The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883. VOL XXi-NO. 51

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

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 full and complete assortment of new

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY,

Hats and Bonnets,

THE LATEST STYLES OUT.

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

A full line of Ladies Nice Neck wear.
May 4, 1882.

COAL. COAL.

T. deC. RUTH

Having laid in a large supply of the

BEST QUALITY

White Ash COAL.

Also, Coal for ENGINES and BLACKSMITHS' use, he is now prepared to fill all orders promptly, as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST, with

2240 lbs. PER TON.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. We feel assured that we can give satisfaction. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

Very respectfully,
T. deC. RUTH.
J. B. McINTIRE, Agent.
Nov. 23, 1882—4m.

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 Merhants
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. References—Our Patrons' and Citizen's Nationla Bank. [Oct. 12, 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, propery 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.

NOTICE.

Having consolidated with Crpt. James W. Thompson, thereby securing ample storage room for grain and merchandise, at Chestertown, we are now prepared to receive Grain at the well-known stand, Thompson's Granary, and will forward the same to market promptly. Schooners "Hattie Stark" and "W. S. Copes" will accommodate the public at any point on River or Bay.

R. J. FOARD,
President Enterprise Transportation Co.
Nov. 16, 1882.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by
WOOLFORD
Prompt and polite attention shown to al customers. April, 1881.

Lime for Sale.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either

Slaked or Quicked Lime

for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel..
WM. PERKINS.
Oct. 20, 1881.

Garden Seed!

Fresh, Genuine and Reliable.

We have just received a Fine, Large Assortment.

PRICES LOWER

than last season.

COLIN F. STAM,
March 1, 1883. Druggist.

COLLARS, Bridles, Back-Bands, Traces and Plow Lines at lowest prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

1883. 1883

HINES & CLEMENTS.

T. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS

We purpose making our stock of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Wooden-ware, Farming Implements, &c., &c., complete in every department, and hope by earnest endeavor and strict attention to business to merit extensive patronage.

Among the many articles comprising our stock, we may mention the following, viz: Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing-knives, Axes, Chisels, Augers, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Chain Traces, Back Chains, Tongue Chains, Breast Chains, Grubb Hoes, Ropes of all kinds, &c.

Also a full line of Table & Pocket Cutlery, including a complete line of Rogers' Plated Spoons, Knives & Forks.

We will manufacture our own Tin-ware, and will be prepared to do all kinds of *Roofing & Spouting*, Repairing Old Tins, &c., &c.

We can furnish Cook & Heating Stoves at lowest rates and as good and durable as can be had anywhere, *Stoves Guaranteed.*

There are many other articles we might mention, such as Tubs, Washboards, Rolling-pins, Butter Prints & Paddles, Slaw-cutters, Water Buckets, Mouse & Rat Traps, Wire Clothes Lines, Dust & Scrub Brushes, &c., &c.

It will be our pleasure to keep everything in the Hardware line consistent with the demand of the public.

We shall be glad to have all our friends and the public generally to call and examine our stock & prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS.
Jan. 11, 1883.

ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Tuesday, March 13th, the steamer

"Enterprise"

Will make tri-weekly trips between Crumpton and Baltimore, running as follows:

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M., touching at Spry's, Deep Landing, and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock P. M., Newnam's at 6:30 Quaker Neck at 7, Hooper's wharf (Centreville) at 8, touching at Earle's and Emory's in Corsica Creek, arrive at Baltimre at 12 o'clock midnight.

Returning will leave Baltimore, Piers 12 and 13, Light St. Wharf, every Tuesday and Thursday at 12 o'clock midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, stopping at all the above landings, and arrive at Crumpton at 8 A. M. on Wednesdays and Fridays, 11 o'clock P. M. on Saturdays.

We have remodelled the steamer and added a number of staterooms and can now offer the public very pleasant sleeping accommodations.

Freight received at wharf in Baltimore on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Carried at reasonable rates and handled with care and dispatch.

GRAIN and heavy freight of every description carried by our steam barge "A. J. Whitney" and schooners "Copes" and "Hattie Stark," upon short notice. All orders left with the agents at the wharv .

RICH. J. FOARD,
March 8, 1883 President.

"COME AND SEE US."

PRICES LOWER

THAN THEY HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

In part as follows:

Java, Maracaibo, Laguayra and Rio Coffees; Teas, Spices, Cheese, Gelatine, Chocolate, Cocoa, Chow-Chow, Corn Starch, Dry Yeast, Graham Flour, &c.; Wm. Lea, Sons & Co's. F. F. F., Kirkwood, and other grades of FLOUR, by the barrel, sack or lb. "Hecker's" Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour.

Full stock of Canned Goods; Best Sugar Cured Hams and Shoulders.

TOBACCO and SEGARS,

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

GLASS & CROCKERY-WARE.

Our entire stock was bought at *Cash* prices, we are satisfied with *small advances*, hence we claim to sell as *LOW* as the *LOWEST*, and don't forget it.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Jan. 25, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

Garden Seed!

Landreth's

and other

CHOICE SEEDS OF ALL KINDS,

T. W. WICKES'

DRUG STORE, Chestertown, Md.
March 1, 1883.

Flower Seeds

OF ALL KINDS

—AT—

T. W. Wickes'

DRUG STORE.

March 1, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

GARDEN SEED!

FRESH AND RELIABLE.

LOWEST PRICE.

—AT—

M. A. Toulson's.

Farmers and Others

in want of

Wood Head, Steel or Malleable Iron Garden Rakes, Hoes, Spading Forks, Spades, Shovels, Extra 4 Tine Forks, Trace Chains, Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Back Bands with hooks, very cheap. Hames and Hedge Shears, will find it to their interest to call at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.
March 22.

2 for 5, the best in town.
SPARKS.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

COLIN F. STAM,

DRUGGIST,

PREPARES MEDICINES

from only the

Purest and Most Reliable Drugs

in the market.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN

—TO—

Physicians' Recipies,

Which are prepared in the

Most Skillful Manner,

and in accordance with all the improved methods of Pharmacy.

Moderate Prices,

Absolute Accuracy, Neatness and Pharmaceutical skill are what we claim for our work.

Drug Store on corner—sign—Illuminated Mortar.

March 1, 1883.

Don't you Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions,

and Groceries a Secialty,

Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour.

1 lb. GOOD SUGAR FOR 8 CENTS.

11 lbs. Good White Sugar for $1.

Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco a specialty.

All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.
Feb. 15, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

AT

C. M. Lucas'.

Gold Watches,
Solid Gold Jewelry,
WEDDING RINGS,
Rogers' Silverware,
&c., &c., &c.

GIVE ME A CALL. d14.

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.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

MESSRS. HINES & CLEMENTS

Propose to keep constantly on hand at their Hardware store, in Chestertown, Md., a full line of

Farming Implements,

viz: Plows, Cultivators, Corn-Planters, Spring Tooth Harrows, Horse Rakes, Reapers, Grain Drills, &c, which they will sell at *city* prices. Before purchasing, call and get their prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS.
Feb. 1, 1883.

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 before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

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

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. 9

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

OUR NO BRAND CIGAR is equal to, if not superior to any 5 ct. in town.
SPARKS.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.
WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

NO Brand Cigar can only be found at
SPARKS'

AN APRIL WEDDING.

I'll never be friends with the swallows again;
In the April sun, in the April rain,
I will not watch,
That I may catch
The dip and glint of their glancing flight
In the dewy dawn or the evening light.

They knew how it was with my love and me,
For they heard him whisper, 'Good-bye to thee!'
They heard him say,
'Some April day
The swallows and I will come back to thee.'
Here are the swallows, but where is he?

We shall not be friends, though they are my guests;
Though they twitter and chatter and build their nests
'Mid shadowy leaves
Under my eaves;
For they came alone and they did not bring
The love of my heart and a golden ring.

It was rain and shine, it was dark and clear,
But her tender soul held a trembling fear,
And all was wrong—
The robin's song,
The primrose star and the larches green—
Till a glad voice called her, 'Helene! Helene!'

With a golden sun and a silver shower
Came the April joy of the wedding hour.
In earth or air
Now all is fair—
Blossom and leaf and the wild birds' strain—
Now she is friends with the swallows again.

Harper's Weekly.

A Talk With a Dude.

At high noon a youth emerged from the Brunswick and stood for a moment in the brilliant blaze of the April sun, listlessly buttoning his gloves. He was languid, sombre, and inert.

Up and down Fifth avenue stages rumbled and roared, and carriages whirled. The doors of the hotel slammed incessantly, brightly dressed women tripped by, men strode briskly to and fro, laughing nurse maids led groups of frolicsome children toward the Park, and even the cabmen whistled and sang as they went about their work. It was a cheerful scene.

The youth did not seem interested in anything. Men who passed glanced at him somewhat contemptuously, or with palpable sneers; women looked admiringly.

He was narrow chested, and his legs were lank and wavering. On his head was a bell-crowned English beaver, with a mourning band two inches wide, and around his neck he wore a collar of preposterous height.

A drab covert coat, such as Englishmen wear when riding to a "meet," was buttoned closely about his far from robust figure. The garment was so short that the ends of his spike tailed coat fell far below it, producing a weird and eerie effect. His trousers were so tight that the uneven contour of his legs inspired pity, and his feet were squeezed into long and narrow shoes. Over his breast dangled a single glass, and he wore English dogskin gloves, the color of ripe brick dust. He held a silver-tipped cane under his arm, and stood with one foot far in advance of the other. His hat was tipped back on his head, his hair brushed forward at the sides, and he displayed evidences of a vapid moustache. But the most noticeable thing about him was the expression of his face. He meant to appear haughty. Instead he looked insolent.

He was a dude.

Presently another youth swung around the corner. He was the counterpart of the first, and their attire was precisely similar, even to the brick-dust gloves. They approached each other solemnly, and then the new-comer drawled:

"How are you, my brave boy?"

"Eh? Oh, I cawn't say as I'm too brisk, don't chew know? I'm freakish to-doy."

"You look a bit queer."

"Yaas. I've been in the eating house here trying to worry down a bit of a chop with some shandygaff. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, you know. I took a tub this mawning, then tooled me new cart up the avenue, and had a good appetoit for breakfast."

"Rathah decent fun."

"Yaas."

"See you at the club later."

Upon which the new-comer, with a face expressive of great exhaustion, ambled away. The first youth still stood in front of the hotel and gazed indifferently about him. For a long time he stood there, while the *Sun* reporter remained in the background regarding him with reverential awe, and reflecting that the dude was the only thing in all the world that had not been interviewed. A little time passed and then—

"I beg your pardon," said the reporter.

"Ow?" asked the youth slowly.

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh," said the youth, and after glancing casually at the reporter he continued placidly, "I don't remember to have met you."

"No," said the reporter thoughtfully, while the youth gazed upon him with immense contempt, "but I wish to ask you a question or two about a matter of great importance."

"Oh, you don't say! Rather an artful idea, I'm sure. What did you wish to ask about?

"The dude."

The youth started, glanced sharply at the reporter for an instant, and then resumed the air of indifference as he said, "Well?

"There is a widespread rumor down town that a cat chased a dude up Fifth avenue yesterday at sundown."

"Oh, I say!" said the youth with a tranquil smile. "It's quite too bad, don't chew know, to put it upon the—er—aw—dude, y'know, loike that. The dude's not hawf as bad as painted! Chased by a cat—Haw!"

"No truth in it at all?"

"Whoy I'd lay a quid to a bob any toime that it's a pure guy," said the youth, with some animation; "and I'll tell you what," he continued, "the—aw—dude, don't chew know, is wretchedly misunderstood."

"What is a dude?"

"A dude," answered the youth, slowly "is a gentleman. A cad can never be a dude. He must not be in trade, but must have money. I dare say there are dudes who have very little money, but then they have blood, y'know. But the point of the thing is that the dude is the embodiment—er—of the—ah—triumph of the gentleman over the cad. You take what was once known as a swell, or a fop, or a dandy, and it was never absolutely necessary for him to be a gentleman. The pet, particular god of swelldom was Beau Brummel, don't chew know, and yet he was not a gentleman according to our English acceptation of the term. Still, he snubbed the Prince of Wales."

Would he not have been quite as effective as a dude?"

"By no means," said the youth hastily. "Don't chew see? He was gorgeous and overdressed, while we—er—that is, the dude—is the acme of propriety and good taste. He wore loud colors, padded shoulders, corsets, wigs, snuff box, and unlimited jewelry while the dude wears no other than a ring, and invariably dresses in dark and quiet colors."

"Is there any fun in being a dude?"

"To the vulgaw a dude is not impressive. The gorgeous swell took the eye. The women worshipped him for the richness of his dress and the waitahs in eating houses were overpowered; but the dude is essentially negative. He is not a spectacle; he is a quiet, self-contained gentleman. He is refined, and he is distinguished from common people by his manners. In England we have a landed aristocracy; in America the aristocrats are popularly known as dudes, y'know. A fellah dressed properly and walking quietly on the Strand or in Pell Mell is known simply as an English Gentleman; but when he appears in the same attire on Fifth av'noo he at once becomes a dude."

"May I ask how long you have been away from England?"

"I—aw—cawn't say; the fact is, I have nevah been in England."

"Ah! good day," accenting the "good."

"Good doy," accenting the "doy."
—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Peculiarity of Elephants.

The career of Pilot, the elephant in Barnum's herd who was killed after an ineffectual attempt to subjugate him, is a lesson in natural history. It is not so very long since a universal idea prevailed that the elephant was the most docile and affectionate, as it is the most intelligent of quadrupeds. The belief has been fostered and maintained by showmen who could not afford to let the public know that the huge beasts who performed their tricks among them were only kept in subjugation by abject fear, and had all the power and will, and needed but the opportunity, to make terrible havoc.

Charles Reade was the first to advance the theory of the natural ferocity of the elephant, and his "Jack of all Trades," detailing the adventures of Mile. Djek, the elephant who killed several keepers and was finally killed herself in retribution, created something of a sensation. Nobody was willing at first to believe the statement of Jack, the elephant-keeper, that "the full grown elephant is the cunningest and the most treacherous and bloodthirsty beast that ever played the butcher among mankind," and no one would accept his adage: "Spare the pitchfork, spoil the elephant."

There seemed something particularly *outre*, in view of the accepted idea of the nature of the beast, in the estimate of its natural tendencies, by Bernard, the French keeper, who promptly left the show after Djek had made an attempt on his life.

Said he: "Once she injures you, she can never forgive you. So long as she has never hurt you, there is a fair chance she never will. But if she once attacks a man, that man's death warrant is signed."

Jack's story how he finally discovered the secret of Elliott's mastery of the brute and her affection for him, which was only by systematic discipline with his iron hook, has been more than proved since, and Pilots history is almost identical with that of Mile. Djek. One does not like to think of the destruction such a brute might have created had he been seized with an ugly fit and broken from his keepers while an exhibition was in progress and the tent crowded with people.

A WIDOW of rank and means, at Neuilly, near Paris, discovered that her jewelry was disappearing daily, and, as her servants were above suspicion, she gave no infirmation to the police, but consulted her son—an officer in the French army—on the matter. Who could the thief be? He agreed to keep watch on the valuables left, and did so, armed with a revolver. At midnight steps were heard as of one advancing stealthily. *Que va la?* To this there was no reply. He fired, and after a shriek and a scream the officer found he had seriously wounded his own mother. The mystery was soon explained. The lady was, unknown to most persons, a somnambulist, and had been in the habit of appropriating her own jewels These she carefully placed in an old cabinet, long unused, where they all were found after the untoward accident.

THE other day as a Utica clergyman and his wife were admiring the size and beauty of a $20 gold piece which the former had just received as a marriage fee, and exchanging confidences as to the best way of investing it, a messenger arrived breathless from the bridegroom to say that an unfortunate mistake had been made, that $20 was out of all proportion to his means, and that he was under the painful necessity of asking the minister to accept a much smaller sum.

THE slightest excess of expenditure over income is poverty, and the slightest excess, of income over expense is wealth.

At Sea.

John Burroughs in the April Century.

One does not seem really to have got out of doors till he goes to sea. On the land he is shut in by the hills, or the forests, or more or less housed by the sharp lines of his horizon. But at sea he finds the roof taken off, the walls taken down; he is no longer in the hollow of the earth's hand, but upon its naked back, with nothing between him and the immensities. He is in the great cosmic out-of-doors, as much so as if voyaging to the moon or to Mars. An astronomic solitude and vacuity surrounds him; his only guides and land marks are stellar; the earth has disappeared; the horison has gone; he has only the sky and its orbs left; this cold, vitreous, blue-black liquid through which the ship plows is not water, but some denser form of the cosmic ether. He can now see the curve of the sphere which the hills hid from him; he can study astronomy under improved conditions. If he was being borne through the interplanetary spaces on an immense shield, his impressions would not perhaps be much different. He would find the same vacuity, the same blank or negative space, the same empty, indefinite, oppressive out-of-doors.

For it must be admitted that a voyage at sea is more oppressive to the imagination than to the actual sense. The world is left behind; all standards of size, of magnitude, of distance, are vanished; there is no size, no form, no perspective; the universe has dwindled to a little circle of crumpled water, that journeys with you day after day, and to which you seem bound by some enchantment. The sky becomes a shallow, close-fitting dome, or else a pall of cloud that seems ready to descend upon you. You cannot see or realize the vast and vacant surrounding: there is nothing to define or set it off. Three thousand miles of ocean space are less impressive than three miles bounded by rugged mountain walls. Indeed, the grandeur of form, of magnitude, of distance, of proportion, etc., are only upon shore. A voyage across the Atlantic is a ten-day sail through vacancy. There is no sensible progress; you pass no fixed points. Is it the steamer that is moving, or is it the sea? or is it all a dance and illusion of the troubled brain? Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, you are in the same parenthesis of nowhere. The three hundred or more miles the ship daily makes is ideal, not real. Every night the stars dance and reel there in the same place amid the rigging; every morning the sun comes up from behind the same wave, and staggers slowly across the sinister sky. The eye becomes a-hunger for form, for permanent lines, for a horizon wall to lift up and keep off the sky, and give it a sense of room. One understands why sailors become an imaginative and superstitious race; it is the reaction from this narrow horrizon in which they are put—this ring of fate surrounds and oppresses them. They escape by invoking aid of the supernatural. In the sea itself there is far less to stimulate the imagination than in the varied forms and colors of the land. How cold, how merciless, how elemental it looks!

Ben Butler as a Boy.

Gov. Butler relates one of his college pranks in breaking up an abolition meeting. We students, he says, went into the country and paid an old farmer 50 cents to let us catch in his barn all the swallows we wanted. We got a dozen or so, and on the night of the meeting a number of us were present, distributed judiciously about the room, each boy with a swallow in his pocket. The church was lighted by old fashioned chandliers, holding each five or six whale oil lamps. At a given signal, when the services were under way, the swallows were let loose, and almost in the twinkling of an eye out went the lights. The birds, of course, went for the light, and the rush of air caused by their wings put out the lamps. We kissed a girl or two, and they of course, shrieked. All was commotion and confusion for a few moments. Then the moderator of the meeting demanded silence, and said that some unaccountable accident put out the lights, but that the audience must sit quiet and preserve order, and the lamps would soon be lighted. The sexton hurried away for a torch—there were no lucifer matches in those days—and presently he came into the church, holding it in front of his face and shielding it with one hand; the swallows, of course, went for the light, and one of them struck the candle, knocking it out of the old man's hand into his face. He tumbled back, gave a yell of fright, and gathering himself up, took to his heels, vowing there were spirits there sure. The crowd, now frightened in earnest, the student leading, got out of the church in a hurry, and that abolition meeting was at an unexpected and unexplainable end.

A ST. LOUIS man of former business ability and success is peculiarly afflicted with aphasia. He lacks the power to express ideas in speech, though his brain is otherwise clear. His stock of words is limited to four, "something," "here," "loud," and "bad," and he uses these indiscriminately, without any reference to their meaning.

A COOP of live prairie hens from the United States was forwarded a few days since from Liverpool to the Queen at Windsor. A similar consignment has been sent to the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. The birds are to be turned into the royal preserves, in order to try and acclimatize them.

UNLESS we are prepared to assert that all goodnes culminates in ourselves and recedes from others in exact proportion to their distance from us, we must admit that our feelings are large factors of injustice in the judgments that we are all of us only too ready to form.

A SONG OF LOVE.

By D. M. Henderson, in the Independent.

Love's season is but brief,
So they say;
It opens like the leaf,
To decay.
Ah! well, I only know
The long years come and go;
But 'tis leaf-time with Love alway!

A silver cloud is Love,
So they say,
That floats awhile above,
Then away.
Ah! well, the years have brought
Their freight of care and thought,
Yet I build in the clouds to-day!

Uncertain as the sea,
So they say,
Love ever will be free—
Well-a-day!
The years have come and gone,
Lives ebb and flow, go on,
But the Sea is the same for aye!

If loves do fade ere long,
As they say,
Yet Love is true and strong,
And will stay.
The leaf and cloud and tide
Through all the years abide,
Is not Love longer lived than they?

JAY GOULD TO RETIRE.

THE GREAT SPECULATOR TO LEAD A PRIVATE LIFE IN THE FUTURE.

Jay Gould has declared to his near friends his intention to retire from his active business life on the completion of his steam yacht, the Atalanta, built for his projected tour around the world. The *Times* says that his son, George J. Gould, a young man of 23, is to take his place as a speculator, and Mr. Gould himself will lead a private life. Mr. Gould's fortune is carefully estimated in round numbers at $100,000,000, of which $20,000,000 is in the stock of the Western Union Telegraph Company and $20,000,000 in the stock of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company. In real estate he has never put much money, considering the size of his fortune. His investment in this kind of property altogether amounts to about $5,000,000. The remainder of his wealth is in securities, mainly in the shape of the bonds of different railroad companies. But one large deal, in speculative parlance, remains to be consummated previous to his retirement, and that is, from the account given, the proposed alliance between his Southwestern system of railroads and the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia system and other tributary roads. Except in his specialties, those in his confidence say he has not dealt actively in stocks for two years.

Mr. Gould expected to leave on his Southwestern trip in company with Russell Sage and A. L. Hopkins yesterday morning, but business kept him in New York, and his plan is to go to-morrow. Washington E. Conner, who has long been his business manager and who is head of the firm in which he is special partner, was at his home when sought. He said that Mr. Gould's affairs were in such a shape that they could be closed up in twenty-four hours. Mr. Connor paid a high tribute to the son whom Mr. Gould had chosen to succeed him. He said he frequently took charge of the workings of the stock. There was no false pride in him, but on the contrary he was quite democratic in his ideas and ways. He was fond of boating and gunning. Once when out West with a friend his funds ran out. The clothes that he had on were not such as would have been worn by a millionaire's son and he hesitated about going to a bank and declaring himself to be Jay Gould's son. For a whole day he was a bankrupt, but finally extricated himself from his dilemma.

When told of the belief in some quarters that Mr. Gould would not start on a trip around the world at all Mr. Connor laughed at the skepticism. He said that Mr. Gould might not go as soon as he had at first intended, but that would be because his yacht would not be ready. He would probably cruise about New York for a time and might start across the ocean any time from August to October. Very likely it might be the latter month, as the weather and sailing would be pleasant here until the end of that time. Mr. Gould knew from his past experience that there could be a bull market without his presence. He believed that there was going to be a big bull market. He always had the foresight to see when things were going too far, and never allowed his bull ideas to overthrow his judgement. When Mr. Gould was asked two months ago about his prospective tour and if he was going to retire permanently from business he said: "I am going to try a little play. I did not have an opportunity when I was young and I must do my playing later in life. If I like it I may keep it up." Mr. Gould is forty-seven years of age.

Mosquitos vs. Malaria.

In a paper read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, Feb. 10, 1883, Dr. A. F. A. King endeavored to sustain the thesis that malarial disease is produced by the bites of insects inoculating the body with malarial poison, the mosquito being considered in this country the most active agent.

Whatever value may be ascribed to mosquito bites as a cause of disease (and there are several very strong and, to our mind, fatal objections to the theory, and especially the fact that malaria prevails at seasons when no mosquitos occur), it is interesting to observe how the properties and phenomena usually ascribed to malarial vapors become susceptible of explanation on the above insect theory, and how easily coincidences are made out. In the course of his remarks he presented the following theory of twenty statements culled from leading medical authorities, in relation to malaria, and which, he maintained, are explicable on the mosquito theory.

1st. Malaria affects by preference low and moist localities. Such localities are the natural abode of mosquitos.

2d. Malaria is seldom developed at a lower temperature than 60 deg. F.; neither are mosquitos.

3d. The active agency of malaria is checked by a temperature of 32 deg. F. The same may be said of the mosquito.

4th. Malaria is most abundant and most virulent as we approach the sea coast. So, under specified conditions, are mosquitos.

5th. Malaria has an affinity for dense foliage, which has the power of accumulating it, when lying in the course of winds blowing from malarious localities. Trees accumulate mosquitos in the same manner.

6th. Forests and even woods have the power of obstructing malaria and of preventing its transmission under these circumstances. So of mosquitoes.

7th. By atmospheric currents, malaria may be transported to considerable distances, probably as far as five miles. Mosquitoes also.

Welsh Rabbit.

From the Caterer.

There are several styles of making the Welsh rabbit—sometimes pedantically called the "rarebit"—but the first requisite is to have the proper character of cheese. It requires a sound, sharp, old and crumbly cheese. I have found the English Cheshire or the American imitation thereof, to be the best for this purpose; the next is the Parmesan. The bread, I would say, should be of the best quality, light, sweet and pure. I will now give you the old English plan for making a Welsh rabbit.

Toast a slice or two of day-old bread, not scorched or burnt, but to a nice, crisp, golden color; butter these well and lay them upon a warm plate. Now cut up into small pieces four ounces of cheese, put into a small saucepan with a teaspoonful of made English mustard, a little black pepper, a pinch of salt and half a tumbler of ale; place on the fire and stir until thoroughly melted, then pour it over the toast and, accompanied by a glass of good ale or beer, proceed with a thankful heart to discuss.

AN AMERICAN RABBIT.—Make slices of toast, lay them on a hot dish and pour over them a little hot milk or water and set the dish aside on the range to keep warm; now proceed exactly as directed in the above, except that you use milk instead of the ale.

ANOTHER PLAN.—Mix with a quarter of a pound of grated Cheshire or Parmesan cheese an equal quantity of fine bread crumbs and a quarter of a pound of good butter; add a teaspoonful of made mustard, a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of black pepper. Mix all well together and beat it to a smooth paste in mortar. Spread this paste neatly and thickly on slices of toast and place them in the oven to become thoroughly hot and slightly brown; placing a stout sheet of white paper over the dish until hot and then removing it prevents the cheese from becoming too brown or dry.

ANOTHER STYLE.—Cut or grate a quarter of a pound of cheese, put it into a saucepan with a small tumbler of milk or cream, two ounces of the best butter, a tablespoonful of made mustard and a pinch each of pepper and salt; place on the fire and stir rapidly in the yolks of three eggs; when the mixture begins to set, form it into a roll, put it on a hot dish and serve immediately.

A successful thief on New England railroads manages to sit near a traveler whose trunk he knows to be valuable. Then he tries to turn over the back of the seat, pretends to find some difficulty with the lock, and asks the victim for the loan of his check to slip down upon the catch, and so throw it out of place. While thus using the article he exchanges it for another, which he hands back without the trick being detected. At the end of the journey, he loses no time in presenting the stolen check, and getting away with the baggage to which it is attached.

"Hail Stones as Big as Pumpkins."

There is some doubt about the hail-stones having been quite so large, but as some people said they were as large as potatoes anyhow, it must have been a very severe storm. A man who is hit with many hail-stones will be badly bruised. It is surprising to see how quickly Perry Davis's Pain Killer will relieve the pain, even of the worst bruises.

A shrewd fellow has a way of taking a store in a Western village, and filling it with cheap, showy goods. At the end of a few weeks he is prostrated—for a few hours—by a telegram conveying the sad news of his father's death in England, and urging his return at once to settle up the estate. He groans at being compelled to sacrifice at auction his valuable stock, which goes off like hot cakes, and then this enterprising pioneer moves further afield.

***"Men are but sorry witnesses in their own cause." The praise of Kidney-Wort comes from the mouths of those who have been made strong and healthy by it. Listen: "It is curing everybody," writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys.

MR. CUMMINGS was a candidate for Alderman in St. Louis. He wrote to the *Spectator*: "Give me a little puff. If you ask anyone that knows me, you will find that I am not unworthy of your support. I enclose $10" The editor printed the letter by way of a 'little puff,' and gave the money to charity.

Spring

Is the most dangerous period of the year to those who suffer with throat and lung complaints. Rev. F. W. Nettle, Baptist minister, residing in Accomac county, Va., says that after suffering for more than six months with severe lung and throat trouble he was speedily healed by using New Life, the Great Cough Remedy. He calls it "a wonderful medicine for throat and lung trouble.

PAT DONNAVAN looked with such undisguised admiration at a woman whom he saw sitting in a Cincinnati parlor, that she shut the blinds in a huff. Then it was his turn to be angry. He drew a pistol, dashed into the house, fired upon her, and got in return a blow with a poker that disabled him.

Hope for Drunkards.

My husband had drunken habits he could not overcome until Parker's Ginger Tonic took away his thirst for stimulants, restored his energy of mind and gave him strength to attend to business.—Cincinnati Lady.—Adv.

AN island in Vermillion Bay, on the coast of Louisiana, has a solid mass of salt at a depth of twenty feet so hard that it requires to be mined with dynamite and ground in steam mills. About 200 tons a day are taken out.

FOR dressing the hair, and beautifying it when gray, nothing is so satisfactory as Parker's Hair Balsam.—Adv.

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