The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1882. VOL XXi-NO. 25

SPRING and SUMMER

MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOODS.

MRS. KATE GILL, opposite the Veshell 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, Ruffllings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets, &c.

A full line of Ladies Nice Neckwear.

May 4, 1882.

Eureka!

W. H. LAMBERT,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, Notions, Queensware, and Groceries a specialty,

Such as SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, Syrups, Cocoa, Chocolate, all kinds Canned Goods.

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

and Shoulder, Dried Beef,

Choice Family Flour,

FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

all at LOWEST prices. Give me a call.

July 6, 1882.

D. B. STEWART,

WITH

T. H. KEPNER,

General Commission Merchants,

and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds

Of Country Produce,

No. 2 Bowley's Wharf,

Baltimore, Md.

Special attention given to the sale of fresh and evaporated Fruits and Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Calves, &c., &c.

Consignments solicited and promptly attended. Reference—Our Patrons' and Citizen's National Bank. [Oct. 12, 1882.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATE REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms or all above Parlor floor.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors

All lines of city passenger cars pass it doors.

Electric Light recently introduced.

F. W. COLEMAN,

March 30, 1882—y MANAGER.

E. W. F. SIMPERS.

BEST brands Roasted Coffees, Teas, Cut, Loaf and Powdered Sugars, Syrups, Chocolate, Cocoa, Corn Starch, Gelatine, Cheese, Corned Shad. For sale by *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

SUGAR Cured Hams and Dried Beef; Choice Family Flour. For sale by E. W. F. SIMPERS.

BEST Dry Yeast on the market. For sale by *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

CROCKERY and Glassware, Mason's Improved Glass Jars, Tin and Glass Top Jelly Glasses. Full stock at very low prices. *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

IF you want a nice 2 for 5 or 5 cent Segar, call on *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

DRY Goods and Notions cheap. For sale by *E. W. F. SIMPERS.*

STRAW.

The Chestertown Straw Board Company desires to purchase Straw, either to be delivered at their mill or to be hauled by the company. Those anticipating a sale of their straw should have it well put up in stacks or ricks, so as to keep it dry and sound. It must also be free from chaff.

The company is now prepared to make purchases for future delivery.

For further information call on or address

C. T. WESTCOOTT, Pres.,

or

T. W. ELIASON, Jr., Treas.,

Chestertown, Md.

June 15, 1882.

C. M. LUCAS

HAS just returned from New York with an assortment of the latest and most fashionable designs in Jewelry, consisting of—

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
EAR RINGS,
BREAST PINS
LACE PINS,
PLAIN RINGS,
SET RINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
BRACELETS,
CHAINS,
LOCKETS, &c., &c., Also,
ROGERS & BROS. SILVER WARE,

Embracing many beautiful and useful articles, suitable for

Wedding and Christmas Presents.

Chestertown, Dec. 8, 1881.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO FARMERS AND SHIPPERS.

With every facility we are now prepared to receive GRAIN on consignment, or the highest CASH PRICE paid for the same by

J. R. CLEMENTS, AGENT,

July 6, 1882—tf. Chestertown Granary

ORGANS.

Any person wishing to buy an Organ or Piano, I think it would be to their interest to call and see me before buying. I am persuaded that I can make it to their interest to do so. At least it will not cost you any thing to talk with me about an instrument.

Yours respct., J. T. TWILLEY,

Sept. 28—3m.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Can procure School Books, Slates, Drawing Books, Composition Books, and in fact everything requisite at school. Give us a call.

M. A. TOULSON,

BORDLEY'S CORNER. DRUGGIST.

Aug. 24, 1882.

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.

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.

Kerosene or Coal Oil Stoves.

The Golden Star Oil Stoves, the Most Successful Stove Ever Used.

12 *Reasons why you should use the GOLDEN STAR, in preference to all other Oil Stoves:*

1st—It has always been found reliable.
2d—It does all we claim for it.
3d—It is clean, neat, and convenient.
4th—It is made to last many years, and will continue to work well.
5th—It combines all the important improvements, and has patented devices found in no other stove.
6th—It furnishes great power, for the space occupied.
7th—It is warranted to be as represented.
8th—It costs but little for fuel and makes no dirt.
9th—It is a treasure in hot weather, which you cannot afford to dispense with.
10th—It costs but little to buy it and try it.
11th—It costs no more than the worthless and unsafe imitations.
12th—The double stoves are so constructed, that each stove can be used separately.

THE GOLDEN STAR OIL STOVES,

for sale at manufacturers prices, by

JOHN K. ALDRIDGE,

June 29, 1882. Chestertown.

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.

RATES OF ICE, for 1882.

3 lbs.	5	Cents,
5 "	8	"
7 "	10	"
10 "	15	"
15 "	25	"
20 "	30	"
25 "	38	"
35 "	50	"
50 "	70	"
100 "	$1.25	

By the Cake, 1 cent per lb.

The Public's Obedient Servant,

WILLIAM PERKINS,

June 8, 1882. Chestertown, Md.

T. L. HINES & CO. are prepared to furnish farmers and others with Pumps, Windmills and Tanks, at very reasonable prices. Call and examine their "Success" Force and Suction Pump. Some of our best farmer are using the "Success" Iron Force and Suction Pump, and are thoroughly satisfied with its work. T. L. HINES & CO.

INVITATION.

Strangers passing through the city are cordially invited to visit the store, and make free use of its conveniences; leaving their luggage under check at any of the doors, or in the Luggage Room in the Department of Public Comfort.

Really we meant to have this important department in full operation before everybody got back from sea and mountain. It is made for strangers; and they seem to enjoy it, so far as it has got. It consists of a free Reading Room for gentlemen, a free Resting Room for ladies, free writing-facilities in both, closets, and other little conveniences; a soda and mineral-water fountain that isn't free; and a lunch-room to be added.

We make the great public welcome there, beyond the wont of any other house, so far as we know. We think it will pay us to look after Public Comfort a little, as a means of advertising. There's nothing sly or crooked about it. We want visitors to Philadelphia to have a good time, *and to connect our store with it.*

New things are coming, and fall trade is already begun. New things do not come all together. They come in a steady stream from now till Christmas. And they go in the same way. They have to. You may easily believe it, when you see our house full all the time, of goods and of people taking them away. It would be hardly worth speaking of so obvious a fact, but for the moral; which is: Buy when you find what you want; for tomorrow somebody else will be after it.

New things will crowd upon us now for mention every day. Only a few can get into the papers, except in the most general way. It will be fair to come for whatever you want, and expect to find it.

New foreign wraps have come. There are jersey coats, jersey ulsterettes, pelisses, and others. The writer of this hasn't even seen them. He has only heard of the flutter they are going to make.

Wonderful silks have come. But we must say more about the least of them than we have time for today.

We have neither time nor knowledge today to go into particulars. This is only an early notice that the store is filling up with goods for fall.

We need to say further to you who live at a distance that you needn't go to the city every time you want anything. We take so much pains to send you what you want, that you risk little in writing for goods. Let us know, as nearly as you can, what you want, and we will send you samples and prices, or take other means of finding out exactly what you do want.

John Wanamaker.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square, PHILADELPHIA.

WOOD! WOOD!!

Hickory, Oak and Pine.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over, is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

KINDLING WOOD for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,

Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown.

Sept. 4, 1879.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

Acts at the Same Time on K. Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

ACCORDEONS, Mouth Harps and Doll Babies—at HUDGINS' BARBERY.

MOTHER EGYPT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Dark-browed she broods with weary lids
Beside her Sphynx and Pyramids,
With low and never lifted head.
If she be dead, respect the dead;
If she be weeping, let her weep;
If she be sleeping, let her sleep;
For lo, this woman named the stars!
She suckled at her tawny dugs
Your Moses while you recked in wars
And prowled your woods, nude, painted thugs.

Then back, brave England, back in peace
To Christian isles of fat increase!
Go back! Else bid your high priests take
Your great bronze Christs and cannon make;
Take down their cross from proud St. Paul's
And coin it into cannon balls!
You tent not far from Nazareth
Your camp spreads where His child-feet strayed.
If Christ had seen this work of death!
If Christ had seen these ships invade!

I think the patient Christ had said,
"Go back, brave men! Take up your dead;
Draw down your great ships to the seas;
Repass the gates of Hercules.
Go back to wife with babe at breast,
And leave lorn Egypt to her rest."
Is Christ then dead as Egypt is?
Ah, Mother Egypt, torn in twain!
There's something grimly wrong in this—
Some like some gray, sad woman slain.

What would you have your mother do?
Hath she not done enough for you?
Go back! And when you learn to read
Come read this obelisk. Her deed
Like yonder awful forehead is
Disdainful silence like to this.
What lessons have you raised in stone
To passing nations that shall stand?
Like years to hers will leave you lone
And level as you yellow sand.

St. George, your lions, whence are they?
From awful, silent Africa.
This Egypt is the lion's lair;
Beware, young Albion, beware!
I know the very Nile shall rise
To drive you from this sacrifice.
And if the seven plagues should come,
The Red seas swallow sword and steed,
Lo! Christian lands stand mute and dumb
To see thy more than Modem deed.

AMERICAN COMPETITION.

EUROPEAN PRODUCERS DRIVEN FROM THEIR OWN MARKETS—AN INTERESTING PROBLEM.

From the St. Petersburg Zagranichny Vestnik.

The competition of the United States in the grain trade and in other agricultural products is now rightfully regarded as a general European question of the greatest importance. Learned men have always wondered at the rapid and unprecedented development of that country; but lately even practical men, European farmers, have begun to study it, for American grain, meat, and cattle fill the European markets, and threaten the farmers with ruin, or at least impoverishment. They are anxious to know under what circumstances American farmers have become such dangerous competitors, and what the results of that competition will probably be. With the object of solving this important problem a vertible shower of articles, pamphlets, and voluminous books is being poured forth in English, German, French, and Russian.

During the last ten years, when the grain producing countries of Europe have had short crops, American competition in the grain trade had been strongly felt in Europe. Throughout the whole of Europe have been heard demands for a protective tariff for agricultural products. These demands have been partially satisfied in England, France, and Germany. The different countries of Europe will not suffer equally from American competition in grain. England, France, and Germany have for years imported grain, and their inhabitants have necessarily turned their attention to other branches of agriculture and industry. But Russia, Austria, and the countries on the Danube, which used to supply western Europe with grain, now find themselves in a very serious position. Formerly these countries paid for the goods they imported with their grain, cattle, and raw materials. But what will they do now in view of the American competition in these articles? How will Russia, for instance, now pay the percentage on her immense foreign loans? And what will become of her seventy million farmers in case the European markets are closed to their products by American competition? We Russians, too, must study the Agriculture of our transatlantic friends.

Nature has endowed the country of the Yankees with the choicest gifts. Her soil, climate, mineral wealth, and natural means of communication are unsurpassed by those of any other country. The Old World has peopled that country with freedom-loving citizens. The various hardships of European countries have caused an unprecedented migration to the hospitable shores of the United States. Agriculture and industry being highly developed there have induced large European capitalists to invest their money beyond the Atlantic.

Dr. Young has calculated that every emigrant coming to America is equal to a capital of $800, and Dr. Engel puts his worth at $1,128. Even taking the former figure, we will find that during the last ten years (1870-80) the United States has acquired in this way about $2,004,000,000! Since 1850 the population of the United States has doubled, but its production of wheat and corn has increased five times. Their surplus of grain they have sent to Europe. The grain market of England is now in the hands of the Americans. They send their grain also to France and Germany. Even at Fiume, the Austrian grain-exporting port, American grain has appeared. Our own alcohol distillers are beginning to import American corn. It is evident that the Americans are step by step driving their competitors from the European grain market. The Americans have a perfect system of transportation. To their lakes and rivers they have added numerous canals and numberless railroads. The grain freight from Chicago to Hamburg is lower than from Pesth (Austria) to Hamburg! The grain market of our neighbor, Germany, is more and more occupied by our transatlantic friends. In 1880 we furnished to Germany 24 per cent. of wheat and the Americans 34 per cent.; of barley, we furnished 10 per cent., and the Americans 22 per cent.; of corn we furnished 2 per cent., and the Americans 22 per cent.

Now, what are the particular circumstances which enable the Americans to drive away European grain producers from European markets? It would be quite wrong to attribute their success chiefly to the natural qualities of the country of the Yankees. In our opinion the free American citizen of a free country has done more for his own welfare than nature has done for him. The Americans hold their destinies in their own hands. Their Government costs them very little. Their soil tillers can get plenty of good land. They are educated, all of them. They have no huge standing army to consume their substance. They save man's labor by substituting for it the forces of nature and machinery, thus preserving him for the field of labor in which there can be no substitute—mental work. This is the picture that the country of the Yankees presents, and the European countries are on the other side of the medal.

Young America is going, in good earnest, to thrash old Europe. Have we any means of defence? Some say the American competition cannot continue long, for the population of the United States is rapidly increasing, and before long the Americans will need all the grain they produce for their own use. But we believe that Europe can be bankrupted ten times before the United States will be densely populated. Well, shall we give up the business in which we cannot compete with the Americans? But that is impossible, at least so far as Russia is concerned. Then shall we adopt the American way of farming, of transportation, of education, and so on? In other words, shall Europe be Americanized in order to withstand American competition? But our life cannot be Americanized unless our Government is first Americanized.

☞ Diamond Dyes will color anything any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents, at all druggists.

Our Homes.

Our homes are always more or less the expression of ourselves. The ruling spirit of the household infuses into its atmosphere her—or his—own individuality. It may have been entirely furnished and arranged by the hands of the upholsterer, yet the "tone" of the life within it.

The adorning may be of the most extensive, the arrangement the most perfect, still, if not vivified by the bright and cheerful spirit of loving human hearts, it is cold and dead. It is singular to what an extent this invisible spirit of the real lives of the dwellers will permeate the entire air of the house, is the tone of the life within it.

There are homes upon whose doorsteps we linger, hesitating to enter, because of the depression and chill we shall inevitably receive; we go in with soft, reluctant step; we speak with bated breath; we sit upright and uncomfortable on the costly chairs, and gaze upon the beauties about us with stolid indifference for they seem lifeless and unreal. We choose our words carefully and seem to lose, as we sit, our one little germ of joy, and find creeping in its place an unknown feeling of dreariness, and, perhaps, bitterness. How we throw back our shoulders, and inhale long breaths of relief, as we emerge again into the open air.

There are other homes to which we always turn gladly, to which our thoughts revert in joy and sorrow; they may be plain and unpretentious, lacking everything but the necessities of life, yet they are filled with beauty because of the spirit which giveth life. From the very threshold we are cognizant of the delightful "atmosphere" welcoming, loving, purifying, strengthening, we find the best part of our natures ministered unto whenever we enter their sacred precincts.

Such homes are made by those who, while bearing their own burdens bravely, still have room and heart and love for others, who, while living their own lives, have warmth and tenderness and sympathy for others; whose hand outreaching, clasps ours with comfort; whose voices speak words that cheer and strengthen; whose love being an emanation from the divine love, and from it receiving constant renewal, fail not; whose lives are so pure and earnest and true that they radiate to all who come within their influence.

We should make our homes as tasteful and beautiful as we are able for tastefulness and beauty have their uses, and teach their lessons, as do also harmony and order and neatness. Yet we should learn to consider these but the means toward an end—never should they be permitted to become the end itself. It should not be forgotten that the homelife is the nucleus round which all life has its starting growth, nor that the influence of the home is not for one generation alone, but in succeeding generations also is its influence felt.

Those who create homes in which healthy, happy children shall grow into pure and true men and women, need no higher crown, no greater glory. Homes to which their inmates resort to get their meals, their clothing, and their lodgings, are all too common, and bear only the faintest resemblance to what a home should be. It should be a place to think on, to love and long for; it should be a haven of rest that has an unfailing "wellspring of pleasure."

Each member contributes his share toward the making of a home, but the principal presiding spirit is the wife and mother; she it is that is—or should be—its heart and life and centre. She will interest her husband, so as to be his companion, one in heart and life with him. She will study, so as to be able to interest her children in their studies; she will laugh with them, sorrow with them, joy with them, being at once companion and leader, friend and guide; whatever of pleasure or pain of sorrow or joy, comes to the home group, each will be helped in gladness and sustained in pain by the knowledge that the mother knows, and, oh, blessed assurance! that she understands and cares, that can go beyond her patience and loveliness.

The mother can say the little word that shall lead away from collision or dispute; her loving discernment and wise tact shall gently turn the steps away from the dangerous passes before another has discovered their proximity. Her loving forethought plans pleasure, duties, amusements and delights; mingles pastime and instruction, encouragement and warning. To form a home that shall thus border on the perfection of home-living, requires thought study, tact, culture—every good thing that can be found and brought to bear upon it, and above all, through all, love—pure, unselfish devoted love. It is not a little thing to create a home, and the results are incalculable. It requires thought, study, self-devotion, time—a lifetime. Yet in what way could a life be spent more satisfactorily, more usefully, more nobly? When the homes are reorganized, society will be reconstructed; when the fountains are cleared and purified, the rills and rivers running therefrom throughout the world will be purified. The surest way to remedy the evils in the world is to elevate the home life, thought and home-teaching—to begin at the root of all society and all government.—*Cottage Hearth.*

A MAN in the dress of a farmer, driving a lazy horse attached to a ram-shackled wagon, did a good business in "rale honest country butter" in Providence. The housewives bought of him extensively, in order to be sure that they did not get oleomargarine. He has since been exposed as being no farmer, but a shrewd agent for an oleomargarine factory. A grocer caught him filling his pots from the original packages of imitation butter.

A VIGOROUS growth of hair is promoted and the youthful color restored by applying Parker's Hair Balsam.—Adv.

A Piece of American Snobbery.

The congregation of a fashionable New York church is just at present energetically discussing the question of "ought we to visit her," a large majority of the members, it is reported, inclining to the negative. The "her" in the case is the mother of their pastor, a woman of irreproachable moral character and unobtrusive manners. Although no fault can be found with her manners or her morals, she has in the past been guilty of that which determines a society of Christians to withhold from her the ordinary courtesies of social life. Her offence is that, in former days, in order to support herself and a family of children, she pursued the calling of a washerwoman, and a people which worships the son of a carpenter, refuses to extend social recognition to a worthy woman who by the faithful performance of lowly duties, has aided her son to attain his present honorable position.

This is an illustration of the spirit exhibited by society toward women who are compelled to support themselves. It is still disgraceful for a woman to work for a money consideration. According to the code of society it is far more creditable for a woman to depend on the grudgingly bestowed bounty of relatives or friends—to be, in fact, a pauper in all but name—than for her to go out into the business world and win a livelihood for herself. A girl may accept costly gifts from her male acquaintances on the most flimsy pretexts and not lose caste, but if she enters a factory, store or office, the doors of society are closed against her. This applies to all the industries and to all but a few of the professions. For the great body of working women society has only snubs or at best condescending patronage. Contempt for those of the sex who work for wages, is deliberately fostered. In a private school in this city the young girls when instructed in deportment are warned against walking on the west or east side avenues at six o'clock or thereabouts, and adjured never to appear on the street with ungloved hands, and all this, that they may not be mistaken for working girls. Could snobbishness go farther? It is not to be wondered at that in order to escape so disgraceful (?) a fate as that of being compelled to support themselves girls should resort to all manner of unwomanly and indelicate manœuvres to secure rich husbands. If a girl is without money, and if she may not earn it, she has no choice but to endeavor to marry it, and if the spectacle of a girl paying court with matrimonial intent to rich men is repulsive, the blame for the unwomanly exhibition should be laid at the door of society which scorns the woman who works.—*Art Exchange.*

Anna Dickinson on Woman Suffrage.

From the Philadelphia Press.

SIR: You ask me to state explicitly whether, by means of a letter to the Omaha *Herald* or through other channels, I have avowed myself an opponent of woman's suffrage. Explicitly, then, the statement is preposterous and not worthy the dignity of denial. No one at all familiar with my work and my life would, without malice, make it, and no one equally familiar, unless a fool, would believe it. I may have written in some privare letter to some one what I have no objection to writing in this public letter to whoever may care to read, that in my judgement there is too much of voting now—voting that is both ignorant and venal; that no man ought to be able to control the destinies of other people by means of a Constitution and laws who is not able at least to read them; that, as a question of principle, these ideas apply as well to women who may vote as to men who do vote; and that, as a matter of personal interest, I would rather see the money I have earned in some hardly contested campaigns, and have never been paid, than any number of ballots, I having learned, through much observation, that an abundance of paper with a green back is a far better guarantee of comfort, safety and honor than any amount of material labelled "political rights" without it. All the same, while intelligent men vote I believe in intelligent women voting. While venal men sell their franchise it is but fair that venal women should enjoy a like monstrous privilege; and while brutes are backed with this additional means of brutality and impunity, through rum shops and police courts of travestied justice, I believe in the life companions of these brutes having in hand a staff of protection and defence. All of which is respectfully submitted by truly yours,

ANNA DICKINSON.

HONESDALE, Pa., Oct, 12, 1882.

The Wealth of the Aztecs.

Another myth is going the way of all the earth. A scientific investigator says that the stories of the pomp, the riches, the palaces, the gold and silver of the Aztecs was a Spanish lie told by Cortez to enhance the romance of his conquest. The scientist reasons that it would be utterly impossible for a race to disappear and take with it all the evidences of its civilization as the Aztecs must have done if they are what the Spaniards represent them. The ruins found in Central America belonged to an older and different race. The Aztecs were never civilized. In the time of Montezuma they were precisely like the Pueblo Indians of modern days; their cities were nothing more than vast communal houses like those in which the Pueblos live, and all the stories of their magnificence and of the wealth and civilization of the Aztec Empire were invented by the Spaniards. They adopted the methods of building employed by the Spaniards; suffered their old communal houses made of sun-dried brick to crumble into shapeless mounds, and learned the art of revolution, and so became the Mexicans of modern times.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO.

A story of Florence, years ago,
Which is related just to show
How a bridge was built at no expense,
And as a hint to cities far from thence:

The Duke of Florence once, 'tis said,
A scheme found flitting thro' his head
How, waiting not reluctant offers
That did not come,
He still might fill the city's coffers
With good round sum.

He sent abroad a proclamation
To all the low and poor in station.
Beggars and tramps,
All without stamps,
A certain day to meet, and there
Upon the city public square
Receive a brand-new suit of clothing—
Their old one's were the people's loathing,
So filthy one could scarce determine
Which took precedence, rags or vermin.

The beggars viewed this proclamation
With wonder, joy and admiration:
Declared their speech was quite unable
To thank for gift so charitable,
And one for which, indeed,
They stood so much in need.

The long'd-for day at last came 'round;
They every one were on the ground—
Hunt where you would,
Could not or could,
'Twas there only they could be found;
So many that you would have wonder'd—
You could but count them by the hundred
And, for precaution, were surrounded
By guards, just as the signal sounded.

Then they were told:
"New clothes for old!"
And, to their consternation,
For further information,
Were forced to strip, there, on the spot—
Whether they wanted to or not—
Into those dear new suits to creep,
And leave their old rags in a heap.
In getting clothes so very cheap
You would not think it cause to weep;
Yet many did, almost to blind them,
Obliged to leave their rags behind them.

Here's explanation of this rude
Exhibit of ingratitude,
As also the Duke's silence shrewd;
Those rags off-stript
Carefully ripp'd,
Thoroughly search'd in every seam,
Developed a mine
Of wealth to shine,
Sufficient to justify his dream.

And with those proceeds of beggarly guilt
That beautiful bridge was speedily built,
That stands to this day the glorious pride
Of Florence's city and Arno's tide.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

HOW JEHIEL MADE $50.

ALSO HOW THE YOUNG VANDERBILTS BEAT THE RECORD.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Up in the White Mountains, a week or two ago, I heard of the latest achievement of the Vanderbilts. A party of the third generation of this interesting family (reckoning from the Commodore) was stopping at the Glen House. The party included two daughters and two sons-in-law of the reigning Vanderbilt and a cousin or two. From the Glen House the carriage road ascends in seven miles to the summit of Mt. Washington. Stages run up in about three hours' schedule time. The ascent is nowhere very steep, but it is steady and steep enough to make fairly hard pulling for the six horse teams.

One day it occurred to the Vanderbilt party that noblesse obliged them to go up the mountain in quicker time than had ever been accomplished before this advent. They sent for Millikin. That affable person appeared, his tall hat on the back of his head, and heard the Vanderbilt commands.

'I can give you a special conveyance,' said Millikin; 'but I don't know about cutting much under three hours. It's an awful pull.'

'But it must be done,' said one of the sons-in-law. The other son-in-law took Millikin aside and warmly assured him that money was no consideration.

'Most people,' persisted the eloquent proprietor of the Glen, 'find three hours none too long. The gradually unfolding succession of panoramic views, the new vistas that reveal themselves at every turn, the magnificent range that opens up as you scale the outworks and climb the massive shoulder of Mt. Washington itself, skirting the huge and gloomy Gulf of Mexico, with Clay on your right, and beyond that the massive Jefferson; then Adams, with its sharp and symmetrical peak, and finally Madison; in the distance the winding and lovely Androscoggin, like a thread of silver, to say nothing of—'

'No matter about all that,' said the son-in-law. We want your best team and your best drive, and if the thing can by any human possibility be done in two hours and a half, we want to do it.'

'That would be a very quick ascent,' said Millikin, cautiously. 'Nevertheless, we'll see what can be done.'

The result of the protracted negotiations was that Millikin gave the Vanderbilt party his lightest mountain wagon, seating twelve, his six famous grays, the best team in the Glen House stables, and Jehiel Cooper to handle the leathers. Jehiel has been driving on the mountain since 1861.

They started in the morning, just before the regular stage, amid great excitement on the Glen House piazzas. Everybody had his watch in hand when Jehiel cracked his whip over the ears of the off leader, and almost everybody was provided with field glasses or telescope to watch the progress of the vehicle after it should have emerged from the wooded belt on the mountain side. 'We shall do it!' shouted one of the sons-in-law to Millikin. Millikin removed his hat and merely remarked, 'Two hours and a half is mighty quick time.'

'Now,' said the sons-in-law to the driver, as the stage whirled past the toll house, 'do you suppose we shall do it?'

'Mebbe,' replied Jehiel, with a yank at the jaw of one of the pole horses, who showed a disposition to caper. 'The horses is in good fix, and the road is in good fix.'

'Make it in two hours and a half,' returned the sons-in-law, 'and it will be the best day's work you ever did.'

The driver grinned and plied his lash. At the Half-way House all the watches were out. Jehiel pulled up to water the team in just one hour and thirteen minutes from the Glen. The excitement of the party increased. 'An extra twenty dollar bill if we fetch it in 2:20!' shouted the son-in-law on the back seat. 'And a dollar extra for every minute under 2:20!' added the other son-in-law.

The stage spun up the mountain at a tremendious rate, verily whizzing around the sharp turns of the zigzag with a velocity that almost projected the representatives of $200,000,000 into the Gulf of Mexico. The progress of the party was now plainly visible to the interested spectators at the Glen House below. There was also suspense and excitement among the guests at the Summit, for Millikin had telegraphed up that the Vanderbilts were engaged in beating the record. The six gray horses drew up panting and steaming at the platform on the summit amid the cheers of the crowd. The sons-in-law sprang out and shook hands with each other and with the driver. The time-piece of one of them said two hours and four minutes, while the watch of the other made it 2:02. It was agreed to split the difference and fix the record at 2:03.

For nearly an hour the operator at the Summit House was kept busy sending enthusiastic messages from the Vanderbilts to their friends in the world below. The family prestige had been vindicated. Some congratulatory replies had begun to pour in over the wire. The next morning every paper in New England contained the names of the Vanderbilts composing the party, and the fact that they had driven up the mountain in the shortest time ever made on the carriage road.

Some days afterward I was discussing the achievement with another old mountain driver. 'I hear Jeheil's going to retire from the business,' he remarked with a broad grin. 'He's made his pile. Jeheil's a sly one.'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'I mean,' said he, chuckling, 'that when fools come along that are willing to pay greenbacks to see horses run up hill at a four-mile gate, Jehell's ready to accommodate 'em.

'And you don't consider two hours and three minutes the fastest time on record?'

Here he indulged in an explosion of profane mirth. 'Record!' said he. 'Nobody said anything about the record except themselves. They were bound to have it so, and who was going for to contradict a Vanderbilt?'

'And what is the fastest time?'

'Well,' said the old driver, 'I druv those same six grays to the Summit week before last in one hour and twenty-nine minutes with a load of seven trunks and a crate of poultry for the Widow Dodge at the hotel. But I didn't git no fifty-dollar bill for doin' it.'

Why Gen. Grant Paid Fare.

From the Wilmington News.

William H. Lummis, one of the best known conductors of the P., W. & B. R. R., died at Minneapolis, Minn., on Friday last. It is said of him that he never allowed a deadhead to ride. When General Grant was President and just before Miss Nellie Grant's marriage with Mr. Sartoris, the President's family went to New York on a shopping tour. Mrs. Grant headed the party and Miss Nellie was one of it. It so happened that Lummis was the conductor of the limited express on which they took passage. In the regular order of collecting tickets he reached them. "Tickets," said William politely. "We have none," said one of the gentlemen. "Pass," said William, laconically. "We haven't that, either," said the gentleman, with a genial smile, "and we don't need it. This is President Grant's family." William stepped back a few feet, removed his cap and made a profound bow. "I am very happy to make the acquaintance of the President's family," said he, but the orders of this company are that all passengers must show a pass, have a ticket or pay their fare." The gentleman who was speaking for the President's family argued the matter for a time, but William was not to be persuaded, and the Presidential party paid their fares.

A New Food Fish.

During the latter part of September, Capt. J. W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission, renewed, without success, the search for tile fish. But the cruise was rewarded by the discovery of a new food fish which may take the place of the vanished tiles. The new fish is described as very beautiful, with a warm red lustre and black and cream colored mottlings. The specimens, a dozen or more in number, weighing from one to four pounds each, were brought up in the trawls from a depth of about 120 fathoms in latitude 40 degrees and 2 minutes north, longitude 71 degrees and 2 minutes west. The fish was found to be a new member of the family *Scorpæna*, first described by Jordan in 1880. Two specimens were cooked and pronounced the most delicious of fish, the flesh being firm and crisp, with a delicate crabby flavor.

IF as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of every one would be written on his face and displayed in his manners.

A Lawyer's Testimony.

During eight years my attacks of dyspepsia were so terrible that I often had to stop business. Parker's Ginger Tonic built me up from almost a skeleton to the perfect health I now enjoy. J. Jerolomap, Lawyer, N. Y. City.—Adv.

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