, "not the cows; but Dot and I drove the Spicers' cows up to the pound."

"Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking right at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief makers! Those were our cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I. And grandpa's got to pay a fine to get his own cows out of the pound! I do hope Sarah Spicer won't find out about it."

And so Dot and I had to go to bed an hour earlier than usual; but "Sarah Spicer doesn't know anything about it."—[*St. Nicholas.*

AN EGYPTIAN PRISON.

HIDEOUS SCENES ENCOUNTERED BY AN ENGLISHMAN AT CAIRO.

A writer in Macmillan's Magazine says: We were in a sort of ill paved, ill-looking, ill-smelling square. On each side of the square was a large door, now thrown open displaying an inner door of cross-barred wooden grating, and behind row upon row of miserable, hopeless faces. Already the old folk and children who had followed us had begun to pilfer from the bread panniers, and as soon as the prisoners caught the sight of the food, the horrid clanging chains grated on my ears, loud cries and howls came from the gratings, and the faces at the apertures multiplied three-fold. I could see the poor wretches struggling with one another for a place in front, the weakest, of course, going to the wall, the greediest and strongest crushing forward. And such faces! Most of them were revolting enough in themselves, and could well have spared the loathsome environment that made them worse. On some, indeed, that scourge of the East, leprosy, had left its marks; some were merely ill and hungry-looking, the better-favored seemed to stay with their chains behind, for shame, perhaps. All the foremost cried out for the bread they saw, and scrambled and fought like wild beasts for such of the round cakes as escaped through the bars without being torn piecemeal in their passage. One or two of the officials volunteered to help us to distribute our doles, and, of course, inviolable Eastern custom demanded that a little of the sorry stuff should disappear into their own capacious pockets. I tried to get one of these fellows—Jusef, as I heard some of the prisoners call him—to deal out the bread in something like order, but order seemed impossible; official authority stopped short outside the bars of the prison house, while inside I could see some sturdy ruffians dealing blows to their fellows with rude whips and sticks, and even with their chains, driving them from the raised step that led to the door, cursing loudly. And while this din was in our ears and we were feeding the wretches inside the bars the unfortunates outside, who had followed us closely to this very holy of holies, were pilfering as fast as hands, big or little, could help them—yes, big or little. One tiny child, about five years old, stole three cakes before my eyes, was cuffed, hustled away and returned in a minute to steal a fourth from my left hand, while her mother was snatching from my right. The cigarettes produced almost equal excitement, and were hugged by the happy possessors almost as eagerly as the bread.

And now that my stock of provisions was exhausted, I thought I had seen enough for once; and proceeded to make my way out of the vile den. As I was moving off one of the officials blandly asked for backshish, in reply to which I used all the few Arabic indignant expletives I knew, and, failing that, French, and when that, also, came too slowly for my indignation, I found relief in native English.

I heard subsequently that "the Khedive"—i. e., I suppose, the government—sends daily supplies to the prisons to the extent of three of those small round cakes for each person in confinement, but they only got one, and some who had tasted the sweets of this same prison-house assured me that they often got none. Where do the rest go? What man who knows Egypt knows not this, too?

PROF. FRIEND told some Chicago capitalists that he had discovered a new chemical process for cheaply refining sugar, and offered to take shares in a stock company in payment for his invention, trusting to the profits of manufacture for his reward. His only condition was that the machine should never be seen by anybody except himself. This seemed fair and capital was advanced to put a factory in operation. Friend had a room carefully partitioned off, and drew $1,500 from the treasury as the cost of the machine which he meant to put in; but after waiting several months the stockholders can find no sugar, nor any machine, and they have had the inventor arrested as a swindler.

Permit no Substitution.

Insist upon having Floreston Cologne. It is greatly superior in permanence and delicacy of fragrance.—Adv.

The Maine Man's Mansion.

Mr. Blaine's house in Washington has three stories above a high basement and cost $60,000. In addition to the main entrance on Twentieth street, which is approached by a grand double stone staircase and has a doorway ornamented with terra cotta work in red, the house being red brick, there is a fine porte-cochere on the Massachusetts avenue side, through which the house is also entered. This residence is admirably adapted for entertaining. The whole first floor, consisting of five rooms and two halls at right angles with each other, the longer one fifteen feet wide and that from which the spacious oaken stairway ascends twenty feet wide, can be thrown into one apartment. The main hall has a fire-place at one end; opposite the entrance and near the latter a picturesque feature will be four graceful oaken columns. There are a reception room, parlor, drawing room, dining room and library on this floor. The first two are to be finished in black walnut, the latter in mahogany, while the halls have ceilings of paneled oak, and are to be wainscoted in paneled oak all the way to the top of the house. The drawing room, dining room and library each measure twenty by twenty-five feet. The other rooms on this floor are a trifle smaller. The staircase will be lighted by beautiful stained glass windows. There are fully seventy-five plate glass windows in the house. Every room has an open fire-place, and there is also to be steam heat throughout the house. There are three bath rooms on the second floor, one of them, which is as nicely fitted up as the others, is for the use of the servants. In one of the others, a Russian bath is being constructed in addition to the usual style of large bath tub. All the second floor is finished in poplar wood. basement, which has ceilings ten feet high, has in addition to pantries, laundry, kitchen, wine closet, provision closet (which last is on the north side under the outer staircase and will always be cool,) furnace room, linen room and a large billiard room. The hall in the basement is wainscoted with Georgia pine. There is a dumb waiter and an elevator for baggage, coal and wood, but none for passengers.

Joe Brown.

Bill Arp, in one of his letters to the Atlanta *Constitution*, narrates the following interesting incident of the early days of J. E. Brown, told him by Gen. Ira Forster:

"When he got to talking about Joe Brown he stretched forth his hand and said: 'That man is a miracle. I knew his parents before he was born. They were exceedingly poor. His aunt Sydney did my washing when I was a young man living in Dalton some fifty years ago.

"Joe cultivated a little scrap of hill-side land with a pair of bull calves and every Saturday hauled to town some potatoes or cabbage or lightwood or truck in trade and took back something for the family. In 1839, I think it was, I was riding to Canton in a buggy and I overtook a young man walking in a very muddy lane. He had a striped bag hung over his shoulder and looked very tired. I asked him if he wouldn't take a seat, and he looked down at himself and said he was too muddy and would dirty up the buggy. I insisted and he broke off a splinter from a rail and scraped his shoes and got in. I learned from him that his name was Joe Brown and that he was going to Canton to get something to do." That boy climbed from one position to another until at thirty-seven he was Governor of Georgia.

THE Osages are said to be nearest to ideal Indians in appearance among the remaining tribes of Indian Territory. The average height of the men is fully six feet, and their features are strongly characteristic. "They retain the savage dress," says a correspondent of the Providence Journal, "shave their heads except a ridge of bristles on the top like a cock's comb, streak their faces with red ochre, and their bodies and arms with dark lines. When the three youths presenting this appearance dashed up to us on their ponies, it looked as though we had got among the native aborigines at last. They extended their hands with a smiling greeting that showed their white teeth, and uttered the talismanic 'Howgh,' to which we responded with an attempt at equally deep-lunged emphasis, and then they clattered on, sitting straight on their horses' backs, and riding like centaurs." In the same letter, however, the writer describes something far less picturesque and more civilized—the spectacle of a native constable lugging a drunken Indian to jail, and clubbing him, policeman fashion, on the way. He also heard some squaws singing selections from "Pinafore" in a most dreadful manner, to the accompaniment of a painful accordion.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON says that "diet to be wholesome should be varied for all. It has, too, to be changed for different periods of life. Some constitutions thrive better on vegetables and cereals than by admixture with animal food. An exclusively animal dietary might, perhaps, be best for a very few. So many persons hastily conclude that what is best for them is best for all. There is no greater error."

A Second Advent camp meeting is being held at Denton, Texas, by people who believe that the second coming of Christ is at hand, and might be hastened by a proper demonstration of readiness to receive Him. They have gone so far as to prepare a tent for the Saviour's occupancy, with a handsome bed and other furniture.

Why Women Use It.

Because they have learned by experience that it over-comes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic. —*Home Journal.*—Adv.

A PASTORAL PICTURE.

(NIGHT.)

Across the darkness, of the night
I see a slender thread of light,—
Light that approaches swift and clear,—
The earliest fire-fly of the year.

A disembodied pulse he seems,
Lit by soft phosphorescent gleams,—
As if beneath his restless ray
Some ocean-wave had gone astray.

A slow breeze waits along the rill
A mandate of a whippoorwill.
Whose note revengeful seems to be
Softened by mocking fantasy.

The cricket's voice, an itinerant trill,
Teases the silence of the hill.
The stars are cold and high to-night
As vestal virgins robed in white.

The darkness deepens; overhead
Fragments of cloud are thinly spread;
A meteor's brief and baleful spark
Of hurrying fire insults the dark.

A radiance of rare splendor born,
Like some red miracle of morn,
Falling from measureless heights of sky
On night's black breast to throb and die.

Wm. H. Hayne, in Lippincott for July.

DE LONG'S DIARY.

THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE WHICH IT TELLS.

WASHINGTON, June 26.

The Navy Department is in receipt of advices from Engineer Melville, dated Lena Delta, March 26, in which he gives a detailed account of his operations up to that date and full particulars of the finding of the remains of De Long and his comrades. The story has already been told. But Engineer Melville also forwards a copy of a note-book found by De Long's body, which tells the story of the struggle for life which the men had. The notes were begun on October 1, 1881, and were continued to October 30. Towards the last the notes were brief. The first entry tells of the amputation of Erickson's toes. On the 3d of October nothing was left to eat but their dog, which was killed and dressed and a stew made of such parts as could not be cured. All partook of the stew except De Long and the doctor. They sat around a fire all that night, but had it not been for Alexy's sealskin, De Long writes that he thinks he should have died from the cold.

The next morning Erickson was unconscious and had to be lashed to a sled. At eight o'clock the party reached a hut large enough to hold them all, and for the first time since Saturday they managed to get warm. Erickson was very low and prayers were read for him before the others sought rest. At ten all except Alexy lay down to sleep. Alexy went off to hunt, and at noon returned wet, having fallen into the river. At six they roused up and had a pound of dog meat for each person and a cup of tea, the day's allowance, but they were so grateful that they were not exposed to the terrible gale which was raging at the time that they did not mind short rations. The next day, Wednesday, tea and dog meat were eaten and on Thursday Alexy was sent out to hunt and Erickson died while he was gone. Alexy returned empty-handed. The notes at this point say: "What, in God's name is going to become of us? Fourteen pounds of dog meat left and twenty-five miles from a possible settlement."

Under date of October 6 the notes say: "117th day—Breakfast consisted of the last half-pound of dog meat and tea. The last grain of tea was put in the kettle, and we are now about to undertake a journey of twenty-five miles with some old tea leaves and two quarts of alcohol. However, I trust in God, and I believe that He who has fed us thus far will not suffer us to die of want now." They got under way at 8.30 A. M. and proceeded until 11.20, by which time they had made about three miles and were all pretty well done up. They had half an ounce of alcohol in a pot of tea for dinner. Went ahead and soon struck what seemed to be the main river again. Here four of the party broke through the ice in trying to cross, and fearing frost-bite a fire was built. Alexy shot one ptarmigan and there was soup for supper. On Sunday, the 9th, Noros and Ninderman were sent ahead. The party crossed a creek, broke through the ice and got wet. Dinner consisted of half an ounce of alcohol, but three ptarmigans afforded soup for supper. They found a canoe and found partial shelter for the night.

The entry for Monday, October 10, is thus: "Last half ounce alcohol at 5.39. At 6.30 sent Alexy off to look for ptarmigan. Eat deer skin scraps. Yesterday morning ate my deer skin foot-tips. Under way at 8. In crossing creek three got wet. Built fire and dried out. Ahead again till 11. Used up. Built a fire and made a drink out of the tea leaves and from the alcohol bottle. On again at noon. Very hard going. Ptarmigan tracks plentiful. At three halted. Used up. Crawled into a hole in the bank. Alexy in quest of game. Nothing for supper except a spoonful of glycerine. All hands weak and feeble, but cheerful. God help us."

"Tuesday 11—S. W. gale, with snow. Unable to move. No game. One spoonful of glycerine and hot water for food. No more wood in our vicinity."

"Wednesday 12th.—Breakfast, last spoonful of glycerine and hot water. For dinner a couple of handfuls of Arctic willow in a pot of water and drank the infusion. Everybody getting weaker and weaker. Hardly able to get firewood. S. W. gale, with snow."

"Thursday, 13th.—Willow tea. No news from Ninderman. We are in the hands of God, and unless He relents we are lost. We cannot move against the wind, and staying here means starvation. Afternoon, went ahead for a mile. After crossing another river, or the bend of the big river, missed Lee; went down in a hole in the bank and camped. Sent back for Lee. He had lain down and was waiting to die. All united in saying Lord's Prayer and Creed. After supper strong gale of wind; horrible night."

Breakfast on Friday consisted of willow tea and dinner of willow tea and one-half spoonful of sweet oil. On Saturday breakfast consisted of willow tea and two old boots. The next day Alexy broke down, and on Monday, the 17th, died. On the 19 the doctor went ahead to find a new camp, and the the final entries read:

Friday—Knack was found dead about midnight between the doctor and myself. Lee died about noon. Read prayers for sick when we found he was going.

Saturday—Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Knack out on the ice. The doctor, Collins and myself carried them around the corner out of sight. Then my eyes closed up.

Sunday—Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested to-day and then managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of Divine service. Suffering in our feet. No foot-gear.

Friday—Tyerson died during early morning.

Saturday, 29th—Dressler died during the night.

Sunday, October 30th, 140th day—Boyd and Gartz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying.

This is the end of Lieutenant De Long's diary. De Long, Surgeon Ambler and Ah Sam, the cook, died soon after the last note was written.

Mistaken Kindness.

Mormon wagons took sunflowers along with them on their way to Utah, and Iowa farmers have had a hard time fighting the pest. A single Scotch thistle planted in Victoria—the Scotchmen there had a congratulatory dinner over it twenty years ago—has covered tens of thousands of acres and been the destruction of farms. The scattered grain emptied from the bags of German troop ships in the Revolution knocked millions off the value of our grain crop for all time to come by bringing the Hessian fly. A careless man set out a French grape-cutting a few years ago with phylloxera on it, and the pest is now sprinkled along the Pacific coast, creeping inland. its ravages in France have cost $400,000,000. A man with a taste for peppery greens planted watercress in New Zealand, and the little plant has spread so that the local legislature has to appropriate a round sum yearly to improve the watercress out of existence and the water courses. A kindly, misguided man brought over to New York a basketful of sparrows not twenty years ago, and the little wretches have already driven half our song birds into the woods. In South America the same thing was done, and the birds are cleaning out the fruit crop.

Parasol Tactics.

Ladies select with care the color of the lining of their parasols so as to form an effective background when the fair one lays it carelessly (?) over her shoulder. A correspondent, who has delved into the mysteries of the subject, writes that if chosen wisely the lining brings out all the points, not only of the complexion, but of the hair and eyes. Brunettes are best suited with a shrimp (sic) pink, and blondes with a Nile green. Much thought is required to decide which color will do for always; when the lady is flushed, when she is pale, etc. All sorts of odd handles are used for parasols. They are of cherry, ash, or twisted willow, in simple crutch or straight stick fashion. Those of whangee-wood are coiled to form true-love knots. Some have a champagne cork for a tip. There are unique boxwood handles, that have knobs formed of the mana-root in its natural shape. A large ribbon bow must be fastened to all handles just above where the hand grasps the stick.—*Progress.*

"WAKING the dead" has for centuries been and still is practised in one of the northern Scotch counties. A house with a corpse in it becomes for the two or three days between death and burial, the rendezvous of the neighbors, who sit and tell stories—particularly ghost stories—ostensibly to dissipate the grief of the bereaved. Such gatherings, which are largely attended by young lovers, differ from Irish wakes in that the Scotch bring their own tobacco and pipes. The people of this district are all free church and free drinkers. Whiskey abounds. Great offense was given by a teetotaller substituting milk, and it is opined that there will be few mourners at the next funeral in that house.

THE gilded youth of the day, as described by Truth, wear exceedingly tight trousers, well-defined waists, slightly suggestive of corsets, hats with curved brims, very tall collars, very light ties, and a white flower placed very near their estimable chins. Their boots taper at the toes to points so sharp as to defy nature and encourage chiropodists.

THE great California millionaires don't run to family. Leland Stanford has but one child, a boy of 13. Flood has a son, not a very satisfactory specimen, of 35, and a daughter, a fine young lady. Mrs. Mackey has a daughter, Miss Bryant, by her first husband, and two sons, who are yet boys, by Mr. Mackey.

A NATIONAL association to suppress juvenile smoking was formed in London on June 9th. It would be interesting to hear in what way the society proposes to set about its work. There is a universal agreement that smoking hurts children, and without doubt the habit has extended rapidly among them, at least in this country, since the introduction of cheap and nasty cigarettes.

Faded Colors Restored.

Faded or gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.—Adv.

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