The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1883. VOL. XXII-NO 18

Wheat Seeding for 1883.

OFFICE OF

T. R. Hubbard & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HUBBARD'S STANDARD & EXTANT BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATES

AND SOLE PROPRIETORS AND IMPORTERS OF

Ocean Bird Guano!

We have just completed in addition to our Factory Large Ware houses and Wharf, rendering us ll capacity, which ables us to keep constantly on hand and in stock in addition to our manufactured phosphates

Dissolved Bone AND Fertilizing Supplies

It is not surprising that Our Goods have been so noted as we for their Superior condition drilling, as for general Excellence, as Every Ton is made from Bone dissolved a head in the same way by the best machinery in use, to the inspection of which all farmers and the public erally are most cordially invited. We give below names of reference of a few of our ny patrons who have used our goods with full satisfaction;

her Handy, Hanesville.	John Gale, Hanesville,	George R. Beck, Hanesville.
ge R. Stephens, "	a Crofford, "	Hyland P. Smith, "
Brice, Lankford,	W. Archibald, jr., Lankford.	Cordray Loud, near Chestertown
n Brown, near Chestertown.	Wm. G. Trew, near Chest'n.	Philip E. Trew.
n Aldrich, "	Wm. L. Bowers,	Col. R. C. Johnson,
wall Johnson, "	T. A. Jacobs,	Wm. E. Sanders,
	Edward R. Pennington,	L. R. Shewel.

For further reference see circulars of certificates which will be mailed to all parties upon application.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Chestertown, Md.

August 16, 1883—12t.

1850. 1883.

W. N. E. WICKES,

AGENT FOR

Lister's Fertilizers,

BASIS BONE.

Wheat and Grass producers and permanent improvers of the soil. Long tested, well known and universally approved.

LISTER'S STANDARD PHOSPHATE,
LISTER'S AMMONIATED BONE PHOSPHATE,
LISTER'S U. S. PHOSPHATE,
LISTER'S PURE GROUND BUTCHERS' BONE

Are offered to the farmers at reasonable prices, and on accommodating terms.

The goods will be delivered at any of the wharves or landings of the river or bay.

It is very desirable to have orders filled early in the season. This will secure the goods in dry and fine condition for the drill.

Orders left at the store of Wickes & Brother will receive prompt attention. [Aug. 2—3m.

T. W. ELIASON, JR'S.,

STANDARD BRANDS OF FERTILIZERS.

No. 1

Ammo. Super Phosphate

OF LIME & POTASH.

CHESTER COMPOUND.

Prompt, Permanent & Reliable; Always in Fine Dry Condition.

These Fertilizers are pronounced by many of the best farmers in the county as being the *BEST ON THE MARKET*, and increasing popularity is evidence of THEIR SUPERIOR MERITS. They are offered on reasonable and accommodating terms. Delivered at any landing in Kent or Queen Anne's counties. Also for sale

Dissolved Bone Phosphate and Alkaline Salts.
Dissolved South Carolina and Kainit.
Dissolved South Carolina Plaster.
DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONES.

Early orders solicited and promptly filled.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Aug. 9, 1883.

FARMERS FAVORITE!

BRADLEY'S

SUPER PHOSPHATE

is too well known to need more than the agent's name selling it.

We warrant it to be a first-clas article

AND TO DRILL IN EVERY CASE.

When we say warrant it to drill we mean that the farmer shall return the Phosphate if not found in drilling condition. Prices as low as any goods on the market—analysis being equal.

We will deliver Free of Freight to any landing on the bay or river.

Call and give your orders early.

Hines & Clements.

August 2, 1883.

Kent Co., Smyrna & Del. Bay R.R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton

On and after Monday, August 6th, 1883, until further notice trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.	Passenger No. 1. Daily.	Mixed No. 3. Daily.
LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.
Chestertown	7 00	12.40
Worton	7.15	1.10
Lynch's	7 20	1.30
Still Pond	7.25	1.40
Kennedyville	7.35	2.10
Blacks	7.50	2.40
Lambson	8.05	3.00
Masseys	8.20	3.15
Delanys	8.35	3.30
*Bingham	8.40	3.35
arr Clayton	8.55	3.50
leave "	9.12	5.26
" Middletown	9.33	5.57
" Wilmington	10.15	6 50
arr Philadelphia	11 12	7.50
Baltimore	2.20 p m	9.05p m
New York	.....	.....

GOING SOUTH.	Passenger No. 2 Daily.	Passenger No. 4 Thursdays & Saturdays.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
New York	.....	.....
Baltimore	9 25	12 05
Philadelphia	11 50	3 00
Wilmington	1 05	4 08
Middletown	2 10	4 42
arr Clayton	2 40	5 15
" Binghams	2 50	5 25
*Delanys	3 00	5 35
Masseys	3 15	5 45
Lambson	3 30	5 55
Blacks	3 45	6 05
Kennedyville	4 00	6 15
Still Pond	4 05	6 22
Lynchs	4 15	6 27
Worton	4 25	6 35
arr Chestertown	4 40	6 50

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freight for Delanys and Bingham's must be prepaid.

The morning trains make connection at Clayton with the Delaware Railroad going North and South.

Passengers on morning train to and from Baltimore change cars at Wilmington or Delaware Junction.

Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

Trains run on Philadelphia time, which is 5 minutes faster than Baltimore time.

Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates.

FRED. GERKER, Lessee.

Aug. 9, 1883.

LUMBER

FOR THE SPRING OF 1883.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.,

takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of

White Pine, Virginia Pine and GEORGIA PINE

LUMBER

on the Peninsula, embracing in part:

White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " undressed;
" 6-4 Plank " "
" 8-4 " "
" 4-4 Picks and Select, dressed,
" 7-8 Rabbeted Weather Boarding;
" Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;
" Cull " 12 in. stk, 16 ft.
" 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft.
" 5-8 Siding, dressed and undressed.
" 4-4 12 in. stk. dressed.
" Frame Stuff.
" Scantling, Railing, &c.
" Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff.
" Flooring,
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.

Shingles Laths, Doors, Door Frames Window Frames Sash Mouldings &c.

Specially Low Prices to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.

TERMS LIBERAL.

Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

June 21, 1883.

SOME REASONS WHY!

IN THE MILLING BUSINESS.

Why has SPICER been successful in the milling business? We answer:

1st.

Because he is a jolly old fellow, and has a good word for everybody.

2d.

He is a millwright and keeps his mill in first-class order without going to Baltimore for a millwright.

3d.

He is not only a millwright, but enjoys the reputation of being a first-class miller.

4th.

In his mill you can always find flour, meal, chops and all kinds of feed for sale at the very lowest prices that the market will allow it to be sold for.

5th.

He has but one price for the rich and the poor. His prices are the same to all.

6TH AND LAST, though not least, he is very careful how he uses the todish, as all his customers will say.

To the ladies of Kent county who delight in good flour, we wish to say that we have at last succeeded in getting Radcliffe Mill, at Chestertown, in first-class order, and to-day we are making better flour than ever before. We keep the best millers that money will get. None but first class millers handle our wheat mill. Gentlemen we will willingly take back and pay cash for any bad flour we may make from good wheat. We are very thankful for all past favors and as we have the mill in first class order, and are making first class flour and meal, with plenty of water that will run us day and night, we hope to secure a full share of public patronage.

Spicer & Bacon.

July 14, 1883—3m.

J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.

COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a good article of SOFT COAL for Steam Threshers. Also, a good quality of Anthracite (White Ash) Coal, 2,240 lbs. to ton.

All persons in want of Coal will do well to call and see us before buying.

July 12—tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,

SPRING! SPRING! 1883!

Look at these Points:

1st POINT. We have just opened a full line of ladies' Dress Goods, in striped buntings, Nuns Veilings and other prevailing styles, in the new tints and shades. White goods in India linens, Nainsooks, Pequies, Lace Stripes. Nice assortment of Hamburg Edgings and laces.

2d POINT. We have Malalieu's all-wool cassimeres at 75 cents per yard, besides cassimeres and cottonades of other makes, ranging in price from 15 cents to $1.25 per yard.

3d POINT. We have one of the largest and most stylish assortments of Men's and children's straw hats—all new this season. Price from 12½ cents to $3.00

4th POINT. 650 YARDS OF STRAW MATTING, in ten different styles, will be sold cheap.

5th POINT. SHOES. We have in stock a nice assortment of men's, ladies' and children's Shoes. We keep Clement, Wyatt and Ball's well-known city-made Shoes, every pair guaranteed.

6th POINT. We have a large variety of goods not mentioned, such as ladies' cotton and lisle gloves, from 12½ cents to 75 cents. Nice assortment of kid gloves. Gents' gauze shirts, gents' drawers. Segars, tobacco, groceries, queensware and glassware. Come and see us, and we will endeavor to prove the correctness of all our statements. No trouble to show goods. Goods delivered free to any part of the town. All kinds of country produce taken at highest market price in exchange for goods.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

May 3, 1883.

W Register's MARBLE WORKS

Chestertown, Md.

ALLOW ME to tender my sincere thanks for the past patronage of the public, and hope to receive their approval and patronage this present year. I am prepared to cut and finish every design in the marble business.

I have a very handsome assortment of my own finished

TOMBSTONES.

Some of the Latest Designs

HANDSOMELY FINISHED,

COPIED FROM THE LATE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A large assortment for children, different patterns, some as low as $6.00, lettering included. Some fifty different patterns for grown persons, handsomely finished, some of them as low as $15.00, lettering included. Also, a fine line of different patterns, expressly for the

QUAKER BURYING GROUNDS,

very thick and heavy and handsomely finished of the best marble.

Marble Posts, marble Vases with Pedestal, Marble Coping, Tombstones and monuments, of all sizes and styles.

Marble or Sandstone worked to order. I warrant all my work not to color or blister—time has no effect on it. I set up all of my work, thus relieving the purchaser of all trouble or risk.

Come one, come all, that are in want, and examine my work and learn my prices. I will be thankful. Don't send the money out of your own neighborhood.

Call and see me. I do not like to canvass for work, for I think it too sad a business to barter with relatives or friends.

My work can be seen in all the cemeteries of Kent and the adjoining counties.

March 11, 1881 W. REGISTER

SEASONABLE ARTICLES!

Spices,

WHOLE AND GROUND.

MUSTARD SEED,
CELERY SEED,
OLIVE OIL,
FLAVORING EXTRACTS,
CANNING WAX,
JAR RUBBERS.

Lowest Prices.

STAMS' DRUG STORE.

Great Bargains

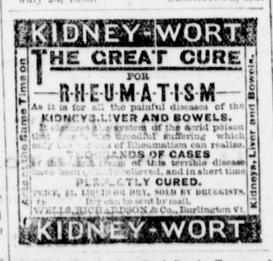
—IN—

Concave Plow Shares and Castings

We have several tons of the best make of Castings, which we bought at an uncommonly low figure, and which we are prepared to sell at correspondingly low prices. No rough or lumpy places upon our Castings. Have all been ground upon Emory stone.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,

July 26, 1883. Chestertown, Md.



COLLARS, Bridles, Back Bands, Traces and Plow Lines at lowest prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

LOVE.

I.

I leaned out of the window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! Oh, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

II.

The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer;
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters grow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

III.

You night moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

IV.

'Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.'
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight:
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

The Discovery of Luray.

Some time ago there appeared in the *Scientific American* an interesting account of the Luray Cave, which an attache graphically described, after visiting it. Since the description of the wonderful cave many thousands of persons have visited it, and it has now become a place of popular resort. A correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution* tells its readers how the cave was discovered, and how the party making the discovery were deprived of their gain:

A wandering photographer who chanced to be near Luray (then Loraine) was so impressed with the belief that there was a cavernous formation in some of the hills that throng about the village. Why he thought so only those who know how thoroughly such a man must study nature and acquaint himself with woodcraft can understand. At any rate, he persuaded to his view a local hunter named Campbell, and the two started out on a systematic and persistent search for a hole in the ground.

For a long time they were unrewarded. One morning, however, they came upon a bowl-like depression in the side of a mountain, from which they thought a vague current of air was issuing. They began picking through the loose stone and sand that made the bottom of the sink, and, after going about ten feet, dropped through an open cavity of indeterminate dimension. A rope was tied around Campbell's body, and he went far enough to discover that the new-found cavern was vast and measureless. The hole was then carefully covered over, and the discoverers keeping their secret, sought the owner of the land. On a short bargain they bought the land for $400, and took the deeds.

They then disclosed their secret, secured help and made a thorough exploration opened up the weirdest, most picturesque and marvelous range of underground scenery, in my opinion, in the world. I do not see how anything can surpass it. For more than five miles winding passages lead through vaulted and fluted chambers large enough to quarter a regiment, pass pools of crystal water caught in glistening basins, through corridors of enchanting beauty into vast and silent cathedrals and beyond archways, to pass under which a child must bow its head—all filled with stalactites, knolls, and columns, fashioned through the patient and ceaseless work of centuries upon centuries into the most singular resemblances and similitudes that are startling. Nowhere is there a sign of life, except that in one huge chamber a solitary bat flutters in uncertain circle amid the lofty tops of fluted columns. No other bat was seen there—and this one was so wizened and wrinkled that he might have been distilled from the darkness and dungeon like vapors of the cavern—the one blind, and pinched, and chilled evolution of a cycle of gloom and silence. There is one other sign of life—the skeleton of a human being half embedded in the bottom of a gorge.

Ages ago this man, of perhaps a race the memory of which does not survive, was doubtless lost in the cavern. Falling into this chasm, struggling against its clammy sides in the utter darkness, and filling the awful stillness with his dying cries, he died alone. And now holiday crowds of a race as strange to him as the phantoms with which his last terrors peopled the blackness of the cave pause with laughing speculation over his bones, and the feet of children run trippingly over the ways where he perished so helplessly.

As soon as the railroad people became satisfied of the extent and beauty of the newly discovered cave, they organized a company with a capital of $100,000, and bought the cave from Mr. Campbell and the photographer. The price given was $40,000; but before it was paid over the former owner of the land, who in his ignorance of the cave had sold it for $400, moved to set his sale aside on the ground of fraud. He contended that he had sold simply the top of the ground, and not what was under. The courts decided he was right, and ordered the $40,000 paid to him instead of the discoverers. These latter got nothing, and Campbell is now a guide for the company on a salary. After paying $40,000 for the cave, the company built the Luray Inn, a perfect model of a Swiss hotel, at a cost of $50,000. A charge of $1 is made for entrance to the cave, and last year, 25,000 persons paid this fee. Excursions are run twice a week, and bring from 300 to 600 people on a train.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has made observations in Switzerland which show that the silent flashes called 'heat lightning' are not as generally supposed harmless, but indicate thunder-storms which may not be twenty miles away. Professor Tyndall occupied a station upon the Bel Alp, which is connected by telegraph with Monte Generoso, fifty miles away. 'Frequently,' says Professor Tyndall in *Nature*, 'when the wetterleuchten (reported to be lightning without thunder), as seen from the Bel Alp, was in full play, I have telegraphed to the proprietor of Monte Generoso hotel and learned in every instance that our silent lightning coexisted in time with a thunder-storm more or less 'terrific' in Upper Italy. Persons observing these silent flashes to be repeated with increasing vividness may take them as evidence of a storm coming in their direction, and possibly no more than an hour away.'

THE English sparrow, where he has become habituated, is usually regarded as a nuisance to be abated or a pest to be extirpated. Indeed, one State, Massachusetts, has enacted a statute against these small birds, to encourage their thinning out, if not their extermination. Whatever may be the value of the sparrow alive, there is but one opinion about him when dead. The sparrow—or plenty of him—makes delicious pies. In Germany and in England the sparrow is a game bird, and is sought after as food. He is so tame that his capture requires very little skill, and after grain gathering in August he swarms on the stubble so that one charge of fine shot would bring down a number of birds.

THE song-birds nearly all build low; their cradle is not upon the tree-top. It is only birds of prey that fear danger from below more than from above and that seek the higher branches for their nests. A line five feet from the ground would rove above more than half the nests, and one ten feet would bound more than three-fourths of them. It is only the oriole and the wood pewee that, as a rule, go higher than this. The crows and jays and other enemies of the birds have learned to explore this belt pretty thoroughly. But the leaves and the protective coloring of most nests baffle them as effectually, no doubt, as they do the professional zoologist.

—*John Burroughs, in the September Century.*

A NEWSPAPER printed in Sylvania, Ga., says that there are 300 inhabitants in that town, and that there has never been a death of a man or a boy from natural causes in the place since the town was insorporated, about thirty years ago. Two women have died in that period.

Famous Escapes from Indians.

Dr. Edward Eggleston's profusely illustrated paper in the September *Century* on "Indian War in the Colonies" recounts the following exploits: "Stories of marvelous and ingenious escapes were the romance of the colonies, and such adventures date back to the earliest Indian war in Virginia, where a man and his wife, who had been spared in the wholesale slaughter, found their opportunity while the Indians were dancing for joy over the acquisition of a white man's boat that had drifted ashore. These captives got in a canoe, and soon afterward surprised their friends in the settlements, who had believed them to be dead. Very like this was the escape of Anthony Bracket and his wife in Maine. They were left to follow on after their captors, who were eager to reach a plundering party in time to share in the spoil. Bracket's wife found a broken bark canoe, which she mended with a needle and thread; the whole family then put to sea in this rickety craft, and at length reached Black Point, where they got on board a vessel. A little lad of eleven years named Eames, taken in Phillip's war, made his way thirty miles or more to the settlements. Two sons of the famous Hannah Bradley, previously mentioned, effected an ingenious escape, lying all the first day in a hollow log and using their provisions to make friends with the dogs that had tracked them. They journeyed in extreme peril and suffering for nine days, and one of them fell down with exhaustion just as they were entering a white settlement. A young girl in Massachusetts, after three weeks of captivity, made a bridle of bark, and catching a horse, rode all night through the woods to Concord. Mrs. Dean, taken at Oyster River in 1694, was left with her daughter, in charge of an old Indian while the rest finished their work of destruction. The old fellow asked his prisoner what would cure a pain in his head. She recommended him to drink some rum taken from her house. This put him to sleep, and the woman and child got away. Another down-east captive, with the fitting name of Toogood, while his captor daring an attack on a settlement was disentangling a piece of string with which to tie him, jerked the Indian's gun from under his arm and, leveling it at his head, got safely away.

"Escaping captives endured extreme hardships. One Bard, taken in Pennsylvania, lived nine days on a few buds and four snakes. Mrs. Inglis, captured in the valley of Virginia, escaped in company with a German woman from a place far down the Ohio River. After narrowly avoiding discovery and recapture, they succeeded in ascending the south bank of the Ohio for some hundreds of miles. When within a few days' travel of settlements, they were so reduced by famine that the German woman, enraged that she had been persuaded to desert the Indian flesh-pots, and crazed with hunger, made an unsuccessful attack on her companion with cannibal intentions.

"The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff, and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off, with many others, in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill, Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimac River. At midnight, the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men, two women, and six children—one favorite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman, escaping. After they had left the camp, the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlements would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimac, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston 25 pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners."

Labor and Food.

The human body never ceases to work. Even in the most profound slumber some of the functions of life are going on, as, for instance, breathing, the circulation of the blood, digestion, when there is food in the stomach; and it follows that some part of the nervous system is therefore awake and attending to business all the day and night long. In the act of living, some of the substance of the body is being constantly consumed. The amount of work done by the heart in one day in propelling the blood is now estimated as equal to the work of a steam engine in raising 125 tons one foot high, or one ton 125 feet high. We lose in weight by working. Weigh a man after several hours' hard labor, and he will be found two or three, and, in extreme cases, several pounds lighter. If we do not wish to become bankrupt, we must replace by food the amount we have lost by labor. Hunger and thirst are the instincts which prompt us to do this. They are like automatic alarm clocks, which stop the engine at various points to take on fuel and water. In a healthy man as much is taken in as is required to maintain the weight of the body against loss. Nature keeps the account. On one side is so much food spent in work: on the other, so much received into the stomach for digestion. They should balance like the accounts of an honest bookkeeper. In an unhealthy person the instinct of hunger becomes disordered and does not sound the alarm, and so the person goes on working without eating until he becomes pauperized; or the instinct works too frequently, and he eats too much and clogs the vital machinery. A calculation of the business done in the body reveals the fact that for a hard working person about 8½ pounds of food and drink are used up daily; some bodies use more and some less, but this is the average. The profit which the body gets on this transaction has been calculated, and may interest our readers. The energy stored up in the 8½ pounds of food ought to raise 3,400 tons one foot high. Most of this energy, however, is expended in keeping the body warm and its functions active. About one-tenth can be spent in our bodily movements or in work. The profit, then, on the process is about ten per cent. This is enough to raise 340 tons one foot high each day. A profit which is quite enough for earning a good living if rightly expended, and it is probably more than most make; but all ought to strive to reach this point if possible.—*Scientific American.*

Save the Best for Seed.

With corn, peas, beans, and all kinds of garden and field vegetables there is always more or less opportunity for selecting superior specimens for seed, and those who avail themselves of them usually have "better luck" than those who make no effort in the way of careful selections.

This principle of careful selection of seed should not stop in the vegetable garden, but may with profit be extended to the grain field and forest. In every grain field, variations in growth and productiveness occur, and the farmer who has eyes educated to see such things will be sure to find them. Taking grain for seed from a bin in which the entire crop has been stored may answer very well, but it is not the way to make progress or improve a variety. The best and cleanest plot, whether it be large or small, should be taken for seed, and kept separate from the main crop. This rule applies to all kinds of grain, and if every farmer would practice it we would hear less of deterioration or the running out of varieties.

The Largest Three Statues.

A mania for the erection of statues of dimensions such as the world has never seen before seems to have seized on the two rival countries of the continent. The statue of the Republic in the Place du Chateau d'Eau was displayed to public view on Saturday amid the rejoicings of the citizens of Paris, and in a few weeks the enormous figure of Germania, which is being erected in honor of the victories of 1870 and 1871 on the Niederwald, overlooking the Rhine, will be unveiled in the presence of the emperor.

Both of them will be dwarfed, however, by the huge statue of Liberty, which, through the generous contributions of the French nation, will be presented in a short time to the Americans. This will be at least 150 feet in height, and it will stand upon a pedestal of the same height, at the entrance of the harbor of New York, to welcome emigrants to their new home.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CASPAR GROSS, who was killed by a train in Illinois, belonged to a family singularly unfortunate in unnatural deaths. His oldest brother froze to death in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in 1812, one was drowned in the Rhine, one was gored to death by a bull, one dropped dead in a graveyard while attending the funeral of a neighbor, and a sister was run over by horses and killed.

WALT WHITMAN ON AMERICA.

THE GOOD GRAY POET'S VIEW OF OUR POPULATION AND OUR FUTURE.

Walt Whitman sent the following letter to the managers of the tertio-millennial celebration in Santa Fe, New Mexico:

DEAR SIRS: Your kind invitation to visit you and deliver a poem for the three hundred and thirty-third anniversary of founding Santa Fe has reached me so late that I have to decline, with sincere regret. But I will say a few words off hand.

We Americans have yet to really learn our antecedents and sort them, to unify them. They will be found ampler than has been supposed, and in widely different sources. Thus far, impressed by New England writers and schoolmasters, we tacitly abandon ourselves to the notion that our United States have been fashioned from the British Islands only, and essentially form a second England only—which is a very great mistake. Many leading traits of our future national personality, and some of the best ones, will certainly prove to have originated from other than British stock. As it is, British and Germans, valuable as they are in the concrete, already threaten excess, Or rather, I should say, they have certainly reached that excess. To-day something outside of them and to counterbalance them is seriously needed.

The seething materialistic and business vortices of the United States, in their present devouring relations, controlling and belittling everything else, are, in my opinion, but a vast and indispensable stage in the New World's development and are certainly to be followed by something entirely different, at least by immense modifications. Character, literature, a society worthy the name, are yet to be established, through a nationality of noblest spiritual, heroic and democratic attributes—not one of which at present definitely exists—entirely different from the past, though unerringly founded on it and to justify it.

To that composite American identity of the future Spanish character will supply some of the most needed parts. No stock shows a grander historic retrospect—grander in religiousness and loyalty, or for patriotism, courage, decorum, gravity and honor. It is time to dismiss utterly the illusion-compound, half raw-head-and-bloody-bones and half Mysteries-of-Udolpho, inherited from the English writers of the past 200 years. It is time to realize—for it is certainly true—that there will not be found any more cruelty, tyranny, superstition, etc., in the resume of past Spanish history than in the corresponding resume of Anglo-Norman history. Nay, I think there will not be found so much.

Then another point, relating to American ethnology, past and to come, I will here touch upon at a venture. As to our aboriginal or Indian population—the Aztec in the South and many a tribe in the North and West—I know it seems to be agreed that they must gradually dwindle as time rolls on, and in a few generations more leave only the reminiscence, a blank. But I am not at all clear about that. As America, from its many far-back sources and current supplies, developes, adapts, entwines, faithfully identifies its own, are we to see it cheerfully accepting and using all the contributions of foreign lands from the outside globe, and then rejecting the only ones distinctively its own—the autochthonic ones?

As to the Spanish stock of our Southwest, it is certain to me that we do not begin to appreciate the splendor and sterling value of its race element. Who knows but that element, like the course of some subterranean river, dipping invisibly for a hundred or two years, is now to emerge in broadest flow and permanent action.

If I might assume to do so, I would like to send you the most cordial, heartfelt congratulations of your American fellow countryman here? You have more friends in the Northern and Atlantic regions than you suppose, and they are deeply interested in the development of the great Southwestern interior, and in what your festival arouses to public attention. Very respectfully, etc.,

WALT WHITMAN.

"WE have lots of funny scenes on our train," said the conductor of the midnight train from New York to Washington, via Philadelphia, "and also many that come near being tragic. This train is a favorite for beats. One of the funniest things I ever heard of happened on this train last night. An old gentleman took his seat well-forward in the smoker, and, having lighted a fagrant Havana, leaned back in peaceful enjoyment and contemplation. But soon he was disturbed by a sickening odor from the other side of the car, where a young railroader had taken his seat and was energetically puffiing a black dhudeen that looked as though it had seen ten years' service. It was loaded, evidently, with plug tobacco and was hard to keep alight, as was shown by the lip smaking and constant puffing of the smoker. As I passed him the old gentleman stopped me and whispered: 'Can't you get that man to stop smoking his horrible old pipe?' I told him the smoking car was for smokers and that there was no regulations as to style of pipes used. Then he whispered: 'Won't you hand him this cigar? Maybe that will stop him.' I took the cigar—evidently a prime Cuban—and handed it to the Irishman, explaining that the gentleman opposite presented it to him. 'His honor is a gintleman,' said Pat, puffing away at his dhudeen, to keep it alight, 'and I'll smoke it on Sunday after dinner.' And then he went on peacefully puffing at his pipe. Finally the old gentleman moved into the rear of the car, to get away from the odor.

A Russian proverb says: "The devil lies hidden where the water is stillest."

Comparison, more than reality makes men happy, and can make them wretched.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

The only sound and healthy description of assisting is that which teaches independence and self-exertion.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

A work prospers through endeavors, not through vows. The fawn runs not into the mouth of a sleeping lion.

Opposition is what we want and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

Many are ambitious of saying grand things—that is, of being grandiloquent. Eloquence is speaking out, a quality few esteem and fewer aim at.

JAY GOULD'S tomb is to cost $85,000, and will have room for sixteen persons. In design this "mortuary chapel," as the builders are proud to call it, is a miniature Greek temple of polished granite. It is to be twenty feet wide, thirty feet long and flanked with columns, eight on each side and four on the ends. No stone used in the construction is to be less than six feet square in size, and the roof-stones are to be six feet wide by fifteen long, weighing several tons apiece. The doors of the chapel are to be of bronze, modeled by Augustus St Gaudens, whose bill for this service is to be $2,500. Inside, the original plan was to close each of the sixteen compartments with a slab of polished marble to be cemented in place. The latest intention, however, is to finish the inside of the chapel in bronze as being more durable than marble. Facing the door of the chapel is to be a window of stained glass, probably by Lafarge, representing the resurrection.

As hotel cook has been betraying some of the secrets of hotel cooking He says the head cook in making preparation for dinner, cuts off the head and feet of the poultry and trims out the bones and fat off the meat. These are all dumped into a kettle of water. Everything in the way of meat is thrown into this receptacle, and the hetrogeneous mass is boiled up as soup for dinner. Say a guest calls for vermicelli soup. A ladleful is dipped from this common kettle into a dish, and a handful of vermicelli, taken from a side table and dropped into it, gives it at least the semblance of the kind ordered. Say it is tomato soup. A spoonful of cooked tomatoes thrown in in the same way will make the average guest think he has received all he has ordered. So it is when beef soup, ox-tail soup—in fact, all other soups are made by this process out of this kettle. Don't order soup.

Thaddeus Stevens had been conducting an important suit for a wealthy old Pennsylvania farmer. During its progress he was the latter's guest. While strolling over the farm, Mr. Stevens observed that the farmer's corn crop, which was just ripening, was remarkable beyond anything he had ever seen.

"My friend," said Mr. Stevens to the farmer, "this is truly magnificent! There is nothing left to be desired in your corn yield this year."

"W-e-l-l," responded the farmer, guardedly, "it is purty fair; purty fair. But," and this with a noticeable tinge of sadness, "thar might be a few more cunnels—just a few more cunnels—at the end of the cob."

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

From the Boston Globe.

The famous waters smell like—well
These Saratoga waters they
Taste just a little of the day
Of judgment; and the sulphur smell
Suggests, along with other things,
A climate rather warm for springs.

But restful as a twilight song
The land where every lover hath
A spring, and every spring a path
To lead love pleasantly along.
Oh, there be waters, not of springs—
The waters wise King David sings.

Sweet is the bread that lovers eat
In secret, sang on harp of gold
Jerusalem's high king of old.
"The stolen waters they are sweet"—
Oh, dear, delicious piracies
Of kisses upon love's high seat.

The old traditions of our race
Repeat for aye and still repeat;
The stolen waters still are sweet
As when King David sat in place,
All purple-robed and crowned in gold,
And sang his holy psalms of old.

Oh, to escape the searching sun;
To seek these waters over sweet;
To see her dip her dimpled feet
Where these delicious waters run,
To dip her feet, nor slip nor fall
Nor tinge her garment's hem at all;

Nor soil the whiteness of her feet,
Nor stain her whitest garment's hem.
Oh, singer of Jerusalem
You sang so sweet, so wisely sweet!
Shake hands! shake hands! I guess you knew
For all your psalms, a thing or two.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Building of St. Petersburg.

At the beginning of the last century a few scattered Finnish fishermen were almost the only inhabitants of the district called Ingria, on the eastern shores of the Gulf of Finland. For nearly a century the territory, though formerly Russian, had belonged to Sweden, when, in 1702, Peter the Great, after a siege of several days, took the Swedish fort of Nyenschanz, which guarded the passage by the Neva to Lake Ladoga. Peter had resolved upon reorganizing his country, and winning for it a place among the Powers of the West. He had been longing for a "window by which the Russians might look into civilized Europe," and accordingly determined to erect a new capital upon the desolate marshes and low swampy islands among which the Neva flowed on to the Gulf of Finland. Accordingly, a vast number of peasants—Tartars, Calmucks, Cossacks, Ingrians, Finns and Russians—were collected and set to work, and employed constantly in deepening the river channels, raising the islands, and driving innumerable piles into the pestilential swamps. Peter personally superintended operations, dwelling in a cottage which is still in existence, and pushing forward operations with the indomitable energy of an iron will armed with absolute power. But for the enormous masses of workmen congregated together there no supplies could be obtained from the surrounding district, which had been devastated by long years of war, and the convoys that brought provisions across Lake Ladoga were often detained by contrary winds. Toiling on in cold and wet, badly fed, and almost without shelter in inclement weather, it is little to be wondered at that the foundations of the new city were laid at the cost of at least a hundred thousand lives. But the Czar had willed that a great city should rise and be inhabited, and, with him, to will was to perform. Year after year forty thousand peasants from every part of his dominions were sent there to labor. Foreign workmen were hired to build and embellish the city, and also to teach the natives. Nobles and merchants received imperative commands to come and build dwellings. The erection of stone mansions in any other part of the empire was forbidden while the new capital was in progress. To assist in keeping up the supply of building materials, no vessel, large or small, was permitted to sail up the Neva, and no peasant's cart to enter the city, without bringing a specified quantity of building stores. After Peter's death, Catherine I. continued the work, though less vigorously. Peter II. preferred Moscow, and resided there till his death. The Empress Ann did much to adorn St. Petersburg, which henceforth became the settled residence of the Court. Various edifices and monuments have since been erected by successive monarchs. The Empress Catherine lined the left bank of the Neva with a granite quay, which has not, however, prevented serious inundations since that time. As the result of so much imperial energy, and so much toil and suffering on the part of the wretched laborers, a vast and beautiful city has replaced the dreary marshes amid which Peter dwelt and planned his future capital. But its maintenance, like its foundation, is a constant struggle with nature. It rests upon a substructure of piles, without which it would s