The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. THESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1883. VOL. XXII-NO 25

FARMRES 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.

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 licited and promptly filled.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Aug. 9, 1883.

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.

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

Fertilizng Spplies

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. Cordray Loud, near Chestertown
Hiram Brown, near Chestertown. Wm. G. Trew, near Chest'w'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.

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.

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.

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. 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.

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-wooll 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, as 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 Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GIRL OF ALBUQUERQUE.

Skin of silk!
Neck of milk!
Live-coals sparkling in her head,
Flashing as in ember-bed,
That a burning lustre shed—
This the Girl of Albuquerque.

Teeth of pearl!
Amber curl!
Hands that in your's softly steal
And like warm young marmots feel,
Making both soul and body reel—
This the Girl of Albuquerque.

Tiny feet!
Glances sweet!
Heart that throbs with love and joy,
As with her waist you idly toy
And she calls you her dear boy—
This the Girl of Albuquerque.

Soul of Snow!
Cheeks that glow!
When you lead her to the priest
One little kiss you'll have at least
Ere dancing at the wedding-feast
With the Bride—

William Y. Butler.

THE KING AND THE MOB.

FURTHER FACTS ABOUT THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF ALFONSO IN PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 1.—The bare facts of the strange reception of King Alfonso of Spain by the Parisians are by this time widely known, but the incident is so important that the details are of great interest. The journey of the young King of Spain was naturally undertaken with a view to prepare for the reentrance of that country into the so-called European concert, with the rank of a great nation—a project, by the way, which has been in discussion among diplomatists during the past five years. The journey having been decided upon, the French Charge d'Affaires at Madrid informed the Government at Paris, who charged him to invite the King of Spain to pass a few days in the French capital. The King accepted the invitation, and proposed to stay in Paris on his way to Germany. But M. Grevy, who takes only one holiday a year was at Montsous-Vaudery, and, being an old man, he did not care to fatigue himself by too much traveling, or to abridge his short respite from State labors. "Very good," replied the King; "I will pay my official visit to France on my return from Germany."

And so Alfonso XII, passed through France incognito, went to see his fellow shepherds of the people gathered around the venerable Bismarck, and the venerable Bismarck ingeniously and slyly sowed discord while appearing only to exercise common politeness. Everybody knows that, with the exception of Queen Victoria, the Pope, and the Grand Turk, every crowned head and royal prince in Europe is a Colonel in the Prussian army. It would have been an insult to King Alfonso not to have made him a Colonel too, so Bismarck created him Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment of Ulans, which King Alfonso afterward found to his probable horror and disgust to be stationed at Strasburg, the very town over whose loss the French never cease mourning and chafing. Naturally a man like Bismarck did not make the choice of his regiment by mere accident. It was cruel on the part of the wily old man to make the boyish King of Spain the bearer of his insult to France.

No sooner did the News arrive in Paris, than the radical and advanced Republican press began a furious agitation. The Spanish Ambassador informed the King at Brussels, but the King had given his word to visit Paris and he could not ignore it. Furthermore, the French Government insisted and guaranteed the King a good reception. It must be added that the majority of the press counselled moderation, and advised the public to show its sentiments by silence and abstention. But silence and calm are qualities not strongly developed in the nervous, turbulent, and scoffing Parisians, and on Saturday some hundred thousand of them turned out to greet the Spanish King as they thought he deserved. All around the Northern Railway station, all down the Rue Lafayette, on the Boulevards, and on the Place de la Concorde the crowd was packed, very thickly near the station, more thickly toward the Boulevard. Near the station the crowd was good-natured enough, as Parisian crowds generally are, but full of verbal mischief, lacking entirely in respect of all kinds, naturalistic in its language—a crowd in which the turtulent faubourg element predominated. Among this crowd, horrible pale-faced hoarse-voiced boys and men circulated, crying the titles and contents of broadsides and ignoble journals, 'Le Scandale,' 'Le roi Uhlan,' &c. At length a cannon announced the arrival of the King; the guns on Mont Valerien began to thunder a salute; the King appeared at the door of the station and advanced toward a coupe that was waiting for him, when there arose from the crowd the most formidable storm of hissing, hooting, and whistling that it has ever been my fortune to hear. The thunder of the guns and the noise of the military bands that struck up was utterly drowned, and in the intervals of the hissing, the cries rose of 'Down with Bismarck's ally,' 'Down with Alphonse,' 'Down with the Uhlan King,' and the most abominable and insulting shouts. All down the Rue Lafayette the cries were continued, culminating in an immense roar of 'Uhlan! Uhlan! Uhlan!' and varied only by vociferous cheering of the cavalry and infantry that escorted the royal procession. Later in the afternoon, when the King went to visit M. Grevy at the Elysee, his carriage was hooted again. Yesterday, when he went to mass at the Church of Saint Clotilde, he was hissed more or less. The insult could not be more complete.

In consequence of this manifestation the King abridged his visit as much as possible. The dinners, receptions, hunting parties, and gala performances all went by the board. King Alfonso simply dined with President Grevy last night, and this morning he left by special train for Madrid.

The whole visit has, of course, been a terrible fiasco, thanks to the revolutionary party. Officially matters have been patched up by the publication in the papers of the interview between M. Grevy and the King yesterday afternoon. M. Grevy said:

'I come in the name of France to beg you not to confound her with some wretches who have compromised her ancient renown by demonstrations which I repudiate. Unfortunately, our laws are powerless to repress such manifestations. I pray your Majesty to give us a new proof of your generous friendship by assisting at the banquet which will gather all the Government round my table to-night, and you will there see the true sentiments of France.

To this the King replied:

'As I came to France penetrated with friendly feelings toward your country, I consent, Monsieur le President, to give to France, which you represent, this new testimony of my cordial sympathy. But you will suffer me, after this last sacrifice, to reserve my liberty of action. Furthermore, as the insult was public, I hope that you will authorize me to render public the reparation.'

To this M. Grevy replied:

'Sire, not only do I authorize you, but I even pray you to do so.'

After this interview King Alfonso went to the Elysee, and had the pleasure of dining between Mme. Grevy and Mme. Wilson, and so the affair was patched up.

In the course of the newspaper controversy provoked by this visit of the King of Spain, no one can have failed to be struck by the singular want of patriotism of the French. This want of patriotism is the basis of all their journalism; it is the only explanation of the violence of the reactionary as well as of the revolutionary press. In their internal quarrels the French do not seem to mind what weapons they use. Take a man like Rochefort, for instance, who within the past two months has published the value of an octavo volume of the coarsest abuse and invective against Germany and Italy and Spain, to say nothing of occasional hits at other powers; in point of fact, Rochefort is simply campaigning against the Ministry. In the reactionary press you find the journalists licking the boots of all the crowned heads of Europe. In point of fact, the reactionary journalists are simply campaigning against the form of government. The other day I was talking about this want of patriotism and self-respect to an officer who had served in the Franco-German war. 'It was just the same,' he said, 'in 1870-71. The want of patriotism in the army was phenomenal after the fall of the empire. The Bonapartists were so absorbed in their hatred of the triumphant Republican party that they were almost ready to fall on the necks of the Prussians and kiss them.' The only disadvantage of this regime of constant and indiscriminate vituperation of foreigners is that from time to time Prince Bismarck or some other magnate sends a note to the Government to ask what it means, and then the Government has to apologize. But one of these fine days Prince Bismarck will get tired of sending notes. The German Chancellor knows perfectly well, as he told the French in 1871, that the Franco-German war will have to be renewed sooner or later. The French are constantly talking about it; they are constantly threatening their neighbors over the Rhine; not a day passes that their journalists do not fling some invective at the Teuton. But the great mistake they make is to suppose that the Teuton will allow them to choose their own time for attempting their revenge. No; sooner or later the Teuton will just step over the frontier at his own convenience, clean out the French once more, and this time they will get off with the payment of milliards. This time the chastisement will be naturally the reunion of the military force of the country to a footing as will secure Germany ever afterward from any nonsense on the part of the opulent Gauls. TH. C.—*in N. Y. Sun.*

Thackeray as a Man About Town.

William H. Rideing's entertaining illustrated article in the October *Century*, 'In the Footsteps of Thackeray,' describes his club haunts as follows: 'Before Thackeray died, he had become as familiar a figure in the West End of London as Dr. Johnson was in Fleet street and its tributary courts and lanes. Any one who did not know him might have supposed him to be an indolent man about town; and those who could identify him generally knew where to find him if they wished to show the great author to a friend from the country. He was usually present in the Park at the fashionable hour; and if the Pall Mall of his day is ever painted, his face and form will be as inseparable from a truthful picture as the mammoth bulk of the testy lexicographer is from the contemporaneous prints of old Temple Bar.

The lovableness of his character is well remembered at the Athenæum Club, and the old servants, especially, speak of his kindness to them. The club-house is at the corner of Waterloo Place and Pall Mall—a drab-colored, sedate, classic building, with a wide frieze under the cornice, in a line with the Guards, the Oxford and Cambridge, the Reform, the Travelers', and many other clubs. Opposite to it is the United Service Club, midway is the memorial column to the Duke of York, and only a few yards away are Carlton Terrace and the steps leading into St. James' Park. Marlborough House, the home of the Prince of Wales, and unpalatial St. James' Palace, are close by.

Thackeray's name appears on the roll of the Athenæum as that of a barrister, but he was elected in 1851 as 'Author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and other well-known works of fiction.' He used the club both for work and pleasure, and there are two corners of the building to which his name has become attached on account of his association with them. The dining-room is on the first floor, at the left-hand side of the magnificent entrance; and he usually sat at a table in the nearest corner, where the sun shines penteously through the high windows and makes rainbows on the white cloth in striking the glasses. Theodore Hook had used the same table, and uncorked his wit with his wine at it; but it was in a kindlier strain than the author of 'Jack Brag' was capable of that Thackeray enlivened the friends who gathered around him.

'The south-west corner of the South library, on the second floor of the club, is filled with books of English history, and some of his work was done there. Therefrom, no doubt, some of the material of the lectures on the Georges was drawn; he could look out of the window on the very site of Carlton House, now a square of grass and flowers; and probably on the shelves, also, he found some help in completing 'Esmond' and developing 'The Virginians.' He often left the library looking fatigued and troubled, and he was sometimes heard complaining of the perplexity he found in disposing of this character or that, and asserting that he knew that what he was writing would fail.

'He divided his time between the Athenæum Club, the Reform and the Garrick; contiguous to the first two is the neighborhood of St. James, which principally consists of clubs, bachelor's chambers and fashionable shops, and is associated with many of Thackeray's characters.'

Chinese Magic.

A gentleman who has lived among the Chinese tells, as an illustration of their abilities as magicians, an incident that took place under his own eye, and in his own room, where apparently there was no chance for deception.

The magician was naked from the waist upward, and his only magical instrument seemed to be a strip of white cloth twisted about his loins. Taking a dish of uncooked rice the juggler covered it with his mysterious girdle, squatted before it and began his incantations. During this process his bare arms were passing to and fro beneath the cloth, and this was all the gentlemen saw him do. At last the linen was removed, and lo! there were six plates filled with cooked edibles of various kinds, while a dish of boiled rice had replaced the one containing raw rice.

Another gentleman, describing how he was deluded, says:

'A juggler in the open street seized a boy five or six years of age, dragged him struggling into the circle, threw him on his back, and in spite of the boy's agonized cries and the remonstrances of the people, apparently nearly decapitated him. The victim gradually became motionless, while the blood streamed from the wound. Finally the magician removed the knife, muttered a few words, called aloud to the child, who soon showed signs of life, and at last raised him to his feet, when the boy appeared unharmed. Both actors in this strange scene were liberally rewarded by the crowd, and the boy ran off to play with his wondering companions.'

THE Emperor of China, the ruler of the two hundred and fifty million people of which the Chinese nation probably consists, is now within five years of his majority. He is knelt to by all his attendants and honored as a god. When ministers of State and others enter for an audience, at four, five or six in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the center of the palace, over half a mile if they enter by the east or west gate. The princess, his mother, goes in to see him once a month, and kneels down when she first speaks to him, but rises afterward. His father does so too. The Emperor studies Chinese daily for an hour and a half, and Manchu also for an hour and a half. He spends two hours in archery and riding, and in Winter amuses himself with sledging. Eight eunuchs are in constant attendance on the Emperor, and at meal-time they take care not to let him over-eat.

ABRAHAM KREISER'S two daughters have [redacted] in a small log hut in the mountain near In[redacted] town, Penn., for thirty eight years past, [redacted] from all other human beings. The two [redacted] mits are about 60 years of age. In speak[redacted] each other—for they never speak to oth[redacted] they sing their words with long-drawn d[redacted] They are hard workers, and can swing t[redacted] and fell large trees. They have no fear o[redacted] thing from tramp to bear. They sleep with [redacted] axes by the bedside. It is said that both [redacted] disappointed in love about forty years ag[redacted]

AFTER Miss Maggie Brennan had tak[redacted] place to be married to James Knowles [redacted] Roman Catholic church at Lake Geneva, [redacted] a bird flew in at the window and aligh[redacted] the head of Miss Mary Brennan, one [redacted] bridesmaids, and then flew to the bride's [redacted] der and rested there until the ceremony was ended. It then disappeared out of the window.

THE following advertisement appeared in a London newspaper: 'A lady wishes to recommend another lady who, through no fault of her own, has become in distressed circumstances, thinking that if one thousand benevolent persons were each to subscribe £10, it would place her again in affluent circumstances.'

LOUISA PEFFER of Lancaster, Pa., who is 63 years of age, missed a train in Philadelphia, and would not wait for the next one. She walked home, seventy miles, between Thursday afternoon and Friday evening. She kept going night and day, resting at the wayside at intervals.

AN OLD BATTLEFIELD.

A Visit to it After a Lapse of Many Years.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN AND WHAT JOAQUIN MILLER HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

"Manassas! Manassas!"

The words rang out strangely to me from the swarthy conductor's lips as the cars slowed up at a little village in an open and half barren land. There was a memory, a sense of history, a sound of war, a scent of Waterloo color about this name, a roar of canon, which can never be quite dissociated from "Manassas!"

I wonder if biblical old Manassah, who kept the wayside inn at Manassas Gap a hundred years ago, and gave his name to the place, was a man of war or a man of peace, or felt the weight of canon on his shoulders as he bore about this great battle name.

This railway station is about thirty miles from Washington City, through the City of Jackson, which was laid out—and buried, too—during Jackson's administration; also through Alexandria, a storied town, where Washington went to church after he had buried the hatchet and that cherry tree episode. We got a good dinner at Manassas, and hiring a team and driver we set out for the battlefield of Bull Run, four miles distant, over the same road which Beauregard traveled to meet McDowell on the 21st of July, 1861.

The trouble now is not what to say, but what to say in a single letter. Briefly, then, the South was massing for battle on this point. You can to this day see miles of earthworks here. Fort Beauregard is still an imposing piece of fortification, earthwork, with peach trees, pear trees, willows, and, in fact, all kinds of wild as well as tame woods climbing over. It is too heavy to level down and restore again to the dominion of the plow. But nearly all the other lines and earth forts have quietly surrendered to the husbandman, and mounting there to-day the tall corn stands in regiments, flashing its green, bent sabres in the sun.

The first battle of Bull Run stands first in the alphabet of great American battles. Greater battles have been fought hereabouts; a greater battle indeed; on this same ground. But the first has fastened itself on us. There is a savage fascination about it which we who lived on that day cannot escape. And yet it was not yesterday. I saw lounging against a lamp-post here at Manassas, not an hour ago, a handsome young Southerner pulling at his moustache. I approached and asked him of the battle. He had been born since it was fought! So you see it was not fought yesterday, this battle of Bull Run, when the cannon shook the earth even to the shores of Oregon. And do you know the North played the air of 'Dixie' in this first battle? It is so. The South had not yet learned it, but played 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' Let us look back upon this battlefield as we look upon the face of one whom we knew well a quarter of a century ago. By a wide, well-kept country road, through cornfields and clumps of oak, chestnut, walnut, hickory and half a dozen other kinds of scrub trees, some of them badly shot to pieces, we were driven to the muddy, sluggish, crooked and ugly little stream of Bull Run. In this drive of four miles we met one man on horseback; we passed one man on a horse and a barefoot negro boy on foot, driving a little flock of sheep. Over and I saw a single raven; not a bird, not a squ[illegible]l on either hand; but the crickets and grasshoppers, in the cornfields and clumps of wood on either side of us, chirped and sang incessantly.

At the end of four miles we turned through a gate to the right into a field. Cows were scattered here and there around the crescent of the hill. On the crest of the hill stood a long frame farm house; back of this house, a little brownstone monument to the dead soldiers, in front of it, in the door yard, a gravestone. The house which formerly stood here had been torn to splinters during the battle. The lady buried in the grave in the door yard was killed here. She was the mother of the kind old gentleman who now inherits this place. This battlefield was his mother's farm. It is now his, and he shows you about over it. He was teaching school down at Alexandria at the time his mother was killed here; a school teacher for forty years. He and his sister live in this old gray house together; no one but these two old deaf people for maybe a mile about. The peach trees are breaking down under loads of fruit in the heart of the battlefield, a little way down the slope of the hill below the grave in the door yard. Long strings of fat turkeys tread the tangle-grass through the orchard chasing the grass-hoppers. Below the orchard, half a mile away, and curving around in a muddy crescent, but quite hidden by a young growth of trees, creeps Bull Run. On the morning of the battle the broad cornfields on the other side and away out yonder miles away over the foot hills the Federal bayonets gleamed by tens of thousands. They were marching for Beauregard's rear, or rather for the Midland line, by which he had come up from the South. He had come out from Manassas, four miles away, to stop this movement, as all the world knows. The North was not to be stopped. Hence the battle here. But this is trenching on history, and we must draw the line. You can see where the South retreated to where stood Jackson 'like a stone wall.'

Back of this house, where the old schoolmaster lives with his older sister, about a hundred yards, and almost at the top of the gently sloping hill, on the outer edge of the tall, rank corn, and against a young growth of pines, is the place where Jackson got down from his horse to pray. And here it was he sat his horse, was wounded, held his men in stubborn line that day, while the storm of battle beat against them, and so won his singular name. On the front of this sloping hill that lies here, between this house and the place where Jackson sat his horse during the battle, the dead lay thickest when the fight was done. The corn is rank and tall. But I do not see, as some pretend to when looking over the field of Waterloo, that the blood of brave men has put any particular mark of vitality upon it. The truth is, if some one did not point out to you all this, you would know nothing whatever of the battlefield of Bull Run. Nature covers up all such scars; time heals the wounds on the breast of our common mother as well as our own. Wander about here for a week, as I have done, and save for one little brown stone monument here, the old earthworks at Manassas and some scarred old trees, you would not know there had ever been any battle here. I have picked up one bullet and one button from a soldier's coat; that is all. But on the earthworks near Manassas, under a peach tree, while picking up peaches, I found an Indian arrow-head. Think of it and follow these two facts. What other battles, what other races had fought for the fields of Virginia ages and ages before?

Not many people come to visit this battlefield. I have seen a thousand at Waterloo for a single here.

The great trench where the dead were buried on this sloping hill, immediately under where Stonewall Jackson sat his horse during the battle, is still a trench. This is a sore that refuses to heal. It has become a little drain or rivulet. The bones of the dead were mostly taken away at the close of the war: and this opened the trench anew. This portion of the battlefield is a pasture now. A little line of trees has grown along the banks of this trench. Under these rank young trees a good many sleek-spotted cattle stood yesterday chewing the cud and lazily switching flies. You never hear a sound of any kind around here at all, no coming and going of carriages as at Waterloo and other great bat[redacted] [redacted] there [redacted] which [redacted] weary [redacted] ers of [redacted] berry [redacted] blood. [redacted] moth- [redacted] dead [redacted] LER. [redacted] a man [redacted] k near [redacted] found [redacted] whid- [redacted] le was [redacted] ute in [redacted] drink [redacted] She [redacted] ached [redacted] home drunk, and that patience having ceased to be a virtue, she had resorted to the cowhide to bring him to his senses.

A NEW venture is about to be made in gardening literature in England. The new paper, which is to be issued weekly, at the popular price of one penny, is to be entirely devoted to the consideration of gardening in its most universal and most difficult branch—the cultivation of plants and flowers in the smoky atmosphere and within the limited area of town and suburban gardens, in windows, areas, forecourts, back yards, and all those pent-up places where vegetation requires coaxing into growth and beauty. It is to emanate from the Strand Publishing Company, London, and will be under the joint editorship of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jerrold.

SAMUEL OF CIMARRON.

Plodding and prudent, patient all the while,
See in that man a mortal without guile!

Meek under insult, humble when attacked,
He has the Christ-like soul a Cæsar lacked.

Type of perfection and primeval race,
His ancient line is stamped upon his face.

The beard of Aaron, Joseph's lustrous eyes,
Jacob's self-poise and Job's sereneful sighs,

The common sense of Solomen—all these
Make up a Samson prone upon his knees,

Whose vast vitality and influence trend
Even from Adam to the ages' end.

William Y. Butler, the Cowboy Poet.

Whims of Celebrated Men.

Some amusing features from the lives of celebrated men have been brought together by a German writer. Auber wrote on horseback; it was not possible for him to write in any other place than in Paris, however beautiful another residence might be, and however many attractions it might offer. Adam composed best when he lay, with all his clothes on, in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscape beauty as love to his cats. The same antipathy to all natural beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slept when upon a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Cimarosa could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters. Sacchini's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writing desk. Sarti could only become inspired in a room without furniture, and which was dimly lighted. Spontini could only compose in the dark, and Meyerbeer composed best during violent thunderstorms, under the roof of his house. Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime eating a great quantity of confections. Haydn, in order to compose, sat in a soft arm-chair, with his gaze directed to heaven. Gluck composed in the open air best, in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated very violently, as if he were an actor on the boards. Handel wandered in the churchyard, and when he wished to become inspired he sat himself down in one corner of it which was shaded by weeping willows. Mozart gained his inspiration by reading Homer, Dante and Petrarch; Verdi must read passages from Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ossian and Victor Hugo. Schiller inspired his music by the smell of rotten apples, which he kept constantly in his desk; beside this, he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject on which he worked. When he wrote the last act to "Mary Stuart," he had his servants clothed in black; and so long as he worked on "Wallenstein" he neglected no review or other military spectacle, and at home his wife must sing battle pieces to him.

Goethe loved to have plastic pieces of art before him as he wrote. Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk, and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing he liked the strong smell of flowers. Herr von Kleist worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible fiend. Just the opposite was the case with father Wieland. In making his poems he trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work and cut a caper in the air. Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street songs as he wrote his verses on paper. His conversation in such moments is said to have been obscene. Holderlin was often found crying when he composed poems. Similar things are said of the French romance writer, Lafontaine. His wife once found him before his writing desk swimming in tears. "Oh, it is too sad," he sighed. "It don't go at all," he sobbed; "I am still in the first volume." Matthison wrote his poems by moonlight, while standing at the window. Lamartine wrote his best things in the morning, before breakfast, while sitting before the fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with papers and books, behind which he is seated, formally barricaded. Also a quantity of dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons and singing birds are to be seen around, and these he feeds, strokes and keeps out of mischief while he is writing. In the background stand a number of printer's devils waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people, who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at the same time. He is very negligent in his dress." —*Phrenological Journal.*

A Talk with Mosby.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Joseph Arthur, who has just returned from China, yesterday told a reporter of a visit he paid to Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous guerrilla, and now Consul at Hong Kong. Said Mr. Arthur: "A compradore came and took my card up. Ten minutes later the card was returned, with the request that I bring my own card up. I did so. On entering I found the rather uncouth Mosby with his heels upon a table, his thumbs in his armpits, trying to spit tobacco juice upon a lizard on the ceiling above him. He had forgotten our meeting the previous day.

'Who are you?' said he.

'Nobody much,' said I.

'What's your business?' said he.

'Pleasure,' said I, 'and in answer to your own invitation I have called.'

'Oh, sit down. Yes, let me see. You live in Indianapolis, you said?'

'Yes, sir. In that grand metropolis of Indiana, where would-be Vice Presidents most do vegetate. How do you like China, Colonel?'

'I don't like it quite as well as Napoleon did the island of St. Helena, nor as well as Robinson Crusoe did the island of