The Chestertown Transcript.

.50 PER ANNUM. CHSETERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883. VOL XXi-NO. 38

ester 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

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, Ruffings, Worsteds, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets, &c.

A full line of Ladies Nice Neckwear.
May 4, 1882.

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. WESTCOTT, Pres.,
or
T. W. ELIASON, Jr., Treas.,
Chestertown, Md.
June 15, 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.

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.*

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.

FORD'S
BAZAR
51 W. Baltimore Street,
4 DOORS EAST OF GAY STREET.

THE GREAT BAZAR FOR USEFUL AND FANCY HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

FINE TRIPLE PLATE SILVER WARE.

Fine Rolled-Plate Jewelry.

Cutlery, Novelties & Notions.

CLOCKS, LAMPS, VASES, TOILET & SMOKING SETS in great variety.

Selling Goods at Bottom Prices.

Remember the place, 51 W Baltimore St.

All Goods Warranted as Represented.
Jan. 5. 1882.

Special Notice!

SOMETHING LONG NEEDED SUPPLIED AT LAST

WM PERKINS has fitted up hi Lady's Parlor, for the Winter; and ladies from the country, or elsewhere, will find a warm room, when they come to town with their husbands or friends, and do not wish to wait in the stores, or to call on friends, while their gentlemen companions are attending to business matters, in which they can sit, and read, and pass away their time; free of charge.

Lunches Served at All Hours.

He also has an upper room, properly fitted up, in which dinner and supper can be privately furnished at all times, at short notice, and moderate prices.

P. S.—All meals served in the upper saloon will be at an extra charge.
Dec. 18, 1879.

RATES OF ICE, for 1882.

3	lbs.	5	Cents,
5	"	8	"
7	"	10	"
10	"	15	"
16	"	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

BEAUTIFUL—Parlor, Hall and Library Lamps at SPARKS'.

T. W. LIASON, 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.

Excelsior, Excelsior

STOVES! STOVES!

Received direct from the manufacturers a large assortment of

Cooking Stoves, Ranges, Heating and Fire Place Stoves.

Call and examine the popular Excelsior Cook Stove; gives perfect satisfaction. Niagara, Champion Complete, Carroll Cook, Quaker City, Splendid Range, Magic, Washington, Ruby and Jewel Ranges. We warrant all the above Cook Stoves and Ranges.

The NEW MAGIC LIGHT, a beautiful parlor stove; Solar Light, Our Jewel, very cheap and handsome.

Novelty Base Burner, New Silver Moon very durable and a splendid heater; Novelty Double Heater, Golden Light and Silver Moon Double Heaters, Vulcan Egg Crystal, Token, Baltimore Air Tight and Woodland.

Spear's Fire Place Heaters, Golden Sun and the New Golden Sun—hundreds now in use and giving satisfaction to all.
Nov. 2, 1882. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

A Long Felt Want at last Supplied

AT FAIRLEE!

(T. B. Bordley's old stand,)

Where Goods can be bought at city Prices.

We have a large assortment of

DRY GOODS.

Calicoes at 5 cts.

Good Bleached and Unbleached Muslin at 5 & 6c

A large assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

In Suits, Pants and Vests.

Groceries,

FLOUR by the Barrel and Pound.

Good Tobacco and Cigars.

NOTIONS, WOODDENWARE and CHINAWARE.

Glass Fruit Jars.

HATS, Patent Medicines, and a full line of all goods generally kept in a country store.

A trial is solicited, and you will be convinced that our prices are lower than the lowest.

H. BAER, FAIRLEE,
(Bordley's old stand) opp. Salem Church
Sept. 14, 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.

LUMBER LUMBER.

HAS in yard and for sae at the owest rates the market wi allow, a arge stock o

White Pine and Virginia Pine

LUMBER

embracing in part:

White Pine	Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;	
" "	Rabbitted Barn Boards;	
" "	½ " Weatherboarding;	
" "	¼ and ⅜ Plank;	
" "	Dressed Boards, Culls and Picks;	
Virginia "	Boards, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet;	
" "	ilding, dressed and undressed;	
" "	Flooring, No. 1 and 2;	
" "	cantling, 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 woud have saved money by purchasing in your own home market. Give me a call.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Chestertown, Nov. 3, 1882.

At Stam's

DRUG STORE

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

—A—

Grand Display of Fancy Articles,

Especially adapted

For CHRISTMAS

and

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS,

consisting of

ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

It is impossible for us to enumerate all the articles in our large assortment, so we will name a few a little further down. We cordially invite the public to come in and examine for themselves. We do not display our Handsome Goods in our windows for the simple reason the sun-light fades them, our cases inside are filled with beautiful goods which you can examine for yourselves.

We promised above to enumerate a few of our goods—so we will begin:

FANCY WISK HOLDERS,
WALL POCKETS,
PLUSH and LEATHERETTE CASES,
PERFUME CASES,
ODOR STANDS,
SILVER WARE,
FANCY STATIONERY,

BOOKS, the Choicest and Best Selected Stock ever seen in town. Large Family Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymn Books.

For the Little Folks—Building Blocks, Toy Books, Jumbo the Elephant, Puzzles, &c., &c.

In Bohemia Ware we have Fine Toilet Sets, and Vases of beautiful designs.

Want of space will compel us to stop, so we will extend to all a cordial invitation to visit our store.

COLIN F. STAM,
CORNER DRUG STORE.
Dec. 14, 1882.

THE INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT needs only to be better known to add to its already large list of friends. It has been published for thirty-five years and has acquired a world-wide reputation as the best religious and literary newspaper.

THE INDEPENDENT is not denominational. Its creed and field are broader than any sect. As a Christian journal, its aim is to strengthen and extend Evangelical religion and to defend it against the attacks of Materialism, Atheism, and unbelief. It is free to approve or criticise in any of the denominations whatever it believes is designed to advance or hinder the progress of the Gospel of Christ.

In civil and political affairs The Independent will contend for sound ideas and principles. It fought against slavery and the iniquitous system of the Oneida Community. It is now fighting against Mormonism. It believes in the reform of the civil service and tariff, in the purification of politics and in cheaper postage, and will maintain those principles which the highest ethics and best intelligence requires.

The Independent is designed to suit all tastes and wants. We provide weekly stories by the best magazine writers, poems by the leading poets of America and England (we first published in America Tennyson's last poem), and for others, who look especially for instruction, whether in religious, literary, educational, philosophical, or scientific articles, we furnish what no other periodical does or can. We pay large prices to obtain the most eminent writers. Besides the editorials, there are twenty-two distinct departments, edited by twenty-two specialists, which include Biblical Research, Sanitary, Legal, Fine Arts, Music, Science, Pebbles, Personalities, Ministerial Register, Hymn Notes, School and College, Literature, Religious Intelligence, Missions, Sunday school, News of the Week, Finance, Commerce, Insurance, Stories, Puzzles, Selections, and Agriculture. 32 pages in all.

We will report in full Rev. Joseph Cook's celebrated Boston Monday Lectures, which will begin in January. Mr. Cook has just returned from a two years' trip round the world, and his lectures this winter will attract greater attention than ever.

Our New Terms for 1883.

One subscription one year	$3.00
For 6 monts, $1.50; for 3 months	0.75
One subscription two years	5.00
One subscription five years	10.00

These reduced prices ($2 per annum in clubs of five or more) are very much *lower* than any of the standard religious weeklies.

"TRIAL TRIP."

In order that one may read a few consecutive numbers of THE INDEPENDENT, and thus learn its value, we offer a month's subscription, as a "Trial Trip," for 30 cents, which can be remitted by postage stamps. Payment of $2.70 in addition will secure the balance of a year's subscription.

Send postal card for free specimen copy and judge for yourself. Address

THE INDEPENDENT,
Nov. 30. 251 *Broadway, New York.*

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

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

RYE BREAD, ROOLS, Pies, Rusks and Cakes of akinds fresh daiy—at HUDGINS' BAKERY

DON'T do it! What? Buy a Lamp before going to Sparks'. He has the largest and most complete assortment, and sells as low as can be bought. Opp. Court House.

FYOU WANT A GOOD PUMP, call at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN!

I have a lot of LAMPS and a few CHINA TEA SETS which will be sold at about cost, to mak room for New Goods. LOUIS K. STAM.

NOTIONS—A full line of combs, brushes presses, shaving and toilet soaps, perfum ts, &c— Sparks'.

TO-NIGHT.

I set myself as a task to rhyme
To-night;
For I knew that the hand of the olden time
Had lost its might;
That the cadenced words that wont to chime,
As true
And sweet as the bees in the murmurous lime
In summer do
Had grown as fickle, and cold and shy,
As the sunbeams are in an autumn sky;
And so, because I loved the strain
That used to ring for my joy or pain,
I strove to waken the spell again,
Of rhyme and rhythm and sweet refrain,
Nor heeded the bode, that sighed "in vain,"
To-night.
I sat alone by the blazing ingle
To-night,
And tried to fashion the musical jingle
For my delight;
Why should the soft sound shun to mingle
Aright,
Because I am old and sad and single,
In the hearth-light?
Why? Have I loved so well and long
The beauty of earth and the voice of song
To forget at last how the rich red rose
Still droops on her stalk with the August's close;
That the bright b[illegible] stops in its ebbs and flows,
As the ice-bar creeps 'neath the drifted snows;
And my heart takes the lesson that Nature knows,
To-night?

—*All the Year Round.*

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN GEORGIA.

Frank Wilkison's letter to N. Y. Sun.

All through northern Georgia, excepting the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the agricultural lands are exceedingly lean, the spirit of improvement is abroad. Most of the farm houses are well built, and many of them are painted. There are many well-built and painted outhouses. The fences are up in good order. The fields are well tilled. Young wheat and winter oats occupy much of the land that last year was devoted to cotton. Men are engaged in turning cotton stalks and in manuring their lands intended for cotton this year. There is an air of general prosperity over this section of Georgia. It is hard to tell where this prosperity begins and where it ends. The white people look contented and well to do, The blacks look happy. All are at work. All are cheerful. Unlike the people of South Carolina, they have quit talking about the war, quit damming the "infernal Yankees." They have taken hold of work and are, to day, making money. The farming is rapidly becoming mixed. On almost all of the farms enough food is raised to feed the hands employed. Peach, apple, plum, and pear trees stand around almost all of the farm houses. The farm stock is in much better condition than that of South Carolina.

The breed of hogs is as good as any of the Western States. Fowls abound. Standing or scratching in in the barnyards are flocks of chickens, geese, and turkeys. There are good buggies and well-harnessed horses on the roads. There is a marked absence of the crowd of idle, listless men who stand at the railroad stations in South Carolina with hands deeply thrust into their pockets.

When I was in South Carolina I asked a planter I met why they bred the land-pike hog. His scornful look expressed contempt for my ignorance. When he had gazed at me sufficiently, he replied: "Because they are the only swine that can outrun a nigger." I suppose the Georgia niggers are not as fleet as those living in the adjoining State. At any rate, the hogs are not of the pure stock that I have seen standing in the woods of South Carolina, standing gruntless, looking into the trees, watching for an acorn to fall, and running off more flesh in their eager race to secure the nut than two acorns would produce. Outrun a nigger? Yes, outrun a blizzard, and be just about as good eating.

In many of the little railroad towns of northern Georgia small manufacturing industries have lately sprung into life. They are small, it is true, but a start has been made. Plough factories, wagon shops, machine shops, leather manufacturing establishments are becoming common. There is a growing industry in wood working. In almost all the towns there is the hum of turning shafts and wheels, the smell of oil and leather driving belts, and that beacon of prosperity, coal smoke, rising in tiny columns from factory chimneys. Men are seen on the streets in the gray of the morning who carry dinner buckets in their hands. Yes, these people of northern Georgia are doing well. All the men are not talking cotton, cotton, cotton, niggers, niggers, and that exceedingly foolish talk about "before the war, sir, when we were surrounded by the accumulated elegancies of life," as is the nauseous case in South Carolina. There is snap in this people. There is outcome in them. The men who get on the railroad trains at the country stations are in a hurry. They swear at delays and that is a good sign. If the dinner at the hotel they stop at is set for 12 o'clock, they want it at 12, and not at 12¼; and if they don't get it, they raise a row.

The mountain men are very friendly to strangers. They are incessant talkers, and funny, very funny in their quiet, sober way. When I was on my route to Dahlonega two mountaineers, gaunt, full-bearded, long-haired, who were dressed in butternut colored clothes—homemade cloth, I judged—got in the car and took seats behind me. They settled themselves nicely, took a chew of tobacco a piece, and then, comfortably fixed for a talk, the taller of the two said, "Let's see, John, I ain't seed you since the surrender?" "No more you have, Hank," was the reply. There was not another word, uttered about the war. Sitting looking out of the window at the prosperous country, I overheard most of their talk. It drifted sedately from moonshine whiskey to improved firearms, and back again to moonshiners. Hank, in reply to John's inquiry as to "old man Johnson," who, I gather, was engaged in the business of moonshining, soberly told of his fate. "You see, he and old man Bascome bought a sow together a year ago last October. They were partners like. The beast ran wild in the woods. This fall they drove her up to the still house, and she and her seven shoats lived on the slops of the still. Along in early December Johnson sent word to Bascome to come over and divide the young stock, as he wanted to kill his meat. Now, you know that it would have been but fair, seeing that Johnson had fed the pigs, for him to have kept four of the shoats, but Bascome, he talked him out of four, and the old man was satisfied with three. The understanding was that he was to have the odd pig next year, if there should be one, Bascome allowed there would be one sure. Well, old woman Johnson, when she heard of the trade, she allowed there would be no odd pig next year, and she put Johnson up to go claim the shoat, or at least to get one-half of it. The old chap he went across the ridge to Bascome's house. It is about two miles through the woods. Of course they fell out, and Johnson beat Bascome with a club, and he yelled for help. You know his gal Bet? No? She is as big as a cow and as strong as a mule. She ran out of the house, and, gathering a stone, she mashed Johnson in the ribs, and knocked the wind out of him. He fell up against the corn house, and Bet grabbed him by the goozelstring (windpipe); that settled him. When a 250 pound woman gets her hand on a man's goozelstring that man has got to do something mighty sudden or its all day with him." He was silent for an instant, and gazed moodily out of the car window. I judged from the expression on his face that he had had experience with 250-pound women. He cheered a little shortly, and resuming the to me, thrilling story, said; "Johnson squirmed away from her and broke for the timber. Bet's blood was up, and she took after him. She set a big yellow hound on him, and he bit old Johnson. Bet chased him over the ridge, and at every jump she threw stones at him. She hit him, too, and the dog tore most of his clothes off. That Bet never stopped chasing him until the heft of her clothes was snaged off of her." Musingly he remarked, "Wimmin is tough customers;" and, after a short pause, added: "Bet says she can whip the stuffing out of him in a fair fist fight; but Lord! John, he can't fight no more. He is all mashed up." Soberly John expressed his sympathy for old man Johnson. Neither of them smiled. A vision of a half-naked man, chased through the forest by a yellow hound and an angry woman, who unlovingly threw stones at him, and who kept up the chase until her own clothes were gone, arose promptly before me, and I yelled with laughter. The two grave Georgians smiled in sympathy with me, but they did not see anything funny in the story.

The Care of Farm Machinery.

The advantage of keeping farm machinery from unneccessary exposure to the weather is cogently insisted upon by the *Ohio Farmer*, which says:

We have noticed that plows last, on an average, about three years; wagons, eight to ten years; reapers, five to eight; drills, eight to ten.

We think these figures are fully as large as the truth warrants. We know of many implements that have not lasted so long, and of many which have lasted much longer. We to-day can point to wagons that have been in constant hard use for twenty years, reapers that have stood the wear and tear of liberal use for more than fifteen years, drills that have been in use as long, and other agricultural implements that have stood the wear of twice the average age of such implements. These implements were not made of unusually good materials nor were they suffered to lie idle. They were put to constant use. What, then, is the secret of their great endurance? It is simply this—they were taken care of. When not in use they were put away, and put away properly.

These implements not only lasted longer, but while they were in use they very rarely failed. They were always ready for work. The reapers did not break down in the middle of harvest and compel all hands to lie idle while some one went to the railway station to get repairs; the drills did not fail just when the wheat ought to be sown; the wagons were not always breaking down and occasioning delays and vexation. Another thing may be said in their favor, and that is that they always did good work. The reapers cut a smooth stubble and put the grain down in good condition; the plows did not refuse to scour; the drills put the wheat in just as a first class drill would; and these implements did good work not only while they were new, but till the last year they were in use.

AN OLD Irish couple who have grown up in the mills of Lawrence, Mass., have no children and live alone in a tiny house. They have worked together for fifty years for their home, saving up little by little until it was paid for. They are rather feeble in mind and body, but possessed of wonderful patience. Their crowning ambition was to carpet the "fore-room," and that has just been gratified. "An' what more can we ask?" said the wife to a visitor, pride and satisfaction shining in every line of her wrinkled face. "Now me an' Mike is ready to be waked respectable any day, an' he is as plased with the carpet as meself; it's the two of us as is plased togither. An' ivery night, before we goes to bed, we jist peeks in at the blissid carpet—an' the table a-shinin', and the pictur of the Virgin over the shelf a-smilin' down on us. Ah, mum, it's rich folks we're gittin' to be, intirely!"

GRANT.

From the N. Y. Sun.

Gen. Grant has probably found at last the employment for which his natural talents befit him. He always chafed under the limitation of his salary as President. To better his condition while in that office, he added his signature to the back-pay grab, because by the same bill his own emolument was raised to double the former amount, although in plain violation of right and reason. He always affected the society of rich men and of those who were believed to be most prominent in engineering great speculations in Wall street. While he was still President, he became intimate with Mr. Jay Gould and the late Mr. Fisk, and his subsequent associations with the surviving member of that remarkable firm have been rendered very close and intimate, especially through the munificence of Mr. Gould in subscribing $25,000 to the *Times* fund for Grant's benefit.

Since Grant's retirement from the White House in favor of the Fraudulent President, he has devoted his time almost entirely to speculation of some sort or another. In this game he has been reported as meeting with various success; but the probability is that his fortune is not much greater or much less through his gambling. But it has thrown him into more intimate contact with the owners of enlarged wealth and with the men who control the great railroad interests of the country. These mighty operators deal in transactions so magnificent as to involve millions at a time; and many of them, after the Stock Exchange closes its doors for the day, take to their trotting wagons and spend the rest of the afternoon on Jerome avenue and in the numerous interesting hotels beyond McComb's dam. For this form of amusement Grant has developed a great fondness. He has become a recognized visitor at the sporting taverns on the road, and his team, although it can't compare with Frank Work's or Wm. H. Vanderbilt's, can outrush the majority of those who go up the avenue prepared to try their horses' speed with any one they meet.

And yet the love of horseflesh and tavern conversation has not formed the most efficient bond in attaching him to the capitalists whose interests he serves at present. Though the most conspicuous member of the Wall street fraternity, Mr. Jay Gould, never has shown more than a moderate interest in horses. We believe he once owned a sister to Mr. Bonner's famous mare, Music, but we fail now to recall his ever possessing a horse with a record below 2:20, and his wagon is rarely seen on the drives where horses can be put to their top speed. But it is toward Gould that Grant has steadily drifted, until at last we find him at work in Washington, in the lobby of Congress, to put a scheme through that will be mainly for the benefit of Gould.

The treaty for reciprocity with Mexico which Grant is now trying to have carried through, is a scheme to cut off the subsidies from certain Mexican roads now near completion, and the success of this scheme will enable Gould and Huntington to bring the enterprises which they have control of into crushing competition with the enterprises they wish to destroy. Reciprocity will deprive Mexico of her present revenues from imports from the United States, and as these revenues are pledged for the railroad subsidies now guaranteed by Mexico, it will absolve that Government from paying them. This will put the subsidied roads and Gould's and Huntington's roads on a par, and tend to the final consolidation of the whole system into one under the control of Gould. This is the first purpose of Grant's presence in Washington.

From being the associate and beneficiary of Jay Gould, Gen. Grant has turned naturally into a lobbyist in his interest. Mr. Gould never has been known as a mean man. He has always been ready to pay for what he wanted, and in return, as in the appointment of Stanley Matthews to the Supreme bench, he has proved relentless in insisting upon the fulfilment of his bargains. He has paid out a good deal first and last for Grant. His first investment at the time of the Black Friday enterprise amounted to $25,000, and the last was the subscription of $25,000 to the *Times* fund. But the whole amount expended is probably very small, compared to the value of the services in which Grant is now engaged, provided they should be successful. If the reciprocity goes through, Grant will certainly come in for another share of Mr. Gould's cash; and as the great Wall street operator has always enjoyed a reputation for liberality toward those who serve him faithfully, the portion going to the ex-President will no doubt be far more substantial than both the former subscriptions put together. Before long he may even get as rich as Mr. C. J. Osborne, one of Mr. Gould's most steadfast assistants; and if he keeps his place he may die rich, too. What a conclusion for the great third-term candidate!

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to repel the winter's flaw!

DECEMBER 9th was the fourth anniversary of the Gotha crematory. That date saw the one hundredth cremation. There were 16 cremations the first year, 17 the second, 34 the third, and 32 during the fourth; 75 were males, 66 Protestants, 58 Roman Catholics, and 6 Jews of various nationalities, 5 being Americans.

VANITY FAIR relates that Anthony Trollope once heard two novel reading youths, in a wayside inn, discussing one of his "eternal" characters, of whom they were tired. He rose, acknowledged himself to be the author, and promised to go home and kill the character. In the following installment she died of appoplexy.

POETRY.

Poetry is a gushing well
That scorns the niggared measure;
Keeps the blood warm and makes it swell
In pulsing veins with pleasure.

Blame me not!—the cup of sorrow,
When it comes to me,
I can sip nor need to borrow
Modest airs from thee.

Modesty's a pretty thing
In a maid when woo'd;
Modestly she folds her wing
From handling coarse and rude.

And sober thought, the wise man says,
In wise hour teaches me
For time to order well my days,
And for eternity.

But rhyme disownes the sober mood;
I love to rhyme alone,
Or with one friend or two whose blood
Flows kindly like my own!

Cowled or uncowled, let preachers come
To dam my foaming river.
They may prevail to make me dumb,
But to be sober never!

When the Poet's fancy burns,
Be slow to reprimaned him;
You'll forgive his wildest turns,
When once you understand him!

—*Goethe.*

One Theory of Mesmerism.

A recent writer on the mysteries of mesmerism says: "I lay it down as a matter which can be verified by all who are curious enough to try it, that the mesmeric conditions can be produced without the supposition of a subtle fluid, without the use of the cabalistic passes of the mesmerist, without the bouquet, the magnetic rod, or any of the mysterious means employed by the professionals to heighten the effect of what would be too simple and too unattractive if performed straightforwardly. The directions are these: Place the person to be operated on in a chair. With your left hand suspend by a string, about a foot from the eyes, some small object, a dark marble, or a bright steel ball, or a diamond—it matters not what, though something bright is perhaps preferable. Direct the subject to fasten his eyes and concentrate his attention on the object. Slowly raise your left hand until the object is as far above the eyes of the patient as is compatible with his gazing steadily at it. Watch his eyes. At first you will see the pupils contract, but after a few seconds they will expand rapidly. When they are at the point of greatest expansion move the two fingers of the right hand from the object directly taward the eyes, the fingers being separated fork-like to embrace both eyes. As the fingers approach the eyes will close, and the subject will be unable to open them. After a quarter of a minute the subject will be thoroughly under control, so that the operator may make him believe whatever he tells him. Left quiet, the subject will sink into a profound torpor, during which his ears may be pierced, his cheeks sewed to his nose, and even a finger cut off without pain. To arouse him—and this is an important step—wind, either from a hand bellows or fan, should be directed against his eyes, or else his eyes should be tickled with a feather. The rationale of the method is simple. The fixed stare of the subject fatigues the retinal nerves, and when the operator's fingers approach the eyelids close, as eyelids always do when the eyes are threatened. But the fatigue of the nerves has produced muscular fatigue as well, transient paralysis in the eyelids has resulted, and they cannot be opened. The eyelids being then closed, the delicate frontal nerves exhausted and the mind made vacant by monotonous attention to one object, the patient is in a fair condition to fall asleep. He is now ready to dream. The only thing remaining to do is to make him dream. But how is this to be effected? Dreaming, as has long been determined, is the result of external suggestion. Dr. Gregory, to illustrate, having been thinking of Vesuvius, went to bed with a jug of hot water at his feet and dreamed that he was climbing the sides of the burning mountain. Dr. Reid read a book on the Indians, put a blister to his head on retiring, and thought in his sleep that he was being scalped. Both these dreams, as all others are, were caused by suggestions offered externally. These suggestions being received while the directing power, the common sense of the mind, was in obeyance, owing to sleep, was interpreted erroneously, yet according to the plain laws of association. The hot water in the one case called up the previous subject of thought, Vesuvius; the stinging blister, in the other, the equally stinging scalping knife. It is now easy to see how the sleeping subject may be made to accept as truth whatever he is told.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, the tragedian, is described by a correspondent of the Boston *Herald* as a perfect *Virginius*, especially in personal appearance, being an ideal Roman. But the same writer saw him without his toga, and declared that he might walk Broadway from end to end without being identified by any stranger who had admired him on the stage. His silk hat was of the newest fashion, his double-breasted, split skirted overcoat fitted him precisely, and his trousers were not even poked out at the knees. He was well dressed, though not foppishly, and there were about him none of the usual signs of the showman, except the absence of whiskers. But all the statuesque Roman was gone. "The close curled wig, making an ideal head, had given place to straight black hair. His stature had lost two inches by the transfer from the elevated stage to the level of the observer. The weight and dignity of *Virginius* had become the stolidity of a good enough-looking man from Ireland.

GLOVES are going out of fashion for ladies in Paris. Men left off wearing them years ago.

Life in Morocco.

Charles Dudley Warner says in the *Atlantic Monthly:* No sooner does one land in Africa than he passes into a sphere of tranquility and enjoys a state of rest and calm to which all parts of Europe are strangers. The haste and flurry of life fall off, like an irksome garment shed on a hot day; time is of no more account; and worry is impossible amidst a population which moves with dignified slowness and defers all unneccessary exertion till to-morrow. Whatever may be the bustle of arrival, the clamor of boatmen, the indescribable noise and tumult and vociferation of the swarm that assails the stranger, seizes his property with a hundred hands and threatens to scatter it all over Morocco; whatever may be the tumult of the market-place, with its camels and donkeys and dervishes and conjurors and beggars in clouds, sellers of lentils and greens, and bundles of sticks for firewood, grain, sugar-candy, dates oranges, pottery and "truck" of all sorts powdered with dust; whatever may be the importunity of sellers, and the eagerness to act as guides of bright eyed boys, who have a smattering of half a dozen languages, and often the courtly manner of young princes, there is, nevertheless, in all this noise and rout, a sense of underlying calm, of absence of hurry, very grateful to Europeans, whose nerves, in the development of civilization, have all worked out upon the surface.

There is even something soothing in the ceaseless and monotonous tom-tom of the drums, and the skirmishing and plaintive attempts of the flutes to suggest the minor air they are too lazy to play, and in the spasmodic and die-away ejaculations of the musicians, who sit upon the ground, worrying away at the tunes that are a thousand years old, and will be played with the same industrious idleness a thousand years hence. It requires less energy to go on with this sort of music than to stop.

THE NEGRO has been making himself felt in Colorado. The place was Gunnison; the opportunity, a baby show for the benefit of a church. It was presumably an exhibition of white babies, or, at least, of babies that would be white in time. A negro baby appeared at the show in its mother's arms. Both baby and mother were put out of the hall by a policeman, against the protests of a number of believers in political and social equality, who showed their sympathy by raising $20 for the baby. Then it was rumored in the town that a police magistrate had hired the negro mother to take her baby to the white baby show. Then a "prominent real estate man," whose wife was one of the managers of the show, met the Police Justice and slapped his face. Thereupon the police magistrate pulled his revolver and levelled it at the real estate man, but the Mayor of Gunnison caught the arm of the police magistrate as he was levelling the pistol. The police magistrate broke away from the Mayor of Gunnison, and again levelled his pistol at the head of the real estate man. Then the City Attorney of Gunnison seized the police magistrate and put an end to the scene. It is chronicled that much ill feeling exists in the city. This is a very unfortunate state of affairs, especially for the church for whose advantage the baby show was given, and for all concerned, save the innocent cause of the trouble, the negro baby. He has a twenty-dollar cloak.

A station master in India telegraphed 200 miles to the central authorities: "Tiger jumping about on platform. Please telegraph instructions." The fact is that the station master was unable to get to the signal station owing to the presence of a tiger on the platform, and in order to avoid an apprehended collision he telegraphed to the head office for instructions to be sent to the next signal box that an approaching train might be stopped in time.

PATTI said to a Philadelphia *Press* reporter; "I feel quite at home in your city, for you know it was the scene of my early successes. Fancy how old I must be. I sang in 1859. Do I look so very venerable?" The journalist rose to the occasion. "If you were old," he remarked, "you would of course be venerable; but as it is, I fancy you must be giving me a reminiscence of your mother as your own."

A DRUNKARD and a gambler are the two most heartless animals under the sun. The *Montreal Gazette* tells of a once respectable citizen there who last week opened his little girl's tiny "bank," in spite of her tears and entreaties not to take her "Kistmas money," and got drunk on the twenty-six cents it contained.

SOME years ago Patrick Gleason abandoned his wife and son in Indiana. The son, then eighteen, was a fortnight ago committed to the Jeffersonville jail for larceny. On his way to a workshop he passed through a line of convicts; one of them was his father. The recognition was mutual.

[redacted]

[illegible] Tenn., owed about $300,000 at the end of the war. Though then nearly seventy years old, he went to work, and before his death, which occurred recently, he had paid every cent of his debts.

☞ Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

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