The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1883. VOL. XXII-NO 23

1850.

W. A. E. WICKES,

AGENT FOR

Lister's Fertilizers,

BASIS BONE.

Wheat and Grass producers and permanent improvers of the 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 accommoda terms.

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

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

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

T. W. ELIASON, JR'S.,

STANDARD BRANDS OF FERTILIZER

No. 1

Ammo. Super Phosphat

OF LIME & POTASH.

CHESTER COMPOUND.

Prompt, Permanent & Reliable; Always in Fine Dry Conditio

These Fertilizers are pronounced by many of the best farmers in the county as being *BEST ON THE MARKET*, and increasing popularity is evidence of THEIR SUPERIO 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 licited 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-class 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.

Wheat Seeding for 1883.

OFFICE OF

T. R. Hubbard & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HUBBRAD'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 full capacity, which enables 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 for drilling, as for general Excellence, as Every Ton is made from Bone dissolved a head in the self-same way by the best machinery in use, to the inspection of which all farmers and the public generally are most cordially invited. We give below names of reference of a few of our many patrons who have used our goods with full satisfaction:

Luther Handy, Hanesville.	John Gale, Hanesville.	George R. Beck, Hanesville.
George R. Stephens, "	Abe Crofford, "	Hyland P. Smith, "
John Brice, Lankford,	W. Archibald, jr., Lankford.	Gordray Loud, near Chestertown
Hiram Brown, near Chestertown.	Wm. G. Trew, near Chest'n.	Philip E. Trew.
Lucus Aldrich,	Wm. L. Bowers,	Col. R. C. Johnson,
Stonewall Johnson.	T. A. Jacobs,	Wm. E. Sanders,
	Edward B. Pennington,	L. R. Shewel.

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

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

August 16, 1883—12t.

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.

1883. 1883

Hines & Clements.

T. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENT

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 ow Tin-ware, and will be prepared 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.

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, Weail 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.

Don't you Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions, and Groceries a Specialty,

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.

CHOIEST CONFECTIONARY.

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.

To Our Customers.

We have a large supply of Coffees, Flour, and Provisions, &c., prior to the late sharp advance in prices, and are prepared to give our patrons the advantage of our good luck: we have a good article of New Orleans Molasses at a *reasonable* price.

J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Leader in Low Prices

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, druggists recommend it and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. It will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

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

KIDNEY-WORT

20.

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 to-dish, 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 wi'l run us day and night, we hope to secure a full share of public patronage.

Spicer & Bacon.

July 14, 1883—3m.

TO THE LADIES

—OF—

Chestertown

And Vicinity.

MRS. KATE GILL has opened her

SPRING and SUMMER

MILLINERY.

of the Latest Styles in

BONNETS AND HATS,

including all the novelties of the season. Also a nice line of Neck Wear, of Laces and Crape Lesses' newest line of Parasols in differen styles. Call and examine my stock.

MRS. KATE GILL.

May 10, 1883.

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, 1883—y. MANAGER.

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.

DR. T. H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, assisted by his brother.

Having permanetly located in Chestertown, can be found all day and evening at office, except otherwise professionally engaged.

Special attention given to women and chil

June 21, 1883.

OIL STOVES! OIL STOVES!!

GOLDEN STAR

OIL STOVES

with Extension Tops, Ovens, Broilers, Tea Kettles, Steamers and Sad Iron Heaters, for sale at reasonable prices by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

OCTOBER.

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls,
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go,
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

At eve cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle shrill
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost and snow
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The crickets chirp all day:
"O fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnut browning;
The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees
And round about my temples fondly lingers
In gentle playfulness
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

George Arnold.

ACROSS BY THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

N. Y. Sun.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Sept. 12.—The history of the Northern Pacific enterprise, full of interesting and often dramatic incidents, may be found in Mr. E. V. Smalley's readable book. A very satisfactory guide has been prepared by Mr. Henry J. Winser, of St. Paul. Without reproducing the opinions of Mr. Smalley or Mr. Winser's descriptions, and especially without attempting that tiresome task, a consecutive account of a journey which anybody can make for himself at an expense of two or three hundred dollars and two or three weeks' time, I want to set down a few of my own impressions that may be briefly presented.

The first question that occurs to everybody is this: What is the exact truth about the country along the line of the new transcontinental railway? Is it that semi-tropical belt of paradise land pictured in the remarkable literature which the company began to produce in Jay Cooke's time, or is it the dreary arctic waste which Gen. Hazen described after his trip in 1875? Is it an endless garden or an unrelieved desert that the railroad traverses?

Of course, it is neither. Like every other territory of similar extent on the face of the earth, the Northern Pacific belt of North America includes all sorts of land, from the poorest to the best. Yet I think that no candid person who has passed through Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and who has seen with his own eyes the actual results of experience, will refuse to admit that the Jay Cooke literature was much nearer the truth than the Hazen report.

The idea once quite general that the Northern Pacific country skirted the polar regions and was practically uninhabitable, is utter nonsense. There is no region along the 2,000 miles of rail which is less inhabitable than the coast of Maine, or central Iowa, or the mountain district of Tennessee. The various climates are as hospitable, on the whole, as those along the parallel of latitude which crosses Massachusetts, New York and lower Michigan. The rewards offered to diligent toil in the field, in the mine or in the shop are as liberal as elsewhere in the temperate zone.

II

Minnesota, from St. Paul to Brainerd and from Duluth to Moorhead, on the Red River of the North, is a land of lakes, forests, waterfalls and rich prairies, sure to be crowded with prosperous people.

The extreme west of Minnesota, and the east of Dakota, forming the Red River valley, and drained by a stream flowing northward two hundred miles, is a barn floor prairie of black soil exceedingly productive. This Red River region is the bed of a prehistoric lake, which the geologists call Lake Agassiz. It comprises some of the best wheat lands in the world. The Minneapolis millers say that the plump, hard kernel of the Red River wheat makes better flour than anything else that comes to their mills. Fargo will be the receiving and distributing point for this wheat empire of the near future. The town already has ten thousand inhabitants, and its population is doubling every year. Near by are the great bonanza farms. The Dalrymple farm has nearly thirty thousand acres under cultivation. Mr. Dalrymple says that his crop this year averages eighteen to twenty bushels an acre. By the census of 1880 the average yield of wheat lands in the whole country was about thirteen bushels an acre; and it must be remembered that 1879 was a phenomenal wheat year.

Two important questions respecting the Red River wheat region are still in doubt: Will the soil hold out? Will the great capitalists finally own and cultivate all the desirable land, to the exclusion of the small farmer? I do not find that the men who are putting millions of dollars into this region and getting back hundreds of thousands with every harvest share the belief that the land will exhaust itself in a generation or less. An old farmer in the Saskatchewan country says that he has raised wheat for forty years in succession from soil almost precisely the same, and has yet to see the first sign of decreasing fertility. The other question is equally interesting. It is true that some of the best land in the basin is held in huge tracts by heavy capitalists and cultivated on a gigantic scale. The tendency at present, however, seems to be quite as much toward division and redistribution as toward further consolidation. Good wheat land, already cultivated, within reasonable distance of Fargo, is worth $25 or $30 an acre. The little fellows are coming in and occupying their sections or quarter sections, and planting trees to get more land under the Tree act, and the real prosperity of the region will depend on them.

Beyond the Red River valley to Bismarck on the Missouri the wheat country extends, under slightly different conditions of soil and formation. The soil is not so black. The surface is more broken. There are more trees, but they are not many. The suitability of this region for the production of wheat, corn and other crops is no longer in question. The wheat fields stretch away west to the Missouri river, and a chain of busy, prosperous and promising towns, some of them hardly twelve months old, has followed the line of the railroad. Jamestown, half way between the Red river and the Missouri, had 400 people three years ago; now it has 2,500 inhabitants, with three banks, three churches, six hotels, and in general the equipment of a New England town twice or thrice its size.

The eastern half of Dakota, then, along the Northern Pacific is a wheat country, recently developed, but already well understood. The soil of the bonanza farms is the same which an eminent English analyst returned in sample a few years ago to Col Lamborn, with the report that it was not worth a cent an acre. Fortunes have been made from it and are making now.

It is 360 miles across Dakota—about as far as from New York to Cleveland. Look at the map and you will see to the north of the Black Hills and between the Missouri and the Montana border a territory as big as Indiana. So far as the map tells you, this is as good farming land as that east of the Missouri. But its exact value for agricultural purposes has still to be determined by experience. It is practically unsettled. The country is a rolling prairie, breaking at the extreme west into the extraordinary upset known as the Bad Lands. For seventy-five or a hundred miles west of Bismarck and Mandan there are few houses and hardly a track of the plough. The soil is gray and sandy. There are no trees. Everything is yellow except during the short spring time. The grass is not luxuriant. In the hot sun of midday summer and early autumn the dry atmosphere cures the bunch grass into hay as it stands. Here and there is a trace of alkali; nowhere on the railroad line is there much of it. The absence of watercourses is noticeable. Except for a few settlements like Dickinson and the German village of Richardton, the prairie is undisturbed. A hundred feet from the railroad track you may stumble over the buffalo skull that has been lying there for years, and you may pick up the flint arrowhead that was shot at the animal before the Sioux hunted with guns.

Beneath this whole region is a vast bed of lignite, a lustreless, imperfectly developed coal. It is sold at retail at from $2.75 to $3.50 a ton. The railroad uses lignite on its locomotives both alone and in combination with Pennsylvania and Ohio bituminous, two parts of lignite, say, to one of coal. Those who are more interested in digging lignite and selling lignite land than in making and feeding fires with it, will give you to understand that it is a very satisfactory substitute for real coal. The stokers on the locomotives and the cooks in the kitchen tell a different story. But the Northwest will never be without cheap fuel, such as it is. The settler sometimes strikes this lignite when he digs his well—he gets fire and water out of the same hole in the ground.

The future of northwestern Dakota is not altogether uncertain. Grain will grow here and there, for it does grow. Cattle will derive more or less sustenance from the prairie and from among the buttes after the better grazing lands have been taken up. The more violently wrought parts of the Bad Lands will for a long time afford shelter to the game, big and little, crowded from the east and from the west. But we shall not see western Dakota very populous; it is the least promising region on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

III.

The evolution of the North American city may be studied to better advantage along this route than anywhere else. We touch towns at every stage of development.

The youngest settlements are on the newest part of the line, and that is under the west slope of the Rockies, between Terra Firma and Missoula. Here you survey the town in its earliest infancy. There is a railroad station with a name and a siding and nothing further. A canvas-top wagon stands near the track. Four horses or mules are tethered close by. The settler has driven stakes and pitched a comfortable tent, large enough to contain two black walnut bedsteads, a table, and other furniture. His wife sits in a rocking chair near the flap, watching the train as it passes. From two to a half dozen youngsters are tumbling around in the sun. The cook stove is outdoors, with such other property as cannot be stored in the tent. The citizen himself is not far off, hard at work already upon the frame of the building in which he expects to make his permanent residence. Then comes another wagon with more household furniture and children. The location of the second tent as in relation to the first perhaps determines the bearings of the main business street of the city. By the time there are three or four wagons on the ground, and two or three frame buildings in process of construction, another sort of tent appears as if by magic, with "Saloon" in big letters across the front. Cowboys begin to ride in and buy whiskey. The town becomes a point of commercial importance. The saloon tent is the germ of the future Board of Trade.

Now we get by rapid strides to well-established communities, which date their origin ten or twelve months back, like Gladstone and Dickinson in Dakota, and Billings and Livingstone in Montana. It built on the prairie they look like toy villages arranged by a child on a brownish yellow carpet. The prairie towns of Dakota have a more orderly and at the same time a less real appearance than the valley settlements of the neighboring territory. It seems indiscreet to leave them out at night on the wind-swept plain.

The first street is always parallel with the railroad track, extending each way from the station. The second street runs off at right angles, and if the growth of the town continues it usually becomes in time the more important highway. Other streets are laid out, right and left, shanties and brick buildings spring up side by side, and in a few months the real estate agent is prepared to exhibit a city map, plotted on a scale that would suit a place with 20,000 inhabitants, and to give you your choice of town lots at from $25 to $2,000 apiece. It is only about a year since the first house was erected in Billings. Now there are nearly 500 houses, and the population is well up to 2,500. It has a brick church, a bank, several schools, three newspapers, three hotels, and a horse railroad. Statistics of population, however, are of trifling value in towns that double their inhabitants in a few weeks or a few months.

The social and business development of the town generally follows this order: Saloons, stores in which the necessaries of life are sold, gambling establishments, daily newspapers, school houses, a bank, a church, a wholesale store, a jail. For a time the saloons and newspapers struggle for numercial supremacy. The appearance of the jail marks a distinct epoch in the crystallization of society. The jail at Livingstone, the newest of the cities, was just finished, and had no inmates. It is a one-story structure of brick and stucco, standing next to a log house with red shades in the windows and this sign over the door: "Miss Crickett's Palace." The jail at Bozeman, which is comparatively an old place, contained twenty-seven prisoners, seven of whom were held for murder.

IV.

Probably the most forlorn hopeless-looking place for the agriculturist on the whole line of the railroad is Ainsworth, on the Snake River, in the southeastern part of Washington Territory. The town is an unthrifty collection of unpainted shanties. The population largely consists of stranded roughs, harlots, Chinamen and hogs. The decent people you meet are overanxious to have you understand that they do not belong to Ainsworth. One of the first men I encountered on the street was a Chinaman with his throat half cut. He was looking for the Sheriff. The streets are a mixture of dust and sand, ankle deep except where they are paved with old playing cards and broken whiskey bottles. In every direction from the little settlement stretch for miles dreary plains of the same mixture of dust and sand, covered with sage bushes. Everything is dry except the river. That rushes along past the town as if ashamed to stay in such company. It was the 10th day of September when we were in Ainsworth. There had not been a drop of rain since the beginning of May.

I speak particularly of Ainsworth, because, as has been said, there is not a spot between Fargo and Portland which in appearance is less inviting to the farmer. The outlook is simply disheartening. The town is a railroad settlement, owing its existence to the fact that a big bridge is building over the Snake River at that point.

A year or two ago it occurred to a German blacksmith named Schunemann, who had found it hard to support his wife and children at the East, that this Sahara, tufted with sage brush, migh not be so bad as it looked. He took up a quarter section of sage and sand, and bought some adjoining land of the same sort from the railroad company, paying the lowest price on the schedule, $2.60 an acre. Then he began to try to raise crops without artificial irrigation.

"What did people say?" remarked Schunemann, cutting so good a watermelon as is often sold in Washington Market. "They said I was a d—d fool."

Out of the sand, stripped of its sage brush, Mr. Schunemann has raised wheat, forty bushels to the acre, or th. 3 times the average acre yield of the whole country, and two-thirds of the yield of the crack land in the Gallatin valley. He has raised oats, barley, millet, and rye, all of excellent quality, and in remunerative quantities. He exhibits pumpkins, squashes, beets, carrots, and potatoes, these vegetables being larger and fuller than their kinds as we are accustomed to see them and eat them at the East. His corn flourishes, especially some of the dented varieties. His tomatoes are creditable. He has planted fruit trees, apple, pear, and peach, and they are doing well, but are still too young to bear. The same may be said of the small fruits, the raspberries and blackberries. His melons are first-rate in flavor; a young neighbor of his, a practical farmer from Wisconsin, who followed the pioneer into the Ainsworth desert, told me that he had sold $400 worth of watermelons this season. Mr. Schunemann believes that he can add grapes to the long list of products which he cultivates with profit; in fact, he believes that anything will grow in the sage brush desert. He dug a well and struck water at twenty-eigh feet, but does not irrigate his fields. "Where does the moisture come from?" he was asked. "I don't know," said he, "unless it rains up on the roots from under ground."

All this has been done in almost rainless seasons, on paralell Forty-six, the latitude of Moosehead Lake and Montreal, without artificial irrigation, and in soil which thousands of of the neediest emigrants had passed over with scorn. Schunemann's is a single case, and it is not mentioned as typical; but the pluck of the man, the absence of anything on his part like a desire to "boom the country," and the contrast between the prospects and results of his experiment struck me as remarkable.

E. P. M.

A little daughter of Wm. Keister of Springfield, Pa., stepped on a large thorn which broke off and imbedded itself in the sole of her foot. This was in May, 1880. Last week Mr. Keister drew the thorn out of the knee cap.

Hunters in Panther Creek Swamp, in Mississippi, shot a deer that had a human skull impaled on one of the prongs of its right horn. The prong had entered the eye, and grown up around the skull bone.

THE SEAL PRESERVES OF ALASKA.

ALLEGED ADVANTAGES OF THE PRESENT LEASE.

From the Globe-Democrat.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10.—When we started for Alaska we thought that we should find out all about the great seal fisheries at Sitka, but at that ancient capital less was known, and the seal islands of the Pribyloff group seemed even further off than at San Francisco. Although these rocky islets lie to the north and west of the Aleutian chain, a matter of 800 miles distant from Sitka, the capital of Alaska only has communication with them via San Francisco, and knows but little of what may happen in these small principalities leased for a term of twenty years to the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco.

The offices of this great fur company here are in a substantial building on Sansome street, and on the second floor a large room has been devoted to a museum, in which there is a most valuable collection, illustrating the resources and industries of Alaska. On the upper floors of the building are vast storerooms with the skins of some 40,000 foxes hanging tails downward from the rafters, and the pelts of countless marten, mink, beaver, bear, and deer are heaped against the walls. The sealskins are not brought to the storerooms, but shipped at once to London, which is the great fur market of the world, and where the Alaska Commercial Company has taken the precedence which the Hudson Bay Company held for decades in that great mart.

Early in June the desolate shores of the Pribyloff Islands become vocal with the hoarse voices of the seals that have made this their gathering place during the breeding season for unnumbered years. It is estimated that 3,000,000 seals congregated on the rookeries of St. Paul's Island this summer, and those who have looked down upon these rookeries at the height of the season report it as a most astounding spectacle. Acres of the rocky shore are alive with seals of all sizes and kinds, and the very ground seems to be writhing and squirming as the ungainly creatures drag themselves over the rocks, or pause to fan themselves with their flippers. Great battles are waged between the heads of seal families from June to August, and the harsh chorus of their voices is heard at sea above the roar of the breakers, and is the sailor's guide in making the islands during the heavy summer fogs. Only the male seals from 2 to 4 years of age are killed, and the skins of the 3-year-olds have the finest and closest fur. The method of killing them has nothing heroic or huntsmanlike about it. The natives start out before dawn, and, running down the shore, get between the sleeping seals and the water and then drive them, as they would so many sheep, to the killing ground, a half mile inland. They drive them slowly, giving them frequent rests for cooling, and gradually turning aside and leaving behind all seals that are not up to the requisite age and condition. When the poor, tame things have reached their death ground the natives go round with heavy clubs and kill them with one blow on the head. The skins are quickly stripped from them and taken to the salting house, where they are covered with salt and laid in great piles. The natives receive forty cents for each skin taken in this way. After a few weeks in the salting house the company's steamer brings them down to San Francisco, and the special agent of the United States Treasury at the islands counts the skins before they are shipped, and accompanying them to San Francisco, they are again counted in his presence by the Collector of that port. The tax of $2 is then paid on each skin, they are treated to more salt, rolled into bundles, and packed in tight barrels ready to ship to London. Two weeks ago the St. Paul brought down 68,000 sealskins, valued at $1,800,000, and the tax paid to to the Government amounted to some $136,000.

By the wise action of the Government in reserving the seal islands and leasing them to a responsible company, the seal fisheries have become more and more valuable. The seals are increasing in number yearly, and more than the regular 100,000 could be killed each season without diminishing them to any extent. Alaska seal is now the only sealskin in the market, since the rookeries of the Antarctic Sea have been so persistently hunted that the seals have become extinct. The Shetland seals found on the islands of that name off Cape Horn for a long time furnished the finest skins in the market, and commanded almost double the price of the Alaska sealskins. Not being protected by any Government, the islands were free hunting grounds for every ship that went "round the Horn," and no skipper could resist a venture at such costly pelts. From the island of South Georgia and the island of Desolation 2,400,000 sealskins were taken annually from the time of their discovery, in 1771, until within the last twenty years, when the seals gradually became extinct. A San Francisco furrier sent a schooner down to those Antarctic islands a few years ago, and sixty skins were all that were obtained. All along the northwest coast, from Vancouver Island to Unalaska, where the authority and monopoly of the Alaska Commercial Company begins, a general warfare is waged on the fur seal by independent hunters and traders, but their catch has seemingly no effect upon the millions of seal that annually gather on the Pribyloff shores, and the pelt grows coarser and poorer the further south of those islands it is obtained. The seal's skin is in its best condition during the summer months, when the animals frequent the Pribyloff rookeries, and by wise protection the Government has an inexhaustible source of wealth in these two small islands, that have already paid into the Treasury in rent and taxes nearly the whole amount that was paid to Russia for the Immense Territory of Alaska.

HONG CHUCK'S OBSEQUIES.

THE CURIOUS CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE BURIAL OF A CHINAMAN IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30.—Hong Chuck, a Chinamen, was buried to-day at 1 P. M. Ninth street from Cherry to Vine, and Race street from ninth to Twelfth were crowded by a mass of humanity. Hong Chuck died of consumption. Wing Kee, whose launcry is on Ninth street, above Race, was a cousin of Hong Chuck, and it was at his place of business that the chief mourners assembled to prepare for the obsequies. The impression prevailed among the crowd outside that the corpse was in the laundry, and repeated attempts were made to gain admittance. The crush finally became so great that a squad of thirty policemen was called to the scene, and ropes were stretched across Race and Ninth streets to keep the surging crowds back so that street cars and other vehicles could pass. In the laundry and the rooms adjoining it nearly all the Celestials in the city were gathered. They chanted in unison a wild barbaric air keeping time by patting each other on the head or shoulders. A caldron of boiling tea stood on the table in one of the rooms, of which each of the mourners at intervals of a few moments drank a dipperful.

After the tea drinking and chanting had been concluded one of the chief mourners disappeared into the cellar through a trap door, and returned in a few minutes with both arms full of red, white and black cambric. Upon the arms, shoulders and head of each of his fellow countrymen the master of ceremonies wrapped the cambric, tying also upon each Chinaman's forehead two rolls of red cambric. A large red flag bearing a curious inscription, colored handkerchiefs, and two banners were distributed, and then the sorrow-stricken Celestials filed out into the street, where the corpse was waiting them in a hearse, accompanied by fifteen carriages.

According to a Chinese custom, seven or eight of the Chinamen approached the hearse with the intention of taking the coffin out, opening it, and displaying the body upon the sidewalk.—This was prohibited by the police. The grotesque appearance of the Mongolians in their mourning habiliments awakened the humor of the spectators, who crowded around the carriage shouting and laughing. Wing Kee mounted the hearse, taking with him a large cracker box filled with bits of paper about the size of a bank note, water marked with Chinese characters, and perforated with many small holes. The relatives of the dead man filled the first hack, and the other Chinamen scrambled into the remaining coaches. As the cortege moved off up Race street Wing Kee began to scatter the pieces of paper to the winds, at the same time gesticulating frantically to imaginary beings in the air. The paper was symbolic of money, the Chinese having a superstition that each corner is occupied by a demon, who, if not thus appeased, will prohibit the passage of the corpse's spirit to the new world. Wing Kee was aided in his efforts to exorcise the bad spirits by the chief mourners, who waved banners frantically and shook their handkerchiefs in the attempt to frighten away all evil spirits who would not be appeased by the money offering.

The cortege proceeded to Machpelah Cemetery at Tenth street and Washington avenue. Here there was a tremendous crush. Little children were knocked down and trampled upon. Several women, one of whom had a young child in her arms, were removed senseless, and two children were badly bruised. The coffin was taken from the hearse and carefully lowered into the grave, which was 12 feet deep. The banner and flag bearers waved their emblems while the first few shoverfuls of clay were thrown in. After a slight covering of earth had been deposited over the coffin the flags and banners were lowered into the grave, with a basket of rice, a can of tea, an opium pipe, a lamp and a package of opium, a tobacco pipe and several bags of tobacco, and a large bundle of the small pieces of paper representing money.

When the last clod had fallen and the mound had been formed, every trace of sorrow vanished from the faces of the Chinamen, and with smiling faces and apparently light hearts they began to tear off their mourning garbs and cast them into the limbs of the trees or upon the ground. The strips of cloth were eagerly seized by the spectators. After romping over the green sward in boisterous manner, and singing, apparently, their most joyful songs, the Chinamen drove to their respective homes.

The Chinese are of the belief that anything which is placed in a grave or burned in honor of a corpse will assume its original shape in the next world. In the cases of all wealthy or powerful Chinamen who die in China, houses, horses, pictures and money are made of paper and burned upon the grave. It is the belief that from the smoke there forms "on the other side" a beautiful house, horses and a treasure room filled with gold.

Owning his Own Palace Car.

From the Albany Times.

A palace car nearly completed in West Albany promises to excel any piece of railroad architecture in this or any other country. It is built to satisfy the whim of a private gentleman, who, having done much traveling in his life, is a connoisseur in those things which go to make up the comfort and convenience of traveling. He has used his bank account freely, sparing no expense to secure the object of his ambition, the finest private car in the world.

The framework of the car is constructed on an entirely new principle. The body of the car is much like a raft, being a series of steel cylinders, lying transversely and perfectly air tight. They are tested to stand a pressure of 300 pounds to the inch, and it is calculated that a train of cars coming against this car at speed would merely act as a bat against a ball. The exterior of the car is finished in Honduras mahogany, and the entrance is upon the side, English style, though near the end. A spacious staircase opens from the vestibule, and the stained-glass windows at the landing add to the illusion that one is entering a spacious mansion. At the turn, however, instead of proceeding upward, the visitor is ushered into a little observation and smoking room, overhanging the platform and brakeman's station. At the right of the vestibule, one enters, through doors of California redwood that slide on rubber rollers, the general parlor. Alternate panels of Mexican onyx and plate-glass mirrors of luxurious depth give a peculiar charm to the apartment, which is to be furnished in a peculiar manner, no two chairs being alike in form or upholstery. At one side of the car is an organ of unique construction. The wind is furnished by the motion of the car, and it may be made to play set tunes automatically, or may be played by the performer in the ordinary manner. The reed organ is said to possess many advantages over the piano for palace-car use, the latter, in fact, being entirely ruined as a musical instrument by the jar of travel. This central apartment has a length of thirty-three feet. In two minutes a sleeping room, with Eastlake bedstead and furniture, is made in the centre of the saloon, shut off from the rest by a rolling wall of bamboo work. Extra berths may be let down from the sides if needed. Beyond this stateroom, and included in the grand saloon when the whole is thrown open, is the dining saloon, a miniature model of luxury and convenience, copied mainly from the saloons on the Hamburg steamers. The lavatories are two, one being a porcelain bath, and the other a toilet room. The water is supplied, not from a tank above, but from one of the cylinders under the car, which contains water instead of air, and which, by an ingenious arrangement, is kept under an equal pressure. A hose attachment offers a ready means of extinguishing fires.

The kitchen is an apartment four feet by eight, furnished with a gas range, hot and cold water and closets for supplies. On the opposite side of the hall, in a narrow compartment, is a Siemen's dynamo machine of great power, while distributed in various parts of the car, so artfully concealed that their presence would never be detected, will be fifty Faure-Sellon batteries. It may be lighted with gas or electricity, as may be preferred.

The owner of the car has taken out some twenty-five patents already for various improvements and inventions that he has introduced in the car, and says that so far from its being a matter of extravagance, the car will probably bring him a large addition to his fortune, or if at any time he should desire to sell the car, he can do so at a large profit to some opera star or railroad company, and still retain his patents. The car is expected to be completed, according to the present plans, by the 1st of December.

FROM AMERICA, says the London *Lancet*, comes the record of a very instructive case in which a man died from fright, and where the death narrowly escaped being attributed to ether. The patient had received a severe injury to his hip during some blasting operations. Some days after the injury a consultation was held in the Wilkesbarre Hospital, and it was considered necessary to administer ether. The man objected to this and urged that his heart was weak, but it was considered necessary to anæsthetise him. This decision seemed to affect the man strongly; he breathed with great difficulty, asked for the windows to be opened, and died in a few minutes. No ether or other anæsthetic had been administered, and he had not suffered any pain from the partial examination of the hip that had been made. No particulars of the actual state of the heart are given, but we are told that a 'murmur' was present. There is no difficulty, however, in tracing the death to a powerful inhibitory influence upon a weak heart. Had the surgeons begun to administer ether this death would have been wrongfully attributed to the effects of the anæsthetic.

WHEN very large quantities of poatoes have to be stored for a short time, or even during the entire winter, out-door p